

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING THE UNSATISFACTORY RESULT OF OLIVER'S ADVENTURE, AND A CONVERSATION OF SOME IMPORTANCE BETWEEN HARRY MAYLIE AND ROSE.

WHEN the inmates of the house, attracted by Oliver's cries, hurried to the spot from which they proceeded, they found him, pale and agitated, pointing in the direction of the meadows behind the house, and scarcely able to articulate the words "The Jew! the Jew!"

Mr. Giles was at a loss to comprehend what this outcry meant; but Harry Maylie, whose perceptions were something quicker, and who had heard Oliver's history from his mother, understood it at once.

"What direction did he take?" he asked, catching up a heavy stick which was standing in a corner.

"That," replied Oliver, pointing out the course the men had taken. "I missed them all in an instant."

"Then they are in the ditch!" said Harry. "Follow, and keep as near me as you can." So saying he sprang over the hedge, and darted off with a speed which rendered it matter of exceeding difficulty for the others to keep near him.

Giles followed as well as he could, and Oliver followed too, and in the course of a minute or two, Mr. Losberne, who had been out walking, and just then returned, tumbled over the hedge after them, and picking himself up with more agility than he could have been supposed to possess, struck into the same course at no contemptible speed, shouting all the while most prodigiously to know what was the matter.

On they all went; nor stopped they once to breathe until the leader, striking off into an angle of the field indicated by Oliver, began to search narrowly the ditch and hedge adjoining, which afforded time for the remainder of the party to come up, and for Oliver to communicate to Mr. Losberne the circumstances that had led to so vigorous a pursuit.

The search was all in vain. There were not even the traces

of recent footsteps to be seen. They stood now on the summit of a little hill, commanding the open fields in every direction for three or four miles. There was the village in the hollow on the left; but, in order to gain that, after pursuing the track Oliver had pointed out, the men must have made a circuit of open ground which it was impossible they could have accomplished in so short a time. A thick wood skirted the meadowland in another direction; but they could not have gained that covert for the same reason.

"It must have been a dream, Oliver?" said Harry Maylie, taking him aside.

"Oh no, indeed, sir," replied Oliver, shuddering at the very recollection of the old wretch's countenance; "I saw him too plainly for that. I saw them both as plainly as I see you now."

"Who was the other?" inquired Harry and Mr. Losberne together.

"The very same man that I told you of, who came upon me so suddenly at the inn," said Oliver. "We had our eyes fixed full upon each other, and I could swear to him."

"They took this way?" demanded Harry; "are you certain of that?"

"As I am that the men were at the window," replied Oliver, pointing down as he spoke to the hedge which divided the cottage-garden from the meadow. "The tall man leaped over just there; and the Jew, running a few paces to the right, crept through that gap."

The two gentlemen watched Oliver's earnest face as he spoke, and looking from him to each other, seemed to feel satisfied of the accuracy of what he said. Still, in no direction were there any appearances of the trampling of men in hurried flight. The grass was long, but it was trodden down nowhere save where their own feet had crushed it. The sides and brinks of the ditches were of damp clay, but in no one place could they discern the print of men's shoes, or the slightest mark which would indicate that any feet had pressed the ground for hours before.

"This is strange!" said Harry.

"Strange?" echoed the doctor. "Blathers and Duff themselves could make nothing of it."

Notwithstanding the evidently inefficacious nature of their search, however, they did not desist until the coming on of night rendered its further prosecution hopeless, and even then they gave it up with reluctance. Giles was despatched to the different alehouses in the village, furnished with the best description Oliver could give of the appearance and dress of the strangers; of whom the Jew was at all events sufficiently remarkable to be remembered supposing he had been seen drinking, or loitering about; but he returned without any intelligence calculated to dispel or lessen the mystery.

On the next day further search was made, and the enquiries

renewed, but with no better success. On the day following, Oliver and Mr. Maylie repaired to the market-town, in the hope of seeing or hearing something of the men there; but this effort was equally fruitless; and, after a few days the affair began to be forgotten, as most affairs are, when wonder, having no fresh food to support it, dies away of itself.

Meanwhile Rose was rapidly recovering. She had left her room, was able to go out, and, mixing once more with the family, carried joy with the hearts of all.

But although this happy change had a visible effect on the little circle, and although cheerful voices and merry laughter were once more heard in the cottage, there was at times an unwonted restraint upon some there—even upon Rose herself—which Oliver could not fail to remark. Mrs. Maylie and her son were often closeted together for a long time, and more than once Rose appeared with traces of tears upon her face. After Mr. Losberne had fixed a day for his departure to Chertsey, these symptoms increased, and it became evident that something was in progress which affected the peace of the young lady and of somebody else besides.

At length one morning, when Rose was alone in the breakfast parlour, Harry Maylie entered, and with some hesitation begged permission to speak with her for a few moments.

“A few—a very few—will suffice, Rose,” said the young man, drawing his chair towards her. “What I shall have to say has already presented itself to your mind; the most cherished hopes of my heart are not unknown to you, though from my lips you have not yet heard them stated.”

Rose had been very pale from the moment of his entrance, although that might have been the effect of her recent illness. She merely bowed, and bending over some plants that stood near, waited in silence for him to proceed.

“I—I—ought to have left here before,” said Harry.

“You should indeed,” replied Rose. “Forgive me for saying so, but I wish you had.”

“I was brought here by the most dreadful and agonizing of all apprehensions,” said the young man, “the fear of losing the one dear being on whom my every wish and hope are centred. You had been dying—trembling between earth and heaven. We know that when the young, the beautiful, and good, are visited with sickness, their pure spirits insensibly turn towards their bright home of lasting rest, and hence it is that the best and fairest of our kind so often fade in blooming.”

There were tears in the eyes of the gentle girl as these words were spoken, and when one fell upon the flower over which she bent, and glistened brightly in its cup, making it more beautiful, it seemed as though the outpourings of a fresh young heart claimed common kindred with the loveliest things in nature.

“An angel,” continued the young man passionately, “a crea-

ture as fair and innocent of guile as one of God's own angels, fluttered between life and death. Oh! who could hope, when the distant world to which she was akin half opened to her view, that she would return to the sorrow and calamity of this! Rose, Rose, to know that you were passing away like some soft shadow, which a light from above casts upon the earth—to have no hope that you would be spared to those who linger here, and to know no reason why you should—to feel that you belonged to that bright sphere whither so many gifted creatures in infancy and youth have winged their early flight—and yet to pray, amid all these consolations, that you might be restored to those who loved you—these are distractions almost too great to bear. They were mine by day and night, and with them came such a rushing torrent of fears and apprehensions, and selfish regrets lest you should die and never know how devotedly I loved you, as almost bore down sense and reason in its course. You recovered—day by day, and almost hour by hour, some drop of health came back, and mingling with the spent and feeble stream of life which circulated languidly within you, swelled it again to a high and rushing tide. I have watched you change almost from death to life, with eyes that moistened with their own eagerness and deep affection. Do not tell me that you wish I had lost this; for it has softened my heart to all mankind.”

“I did not mean that,” said Rose weeping; “I only wished you had left here, that you might have turned to high and noble pursuits again—to pursuits well worthy of you.”

“There is no pursuit more worthy of me—more worthy of the highest nature that exists—than the struggle to win such a heart as yours,” said the young man, taking her hand. “Rose, my own dear Rose, for years—for years I have loved you, hoping to win my way to fame, and then come proudly home in my day dreams how I would remind you in that happy moment and tell you it had been sought, only for you to share; thinking of the many silent tokens I had given of a boy's attachment, and rally you who had blushed to mark them, and then claim your hand, as if in redemption of some old mute contract that had been sealed between us. That time has not arrived; but here, with no fame won and no young vision realized, I give to you the heart so long your own, and stake my all upon the words with which you greet the offer.”

“Your behaviour has ever been kind and noble,” said Rose, mastering the emotions by which she was agitated. “As you believe that I am not insensible or ungrateful, so hear my answer.”

“It is that I may endeavour to deserve you—is it, dear Rose?”

“It is,” replied Rose, “that you must endeavour to forget me—not as your old and dearly-attached companion, for that would wound me deeply, but as the object of your love. Look into

the world, think how many hearts you would be equally proud to gain are there. Confide some other passion to me if you will, and I will be the truest, warmest, most faithful friend you have."

There was a pause, during which Rose, who had covered her face with one hand, gave free vent to her tears. Harry still retained the other.

"And your reasons, Rose," he said at length in a low voice, "your reasons for this decision—may I ask them?"

"You have a right to know them," rejoined Rose. "You can say nothing to alter my resolution. It is a duty that I must perform. I owe it alike to others, and to myself."

"To yourself?"

"Yes, Harry, I owe it to myself that I, a friendless, portionless girl, with a blight upon my name, should not give the world reason to suspect that I had sordidly yielded to your first passion, and fastened myself, a clog, upon all your hopes and projects. I owe it to you and yours to prevent you from opposing, in the warmth of your generous nature, this great obstacle to your progress in the world."

"If your inclinations chime with your sense of duty——" Harry began.

"They do not," replied Rose, colouring deeply.

"Then you return my love?" said Harry. "Say but that, Rose; say but that, and soften the bitterness of this hard disappointment."

"If I could have done so without doing heavy wrong to him I loved," rejoined Rose, "I could have——"

"Have received this declaration very differently?" said Harry with great eagerness. "Do not conceal that from me at least, Rose."

"I could," said Rose. "Stay," she added, disengaging her hand. "Why should we prolong this painful interview; most painful to me, and yet productive of lasting happiness notwithstanding; for it *will* be happiness to know that I once held the high place in your regard which I now occupy, and every triumph you achieve in life will animate me with new fortitude and firmness. Farewell, Harry! for as we have met to-day, we meet no more: but in other relations than those in which this conversation would have placed us, may we be long and happily entwined; and may every blessing that the prayers of a true and earnest heart can call down from where all is truth and sincerity, cheer and prosper you."

"Another word, Rose," said Harry. "Your reason in your own words. From your own lips let me hear it."

"The prospect before you," answered Rose firmly, "is a brilliant one; all the honours to which great talents and powerful connexions can help men in public life are in store for you. But those connexions are proud, and I will neither mingle with such as hold in scorn the mother who gave me life, nor bring

disgrace or failure upon the son of her who has so well supplied that mother's place. In a word," said the young lady, turning away as her temporary firmness forsook her, "there is a stain upon my name which the world visits on innocent heads; I will carry it into no blood but my own and the reproach shall rest alone on me."

"One word more, Rose—dear Rose, one more," cried Harry throwing himself before her. "If I had been less, less fortunate, as the world would call it,—if some obscure and peaceful life had been my destiny,—if I had been poor, sick, helpless,—would you have turned from me then? or has my probable advancement to riches and honour given this scruple birth?"

"Do not press me to reply," answered Rose. "The question does not arise, and never will. It is unfair, unkind, to urge it."

"If your answer be what I almost dare to hope it is," retorted Harry, "it will shed a gleam of happiness upon my lonely way, and light the dreary path before me. It is not an idle thing to do so much, by the utterance of a few brief words, for one who loves us beyond all else. Oh, Rose, in the name of my ardent and enduring attachment,—in the name of all I have suffered for you, and all you doom me to undergo,—answer me that one question."

"Then if your lot had been differently cast," rejoined Rose; "if you had been even a little, but not so far above me; if I could have been a help and comfort to you in some humble scene of peace and retirement, and not a blot and drawback in ambitious and distinguished crowds; I should have been spared this trial. I have every reason to be happy, very happy, now; but then, Harry, I own I should have been happier."

Busy recollections of old hopes, cherished as a girl long ago, crowded into the mind of Rose while making this avowal; but they brought tears with them, as old hopes will when they come back withered, and they relieved her.

"I cannot help this weakness, and it makes my purpose stronger," said Rose extending her hand. "I must leave you now, indeed."

"I ask one promise," said Harry. "Once, and only once more,—say within a year, but it may be much sooner,—let me speak to you again on this subject for the last time."

"Not to press me to alter my right determination," replied Rose with a melancholy smile: "it will be useless."

"No," said Harry; "to hear you repeat it, if you will; finally repeat it. I will lay at your feet whatever of station or fortune I may possess, and if you still adhere to your present resolution, will not seek by word or act to change it."

"Then let it be so," rejoined Rose. "It is but one pang the more, and by that time I may be enabled to bear it better."

She extended her hand again, but the young man caught her to his bosom, and, imprinting one kiss upon her beautiful forehead, hurried from the room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IS A VERY SHORT ONE, AND MAY APPEAR OF NO GREAT IMPORTANCE IN ITS PLACE, BUT IT SHOULD BE READ NOTWITHSTANDING, AS A SEQUEL TO THE LAST, AND A KEY TO ONE THAT WILL FOLLOW WHEN ITS TIME ARRIVES.

"AND so you are resolved to be my travelling-companion this morning—eh?" said the doctor, as Harry Maylie joined him and Oliver at the breakfast-table. Why, you are not in the same mind or intention two half hours together."

"You will tell me a different tale one of these days," said Harry, colouring without any perceptible reason.

"I hope I may have good cause to do so," replied Mr. Losberne; "though I confess I don't think I shall. But yesterday morning you had made up your mind in a great hurry to stay here, and accompany your mother, like a dutiful son, to the sea-side; before noon you announce that you are going to do me the honour of accompanying me as far as I go on your road to London; and at night you urge me with great mystery to start before the ladies are stirring, the consequence of which is, that young Oliver here is pinned down to his breakfast when he ought to be ranging the meadows after botanical phenomena of all kinds. Too bad, isn't it, Oliver?"

"I should have been very sorry not to have been at home when you and Mr. Maylie went away, sir," rejoined Oliver.

"That's a fine fellow," said the doctor; "you shall come and see me when you return. But, to speak seriously, Harry, has any communication from the great nobs produced this sudden anxiety on your part to be gone?"

"The great nobs," replied Harry, "under which designation, I presume, you include my most stately uncle, have not communicated with me at all since I have been here, nor, at this time of the year, is it likely that anything would occur to render necessary my immediate attendance among them."

"Well," said the doctor, "you are a queer fellow. But of course they will get you into Parliament at the election before Christmas, and these sudden shiftings and changes are no bad preparation for political life. There's something in that; good training is always desirable, whether the race be for place, cup or sweepstakes."

Harry Maylie looked as if he could have followed up this short dialogue by one or two remarks that would have staggered the doctor not a little, but he contented himself with saying, "We shall see," and pursued the subject no further. The post-chaise drove up to the door shortly afterwards, and Giles coming in for the luggage, the good doctor bustled out to see it packed away.

"Oliver," said Harry Maylie in a low voice, "let me speak a word with you."

Oliver walked into the window-recess to which Mr. Maylie beckoned him; much surprised at the mixture of sadness and boisterous spirits, which his whole behaviour displayed.

"You can write well now," said Harry; laying his hand upon his arm.

"I hope so, sir," replied Oliver.

"I shall not be at home again, perhaps for some time; I wish you would write to me—say once a fortnight, every alternate Monday, to the General Post Office in London: will you?" said Mr. Maylie.

"Oh! certainly sir; I shall be proud to do it," exclaimed Oliver, greatly delighted with the commission.

"I should like to know how—how my mother and Miss Maylie are," said the young man; "and you can fill up a sheet by telling me what walks you take, and what you talk about, and whether she—they, I mean, seem happy and quite well. You understand me?"

"Oh! quite sir, quite," replied Oliver.

"I would rather you did not mention it to them," said Harry, hurrying over his words. "Because it might make my mother anxious to write to me oftener, and it is a trouble and worry to her. Let it be a secret between you and me, and mind you tell me everything; I depend upon you."

Oliver, quite elated and honoured by a sense of his importance, faithfully promised to be secret and explicit in his communications, and Mr. Maylie took leave of him with many warm assurances of his regard and protection.

The doctor was in the chaise; Giles (who, it had been arranged, should be left behind,) held the door open in his hand; and the women servants were in the garden looking on. Harry cast one slight glance at the latticed window, and jumped into the carriage.

"Drive on!" he cried, "hard, fast, full gallop. Nothing short of flying will keep pace with me to-day."

"Halloa!" cried the doctor, letting down the front glass in a great hurry, and shouting to the postilion. "something very far short of flying will keep pace with me. Do you hear?"

Jingling and clattering till distance rendered its noise inaudible, and its rapid progress only perceptible to the eye, the vehicle wound its way along the road almost hidden in a cloud of dust, now wholly disappearing, and now becoming visible again, as intervening objects or the intricacies of the way permitted. It was not until even the dusty cloud was no longer to be seen, that the gazers dispersed.

And there was one looker-on, who remained with eyes fixed upon the spot where the carriage had disappeared, long after it was many miles away; for behind the white curtain which had shrouded her from view, when Harry raised his eyes towards the window, sat Rose herself.

"He seems in high spirits and happy," she said at length. "I feared for a time he might be otherwise. I was mistaken. I am very, very glad."

Tears are signs of gladness as well as grief, but those which

coursed down Rose's face as she sat pensively at the window, still gazing in the same direction, seemed to tell more of sorrow than of joy.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

IN WHICH THE READER, IF HE OR SHE RESORT TO THE FIFTH CHAPTER OF THIS SECOND BOOK, WILL PERCEIVE A CONTRAST NOT UNCOMMON IN MATRIMONIAL CASES.

MR. BUMBLE sat in the workhouse parlour, with his eyes moodily fixed on the cheerless grate, whence, as it was summer time, no brighter gleam proceeded than the reflection of certain sickly rays of the sun, which were sent back from its cold and shining surface. A paper fly-cage dangled from the ceiling, to which he occasionally raised his eyes in gloomy thought; and, as the heedless insects hovered round the gaudy net-work, Mr. Bumble would heave a deep sigh, while a more gloomy shadow overspread his countenance. Mr. Bumble was meditating, and it might be that the insects brought to mind some painful passage in his own past life.

Nor was Mr. Bumble's gloom the only thing calculated to awaken a pleasing melancholy in the bosom of a spectator. There were not wanting other appearances, and those closely connected with his own person, which announced that a great change had taken place in the position of his affairs. The laced coat and the cocked hat, where were they? He still wore knee-breeches and dark cotton stockings on his nether limbs, but they were not *the* breeches. The coat was wide-skirted, and in that respect like *the* coat, but, oh, how different! The mighty cocked-hat was replaced by a modest round one. Mr. Bumble was no longer a beadle.

There are some promotions in life which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field-marshal has his uniform, a bishop his silk apron, a counsellor his silk gown, a beadle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his cocked hat and gold lace, what are they? Men,—mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.

Mr. Bumble had married Mrs. Corney, and was master of the workhouse. Another beadle had come into power, and on him the cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and staff, had all three descended.

"And to-morrow two months it was done!" said Mr. Bumble with a sigh. "It seems a age."

Mr. Bumble might have meant that he had concentrated a whole existence of happiness into the short space of eight weeks; but the sigh—there was a vast deal of meaning in the sigh.

"I sold myself," said Mr. Bumble, pursuing the same train of reflection, "for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-

pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniter, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable—cheap, dirt cheap.”

“Cheap!” cried a shrill voice in Mr. Bumble’s ear: “You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that.”

Mr. Bumble turned and encountered the face of his interesting consort, who, imperfectly comprehending the few words she had overheard of his complaint, had hazarded the foregoing remark at a venture.

“Mrs. Bumble, ma’am!” said Mr. Bumble, with sentimental sternness.

“Well,” cried the lady.

“Have the goodness to look at me,” said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her.

“If she stands such a eye as that,” said Mr. Bumble to himself, “she can stand anything. It is a eye I never knew to fail with paupers, and if it fails with her my power is gone.”

Whether an exceedingly small expansion of eye is sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition, or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances, are matters of opinion. The matter of fact is, that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble’s scowl, but, on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh thereat, which sounded as though it were genuine.

On hearing this most unexpected sound, Mr. Bumble looked first incredulous, and afterwards amazed. He then relapsed into his former state; nor did he rouse himself until his attention was again awakened by the voice of his partner.

“Are you going to sit snoring there all day?” inquired Mrs. Bumble.

“I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, ma’am,” rejoined Mr. Bumble; “and although I was *not* snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh, or cry, as the humour strikes me, such being my prerogative.”

“Your prerogative!” sneered Mrs. Bumble with ineffable contempt.

“I said the word, ma’am,” observed Mr. Bumble. “The prerogative of a man is to command.”

“And what’s the prerogative of a woman, in the name of goodness?” cried the relict of Mr. Corney deceased.

“To obey, ma’am,” thundered Mr. Bumble. “Your late unfort’nate husband should have taught it you, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive now. I wish he was, poor man!”

Mrs. Bumble, seeing at a glance that the decisive moment had now arrived, and that a blow struck for the mastership on one side or other must necessarily be final and conclusive, no sooner heard this allusion to the dead and gone, than she dropped into a chair, and, with a loud scream that Mr. Bumble was a hard-hearted brute, fell into a prooxysm of tears.

But tears were not the things to find their way to Mr. Bumble's soul; his heart was waterproof. Like washable beaver hats, that improve with rain, his nerves were rendered stouter and more vigorous by showers of tears, which, being tokens of weakness, and so far tacit admissions of his own power, pleased and exalted him. He eyed his good lady with looks of great satisfaction, and begged in an encouraging manner that she would cry her hardest, the exercise being looked upon by the faculty as strongly conducive to health.

"It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper," said Mr. Bumble; "so cry away."

As he discharged himself of this pleasantry, Mr. Bumble took his hat from a peg, and putting it on rather rakishly on one side, as a man might do who felt he had asserted his superiority in a becoming manner, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered towards the door with much ease and waggishness depicted in his whole appearance.

Now Mrs. Corney, that was, had tried the tears, because they were less troublesome than a manual assault; but she was quite prepared to make trial of the latter mode of proceeding, as Mr. Bumble was not long in discovering.

The first proof he experienced of the fact was conveyed in a hollow sound, immediately succeeded by the sudden flying off of his hat to the opposite end of the room. This preliminary proceeding laying bare his head, the expert lady, clasping him tight round the throat with one hand, inflicted a shower of blows (dealt with singular vigour and dexterity) upon it with the other. This done, she created a little variety by scratching his face and tearing his hair off, and having by this time inflicted as much punishment as she deemed necessary for the offence, she pushed him over a chair, which was luckily well situated for the purpose, and defied him to talk about his prerogative again if he dared.

"Get up," said Mrs. Bumble in a voice of command, "and take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate."

Mr. Bumble rose with a very rueful countenance, wondering much what something desperate might be, and picking up his hat, looked towards the door.

"Are you going?" demanded Mrs. Bumble.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," rejoined Mr. Bumble, making a quicker motion towards the door. "I didn't intend to—I'm going, my dear—you are so very violent, that really I—"

At this instant Mrs. Bumble stepped hastily forward to replace the carpet, which had been kicked up in the scuffle, and Mr. Bumble immediately darted out of the room without bestowing another thought on his unfinished sentence, leaving the late Mrs. Corney in full possession of the field.

Mr. Bumble was fairly taken by surprise, and fairly beaten. He had a decided bullying propensity, derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty, and consequently was (it is needless to say) a coward. This is by no means a disparagement to his character; for many official personages, who are held in high respect and admiration, are the victims of similar infirmities. The remark is made, indeed, rather in his favour than otherwise, and with the view of impressing the reader with a just sense of his qualifications for office.

But the measure of his degradation was not yet full. After making a tour of the house, and thinking for the first time that the poor laws really were too hard upon people, and that men who ran away from their wives, leaving them chargeable to the parish, ought in justice to be visited with no punishment at all, but rather rewarded as meritorious individuals who had suffered much, Mr. Bumble came to a room where some of the female paupers were usually employed in washing the parish linen, and whence the sound of voices in conversation now proceeded.

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble, summoning up all his native dignity. "These women at least shall continue to respect the prerogative. Hallo! hallo there!—what do you mean by this noise, you hussies?"

With these words Mr. Bumble opened the door, and walked in with a very fierce and angry manner, which was at once exchanged for a most humiliated and cowering air as his eyes unexpectedly rested on the form of his lady wife.

"My dear," said Mr. Bumble, "I didn't know you were here."

"Didn't know I was here!" repeated Mrs. Bumble. "What do *you* do here?"

"I thought they were talking rather too much to be doing their work properly, my dear," replied Mr. Bumble, glancing distractedly at a couple of old women at the wash-tub, who were comparing notes of admiration at the workhouse-master's humility.

"You thought they were talking too much?" said Mrs. Bumble. "What business is it of yours?"

"Why, my dear—" urged Mr. Bumble submissively.

"What business is it of yours?" demanded Mrs. Bumble again.

"It's very true you're matron here, my dear," submitted Mr. Bumble; "but I thought you mightn't be in the way just then."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bumble," returned his lady, "we don't want any of your interference, and you're a great deal too fond of poking your nose into things that don't concern you, making everybody in the house laugh the moment your back is turned, and making yourself look like a fool every hour in the day. Be off; come!"

Mr. Bumble, seeing with excruciating feelings the delight of the two old paupers who were tittering together most rapturously, hesitated for an instant. Mrs. Bumble, whose patience brooked no delay, caught up a bowl of soap-suds, and motioning him towards the door, ordered him instantly to depart, on pain of receiving the contents upon his portly person.

What could Mr. Bumble do? He looked dejectedly round, and slunk away; and as he reached the door the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost caste and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadleship to the lowest depth of the most snubbed hen-peckery.

"All in two months!" said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. "Two months—not more than two months ago I was not only my own master, but everybody else's, so far as the parochial workhouse was concerned, and now!"

It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him, (for he had reached the portal in his reverie,) and walked distractedly into the street.

He walked up one street and down another until exercise had abated the first passion of his grief, and then the revulsion of feeling made him thirsty. He passed a great many public-houses, and at length paused before one in a bye-way, whose parlour, as he gathered from a hasty peep over the blinds, was deserted save by one solitary customer. It began to rain heavily at the moment, and this determined him; Mr. Bumble stepped in, and ordering something to drink as he passed the bar, entered the apartment into which he had looked from the street.

The man who was seated there was tall and dark, and wore a large cloak. He had the air of a stranger, and seemed, by a certain haggardness in his look, as well as by the dusty soils on his dress, to have travelled some distance. He eyed Bumble askance as he entered, but scarcely deigned to nod his head in acknowledgment of his salutation.

Mr. Bumble had quite dignity enough for two, supposing even that the stranger had been more familiar, so he drank his gin-and-water in silence, and read the paper with great show of pomp and importance.

It so happened, however,—as it will happen very often when men fall into company under such circumstances,—that Mr. Bumble felt every now and then a powerful inducement, which he could not resist, to steal a look at the stranger, and that whenever he did so he withdrew his eyes in some confusion, to find that the stranger was at that moment stealing a look at him. Mr. Bumble's awkwardness was enhanced by the very remarkable expression of the stranger's eye, which was keen and bright, but shadowed by a scowl of distrust and suspicion unlike anything he had ever observed before, and most repulsive to behold.

When they had encountered each other's glance several times in this way, the stranger, in a harsh, deep voice, broke silence.

"Were you looking for me," he said, "when you peered in at the window?"

"Not that I am aware of, unless you're Mr. —" Here Mr. Bumble stopped short, for he was curious to know the stranger's name, and thought in his impatience he might supply the blank.

"I see you were not," said the stranger, an expression of quiet sarcasm playing about his mouth, "or you would have known my name. You don't know it, and I should recommend you not to inquire."

"I meant no harm, young man," observed Mr. Bumble majestically.

"And have done none," said the stranger.

Another silence succeeded this short dialogue, which was again broken by the stranger.

"I have seen you before, I think," said he. "You were differently dressed at that time, and I only passed you in the street, but I should know you again. You were beadle here once, were you not?"

"I was," said Mr. Bumble, in some surprise. "Parochial beadle."

"Just so," rejoined the other, nodding his head. "It was in that character I saw you. What are you now?"

"Master of the workhouse," rejoined Mr. Bumble slowly and impressively, to check any undue familiarity the stranger might otherwise assume. "Master of the workhouse, young man!"

"You have the same eye to your own interest that you always have had, I doubt not?" resumed the stranger, looking keenly into Mr. Bumble's eyes as he raised them in astonishment at the question. "Don't scruple to answer freely, man. I know you pretty well, you see."

"I suppose a married man," replied Mr. Bumble, shading his eyes with his hand, and surveying the stranger from head to foot in evident perplexity, "is not more averse to turning an honest penny when he can than a single one. Parochial officers are not so well paid that they can afford to refuse any little extra fee, when it comes to them in a civil and proper manner."

The stranger smiled, and nodded his head again, as much as to say he found he had not mistaken his man: then rang the bell.

"Fill this glass again," he said, handing Mr. Bumble's empty tumbler to the landlord. "Let it be strong and hot. You like it so, I suppose?"

"Not too strong," replied Mr. Bumble, with a delicate cough.

"You understand what that means, landlord!" said the stranger drily.

The host smiled, disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned with a steaming jorum, of which the first gulph brought the water into Mr. Bumble's eyes.

"Now listen to me," said the stranger, after closing the door and window. "I came down to this place to-day to find you out, and, by one of those chances which the devil throws in the way of his friends sometimes, you walked into the very room I was sitting in while you were uppermost in my mind. I want some information from you, and don't ask you to give it for nothing, slight as it is. Put up that to begin with."

As he spoke he pushed a couple of sovereigns across the table to his companion carefully, as though unwilling that the chinking of money should be heard without; and when Mr. Bumble had scrupulously examined the coins to see that they were genuine, and put them up with much satisfaction in his waistcoat-pocket, he went on.

"Carry your memory back — let me see — twelve years last winter."

"It's a long time," said Mr. Bumble. "Very good. I've done it."

"The scene the workhouse."

"Good!"

"And the time night."

"Yes."

"And the place the crazy hole, wherever it was, in which miserable drabs brought forth the life and health so often denied to themselves—gave birth to puling children for the parish to rear, and hid their shame, rot 'em, in the grave."

"The lying-in room, I suppose that means?" said Mr. Bumble, not quite following the stranger's excited description.

"Yes," said the stranger. "A boy was born there."

"A many boys," observed Mr. Bumble, shaking his head despondingly.

"A murrain on the young devils!" cried the stranger impatiently; "I speak of one, a meek-looking pale-faced hound, who was apprenticed, down here, to a coffin-maker, (I wish he had made his coffin, and screwed his body in it,) and who afterwards ran away to London, as it was supposed."

"Why, you mean Oliver—young Twist?" said Mr. Bumble; "I remember him of course. There wasn't a obstinater young rascal——"

"It's not of him I want to hear; I've heard enough of him," said the stranger, stopping Mr. Bumble in the very outset of a tirade on the subject of poor Oliver's vices. "It's of a woman, the hag that nursed his mother. Where is she?"

"Where is she?" said Mr. Bumble, whom the gin and water had rendered facetious. "It would be hard to tell. There's no midwifery there, whichever place she's gone to; so I suppose she's out of employment any way."

“What do you mean?” demanded the stranger, sternly.

“That she died last winter,” rejoined Mr. Bumble.

The man looked fixedly at him when he had given this information, and although he did not withdraw his eyes for some time afterwards, his gaze gradually became vacant and abstracted, and he seemed lost in thought. For some time he appeared doubtful whether he ought to be relieved or disappointed by the intelligence, but at length he breathed more freely, and withdrawing his eyes, observed that it was no great matter, and rose as if to depart.

Mr. Bumble was cunning enough, and he at once saw that an opportunity was opened for the lucrative disposal of some secret in the possession of his better half. He well remembered the night of old Sally's death, which the occurrences of that day had given him good reason to recollect as the occasion on which he had proposed to Mrs. Corney, and although that lady had never confided to him the disclosure of which she had been the solitary witness, he had heard enough to know that it related to something that had occurred in the old woman's attendance as workhouse nurse, upon the young mother of Oliver Twist. Hastily calling this circumstance to mind, he informed the stranger with an air of mystery, that one woman had been closeted with the old harridan shortly before she died, and that she could, as he had reason to believe, throw some light on the subject of his inquiry.

“How can I find her?” said the stranger, thrown off his guard, and plainly showing that all his fears (whatever they were) were aroused afresh by the intelligence.

“Only through me,” rejoined Mr. Bumble.

“When?” cried the stranger, hastily.

“To-morrow,” rejoined Bumble.

“At nine in the evening,” said the stranger, producing a scrap of paper, and writing down an obscure address, by the water-side, upon it, in characters that betrayed his agitation, “at nine in the evening, bring her to me there. I needn't tell you to be secret, for it's your interest.”

With these words he led the way to the door, after stopping to pay for the liquor that had been drunk; and shortly remarking that their roads were different, departed without more ceremony than an emphatic repetition of the hour of appointment for the following night.

On glancing at the address, the parochial functionary observed that it contained no name. The stranger had not gone far, so he made after him to ask it.

“Who's that?” cried the man turning quickly round as Bumble touched him on the arm. “Following me!”

“Only to ask a question,” said the other, pointing to the scrap of paper. “What name am I to ask for?”

“MONKS!” rejoined the man, and strode hastily away.

WALTER CHILDE.

CANTO III.

"Tis morn—that is, it probably was so
 When this my canto doth commence; I mean
 A hundred years and eighty-four ago:
 Imagine now a quiet road-side scene
 Clear of the town; a hostel snug and low,
 White-wash'd and gable-ended, tight and clean,
 With honeysuckled porch; just where you'd say,
 "T were no bad move to breakfast on my way."

Imagine, too, a morn of early spring
 Rising on Father Thames's populous vale,
 The bargeman at his oar loud carolling,
 The rooks astir betimes, the jocund hail
 Of labourers bound afield, each living thing
 Rejoicing in the season—you'll not fail
 To paint what I like better, out and out,
 Than foreign scenes which noodles rave about.

The fresh bright morning air, too—in most cases
 'Tis the best dram a sober man can take;
 If you're a youth who go to county races,
 Dance till the last, talk nonsense, flirt and rake,
 Then, wilder'd by a maze of pretty faces,
 Lie in a feverish dog-sleep half awake,
 Try an old stager's recipe; 't will prove
 A sovereign cure for cramp and puppy-love.

Jump on your horse, young, hot, and three-parts bred.
 Divine Camilla!—('tis no lady fair,
 Good reader, who is running in my head,
 But a defunct Eclipse-descended mare,
 Mother of gallant steeds)—if coursers dead
 Were themes for verse, and I had genius rare,
 Then, like Caligula in olden time,
 I'd stamp thy merits, not on stone, but rhyme.

Jump on your horse, observe, at break of day,
 When your fair partners all are fast asleep,
 Then let him caper, snort, and plunge away
 O'er springy up-land turf, nor baulk his leap
 At stile or fence,—I confidently say,
 'T will soon, unless your wound be really deep,
 Dispel the fumes engender'd by the vice
 Of self-conceit, sour negus, and crude ice.

Morning's first view is most distinct and clear
 Ere hazy mists exhale from earth to clog
 The sun's pure influence in the atmosphere;
 Thus Reason, stifled by the moral fog
 Of noon-day cares and vanities, so dear
 To o'er-excited man, unlucky dog!
 Is most infallibly and calmly bright
 When tested by the morning air and light.

Walter, poor fellow, knew and said the same,
 Being an early riser from a boy ;
 None, strong in Reason's power, made greater game
 Of that poetical and childish toy,
 Love at first sight ; he, too, proposed to tame
 Feelings which brought more discontent than joy,
 By a stout poster's roughest-trotting pace ;
 But still he felt his own no common case.

Had Isolde been (in fact she really was)
 Lovelier than Solomon's imperial bride,
 He would have pass'd her in the general mass
 Of ball-room beauties, and scarce look'd aside,
 But that his fatally quick ears, alas !
 Had caught things sweetly soothing to the pride
 Of one by no means the least proud of men,
 And, as he falsely thought, at discount then.

He heard his own just praise, warm from the heart
 Of a fine girl,—high-bred,—exclusive,—who
 Seem'd cool, indifferent,—nay, almost tart,
 To the gay throng's *élite*—unconscious, too,
 That he was near ; frank, natural, void of art ;
 A stranger, yet intent upon some clue
 To serve his cause, a theme which she pursued,
 Quite quizzing-proof, in grave and earnest mood.

Now what would you have thought, hoped, done, or said ?
 Walter, whatever were his real surmise,
 Would certainly have knock'd you on the head
 Had you but whisper'd to him what his eyes
 And ears confirm'd ;—but there he sits, half dead
 With care and broken rest, at th' inn where lies
 My morning scene, and strives to puzzle out
 The mystery which we just have talk'd about.

In seeming listlessness he sat, and mused
 On the stone horse-block ; the old mastiff there,
 Whom all but genuine dog-lovers abused
 As surly and unsocial, came to share
 His converse ; and as Walter, half amused,
 Stroked his black muzzle, Trouncer with fond care
 His unrepell'd caresses seem'd to double.
 'Tis strange how dogs find out when you 're in trouble.

"Trouncer, old boy," quoth he, "my Trojan true,
 Had I been whelp'd an honest pup of thine,
 I had fared better : for I hold me, too,
 Indifferent honest in my luckless line :
 I then might earn a meal and honour due
 By worrying knaves and robbers, and ne'er pine
 With memory ten times worse than the world's scorn,—
 Live, too, and lay my bones where I was born.

"Hostler, what now ?—a letter, by the rood !—
 The bearer ?"—"Gone." He breaks the unknown seal.
 "This, sir, from one to whom by you accrued
 The deepest injury which heart can feel.
 Three hours from hence you 'll find me at the wood
 Near the third mile-stone on the road to Theale,
 To claim the ransom of your forfeit word.
 Come, if you dare, alone, and bring your sword."

" My word? True, I was urged to mince my speech,
 Some pledge demanded; but I never gave it.
 He lies, the tadpole spawn of a horse-leech!
 Young John o' the Scales, forsooth, presumes to brave it!
 Poyntz misconceived him then; the Jack must preach
 Of injured honour!—Well, if he *will* have it—
 No, God forbid! He feels but as a son:
 I'll spare him, if he bring not two to one.

" What ho, Dame Alice! I must start betimes;
 My cloak-bags go for Bristol port by Bath:
 Breakfast and reckoning quick. There go the chimes—
 'Tis seven o'clock. A proper man of Gath!—
 But the fool shares not in his father's crimes.
 The horses—I shall walk the footway path—
 Meet me at Theale. No; blood enough I've spilt;
 But his sword tastes some dunghill to the hilt!"

Was Isolde in his thoughts just now, I wonder?
 No; his wrath proved a godsend, a relief,
 Like a good downright clearing storm of thunder
 To the charged welkin; it absorb'd his grief,
 And roused his stomach, like a wolf's, to plunder;
 And when mine hostess clear'd away the beef
 And poised the tankard, "Come, he's play'd his part,"
 Thought she; "much good may't do him, bless his heart!"

" He was half-starved—lost his young appetite
 All yesterday—'t was never much to boast of—
 D'rat them law-books as keeps him up all night,
 Them unkit things as he reads such a host of!"—
 " Alice, thy reckoning's there; thou'lt find it right:
 That crown for thy brave boys to make the most of
 In some poor keepsake. Should it come to pass
 We meet no more—bless thee, my kind old lass!"

Mine hostess wip'd the first tear from her cheek
 That her young guest had shed for many a year.
 How came it there? Sir Critic, I must speak
 My utter, sheer contempt of that half sneer:
 He lost his mother early,—oft would seek
 In childhood's visions the remembrance dear
 Of mother's love, as a thing faintly known,
 So prized the only one by whom 'twas shown.

Her son, a favourite trooper, by his side
 Fell gallantly; two manly buxom boys,
 The soldier's legacy, their grandame's pride,
 Had won his heart, and oft would leave their toys
 To hear him tell how their bold father died.
 Add that he gave no trouble, had no choice
 In food, and spoke all kindly, you'll discern all
 The secret of the good dame's love maternal.

" A blessing on thee, too," old Alice said,
 " Where'er thou goest!—but where now can that be?
 There's somewhat here too deep for my poor head.
 What could be in that letter?—mercy me!
 His eye struck fire, his cheek turn'd crimson red,
 And he that looks so quiet commonly,
 Just like poor George—I never know'd him heated,
 Save to see children or dumb things ill treated.

“ Lord send us quiet times when I am gone,
 For his boys' sakes. Ah me, that awful fray!
 No news to trust how things were going on;
 Peal after peal of guns the Newbury way—
 And then—no youth but his own father's son
 Would have thought on 't—I loved him from that day
 The letter that my eyes so oft have wetted,
 To say how his brave comrade was regretted.

“ But sorrow does no good. I 'll take a turn
 At doing out his room; 't will ease my heart.—
 Why, there 's that paper, crumpled up to burn;
 Depend on 't, 't will explain this sudden start.”
 What came of this her pious fraud, you 'll learn
 When I have leisure, in some future part.
 We must catch Walter, journeying in his wrath,
 And now some half mile on his road to Bath.

Though his first towering rage was half subdued
 By what he then conceived a final parting
 With an old loving friend, the threaten'd feud
 Still kept some well-born indignation smarting,
 Which forming with the strength of solid food
 A substitute for sleep, he strode at parting
 Like Ajax, the Achaian fleet's protector,
 Sallying well-victuall'd forth to batter Hector.

He paused upon the Castle Hill; a view
 Spacious and rich spread round on every side.
 Thames to the northward, boldly breaking through
 The wooded cliffs that bar him from his bride,
 Fair, silver-eddying Kennet,—then anew
 Rolling far east his deep majestic tide
 To lay the homage of her added dower
 Low at the feet of Windsor's regal tower.

“ There goest thou,” cried he, “ like a baron brave,
 Cleaving thy way for love and loyalty;
 Thus—but my liege is in his bloody grave,
 And Isolde's nought, and can be nought to me.
 Thames! I could gaze for ever on thy wave;
 But farewell once for all—it may not be.
 May better times return thy shores to bless,
 When I lie mouldering in the wilderness!”

Smothering a sigh, he took his onward road,
 The remnant of his ire abated quite.
 Sloping due southward, Loddon's valley broad
 In morning's bright repose regaled his sight;
 Varied by woodland-crested knolls, that show'd
 More wooingly fair park and dwelling white,
 And in the distance, far as eye could trace,
 Swell'd into beathery moor and forest-chase.

“ How doth that view recall old times and scenes!
 Basing's well-timed relief,—my plighted wife,
 Dear young Elizabeth. By what strange means
 Thrives this same puppy-love in times of strife!
 A stripling I,—she scarcely in her teens;
 Yet the child took in earnest, on my life,
 My only trinket, and my boyish vow:—
 She must be grown a lovely woman now.

“ Gage carried it that day with a high hand.
 O'er yonder western ridge we spurr'd all night
 Through tangling forest, then on level land
 Pounced on scared Norton with the morning light.
 ' St. George, and on !'—his horsemen made no stand ;
 But ne'er shall I forget the two hours' fight
 With the foot-lexies, resolute and tough ;
 Howbeit, for once we pepper'd them enough.

“ How proudly then we enter'd Basing Park,
 Reining tired steeds that scarce could keep their feet !
 'T were worth a year of toilsome nights to mark
 How, after a brave onslaught, such men greet
 As Gage and its good lord ; from morn till dark
 Oft Winchester had drubb'd the lesson meet
 Into that Norton's hide, (the crop-ear'd vassal !)
 ' An Englishman's own dwelling is his castle.'

“ Then the poor womankind ! Their guard of honour
 Bolted the foremost, in no seemly plight ;
 The Whig aunt's horse came down, and fell upon her ;
 Though not much hurt, she was quite ill with fright ;
 And, we not knowing what could best be done, her
 Quarters were fix'd in Basing House that night.
 How like an angel that young girl behaved !
 'Tis strange—but I was half, nay, quite enslaved.

“ Such temper, thought, and care I witness'd never.
 The old one in the tantrums, raging mad
 With anger, fright, and a small touch of fever.
 ' Captive to vile malignants !'—'t was too bad
 To rave at us, who did our best endeavour,
 And took a charge we 'd rather not have had.
 We promised safeguard and a flag of truce
 As soon as she could stir—'t was all no use.

“ ' Here you, my gentle squire of dames,' said Gage,
 Adding some idle compliment or other,
 ' Be you our scapegoat.' Oh ! 't would fill a page
 To count up all the trouble and the pother.
 At last she fairly put me in a rage.
 ' Turn from thy ways,' she crien ; ' that child's poor mother
 Died of sheer grief for her mad husband slain,
 Warring, like thee, proud boy, in Ahab's train.'

“ Then, when I scarce could gulp a stifed oath,
 How the sweet niece's eyes would plead with me !
 I soothed her, promised no one should be wroth
 With the cross-patch ; drew out her fund of glee
 When her sick aunt grew better, and we both
 Laugh'd soundly at the old trot's absurdity ;
 And, by St. George, and every saint above !
 We ended—yes—in making serious love.

“ Perhaps 't was fellow-feeling ; for we both
 Were orphans, with not much to love beside :
 Playmates and cousins thus may plight their troth.
 I've lost all trace of this my early bride.
 The cross suspicious aunt was plainly loth
 To tell their surnames ; and, from proper pride,
 Scorning to train young girls to a bad habit,
 I never press'd Elizabeth to blab it.

“ She doubtless has forgot me—yet her eye
 Had a deep earnestness :—‘ I love but once,’
 Were her last words. Where late did I espy
 Some fancied likeness? Visionary dunce!
 That Isolde’s ever present; let me try
 No matter what, she starts up for the nonce.
 I turn’d my thoughts to calm this heart-sick pain,
 And here she is in breathing life again!

“ Forward, and put an end to ’t!—Well, to-morrow,
 Please Heaven, I shall revisit Roundway Down,
 Some spice of private self-esteem to borrow,
 Lest I should run to rust when I turn clown.
 Ay, that’s one comfort; none need die of sorrow
 Who shared that signal conquest for the Crown.
 Wilmot himself,—’t is well the thought occurs
 To cheer me now,—said, ‘ Wat, thou ’st won thy spurs.’

“ I must have walk’d a mile; when three are done,
 Yon pestilent proud ass will cross my path.
 A choice wet Puritan!—the mumper’s son
 Turns malapert!—apes gentlemanly wrath!
 I had a father once, (a different one!)
 And would ask pardon of this man of lath,
 Would he, as is their wont, exhort, expound,
 And prove me wrong on any Scripture ground.

“ But should he swagger like a raw recruit
 Of Goring’s madcaps, what I’ve said I’ll do;
 The sheath that a fool’s bilbo best doth suit
 Holds it hilt-deep, and Poyntz shall hear on ’t too.
 The renegade deserves—how little boot
 To those who wrong their conscience can accrue!—
 A ludicrous, quaint vengeance, worse than cruel.
 Oh, dear Consistency! thou art a jewel.

“ Ha! I now see the crest, but little more,
 Of the rich woodland ground embosoming deep
 That ancient royal pleasance, where of yore
 Old lion-hearted Bess was wont to keep
 High revel. Englefield! thy day is o’er,
 The bloodhound’s bay, the bugle-echoes sleep,
 And cold in dust that noble hunting-train.
 Oh! for one hour of such!—but thought is vain.

“ My Queen! I fain would seat thee in yon hall,
 Mann’d by a thousand men of Berkshire mould,
 By tenure bound to face at trumpet-call
 Thrice our own force in siege or sally bold,
 Myself in strength and worth the least of all,
 Brave Lisle thy castellan—But he is cold,
 Done in cold blood to death; and thou, hard fate!
 Art, in thy father’s land, poor, desolate

“ St. George! but we’d revive the camisades*
 Of old Shaw House; and in our leisure then
 Ranging with hawk and hound yon forest-glades,
 Enact the princely pastimes of Ardenne,

* In one sense so. Colonels Lisle, Page, and Thelwall, and their favourite officers, while defending the post of Shaw House at the second battle of Newbury, threw off their buff coats, and charged in their shirt-sleeves, to give the men confi-

Cheer'd by the smiles of lovely high-born maids,
Like Rosalind—That fatal thought again!
Oh! Shakspeare, thou'rt my bane; I learnt of thee
'To set my fancies in this hopeless key.'

Quick'ning his pace, he clear'd a four-foot stile
To break his reverie—perhaps his shin,
As he half wish'd; then with a bitter smile,
"Here am I, some adventure to begin,
As bare perhaps, as well-born, woe the while!
As poor Orlando; but a lion's skin
Grows not, I trow, on back of Berkshire beast.—
Snakes in the grass—that claims a thought at least.

"'T is well I brought the pistols, by my fay!
Who knows but some vile ambush—for the loon
Dared me to come alone—'tis like their way.
Halt, then,—locks, priming, bullets,—all in tune;
My father's gift from Weimar on the day
Of Lützen; and, as I may need thee soon,
Old trusty Ribeauumont, come, quit thy sheath,
And taste a moment the fresh morning's breath.

"Strange sympathy! that human hearts can bind
To mute material things; the hardy tar
To his bold bark, the soldier unrefined
To his bright sword that shared the tug of war—
I scarce now can conceive thee in my mind
Forged by rude hands from a mere iron bar.
I prize thee still as dearly, my good brand,
As when Caernarvon gave thee to my hand.

"For some slight exploit, which I now forget,
He call'd me to the front of his proud train,—
'Brother in arms, I pay my country's debt,'
He said. The forward stripling felt as vain
As though he had been dubb'd knight-banneret
By a king's hand on stricken battle-plain.
Oh, gallant heart! high promise early reft!
How many such are gone, and I am left!

"Thanks to thy temper, he that ran him through
Lived not to tell the tale of Newbury field.
I love thy posy, 'Esperance en Dieu!'
Ay, by St. George! a true man's sword and shield
Are in the thought. Right well th' old Percys knew
The might of this their battle-word, which steel'd
A thousand hearts that might have quail'd before,
And, in just cause, were worth a thousand more!

"I've read it by the watch-fire, faint and tired,
At close of many a hard disastrous fight;
Then, when the trumpet-call no longer fired
My mettle, oft, ere study grew delight,

dence. The first charge was "for the King," the next "for the Queen," the third for "Prince Charles;" and Lisle is reported to have said that he would have gone through the whole Royal Family, if necessary. The defence was as determined as it was successful. The royal cavalry in the rear were surprised and out-flanked by the enemy's horse, who crossed the Lamborne at Bagnor, and were roughly handled before Cleveland in some degree retrieved the mishap.

And aching head and heart some rest required,
 I've drawn thee forth for pastime, rubb'd thee bright,
 And, pondering o'er each deeply-treasured word,
 Cried ' onward ! ' in despite of hope deferr'd.

" 'Tis onward now, and on a different path."
 Here he replaced his implements of war,
 And put his best pace forth.—" Yet when one hath
 Good faith and manhood for one's leading star,
 Then ' omne solum,' says some Philomath,
 ' Est forti patria;' but bereavement's scar
 Heals not with heathen maxims cold and tame.
 Say, then, ' Heaven's power is everywhere the same.'"

" My father ! this, and all I know of good,
 Wild urchin as I was, I owed to thee,
 True knight, and Christian of a different brood
 From the starch cut-throats who our masters be.
 The fatal field that drank thy bold heart's-blood
 Is circled by yon distant hills I see,
 The Highcleres. Ay, the glimpse that now appears
 Adds half a century to my sense of years.

" Falkland, Caernarvon, Sunderland,—and thou,
 Father and mother both ; for since the loss
 Of my poor mother, thou didst ne'er allow
 The nurse's fooleries to mar or cross
 The making of a man—such, I'll avow,
 Were thy own words—my nurture did engross
 Thy time at study, martial sport, and board.—
 How rich that ill-starr'd harvest of the sword !

" It was my first pitch'd field ; (though Albourne Chase
 Was a tough prelude, where we cut them down,
 Worrying their rear, while the King made a race
 From Gloucester, to seize first on Newbury town.)
 Westward from north to south our lines did face,
 Flank'd by the stream ; the standard of the Crown
 Flew on that spot in the rough upland plain,
 Mark'd now by three green mounds that hide the slain.

" The autumn sun rose gaily in our rear
 On carbine bright, steel cap, and banderolle,
 And, glancing on their distant pikes, show'd clear
 The Roundhead lines defiling down the knoll
 From Enborne's woodland hamlet ; a quick ear
 Could catch the growing hum, the creak and roll
 Of ordnance, and the tramp of horse and man
 Through the deep vale that stretch'd beneath our van.

" I could not share the gallant recklessness
 Of our young nobles, when distinct I saw
 Troop after troop of rebel horsemen press
 Up to the front : I thought with solemn awe,
 ' Who knows but I am this night fatherless ?'
 Yet, pondering still on Heaven's own written law,
 ' Honour the King,' I felt unshaken trust,
 And strength to play the man in quarrel just.

" 'Tis Essex ; look, he gallops from the rear ;'
 Whisper'd my father, ' fronts their vanguard ; see
 His arm's proud motion ;—ay, he ne'er knew fear ;
 He wears his bullet-mark defyingly,

The plumed white hat. Hark! how the train-bands cheer!
 They know that rallying-point, and fair and free
 The churls will strike for 't; 't will be no child's play.
 Well, if we win, we win a well-fought day.

“ ‘ Curse on court arts!—the self-styled Solomon
 Left an inheritance of strife and ruth,
 Which Heaven avert! to his right noble son:
 Essex owes little to the Crown, in truth.
 Comrades we've been; and when I think upon
 The base rank outrages that wrong'd his youth—
 (I come, my Lord!)—'t would drive a wise man mad.
 Fall in, and God be with you, my brave lad.’

“ Their foremost column of attack was now
 Deploying from Cope Hall and Skinner's Green;
 Our cannoneers had conn'd their range, to plough
 Deep in their van, when Rupert, hot and keen,
 Dash'd with a cloud of horse across the brow,
 And, baulking our good culverins, rush'd between
 On their dragoons, who boldly met the brunt,
 And all was furious mêlée in our front.

“ I saw a look exchanged of deep suspense
 Between the King and Ruthven,* who just pass'd
 Our regiment then; a posture of offence,
 They knew, placed all things on a doubtful cast.
 Reining their own impatience and the men's,
 Our brave Caernarvon and my sire stood fast,
 With those who, inly burning for the fray,
 Knew the first point of duty—to obey.

“ If deeds could have atoned for rashness then,
 They shone in Rupert's charge; for what, in truth,
 But Centaurs, could on horseback cope with men
 Like their barbs, thorough-bred, and from their youth
 Swordsmen and hunters keen? In minutes ten
 Down went the knaves by hundreds; but, good sooth,
 When routed, on their pikemen back they fell,
 Our gallants had a different tale to tell.

“ The ribald taunt of 'city horns,' so rife,
 Was paid in kind; rooted the train-bands stood
 Like wary bull, o'ermastering in the strife
 By strength and skill the ban-dog's hardihood.
 Like true-bred mastiffs, prodigal of life,
 Batter'd and gored, our cavaliers renew'd
 Their charge on volleying gun and serried pike.
 What comrades could stand still and view the like?

“ Three minutes more had shamed our discipline;
 But Rupert's trumpet sounded a retreat;
 The smoke clear'd, and out-flanking our left line,
 Dalbier and Stapleton cheer'd on th' elite
 Of their horse regiments; then the King in fine
 Gave signal, and three thousand chargers' feet
 Out-peal'd the kettle-drums, as to engage
 We spur'd at once—a moment worth an age.

* Lord Ruthven, who commanded under the King at the first battle of Newbury, afterwards created Earl of Brentford.

" 'T was in that charge I won thee, my good blade.
 My own was shiver'd to the hilt, I found,
 When leaving them all shatter'd and dismay'd,
 We breathed and rallied on the well-won ground.
 His own page brought thee, ere again array'd,
 We crush'd them in a second onset, crown'd
 With like result. I flesh'd thee deep and well,
 Good comrade, when thy noble donor fell.

" Brave heart! he saw my father by my side,
 Felt as a brother, when those words he spoke.
 He fell; and memory proves but a faint guide
 For three more hours: on all sides forth we broke
 Charging their central masses; far and wide
 The combat raged, and the artillery's smoke
 Hid the sun, sinking from his noonday height,
 Who look'd as yet upon a doubtful fight.

" The foot gain'd on us; on the brow at last,
 In groups that seem'd all order to defy,
 Hover'd the royal horse; at trumpet-blast
 Our corps was rallying, when my father's eye
 Caught a deep train-band column mounting fast
 The hill-side. 'Now or never! do or die!
 Forward! avenge Caernarvon!'—and the word
 Fired the whole regiment, who the twain adored.

" My presage was fulfill'd: I saw him drop
 At the next volley. But the foe was near;
 We had no time to sorrow, think, or stop;
 Headlong we clove our way from front to rear,
 Ere Essex gain'd the vantage of th' hill-top.
 Poor George, who seconded my mad career
 With arm of proof, equal'd whate'er is told
 In legends of the Paladins of old.

" But what avail'd stout hand and desperate heart,
 When Heaven will'd otherwise? The column, cleft
 In sunder, form'd anew; from every part
 Gall'd by close fire, and of all hope bereft,
 Our remnant made an unexpected dart,
 And cut their way again to the far left,
 Where, slackening speed to rest tired man and horse,
 We reach'd by a detour the King's main force.

" And now on equal ground both armies faced,
 Mangled and worn: the bright September sun,
 Fast sinking on the heights of Enborne, traced
 Miles in our rear, the shadow long and dun
 Of the thick cannon-smoke: the ordnance, placed
 At murderous range, as though we had begun
 The fray that moment, flash'd and peal'd amain
 From both battalia, heaping slain on slain.

" My memory sickens at the drawn fight's close,
 And the next morning's ghastly duties. How
 Slept the bold hearts, that when the last sun rose
 Beat warm and high? On that lone common's brow
 The herdsman, couch'd in undisturb'd repose,
 Sees all their visible memorial now
 In the green mounds, where foe on foe piled,
 Wait the last trumpet, in death reconciled.

“ That night of wretchedness ! a smart flesh-wound
 Was welcome, as it partly turn'd away
 More painful thoughts. The signal-cannon's sound
 Spoke the foe marching east at break of day,
 And with our party first upon the ground,
 We mark'd their rear-guard's soldier-like array
 A furlong off, who, guessing our intent,
 Made us a sign of truce, and on we went.

“ The noble Falkland's host soon join'd our train,
 With some of Byron's troopers, on a quest
 In which we aided; our two honour'd slain
 Were ranged beside the corse of his late guest ;
 And as we bore them from that bloody plain,
 The rudest soldier's grief flow'd unexpressed.
 How fellow-feeling, when once moved to tears,
 Turns strangers into friends of many years !

“ The men, poor fellows, nothing loth, received
 A cordial bidding to good cheer; to me
 He said, ‘ Young friend, whom war hath thus bereaved,
 Thou art my guest—nay, words of courtesy
 Are needless, if thy grief can be relieved
 By homely welcome, and communion free
 Of thoughts to heavenward.—Hark ! the work of death
 Seems now renew'd again on Crookham Heath.

“ ‘ May God deliver us from mortal sin !
 Thus, mid the dying and the dead, to hear
 A second day of kindred feud begin !—
 ‘ T is Rupert's horse,’ I answer'd; ‘ with their rear
 He deals ev'n now; yon musketry's close din
 Tells that his hoped success may cost him dear.
 Kind friend, were I to speak my inward mood,
 I might confess more than a soldier should.’

“ ‘ Your words recall to me—’ I paused; he read
 My thoughts, and press'd my hand. ‘ I knew full well
 The Major by fair fame,’ the good man said;
 ‘ Brave and humane, whose influence much did tell
 Down in your White-Horse Vale; a soldier bred,
 Yet all for peace, as long as peace could dwell
 In this doom'd land; he served abroad, they say,
 With honour upon Lutzen's fearful day.’

“ ‘ Fearful indeed; it made him heart and soul,’
 I answer'd, ‘ a staid man of peace and thought.
 I've heard him oft describe his night-patrol
 After that fight;—whole regiments where they fought
 Lay stiff and stark, save—but he spared the whole
 Of minor features, which a word had wrought
 To horror. Sir, you knew his worth, I find;
 I take you at your word; 't is more than kind.’

“ Anon he told me how upon the night
 Before the battle his illustrious guest
 Shared our good Church's sacramental rite*
 With the whole household, at his own request,

* See the Antiquities of Newbury, published by Messrs. Hall and Marsh of that town, a work of merit, to which the writer has to acknowledge many obligations.

As hoping to return no more from fight,
 And wishing with a calm unburthen'd breast
 To meet his Maker, as a brave man ought.—
 'Would the same mind had been in all who fought!'—

" 'Amen!' said I. 'Howbeit, my gallant sire,
 Stretch'd there beside him, was prepared by prayer;
 His natural temper was brimfull of fire
 And buoyant hope, though widowhood and care
 Had turn'd to better thoughts each vain desire
 Of worldly happiness; now lies he there
 With Heaven's own peace writ plainly on his brow.—
 Bear with me; I can weep more freely now.'

" 'With such like converse lightening sorrow's smart,
 We took our way. He was a burges good,
 Of grave and manly bearing, who apart
 From the town's party-feuds had ever stood;
 His calm, wise words sunk deep into my heart,
 And cool'd the vengeful fever of my blood.
 How often I have thought of Falkland since!
 The noblest subject ever lost by prince.

" 'I see him now, as cool as on parade,
 In Byron's front rank rushing on his fate,
 Where the foe's sweeping fire the thickest play'd.
 Stern unto courtiers, true to King and State,
 Long his commanding worth had check'd and stay'd
 Ill counsels; but when once he lost his weight,
 And civil war ensued, his courage high
 Chose the proud Roman's easier part—to die.

" 'I left that roof recover'd of my wound,
 Rich in a good man's prayers and benison,
 Calm, but forlorn; for in the narrow ground
 Which held that honour'd, loved, lamented one,
 My heart was buried. Duty's sense I found
 Sustain'd me, but the spring of life was gone;
 And praise, if praise I won, smote on my ear
 Like echo from a churchyard, cold and drear.

" 'George Ward ne'er left my side: in my distress
 The strong, rough soldier did a mother's part,
 And taught me well to know the thoughtfulness,
 The warmth, the worth of a poor peasant's heart;
 And when he fell in the fight's hottest press
 Beside Shaw House, I felt as if death's dart
 Had done its all.—A year and month before,
 And the same scene of blood repeated o'er!

" 'The former field, too, within cannon-shot!
 Old Homer may cry up the joy of strife;
 Such boyish petulance is soon forgot
 In loss of friends; contempt of drum and fife
 Succeeds, and cool intent to bate no jot
 Of a dear bargain for one's joyless life.
 'Such, boy, is duty's sticking-stuff,' said Lisle,
 When after that third charge we breathed a while.

" 'Not much was taken, as we lawyers say,
 By that same motion; charging o'er and o'er
 Our front with fearful odds, they made no way;
 'Twas a drawn fight again, with blows good store.

My horse, from past fatigue, fell lame that day ;
 So with poor George, and some few stragglers more,
 I join'd the foot at Shaw, a volunteer,
 And scaped the adverse fortune of our rear.

“ I snatch'd a hurried greeting, warm and brief,
 With my old host ; then (ne'er to be forgot)
 We march'd to witness Donnington's relief,
 And Boys's knighthood. History blazons not
 Honours more fairly earn'd : th' unconquer'd chief
 Who held three years that hard-beleaguer'd spot
 'Gainst famine, sap, assault, and cannon's jaws,
 Would of himself immortalize a cause.

“ For me, I toil'd in my obscure routine,
 Nor shunning nor defying death's known face,
 Till Faringdon's surrender closed the scene,
 Our loyal Vale of Berkshire's last strong place.
 A wilderness with scarce one spot of green
 Derives from retrospect a mellow'd grace
 In the poor pilgrim's eye ; and thus at last
 I muse with pleasure on the dreary past.

“ Said I but one green spot ? I loved, 'tis true,
 Those who shared with me in the losing game
 Of war's companionship ; but they were few
 Whom I could feel with ; hope was theirs, and fame
 In prospect ; to their young hearts life was new.
 'Twas thou, my own Elizabeth, the same
 In orphanhood and early grief with me.
 I felt I could pour out my soul to thee.

“ Was it a brother's love ? It ne'er could be
 So calm a bliss : to life again it brought
 Glimpses of youthful hope and chivalry,
 Which sorrow had extinguish'd, as I thought.
 Then, too— But if she still remember'd me,
 And loved me, what have I to give her ? Nought ;
 Bankrupt in fortunes, home, and now in heart.
 Would I could find her, though, to claim her part.

“ 'Tis strange ; twice, thrice upon this very day
 I've thought of her ; in bright warm life and love
 She seems even now to meet me, and to say,
 ' Here come I, woman grown, my faith to prove.'
 A sight of her, perhaps, would chase away
 My last night's madness ; she was far above
 Her age in all things—then those glorious eyes !
 That grace !—she must be now a royal prize.

“ Married, of course : 't is what one must expect
 By every rule of human probability.
 Beshrew me ! I shall never quite correct,
 As Forde predicts, that pestilent facility
 Of dreaming broad awake. I half suspect
 That solitude has marr'd my mind's utility ;
 And yet I should be loth to lose the power
 Of making past ills soothe the present hour.

“ Memory's the sensitive man's bane, they say :
 Rather it seems a substitute unbought
 For castles, which we creatures of a day
 Build in the elouds, and see them fade to nought.

I, form'd, it may be, of more stubborn clay,
 Have drawn from it the comfortable thought
 That, chance what may in life's concluding scene,
 It may be borne with, as the past has been.

" Well,—like the wight whose head some Eastern seer
 Wrapt for a second in his conjuring cloak,
 I've dreamt in short time o'er a life's career:
 The future is all ignis-fatuus—smoke—
 Wind—moonshine—but the past is treasured here.
 Now for the present. Truly 't is no joke,
 This youngster's folly—puzzling, too; for I
 Feel not just now the spleen to harm a fly.

" I'm near the spot, but early. If so base
 A trick be dreamt of as an ambushade,
 It simplifies the nodus of the case
 To one inured with desperate odds to trade,
 And saves my scruples; but if face to face
 He frankly claims atonement, I'm afraid
 I must apologize, however loth.
 Poor fellow! the world's wide enough for both.

" ' Young man,' I'll say, ' you're one of the true sort;
 You love your father; I was wrong, I own,
 To say what gall'd you, and I'm sorry for 't.'
 If after that he needs must cleave me down,
 To this stout sapling's aid I shall resort,
 Crack his cheese-toaster, and perhaps his crown.
 But no unsavory insult to the lad,
 As I first purposed; 't were unfeeling—bad.

" Come, that's well off my mind. Now, let me see:
 The three-mile stone upon the Newbury road
 Stands, as I guess, near that hedge-hostelry,
 Where yonder carriers, on the ale-bench stow'd,
 Enjoy their out-door's morning meal with glee.
 The footpath crosses there to some abode
 Of consequence—I think I've heard the name;
 The wood hard by—Yes, it must be the same."

TRANSLATION OF SONNET BY T. TASSO.

" Ninfa, onde lieto è di Diana il Choro."

A NYMPH I saw, of Dian's joyous band,
 Culling fresh flowers that fringed the glassy tide;
 But not so many fell beneath her hand
 As her fair foot did from their stem divide.
 Amongst her golden locks, by zephyrs fann'd,
 Love did ten thousand, thousand witcheries hide,
 While her soft breath, in accents sweet and bland,
 Cool'd the fierce fires her glances scatter'd wide.
 To view that snowy foot the Brenta stay'd
 His course, and made of his own crystal stream
 A mirror for bright eyes and tresses fair.
 " Ah, beauteous nymph! when you depart," I said,
 " Upon the waves no more thy form may gleam,
 But still thine image the fond heart shall bear."

W. M. D.

PADDY FLYNN;

OR, THE MISERIES OF DINING OUT.

BY JOHN SHEEHAN.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

"ALL the world knows the beautiful city of Cork, where they make long *drisheens** and the best of porter," said our worthy and revered Vice-president Jonathan Buckthorn, winking knowingly at a promising young limb of the law from the second city of Ireland, and a namesake of the present "frost and fair" prophet of the skies and clerk of the weather.

"And the man who has been in Cork has something to boast of," dryly observed our one-eyed and thirsty poet-laureat, Pat Kelly, who sat *vis-à-vis* to Jonathan's gouty leg stirring a replenished jorum of real Ennishowen, whilst his widowed luminary, at an angle of forty-five, was watching, with more of a paternal than a mere chemical regard, the separation of the little particles of sugar from the parent lump, and the consequent amalgamation of the *utile dulci*; "and the gentleman," continued this monocular personage, "who has rioted in delight over a yard of *drisheen*, and having diluted it with a foaming pot of Beamish and Crawford's best, can say of himself,

'ille impiger hausit

Spumantem *pewteram* et *potto* se proluit *all-o!*†

has a delicious recollection which he never can forget whilst memory holds her empire, and he himself can intellectually enjoy the pleasures of mastication and deglutition.

Though the bard at cleaner shops, I own,;
 May take his meal,
 And with champagne may wash it down,
 And—pay a deal,
 He 'll never meet
 A treat so sweet
 From Clane to Derrynane,
 As when first he supp'd at Molly's crib
 In Blarney Lane:
 And at every pause that nymph so glib
 Cried 'Hot again!'

This impudent impromptu, parodying so grossly one of the Little Bard of Erin's prettiest and purest, at once "set the table in a roar," not of laughter, but indignation, producing something like the strange effect of a hand-grenade thrown into the centre of a town-council under the new Corporation Act. It was quelled, however, after the lapse of some minutes, by the paramount voice of the president, PHIL, (which name, by the bye, he always used to sign to all important documents connected with the club "Philander,") at whose command Father O'Leary, the chaplain, delivered, in Pat Kelly's regard, such a lecture on the impiety of parodying the national bard,

* *Drisheen*, the pink of European sausages, "quo non præstantior alter," &c. 'Twere vain to attempt its description: it must be tasted.

† "Spumantem pateram et pleno se proluit anro."—VIRGIL.

‡ "Though the bard to purer fame may soar," &c.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

as very few after-dinner assemblies had ever yet the good fortune to be edified with. That he produced little or no effect upon the irreclaimable heretic to whom he addressed himself, more in sorrow than in anger, by no means took away from the prælection merits of the excellent divine, which were observed to ascend invariably towards the sublime of eloquence as the proceedings of the evening advanced towards the small hours.

Of his reverence's character and history, as well as of those of the president, vice-president, poet-laureat, and others, who combined to form the far-famed Comet Club of the Sister Island, we shall have more to say, as circumstances and a historical regard to its transactions shall introduce them into our series. But at present to our tale, which is the vice-president's, and which he resumed as Father O'Leary resumed his seat, mightily pleased with himself and all the world, not even excluding Pat Kelly, whom he loved for the reason that he chastised him, and who was at the moment making a silent appeal to the only friend whom he himself considered he had in the room,—namely, the bottle.

"In the beautiful city of Cork," said Jonathan, "as I said before, there lived, about forty years ago, a very respectable retailer of snuff and tobacco, Pat Flynn by name, but, for shortness' sake, called Paddy Flynn, who had but recently turned to that occupation, having descended too far into the vale of years to follow his former trade or "profession," as he himself always and most studiously designated it, of "taycher of dancing, good manners, and all other kinds of music," in which he had gained a goodly celebrity. Paul was a plain homely man of the good old school, portly in his person, and eccentric in his dress, and so wedded to old times and old manners, that it was impossible to get him to "look like a Christian," as poor Mrs. Flynn—the heavens be her bed and the clouds her blankets!—used to say, when she would tease him to lay aside his bushed wig, and his ruffles, and three-cornered hat, all of which contributed in a great degree to the grotesqueness of his appearance. But these little oddities had pleasing associations for Mr. Flynn's recollections. He put them on religiously every day; and seating himself after breakfast on the pipe-chest opposite the shop-door, he commenced humming '*Nora Creina*,' in a self-pleasing, drone-like under-growl, while he kept anything but time with his heels swinging against the side of the chest as they hung down, but reached not the flags of the shop floor.

"Mrs. Flynn, good soul, minded the shop, scolded the kitchen-wench, abused the cow-boy, mended the stockings, kept the day-book, saved the dripping and the candle-ends; in short, did everything to render her dear spouse comfortable and good-humoured, who scarcely minded anything but his corns and his customers, when any such dropped in.

"One forenoon, as Paddy was seated on his well-beloved elevation, and Mrs. Flynn was washing up the breakfast tackle in a little 'glory hole' off the shop, a tall distinguished-looking personage entered, and asked to see Mr. Flynn.

"'Well, sir,' says Paddy, stopping short his *Nora Creina* with a sudden grunt, as he turned his head sideways, and cocked his near eye at the customer, 'and so you do want to see Mr. Flynn, sir?'—'Yes, sir,' was the reply.—'It's likely you don't know him, thin,

sir,' said Paddy.—'I have not that pleasure yet,' answered the stranger.—'Pleasure! Oh, aisy, now! Pleasure, avich, did you say? Sure and isn't it myself that's spayking to you all the time.'—'Oh, indeed! Then are you really the Mr. Flynn whom I am seeking?'—'I don't know, faiks, whether you're seeking me or not, for you know your own business best, sir; but my name is Pat Flynn, an' nobody else, barring that they changed me at nurse.'—'Then, Mr. Flynn, you *are* the man I have been seeking. I am happy to see you, and to make your acquaintance. My name is Beamish.* I live on the Parade.'

"PADDY. 'I am mighty proud of it, sir, and it's often I heard tell of your great family and your porther; but may I be so bowld as to ax you, sir, just for information, what business you have wid your humble sarvint?'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'Business?—oh, nothing of what is called business whatever. You mistake me, Mr. Flynn; I am merely come to pay my respects to you.'

"PADDY. 'Oh, indeed! Why, then, that's very odd—isn't it, though?'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'Oh dear, no. The fact is, I am under a deep and lasting obligation to a son of yours, whom I had the happiness—I should say the extreme good fortune—of meeting in Paris.'

"PADDY. 'Ah-ha! Is it our Tom, sir, in Paris? Aisy, aisy—that's impossible. Sure it's in France he is, my darling.'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'Well, well, my dear sir, it's all the same.'

"PADDY. 'How the devil, sir, saving your presence, could it be the same? Paris and France the same thing! If it is, it's mighty odd entirely. But here 's Tom's jo-graphy in the drawer under the counter next the till. Ou-wow! as the fox said to the hen-roost, maybe I haven't travelled all the way from Bristol to Waterford without knowing something about latitude and longitude.'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'Well, well, we shall not fall out about geography. The point in question is, have you not a son?'

"PADDY. 'Mrs. Flynn says I have, sir.'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'And his name Thomas?'

"PADDY. 'The priest christened him Thomas, but we always called him Tom for convayniencie; and his mother's brother—the Lord rest his sowl in glory!—was called Tom for shortness.'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'Then I have had the pleasure of meeting him abroad, where he saved my life, and was so kind and attentive to me, that he has bound me in gratitude to him for ever. It is my wish to return the compliment to him and to you by every means in my power.'

"PADDY. 'Eh! he! he! ha! ha! ha! hi! hi! hi! The heavens above be praised and blessed for all their bounties and blessings!—And so you saw poor Tom abroad, sir? (Aside.) Arrah, Betty, jewel, throw a one side those kimmeens of crockery, and come and spayke to the jintleman: sure he seen Tom abroad. (To Mr. Beamish.) Is Tom as fat and as healthy as when he left ould Ireland, sir?'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'I really cannot say, as I did not see him when

* Mr. Beamish, the father of the present member for Cork. This it is necessary to state for the sake of historical justice, as well as to assure the reader that the story from beginning to end is a true one.

he quitted his native country ; but I am happy to assure you that he looked very well when I took my leave of him a short time back.'

'PADDY. ' Well, the Lord be praised ! I'll be bound he was axing you about the beautiful crap of praties he sowed in the field by the brook afore he wint away, sir ?'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' No, I rather think he *did not* mention that circumstance. It was as my physician he attended me.'

'PADDY. ' Oh, I daar say, sir. Tom's a clever chap, and a great physicianer. He'd pick up anything, sir, from tare and trett to trigonometry ; and as for Latin and Greek, he'd bother the bishop at them before he was bigger than a huxter's pint. Betty, darling, dust the ould chair there for the jintleman. Oh, she'll never come. Sit down, sir, if you playse. And so Tom is grown clever and lusty ?'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' Why, he really looks the picture of rude health.'

'PADDY. ' Rude !—rude, did you say, sir ? He was rared clane and daycent, and—'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' Oh, really, Mr. Flynn, you mistake my meaning. I merely wished to say that he was in excellent health.'

'PADDY. ' Ay, ay, it's quite sartin that he'll fall into flesh ; he takes ather his mother, sir. (Aside.) Arrah blur-an-ouns, Betty, come out of that glory-hole : your ould face is clane enough. One would think that you'd never have done scrubbing it. (To Mr. Beamish.) Sit down, sir, sit down, if you playse.'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' Excuse me ; I had rather not at present ; for I have some calls to make, and my time is somewhat limited. I shall be delighted to tell you some pleasing news about your son, if you will do me the favour of dining with me to-day.'

'PADDY. ' Oh, Mr. Baymish, is it in airnest you are, or making fun of me ?'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' By no means, my dear sir ; I shall be delighted if you dine with me, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Beamish.'

'PADDY. ' In troth, sir, to be plain wid you, I'd rather dine at home.'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' Oh, come, come, Mr. Flynn, you must make yourself at home with me. Upon my honour you shall—indeed you must dine with me to-day.'

'PADDY. ' And what time *do* you dine, sir ?'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' At six o'clock.'

'PADDY. ' Oh, murder ! I'd never be able to howld out till six. I couldn't go, sir. I never get my dinner later than two o'clock. Sure, sir, a man ought to have a couple of tumblers of punch and his tay under his waistcoat at six. Does Tom keep such bad hours ?—though I daar say he does. When he was at home he was just as outlandish ; for he wouldn't be done his breakfast till he'd be near going to bed, though he used to begin it when he'd get up, and he made but the one male in the day, but it lasted from morning till night.'

'MR. BEAMISH. ' But about dinner to-day, Mr. Flynn ? I really will take no excuse. You must dine with us at six.'

'PADDY. ' Arrah, Betty, jewel, d'ye hear all this ?'

'BETTY. ' You can't refuse the jintleman's politeness, Pat (aside in a whisper) ; go, Paddy, mavourneen ; it may sarve Tom.'

"PADDY. 'Faith, and may be so. Well, sir, as you won't be put off, I'll go dine with you at six.'

"MR. BEAMISH. 'Agreed, then, Mr. Flynn. At six, remember, we shall expect you. Good bye!'

"And here Mr. Beamish made his bow and withdrew. As the subsequent part, however, of my narration cannot be well given in the third person, I must leave it to Mr. Flynn himself to describe the memorable events of the evening. His own account of the dining-out part of the affair was after the following fashion.

"Whin Misthnr Baymish left the shop, by gor, I wint and brushed up my duds, and polished my pumps, and brightened my buckles, and thin, when at last I put them on, didn't I look clane and dacent. 'You're looking young again, Paddy dear,' says Betty, wid a tear in her eye as big as a gooseberry. But when two o'clock came, I felt something inside of me crying, 'cupboard.' At three, I felt morthal hungry. At four, I couldn't stand it out much longer; but at five, I thought the bowels would fall out of me. Howsomdever, says I to myself, 'Paddy Flynn, avich, you must bear it all, for the sake of your son Tom and his mother: so I passed over the mighty inconvyience as well as I could, although I thought it was a week long, till Betty tould me that it was a quarter to six. Thin I jumped up off the chest, and says I to myself, 'Paddy Flynn, it's time for you to be off, for you have a good mile of ground to walk to the Parade.' Well, then, I took my cane in my fist, and rowled up my bran new pair of gloves in the other for fear of dirtying them, and I sauntered along quite leisurely, that I mightn't get into a sweat, until I came to the Parade. 'Now, Paddy,' says I, 'you're just going for to make your first step into high life; the Lord send you safe over the throuble,' says I, looking about for Mr. Baymish's doore. I had the number of the house reckoned on my fingers, so I couldn't be mistaken. At last I made it out, and the devil a finer house I ever laid my two morthal eyes upon than that same, wid its beautiful clane steps, that you could take your tay off, and its iligant hall-doore, big enough for an archbishop, and the full of your fist of a brass rapper upon it, not to say nothing at all of a purty little plate that was on it, with a beautiful printed B, and an E, and an A, agus an M,' says I, 'and that makes BEAM, all the world over; and thin an I, and an S, agus an H—'right,' says I, 'agus a BEAM, agus an ISH,—BEAMISH, to be sure.' Whack wint the rapper in a minute, wid a single pelt that would astonish a twintypenny nail, if it only got it fair on the head. The doore flew open before you could bless yourself. 'D'ye mayne to knock down the house, Misther Impudence?' said a mighty fine-looking gintleman, wid a green coat and red breeches, popping out his powdered pate, and putting his fat chops close up to my face. 'No, sir, I don't,' says I, quite politely. 'I wouldn't hurt a hair of its head, honey, nor a dog belonging to it.'—'Thin what do you want,' says he to myself, quite snappishly intirely. 'I want Mr. Baymish,' says I, just as indepindantly. 'You can't see him,' says *Saucepan*, slapping the doore in my face. 'Blur an' turf!' says I, 'and may be so. Isn't this purty tratement I'm suffering for you, Tom, avich?' Well, I scratched my head, and waited a bit, and rapped again for Tom's sake. The same nice man opened it in a giffey. 'You're a smart chap, I don't think,' says I, winking at him good-humour'dly; and

in spite of his angry looks, I made bowld just to step past him into the hall. 'I believe this is the house,' says I, 'and this is the right side of the doore.'—'D'ye think so?' says he. 'You'd better get out again, thin, as quick as you came in,' says he.—'Not immaydiately,' says I; and then I ris my voice like a counsellor's, and says I, 'I'm come to dine wid Mr. and Mrs. Baymish at six, and, begging your pardon, sir, I think this is a mighty quare welcome.'—'What's your name?' says he.—'Pat Flynn,' says I.—'Beg your pardon, sir,' says he.—'No offence,' says I, as I thought he looked frightened.—'Walk this way,' says he, bowing and scraping towards the stairs like a Frenchman at a fiddle. 'Will you show me your hat, sir?' says he.—'And welcome, sir,' says I: 'it was made by my own cousin jarmin, Pat Beaghan, of Patrick Street, and cost but twelve and sixpence; rale bayver, your sowl, and as honest a man as ever you dealt with—indeed he is a mighty decent man.—'Oh, sir, I beg your honour's pardon,' says he, tittering wid the laughing; 'you mistake me, sir, intirely,' says he: 'playse to give me your hat.'—'For what? Would you have me go home in the night air to Betty without a hat?' says I.—'Oh, no, sir, you don't understand me,' says he; 'I merely want to put by your hat for you till you are going home.'—'The divil trust your rogue's face!' says I, 'how mighty polite you are. Can't I take care of it myself?'—'Oh, sir,' says he, thrusting his hand out for it, 'every gentleman that dines here layves his hat wid me.'—'Then if I must, I must,' says I; 'there it's for you, and my blessing wid it; but by the holy poker, if you don't put it by in a clane place, I'll give you the lingsh and breadth of this,' says I, shaking my cane, which was whipt out of my hand by another powdered gentleman; and before I could say *trapstick*, it was in safe keeping. 'Take care of it for you, sir,' says he, grinning at me. 'Thank'ee, sir,' says I, grinning back at him. 'Your gloves, sir,' says the black foot-boy. 'Oh Lord!' says I, 'has your mother many more of you, Snowball? Can't I put my own gloves in my own pocket, you baste?' says I.—'Oh no, sir,' says the naygur, 'dat's not de way in dis house, massa.' Well, I gave him my gloves, and the first chap,—he that opened the doore and looked like a drum-major, beckoned me after him up the stairs, wid a shamrogue carpet on them as green as nature's own petticoat of a May-day morning, and as soft as the daisies, and so delicate and iligant that you wouldn't hear a robin's foot if he hopped on it, much less the sound of your own. Up thin I climbed for high life and for Tom's sake, and whin I got to the top step, I pulled up the waist-band of my breeches to give myself ayse, for I was desperately out of breath. The dirty blackguard in the red breeches afore me never minded me at all, but flung open a shining mahogany doore, and shouted out as loud as a tinker at a fair, '*Mr. Flynn!*' says he.—'Here I am, sir,' says I, quite angry; 'and what the divil do you want wid me in such a hurry?' But he never minded me a pin's point, only stepped into the room another step or two, and roared out as if there was an evil sperrit in his stomach, '*Mr. Flynn!*'—'Och, then, sweet bad luck to your assurance,' says I; 'is it for this that yes made me lave my cane below stairs, for fear I'd make you know your distance, you set of spalpeens?' says I, looking about me to try was there any more of them at my heels. But the fellow was only laughing at me in his cheek, when out

walked Mr. Baymish himself. 'Mr. Flynn, you're welcome, sir,' says he.—'Thank'ee, sir,' says I.—'I hope there's nothing the matter with you, sir?' says he.—'Nothing particklar, sir,' says I, 'barring the liberty that gintleman in the red breeches is taking wid my name.'—'Pooh, pooh, Mr. Flynn,' says he, 'we must only laugh at those trifles,' says he, taking me under the arm and gintly shoving me in before a whole lot of beautiful ladies, who sat tittering and laughing, and stuffing their little muslin aprons and redicules into their mouths the moment they put their eyes upon poor Paddy Flynn. 'Your sarvint, ginteels,' says I in rale quality form, bowing down to the ground. 'My dear,' says Mr. Baymish to the mistress, who stood up, God bless her purty face! to meet us, 'this is Mr. Thomas Flynn's worthy father, and my very particular friend; allow me to introduce him to you, and to all of you, ladies and gentlemen,' says he, taking me by the hand and bowing with me. Well, d'ye see, they all rose like a congregation to get the priest's blessing after mass, and kept bowing at me till they nearly bothered me. So says I in return, 'God save all here, barring the cat,' not forgetting my manners. But the quality said nothing but nodded at me, which I thought was anything but ginteele or daycent. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'the poor crathers may be rich and proud, but good manners is another thing; and I don't think they are so much to be blamed, seeing that they never took lessons from Pat Flynn, tacher of dancing, good manners, and all other kinds of music.'

"Mr. Beamish at last made me sit down, and I thin began to admire at the beautiful picturs, and the mighty big looking-glasses, and the varnished tables, that you could see your phiz-mahogany in, and the foreign tay-pots full of flowers, and the carpets that you'd sink up to your hamstrings in, and oh, the darlings—the ladies! But the sorra sign of dinner myself saw, although I thought all as one as if the Frinch and English were fighting in my bowels, wid the downright famishing hunger. 'Oh, Tom, Tom, *avich ma chree*,' says I, giving them a squeeze for every twist they gave myself, 'isn't this cruel tratement intirely? I'm suffering for your sake.' But there was no use in complaining, so I turned up my phiz-mahogany to look at the beautiful window-curtains, and there were two beautiful goolden sarpints over them peeping out at us, and ready to pounce down on us, when all of a sudden in pops my gintleman in the red breeches, and roars out, to my great joy, 'Dinner's on the table.' Thin it was that they took a start out of Paddy Flynn, for on looking about, the devil a sign of a wall was there but what was whipt away by enchantment, and there stood the dinner on the bran new table-cloth, as white and as beautiful as a corpse at a wake. All the ladies and gintlemen stood up, and of coorse so did myself. 'Mr. Flynn,' says Mr. Beamish.—'Sir?' says I.—'Will you take Mrs. Beamish's hand?' says he.—'For what, sir?' says I; 'what call have I to Mrs. Beamish's hand? It's yourself that's her husband has the best right to it, sir,' says I.—'Oh do, Mr. Flynn; be good enough to take Mrs. Beamish's hand; we are only going to dinner, and it is merely to lead her to her chair,' says he.—'Indeed, faith, sir,' says I, 'if it wasn't to oblige your honour, it would be contrary to my religion to do the likes wid any man's wife, while Betty's alive and kicking.'—But they all fell a-laughing at me, while I took Mrs. Beannish's hand an' led her to her sate. When

everybody had taken their places, Mr. Beamish said to me, 'Mr. Flynn, will you sit next me?' says he.—'Thankee, sur,' says I, quite glad to be axed; for I was afeard of my life to sit among the young divils in the petticoats, that were all tittering and bursting their sides at me.—'Let me give you some soup,' says he.—'Broth, if you please,' says I, winking at him.—'Well, no matter, Mr. Flynn,' says he, smiling at myself, and he helped me to two big spoonfuls of the turreen that was afore him. The first sup I tuck scalded my mouth, until I thought my two eyes would leap out of my head; so I blew into the remainder, and thin made it lave that. Whin Mr. Beamish saw that my hollow plate was empty, 'Mrs. Beamish is looking at you, Mr. Flynn,' says he.—'For what, sir?' says I.—'She 's looking at you,' says he, laying his hand on a decanter.—'She 's welcome, sir,' says I; 'but, blur an' ouns, I hope I'm all right,' looking at myself all over to see if my buttons were fast.—'Oh, she only wants you to pledge her. Tim,' says he, 'help the wine.'—'Thank you and her a thousand times, sir,' says I; but the stingy fellow in the red breeches only helped us each to a thimble-full.—'Blur and ouns,' says I to myself, 'the masher, I suppose, orders her to be helped, *as he likes her.*' So I was determined to watch my opportunity; and when I thought no one was looking, I nodded to the mistress, and pointed to a decanter that stood near her, and lifted my glass at the same time, which she understood, for *the women always understand you*, and she smiled and nodded to me in return. But she was so much afeard of him, that the devil a toothful she put into it, in spite of all my nods and winks, and shrugging my shoulders, and pointing to my full glass, that I could throw at her. 'Tundher and turf,' says I to myself, 'hasn't he her under great controwl?' and I thought of *somebody* who used to clap her wings and crow at home.—'What fish do you choose, Mr. Flynn?' says his honour.—'I never take none but on Fridays, and then bekaise I can't help it, sir,' says I.—'You 'll find that turbot delicious, sir,' says Mrs. Beamish.—'I prefer mate, ma'am,' says I.—'Well, look round the table, Mr. Flynn, and say what you will have,' says Mr. Beamish.—'Some of that pork, sir, forment that gntleman in the spcs,' says I.—'It 's ham, sir,' says ould Goggles, quite snappish.—'Ham 's pork, Mr. *Fore-sight*,' says I; and the whole company roared out laughing; and, as I didn't like them to have all the laugh to themselves, I laughed louder and longer than any of them.—'You're quite right,' says he, making the best of what he didn't bargain for, and sending me a plate full well bowlstered on cabbage; and, faith, I stuck into it like a hungry hawk.—'Mr. Flynn,' says his honour.—'Sir,' says I, laying down my knife and fork quite ginteelly on my plate, and looking him full in the face.—'I hope you are helped to your liking,' says he.—'Mighty well, I thank you;—but the devil a plate I had, for the thief in the red breeches had whipt it away while I was talking to his masher.—'Oh, murther, murther,' says I to myself, 'isn't this purty thratement I am suffering, and all for your sake, Tom, avick!' But before I could say another word, the ugly black-faced fellow popped down afore me a dish of chopped nettles; so, seeing I could do no better, I began bowlting them, when he runs back and whipt it again from afore me, and said, 'The missus wants some spinich,' says he.—'Oh, Tom, Tom,' says I again, 'isn't this too bad?' Well, they gave me some-

thing else, which was so hot with red pepper that I couldn't eat three bits of it, and afther that a bit of sweet starch, so that I was as hungry as whin I sat down. It would vex a saint out of heaven all the while to see the fellows in the red breeches whipping and snapping everything, while my guts were pinching me with hunger and vexation. 'Oh ye blackguards!' says I in my teeth, 'you murdering villains, if I had ye at home under my tobacky press, wouldn't I make you remember Paddy Flynn!' But there was no use in talking, for up they came as impudent as ever, and put before every lady and gentleman, including myself, a glass bowl of cowl water. Not knowing what the divil to do with such cowl comfort, I was looking about for the first move, when Mr. Beamish said to me, 'Mr. Flynn,' says he, 'make use of that water; we'll have the claret immediately.'—'Yes, sir,' says I, thinking of Tom; so I took up the bowl betwane my two hands, and threw myself back in the chair with my mouth wide open, and gulped the water down in one big swallow, till I thought there was two feet of it in my stomach, and I felt myself as full as the tick of a bed, although there was not the bigness of an egg in my body afore. But oh—och mavourneen! the cowl wather began to give me such an—oh—oh—och!—it almost gives me the colick now to think of it—such a rumbling, an' grumbling, an' tumbling, an' shivering, an' quaking, an' shaking, that heartily as Mr. Beamish an' the ladies laughed at me, the divil a wrinkle was on my face or my stomach in two minutes. 'Nahananan-dhoul,' says I to the masther in a pig's whisper, 'I'm fairly flummaxed and done over.'—'Oh, I hope you're not unwell, Mr. Flynn,' says Mrs. Beamish, wid the soft sweet voice of an angel.—'Oh no, avourneen machree,' says I, 'but something mighty quare's the matter wid me. Mr. Beamish, jewel, I'm in a mortal hurry intirely; you must excuse me, for *I can't stay*. Oh, Tom, Tom,' says I, 'what cruel usage I'm suffering for your sake!'—'Mr. Flynn,' says his honour, whispering something behind his hand to me.—'Oh no, avourneen,' says I, slinking out of the room, and squeezing my bowels as if I hadn't a moment to live. I don't know how I got down the stairs, but when I did, a fellow at the foot says to me, 'Your hat, sir,' giving it a nate touch wid his sleeve.—'Thank you for my own,' says I, taking it from him.—'Hope you won't forget me, sir; always get a tinpenny or two,' says the spalpeen.—'Oh, murther,' says I, drawing forth a tinpenny piece like a tooth from my breeches-pocket, 'what I suffer for your sake, Tom, honey!'—'Your gloves, sir,' says another gentleman, 'nicely aired; hope you won't forget me, sir.'—'Oh, Tom, Tom!' says I, pulling out another tinpenny.—'Your cane, sir,' says *Snowball*, who robbed me of the dish of spinnich; 'took great care of it; hope you won't forget me, sir.'—'Indeed and I won't,' says I, laying it across his showlders an' his shins, until I astonished his wake intellect so much that he screeched with the pain; 'forget ye, indeed, faith! I'll never forget ye, ye set of thieving, whipping, snapping villains! Let me out!' says I, roaring out like a lion, for I felt my stick in my fist;—so they bowed and scraped, and kept their distance till I got into the street. So as soon as I heard them shut the door, I said to myself, 'The divil burn you, Paddy Flynn,' says I, 'if ever you give two tinpennies again for a mouthful of chopped nettles an' a bellyful of cowl wather.'

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

A JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA AND BACK.

AFTER remaining during a summer and autumn in New York, business induced me to make Philadelphia my winter quarters. A steam-boat carried me on the route to Newark in New Jersey, a town of some manufacturing importance in the coach-building and shoe-making trades. From Newark I proceeded in a stage to Elizabeth-town-point, where I took a steamer to New Brunswick, stopping there the second night. This is an ancient town of some extent, but I did not learn that any particular branch of manufacturing was carried on in it. There was a very large travelling menagerie here, besides other exhibitions; one of which I was induced to visit, as it was stated there was an "exact likeness" of the celebrated Mrs. Trollope, in wax-work, to be seen within. My surprise and risible emotion may be imagined, when this exact likeness turned out to be the figure of a fat, red-faced *trollop*, smoking a short pipe, and dressed in dirty flannel and worsted, and a ragged slouched hat. "This," said the showman, "is the purty Mrs. Trollope, who was sent over to the United States by the British lords, to write libels against the free-born Americans." The figure excited a good deal of attention, and was abused in no measured terms. "Impudent crittur!" said one female; "*she* write of American manners indeed! It would be better for her to smoke her pipe in her own country, than to come here. How can she understand our manners?" "I expect," said another, "that them lords are the most imperent critturs on this tarnal earth. They won't be quiet, even after the licking we gave 'em." "Very true," said a third, "but we must make some allowance for their feelings. You know they beat all the world before we beat them, and of course they are very angry." Another man took hold of the figure by the nose, and left a mark on each side of a tobacco-juice colour.

The next morning I got into the regular "Citizens' line" route to Philadelphia, first travelling in a stage-coach, then by canal-boat, and lastly by a steamer, which took us down the river Delaware to the Philadelphia wharfs. The coach had but one outside place, which was by the side of the driver, and this place was mine by compulsion, as I came last on the person's book who "fixed" the passengers. This was not to be regretted on my part, as I was soon convinced the inside passengers were not conversational, and the major, who drove the coach, was very communicative.

"Come from York, Colonel?" said my friend on the right, at the same time looking at me to give a guess, while he bit a piece from some Cavendish tobacco.

"Yes, I left York two days ago."

"And what's the news there, sir? Any private letters from France on the payment question? I expect if they don't come down with the dollars soon, Jackson will be a leetle maddish. He an't slow, no ways: that's a fact."

"Livingston, the ambassador, has arrived, and explained his conduct to the citizens in Greenwich, New York, previous to starting for Washington."

"Then by the living Jingo, there's no two ways about the war! We shall have to give the French pepper, as sure as Uncle Sam ain't too old to fight like them in Europe. Are you in the military,* colonel? I'm a major in the Forty-second Delaware Section."

"No: I am only a private in the militia, and Captain Dowbiggin, the tailor, fined me two dollars the other day, for not standing out."†

"French is French certain, and no mistake, and they have fought a leetle, I expect; but Uncle Sam grins agin when he fights two to one. He likes to give the odds to the enemy, and beat 'em slick right away, as we did the British. Yes, two to one is just the ticket for us: we go a-head at it, as a bear can hug two monkeys, both biting him hard. But strength is everything, and if we weren't so tarnation strong we'd have no chance with the French, I guess, except with the rifle in bush-ranging."

"You may say that."

"Well, I expect politics will run purty smart at Washington. I go the whole ticket ag'in Jackson, but yit I calcyate he an't no sneezer; he is a real screamer, *he* is. Though he is a tyrant, yet he's eternal at fighting. Old Hickory‡ is so hard he likes blows, they keep him warm. Yahow! clear it smartly. That's a bad turn; no such bad lump on this 'pike§ as that there."

"For a Macadamised 'pike, it certainly is too high out of the ground. It could be cleared off in a few days."

"That's a fact. But the railway will ease this road in a few months, and there ain't many accidents on it. That stone takes all that is, but it's a bad un to tumble on. I cut myself considerable the last as we overset this here Citizens' line; but Leeftevant Tompkins as driv the Commercial line, was killed last fall|| on it. He came on awkward with his head, ag'in a piece on it shaped like a hatchet. But he had not critturs like these. Yahow! go a-head, tchee!"

"Do you call these first-rate horses?"

"Yes, I do. I'd bet a span¶ on 'em to a span of blind donkeys, you never seed any better."

"I think I have, major."

"Where, Colonel, if I may be so bold? Was it in this here State?"

"No; but in New York."

"I expect that makes some difference. But if there's better critturs than these here in New Jersey or Delaware, let me only see 'em, and I promise to eat 'em tee-totally; or if I can't, I know pretty near who can."

"Who may that be?"

"Why, I guess it's the owner and keeper of these critturs.

* Volunteers.

† Waiting in the street to be reviewed, while lining the parapet, on *field* days.

‡ A nick-name given to General Jackson.

§ Turnpike road.

|| Autumn.

¶ Pair.

Some are good uns to look at, but bring 'em on a crooked cutting, with the stones out right and left, and they ain't nowhere to be found. Give me the critturs that'll be good at being whipped round a stone like that we've passed, without letting the wheel touch."

"But much of that cleverness in the horses depends on the driver's hand."

"So it does, Colonel, so it does; that's a fact. A good whip'll teach a crittur 'rithmetic no ways slow."

"How so?"

"I calculate you haven't travelled much in the midst of hoss-flesh. We know a thing or two about it in Delaware. I've two lads, they beats everything at it as ever I seed. I've hard of a mother as said her children were so 'cute, that if she locked 'em up in a room, they'd make two dollars a-day by swapping their jackets to each other. Mine doesn't barter so strong in old clothes as that, I guess, but they shows more 'cuteness considerable in swapping stray hosses, knowing the minds of the critturs as are breaking in, and hunting the varmint in the patches of trees out here."

"But how can your whip teach a horse arithmetic?"

"Why, the critturs make numbers on the road with their feet. When they goes a trot, you'll hear 1, 2, 3, 4, *one, two, three, four*, as plain as the echo in Sleepy Hollów; but when they gallop outright, a thing which the whip will teach 'em, then you hear 1, 2, *one, two*, and no more. Now, if the whip'll teach 'em the difference 'tween two and four, they learn as much as a babby first counting, and that's 'rithmetic."

"Does the Commercial line fill as well as this Citizens' line?"

"No, by no means; they're second-rate. Our stages is the best as well as the critturs. Look at this here stage: strong as a steam-engine, and a leetle tougher, and yet all spring, like *Indine* rubber. Uncle Sam's mails ain't anything to it. It goes so well it drivs the critturs along considerable, particular going down a slope. We stop here, sir, to have a wet. We treats the critturs here, and the strangers inside can have some purty good at three cents. Hollo! Jim, where did you come from? What do you eat when you're at home that you get so fat? I never seed a nigger so fat afore, or behind. I was calculating on owing you a York shilling, but somehow you're fat enough without."

"Allaws joking, capum."

"Don't stand in front of the critturs, or you'll frighten 'em. The prop-prietor of the Citizens' line holds with white stable-boys, *he* does. Give the water in three sups. We're arly to-day, and can spare time."

We now went into the road-side tavern, which had a room in it called the "state house" for the district, and a closet called a prison for criminals, (generally niggers,) when the "squires" (magistrates) sit to "fix" the justice. There were three farmers in the bar-room taking their morning sling, (spirits and water,) and reading the newspapers, of which there was a plentiful supply, and as the air was cold the passengers by the Citizens' line stage, were glad to have a peep at the blazing tree roots and timbers on the brick hearth. The three farmers, however, kept the best of the

fire to themselves, and stirred not to accommodate, being, most likely, great observers of republican etiquette.

We must here digress from our immediate subject, for the purpose of properly introducing one of the most celebrated characters now talked of. This personage, *Major Jack Downing* by name, is in everybody's notice as a great American jester, but, like *Uncle Sam*, is but a name. There may originally have been a Major Jack Downing, a comical "military" officer, and there may also have been an Uncle Sam in Boston, whose initials happening to be the same as the initial letters of the United States was, from a postmaster, or government contractor of Massachusetts Bay, converted into the impersonation, or great federal representative of the twenty-six States, including Jonathan's own five particular States, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New England, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. But Major Jack and Uncle Sam of Boston (*mortal Sam*) both sleep with their forefathers, if they ever had any, leaving only their names behind; glorious Jack being famous in story, and Uncle Sam's initials, U. S., being wedded to *E. Pluribus unum*, for better or worse, until the twenty-six stars of North America shall be separated by some violent effort of nature, or a general convulsion of Yankee Republicanism. But if *Major Jack* is never seen *in propria persona*, he is sometimes represented by others, who prefer his name to their own. One of Mister Joseph Miller's jokes is of a fanatic, who gave thanks for being shown some relics in a monastery, and added, "This is the sixteenth head of John the Baptist I have seen in Italy." A traveller in the United States is reminded of this Joe, and of King Dick's "six Richmonds in the field," by hearing of Major Jack Downing of American ubiquity, who is spread abroad and met with as a resident in most of the large towns and many of the quiet villages, and is, moreover, one of the most witty correspondents of that many-headed monster, the Public Press.

The place where the Citizens' line stage halted had its own Major Jack, a loitering character who, as the Citizens' line driver informed me, was clerk to the state-house, postmaster, auctioneer, hair-cutter, and general dealer. This Major Jack always took his sling* when the stage stopped at his friend the tavern-keeper's door, and the passengers had not been in the bar-room a minute, before the Major called in to take a "thimblefull," and see who the strangers were. As soon as my friend, the driver, informed me of the presence of Major Jack Downing, who at first looked but little inclined to open his mouth, I was determined, short as the interview must be, to have some conversation with him; so I made known my wish in the established American form.

"Major, I'm just going to have some cider and a drop of brandy in it. Join me in something. Our York fashion is never to drink alone. Captain, a biscuit if you please, and some cider with a dash of brandy in it. What will you take, Major?"

"Why, I guess, Yankee rum I like pretty near best, for it's my favor-*ite* liquor; besides, it's good for *di-gestin'*."

"Indeed! then it must be quite a medicine."

"Why, you see, Yankee rum is powerful warm; it's about the smartest liquor we have in these parts, except Apple Jack, and

* Spirits and water.

when you pours it down it bites all the way like a real good saw. So when you find a sling that cuts in that manner you may be sure to have an appetite. Well, here's d—n General Andrew Jackson, and no mistake! That's good, powerful warm; that drop will take water like a red-hot iron. Captain, a sprinkling of water, if you please. Rum first and water after, is manners. Now some people scotch a sup before the dinner meal, but I never do."

"What do you mean by scotch a sup?"

"Don't you know? Why, it's good English. Scotch is to half do a thing—Shekspur invented the word. He was out one day in the woods in England, as there was when *he* lived,—though I expect they've cut 'em down for firing since,—and he saw a rattlesnake, a good large un, and he had only a little switch in his hand of hickory or maple, but he cuts at it considerable, and pokes at it, so that present-ly off went the crittur about half-and-half, that is, part alive with a gentle sprinkling of death over him. Well then, the next time Shekspur writs a play he says, 'I scotched the snake; not killed him,' meaning that he only half fixed the business."

"Very good: I see you've read something in your time, Major."

"You *may* say that, Colonel. I read nearly as much every day as all the editors in Phillydelphy, Newark, and 'Lisbethtown write, and they are not at all slow, I calcy late, and I driv Uncle Sam's mail-cart six miles besides. T'other day I was taking a julep* at Colonel Marvelho's grocery when in comes Major Noah the editor. 'Major,' says I, 'I walks over you like a dead horse every day.' 'Do you?' says he; 'then I expect I'm asleep, and thinking of nothing, for I don't know as I hard of it before. But, major,' says he, 'tell me how you fix it, and I'll wear cautious in course.'"

"What did he mean by that?"

"Why, that he would be cautious, I calcy late, while I was walking over him slick."

"Oh! keeping his eye open?"

"Exact. 'Well,' says he, 'I'll be cautious in course,' and says I, 'I'll tell you how I fix it, Major. When I sits down to read your *Evening Star*, I looks first at the letter from Washington, then I slides into the *adver-tisements*, reads the Bowery play-bill and *criticisements*, all the internal improvement notes, Bicknell's forgery report, price of land, and French question, also the *Indine* war if there is any frolicking going on that way; and when I comes to your articles, I looks at the first and last lines to make sure of the size, and over I goes without taking breath till I'm fixed farther off. And no offence either: I'd serve out any Jackson article, or Jackson himself, in the same way no ways slow. Pre-haps my father weren't in the revolution, and I don't know the constitution."

"What did Major Noah say?"

"Oh! he turns his large nose all a one side like the tower of Babel on a slope, and says to me, 'Major,' says he, 'so you read the "*Evening Star*;" somehow, I don't care three cents whether you read the *leaders*, or not. Your opinion on politics may be as good as any one man's in this here free country, and pre-haps better than some of them opposition editors; and I admire you considerable for

* Spirits and water, with sugar and fresh mint.

going the whole ticket some way.' 'Ah!' says I, 'I'm none of them half-and-half fellers that picks and chuses a ticket* as if they were picking stones out of currants; but I takes the caucus ticket of my party more or less, just as it is, red or blue.'"

"That's a good way, Major; it saves trouble."

"That's a fact."

The Citizens' line driver here intimated that the horses had finished their "sup," and that he had to keep good time in arriving at the canal. We therefore regained the coach, leaving Major Jack Downing to discuss politics with the farmers.

"Major Jack is cruel smart sometimes," said my friend, the driver, "though I expect there 's a Major Jack at Jeffersonville that 's 'cuter far, and makes more laughing considerable, cos *he* can grind his teeth together so powerful you'd think his head would come off at the jaws; he's real clever at it, *he* is. Now you want the whip, eh? Jow-up! yho!"

"A good whip this, sir. Look at that knot in the middle: I call that the remembrancer. It has a piece of patent nail in it; and when the critters forget to move, this noddges 'em. Three niggers lying in the sun, and holding on together with all their might, *must* git up and go a-head if they felt this twice pretty smart. Any tight niggers in York, Colonel?"

"Some of all sorts, Major."

"We had a powerful fellow here some time ago; but his spirit was too great, and it killed him."

"How so?"

"Why, he was elegant powerful at jobbing."

"What do you call jobbing?"

"Why, sir, the niggers in these parts take great pride in their heads. Since gouging was put down by the squires, the niggers have taken to jobbing, or butting their for'e'ds ag'in each other like rams; and, when they does it, they have their hands tied behind 'em, and keep jobbing till one on 'em drops down, when the other stands on him, (if he can,) and crows like a cock, which ends the game. But the great art is to mind what part of the for'e'd they get hit, and the one that's fell must try to bite the other's toe off when he stands on him. If you'd stop in these parts we'd get up a jobbing."

"Thank you. So one of these jobbing niggers was killed?"

"Why, I expect it was in the newspapers: didn't you read it? Colly was the nigger's name, and he was so tarnation powerful at jobbing that at last none o' the others would hold their for'e'ds while he did, and the game was given up. So then he was considerable down-hearted, and says he, 'If there isn't a nigger as will stand me, I'll get a goat as will.' So, one day when there was a land-auction, and a powerful number of people out, Colly waghered half a dollar to job with the goat, and to it they sets. The goat didn't like it first, and many bet as he'd make the goat clear out; but, at last, as Colly was grinning instead of minding his aim, the goat began to be smart and rakish, and came in with a blow that won the wager, for the nigger was killed. A smart fellow, but couldn't stand a goat no ways, on account of the horns.

* An entire or "whole ticket" is a list of between thirty or forty names of candidates for different situations in the state and general governments:—all of pecuniary value.

"Jobbing, then, is one of the rural sports in this state?"

"You may call it rural if you like; but it's always done here by the field-niggers, that live in the country entire-ly."

"Is there much gouging here now?"

"No; that's put down pretty considerable, and there's no pride taken in it as there used to be. The young fellers carry knives now, and rip each other a slice or so when they're maddish, and no more said: it's very seldom as they kill each other outright. An Englisher got sliced tarnally here a leetle while since, 'cos he d—d the Yankees. When the knives was out he tuk a *cheer*, and says he, 'Come on!' holding 'em off' all the time with the legs of it; but he didn't calcy late exact, for one on 'em came behind, and ripped him over the shoulders and back considerable smart. Poor devil! he wanted a new coat after the doctor had cured him. Thirty dollars for a new coat, and twenty for the doctor, made his d—g the Yankees come curious warm on him. It 'll teach him manners, I reckon. We Yankees an't a-going to be d—d, I guess, no ways. That's a fact. If we an't free and independent, then that's not the canal-boat as you must go in. Let the Englisher go back, and say what he seen here, and take a steamer with him. It 'll do the other Englishers good to look at."

The country, until we came to the Delaware river, was level and uninteresting, and the 'pike (road) so straight that we could sometimes see ten or fifteen miles a-head. On the canal there was only one lock in ten or twelve miles, and but few embankments. Some of the land had only recently been obtained from the primeval woods, and the stumps of trees were blackening the surface of thousands of acres which afford but small chance of profit to the agriculturist for many years to come. A machine has been invented on the screw principle for removing the stumps, instead of allowing them to rot in the ground, but the application is expensive, and is only resorted to in peculiar cases. Sometimes the stumps are blown up with gunpowder; but this is only a partial remedy, the fragments being left in the earth to rot for some years, when they are burnt off the ground. The banks of the broad Delaware, down which we proceeded in a steam-boat, were extremely beautiful; innumerable lofty trees and the magnificent autumn foliage giving me for the first time a view of American scenery such as it was when the red man held undisputed sway, and Europe was ignorant of the existence of a continent devoted to the hunter.

On board the steamer I entered into a conversation with a native, whose father had been an Englishman, and who had not forgotten that his parent had regretted leaving the country of his birth. Yet the native, John Bull's cousin only once removed, was a complete American, and asked, with the usual air of one, whether America were not the most glorious country in the world, and the people the "best educated, most ingenious, bravest, &c. and *beat the British?*"* I told him I thought the Americans were decidedly degenerated from their European forefathers, were far from being well educated, and, as to their ingenuity and bravery, the world had yet to learn some proofs of the assertion: the immigration must be dis-

* This is a phrase used on every possible and almost every *improbable* occasion. Morning, noon, and night, do the words ring from the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and the stage:—"Beat the British!"

continued *one full generation*, at least, before any calculation could be made on the subject. At present the country is more English than American.

He asked me if I thought there were more British in the States than Americans? I answered, *no*; but that I thought there were decidedly more *British, and their immediate descendants*, than natives who could trace American parents for two generations. The population of the United States after the revolution was but three or four millions; it is now upwards of twelve, and the increase has been caused chiefly by immigrants, nine-tenths of whom have emigrated from the British Islands.

"To what cause," said he, "do you attribute this degeneracy? We have the best climate in the world; and the aborigines of the country are the finest race of people in a state of nature in the world."

"I cannot allow," I replied, "that the climate is as good as you think; and no man who has seen with an unprejudiced eye the population of America at the close of a hot summer, can say that the climate agrees either with Europeans, or their descendants, down to the third generation. And how is it that the Europeans generally stand the climate *better than the natives*? A native female, thirty years of age, looks old and haggard, although the mother of but three or four children: an Englishwoman may be in America twenty years, and with six or eight children not look as old at the age of forty-five. And, although the aborigines of the country are a fine race of men as hunters on their native prairies, we have absolute proof that their adoption of European habits, and an abandonment of their roving life, tend to the decrease of their numbers and their gradual extinction."

"And you really think the climate of America not suited to the production of a hardy, highly-civilised, and intelligent race of men?"

"I do; if the comparison be made between the English and the natives of the most healthy climate of America, New York, and the Eastern States."

"Well, I expect you English are the most prejudiced people in the world."

"The English and the Americans may find a strong family likeness to each other in this particular. But it is getting cold and dark; suppose we descend to the cabin."

We had been talking on deck until we had the gang-way to ourselves, the other passengers having all retired to the stoves in the cabin, or to the bar-room, where ale-cocktail (ale with ginger and pepper in it), sangaree (spirits and sugar), and Monongahela (whisky-punch) were in great demand. The stoves were literally covered with the feet of those who had obtained the nearest places; and having in vain endeavoured to obtain a share of the warmth, I lighted a cigar, and returned to the deck just in time to catch the first glimpse at the Philadelphia lamps.

Here was the city of Penn! What an ambitious old Quaker he must have been! To cancel a debt owed him by a king he obtained a tract of country larger than England, and gave his name to it; became a viceroy, and founded one of the largest and finest cities of the new world, which up to the present time has been built accord-

ing to the plan he laid down. On one of the banks of the Delaware, near where we were passing, the Quaker sovereign purchased with a few blankets and tin-ware the peaceable possession of his territory from the Indian warriors. He expected his city would be peopled with Quakers; but the calculation was a failure, the world being either not wise enough, or not eccentric enough, to furnish a city with a population mute and outwardly indifferent to the pleasures of life. Perhaps, too, as the "Friends" are not very partial to the use of the trowel, the shuttle, and the spade, and would prefer being scalped to killing an Indian, some difficulty would have occurred in building the city, keeping off the Indians, and maintaining the inhabitants in food and clothing, if Philadelphia had attracted none but the real Simon Pures, Obadiah Broadbrims, and Grey Susannahs.

We soon reached the place of debarkation at the bottom of a street so quiet (although it was only half-past nine o'clock) as to afford a curious contrast to the bustle and noise of the empire city.† It was with some difficulty we could all obtain hackney-coaches: the boat having arrived later than usual, many of the free and independent hackney-coachmen had vacated the stand.

"How much is the fare?" said I when one came up.

"*Two levies and a flip*," answered the man.

Now these were coins I had never previously heard of, and I was accordingly puzzled as to the mode of payment. In an after-explanation I found that a New York shilling (twelve and a half cents) is in Pennsylvania an elevenpenny bit, or *levy*; and a silver sixpence (six and a quarter cents) is a fivepenny bit, or *flip*; there being in the old currency *nine* shillings to the dollar in the one, and *eight* in the other place.

* * * * *

† New York is so called.

THE HEATHER FOR ME!

BONNY 's the blushing rose at e'en ;
 Bonny 's the violet blue ;
 Noble 's the oak wi' its acorns green,
 And broad leaves tipp'd wi' dew.
 But autumn's chill the rose will fade,
 And fell'd the oak may be ;
 I 'd gie ye both for one single blade
 Of heather,—the heather for me !

'Tis bonny to sit in leafy bower
 When song delights the ear ;
 To feel the odour of every flower
 Blend wi' music near ;
 But I 'm for a seat on my hunter's back,
 And then, for melody,
 One blast of the bugle to follow his track
 O'er the heather!—the heather for me !

MAC GRAS.

THE INN OF WOLFSWALD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

Tramp—tramp on the oaken floor !
 Heard ye the spectre's hollow tread ?
 He marches along the corridor,
 And the wainscot cracks beside thy bed
 As he tracks his way through the jarring door,
 Which the wild night-blast has opened.

The Yankee Rhymer.

My horse had cast a shoe ; and, stopping about sunset at a blacksmith's cabin in one of the most savage passes of the Alleghanies, a smutty-faced, leather-aproned fellow, was soon engaged in enabling me again to encounter the flinty roads of the mountains, when the operation was interrupted in the manner here related :—

"Pardon me, sir," cried a middle-aged traveller, riding up to the smithy, and throwing himself from his horse just as the shaggy-headed Vulcan, having taken the heels of my nag in his lap, was proceeding to pare off the hoof preparatory to fitting the shoe, which he had hammered into shape, and thrown on the black soil beside him. "Pardon me, sir," repeated the stranger, raising his broad-brimmed beaver from a head remarkable for what the phrenologist would call the uncommon developement of "ideality," revealed by the short locks which parted over a pair of melancholy grey eyes, "matters of moment make it important for me to be a dozen miles hence before nightfall, and you will place me, sir, under singular obligations by allowing this good fellow to attend to my lame beast instantly."

The confident and not ungraceful manner in which the stranger threw himself upon my courtesy sufficiently marked him as a man of breeding, and I, of course, complied at once with his request by giving the necessary order to the blacksmith. His horse was soon put in travelling trim, and, leaping actively into the saddle, he regained the highway at a bound ; checking his course then a moment, he turned in his stirrups to thank me for the slight service I had rendered him, and, giving an address which I have now forgotten, he added that if ever I should enter ——'s valley, I might be sure of a cordial welcome from the proprietor.

An hour afterward I was pursuing the same road, and rapidly approaching the end of my day's journey. The immediate district through which I was travelling had been settled by Germans in the early days of Pennsylvania—a scattered community that had been thrown somewhat in advance of the more slowly-extended settlements. In populousness and fertility it could not be compared with the regions on the eastern side of the mountains ; but the immense stone barns, which, though few and far between, occasionally met the eye, not less than the language spoken around me, indicated that the inhabitants were of the same origin with the ignorant but industrious denizens of the lower country.

One of these stone buildings, an enormous and ungainly edifice, stood upon a hill immediately at the back of the Wolfswald Hotel,—a miserable wooden hovel, where I expected to pass the night,—and,

while descending the hill in rear of the village, I had leisure to observe that it presented a somewhat different appearance from the other agricultural establishments of the kind which I had met with during the day. The massive walls were pierced here and there with narrow windows, which looked like loop-holes, and a clumsy chimney had been fitted up by some unskilful mechanic against one of the gables, with a prodigality of materials which made its jagged top show like some old turret in the growing twilight. The history of this grotesque mansion, as I subsequently learned it, was that of a hundred others scattered over our country, and known generally in the neighbourhood as "Smith's," or "Thompson's Folly." It had been commenced upon an ambitious scale by a person whose means were inadequate to its completion, and had been sacrificed at a public sale when half-finished, in order to liquidate the claims of the mechanics employed upon it. After that it had been used as a granary for a while, and subsequently, being rudely completed without any reference to the original plan, it had been occupied as a hotel for a few years. The ruinous inn had, however, for a long period been abandoned, and now enjoyed the general reputation in the neighbourhood of being haunted, for ghosts and goblins are always sure to take a big house off a landlord's hands when he can get no other tenant.

"We havt no room pfor mynheer," said mine host, laying his hand on my bridle as I rode up to the door of a cabaret near this old building; while three or four waggoners, smoking their pipes upon a bench in front of the house, gave a grunt of confirmation to the ungracious avowal of the German landlord. I was too old a stager, however, to be so summarily turned away from an inn at such an hour; and, throwing myself from my horse without further parley, I told the landlord to get me some supper, and we would talk about lodging afterwards.

It matters not how I got through the evening until the hour of bedtime arrived. I had soon ascertained that every bed in the hostelry was really taken up, and that unless I chose to share his straw with one of the waggoners, who are accustomed to sleep in their lumbering vehicles, there was no resource for me except to occupy the lonely building which had first caught my eye on entering the hamlet. Upon inquiring as to the accommodation it afforded, I learned that, though long deserted by any permanent occupants, it was still occasionally, notwithstanding its evil reputation, resorted to by the passing traveller, and that one or two of the rooms were yet in good repair, and partially furnished. The good woman of the house, however, looked very portentous when I expressed my determination to take up my abode for the night in the haunted ruin, though she tried ineffectually to rouse her sleeping husband to guide me thither. Mine host had been luxuriating too freely in some old whiskey brought by a return waggon from the Monongahela to heed the jogging of his spouse, and I was obliged to act as my own gentleman-usher.

The night was raw and gusty as with my saddle-bags in ^{one} hand, and a stable-lantern in the other, I sallied from the door of the cabaret, and struggled up the broken hill in its rear to gain my uninviting place of rest. A rude porch, which seemed to have been long unconscious of a door, admitted me into the building; and

tracking my way with some difficulty through a long corridor, of which the floor appeared to have been ripped open here and there in order to apply the boards to some other purpose, I came to a steep and narrow staircase without any ballusters. Cautiously ascending, I found myself in a large hall which opened on the hill-side, against which the house was built. It appeared to be lighted by a couple of windows only, which were partially glazed in some places, and closed up in others by rough boards nailed across in lieu of shutters. It had evidently, however, judging from two or three ruinous pieces of furniture, been inhabited. A heavy door, whose oaken latch and hinges, being incapable of rust, were still in good repair, admitted me into an adjoining chamber. This had evidently been the dormitory of the establishment, where the guests, after the gregarious and most disagreeable fashion of our country, were wont to be huddled together in one large room. The waning moon, whose bright autumnal crescent was just beginning to rise above the hills, shone through a high circular window full into this apartment, and indicated a comfortable-looking truckle-bed at the further end before the rays of my miserable lantern had shot beyond the threshold.

Upon approaching the pallet I observed some indications of that end of the apartment being still occasionally occupied. The heavy beams which traversed the ceiling appeared to have been recently whitewashed. There was a small piece of carpet on the floor beside the bed; and a decrepit table, and an arm-chair, whose burly body was precariously supported upon three legs, were holding an innocent *tête-à-tête* in the corner adjacent.

"I've had a rougher roosting-place than this," thought I, as I placed my lantern upon the table, and depositing my saddle-bags beneath it, began to prepare myself for rest.

My light having now burned low, I was compelled to expedite the operation of undressing, which prevented me from examining the rest of the apartment; and, indeed, although I had, when first welcoming with some pleasure the idea of sleeping in a haunted house, determined fully to explore it for my own satisfaction before retiring for the night, yet fatigue or caprice made me now readily abandon the intention just when my means for carrying it into execution were being withdrawn; for the candle expired while I was opening the door of the lantern to throw its light more fully upon a mass of drapery which seemed to be suspended across the further end of the chamber. The total darkness that momentarily ensued blinded me completely; but in the course of a few moments the shadows became more distinct, and gradually, by the light of the moon, I was able to make out that the object opposite me was only a large old-fashioned bedstead prodigally hung with tattered curtains. I gave no farther thought to the subject, but turning over, composed myself to rest.

Sleep, however, whom Shakspeare alone has had the sense to personify as a woman, was coy in coming to my couch. The old mansion wheezed and groaned like a broken-winded buffalo hard pressed by the hunter. The wind, which had been high, became soon more boisterous than ever, and the clouds hurried so rapidly over the face of the moon that her beams were as broken as the crevices of the ruined building through which they fell. A sudden gust would every now and then sweep through the long corridor below,

and make the rickety staircase crack as if it yielded to the feet of some portly passenger. Again the blast would die away in a sullen moan, as if baffled on some wild night-errand; while anon it would swell in monotonous surges, which came booming upon the ear like the roar of a distant ocean.

I am not easily discomposed; and perhaps none of these uncouth sounds would have given annoyance if the clanging of a window-shutter had not been added to the general chorus, and effectually kept me from sleeping. My nerves were at last becoming sensibly affected by its ceaseless din, and, wishing to cut short the fit of restlessness which I found growing upon me, I determined to rise, and descend the stairs at the risk of my neck, to try and secure the shutter so as to put an end to the nuisance.

But now, as I rose from my bed for this purpose, I found myself subjected to a new source of annoyance. The mocking wind, which had appeared to me more than once to syllable human sounds, came at length upon my ear distinctly charged with tones which could not be mistaken. It was the hard-suppressed breathing of a man. I listened, and it ceased with a slight gasp, like that of one labouring under suffocation. I listened still, and it came anew, stronger and more fully upon my ear. It was like the thick suspirations of an apoplectic. Whence it proceeded I knew not; but that it was near me I was certain. A suspicion of robbery—possibly assassination—flashed upon me; but was instantly discarded as foreign to the character of the people among whom I was travelling.

The moonlight now fell full upon the curtained bed opposite to me, and I saw the tattered drapery move, as if the frame upon which it was suspended were agitated. I watched, I confess, with some peculiar feelings of interest. I was not alarmed, but an unaccountable anxiety crept over me. At length the curtain parted, and a naked human leg was protruded through its folds; the foot came with a numb, dead-like sound to the floor; resting there, it seemed to me at least half a minute before the body to which it belonged was disclosed to my view.

Slowly, then, a pallid and unearthly-looking figure emerged from the couch, and stood with its stark lineaments clearly drawn against the dingy curtain beside it. It appeared to be balancing itself for a moment, and then began to move along from the bed. But there was something horribly unnatural in its motions. Its feet came to the floor with a dull heavy sound, as if there were no vitality in them. Its arms hung, apparently, paralysed by its side, and the only nerve or rigidity in its frame appeared about its head; the hair, which was thin and scattered, stood out in rigid tufts from its brow, the eyes were dilated and fixed with an expression of ghastly horror, and the petrified lips moved not, as the hideous moaning which came from the bottom of its chest escaped them.

It began to move across the floor in the direction of my bed, its knees at every step being drawn up with a sudden jerk nearly to its body, and its feet coming to the ground as if they were moved by some mechanical impulse, and were wholly wanting in the elasticity of living members. It approached my bed, and mingled horror and curiosity kept me still. It came and stood beside it, and, child-like, I still clung to my couch, moving only to the farther side. Slowly, and with the same unnatural foot-falls, it pursued me thi-

ther, and again I changed my position. It placed itself then at the foot of my bedstead, and, moved by its piteous groans, I tried to look calmly at it ;—I endeavoured to rally my thoughts, to object with myself, and even to speculate upon the nature of the object before me. One idea that went through my brain was too extravagant not to remember. I thought, among other things, that the phantom was a corpse, animated for the moment by some galvanic process in order to terrify me. Then, as I recollected that there was no one in the village to carry such a trick into effect—supposing even the experiment possible—I rejected the supposition. How, too, could those awful moans be produced from an inanimate being? And yet it seemed as if everything about it were dead, except the mere capability of moving its feet, and uttering those unearthly expressions of suffering. The spectre, however, if so it may be called, gave me but little opportunity for reflection. Its ghastly limbs were raised anew with the same automaton movement; and, placing one of its feet upon the bottom of my bed, while its glassy eyes were fixed steadfastly upon me, it began stalking towards my pillow.

I confess that I was now in an agony of terror.

I leaped from the couch and fled the apartment. The keen-sightedness of fear enabled me to discover an open closet upon the other side of the hall. Springing through the threshold, I closed the door quickly after me. It had neither lock nor bolt, but the closet was so narrow, that by placing my feet upon the opposite wall, I could brace my back against the door so as to hold it against any human assailant who had only his arms for a lever.

The sweat of mortal fear started thick upon my forehead as I heard the supernatural tread of that strange visitant approaching the spot. It seemed an age before his measured steps brought him to the door. He struck ;—the blow was sullen and hollow, as if dealt by the hand of a corpse—it was like the dull sound of his own feet upon the floor. He struck the door again, and the blow was more feeble, and the sound duller than before. Surely, I thought, the hand of no living man could produce such a sound.

I know not whether it struck again, for now its thick breathing became so loud, that even the moanings which were mingled with every suspiration became inaudible. At last they subsided entirely, becoming at first gradually weaker, and then audible only in harsh, sudden sobs, whose duration I could not estimate, from their mingling with the blast which still swept the hill-side.

The long, long night had at last an end, and the cheering sounds of the awakening farm-yard told me that the sun was up, and that I might venture from my blind retreat. But if it were still with a slight feeling of trepidation that I opened the door of the closet, what was my horror when a human body fell inward upon me, even as I unclosed it. The weakness, however, left me the moment I had sprung from that hideous embrace. I stood for an instant in the fresh air and reviving light of the hall, and then proceeded to move the body to a place where I could examine its features more favourably. Great heaven! what was my horror upon discovering that they were those of the interesting stranger whom I had met on the road the evening before.

The rest of my story is soon told. The household of the inn were rapidly collected, and half the inhabitants of the hamlet iden-

tified the body as that of a gentleman well known in the country. But even after the coroner's inquest was summoned, there was no light thrown upon his fate, until my drunken landlord was brought before the jury. His own testimony would have gone for little; but he produced a document which in a few words told the whole story. It was a note left with him the evening before by Mr. —, to be handed to me as soon as I should arrive at the inn. In it the stranger briefly thanked me for the slight courtesy rendered him at the blacksmith's, and mentioning that, notwithstanding all precaution, his horse had fallen dead lame, and he should be obliged to pass the night at Wolfswald, he would still further trespass on my kindness, by begging to occupy the same apartment with me. It stated that, owing to some organic affection of his system, he had long been subject to a species of somnambulism, resembling the most grievous fits of nightmare, during which, however, he still preserved sufficient powers of volition to move to the bed of his servant, who, being used to his attacks, would of course take the necessary means to alleviate them. The note concluded by saying that the writer had less diffidence in preferring his request to be my room-mate, inasmuch as, owing to the crowded state of the house, I was sure of not having a chamber to myself in any event.

The reason why the ill-fated gentleman had been so urgent to press homeward was now but too apparent; and my indignation at the drunken inn-keeper, in neglecting to hand me his note, knew no bounds. Alas! in the years that have since gone by, there has been more than one moment when the reproaches which I then lavished upon him have come home to myself; for the piteously appealing look of the dying man long haunted me, and I sometimes still hear his moan in the autumnal blast that wails around my casement.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

FROM "DIE SCHÖNSTE ERSCHEINUNG" OF SCHILLER.

BEAUTY thou never hast beheld, unless
Thou 'st seen it touched by sorrow and distress;
This, this is beauty.

Nor ever hast thou joy beheld, I ween,
Except on beauty's radiant brow 't was seen;
Joy dwells with beauty.

Thus grief, by beauty's power is lovely made,
And joy is joyless without beauty's aid;
All hail to beauty!

W. M. D.

THE FIGHT OF HELL-KETTLE

BY TYRONE POWER, AUTHOR OF THE "LOST HEIR," "THE KING'S SECRET," &c.

NEVER let it be said the days of chivalry are fled! heralds may have ceased to record good blows stricken, to the tune of "a largesse, worthie knights"—pennon and banner, square and swallow-tailed sleeve and scarf, with all the trumpery of chivalry, are long since dead, 't is true; but the lofty, generous feeling with which that term has become identified, is yet burning clear and bright within ten thousand bosoms, not one of which ever throbbed at the recollections the word itself inspires in "gentil heartes," or could tell the difference between Or and Gules, or Vert and Sable, as the following narration of a combat between two "churles," or "villains," as the herald would term my worthies, will, I trust, go nigh to prove.

It was the fair night at Donard, a small village in the very heart of the mountains of Wicklow, when, at the turn of a corner leading out of the Dunlavin road, towards the middle of the fair, two ancient foemen abruptly encountered. They eyed one another for a moment without moving a step, when the youngest, a huge six-foot mountaineer, in a long top-coat, having his shirt opened from breast to ear, displaying, on the least movement, a brawny chest that was hairy enough for a trunk, growing rather impatient, said in a quick under-tone, that a listener would have set down for the extreme of politeness,

"You 'll lave the wall, Johnny Evans!"

To which civil request came reply, in a tone equally bland,

"Not at your biddin', if you stand where you are till next fair-day, Mat Dolan."

"You know well I could fling you neck and heels into that gutter in one minute, Johnny, ma bouchil."

"You might, indeed, if you called up twenty of the Dunlavin faction at your back," coolly replied Evans.

"I mane, here 's the two empty hands could do all that, and never ax help ather," retorted Dolan, thrusting forth two huge paws from under his coat.

"In the name o' heaven, then, thry it!" said Evans, flinging the alpeen* he had up to this time been balancing curiously over the roof of the cottage by which they stood, adding, "Here 's a pair of fists with as little in thim as your own!"

"It 's aisy to brag by your own barn, Johnny Evans," said Dolan, pointing with a sneer to the police guard-house on the opposite side of the way, a hundred yards lower down; "the peelers would be likely to look on and see a black orangeman like yourself quilted in his own town, under their noses, by one Mat Dolan, from Dunlavin all the way!"

"There 's raison in that, any way, Matty," replied John, glancing in the direction indicated. "It 's not likely thim that 's paid by government to keep the peace would stand by and see it broke by Papist or Protestant. But I 'll make a bargain wid you: if your

* Little stick.

blood's over hot for your skin, which I think, to say truth, it has long been,—come off at onest to Hell-kettle wid me, and in the light of this blessed moon I'll fight it out with you, toe to toe; and we'll both be the aisier after, which ever 's bate."

"There's my hand to that at a word, Johnny," cried Dolan, suiting the action to the word, and the hands of the foes clasped freely and frankly together.

"But are we to be only ourselves, do ye mane?" inquired Matthew.

"And enuff too," answered Evans; "we couldn't pick a friend out of any tint above, without raisin' a hullabaloo the divil wouldn't quiet without blows. Here, now, I'll give you the wall; only you jump the hedge into Charles Faucett's meadow, and cut across the hill by Holy-well into the road, where you'll meet me; divil a soul else will you meet that way to-night; and I want to call at home for the tools."

"Keep the wall," cried Dolan, as Evans stepped aside, springing himself at the same time into the road, ankle-deep in mud; "I'll wait for you at the bridge on the Holy-wood glin road. Good b'ye."

A moment after, Dolan had cleared the hedge leading out of the lane into Mr. Faucett's paddock, and Evans was quietly plodding his way homeward. To reach his cottage, he had to run the gauntlet through the very throng of the fair, amidst crowded tents, whence resounded the ill-according sounds of the bagpipe and fiddle, and the loud whoo! of the jig-dancers, as they beat with active feet the temporary floor, that rattled with their tread. Johnny made short greeting with those of his friends he encountered, and, on entering his house, plucked a couple of black, business-like looking sticks from the chimney, hefted them carefully, and measured them together with an eye as strict as ever gallant paired rapier with, till, satisfied of their equality, he put his top-coat over his shoulders, and departing by the back-door, rapidly cleared two or three small gardens, and made at once for the fields. As Dolan dropped from the high bank into the lane near the bridge on one side, Evans leaped the gate opposite.

"You've lost no time, fegs!" observed Matthew, as they drew together shoulder to shoulder, stalking rapidly on.

"I'd bin vexed to keep you waitin' this time, any how," replied Johnny; and few other words passed.

Just beyond the bridge they left the road together, and mounting the course of the little stream, in a few minutes were shut out from the possibility of observance in a wild narrow glen, at whose head was a waterfall of some eighteen feet. The pool which received this little cascade was exceedingly deep, and having but one narrow outlet between two huge stones, the pent waters were forced round and round, boiling and chafing for release; and hence the not unpoetic name of Hell-kettle given to the spot. The ground immediately about it was wild, bare, and stony, and in no way derogated from this fearful title.

Near the fall is a little plafond or level of some twenty yards square, the place designed by Evans for the battle-ground. Arrived here, the parties halted; and as Dolan stooped to raise a little of the pure stream in his hand to his lips, Evans cast his coats and vest on the grey stone close by, and pulling his shirt over his head, stood

armed for the fight, not so heavy or so tall a man as his antagonist Dolan, but wiry as a terrier, and having, in agility and training, advantages that more than balanced the difference of weight and age.

"I've been thinkin', Johnny Evans," cried Dolan, as he leisurely stripped in turn, "we must have two thrys, after all, to show who's the best man. You've got your alpeens wid you, I see, and I'm not the boy to say no to thim; but I expect you'll ha' the best ind o' the stick, for it's well known there's not your match in Wicklow, if there is in Wexford itself."

"That day's past, Matty Dolan," replied Evans. "It's five years since you and me first had words at the Pattern o' the Seven-churches, and that was the last stroke I struck with a stick. There's eight years betune our ages, and you're the heavier man by two stone, or near it—what more 'ud yez have, man alive?"

"Oh, never fear me, Johnny; we'll never split about trifles," quietly replied Dolan; "but, see here, let's dress one another, as they do potatoes, both ways. Stand fairly up to me for half a dozen rounds, fist to fist, and I'll hould the alpeen till you're tired after id."

"Why, look ye here, Matty, you worked over long on George's Quay, and were over friendly with the great boxer, Mister Donalan, for me to be able for yez wid the fists," cried Evans. "But we'll split the difference: I'll give you a quarter of an hour out o' me wid the fists, and you'll give me the same time, if I'm able, with the alpeen after; and we'll toss head or harp, which comes first."

Evans turned a copper flat on the back of his hand as he ended his proposal, and in the same moment Dolan cried,

"Harp for ever."

"Harp it is," echoed Evans, holding the coin up in the moon's ray, which shone out but fitfully, as dark clouds kept slowly passing over her cold face.

In the next moment they were toe to toe in the centre of the little plain, both looking determined and confident; though an amateur would have at once decided in favour of Dolan's pose.

To describe the fight scientifically would be too long an affair; suffice it, that although Johnny's agility gave him the best of a couple of severe falls, yet his antagonist's straight hitting and superior weight left him the thing hollow, till five quick rounds left Evans deaf to time and tune, and as sick as though he had swallowed a glass of antimonial wine instead of poteen.

Dolan carried his senseless foe to the pool, and dashed water over him by the hatfull.

"Look at my watch," was Johnny's first word, on gaining breath.

"I can't tell the time by watch," cried Dolan, a little sheepish.

"Give it here, man," cried Johnny, adding, as he rubbed his left eye, the other being fast closed; "by the Boyne, this is the longest quarter of an hour I ever knew—it wants three minutes yet!" and as he spoke, again he rose up before his man.

"Sit still, Johnny," exclaimed Matthew; "I'll forgive you the three minutes, anyhow."

"Well, thank ye for that," says Johnny; "I wish I may be able to return the compliment presently; but, by St. Donagh, I've mighty little conceit left in myself just now."

Within five minutes, armed with the well-seasoned twigs Johnny had brought with him, those honest fellows again stood front to front; and although Evans had lost much of the elasticity of carriage which had ever been his characteristic when the alpeen was in his hand and the shamrock under his foot in times past; although his left eye was closed, and the whole of that side of his physiognomy was swollen and disfigured through the mauling he had received at the hands of Dolan, who opposed him, to all appearance, fresh as at first; yet was his confidence in himself unshaken, and in the twinkle of his right eye a close observer might have read a sure anticipation of the victory a contest of five minutes gave to him; for it was full that time before Johnny struck a good-will blow, and when it took effect, a second was uncalled for. The point of the stick had caught Dolan fairly on the right temple, and laying open the whole of the face down to the chin, as if done by a sabre stroke, felled him senseless.

After some attempts at recalling his antagonist to perception by the brook-side without success, Evans began to feel a little alarmed for his life, and hoisting him on his back, retraced his steps to the village, without ever halting by the way, and bore his insensible burthen into the first house he came to, where, as the devil would have it, a sister of Dolan's was sitting, having a goster with the owner, one widow Donovan, over a "rakin' pot o' tay."

"God save all here," said Johnny, crossing the floor without ceremony, and depositing Mat on the widow's bed. "Wid'y, by your lave, let Mat Dolan lie quiet here a bit, till I run down town for the doctor."

"Dolan!" screamed the sister and the widow in a breath: "Mat—is it Mat Dolan that's lying a corpse here, and I his own sister not to know he was in trouble!"

Loud and long were the lamentations that followed this unlucky discovery. The sister rushed frantically out to the middle of the road, screaming and calling on the friends of Dolan to revenge his murder on Evans and the orangemen that had decoyed and slain him. The words passed from lip to lip, soon reaching down to the heart of the fair, where most of the parties were about this time corned for anything.

"Johnny Evans," cried the widow Donovan, as he made in few words the story known to her, "true or not, this is no place for you now; the whole of his faction will be up here in a minute, and you'll be killed like a dog on the flure. Out wid you, and down to the guard-house, while the coast's clear!"

"I'd best, maybe," cried Evans; "and I'll send the doctor up the quicker; but mind, widow, if that boy ever spakes, he'll say a fairer fight was never fought. Get that out of him, for the love o' Heaven, Mrs. Donovan!"

"He hasn't a word in him, I fear," cried the widow, as Johnny left the door, and with the readiness of her sex, assisted by one or two elderly gossips, who were by this time called in, she bathed the wound with spirits, and used every device which much experience in cracked crowns, acquired during the lifetime of Willy Donovan, her departed lord, suggested to her. Meantime, Evans, whilst making his way down through the village, had been met, and recognised by the half frantic sister of Dolan and her infuriated friends,

who had been all for some time puzzled at the absence of him who was proverbial as

“ Best foot on the flure,
First stick in the fight.”

“ There’s the murderer of Mat Dolan, boys,” cried the woman, as some ten or twelve yards off she recognized Johnny, who was conspicuous enough, wearing his shirt like a herald’s tabard, as in his haste he had drawn it on at Hell-kettle. With a yell that might have scared the devil, thirty athletic fellows sprang forward at full speed after Evans, who wisely never stayed to remonstrate, but made one pair of heels serve, where the hands of Briareus, had he possessed as many, would not have availed him. He arrived at Mrs. Donovan’s door before his pursuers; he raised the latch, but it gave not way—the bar was drawn within; and, had his strength been equal to it, further flight was become impracticable. Turning with his back to the door, there stood Johnny like a lion at bay, uttering no word, since he well knew words would not prevail against the fury of his foes. Forward with wild cries and loud imprecations rushed the foremost of the pursuers, and Evans’ life was not worth one moment’s purchase. A dozen sticks already clattered like hail upon his guard and on the wall over his head, when the door suddenly opening inwards, back tumbled Johnny, and into the space he thus left vacant stepped a gaunt figure, naked to the waist, pale, and marked with a stream of blood yet flowing from the temple. With wild cries the mob pressed back.

“ It’s a ghost!—it’s Dolan’s ghost!” shouted twenty voices, above all of which was heard that of the presumed spirit, crying in good Irish, “ That’s a lie, boys; it’s Mat Dolan himself! able and willing to make a ghost of the first man that lifts a hand agin Johnny Evans, who bate me at Hell-kettle like a man, and brought me here after on his back, like a brother.”

“ Was it a true fight, Mat?” demanded one or two of the foremost, recovering confidence enough to approach Dolan, who, faint from the exertion he had made, was now resting his head against the door-post.

A pause, and the silence of death followed. The brows of the men began to darken as they drew close to Dolan. Evans saw his life depended on the reply of his antagonist, who already seemed lapsed into insensibility.

“ Answer, Mat Dolan!” he cried impressively, “ for the love of Heaven answer me—was it a true fight?”

The voice appeared to rouse the fainting man. He raised himself in the doorway, and stretched his right hand towards Evans, exclaiming,

“ True as the cross, by the blessed Virgin!” and as he spoke fell back into the arms of his friends.

Evans was now safe. Half a dozen of the soberest of the party escorted him down to the police station, where they knew he would be secure; and Dolan’s friends, bearing him with them on a car, departed, without an attempt at riot or retaliation.

This chance took place sixteen years ago; but since that day there never was a fair at Dunlavin that the orangeman Evans was not the guest of Dolan, nor is there a fair-night at Donard that Mat Dolan

does not pass under the humble roof of Johnny Evans. I give the tale as it occurred, having always looked upon it as an event creditable to the parties, both of whom are alive and well, or were a year ago; for it is little more since Evans, now nigh sixty years old, walked me off my legs on a day's grousing over Church-mountain, and through Oram's-hole, carrying my kit into the bargain. Adieu. It will be a long day ere I forget the pool of "Hell-kettle," or the angels in whose company I first stood by its bubbling brim.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE ROSE.

A DEW-DROP fell on a Rose's breast,—
 Deep in her cup he fell,
 And there he lay in tranquil rest
 And deem'd he 'd ever dwell.
 She hid him in her leaves so bright,
 Whilst he lay hush'd beneath,
 O'er him she watch'd till morning light,
 And fann'd him with her breath.
 The young Dew-drop enamour'd grew,
 And loved away the hours;
 Unheeded the soft zephyr flew,
 And blush'd the neigh'ring flowers.
 The Rose's treasured guest was there,
 Till sultry noon was high—
 She had no doubt, distrust, or care,
 Fear'd no inconstancy.
 And now the Drop said to his Rose,
 (And sparkled on the fair,)
 "Thy perfumed leaves, my love, uncloset,—
 I long to breathe the air."
 The Rose obey'd; domestic, kind,
 And full of tenderness,
 She deem'd none dearer he could find,
 Or e'er could love her less.
 A lovely Sunbeam, gay and warm,
 Came rambling down that way;
 She mark'd the glittering Dew-drop's form,
 And paused her court to pay.
 He saw the fair intruder glide,
 Array'd in splendour's gay attire,
 Look'd from his gentle blushing bride,
 And looking linger'd to admire.
 Pleased with the fair one's graceful air,
 The faithless lover gazed a while,
 When, lo! he was no longer there—
 He sunk, and perish'd 'neath her smile!
 The blooming Rose in sorrow droop'd,
 (As she who is forsaken grieves,)
 Breathed not her woes, but mildly stoop'd,
 And, silent, shed her beauteous leaves.
 Fondly and vainly, maidens bright,
 The faithless men ye kindly cherish;
 For, spite of love's most hallow'd plight,
 Their fleeting vows like "dew-drops" perish.

THE LOVE-MERCHANT.

A FABLE.

It was not until after I had written the following fable that the similarity of its point to that of the beautiful song, "Who'll buy my love-knots?" occurred to me. I am aware that my case may be thought to resemble his, who, when accused of having borrowed his thoughts from the immortal Bard of Avon, replied, "It is no fault of mine that Shakspeare and myself should have had the same ideas." Nevertheless, I venture to assert that my humble muse is not more indebted to that of the "Modern Anacreon" for the conception of this fable, than is the midnight lamp for its glimmering rays to the glorious orb of day. It was entirely suggested by a "fresco" painting, still existing on the walls of a house in Pompeii; and if my readers could have watched, as I did, the process of removing the envious "lapilli" which had concealed it for so many ages, they would, I think, allow for the impression it was likely to produce, and acquit me of plagiarism. The painting represents the figure of an old man, with a long white beard and flowing garments. Before him stands a large cage, or basket, containing several imprisoned "amorini," one of whom he has raised from it, and is holding forth by the wings, to attract the attention of a group of females. On the foreground lie a pair of compasses, and a mathematical figure described on a tablet.

THE LOVE-MERCHANT.

O'ER Cupid and his quiver'd band
 Chronos, who seem'd in beard a sage,
 Had gain'd a most complete command,—
 Thanks to philosophy—or age;
 For 'twas a subject of debate
 To which he owed his tranquil state.
 The old assign'd the former cause,
 The young insisted on the latter,
 And quite denied "that Wisdom's laws
 Had help'd the dotard in the matter."
 But though one passion was assuaged
 In Chronos' breast, another raged,
 And gained unlimited control
 (Spite of the virtue rules confer)
 Over the calculating soul
 Of that self-styled philosopher.
 This stumbling-block was love of gold,
 (A vice well suited to the old,)
 Which led him to conclude "'twas vain
 To triumph where he could not gain;"
 And, after some slight hesitation
 As to such mode of speculation,
 Induced him to sell off the prizes—
 Loves of all characters and sizes,
 Which he by some strange arts had won
 From Venus and her fav'rite son.

Nor did the miser Chronos stop,
As moderns would, to paint his shop;
No brazen plate announced his trade,
But, o'er the baskets he display'd,
On a rude board, which served as well,
He simply chalk'd up "Loves to sell!"

Now Loves, though always in demand,
Had ne'er been kept as "stock in hand,"
Or shown for public sale before :

(I write of very ancient days—)
So, when our sage produced his store,
The chronicle I quote from says,
That "there ensued a perfect race
Amongst the ladies of the place;
That old and young, the gay, the staid,
Each wife, each mother, and each maid,
With one accord were seen to start,
And crowd and jostle round the mart,
If not to buy, at least to stare
Upon this novel sort of ware."

I hear some blooming reader say,
"What had the old to do there, pray?"
But I declare, by those bright eyes,
Although the fact may raise surprise,
E'en grandmamas were seen among
That motley and excited throng!
At their tenth "lustrum" men may cease *

To listen to fair Venus' call,
May offer up their prayers for peace,
Suspend their trophies on her "wall,"
And with some quiet, dull employment,
Replace love's turbulent enjoyment.

But,—when they once have raised on high
The scarlet flag of gallantry,—
Women will still prolong the war,
In spite of wrinkle and of scar!

Nay, frown not, fair one, for 'tis true—
Though, mark, I do not write of you.
Goddess of Courtesy forefend
That aught by me should e'er be penn'd
'Gainst one whose charms of form and face
Yield only to her mental grace!
I write (perhaps my muse is rash)
Of those to whom, like Lady ——,

* Horace seems to have thought fifty a very proper age for retiring from the field of amorous warfare.

"Desine, dulcium
Mater sava Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis."

In a previous ode he had already declared his intention of reposing on his laurels,

"Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria
Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latu
Custodit."

A certain character is given,
 But who contrive to be "received,"
 Because the mates they fit for heaven
 Are either patient or—deceived ;
 And I assert as my conviction,
 Without much fear of contradiction,
 That *such* will oft defer the age
 For quitting Love's seductive "stage,"
 Till Death, whose "management is certain,"
 Cuts short the "farce," and "drops the curtain."

But let us turn from this digression
 To Chronos in his new profession.
 That cunning rogue, who knew how best
 He should consult his interest,
 Determined that his sale should be
 A "Ladies' sale" exclusively ;
 And, thinking that to flattery's art
 Their strings alike of purse and heart
 Would soonest yield, display'd his skill
 To gain his customers' good will—
 He held his Cupids high in air,
 To move the pity of "the fair,"
 And raised his profits "cent per cent,"
 By many a well-turn'd compliment.

"First, I declare," the sage began,
 "That I'll not serve one single man
 Until each lady in the crowd,
 Who may to purchase be inclined,
 Has been, with due respect, allow'd
 To choose a Cupid to her mind.
 Then hasten, lovely dames, nor fear
 To meet with disappointment here ;
 For my capacious cages hold
 Loves for the young and for the old,
 Loves for the beautiful and the plain !
 Though, pardon me, I see 'twere vain
 'Mongst those assembled here to seek
 A plain or e'en a wrinkled cheek.
 Yet, though you're young and handsome all,
 Love comes not always at your call ;
 Or if it does, you do not find
 Your *lovers* always to your mind.
 Then haste with confidence to me,
 And take what suits you best—for see !
 These pretty captives do but wait
 Your choice to free them from the state
 Of thralldom into which they're thrown
 By me for your dear sakes alone."

As thus he spoke, a cage he shook,
 When, such was the imploring look
 Of each poor pris'ner, as in turn
 He flutter'd to the close-barr'd side,
 That every heart began to yearn ;
 And, whilst the poorer deeply sighed
 To think that poverty's control
 Must check the promptings of the soul,—
 The richer dames, who could afford
 To feel, approach'd with one accord,

And each, with mingled blush and smile,
Requested that from durance vile
The little Love she most approved
Should to her keeping be removed.

"Twas for the sage no easy matter,
Amidst so great a din and clatter,
To hear and satisfy the claim
Preferred by each aspiring dame ;
Yet so much patience he display'd
In carrying on his novel trade,
That, ere the shades of evening fell,
He 'd not a Cupid left to sell.
And not alone did *men* complain
Of having tarried there in vain ;
But (since his wares had all been sold
At heavy prices to the old,
Or matrons " of a certain age,"
The next his notice to engage)
Full many a disappointed maid,
Who her last drachma would have paid
For e'en a feather from the wing
Of such a pretty flutt'ring thing,
Went home in anger and despair
To dream of joys she could not share.

The miser chuckled when alone
To see such piles of wealth his own—
At thoughts of having taken in
The richest ladies of the place
His wrinkles gather'd to a grin,
And tears of joy bedew'd his face.
But still one thought would dash his pleasure—
The dread of losing such a treasure ;
And whilst an extra cruise of oil
Was burnt in counting out his spoil,
His door that night was doubly barr'd,
The dearly-cherished wealth to guard.
Nor was the sage's caution vain ;
For with the morning came a crowd
That sought admittance to obtain,
With angry voices shrill and loud,
Together crying out—" You old
Curmudgeon, give us back our gold ;
For all our Loves have flown away !"—

" I never told you they would stay,"
Said Chronos, peeping safely o'er
A broken panel in his door:—
" The Loves that ladies deign to buy
Have wings expressly made to fly !
I cannot now refund their price ;
But for your money take advice,
And, to insure affection true,
Seek not for love—let love seek you !"

CORONATION MISERIES ;

OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE INAUGURATION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

“For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is.”

HORACE WALPOLE.

AMONG the memorably uncomfortable days I have seen, I remember none more distinctly than that which placed the crown of England on the head of George the Fourth. Still, from the view which I obtained of part of the ceremony, and the proceedings relating to it, I look back to the whole with feelings of peculiar interest; with a jealous anxiety not to forget, and a strong disposition to say, “Memory, set down that.”

“The Court of Claims,” over which the late Duke of York presided, had given its decision on the pretensions of the aspirants to render service on the coronation day, which was fixed for the first of August 1820; and the Dymoke, whose privilege it was to act the champion’s part, being too young to undertake the duty, a performer from Astley’s was engaged to represent him, and to throw down the gauntlet in Westminster Hall, defying to mortal combat whoever should deny the right of George IV. to sit on the throne of England.

But the proceedings instituted against Queen Caroline, and their uncertain issue, caused it to be felt that the time fixed was not the fittest that could be chosen for a scene of gorgeous pageantry and national rejoicing. It was in consequence postponed till after her majesty’s trial should have closed. A delay of a year was the consequence, and the 19th of July 1821, was the day finally named.

That a coronation should always be a most attractive spectacle in England, can excite no surprise. The great wealth of the country, and the inducements held out on such an occasion to the affluent to vie with each other in magnificence, that their splendour, in connection with the national pageant, may become matter of history, naturally produce a superb assemblage of whatever is costly and beautiful; a collection of all the realities of courtly pomp, the tinsel imitation of which we are accustomed to admire on the stage.

The attraction of the coronation was heightened on this occasion by various circumstances, some of which it may be worth while briefly to recall.

Sixty years had elapsed since an English coronation. The fame of the display which marked the inauguration of George the Third, perpetuated, as it had been, by the labours of the pencil, and by exhibitions on the stage, under the management of that king of spectacles, Rich, filled every mind; and, though there are some who talk very philosophically of the “gew-gaws of pomp,” “the trappings of royalty,” and “strains that die upon the ear,” there will be found a far greater number who agree with Sir Walter Scott in liking “sights of splendour, and sounds of harmony.” It is truly said by Shakspeare that “nothing pleaseth like rare accidents;” and a coronation is not an affair which, missed once, can with certainty be looked for at any stated period. It does not return with the regularity of the olympic games; it may be witnessed more than once in a couple of years, or, as in the case before us, half a century may elapse, generations may be born, and die, without having an opportunity of beholding such a celebration.

But the excitement which prevailed in 1821 did not wholly arise from a thirst for a grand show. Other feelings and expectations mingled with those which ordinarily prevail on such occasions. Queen Caroline had been acquitted of the charges preferred against her; the bill of pains and penalties having been carried by so small a majority as nine, the Earl of Liverpool had thought it prudent to declare it "null and void, and of none effect." But, thus exonerated by the House of Lords, she was still unreconciled to George IV. She claimed to be present, as queen-consort, at the coronation of her husband; and, though on an appeal to the privy-council her right to be included in the ceremony was denied, it was whispered that she would not be restrained from appearing in the hall as well as in the abbey. Hence it was thought that a scene of national importance, leading to results most momentous, in which real princes and nobles would be the performers, might be acted on the coronation-day.

All those who had houses which commanded a view of the expected procession considered themselves the peculiar favourites of fortune. I do not mean the mere occupants, for many of these, by a covenant in their leases, were temporarily to relinquish all, or the greater part of their houses, in favour of their landlords on the occasion. Wherever the right might lie, all considered that a trump, and not a low one, turned up for those who had the means of accommodating visitors to see the spectacle. Carpenters were in consequence put in requisition, and innumerable seats and stages erected in front of most of the houses in all the principal streets.

The speculation proved anything but what had been confidently anticipated, in consequence, perhaps, of the enormous sums which in the first instance it was proposed to extort. Three guineas, and in some places five guineas, were demanded for a single seat; and news of this reaching parties who till then had not thought of coming forward in the same way, induced them to strain every nerve to share in the expected benefit. Saint Margaret's churchyard, covered with booths and other temporary erections, exhibited the appearance of a fair. The enclosed grounds opposite Palace-Yard were lined with ranges of seats, and every house became a theatre.

It was clear to those who started somewhat late in the race that it would be a very proper thing to supply accommodation to the public at half the price originally claimed; but it never entered into their thoughts, that it might occur to others to offer below them. Nevertheless, this came to pass, till in their downward race, prices so declined that they came to shillings, perhaps I might say to one shilling only! The disappointment of the seat proprietors was great in the extreme. In Bridge-street, Westminster, one householder, to gain custom on the last day, exhibited a placard, announcing that—"Coronation tickets might be had at a reasonable price." His next door neighbour, continuing the underselling game, improved even upon this by the announcement of "*Ruin* tickets at *any price!*"

The exterior of Westminster Hall was at that period but imperfectly renewed, and one of the towers had been taken down. To remedy this defect, a wooden erection of the same size and shape as the stone one which remained was run up. But the most conspicuous feature in the preparations out of doors, was the platform, on which the procession was to move when it left the hall to proceed to the abbey. This was of great length; commencing from the north

door of Westminster Hall, it traversed the centre of Palace-Yard, then turning to the right, it passed to Great George Street, and thence to the left, to the front of St. Margaret's church, whence it was carried, following the line of the churchyard, to the west entrance of the abbey, opposite Tothill Street. Such an immense platform was in itself no small curiosity. So, the Londoners and their country-cousins of that time thought, and hundreds daily repaired to watch its progress. From the uncertain character of our climate, it was decided that this boarded way should be surmounted by a framework, over which an awning could be thrown in case of rain.

The interest of the approaching ceremonial was kept up by the descriptions which from time to time came forth of the progress made by the workmen, and by the arrival of foreign princes and noblemen, not less anxious to witness the evidences of England's opulence, than to astonish by their own.

Innumerable were the applications made for tickets of admission to the hall and the abbey, and stern and decisive were the refusals. It was for a time a matter of doubt whether even the representatives of the press would find a place within the walls. A decision favourable to their hopes was in due time pronounced, and one or more than one card given to all the recognized London papers.

It was not till the day before the great day that the sages of the press (of whom I was one upon the occasion) received their tickets. They were delivered to them from an office near the House of Lords, and the receivers, to prevent confusion, proposed an arrangement which was thought very judicious, that they should go by water in a barge by themselves, and be admitted from Cotton garden-stairs. The barge, which was to be at a boat-builder's on the Surrey side of the river, was there to receive those who might reside in that neighbourhood, and at four o'clock in the morning drop down to Waterloo Bridge, where the rest of the fraternity were to join.

That night, in consequence of having to rise unusually early, I went to bed by nine o'clock. A vastly prudent step I thought this, for I considered that retiring at my usual time, and getting up at three o'clock, which would be necessary under the above plan, as I could not hope satisfactorily to array myself in a lace coat, with waistcoat and inexpressibles to match, with bag and sword, in less than an hour—I say I naturally judged that I should feel sleepy and fatigued before the day reached its close. My prudence and foresight proved of little value. From courting my pillow at so unusual an hour, or from thinking too much of courts and kings, or from some other circumstance, I could not rest. Not a moment's sleep did I have that night, and I arose at three o'clock, feverish and unrefreshed, but still not worse off than my friends, for, of twenty cronies whom I encountered in the course of that day, and who were present at the ceremony, I do not think there was one who had not the same lament to breathe.

It was four o'clock in the morning, when, wondering at the superb figure I made in my gay attire, I approached the river side at Lambeth, near the Waterman's Arms, to seek the barge engaged for the "gentlemen of the press." I found it; but learned that the time fixed upon for starting was full early, as the barge was aground, and it wanted an hour to the period of the tide at which we could move.

The day was then just breaking, and one or two of those only

whom I expected to meet had arrived. We were accommodated with a seat in the cabin of the Lord Mayor's barge, which lay there, till our own could be got off. At that early hour the guns had begun to fire, and the bells to ring, which they continued to do without intermission through the whole of the day.

The tide came up, and our bark at length floated. The voyage to Waterloo Bridge was on the point of being commenced, when, putting my hand in my pocket, I discovered with horror that my card of admission was not there. Had the "crack of doom" been announced in that awful moment, I could hardly have known more consternation than I now experienced. My home was distant at least three quarters of a mile. To go and return I had to pass over a mile and a half of ground. No hackney-coach was then to be found, and public cabs were at that period unborn. If I went home for my card, it was necessary that I should go and come on foot; and before I could do this, I had reason to fear that the tide, and my companions who had been waiting for it, relentless as Old Time himself, would have carried away "the vessel of my hope," which I had no expectation of being able to follow, to overtake, or to meet. On the other hand, to go with the barge, having no ticket to produce, would be useless, as I could anticipate no result but being turned back, while my friends were admitted.

I had no alternative but to recover my card at the risk of losing the opportunity of using it, or to save my passage and lose my place. Whichever course I took the danger was great. As my mind fidgetted from one to the other alternative I felt that it was

"Only change of pain,
A bitter change securer to secure;"

but, desiring to choose the smaller of two evils, as, in the one case I had some chance of saving my distance, and, in the other, so it appeared to me, must of necessity be excluded from beholding what I had coveted to see, I did not hesitate long, but started for my home, having requested my friends not to move till my return, and received from them an equivocal assurance that they would attend to my request if I did not detain them too long.

Off I went in great haste, with the best disposition in the world to run, but so hampered with my sword dangling by my side, and my cocked hat—which was not the best fit in the world—tottering on my head, that I could not advance much faster than at my ordinary walking-pace. Under the most favourable circumstances I had abundant reason to dread that before I could travel a mile and a half my intended companions would proceed on their way; but I had another reason for being alarmed. Lest I should oversleep myself, or to see Mr. H. T. in his court-dress, all the inmates of my house had remained out of their beds. I judged that they would be too happy at my *exit* to betake themselves to their repose. To withdraw them from the arms of Morpheus would, as I feared, be a work of time, however vigorously I might agitate the knocker.

But I had the happiness to find this conjecture unfounded. The moment I entered the street in which my residence was situate, to my infinite comfort I saw a friend posted at the door, my card having been found, awaiting my return. She—for it was a lady—advanced to meet me, and with breathless eagerness I clutched the

object of my anxiety, and lost no time in commencing my return to the waterside.

The tide had just fairly lifted our vessel, when I rejoined my friends. We began to move, and, excessively heated by the exercise I had taken, I soon became very sensible of the sharp wind which at that early hour, though it was the middle of summer, played on the river. One of the rowers saw my piteous plight, and kindly lent me his jacket to keep me warm. There wanted but this to render my personal appearance all that a lover of the picturesque could desire. Think of the wearer of a cocked hat, velvet coat, flowered waistcoat, laced frills, bright sword, and glistening knee-buckles, mixed up with a waterman's threadbare old Brummagem, and imagine, if it be possible, anything more *outré* for a pantomime!

At Waterloo Bridge we found the principal gathering of the press, and embarked them as expeditiously as possible. Such an assembly of bedizened scarecrows I never beheld.

“The shade of old Charon ne'er saw such a group.”

All degrees of the peerage were whimsically represented in their attire, which, though in some instances very costly, in many was very indifferently assorted, and was the subject of much mirth among the party. Gaily we passed up the river to the door at which we were to be admitted. This was at Cotton Garden Stairs, a place to which public attention had been particularly drawn a short time anterior to the period of which I am speaking, as there it was that some of the principal witnesses who were brought over to give evidence in support of the bill of pains and penalties had been lodged.

Arrived at Cotton Garden Stairs, we made good our landing, but did not gain admittance in a hurry. We had the pleasure, if pleasure anything so unpleasant could be properly called, of literally *cooling our heels* on the wooden stage and stairs to which we had been carried by our barge at the entrance of the gardens. The morning breeze blew keenly over the surface of the water, and our silken hose, which we did not wear every day at that hour, allowed us to feel it in all its strength.

At length the door opened, and we pressed forward, calling out, as is the custom where all is eager impatience, “There is no occasion for hurry—there will be plenty of room for all,” at the same time pressing on, each striving to be first, as if our lives depended on the struggle of that moment, and as if there had been only a single seat to be scrambled for.

We were then marched about in different directions, into the Hall and out of the Hall, for a considerable time, before we could find our way to the place reserved for the diurnal and hebdomadal historians of that period. At length we reached it. In the higher gallery erected on the east side of Thomas à Becket's vast dining-room, and at the southern extremity of the building, we found our seats.

There were then not many persons in the Hall, but a considerable degree of bustle prevailed. The officers who superintended the arrangements were, as usual, in fine voice, and most magisterial in deportment. But some very important personages soon came on the scene. These were the Barons of the Cinque-Ports, who claimed the honour of carrying the canopy under which it was arranged that his Majesty should walk as he passed to the throne. They attended

thus early to rehearse the grand part they had to perform. To common observers it seemed one of no vast difficulty. But the noble persons who enjoyed this distinction wished that, so far as they were concerned, the celebration should be perfection itself, and they accordingly passed two or three times up and down the immense apartment; and it must be conceded that their awkwardness, which seemed ludicrous in the extreme, was such as to justify their precautions in subjecting themselves to this preparatory exercise.

Though the whole business of the day was essentially theatrical, this preliminary experiment caused much laughter among the spectators, in which the lordly canopy-bearers seemed half disposed to join, and half disposed to resent. Before the expected business of the day commenced in the form prescribed, a more stirring incident occurred. Queen Caroline, though her claim to be received as Queen Consort at the coronation ceremony had, as already stated, been rejected by the privy council, determined in good earnest to go as a visitant. She proceeded to Palace Yard, and advanced to the door of Westminster Hall. In a moment all was confusion within; for when it was found that her Majesty had resolved upon such a step, there were many who believed that, supported up to that moment as she had been by the populace, something very serious indeed might be apprehended as the consequence of "the pressure from without."

"Bar the door!" one voice authoritatively called out, just as the royal claimant was about to enter, and "bar the door," was repeated from all parts of the building. The order was promptly and resolutely obeyed. The queen could gain no admission, and shortly after retired, the object of very general disapprobation. Whether it was that on this occasion preparation had been made by those in power to guard against the enthusiasm usually manifested in her Majesty's favour, by stationing parties who were not friendly to her cause in the vicinity of the hall, or whether the attraction of the day was peculiarly operative on the friends of King George, I cannot say; but the reception she met with in this instance was strongly different from any the Queen had experienced at former periods. It might have been expected that those who thought she was bound to abide by the fiat of that body to whom she had appealed, the privy council, and who felt that it was not for her to give interruption to the inauguration of her husband and sovereign, would have held that the repulse she had received was a sufficient punishment, and have given her at least "the charity of their silence;" but, far from this being the case, she was pursued with the most obstreperous hootings and hisses, intermingled with cries of "Go to Bergami!" "Be off to Como!" with other exclamations still more offensive. The contrast between them and the cordial shouts of applause and sympathy to which she had been long accustomed, struck her most forcibly. She appeared to be shocked and dismayed. The incident probably shortened her life. She sunk beneath the pressure of sickness and sorrow, and in less than a month was consigned to the grave.

While these momentous preliminaries were being adjusted, hour after hour passed away, and I, in the midst of a scene of such singular splendour and historical importance, was vulgar enough to find myself accessible to that common-place every-day visitor, hunger. An intimation had been given on the preceding day, that re-

freshments would be provided for all who were admitted into the Hall, and I now looked about very anxiously for the coffee, or tea, or whatever the managers of this grand affair vouchsafed to furnish forth as breakfast. But in vain did I turn right and left, and in vain did I repeat the inquiry, "When are we to have the refreshments?" Neither bit nor sup reached my lips. I have no doubt that ample provision was made, but I did not know where to seek what I wanted. If I left my place for that purpose, I was not quite sure that I could return to it, and I was afraid of losing some part of the spectacle which was on the point of opening, just at the time when my annoyance from long abstinence became most intolerable.

This was a serious matter. Magnificently as my eyes were feasted, I confess I was very imperfectly satisfied. George IV. "in all his glory," crowns, globes, and sceptres; scarlet, minever, and all that ostentation could display to swell the gorgeous pageantry of princes and ambassadors, proud lords and fair ladies, were before me, but still my inward man repined. I, however, could not but admire the dazzling array. The late Marquis of Londonderry, from the elegance of his person, the nobleness of his deportment, and the splendour of his attire, as well as on account of the high station which he then held in the councils of the state, was an object of general interest and remark.

George the Fourth having duly enacted the part set down for him, according to ancient usage the procession to the abbey was arranged, and the king, his nobles, and all who were to take part in the ceremonial, left the hall. I did not care to follow them. Besides the hunger which mercilessly preyed upon me, I had during the last half hour been much agitated by another anxiety, not more ennobling in itself, and which I am afraid must be called avarice, if a still more unpalatable name does not belong to it. From the gallery in which I was seated, I saw a small bright object glistening with indescribable radiance. I had heard that the dresses of Prince Esterhazy and other high personages were so profusely adorned with diamonds on state occasions, that some of the jewels commonly dropped off and were lost. I made up my mind that what I saw was a diamond, and it occurred to me that to possess myself of such a treasure, to keep as a memento of the Coronation, would be well worth my while. I therefore noted very carefully the objects near it and surrounding it, that I might not be at a loss to discover my prize when I reached the Hall. I soon descended, partly for the purpose of securing it. When I found myself on the stage where the king and the great officers of state had just acted their parts, I looked almost in vain for what I sought. By referring, however, to the other points which I had marked from above, I soon got near it. At first I feared it had been observed and taken care of by somebody else; but this alarm was soon dispelled, and I beheld it where I had looked upon it from the gallery. It would not have been well to pounce upon it too hastily, as that might have invited observation, so I discreetly walked leisurely to it, dropped my handkerchief, and stooping to pick up the latter, grasped the object of my eager search: it was a *spangle*!

This mortification did not take away my appetite, and just at that moment I encountered three gentlemen, an eminent literary character and two booksellers belonging to a great firm in Paternoster Row, who were as hungry as myself. We promptly resolved on

adjourning to a tavern, but they thought it was too late to put up with a common-place breakfast, and as I concurred with them, having made our way to Hillier's Coffee-house, which was then attached to Westminster Hall, we called for a bottle of Sherry, and some sandwiches. These being immediately forthcoming, we consoled ourselves for our previous fasting, and returned to our respective seats.

It might be concluded, after what I have said, that I should have been prudent enough to guard against another taste of starvation. Refreshments had not been supplied in the early part of the day, but this I considered presumptive proof that they would be most abundant at its close. Alack for the truth! After waiting some hours, the suffering of the morning was renewed, and save the viands spread on the tables in the Hall for the peers and others who took part in the ceremonial, no eatables came in sight.

The want of sleep, the unwonted exertions I had made, and last, not least, the inflammatory breakfast above recorded, had thrown me into a high fever. My left eye was particularly affected, and the only part of my encumbering finery which afforded me any comfort, was my sword, the steel hilt of which, when I managed to bend my eye to it, I found extremely cool, and it abated my pain for the moment.

At the Coronation of King George the Third, through some mismanagement, a part of the concluding ceremonies in the Hall were performed in almost total darkness. This was a good deal remarked upon at the time, and it was waggishly reported that the proper court functionaries had gravely promised the King that the mistake should be effectually guarded against at the *next* coronation. I was curious to mark whether the promise was kept, and am free to declare that had the officer who was reproved in 1761 been still living and in his place, he could not have used greater care to atone for his former failure, than was taken by his successor to provide plenty of candle-light. The day was glorious—the sun at mid-day shone with almost insufferable brilliance, and while its most vivid rays poured through the windows of Westminster Hall, the candles were lighted to add their dim flame to the blaze of celestial as well as terrestrial splendour which the ancient walls at that moment enclosed. Why this was done I cannot say. I do not suppose it was from any religious anxiety to make good the pledge given sixty years before: I suspected that the real object of lighting the candles at that early hour, was to afford an opportunity of exhibiting an improved ladder apparatus, which had been brought for the purpose, and which the parties interested in its display, foresaw there would be no opportunity of showing off that day, if it were deferred till light were really wanted.

Well, the procession returned from the abbey, the company took their seats, George the Fourth acted his part with dignity and grace, and the several state officers went through the tasks assigned to them with becoming gravity, but I cannot say that the effect was singularly striking. Every incident was so minutely indicated in the programme, which was in every hand, the mind was so prepared for all that was to be exhibited, that though coveted while unseen, each feature of the solemnity, at the moment it came off, was coldly surveyed as a matter of course, and the spectacle, though one of surpassing grandeur, was not one of very stirring interest. The chal-

lence of the herald in armour, the throwing down of the gauntlet, and the backing of the knight's horse through the hall, after this valorous display, won but faint admiration. Probably the eye, fatigued by the dazzling varieties it had beheld within the last few hours, was satiated with magnificence, and could enjoy no more.

And the coroneted guests seated at the tables in the hall seemed to partake of the languor I have described. They partook but sparingly of the delicacies set before them. The coronation banquet wore less of the aspect of joyous, hearty feasting, than any public entertainment at which I have been present, of which eating and drinking formed a part. His Majesty, I was told, writhing under the heat of the day and the encumbrance of his robes, as he entered the hall on his return from the abbey, recognised Colman the dramatist, and shrugging up his shoulders exclaimed, "O George!" in a low tone which seemed to bespeak commiseration for what he then suffered. Though the Barons of the Cinque Ports attended with their canopy, the king seemed to set no high value on their services; for impatient of being so enclosed, he walked at their head, instead of in the midst of them, and they had nothing for it but to hasten after him with their lumbering, and obviously useless, part of the pageant, which they held over my head about as much as they did over his.

It seemed to everybody a relief when the gorgeous display reached its conclusion. The king withdrew about eight o'clock, and his noble and distinguished guests immediately separated. A scramble then commenced for the ornaments on the table among the crowd of inferior degree, who in one capacity or other had found their way into the Hall. The mobility, though it was understood that they would have been admitted in the olden time, it was thought prudent on this occasion to exclude. I had ascertained at an early period of the day that the objects now contended for were so paltry as to have little intrinsic value, and exhausted as I was by long watching and privations, to which I had been little accustomed, I had no fancy to strive for any of these, but effected my retreat to my own home as expeditiously as possible.

All present admitted the spectacle in the Hall to have been one of surpassing magnificence. This I felt at the moment, but much more strongly did I feel it, when I saw the scene represented at Drury Lane Theatre. Elliston greatly exerted himself to surprise the town, and those who were not present at the coronation, were astonished at its grandeur, while to me, with the real ceremony fresh in my recollection, it appeared pitiful and insignificant. The real robes worn by George the Fourth were sold some years ago by Mr. Phillips, of New Bond Street, by public auction for a trifle, and the spot on which the throne rested and on which the crowned monarch appeared with the sceptre, surrounded by every object of costly gorgeous display, presented before that day twelvemonth a picture strangely different; for there, where I had beheld the majesty of England, every vestige of finery and decoration had vanished; the steps had been removed for repairs which had become necessary, and the places of the king, foreign princes, and peers, were occupied by ragged beggars who were scratching the uncovered earth, in search of nails, rags, or any other trifling objects, which might furnish them with the means of collecting a few pence. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*
H. T.

GRIFFONE.

A STORY OF THE PENINSULA.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

BY COLONEL NAPIER, AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF
"THE PENINSULAR WAR."

THE lady stopped: she held down her head as if distressed by some secret feeling,—the last words of her song seemed to be faintly repeated by unearthly voices from the gulf below, and a momentary gloom pervaded the company, yet it soon passed away, and the conversation again became gay and general.

The cousins were very pretty women, and very agreeable; but the young mistress of the house, for her rights were acknowledged by all the guests, was more than pretty; she was graceful, refined, and piquant; all the movements of her slight but well-rounded figure were indicative of a voluptuous temperament, which her delicate flexible features, her gently-swelling lips, her sudden changes of colour, also betrayed, in despite of her innate modesty and pride,—and of the latter she had a very large share. Her mouth was expressive of talent and sensibility, and her eyes were of such a changeable nature, that those who had not considered them attentively, under all their varieties, would have been at a loss to describe either their colour or predominant character. But Guillemo, who watched every glance, and notwithstanding his apparent indifference, felt all their power, knew that they were blue, and more often tender in their expression than gay. Nevertheless her general deportment was lively, eager, animated, often brusque and disdainful, sometimes even a little fierce. She indeed made it be felt by all who approached her, that if she could love, she could also scorn: she might yield to a bold lover, she would never suffer a tyrant. There was also at times a laughing malice in her looks, which, by contrast, rendered the melting tenderness of her gentler expression infinitely touching and attractive. In fine, she resembled in many points of beauty, of accomplishment, and of manner ———, yet with this difference, that in all things she was inferior to that exquisitely created but capricious person. For the memory which has preserved the Portuguese lady's charms was young and fresh when it received the impression, and the ardour of the officer's imagination was excited by the romantic circumstances of the moment; in truth they were all necessary to sustain the comparison. The adventure, the supper, the delicious temperature, the moonlight scenery, were powerful auxiliaries to the beauty of the girl of the valley, whereas ——— would give a charm to the most hideous desert. And yet the Portuguese lady was very beautiful and very delight-

ful, but many degrees may be attained after passing the line of beauty without reaching the perfection of — — —.

Yes! the stars of heaven are lovely,
Their radiance none disown,
Yet that gracious one of evening
In her beauty moves alone.

Now, to return from this digression, it must be observed, that whatever was the degree of the Portuguese lady's attractions, long before the festivity was over Don Guillelmo's manner became more thoughtful and restrained than it was at the beginning; and it is certain that he repented more than once of having refused the pressing solicitations of the morning to remain in the house. The invitation was not repeated, and when at a late hour the party separated, the lady, with rather a laughing malicious expression in her eyes, made her obeisance to him, hoping that his new quarters would prove more agreeable than his old. He already hated the former, and execrating his own stupidity and caution, in the bitterness of the moment resolved that where a woman was in question he would never be prudent again. Perhaps he was right, for it is certain that the caution of men may mar, but can never mend, the sudden emanations of woman's quick wit in what concerns the heart, and the attempt always causes some despoite, some disappointing of their will, some curdling of the creamy flow of their affections, without checking their desires.

That night Guillelmo slept little. His wound pained him, his mind was occupied with the strange events of the day, and tormented by the reflection that he had stupidly abandoned his former quarters at the moment when they were most agreeable to him; and when, towards morning, he fell into a slumber, he only exchanged the distinct dreams of too much wakefulness, for the indistinct visions of disturbed sleep. Wild, fearful scenes, flitted before him; all his waking thoughts, all the adventures and traditions of the valley of Das Iras, confused together, resolved themselves into forms and actions in which the awful and the ridiculous were mingled in a wonderful manner.

First, he thought he stood with his regiment on the long, narrow, dark bridge, over the rapid stream of the Coa. The sound of cannon shook the ground like an earthquake; the rocks, loosened on the mountain's side by the concussion, rolled down with frightful violence, and dashed into the swollen river below; the flashes from ten thousand muskets darted around, and from the midst of the smoke the French grenadiers, uttering wild and terrible cries, rushed, with their bayonets in advance, upon the bridge. But, when the combatants should have closed with clashing steel, their deathful shouts dwindled into sharp, voluble mutterings, shrill imprecations, and their fierce, daring countenances changed to the likenesses of the wicked *padres*.

Suddenly the bridge and the multitude disappeared, the officer stood alone upon one of the highest and bleakest rocks of the Estrella; dark, heavy clouds were revolving and careering with tortuous convolutions around its snowy summit, the rain poured down, and the crashing thunder of heaven had replaced that of man. The waters leaped, the lightning played, a thousand vultures screamed around, and a huge serpent, lifting its head, hissed close in his ear. Fear seized him; with a desperate spring, he launched himself into the gulf below, but the air seemed to bear him naturally and easily along towards the lovely valley of Das Iras, until he finally found himself standing in safety at the foot of a tower that he had never before seen.

The tempest was now lushed, and much the officer wondered at the loftiness of the building, which seemed to reach the clouds, but, while he gazed upon the sightly edifice, the solid wall opened, a lurid flame shot out from the fissure, and a gigantic figure, wrapped in a black cloak of an ancient fashion, coming forth with a stately motion, confronted him. The face was pale and haggard, but awful, for the features were rigid and majestic, and there was a fierce, wrathful look in the eyes that made the blood stagnate, and the marrow chill and harden within the bones. And by the side of this spectre stood a female form of great beauty, though somewhat indistinct; her looks were bent with frenzied earnestness upon a child of surpassing loveliness which she carried in her arms, deep sighs heaved her bosom, and ever and anon she bent down her head to kiss the babe, speaking to it in low, piteous tones, but it regarded her not, its looks were upon vacancy, it neither spoke nor moved.

The dark, stately phantom, kept its eyes fixed upon Guillemo, its lips did not appear to vibrate, but a deep-toned, unearthly voice, uttered these words.

“Stranger, what doest thou here in my valley? Art thou come with thy light heart and lighter thoughts, and thy joyous anticipations, to mock the desolation of my house? Thou shalt remember the hour. Is the valley delightful to thy sight? Is the lady beautiful? Dost thou love? Dost thou hope to be loved in return? Be it so. Yet this is still the valley of wrath and disaster, and ever shall be so. Vain man! It is not me, but fate that speaks. The lady shall love thee, but too late for thy repose wilt thou discover it; and the remembrance shall sting thee, aye! with as sharp a pang as that which torments me when I recall the folly of building this hope-deceiving tower, instead of slaying that ill-boding, cursed wizard, on the spot, when he spoke the prophecy which he was resolved to fulfil.

“Thou followest war; it shall disappoint thy hopes. Pains and discontent, wounds and neglect, it shall bring thee, and many others; for those upon whom the honours and rewards shall fall are marked out beforehand. Thou seekest the love of

woman, and, lo ! it will lead only to enmity. Nor thou, nor the lady of the valley shall be happy. Neither shall the valley itself keep its delights ; the invader comes, and its beauty is effaced."

The voice ceased, and instantly the female spectre, without taking her eyes from the child, commenced chanting in a low tone the Portuguese lady's song.

"This is the vale of wrath and sorrow,
Here no pleasures await the morrow ;
Griffone, Griffone soars on high,
And grief still follows his mournful cry," &c. &c.

When her chant was ended, a strain of wild, melancholy music, which seemed to rise from the top of the tower, prolonged her notes for a while, and then floating upwards in airy circles, grew fainter and fainter, until the sound was lost in the regions above. Meanwhile the female phantom, slowly turning her countenance from the child, fixed her regard, as her dark baron still continued to do, upon Guillelmo. Her face seemed to be the face of the Portuguese lady, and her large blue eyes bore a reproachful expression, but they were motionless, and so chilling ! Vainly, Guillelmo thought, he strove to deprecate her displeasure ; words were denied him ; he could not speak, he could not move ; the spell worked fearfully, his heart was hardening into stone, when suddenly the child, hitherto so lifeless, gave a shrill waking cry. The female phantom shrieked, the hiss of a mighty serpent was heard, and another spectre stood confronting the stately lord. As tall and dark, but of sterner appearance and gesture, it stood before him. Something like hair streamed from the head, fierce gleaming eyeballs shot fire from beneath brows which seemed to be black, living snakes ; the garment which wrapped the body dilated, contracted, coiled, and undulated around a figure which was in continual movement, and ever-varying in form.

"Ha ! dost thou then feel me now, mine enemy ?" it hissed in the face of the baron, and the next instant the two spectres were engaged in a terrible combat, but their original shapes they kept not. The baron was a monstrous griffin ; a bright gold collar encircled his neck, his beak and talons were like shining bronze, his broad dark wings spread and rustled like a coming tempest ; he seized the wizard, who was become an immense serpent, in his claws, and majestically rose, cuffing and buffeting the reptile with his beak and mighty pinions, and uttering loud and dreadful cries. High and swiftly he soared, until a dark cloud received them, the thunder again bellowing with deafening clamour ; but deep within the black cloud the angry shrieks of the bird, and the malignant hissing of the serpent, were still frightfully distinct. Suddenly the child clapped its tiny hands, the mother-spectre vanished with it on the instant, the clamour ceased in the cloud, and only the sounding stroke

of the griffin's wing was heard as he seemed to pass away on the last howling blast of the tempest.

Large drops of blood now came plashing heavily on the ground, followed by a shower of pieces of the snake, each piece still writhing and contorted, instinct with life. But, lo! the power of dreaming! In a moment the tower was converted into the sandstone archways and grottos of Das Iras, the drops of blood swelled and bubbled up into gurgling streams and spouting fountains of water, the gobbets of the snake's flesh, enlarging, were turned into a hundred wicked *padres*, with fiery serpent's eyes and hissing tongues. They immediately fell upon Guillelmo. Astonished at these wonderful changes, he attempted to fly from the scene, but his limbs refused to move rapidly, his direful enemies gained ground, he gave himself up for lost, when a loud burst of laughter made him turn his head, and, behold! the wicked *padres* were converted into the Portuguese girls of the grottos; again they gathered about him, again their warm rounded arms supported him, again their musical voices called him "Coitadinho! cabocino!" &c. Again they laughed, but so loudly that he awoke with a start. Yet still the laughter rung in his ears, the voices of the girls resounded quite distinctly. It was broad daylight; they were all assembled in the next room, on a visit to the lady at whose home he was now quartered.

She was an old shrewd Portuguese woman, very good-natured and very jocular. The young ladies, it appeared, were scions of different Fidalgo families, and had been sent for refuge to this sequestered village, to avoid the annoyance and evils which the continual passage of troops on the great routes rendered but too certain. They were all youthful, thoughtless, uneducated, and unconscious of the peril which menaced both themselves and their country. Reckless of everything but the present moment, and in the actual enjoyment of a freedom they had been before unused to, they were as innocent, as joyous, as full of mirth and mad-cap frolic, as young ladies, suddenly released from the sombre, austere restrictions of a Portuguese Fidalgo's house, might be supposed to be. They danced, they sung, they played a thousand tricks to one another; they eagerly questioned Don Guillelmo about England, and the beauty of English women, about his uniform, about his religion, about his wound, about the state of his heart, with a thousand other idle things, and this time they called him *Senhor Capitaó*; then they would break out with such bursts of glee, jumping and clapping their hands at every answer, whether grave or gay, that the noise could be heard all over the village, and the echoes rattled along the mountain side.

Don Guillelmo was at first delighted with their riotous gaiety; he was in hopes that it would attract the attention of

the lady of his old quarters, and bring her to join the party; his eyes were continually turned towards the side on which her house was placed, but he looked and longed in vain, and his manner by degrees grew less animated. At last he became so thoughtful and abstracted, that the old lady, who had been as riotous as the boldest of the young ones, suddenly laid her finger on her lips to enjoin silence, and then advancing with a slow step and demure look, said very gravely,—

“ Senhor, you are not well !”

“ Yes, Senhora, I am very well ! Why do you think I am not ?”

“ No, Senhor Capitaó, you are ill, I am sure of it : let me feel your pulse.”

So saying she took his hand, and placing her fingers on his wrist, attentively counted the pulsations. “ Yes !” she exclaimed at length, “ yes, you are ill. Your pulse speaks, and in good Portuguese also. It calls names.”

“ How so ?”

“ Thus, Senhor. If you were well it would say *jaõ ! jaõ ! jaõ !* But you are ill, and when I questioned it, the reply was, *Francisco ! Francisco ! Francisco !* The cause of your illness is fever ; you caught it last night ; an immediate change of air is absolutely necessary ; you must return to your old quarters for the rest of the day.” Then the whole party burst out anew with shouts of merriment, and gathering around, carried him off, nothing reluctant, to the house of the young lady, who received him very graciously.

He remained there a long time, and having discovered that his visit was not disagreeable, he repeated it every morning, under pretence of fulfilling his engagement to protect the lady from the ferocious and dreaded *padres*. She was never alone ; one or other of the cousins, or all the grotto nymphs, always formed part of the society, and a thousand entertaining outbreaks, on the part of these pretty little barbarians, made the time pass agreeably enough ; yet neither Guillelmo nor Angela, such was the Portuguese lady’s name, seemed really pleased ; both were at times pensive, abstracted, even melancholy, and there was an increasing constraint in his manner when he addressed her, which contrasted strongly with the freedom which marked his intercourse with the other girls. With them he was continually laughing and joking in uncontrollable joyousness, for they were joyful of nature, and he was one whose mind easily reflected the light and colours of those he lived with ; he could be alike fierce and gloomy, or gay and *debonnaire*, as the occasion was furnished.

One day, however, the grotto girls did not make their appearance, the cousins also were absent, and the Portuguese lady having proposed a walk, they sauntered together along one of the narrow pathways, numbers of which were cut through

the hanging woods on the mountain side. Talking at first upon indifferent subjects, and without heed as to where they were going, they had penetrated deeply into the woods ere they were aware of it. The air was deliciously softened by the shade of the trees, a thousand birds, of the most beautiful plumage, were sporting and hopping from bough to bough, and their low notes, heard only at intervals, made the imposing solitude of that umbrageous mountain more apparent to the senses. The effect was soon visible on the two saunterers; their conversation became less animated, their voices sunk almost to whispers, their steps became careless and slow. Suddenly a large snake glided before them: the lady started, her foot struck against a root which crossed the narrow pathway, she gave a slight cry, and would have fallen if the officer had not caught her; when she recovered, he for the first time offered her support, which she accepted with a smile, saying she feared the snake was the old wizard of the valley; but her gesture was timid and hesitating, and her arm trembled a little as she placed it gently within that offered in support.

They pursued their walk. The wing-feather of some large bird floating from above fell gently upon Angela's bosom; she grew a little pale; but, taking it in her hand, turned towards Guillelmo, and, with a mixture of gaiety and melancholy, said, "We have met this wizard. This feather must be from the wing of Griffone. I know not if it portends good or evil. To me, alas!" and as she spoke a painful expression crossed her beautiful face, "he has never yet been favourable, although I am descended from his house. Take it, however, Guillelmo; it will remind you sometimes of the valley, and perhaps of Angela." A faint blush was just perceptible on her cheek, and Guillelmo placed the feather next his heart.

Neither spoke for some time afterwards; their steps, slow before, became slower; their eyes were cast down, they seemed alike absorbed in deep thought. A second snake crossed their path; Guillelmo pressed her arm closer to his, as if to assure her of protection; the pressure was slightly returned; there was another interval of silence, and then the officer was just going to express the feelings which agitated him, when the lady, in a low, tender voice, forestalled him, saying,—

"Don Guillelmo, have I ever offended you?"

"Offended me, Angela, oh no! Why do you ask such a question?" and he pressed her arm more positively.

"Because you never speak to me, nor laugh with me, as you do with those other girls," meaning the grotto nymphs and the cousins.

"But, Angela, is talking a sure sign of liking?"

"I do not know, Guillelmo, but it is, at least, an agreeable way of showing it."

The officer's hand was gently placed, as if by accident, upon

the beautiful little warm fingers which were then resting on his arm.

“Angela! dearest Angela! do I look as if I disliked you?”

A slight tremor could be discerned on her upper lip, her eyes were cast down, she sighed, and said no more.

* * * * *

The fortress of Almeida having fallen unexpectedly, terror and grief were spread through the most sequestered valleys of the Estrella; the French army, which had been so long creeping like a baleful vapour, over the Spanish plains beyond the Coa, now ascended to the tops of the high mountains above Celerico, and there resting for a moment, cast a gloomy shadow over Portugal. The allies were immediately concentrated, the beautiful valley of Das Iras resounded with the crash of military music, as column after column wound around the base of the mountain, threading the deep ravines at the bottom of the gulf, a Portuguese battalion entering the village itself, occupied all the houses, and as the officer's wound was now well he rejoined his regiment, then with the advanced guard of the army.

The continual marches and countermarches, the bivouacs and skirmishes which ensued, gave him little time to think much of the valley and its charming inhabitants; but after a fortnight of military adventures, Guillelmo one night found himself with a picquet, posted high up amongst the crags of the huge Estrella mountain. The moon had risen full and bright, the snowy peak seemed to nod close over head, and deep below was the valley of the Mondego with its complication of winding waters, shining in silvery brightness, while beyond the river, on the opposite mountain, the village of Das Iras, with its dark heavy woods, could be plainly discerned.

The officer's heart throbbed, his eyes fastened on the delightful valley until his imagination and his feelings became so violently excited, that he thought himself once more there, and stretched forth his arms involuntarily as if to clasp something dear to him. The flap of a vulture's wing made him start. He looked with a hurried glance upwards and beheld the enormous bird slowly sailing over his head, but gradually and imperceptibly it sunk a little below him, floating so closely beneath for a moment, that, in his agitation, he thought he heard a low voice say, “I am Griffone! leap upon my back, and I will carry you to my own valley and to Angela!” But alas! the hills and the valley of Das Iras, and far beyond and around, the fires of the invading Franks glittered; they were on every mountain and in every vale. Guillelmo shook his head mournfully, he thought of his dream, the vulture gave one loud melancholy cry, and sailed away majestically, while the officer, uttering the name of Angela aloud, turned with an oppressed heart to mingle with his men, who were stretched around the fires,

and, after the manner of soldiers, relating tales of war, and of love both true and sad ; and these tales they mingled with jests about their officers and themselves, for the bivouac-night is their *saturnalia*.

First, they told how the handsome but simple lieutenant, being alone with the lovely Lucia de Palacios de Dos Casas, she whispered to him that his eyes were so bright they frightened her, and then let fall the candle in corroboration of the fact ; and how the grave young man reprimanded her for her carelessness, ordering her to fetch another light, and how the beautiful girl immediately obeyed, innocently remarking that she supposed it was "*costumbre Inglese*," that general excuse of the Peninsulars for any wayward conduct of their English friends.

Then as if to assert their right to take such freedoms with their officers' characters, the soldiers spoke of their recent combat on the Coa ; of the strong battle they had there made, and of the fierce heroism of the "*Boy Stewart*," an Irish youth, so called by them from his gigantic stature and playful disposition. And also they spoke, but in lower tones and with manly feeling, of the more calm, devoted heroism of the Manxman, Quillan. They told how Stewart, a corporal, after bravely fighting and readily obeying every order until the regiment was driven over the bridge, turned, and exclaiming, "*The boy Stewart shall never live to hear it said that he was beaten in his first battle !*" strode forward in colossal majesty, throwing himself into the midst of the enemy, and striking down or bayoneting every person within his reach. In vain his own comrades shouted to him to come back ; in vain the enemy admiring the grandeur of his presence, his fierce and desperate bearing, offered him quarter ; he stood and fought until pierced with innumerable wounds—he obtained that death which he went to seek.

This noble fellow's resolution, his great but mistaken sense of honour, was at once admired, praised, and condemned by the men ; for they said he had pledged his life to his country, and ought not to have thrown it away ; yet they deplored his loss as a good comrade and a worthy soldier. But when they spoke of Quillan, the sergeant ; of his unostentatious, his unparalleled devotion, the tears trickled down their stern, swarthy cheeks. Gentle of manner, modest in demeanour, they all admitted that he was a quiet soldier, well-behaved and respected by all ranks. The surface was smooth, but the heroic fire was latent beneath. Quillan saw his officer, a lad of sixteen, while advancing against the enemy, going to ascend a bank at a particular spot, against which two Frenchmen had been long pointing their muskets from rests at a short distance. He saw them and pulled his young leader down, saying with a calm decided voice, "*You are too young, sir, to be killed.*" Then

mounting the bank himself, he fell dead, pierced by two balls!

Oh! great and glorious were the deeds, and high and generous were the aspirations of the British soldiers who fought in the Peninsula. But they have no chronicler to record their individual exploits, no impassioned writer to make known their lofty sentiments, none to defend them from the oft-repeated, the foul, the false charge of brutishness. Their blood has drenched the earth, their bones whiten the hills of every country on the surface of the globe. Their merits are forgotten, and the survivors wander, for the most part, indigent and neglected, or insulted by those who wallow in the wealth protected by the valour of the now despised veteran. To the God of armies he must look for sympathy and help—all other is denied him.

It was with such tales as the above that the night was worn away on the Estrella, and the next morning the army descended the sides of that huge mountain like a herd of famishing wolves; for Massena had suddenly concentrated his forces on the right of the Mondego, and Wellington, fearful of being cut off from Coimbra, hastily passing that river also, placed his advanced posts on the Dao and the Criz. But the flood of war was full and raging. Ney, the foremost of men in battle, passed the Criz with thirty thousand veterans, and drove the advanced posts of the allies back, fighting to the great mountain of Busaco, where he was joined by Massena; and the hostile armies, fronting each other, crowned the black and lofty ridges of those mighty hills, on which in frowning opposition, one hundred and forty thousand warriors were assembled, waiting for the signal to try the fate of battle.

During this retrograde movement the division to which Guillelmo's regiment belonged halted for one night at a place, called by the country people "*The Devil's Lair.*" The peasants with superstitious fears shook their heads, declaring that if the soldiers encamped there some evil would certainly befall them. It had always been so, and would be so to the end of time, for the great devil had marked the spot for his own. Notwithstanding this prediction the division occupied *the lair*, which was a pleasant—the devil likes pleasant places—wood of tall, slender pines, dry and open growing on a pleasant rise of ground, with a small stream of clear water winding at the base.

The picquets were soon posted, and the fires lighted; the march had been short, the bivouac was good, the rations large, and served out in time; the night was fine, and the whole camp, joyous and happy, defied the devil and all his works; though certain pious persons, more charitable towards themselves than their neighbours, have affirmed that a camp is one of his most elaborate productions. However, on the present occasion all defied or laughed at him, save Guillelmo, whose spirits were unusually gloomy. Angela's fate was unknown to him, and the

recollection of his singular dream in the valley haunted his imagination. Already a part of the spectre-baron's denunciations had been realized. Angela's love had left the sharp sting behind, and every soaring vulture brought the wrathful, menacing Griffone to his remembrance.

Oppressed by his thoughts, about midnight he sunk into an uneasy sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused by the strangest and most terrible clamour. Starting up, he beheld, as he thought, the whole wood in flames. The fire danced and leaped from tree to tree, throwing out innumerable sparks. The soldiers were running about, shouting as if possessed by evil spirits, and a herd of wild bulls with fiery horns seemed to be pursuing them in all directions, crashing in their furious career the slender pine-trees to splinters. Astounded alike by the suddenness of the thing, the dreadful noises, the terrific sights, Guillelmo gazed, bewildered, for a moment. Suddenly he beheld, as he thought, Angela flying towards him, pursued by four monstrous bulls, on the backs of three of which sat the wicked *padres* hissing with all their might; but, on the fourth and foremost stood Griffone himself in his human shape, upright and tall, and stern as he appeared in the dream; in his hands he grasped bundles of serpents, which he hurled before him with dreadful shouts. Maddened by this terrible sight, Guillelmo, catching up what seemed to him Angela, fled with incredible velocity towards the little stream below, at the foot of the hill; but scarcely had he gained the middle of the water when the illusion was dispelled. The peasants had truly spoken—it was the devil's work.

A general panic had seized the camp; none escaped its influence. The noise was the fearful cry of five thousand bewildered or bedevilled soldiers. The bulls were the camp animals, who, apparently as insane as their masters, had burst their fastenings, and were galloping wildly abroad, breaking the tall, slender pine-trees like reeds, overturning the piles of musquets, and dashing about the embers of the bivouac fires, thus creating the belief that they were monsters all flaming and furious to destroy. Griffone, and the *padres*, existed only in Guillelmo's imagination. Angela proved to be a brother officer, speaking with a broad provincial accent, and of Herculean dimensions and weight, whom Guillelmo had, nevertheless, in the mad hurry of the moment, carried away as if he had been an infant.

Calm, and clear, and glorious was the night which preceded the fight of Busaco, and so innumerable and bright were the watch-fires, that it seemed as if the mountain tops had been lifted to the sky and thrust amidst the starry hosts. But if the night's illusion elevated the scene towards heaven, that of the morning dawn seemed to sink the dark valley below to the bottomless pit; for the battle commenced there, and the

terrible cries, and the thundering sounds of the musquetry, and the rolling of the sulphury clouds of smoke, through which the eye could only distinguish black and furious figures bounding and rushing to and fro, and dealing around them quick flashing fires of death, appeared to announce that the bonds of hell had been broken, and the demons ascending, with all their terrors, to the upper world.

The contest was fierce and bloody, the French were repulsed, and the troops on both sides were resting on their arms in the evening when a Portuguese peasant girl was observed winding her way, apparently unheeded by any, through the midst of the French lines: she descended the mountain, crossed the valley, and ascended to the British camp, where the soldiers, who had been watching her progress, instantly gathered about her, curious to know what she might be who could thus so calmly pass through fighting armies. And much they were moved in their feelings when they found that her only talisman of safety was the extreme innocence of her mind. No idea of danger had ever crossed her thoughts, she suspected nothing, feared nothing, doubted nothing, and her confiding simplicity had been as a panoply of steel around her. God walked with her, and men wondered at, but could not injure, the poor wandering maiden. And she, in her turn, marvelled as much at them; she marvelled that they could live on the mountain ridge; she marvelled at their numbers, at their array, and with many expressions of pity, exclaimed upon their hard fate—"Coitadinhos," she repeatedly exclaimed, "*Coitadinhos Nuõ tem casa ni pan, ni sel,*"—Poor things, poor things, they have no homes, no bread, no salt!

The laughter of the soldiers when they heard this poor girl, whom they looked upon as scarcely better off than Daniel in the lions' den, thus express her pity for their sufferings, was loud and boisterous; she looked around her with wonder at the cause of their merriment, when suddenly her eyes rested on the officer, and she instantly exclaimed, "Ah! Don Guillelmo!" she was one of the poor village girls of Das Iras. He took her on one side and eagerly inquired about the fate of the beautiful valley and its inhabitants. Her tale was short. It was still the valley of wrath; the enemy had inundated it, the villagers had dispersed in terror; she herself was going to seek a quieter abode. Guillelmo, with a beating heart but a careless manner, mentioned Angela; the girl smiled, but instantly assuming a look of sorrow, said she feared some evil had befallen her, not from the enemy, but through the means of the *padres*; for soon after the officer had quitted the village strange men had come to Angela's house and carried her away with them; not indeed by violence, but against her inclination, as it was observed that she wept bitterly.

Struck to the soul by th intelligence, Guillelmo turned to

hide his emotion; the poor girl, seeing that he was deeply affected, gave him to understand that she knew the cause, and endeavoured to comfort him by saying, that she thought no mischief could have happened to her, as she went with those who came for her, without resisting, showing more sorrow than fear. These kind efforts had some power to alleviate his grief. But what can a soldier do with feelings of this nature in war-time? He has not leisure for mental distress. Let his heart be softened by beauty, or melted by misery, the next moment he must retemper it to meet the terrible incidents of his profession; he may be sick with sorrow, and faint in soul with grief; his bitterness may be like gall, but he must do his work: and yet it is this stormy vicissitude to which he is exposed, that keeps his feelings fresh, untainted, and impatient of the calculating sordid stagnation of civil life. War is the offspring of wickedness, but it is the parent of generosity, and of high though tumultuous emotions. Stifling his sorrow, Guillelmo cast but one look towards the distant point where Val Das Iras was situated, and then gazed with melancholy thoughts upon the vultures who were congregating over the recent field of battle, till he half believed that one more huge than the rest, and soaring alone, was not only the same he had seen on the Estrella, but that it was Griffoné himself, satisfying his wrath by watching the gradual fulfilment of his malediction in the dream.

All that night and the next day the hostile armies remained tranquil, and nothing seemed to have been changed on the enemy's position in front; but in the evening the glittering of arms far in the west attracted attention, and soon a long, dark column of men was discovered winding along the sides of the distant mountains to the left. The French general had gained an important march, the head of his army was already in the low ground between the allies and the sea, and twenty-four hours more might place him between them and Lisbon!

Scarcely had this state of affairs been discovered from the small plain in front of the convent of Busaco, when Wellington, who had heard something of the enemy's movements and object, came up at a gallop. Hastily he dismounted, hastily he turned his anxious and piercing looks towards the west, steadfastly regarding, for some moments, the long line of French troops then coiling like a huge black shining snake around those very hills which he had hoped to make an impassable barrier to Massena's progress. His eyes visibly enlarged as he gazed, his brow wrinkled, his complexion grew paler than usual. Suddenly turning on his heel, he picked up several bits of heath, and biting them with a quick unconscious motion, walked hastily up and down, exhibiting a striking picture of mortification, in which, however, there was nothing mean or insignificant; for his countenance was so stern and menacing, that none dared to approach him, and there was a general stillness around. In a

few minutes he remounted his horse, without uttering a word, and rode away. Half an hour after, sixty thousand men and a hundred pieces of artillery were in march along the rugged sides of the Sierra de Busaco.

All that night the allied troops were moving incessantly through the narrow defiles, down the sides of the Sierra, into the low ground on the left, and by twelve o'clock on the 30th, the army was once more in order of battle between Massena and Coimbra. But the French general was now in a country where his powerful cavalry could act, and the allies, unable to give him battle on the open ground, retired behind the defiles of Condeixa, thus abandoning the line of the Mondego and the city of Coimbra.

Alas, alas! to what dreadful scenes this movement gave birth. Famine, and terror, and the sword were abroad, and all the horrors that bodily suffering and mental misery can produce, were rife. The people of Coimbra, influenced at once by their fear of the enemy and the harsh orders of their own government, poured forth in crowds. There were to be seen all ages, and both sexes; the old man and his nurse, the maniac and his keeper; the bed-ridden creature and the unweaned infant; the pale despairing lady and the boisterous ruffian; all mingled together, without help, without control, shrieking and striving, according to their strength or madness, to force their way along with the retreating soldiers. But these last, grim with the smoke of powder, and alarmed at their own dangerous position, were furiously endeavouring to shake off the increasing crowds, and keep themselves free to fight the enemy, whose cavalry, hovering on all sides, were fording the river and already skirmishing with the allied horsemen at the distance of pistol shot. In this terrible confusion, the mob of soldiers and fugitives bursting together through the close, rocky defiles of Condeixa, poured into the open country beyond. Fortunately the French, by delaying some days in Coimbra, gave time for the miserable people to separate from the troops, and make their way by the different lateral routes, with somewhat less of haste and distress, either to Lisbon or to different asylums distant from the scene of hostilities. In a few days, however, the enemy again pushed forwards, and daily and nightly combats took place between their advanced guards and the rear of the allies, the latter retiring slowly towards the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras.

It was during this second period of the retreat that Don Guillelmo was one evening directed to halt and form a picquet near some old houses at the edge of a wild moor near Alemquer. The first part of the wet season had now set in, and the rain was coming down, not in torrents, but in water-spouts, from a dark, heavy, low, hanging, gloomy cloud, which, like a huge pall, covered the earth. The soldiers, standing carelessly in groups, blocked up the high road; a cavalry skirmish was

going on in front ; French prisoners, mixed with English dragoons, all gashed with sabre-cuts and drenched in blood, were passing to the rear. The officer, not in the happiest mood, and shocked by the appearance of the poor wounded men, had turned from them, and leaning on his sword was gazing unconsciously on the cloud above, when suddenly stooping from the midst of its dark volume, a large vulture came sailing downwards, and hovering for a moment close over his head, uttered its shrill cry and passed on. The Val Das Iras and all its associations rushed upon his mind, and with a start he muttered to himself "*Griffoné!*" the next instant a low musical voice, close behind him, murmured "Guillelmo!" His heart leaped at the sound, he turned hastily, but only beheld, what appeared to him, an old woman mounted on a mule and closely muffled in a coarse country cloak. His eyes wandered rapidly over this strange figure and then drooped, a sickening feeling of disappointment came over him, and he was going to turn away, when the same sweet musical voice again, and with a more tender accent, murmured "Guillelmo, are you offended with me?" at the same moment the hood of the seeming old woman's cloak was half opened, and disclosed the lovely face of Angela, somewhat pale and sorrowful, indeed, but more beautiful than ever.

He would have sprung forward to embrace her, but before his surprise gave him the power, Angela's looks plainly said, "*beware!*" and her finger pointed towards a large, raw-boned, ferocious-looking man, in a brown cloak, having a long heavy gun in one hand, a rope leading from her mule's head-gear in the other, and a huge knife stuck in his girdle. He was, however, too intent upon watching the wounded men who were passing, to be aware of the recognition which was taking place behind him ; and the officer, being thus warned of his importance, changed his manner, and with a loud voice and military salute, touching his schako, thus addressed the lady.

"Senhora, is there anything that I or my men can do to serve you?"

Her surly guardian turned sharply round at these words ; but seeing that it was the commander of the troops who spoke, and that his manner and address were grave and courteous, took no further notice, but continued to gaze on the passing wounded prisoners with a ferocious delight, at times muttering curses on them, and giving vent to his national hatred by abusive words.

Having lulled the vigilance of the peasant in this manner, Guillelmo, approaching close to Angela, eagerly asked her how she came there ? where she was going ? what had passed since he left her in the lovely valley ?

"Ah ! Guillelmo, the story is long, and the subject painful, but I am going to my friends in Lisbon ;" then with a deep sigh she looked timidly towards her rough guardian.

The officer's blood circulated with great violence; he was young and sanguine of temper—war was a game of adventure—his heart beat strongly—the beautiful eyes of Angela were fixed on his with a swimming plaintive expression; one instant he hesitated, then stepping forward, he put his head close to hers, and taking her small hand, which seemed to be purposely placed beyond the edge of her cloak, said with a low, compressed, but earnest accent, while his eye glanced towards the surly peasant,—

“Angela, are you under any restraint?”

She was silent.

“Angela, these men are mine; they will do my bidding; are you really going to your friends?”

Her eyelids sunk, the long dark fringes of her eyelashes fell on her cheek, which was of marble paleness. Her lips trembled a little, but she spoke not.

“Angela, dearest Angela! answer me, are you happy?”

A slight “No!” was murmured, and a large tear gathered in her eye. Guillelmo's hand pressed hers more closely, her head drooped towards his, the tear dropped upon her cheek, one moment more and he would have lifted her from the mule; but with a sudden movement she withdrew her hand, her face flushed, and sighing out, “No! I am not happy!—adios, Guillelmo!” she pulled the hood of her cloak down, the peasant turned at the instant, and struck the mule, which darted forward, the soldiers closed in, and Guillelmo never saw Angela more!

But he still remembers her, still retains the feather from Griffoné's wing!

CHARADE.

“Up, lady, up to the turret's height,

Gaze far as eye can strain;

There are glittering spears and armour bright,

And pennon and plume—'tis a glorious sight

On the peaceful hill and plain;

For the iron rule of my *First* hath pass'd,

And the loved and the brave are return'd at last.

“With my *Second* still close to his faithful heart,

Doubt not thy knight is there;

That golden shield has repell'd each dart,

And the cruel sword has not dared to part

Those links so soft and fair.

The pledge at the moment of parting given

Has found mercy on earth and mercy in heaven.”—

“Peace, boaster vain!” a stern voice said,

And my *Whole* before us stood,—

“Peace! for thou speak'st of the long since dead,

And long has that vaunted pledge been red

In the gallant wearer's blood!”—

He said,—and ere night-fall the lady knew

That the words of the prophet of ill were true.

P. O. P.

THE COURIER.

“ I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear,
He neither must know who would be a courier.”

BYRON.

WE fondly imagine that our tight little island produces everything which it does produce in the very highest perfection. There lives not the lukewarm Briton who can quench his thirst with *biere de Mars*, dine on *bifstecks de mouton* at a Parisian *café*, or gallop a nag, sprung from the Razza del Re up the Strada Nova at Naples, without a sigh, expressed or understood, for the very superior articles of the same species which he could enjoy were he in England, through the intervention of Messrs. Hodson, Giblett, or Tilbury. The sight of one German postillion conducting six stallions at a banging trot down hill, and at the same time executing a villanously complicated solo on his huge horn, fails to convince an Englishman, as he ought to be convinced, that any continental coachmanship can compare with that of Jack Peer, or the Brighton Baronet, although even those Homers do occasionally nod, and deteriorate their passengers' precious limbs; and the finest bunch of grapes ever grown at Fontainebleau is surpassed in his mind's eye by the costly efforts of his own Scotch forcing gardener. He cannot bring himself to believe that any foreigner breathing the breath of life can back a horse as skilfully as his own diminutive groom; or that a butler is to be found without the white cliffs of Albion capable of decanting port wine as steadily, and burnishing plate as brightly, as his own corpulent and trustworthy factotum.

As to the relative merits of insular and continental cooks, if our patriot enjoys a good digestion, and be free from gout, he will perhaps liberally allow that that is one of the very few questions open to argument; that although turtle-soup, haunches of venison, and plum-pudding are unquestionably edibles of the first class, still much may be added in favour of *potage à la bisque*, *turbót à la creme*, and orange-flower *soufflés*.

Much of this sturdy patriotism is founded on fact. We are doubtless very lucky fellows, and enjoy our due proportion of the good things of this life: I am fully alive to the potency of our ale, the succulency of our beef and mutton, and the surpassing qualities of our horses; neither would I in any way be supposed to detract from the well-merited reputation of Jack Peer or Sir Vinny. I believe firmly that the only objection fairly to be raised against our hot-house grapes is, that they do now and then cost a guinea a pound. Neither do I deny that our grooms do stick to their saddles like wax; and that, as a nation, we have our spoons cleaned better and brighter than any other. Our servants are in many points super-excellent; but still, in my humble opinion, they lack the one thing needful for the establishment of a poor man, they want the versatility of talent which distinguishes their continental brethren, and more especially the Swiss and Italians, which two nations chiefly supply that class of travelling servants called couriers.

A courier, to attain eminence in his profession, must combine in his own person innumerable qualifications. He must be strong, and intured to fatigue, a light weight, and a good rider; he must possess a smattering of coachmaking and cookery, be a thorough valet, un-

derstand waiting at table and housekeeping, be expert at accompts, and speak fluently at least four or five languages.

We will suppose you, gentle reader, to have landed safely at Calais, and taken up your quarters at the Hotel du Bourbon Condé. M. Rignolle, the worthy proprietor, in answer to your inquiries about a courier who has been recommended to you, responds,—“He ver nice leetle man—I send for him.” The “ver nice leetle man,” who resembles one of the bettermost kind of Italian princes by whom “The Travellers” is infested, arrives, and engages to serve you in every possible way for the sum of eight or ten guineas a month. He produces a pile of certifoates from his former employers which at once attest the excellence of his character, and the richness of the English language; inasmuch as the authors of them appear to have vied with one another in expressing the same satisfaction in different words.

Lord Warrington declares himself highly gratified with the attentive services of Eugenio Silvani, and confirms the document with his aristocratic coat of arms, which the warmth of Eugenio’s breeches-pocket has converted into a daub of red wax.

Messrs. Hobbs and Dobbs assure future travellers that Silvani is a capital fellow, and a real treasure to any person wishing to travel speedily through France and Italy. They also confirm their autographs with their seals, which, having been fellow-passengers with Lord Warrington’s, for once look equally imposing.

On the morning of your departure you observe a man arrayed in a blue military jacket braided with gold, yellow leather-tights, and slippers, busying himself in superintending the loading of your carriage. In him you recognize “the treasure to any person wishing to travel speedily.” He forthwith assumes the command, hands you into your britscha, bundles the lady’s maid into the rumble, starts the whole equipage, pays the bill, shakes hands with the waiters, kisses M. Rignolle on both whiskers, jumps into his jack-boots, and jingles by you on his bidet, merrily smacking his whip in order to get the horses ready for you at the next relay, where he is well known to and cordially greeted by the postboys, who feel assured that they have in him, if they go their best, and half murder their master’s horses, a steady advocate for “*trois francs par poste et la goutte*,”—equivalent to about sixpence a mile with us.

At some posts, however, where he has met with vexatious delay on former journeys, or been furnished with a foundered bidet, he is not quite so popular. The postillions recollect his having rigidly adhered to the tarif in remunerating their tardy services; or perhaps the *maitre de poste* may call to mind stern battles on the subject of the *troisieme cheval*, or about the age of some miraculously fine child under six years, in which our sharp friend Eugene proved the better man.

In the same breath he will reassure the ladies, who may possibly feel alarmed at the steepness of the road, or the absence of *gardefous*, and then fulminate a torrent of incoherent blasphemy on the dilatory postillions, which you cannot help smiling at on account of its absurdity, if you understand it, which, fortunately, his wondrous volubility renders rather difficult to unpractised ears.

In countries where *avant-couriers* are obsolete, he will lay aside his military costume, strap his saddle on the imperial, and accompany

the lady's maid in the rumble. Here he endeavours to make up for the time lost in relaying by what he calls *pousser les postillons*, an operation evidently based on the pair-horse coach principle of whipping the willing horse. The faster they drive the more vociferously he urges them on. No matter whether you are pressed for time or not, his honour requires that you should be driven at the best pace. A slow, sulky conductor he silently endures, and tariffs him accurately on reaching the next stage, observing laconically, "*Come si oas, cosi si paga!*"

Few people can conscientiously assert that they have ever known their courier to eat, drink, or sleep! whilst *en voyage*. He has no time for so doing, even if he should be so irregular as to wish it. On reaching your destination for the night he must select the most eligible rooms, jockey the other couriers if he can, get fires lit, unload the carriage, air the beds, superintend the supper, and, not unfrequently, cook it; when you retire to rest, he must attend you as a valet, see your clothes and boots cleaned, examine the state of the carriage, and have any requisite repairs executed, procure fresh milk and butter for your early breakfast, order the horses, call you in the morning—generally two or three times,—repack the luggage, fight with the innkeeper on the subject of overcharges, satisfy the servants, look after the lady's maid, and be ready to start as soon as you are; and this he must repeat every evening whilst you are on your journey, besides galloping some seventy or eighty miles during the day, on such hacks as it may please Providence and the postmasters to provide him with. We once, and only once, detected our courier partaking of a slight pic-nic in the dicky with the maid, and that was probably more from a desire to ingratiate himself with her, (for she was very pretty, and, alas! a pretty Abigail is a rock on which many of the most eminent couriers have split,) than from an unprofessional habit of eating and drinking on his part.

If he is overworked whilst travelling, he takes care to enjoy the *dolce far niente* as soon as his master halts at any of the chief continental wintering quarters. The instant that the carriage is unpacked, his corporeal labours cease. He then takes on himself the direction of your establishment, and sees that you are *bien servi*; but he cannot compromise the dignity of the profession by doing anything himself. Should you sally forth from your hotel in quest of lodgings, and in the innocence of your heart propose to him to mount the box, and give you the benefit of his experience in making your bargain, not imagining that he can entertain any possible objection against resuming for ten minutes a seat which he has occupied daily for the last month, he will look at you as if you had proposed that he should deposit himself on the iron spikes behind the carriage, and will assure you that he infinitely prefers running after you on foot to the degradation of being seen accompanying your vehicle *en ville*.

His society is much courted by the hotel-keepers. Baldin, of Rome, keeps open house for respectable couriers out of place, in return for the custom which they have brought and may bring to him.

Your courier is a good dresser,—perhaps a little over-addicted to gold chains and Genoa velvet; but then that is the foreign taste. His ostensible luggage is small, yet he sports a wonderful variety of

garments; and his toilet table is covered with numerous brushes, gallipots, and bottles. He generally takes lessons on the guitar, and sings agreeably,—a talent which is duly appreciated by the ladies' maids. The poor footmen, with whom some travellers encumber themselves, feel their inferiority, and hate him accordingly; he merely despises them. He traffics a good deal in a small way in old carriages, eau de cologne, jewellery, and gloves. He is a capital nurse in case of sickness. To sum up the good qualities of this excellent class of servants, they are, with very few exceptions, strictly honest, and grateful for any kindness shown to them; and if now and then a black sheep out of the flock should be detected levying a slight per-centage on his employer's purchases, who can wonder at his so doing, when they consider with what wealthy, purse-proud, extravagant blockheads these men have often to deal?

VASLYN.

THE SONG OF THE FIRE-KING.

SPIRITS of fire! spirits of fire!
 Kindle your torches, and up with me;
 Earth to-night shall yield the pyre
 That lightens our red—red revelry.
 Water shall hiss in our hot embrace!
 Stone shall snap with each burning kiss!
 The morrow shall wonder much to trace
 So wild a scene of ruin as this.
 Now to the banquet! wine ne'er shone
 Bright as the fiery draught we drain;
 Gilded wood and chisel'd stone
 Are the viands that feast our flame-horn train.
 Crackle the wood! shiver the block!
 Moulder the silken work of the loom!
 Water! water! thy power we mock,
 Swallow it up in the general doom!
 Flutter your wings, and send up on high
 Sparkles of laughter! again! again!
 Dim with their light the stars in the sky,
 Cast them to earth like Gomorrah's rain!
 The red blood of mortals dyes the stream,
 That flows where the battle is fierce and strong;
 Tinge, then, each white cloud above with their gleam,
 To herald our conquest whilst floating along.
 Spirits of fire! spirits of fire!
 The north wind has come to our feast of flame;
 Clothe it with smoke, our festal attire,
 And welcome the guest that unbidden came.
 Gloriously, gloriously revel we on!
 Ages have gather'd—a night shall destroy!
 Half of our banquet, alas! is done,
 Still there 's enough behind for joy.
 Flutter your wings, and steal from the shade
 The chisel'd tracings of yonder wall,
 Let it behold the work ye've made
 Ere the half-eaten timbers fall.
 Down with the roof to the blacken'd ground!
 Shout like the thunder one loud hurra!
 Wave your dark mantles of smoke around,
 Spirits of fire, away! away!

MARK LEMON.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

An old convivial proverb asserts, "You shall know a man by his cellar." Perhaps it was Mr. Edwin Jackman's naturally modest and retiring disposition which induced him originally to fix his abode as far from the above proverbial point of inspection as possible. He was not partial to the cellar. His coals, for instance, used to be carried to him "fresh and fresh" by a great unwashed, who, after stamping slowly up the hollow stairs, would rattle the dusty burden on the floor, and then doggedly stand beside the rubbish for cash on delivery. But time, which abases all things, did not spare Mr. Edwin Jackman. Gradually that gentleman's habitation sank lower and lower, till at last he regularly dined in the *parlour*. Gradually also had the naturally modest and retiring disposition sunk with the body. From an honest desire (wanting more brilliant qualifications) to be esteemed for his genuine *good nature*, Jackman descended to petty cares for his *respectability*; and when, in his own opinion, this middling honour was established, he felt a longing after the *genteel*.

A waggon and four proportionable horses, stationed before his door, was an object for lofty contemplation as he stood at the window, his nose flattened against the glass, carelessly dallying with the silver in his pockets;—and, remembering the days long past, he thought of those whose abilities and prospects were still *high* in the sloping chambers of some dismal inn of court,—whose pecuniary resources were the lawful discussion of the chandler and the laundress, and swellingly compared them with his own present importance. It was a pleasant sight to see the passengers duck and run to avoid the spray of "the very best autumnal Wallsends," which were trickling over the pavement into the ample abyss beneath; but when the climax arrived, and one sturdy fellow bravely smacked the emptied sacks upon the pavement, while another in lusty accents announced their numbers to the neighbourhood, Edwin Jackman would prudently retire to conceal his feelings, and order beer for the men.

To those who enter the legal profession without other resources than their own abilities, there is a "great gulf" lying between the disreputable retailer of the coal-shed, who receives orders with suspicion, and the complacent dapper merchant, who never *thinks* of his bill even when the fuel is consumed. Mr. Jackman had, unassisted, leaped this gulf. He had a right to feel *proud*; but as he now kept a man-servant, he could not help also feeling *genteel*, in which sentiment the gentle partner of his bed and fortune amply participated. Thus the domestic circle of the conveyancer might have been harmonious, had an only child, now in his fifth year, been of a tractable disposition; but Master Frederick was rudely healthy. It was a trying affliction to his parents when, beholding other children walk stiffly on without rumpling their collars by looking either to the right or left, they contrasted the prim gentility of these little



The good-for nothing

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dears with the offensive activity of their own offspring, who was ever pointing at this, running after that, patting the dogs that passed him, or making advances to little animals, in his parents' eyes, still lower in the scale of creation. Nor was this the whole of his misbehaviour:—at home, if a little choice lace, (the finest Brussels,) too sacred even for Sundays, was left soaking in his mother's wash-hand-basin, there was Master Frederick surely to be found, with a dirty tobacco-pipe, endeavouring to blow bladders for his amusement.

"Ah!" would the sorrowing mother cry, "nothing escapes that boy; he destroys everything: he ought to have been bred in a bear-garden. He'll never make a gentleman! There was not such lace as this in London; the queen has not any like it, and he has purposely tried to destroy it. The good-for-nothing!"

Should the clean Hollands have been put down to save the staircase carpet, ten minutes afterwards a stream of water would be discernible up the middle, while the sides were profusely decorated with little dirty shoe-marks. Master Frederick had converted the filter into a bath for the kitten, and there could be no water for his father's dinner that day.

"A nasty little fellow!" cried his mother, twittering with passion. "So nice as they looked. But he can't bear anything that is clean: filth is what he delights in;—a pigstye would please him. Was there ever a child born with really such blackguard propensities!"

Thus, though his parents would have laughed at any mention of expecting a child to be born with innate conventional decorum and knowledge of genteel usages, they nevertheless persisted in proclaiming every boyish mischief or infantine indiscretion Master Frederick was guilty of, as an additional proof that their son could never be made a gentleman; nor did the parents use any caution to avoid the probable consequences of the lad's natural activity.

Mrs. Jackman now gave the finishing touch to her gentility by a declared passion for glass and cracked china; and her lord, to encourage the delicate aspiration, crowned her desires and her collection with a glass pitcher of exquisite workmanship and unusual dimensions. It was such a specimen of art as any lady in Mrs. Jackman's station of life must have felt proud in possessing, and pleasure in washing. She was, in fact, impatient for its display, and a party was invited for the express purpose.

The day arrived: sundry clients, with one or two relations, (to soften down the positive look of business, and make up numbers,) sat down in the parlour, while Master Frederick, waiting in the passage to come in with the dessert, fingered every dish that went in, and clawed every fragment that came out. Dinner being ended, and the cloth removed, the boy, having been re-washed, bounced into the room, but had hardly insisted on being noticed by all present, before the glass pitcher was placed in the middle of the table, and attracted general attention, all with one accord bursting into a chorus of admiration.

The Jackmans were in their glory; the company restless through a wish to be amiable; and Master Frederick, being the most common-place mark for the display of this desire, they commenced a scramble for possession of the child. Each baited his plate with

some trifling delicacy, requesting the boy's attention to the fact; and, as if urged by his parents' repeated requests "*not* to give him wine, as Frederick would be ill," no one was content till the young gentleman had done him or her "the honour;" and, to do the boy justice, he certainly exhibited on this occasion the most polite alacrity, till (unaccustomed to a more potent beverage than milk and water) the little fellow became flushed and noisy; and the digestive serenity of the gentlemen was gratefully relieved when the ladies, retiring, took the child with them.

Frederick, on reaching the drawing-room, to his mother's horror, fell asleep, and snored "like a pig;" while, on awaking, the first words he uttered were an urgent request, or rather petulant demand, for "something to drink."

"Goodness me, child!" whispered Mrs. Jackman, "you do nothing *but* drink. Be quiet, sir!—you've had too much to drink already." After this, she indulged in a series of frowns, nods, and contortions, and quoted freely from those maxims which constitute the code of mammas, ultimately making her son's deficiencies an excuse for ordering the announcement of coffee.

This latter effect was by no means pleasing to Mr. Jackman: he was free with his wine, and wanted opportunity only to be equally so with his tongue; and when his health was drunk, the peculiarly emphatic sincerity with which he poured forth his "want of words to express"—the "proudest moment of his life,"—and his "wishes for the prosperity of all present," must have provoked a most complimentary discussion on the host's oratorical powers, if the servant had not bobbed in, almost before the applauses had subsided, and blurted out "Coffee!" thereby distracting the ideas of the company: nor, afterwards, could a moment's pause take place in conversation without the fellow's again intruding, till, fairly baited from the wine by these incessant interruptions, Mr. Jackman led the way to the drawing-room.

A short *tête-à-tête* between the parents occasioned sundry glances towards their thirsty child, and the father took an opportunity of whispering in his ear with threatening face, "You'll please to behave yourself, sir!" as, passing rapidly by, he hastened to do the hospitable. Frederick now saw coffee handed to all but himself, who, of all, had most need of it. His voice assumed a touching pathos as he timidly ventured to utter, "Please, ma!" But "Little boys," he was told, "should see company helped first;" and then, "Little boys should never ask;" and, "Little boys ought to wait to be served, and say nothing." At length the little boy in question, instead of studying to benefit by the instruction thus timely conveyed, took advantage of an open door to escape down stairs.

The family filter, which for the kind of thing was certainly handsome, stood partly for convenience, but chiefly for ornament, on the landing-place at the top of the kitchen-stairs; and before this the parched child presently stood, listening most attentively to the music made by the water dropping through the stone into the receptacle beneath. Feeling that servants are equally vigorous in imitating and abusing the harshness of their superiors, Frederick's hope of procuring a mug to drink from, rested on his being able to take one unobserved; and while looking round for this purpose his eye rested on the glass pitcher, which now, standing on the maho-

gany slab in the hall, proudly surmounted a heap of dirty plates filled with fruit-parings.

Its cool and liquid appearance was decisive ; conscious of doing wrong, but unable to resist, our hero mounted a chair, and, fluttering with apprehension, lifted, though not without difficulty, the weighty vessel from its exalted situation, and had just borne it safely to the filter, when the man-servant (to whose care it had been specially intrusted) approached, and with horror beheld his young master thus employed. Place—character—wages, (with an indirect glance at paying for breakages,) floated before the menial's eyes : he involuntarily cried,—

“ Ah ! *you've* no business to *lay hold* of that.”

So probably thought the child, for he no sooner heard the words than he *let go* the handle ; and the jug, complying with the law of gravity, commenced descending the kitchen-stairs.

Paralyzed at the sight, both Frederick and the man watched it as it leisurely hopped from one stair to another without sustaining the slightest damage. Seeing this, a tumultuous hope arose that it might miraculously escape altogether ; when, just at that moment, as if exulting in the feats it had performed, it playfully sparkled with more than ordinary lustre, while, rolling on to the stones at the bottom, with a loud crash it shivered into a thousand pieces.

“ That's done for ! There 'll be a jolly row !” mournfully ejaculated the servant. To prove these words true the little delinquent tuned *his* strong lungs for the celebration of the misfortune, and in a few moments the space around him was thronged. Mrs. Jackman heard the tale,—looked upon the fragments,—pronounced rivets and Chinese cement of no avail,—and hastily retired. Mr. Jackman was equally distressed—not for his loss—this he at first did not so particularly consider ; but he was distressed to know in what manner he ought to comfort himself. In his own mind he had, by his speech of thanks, given the surrounding guests a magnificent opinion of his mental resources, and he was anxious to confirm the impression thus created by the loftiness of his bearing on the present trying occasion. How to do this was all he wanted to know. He accordingly thrust one hand within his vest, and the other into his pocket, and with a decided look of nothingness waited for a cue from the conduct of those around.

“ It's very vexatious !” said one.

Mr. Jackman thrust his hand a little further into his waistcoat, and sighed.

“ Don't distress yourself about it,” considerably murmured another.

“ Thank you ! thank you !” cried the host in violent emotion. “ I'm his father ; but, however, I'll bear it ! I'll bear it !”

“ What could the child have been doing ?” inquired a third.

“ Heaven only knows. I can't tell. If he had spoken to me, sooner than this should have happened I'd have denied him nothing. My heart, to the fullest extent of my means, he knows is his. What then could he want with *that pitcher* ? But go, sir, go !” added Jackman, turning to the culprit ; “ I shall never make you a gentleman. Go, sir, and get another father who can tolerate your acts, and put up with your extravagance. You'll find the difference, sir. I renounce you. You have severed yourself from me for ever.

There, take him, take him, some one; take him from this house. I give him to you. Let me never see the boy again!" And thus saying, Mr. Jackman strutted away with the air of a man who heroically sacrifices feeling to duty.

His audience were all astonishment. "Could the father be serious?" each seemed by his looks to ask of the other. "And if," thought they, "he is serious, which of us does he expect is to be burthened with the mischievous child whose tricks have sundered the affections of his natural father?" A simultaneous uneasiness pervaded the group, which however soon gave place to a desire of further consoling the afflicted parent, in which kind purpose they so speedily embarked that Master Frederick found himself shortly after his father's departure standing by the side of his uncle, Mr. Alexander, alone.

Alexander was a kind-hearted man. He was a Scot, without one of those bad qualities which some think characterize a whole nation.

He, from a feeling of compassion lest the child might be too severely chastised for his error, took him home, and (being a dealer in canvass and sail-cloth) turned the young scapegrace into his warehouse, with full permission to do all the damage he was able. The boy was delighted with his liberty, and by next morning had made a bosom friend of the only constant inhabitant and guardian of the place, a huge Newfoundland dog,—Lion by name,—a massive beast, of grave and shaggy aspect, who passed his life chained to an enormous kennel, so placed as to command the principal entrance. Here Master Frederick romped with the brute, and tumbled about the heavy bales which were everywhere strewn over the place, nor for a moment thought how far his parents had become reconciled to his last night's adventure.

"He's not at all like other children; he is so mischievous," remarked Mrs. Jackman at her breakfast table.

"If he'd only do as I tell him," responded her lord: "Heaven knows, I never speak but for his good. That child, Jane, has, I'm afraid, a natural disposition for blackguardism. I don't see the end of him."

"Everybody would let him drink," rejoined the lady, "though I kept begging of them not to do so. I never saw a child take strong wine as he did; and, when he was asleep in the drawing-room I felt quite ashamed, he looked so red and vulgar. I thought then something *must* happen; and what the servants could have been about! But London servants are getting so religious, they can think of nothing but wages, and perquisites, and their Sundays out."

"Twenty pounds!" cried the father. "There isn't a gentleman in London can produce its fellow! Could he find nothing to break but *that*? Give me my hat! I'll teach him to behave himself! I'll make a gentleman of him, or he shall smart for it!" And the report of a door slammed violently, announced Mr. Jackman's departure.

As he went his pace increased beyond all common ambulatory movements; snorting and jumping he passed along, as though he sought to illustrate the turbulence of his passions by unevenness of motion. Thus proceeding, his eye caught a horsewhip ticketed for

sale at two-and-sixpence in a saddler's window. Mr. Jackman paused. It was decidedly *cheap*; nevertheless, after a solemn shaking of his head he slowly walked on,—then stopped again,—looked back hesitatingly, and, retracing his steps, scrutinized the article for a considerable time with the profoundest gravity. It was a cruel weapon to lay upon so young a child, but the weight of the hand *might* do him a greater injury. The idea of humanity was lugged in to justify severity. He bought the horsewhip; and, did he entertain any doubt as to the propriety of his conduct, he gave his indignation towards his son the full benefit of his uneasiness, and soon stood at the warehouse-door, flourishing his new purchase before the child.

"You will come here, sir! Come here, Frederick!"

The summons was certainly productive of a movement, but in the opposite direction to that pointed out by filial obedience.

"You had better come here, sir! You had better come here, Frederick!"

The child evidently entertained a different opinion: he quickened his retreat.

"Look sharp, little 'un, or you'll want no fire to warm ye this 'day. Now keep your eyes open, and hop for it; and if ye rin, isn't there a chance he'll not catch you for once, darling?" cried some one.

Mr. Jackman drew himself up, and, looking with savage pride towards the place whence the words proceeded, beheld an Irish porter, whose face was glistening in the expectation of amusement from the proposed chase. Keenly sensitive to a parent's natural dislike to any interference, and peculiarly alive to the mortifying idea of his anger being food for an *inferior's* low amusement, Jackman muttered something "not loud but deep," and darted vigorously after his son, thinking to decide the question at once by a *coup de main*; but the child had considerable advantages;—he could glide in between bales of canvass, or creep through holes, which his father either could not penetrate, or was forbidden by dignity to attempt in the presence of a menial.

"Only let me catch you, you young villain! To expose your own father thus! Come here, sir!—will you come here?—ugh!—only let me catch you, sir!"

"Only do that thing, and *you'll* catch it, little 'un!" jeered the Hibernian, capering with delight at witnessing Jackman's irritation. "Och! rin for the life of ye, rin! Iligant! If the ould 'un don't see whiskey till he whacks ye, sure there's a dry wake for him.—Ah! missed that same, now—luck 's on the side of ye. Rin, jewel! —och! ha! ha!—rin, honey, rin!"

Goaded by the man's coarseness, what remained of Jackman's temper entirely forsook him. Blind with passion, he rushed wildly forward, cutting with the horsewhip without aim on all sides; but hardly had he gone a dozen paces ere, stumbling over a heap of goods, he measured his length upon the ground. The Irishman fairly yelled with delight; while Jackman, bounding from the floor, saw his son toddling almost leisurely along at a considerable distance. Become now, from rage, regardless of dignity, the father leaped over several intervening obstacles, and once more neared the boy, who was imprudent enough to quit his cover and cross the open

floor of the warehouse. It was evident that here he had no chance. With a short involuntary cry of exultation, his loving papa sprang forward, and had almost grasped Freddy by the hair, when, as if by magic, the urchin suddenly disappeared, and Mr. Jackman shot some distance past the spot before he could check himself and return to examine it. He was hurrying to do this, when a huge black nose, reposing between two formidable paws, warned him to proceed no farther. Master Frederick had in fact for refuge entered the kennel, at the extremity of which he was discovered crouching behind the dog.

"Lie down!" said Mr. Jackman, as, resolved on punishment, he slowly advanced, though with considerable doubt as to what part the new actor intended to take in the scene; "lie down, Lion!—fine fellow!—good old doggy!—poor old lion!—lie down!"

Notwithstanding this insinuating language, the dog remained, to all appearance, ignorant even of Mr. Jackman's vicinity. Once, indeed, the deep muzzle slightly quivered; but it was hardly perceptible, and did not interrupt the settled expression of grave meditation which characterized the countenance of the brute. Emboldened by this stillness Jackman approached nearer and nearer still, and from the spot where he now stood might, if the animal should continue to act in the true spirit of neutrality, drag forth his rebellious offspring. However, previously to attempting this, he deemed it prudent to reconnoitre farther, and bent his body for the purpose. The dog instantaneously raised his small expressive eyes, looked Mr. Jackman stedfastly in the face, and then slowly closed the orbs in apparent slumber.

"There's a good dog!" cried Jackman, recovering his self-possession.

The sound of the voice now seemed to irritate the animal, and this alarming the child, Master Frederick patted the broad back of the brute with his little hand, which Mr. Jackman perceiving, misconstrued into an attempt to make the dog attack him.

"You little blackguard!—set the dog at your *own* father!" cried Jackman, his rage aggravated beyond even its former excess. Thrusting forth one arm, he seized his son by the neck, but in an instant released him again; for he heard the Irishman shout, a chain rattle, and the deep grinding of a dog's growl. He felt that there was danger; yet, before he could avoid it, a sudden agonizing pain demanded his immediate attention.

When the first flash of fear had passed away, Mr. Jackman perceived that the dog was in his rear, and, what more nearly touched him, in possession of a considerable portion of his flesh. With consciousness returned his regard for the opinion of other people, and his sensitiveness to anything bordering upon the ridiculous; and apprehending that his present predicament was liable, if known, to become a jest among his friends, he struggled to restrain the cries that rose thickly in his throat. He remembered that the Irishman was present, and, notwithstanding the pain which it occasioned him, (as every movement on his part was now answered by fresh furor on that of the animal,) he managed to turn his body so as to face the porter, when, to add to his grief, he discovered the fellow, disabled through laughter, leaning for support against the wall. Resolved rather to be eaten up alive than call on others for assistance, what

could the unhappy Jackman do? Hope was not a feeling to be cherished by a man whose body was detained by a Newfoundland dog. It was too quiet a sensation for one who every moment felt the beast batting at him, as it were, with his nose, to renew his bite, or shaking him in an endeavour either to tear off the flesh or prove the firmness of his grip.

No means of escape presented themselves to the hurried glance of the sufferer, whose only chance, indeed, was through the interference of the porter. Stiffing the hatred that this man's conduct had created, Jackman at length called to him for help; but the fellow only lifted up his head, and seeing Jackman's face, fell into another such excessive peal of merriment as precluded all hope from that quarter.

Pride, the proverb says, has no feeling; but those who indulge it have; and Mr. Jackman grew faint as a probability of the dog's ultimately throwing him down and mangling him occurred to his imagination. Every moment his fears increased; even his desire to avoid exposure passed away; and, after making one or two strange guttural sounds, the voice at length burst forth in a volume that defies description.

The place was soon crowded. People passing in the street rushed to the entrance; the inmates of Mr. Alexander's house hurried to the spot; while a sudden energy of terror lent Jackman strength to free himself from the animal, though at the loss of a considerable portion of that garment peculiar to his sex.

Any other man, under such circumstances, would have hastily sought concealment, availing himself of Mr. Alexander's pressing invitation to "step in doors;" but Mr. Jackman's character was not of the ordinary stamp. When the immediate danger had passed, his conceit returned; and catching a glance of two servants who were tittering and whispering at the extreme end of the place, he resolved not to quit that spot before he had lent a dignity to misfortune.

"Alexander!" cried he, endeavouring to look firm, though his every nerve was in motion, and the tears standing in his eyes, "Alexander!—d—n the dog!—The good-for-nothing!—Alexander, you see what a state I'm in; and I request you will pull that boy out.—Oh!"

"I dare na do it," replied Mr. Alexander, with difficulty suppressing his laughter; "besides, any friend even o' yours is welcome to my house, and I canna, therefore, refuse your ain son the use o' my kennel."

"Now, mark me—that boy will ruin me if he's not corrected;—no friend of mine shall interfere. Now, Alexander, either drag him out, or, as I'm a mortal man, I'll leave your house this instant for ever!"

"What! in those breeks?" dryly asked the Scot, pointing to the drapery that hung in picturesque tatters.

"It is dacent he is for travelling, sure enough, mather!" bawled the Irishman, emboldened by observing his employer smile.

This was no brilliant jest, but it came in just when one of some sort was wanted; and the bystanders now beginning to understand circumstances, the Hibernian's remark was, to the confusion of Mr. Jackman, received with shouts. During their continuance, that gentleman thus addressed his son, who remained crouching, the picture of infant dread, in his humble asylum.

"You see what you're doing, young rascal! Will nothing but my positive degradation satisfy your blackguard propensities? To expose me first to that ruffian's laughter—then set the dog at your father—and now cause the mob to hoot him! Come out, sir, or I'll be the death of you!" and, in proof of sincerity, he shook the whip wrathfully at the child.

The heedless populace having chosen to side against "the old 'un," yelled when they observed his threatening action, and their remarks (such as could be heard) being forcibly expressive of indignation, Mr. Jackman was soon glad to avail himself of the Scot's repeated invitation.

Weeks, months, passed on, and the outraged dignity of the father would not listen to a thought of reconciliation. "That boy had proved himself a *blackguard*! He would renounce him for ever." Mr. Alexander was becoming loud in his remarks on the evils of bearing malice, when Mrs. Jackman presented her husband with another hope. Masculine dignity is incompatible with these occasions; the father struggled hard to maintain it; till, one day, dining off an ugly bone of mutton and clammy potatoes, in the back drawing-room, he felt suddenly overwhelmed by a rush of softness, and hastening to the second floor, communicated his intention of having Frederick home and sending him to school.

At the appointed time, his uncle took the boy home, and both were shown up-stairs into the mother's bedroom, who was beginning to "sit up a little every day." There things had evidently been prepared for a scene. Mr. Jackman, effectually serene, was attitudinizing in an arm-chair. The occasion, indeed, called for his grandest powers of speech.

After having been caressed by mamma, and remarked on by Mrs. Dobson, the monthly nurse, Frederick was placed upon a high stool, which had been put purposely for him, directly fronting his papa.

It was time to begin. Mrs. Jackman, who had experience in her husband's humours, looked the picture of patience, trying to go to sleep; while Mrs. Dobson, feeling that something was going to take place in which *her* importance was no consideration, became obstreperously attentive to the wants and wishes of the little stranger.

Just as Mr. Jackman had wiped his face and blown his nose, and was sighing deeply while pocketing his handkerchief with an exuberance of action, the footman brought the hackney-coach to the door which was to take his young master to school. The man had been told a coach *would* be wanted, and had mistaken the intimation for an immediate order. The blunder lost him his situation. He left the family that day month.

Thus Mr. Jackman's ideas were likely to be nipt in the bud, unless he could muster sufficient magnanimity to pay the coachman for resting the miserable horses at his door. This, however, he could not easily bring himself to do: if he had an aversion, it was to part with money, the full value for which he had not received:—but, on the other hand, was the wisdom he had concocted to be stifled at the very moment of its birth? was the pathos he himself almost wept to think of, not, after all, to astonish the monthly nurse? Mr. Jackman pulled out his watch, and placed it in such a position that the index exactly fronted him. He would sacrifice one half hour; and with desperate generosity, the fervour of which made

him grasp hard the elbow of his chair, and emphatically thrust his face close to that of his son, he thus began:—

“Frederick, my dear child!”

The dear child was stupidly watching the gambols of a blue-bottle buzzing against the window.

“Frederick, my dear child,” began Mr. Jackman solemnly pathetic: “you do not know what it is to be a father.”

“Arn’t in natur’ he should yet; but give the little rogue time, and he’ll learn as well as the best of you, I warrant me,” loudly interrupted Mrs. Dobson, who was jolting her interesting charge upon her knees.

“Silence, if you please, madam!” cried Mr. Jackman, turning his back upon the speaker, that he might the more effectually stare at her over his shoulder. Then, having bustled himself once more into composure, he again commenced.

“My dear child! Frederick! To feel like a father is a very serious consideration.”

“There, do you hear that, you little beauty’s beauty?” shouted the nurse, at the same time indulging in one of those sonorous smacks of the lips, which are peculiar to ladies of her sedate employment.

“It is not three minutes ago,” fired Mr. Jackman, rising and standing angrily before Mrs. Dobson, “by any watch in the kingdom,—I repeat, that three minutes have not elapsed since, in the politest way imaginable, I troubled myself to tell you to hold your tongue. *Now, I command silence!*”

“Mr. Jackman,” replied the monthly nurse, looking at the gentleman from under her brows, and speaking in a suppressed voice. “I’m sure there’s plenty of room in the house without your coming *here* to make a disturbance just when my poor dear lady ought to want to get to sleep.”

“Do you know, Mrs. Dobson, who you are?—I’ll tell you, ma’am, that I’ll do as I like in my own house;” and to give effect to this determination, Mr. Jackman slightly raised his voice, which Mrs. Dobson no sooner heard than she gave loose to her loudest powers, actually bawling.

“Shame on ‘e! shame on ‘e! ugh!” here she indulged in a sound, between a scream and a grunt, of so emphatic a nature, that the delivery fairly shook her ponderous frame. “Shame on ‘e! You must have a bad heart to make a noise like this when you knows my lady didn’t scarce touch a mouthful o’ dinner. Hoh! now mind my words; I won’t take none o’ the consequences, come what may of it. If the dear soul *dies*—you may laugh, Mister Jackman, but it’s no laughing matter to a woman o’ my years. Thank Heaven, my character’s established. Oh! when the doctor said, only this very morning, quiet and good nursing was everything to us now—when you might have had the whole house to yourself! I never was interfered with by no gentleman ‘afore. I’ve attended rich and poor—ah! though I say it, the *best* of people. Lady Emily Smithson will speak to my character any day; I was with her as last June: we had nothing of this sort there; and if you ‘d known to behave like a——”

A very natural consequence here interrupted this discursive harangue; Mrs. Jackman, overpowered by the noise and confusion, had fainted.

All crowded to the bedside; and her husband, who was really hurt at the result of the disturbance to which he had been a party, bore Mrs. Dobson's glances and remarks with repentant humility, while the nurse, no ways moved by his sorrowful looks, made him hurry up and down stairs for sundry trifling articles; nor was it till he became incapable of further exertion, that she thought "the poor, dear, sweet sufferer might *do now*;" then, treading with such extreme caution as fully impressed the necessity of preserving silence, she advanced to where the gentleman stood panting; and assuming an air of parental forgiveness, laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Now, as I'm a Christian woman," said Mrs. Dobson in a voice barely audible: "let us hope, for the love of heaven, my dear Mr. Jackman, you will another time——"

But he who delighted in lecturing, had an abhorrence of being lectured; and as any further dispute with Mrs. Dobson was out of the question in that apartment, he cast his eyes round the room, and perceiving that Mr. Alexander had taken the boy down stairs, and that the half hour he had so gloriously devoted to other purposes, had expired, he hastily said,

"My dear Mrs. Dobson—there—say no more about it. *You are not a father!*"

The woman stared and was about to reply, when Jackman darted out of the room, crying that "the coach was waiting, and he must see the child off."

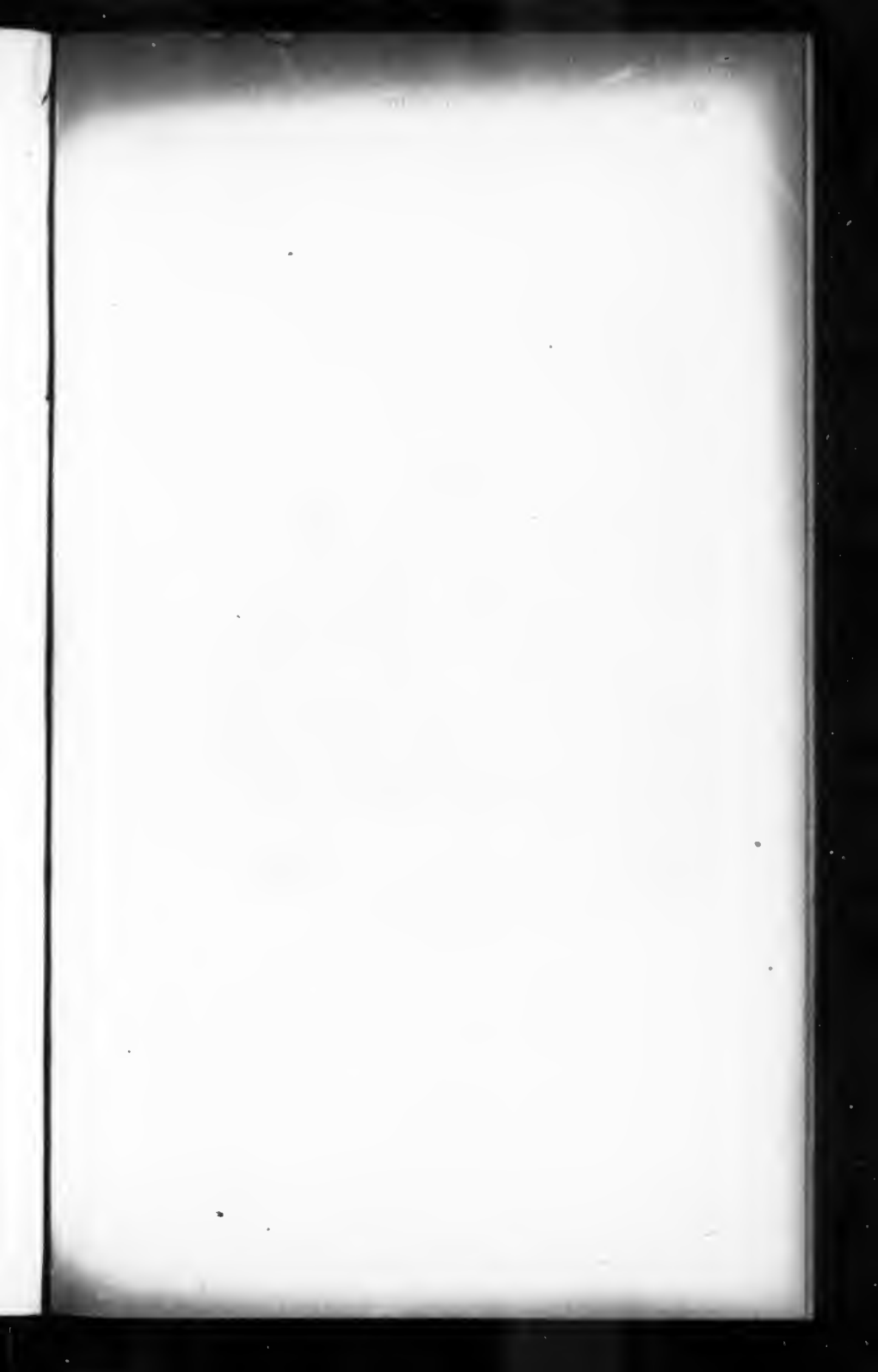
As he descended the stairs, he thus soliloquised:

"Was ever parent so afflicted with a child? He will thrive under no treatment: I allowed him to come down after dinner—gave him fruit, wine, and all he could ask for—then he destroyed my property. I tried severity, he set the dog at me—made me the butt of that Irish beast, and caused me to be hooted at by a mob. Now when, with my heart overflowing, I endeavour to awaken him to something like a sense of respectability, there's his poor mother fainting—the whole house is disturbed—me with a dreadful headache, owing to that old woman's infernal clatter, and he himself the only person who has not been 'put out' by his dreadful low predilections. The child is evidently unfit for genteel society; I don't know what can be done with him. It's madness attempting to instruct him: so he must go to school—the Good-for-nothing!"

CHARADE.

THERE was once a knight both young and tall,
 And blessed with a handsome face,
 When he rode at the ring, or danced at the ball,
 'T was done with a wonderful grace;
 By the leaguered wall, in the battle's burst,
 'Mid the foremost his name was reckoned;
 But, alas! he always was my *First*,
 Because he had not my *Second*.
 Fair ladies turned with a scornful look
 When he ventured to draw near;
 And fathers and mothers shuddered and shook
 If he gazed on their daughters dear;
 Often apart from the crowd he stole,
 And cried as his fate he cursed,
 "If my *Second* I had, I might e'en be my *Whole*,
 But I never should be my *First*."

.P. O. P.





George Cruikshank

Mr. Soper and his pupil recovering Nancy.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. BUMBLE AND MONKS AT THEIR NOCTURNAL INTERVIEW.

It was a dull, close, overcast summer evening, when the clouds, which had been threatening all day, spread out in a dense and sluggish mass of vapour, already yielded large drops of rain, and seemed to presage a violent thunder-storm, as Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, turning out of the main street of the town, directed their course towards a scattered little colony of ruinous houses, distant from it some mile and a half, or thereabouts, and erected on a low unwholesome swamp, bordering upon the river.

They were both wrapped in old and shabby outer garments, which might perhaps serve the double purpose of protecting their persons from the rain, and sheltering them from observation; the husband carried a lantern, from which, however, no light yet shone, and trudged on a few paces in front, as though—the way being dirty—to give his wife the benefit of treading in his heavy foot-prints. They went on in profound silence; every now and then Mr. Bumble relaxed his pace, and turned his head round, as if to make sure that his helpmate was following, and, discovering that she was close at his heels, mended his rate of walking; and proceeded at a considerable increase of speed towards their place of destination.

This was far from being a place of doubtful character, for it had long been known as the residence of none but low and desperate ruffians, who, under various pretences of living by their labour, subsisted chiefly on plunder and crime. It was a collection of mere hovels, some hastily built with loose bricks, and others of old worm-eaten ship timber, jumbled together without any attempt at order or arrangement, and planted, for the most part, within a few feet of the river's bank. A few leaky boats drawn up on the mud, and made fast to the dwarf wall which skirted it, and here and there an oar or coil of rope, appeared at first to indicate that the inhabitants of these miserable cottages pursued some avocation on the river; but a glance at the shattered and useless condition of the articles thus displayed would

have led a passer-by without much difficulty to the conjecture that they were disposed there, rather for the preservation of appearances than with any view to their being actually employed.

In the heart of this cluster of huts, and skirting the river, which its upper stories overhung, stood a large building formerly used as a manufactory of some kind, and which had in its day probably furnished employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding tenements. But it had long since gone to ruin. The rat, the worm, and the action of the damp, had weakened and rotted the piles on which it stood, and a considerable portion of the building had already sunk down into the water beneath, while the remainder, tottering and bending over the dark stream, seemed but to wait a favourable opportunity of following its old companion, and involving itself in the same fate.

It was before this ruinous building that the worthy couple paused as the first peal of distant thunder reverberated in the air, and the rain commenced pouring violently down.

"The place should be somewhere here," said Bumble, consulting a scrap of paper he held in his hand.

"Halloa there !" cried a voice from above.

Following the sound, Bumble raised his head, and descried a man looking out of a door, breast-high, on the second story.

"Stand still a minute," cried the voice ; "I'll be with you directly." With which the head disappeared, and the door closed.

"Is that the man ?" asked Mr. Bumble's good lady.

Mr. Bumble nodded in the affirmative.

"Then, mind what I told you," said the matron, "and be careful to say as little as you can, or you'll betray us at once."

Mr. Bumble, who had eyed the building with very rueful looks, was apparently about to express some doubts relative to the advisability of proceeding any farther with the enterprise just then, when he was prevented by the appearance of Monks, who opened a small door, near which they stood, and beckoned them inwards.

"Come !" he cried impatiently, stamping his foot upon the ground. "Don't keep me here !"

The woman, who had hesitated at first, walked boldly in without any further invitation, and Mr. Bumble, who was ashamed, or afraid to hang behind, followed, obviously very ill at his ease, and with scarcely any of that remarkable dignity which was usually his chief characteristic.

"What the devil made you stand lingering there in the wet ?" said Monks, turning round, and addressing Bumble, after he had bolted the door behind them.

"We—we were only cooling ourselves," stammered Bumble, looking apprehensively about him.

"Cooling yourselves !" retorted Monks. "Not all the rain

that ever fell, or ever will fall, will put as much of hell's fire out as a man can carry about with him. You won't cool yourself so easily, don't think it!"

With this agreeable speech Monks turned short upon the matron, and bent his fierce gaze upon her, till even she who was not easily cowed, was fain to withdraw her eyes, and turn them towards the ground.

"This is the woman, is it?" demanded Monks.

"Hem! That is the woman," replied Mr. Bumble, mindful of his wife's caution.

"You think women never can keep secrets, I suppose?" said the matron, interposing, and returning as she spoke the searching look of Monks.

"I know they will always keep *one* till it's found out," said Monks contemptuously.

"And what may that be?" asked the matron in the same tone.

"The loss of their own good name," replied Monks: "so, by the same rule, if a woman's a party to a secret that might hang or transport her, I'm not afraid of her telling it to anybody, not I. Do you understand me?"

"No," rejoined the matron, slightly colouring as she spoke.

"Of course you don't!" said Monks ironically. "How should you?"

Bestowing something half-way between a sneer and a scowl upon his two companions, and again beckoning them to follow him, the man hastened across the apartment, which was of considerable extent, but low in the roof, and was preparing to ascend a steep staircase, or rather ladder, leading to another floor of warehouses above, when a bright flash of lightning streamed down the aperture, and a peal of thunder followed, which shook the crazy building to its centre.

"Hear it!" he cried, shrinking back. "Hear it rolling and crashing away as if it echoed through a thousand caverns, where the devils are hiding from it. Fire the sound! I hate it."

He remained silent for a few moments, and then removing his hands suddenly from his face, showed, to the unspeakable discomposure of Mr. Bumble, that it was much distorted, and nearly blank.

"These fits come over me now and then," said Monks, observing his alarm, "and thunder sometimes brings them on. Don't mind me now; it's all over for this once."

Thus speaking, he led the way up the ladder, and hastily closing the window-shutter of the room into which it led, lowered a lantern which hung at the end of a rope and pulley passed through one of the heavy beams in the ceiling, and which cast a dim light upon an old table and three chairs that were placed beneath it.

"Now," said Monks, when they had all three seated them-

selves, "the sooner we come to our business, the better for all. The woman knows what it is, does she?"

The question was addressed to Bumble; but his wife anticipated the reply, by intimating that she was perfectly acquainted with it.

"He is right in saying that you were with this hag the night she died, and that she told you something—"

"About the mother of the boy you named," replied the matron interrupting him. "Yes."

"The first question is, of what nature was her communication?" said Monks.

"That's the second," observed the woman with much deliberation. "The first is, what may the communication be worth?"

"Who the devil can tell that, without knowing of what kind it is?" asked Monks.

"Nobody better than you, I am persuaded," answered Mrs. Bumble, who did not want for spirit, as her yokefellow could abundantly testify.

"Humph!" said Monks significantly, and with a look of eager inquiry, "there may be money's worth to get, eh?"

"Perhaps there may," was the composed reply.

"Something that was taken from her," said Monks eagerly; "something that she wore—something that—"

"You had better bid," interrupted Mrs. Bumble. "I have heard enough already to assure me that you are the man I ought to talk to."

Mr. Bumble, who had not yet been admitted by his better half into any greater share of the secret than he had originally possessed, listened to this dialogue with outstretched neck and distended eyes, which he directed towards his wife and Monks by turns in undisguised astonishment; increased, if possible, when the latter sternly demanded what sum was required for the disclosure.

"What's it worth to you?" asked the woman, as collectedly as before.

"It may be nothing; it may be twenty pounds," replied Monks; "speak out, and let me know which."

"Add five pounds to the sum you have named; give me five-and-twenty pounds in gold," said the woman, "and I'll tell you all I know—not before."

"Five-and-twenty pounds!" exclaimed Monks, drawing back.

"I spoke as plainly as I could," replied Mrs. Bumble, "and it's not a large sum either."

"Not a large sum for a paltry secret, that may be nothing when it's told!" cried Monks impatiently, "and which has been lying dead for twelve years past, or more!"

"Such matters keep well, and, like good wine, often double their value in course of time," answered the matron, still pre-

erving the resolute indifference she had assumed. "As to lying dead, there are those who will lie dead for twelve thousand years to come, or twelve million, for anything you or I know, who will tell strange tales at last."

"What if I pay it for nothing?" asked Monks, hesitating.

"You can easily take it away again," replied the matron. "I am but a woman, alone here, and unprotected."

"Not alone, my dear, nor unprotected neither," submitted Mr. Bumble, in a voice tremulous with fear; "I am here, my dear. And besides," said Mr. Bumble, his teeth chattering as he spoke, "Mr. Monks is too much of a gentleman to attempt any violence on porochial persons. Mr. Monks is aware that I am not a young man, my dear, and also that I am a little run to seed, as I may say; but he has heard—I say I have no doubt Mr. Monks has heard, my dear—that I am a very determined officer, with very uncommon strength, if I'm once roused. I only want a little rousing, that's all."

As Mr. Bumble spoke, he made a melancholy feint of grasping his lantern with fierce determination, and plainly showed, by the alarmed expression of every feature, that he did want a little rousing, and not a little, prior to making any very warlike demonstration, unless, indeed, against paupers, or other person or persons trained down for the purpose.

"You are a fool," said Mrs. Bumble in reply, "and had better hold your tongue."

"He had better have cut it out before he came, if he can't speak in a lower tone," said Monks grimly. "So he's your husband, eh?"

"He my husband!" tittered the matron, parrying the question.

"I thought as much when you came in," rejoined Monks, marking the angry glance which the lady darted at her spouse as she spoke. "So much the better; I have less hesitation in dealing with two people, when I find that there's only one will between them. I'm in earnest—see here."

He thrust his hand into a side-pocket, and producing a canvass bag, told out twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them over to the woman.

"Now," he said, "gather them up; and when this cursed peal of thunder, that I feel is coming up to break over the house-top, is gone, let's hear your story."

The roar of thunder, which seemed in fact much nearer, and to shiver and break almost over their heads, having subsided, Monks, raising his face from the table, bent forward to listen to what the woman should say. The faces of the three nearly touched as the two men leant over the small table in their eagerness to hear, and the woman also leant forward to render her whisper audible. The sickly rays of the suspended lantern falling directly upon them, aggravated the paleness and anxiety

of their countenances, which, encircled by the deepest gloom and darkness, looked ghastly in the extreme.

"When this woman, that we called old Sally, died," the matron began, "she and I were alone."

"Was there no one by?" asked Monks in the same hollow whisper, "no sick wretch or idiot in some other bed?—no one who could hear, and might by possibility understand?"

"Not a soul," replied the woman; "we were alone: I stood alone beside the body when death came over it."

"Good," said Monks, regarding her attentively: "go on."

"She spoke of a young creature," resumed the matron, "who had brought a child into the world some years before: not merely in the same room, but in the same bed in which she then lay dying."

"Ay?" said Monks with quivering lip, and glancing over his shoulder. "Blood! How things come about at last!"

"The child was the one you named to him last night," said the matron, nodding carelessly towards her husband; "the mother this nurse had robbed."

"In life?" asked Monks.

"In death," replied the woman with something like a shudder. "She stole from the corpse, when it had hardly turned to one, that which the dead mother had prayed her with her last breath to keep for the infant's sake."

"She sold it?" cried Monks with desperate eagerness; "did she sell it?—where?—when?—to whom?—how long before?"

"As she told me with great difficulty that she had done this," said the matron, "she fell back and died."

"Without saying more?" cried Monks in a voice which, from its very suppression, seemed only the more furious. "It's a lie! I'll not be played with. She said more—I'll tear the life out of you both, but I'll know what it was."

"She didn't utter another word," said the woman, to all appearance unmoved (as Mr. Bumble was very far from being) by the strange man's violence; "but she clutched my gown violently with one hand, which was partly closed, and when I saw that she was dead, and so removed the hand by force, I found it clasped a scrap of dirty paper."

"Which contained—" interposed Monks, stretching forward.

"Nothing," replied the woman; "it was a pawnbroker's duplicate."

"For what?" demanded Monks.

"In good time I'll tell you," said the woman. "I judge that she had kept the trinket for some time, in the hope of turning it to better account, and then pawned it, and saved or scraped together money to pay the pawnbroker's interest year by year, and prevent its running out, so that if anything came of it, it could still be redeemed. Nothing had come of it; and, as I tell you, she died with the scrap of paper, all worn and tattered, in

her hand. The time was out in two days ; I thought something might one day come of it too, and so redeemed the pledge."

"Where is it now?" asked Monks quickly.

"There," replied the woman. And, as if glad to be relieved of it, she hastily threw upon the table a small kid bag scarcely large enough for a French watch, which Monks pouncing upon, tore open with trembling hands. It contained a little gold locket, in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding ring.

"It has the word 'Agnes' engraved on the inside," said the woman. "There is a blank left for the surname, and then follows the date, which is within a year before the child was born ; I found out that."

"And this is all?" said Monks, after a close and eager scrutiny of the contents of the little packet.

"All," replied the woman.

Mr. Bumble drew a long breath, as if he were glad to find that the story was over, and no mention made of taking the five-and-twenty pounds back again ; and now took courage to wipe off the perspiration, which had been trickling over his nose unchecked during the whole of the previous conversation.

"I know nothing of the story beyond what I can guess at," said his wife, addressing Monks after a short silence, "and I want to know nothing, for it's safer not. But I may ask you two questions, may I?"

"You may ask," said Monks, with some show of surprise, "but whether I answer or not is another question."

"—Which makes three," observed Mr. Bumble, essaying a stroke of facetiousness.

"Is that what you expected to get from me?" demanded the matron.

"It is," replied Monks. "The other question?—"

"What you propose to do with it. Can it be used against me?"

"Never," rejoined Monks ; "nor against me either. See here ; but don't move a step forward, or your life's not worth a bulrush !"

With these words he suddenly wheeled the table aside, and pulling an iron ring in the boarding, threw back a large trap-door which opened close at Mr. Bumble's feet, and caused that gentleman to retire several paces backward with great precipitation.

"Look down," said Monks, lowering the lantern into the gulf. "Don't fear me. I could have let you down quietly enough when you were seated over it, if that had been my game."

Thus encouraged, the matron drew near to the brink, and even Mr. Bumble himself, impelled by curiosity, ventured to do the same. The turbid water, swollen by the heavy rain, was

rushing rapidly on below, and all other sounds were lost in the noise of its plashing and eddying against the green and slimy piles. There had once been a water-mill beneath, and the tide foaming and chafing round the few rotten stakes, and fragments of machinery, that yet remained, seemed to dart onward with a new impulse when freed from the obstacles which had unavailingly attempted to stem its headlong course.

"If you flung a man's body down there, where would it be to-morrow morning?" said Monks, swinging the lantern to and fro in the dark well.

"Twelve miles down the river, and cut to pieces besides," replied Bumble, recoiling at the very notion.

Monks drew the little packet from his breast, into which he had hurriedly thrust it, and tying it firmly to a leaden weight which had formed a part of some pulley, and was lying on the floor, dropped it into the stream. It fell straight, and true as a die, clove the water with a scarcely audible splash, and was gone.

The three looked into each other's faces, and seemed to breathe more freely.

"There!" said Monks, closing the trap-door, which fell heavily back into its former position. "If the sea ever gives up its dead—as books say it will—it will keep its gold and silver to itself, and that trash among it. We have nothing more to say, and may break up our pleasant party."

"By all means," observed Mr. Bumble with great alacrity.

"You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head, will you?" said Monks, with a threatening look. "I am not afraid of your wife."

"You may depend upon me, young man," answered Mr. Bumble, bowing himself gradually towards the ladder with excessive politeness. "On everybody's account, young man; on my own, you know, Mr. Monks."

"I am glad for your sake to hear it," remarked Monks. "Light your lantern, and get away from here as fast as you can."

It was fortunate that the conversation terminated at this point, or Mr. Bumble, who had bowed himself to within six inches of the ladder, would infallibly have pitched headlong into the room below. He lighted his lantern from that which Monks had detached from the rope, and now carried in his hand, and, making no effort to prolong the discourse, descended in silence, followed by his wife. Monks brought up the rear, after pausing on the steps to satisfy himself that there were no other sounds to be heard than the beating of the rain without, and the rushing of the water.

They traversed the lower room slowly, and with caution, for Monks started at every shadow, and Mr. Bumble, holding his lantern a foot above the ground, walked not only with remark-

able care, but with a marvellously light step for a gentleman of his figure: looking nervously about him for hidden trap-doors. The gate at which they had entered was softly unfastened and opened by Monks, and merely exchanging a nod with their mysterious acquaintance, the married couple emerged into the wet and darkness outside.

They were no sooner gone, than Monks, who appeared to entertain an invincible repugnance to being left alone, called to a boy who had been hidden somewhere below, and bidding him go first, and bear the light, returned to the chamber he had just quitted.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

INTRODUCES SOME RESPECTABLE CHARACTERS WITH WHOM THE READER IS ALREADY ACQUAINTED, AND SHOWS HOW MONKS AND THE JEW LAID THEIR WORTHY HEADS TOGETHER.

It was about two hours earlier on the evening following that upon which the three worthies mentioned in the last chapter disposed of their little matter of business as therein narrated, when Mr. William Sikes, awakening from a nap, drowsily growled forth an inquiry what time of night it was.

The room in which Mr. Sikes propounded this question was not one of those he had tenanted previous to the Chertsey expedition, although it was in the same quarter of the town, and was situated at no great distance from his former lodgings. It was not in appearance so desirable a habitation as his old quarters, being a mean and badly-furnished apartment of very limited size, lighted only by one small window in the shelving roof, and abutting upon a close and dirty lane. Nor were there wanting other indications of the good gentleman's having gone down in the world of late; for a great scarcity of furniture, and total absence of comfort, together with the disappearance of all such small moveables as spare clothes and linen, bespoke a state of extreme poverty, while the meagre and attenuated condition of Mr. Sikes himself would have fully confirmed these symptoms if they had stood in need of corroboration.

The housebreaker was lying on the bed wrapped in his white great coat, by way of dressing-gown, and displaying a set of features in no degree improved by the cadaverous hue of illness, and the addition of a soiled nightcap, and a stiff, black beard of a week's growth. The dog sat at the bedside, now eyeing his master with a wistful look, and now pricking his ears, and uttering a low growl as some noise in the street, or in the lower part of the house, attracted his attention. Seated by the window, busily engaged in patching an old waistcoat which formed a portion of the robber's ordinary dress, was a female, so pale and reduced with watching and privation that there would have been considerable difficulty in recognizing her as

the same Nancy who has already figured in this tale, but for the voice in which she replied to Mr. Sikes's question.

"Not long gone seven," said the girl. "How do you feel to-night, Bill?"

"As weak as water," replied Mr. Sikes, with an imprecation on his eyes and limbs. "Here; lend us a hand, and let me get off this thundering bed, anyhow."

Illness had not improved Mr. Sikes's temper, for, as the girl raised him up, and led him to a chair, he muttered various curses upon her awkwardness, and struck her.

"Whining, are you?" said Sikes. "Come; don't stand snivelling there. If you can't do anything better than that, cut off altogether. D'y'e hear me?"

"I hear you," replied the girl, turning her face aside, and forcing a laugh. "What fancy have you got in your head now?"

"Oh! you 've thought better of it, have you?" growled Sikes, marking the tear which trembled in her eye. "All the better for you, you have."

"Why, you don't mean to say you 'd be hard upon me to-night, Bill?" said the girl, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"No!" cried Mr. Sikes. "Why not?"

"Such a number of nights," said the girl, with a touch of woman's tenderness, which communicated something like sweetness of tone even to her voice,—"such a number of nights as I've been patient with you, nursing and caring for you as if you had been a child, and this the first that I've seen you like yourself; you wouldn't have served me as you did just now, if you 'd thought of that, would you? Come, come; say you wouldn't."

"Well, then," rejoined Mr. Sikes, "I wouldn't. Why, damme, now, the girl's whining again!"

"It's nothing," said the girl, throwing herself into a chair. "Don't you seem to mind me, and it'll soon be over."

"What'll be over?" demanded Mr. Sikes in a savage voice. "What foolery are you up to now again? Get up, and bustle about, and don't come over me with your woman's nonsense."

At any other time this remonstrance, and the tone in which it was delivered, would have had the desired effect; but the girl being really weak and exhausted, dropped her head over the back of the chair, and fainted, before Mr. Sikes could get out a few of the appropriate oaths with which on similar occasions he was accustomed to garnish his threats. Not knowing very well what to do in this uncommon emergency, for Miss Nancy's hysterics were usually of that violent kind which the patient fights and struggles out of without much assistance, Mr. Sikes tried a little blasphemy, and, finding that mode of treatment wholly ineffectual, called for assistance.

"What's the matter here, my dear?" said the Jew, looking in.

"Lend a hand to the girl, can't you?" replied Sikes impatiently, "and don't stand chattering and grinning at me!"

With an exclamation of surprise Fagin hastened to the girl's assistance, while Mr. John Dawkins, (otherwise the Artful Dodger,) who had followed his venerable friend into the room, hastily deposited on the floor a bundle with which he was laden, and, snatching a bottle from the grasp of Master Charles Bates who came close at his heels, uncorked it in a twinkling with his teeth, and poured a portion of its contents down the patient's throat; previously taking a taste himself to prevent mistakes.

"Give her a whiff of fresh air with the bellows, Charley," said Mr. Dawkins; "and you slap her hands, Fagin, while Bill undoes the petticoats."

These united restoratives, administered with great energy, especially that department consigned to Master Bates, who appeared to consider his share in the proceeding a piece of unexampled pleasantry, were not long in producing the desired effect. The girl gradually recovered her senses, and, staggering to a chair by the bedside, hid her face upon the pillow, leaving Mr. Sikes to confront the new-comers, in some astonishment at their unlooked-for appearance.

"Why, what evil wind has blowed you here?" he asked of Fagin.

"No evil wind at all, my dear," replied the Jew; "for ill winds blow nobody any good, and I've brought something good with me that you'll be glad to see. Dodger, my dear, open the bundle, and give Bill the little trifles that we spent all our money on this morning."

In compliance with Mr. Fagin's request, the Artful untied his bundle, which was of large size, and formed of an old table-cloth, and handed the articles it contained, one by one, to Charley Bates, who placed them on the table, with various encomiums on their rarity and excellence.

"Sitch a rabbit pie, Bill!" exclaimed that young gentleman, disclosing to view a huge pasty; "sitch delicate creeturs, with sitch tender limbs, Bill, that the wery bones melt in your mouth, and there's no occasion to pick 'em; half a pound of seven and sixpenny green, so precious strong that if you mix it with boiling water, it'll go nigh to blow the lid of the teapot off; a pound and a half of moist sugar that the niggers didn't work at all at afore they got it to sitch a pitch of goodness,—oh no! two half-quartern brans; pound of best fresh; piece of double Glo'ster, and, to wind up all, some of the rightest sort you ever lushed." Uttering this last panegyric, Master Bates produced from one of his extensive pockets a full-sized wine-bottle, carefully corked, while Mr. Dawkins at the same instant poured

out a wine-glassful of raw spirits from the bottle he carried, which the invalid tossed down his throat without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah!" said the Jew, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction. "You'll do, Bill; you'll do now."

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. Sikes; "I might have been done for twenty times over, afore you'd have done anything to help me. What do you mean by leaving a man in this state three weeks and more, you false-hearted wagabond?"

"Only hear him, boys!" said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders; "and us come to bring him all these beautiful things."

"The things is well enough in their way," observed Mr. Sikes, a little soothed as he glanced over the table; "but what have you got to say for yourself why you should leave me here, down in the mouth, health, blunt, and everything else, and take no more notice of me all this mortal time than if I was that ere dog.—Drive him down, Charley."

"I never see such a jolly dog as that," cried Master Bates, doing as he was desired. "Smelling the grub like a old lady a-going to market! He'd make his fortun' on the stage that dog would, and revive the drayma besides."

"Hold your din," cried Sikes, as the dog retreated under the bed, still growling angrily. "And what have you got to say for yourself, you withered old fence, eh?"

"I was away from London a week and more, my dear, on a plant," replied the Jew.

"And what about the other fortnight?" demanded Sikes. "What about the other fortnight that you've left me lying here, like a sick rat in his hole?"

"I couldn't help it, Bill," replied the Jew. "I can't go into a long explanation before company; but I couldn't help it, upon my honour."

"Upon your what?" growled Sikes with excessive disgust. "Here, cut me off a piece of the pie, one of you boys, to take the taste of that out of my mouth, or it'll choke me dead."

"Don't be out of temper, my dear," urged the Jew submissively. "I have never forgot you, Bill; never once."

"No, I'll pound it, that you han't," replied Sikes with a bitter grin. "You've been scheming and plotting away every hour that I've laid shivering and burning here; and Bill was to do this, and Bill was to do that, and Bill was to do it all dirt cheap, as soon as he got well, and was quite poor enough for your work. If it hadn't been for the girl, I might have died."

"There now, Bill," remonstrated the Jew, eagerly catching at the word. "If it hadn't been for the girl! Who was the means of your having such a handy girl about you but me?"

"He says true enough there, God knows!" said Nancy, coming hastily forward. "Let him be, let him be."

Nancy's appearance gave a new turn to the conversation, for the boys, receiving a sly wink from the wary old Jew, began to ply her with liquor, of which, however, she partook very sparingly; while Fagin, assuming an unusual flow of spirits, gradually brought Mr. Sikes into a better temper, by affecting to regard his threats as a little pleasant banter, and, moreover, laughing very heartily at one or two rough jokes, which, after repeated applications to the spirit-bottle, he condescended to make.

"It's all very well," said Mr. Sikes; "but I must have some blunt from you to-night."

"I haven't a piece of coin about me," replied the Jew.

"Then you've got lots at home," retorted Sikes, "and I must have some from there."

"Lots!" cried the Jew holding up his hands. "I haven't so much as would ——"

"I don't know how much you've got, and I dare say you hardly know yourself, as it would take a pretty long time to count it," said Sikes; "but I must have some to-night, and that's flat."

"Well, well," said the Jew with a sigh, "I'll send the Artful round presently."

"You won't do nothing of the kind," rejoined Mr. Sikes. "The Artful's a deal too artful, and would forget to come, or lose his way, or get dodged by traps and so be perwented, or anything for an excuse, if you put him up to it. Nancy shall go to the ken and fetch it, to make all sure, and I'll lie down and have a snooze while she's gone."

After a great deal of haggling and squabbling, the Jew beat down the amount of the required advance from five pounds to three pounds four and sixpence, protesting with many solemn asseverations that that would only leave him eighteenpence to keep house with; Mr. Sikes, sullenly remarking that if he couldn't get any more he must be content with that, Nancy prepared to accompany him home, while the Dodger and Master Bates put the eatables in the cupboard. The Jew then, taking leave of his affectionate friend, returned homewards, attended by Nancy and the boys, Mr. Sikes meanwhile flinging himself on the bed, and composing himself to sleep away the time until the young lady's return.

In due time they arrived at the Jew's abode, where they found Toby Crackit and Mr. Chitling intent upon their fifteenth game at cribbage, which it is scarcely necessary to say the latter gentleman lost, and with it his fifteenth and last sixpence, much to the amusement of his young friends. Mr. Crackit, apparently somewhat ashamed at being found relaxing himself with a gentleman so much his inferior in station and mental endowments, yawned heavily, and, inquiring after Sikes, took up his hat to go.

"Has nobody been, Toby?" asked the Jew.

"Not a living leg," answered Mr. Crackit, pulling up his collar: "it's been as dull as swipes. You ought to stand something handsome, Fagin, to recompense me for keeping house so long. Damme, I'm as flat as a juryman, and should have gone to sleep as fast as Newgate, if I hadn't had the good natur' to amuse this youngster. Horrid dull, I'm blessed if I an't."

With these and other ejaculations of the same kind, Mr. Toby Crackit swept up his winnings, and crammed them into his waistcoat pocket with a haughty air, as though such small pieces of silver were wholly beneath the consideration of a man of his figure, and swaggered out of the room with so much elegance and gentility, that Mr. Chitling, bestowing numerous admiring glances on his legs and boots till they were out of sight, assured the company that he considered his acquaintance cheap at fifteen sixpences an interview, and that he didn't value his losses the snap of a little finger.

"Wot a rum chap you are, Tom," said Master Bates, highly amused by this declaration.

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Chitling: "am I, Fagin?"

"A very clever fellow, my dear," said the Jew, patting him on the shoulder, and winking to his other pupils.

"And Mr. Crackit is a heavy swell, an't he, Fagin?" asked Tom.

"No doubt at all of that, my dear," replied the Jew.

"And it is a creditable thing to have his acquaintance, an't it, Fagin?" pursued Tom.

"Very much so indeed, my dear," replied the Jew. "They're only jealous, Tom, because he won't give it to them."

"Ah!" cried Tom triumphantly, "that's where it is. He has cleaned me out; but I can go and earn some more when I like,—can't I, Fagin?"

"To be sure you can," replied the Jew; "and the sooner you go, the better, Tom; so make up your loss at once, and don't lose any more time. Dodger, Charley, it's time you were on the lay:—come, it's near ten, and nothing done yet."

In obedience to this hint, the boys nodding to Nancy, took up their hats and left the room; the Dodger and his vivacious friend indulging as they went in many witticisms at the expense of Mr. Chitling, in whose conduct, it is but justice to say, there was nothing very conspicuous or peculiar, inasmuch as there are a great number of spirited young bloods upon town who pay a much higher price than Mr. Chitling for being seen in good society, and a great number of fine gentlemen (composing the good society aforesaid) who establish their reputation upon very much the same footing as flash Toby Crackit.

"Now," said the Jew, when they had left the room, "I'll go and get you that cash, Nancy. This is only the key of a little

cupboard where I keep a few odd things the boys get, my dear. I never lock up my money, for I've got none to lock up, my dear—ha! ha! ha!—none to lock. It's a poor trade, Nancy, and no thanks; but I'm fond of seeing the young people about me, and I bear it all; I bear it all. Hush!" he said, hastily concealing the key in his breast; "who's that? Listen!"

The girl, who was sitting at the table with her arms folded, appeared in no way interested in the arrival, or to care whether the person, whoever he was, came or went, until the murmur of a man's voice reached her ears. The instant she caught the sound she tore off her bonnet and shawl with the rapidity of lightning, and thrust them under the table. The Jew turning round immediately afterwards, she muttered a complaint of the heat in a tone of languor that contrasted very remarkably with the extreme haste and violence of this action, which, however, had been unobserved by Fagin, who had his back towards her at the time.

"Bah!" whispered the Jew, as though nettled by the interruption; "it's the man I expected before; he's coming down stairs. Not a word about the money while he's here, Nance. He won't stop long—not ten minutes, my dear."

Laying his skinny fore-finger upon his lip, the Jew carried a candle to the door as a man's step was heard upon the stairs without, and reached it at the same moment as the visiter, who coming hastily into the room, was close upon the girl before he observed her.

It was Monks.

"Only one of my young people," said the Jew, observing that Monks drew back on beholding a stranger. "Don't move, Nancy."

The girl drew closer to the table, and glancing at Monks with an air of careless levity, withdrew her eyes; but as he turned his towards the Jew, she stole another look, so keen and searching, and full of purpose, that if there had been any bystander to observe the change he could hardly have believed the two looks to have proceeded from the same person.

"Any news?" inquired the Jew.

"Great."

"And—and—good?" asked the Jew hesitatingly, as though he feared to vex the other man by being too sanguine.

"Not bad any way," replied Monks with a smile. "I have been prompt enough this time. Let me have a word with you."

The girl drew closer to the table, and made no offer to leave the room, although she could see that Monks was pointing to her. The Jew—perhaps fearing that she might say something aloud about the money, if he endeavoured to get rid of her—pointed upwards, and took Monks out of the room.

"Not that infernal hole we were in before," she could hear

the man say as they went up-stairs. The Jew laughed, and making some reply which did not reach her, seemed by the creaking of the boards to lead his companion to the second story.

Before the sound of their footsteps had ceased to echo through the house, the girl had slipped off her shoes, and drawing her gown loosely over her head, and muffling her arms in it, stood at the door listening with breathless interest. The moment the noise ceased she glided from the room, ascended the stairs with incredible softness and silence, and was lost in the gloom above.

The room remained deserted for a quarter of an hour or more; the girl glided back with the same unearthly tread, and immediately afterwards the two men were heard descending. Monks went at once into the street, and the Jew crawled up stairs again for the money. When he returned, the girl was adjusting her shawl and bonnet, as if preparing to be gone.

"Why, Nance," exclaimed the Jew, starting back as he put down the candle, "how pale you are!"

"Pale!" echoed the girl, shading her eyes with her hand as if to look steadily at him.

"Quite horrible," said the Jew. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing that I know of, except sitting in this close place for I don't know how long and all," replied the girl carelessly. "Come, let me get back; that's a dear."

With a sigh for every piece of money, Fagin told the amount into her hand, and they parted without more conversation than interchanging a "good-night."

When the girl got into the open street she sat down upon a door-step, and seemed for a few moments wholly bewildered and unable to pursue her way. Suddenly she arose, and hurrying on in a direction quite opposite to that in which Sikes was awaiting her return, quickened her pace, until it gradually resolved into a violent run. After completely exhausting herself, she stopped to take breath, and, as if suddenly recollecting herself, and deploring her inability to do something she was bent upon, wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

It might be that her tears relieved her, or that she felt the full hopelessness of her condition; but she turned back, and hurrying with nearly as great rapidity in the contrary direction, partly to recover lost time, and partly to keep pace with the violent current of her own thoughts, soon reached the dwelling where she had left the housebreaker.

If she betrayed any agitation by the time she presented herself to Mr. Sikes, he did not observe it; for merely inquiring if she had brought the money, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he laid his head upon his pillow, and resumed the slumbers which her arrival had interrupted.

WALTER CHILDE.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZEN NOSE.

CANTO IV.

"Now there 's a scene of comfort!" Walter said;

"One sometimes sees such timely episode
In the dull life of daily labour led

By the great mass, to cheer one on the road.

How I once liked to hear our ploughboy, Ned,

Crunching and munching,—merry, thoughtless toad!—

The nuts I gave him; and enjoy'd the thought

Of making happiness for next to nought.

"Singing I hear; now will they grind away,

To the tune the old cow died of, some right stale

And grievous matter, nor ask choicer lay

To season their poor modicum of ale.

—Why, 'tis the tune I heard in happier day,

At our last harvest-home in the old Vale:

Landlord and tenant, with their noble prince

Are gather'd to a different harvest since!"

"They soused her in, and away she swam,*

CHOR. Hey down! ho down!

Until she came to the miller's dam;

CHOR. And I will be true to my love,

And my love will be true to me.

* Be it observed that this dismally quaint ditty is not plagiarized from the Scottish legend of "The bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie;" being borrowed, and patched in parts, from the stray recollections of a Berkshire friend, fond of the collection of country oddities. The writer also remembers hearing the following scraps from a Denbighshire lady, more corresponding with "Binnorie" than the more southern version of a story which appears almost as current, and, doubtless, not less authentic, than the awful legend of Red-Riding-Hood.

"Oh, it was not a pheasant cock,
Nor yet a pheasant hen,
But it was a lady fair
Came swimming down the stream.

"An ancient harper, passing by,
Found this poor lady's body,
And thereon all his art did try
To make a sweet me-lody.

"* * * * * (hiatus) *

He drew out her breast-bone,
And made thereof to him a harp,
All for to play upon.

"And what did he with her fingers,
That were so straight and small?
Oh! he did cut them into pegs
To screw up his fid-döl."

The less genuine sequel remains in the unpublished MSS. of "My Neice's Album."

The air to the words presumed to be of Berks origin is unsuitably flowing and jovial.

“ Oh, father! oh, father! here swims a swan,
Hey down! ’&c.
Very much like a drowning gentlewo-màn,
And I, &c.

“ The miller, he ran with his rod and hook,
Hey down! &c.
To fish the fair maid out of the brook,
And I,” &c.

“ They ’ve got the words aright; ’tis the fag-end
Of what I heard with childhood’s wondering face;
My father was a sort of general friend,
And thought it no discredit to his race
At his binds’ Saturnalia just to spend,
In our old country fashion, an hour’s space;
Poor George! too,—he was our land-steward then,
And sung it better than these honest men.”

“ Oh, miller! I ’ll give you nobles ten,
Hey down! &c.
If you ’ll carry me home to my father again,
And I, &c.

“ The miller, he counted her money up right,
Hey down, &c.
And he push’d her in again for spite,
And I,” &c.

“ Just such a trick, now, as that knave would do,
The poor young fellow’s father; ’faith! I pity
A lad begot by such a Pagan Jew,
With all his acres. How that homely ditty
Brings up old times, and scenes, and thoughts anew!
What have I done seven years in London’s city?
‘ Que diable eus-je à faire dans cette galère?’
As poor De Hauteville half in joke would swear.”

“ But the coroner came, and the justice too,
Hey down! &c.
With a hue-and-cry, and a hurlybaloo,
And I, &c.

“ They hang’d the miller behind his gate,
Hey down! &c.
For drowning the farmer’s daughter, Kate,
And I,” &c.

“ A farmer?” Ay, if love of country craft,
Six feet of sinew, and small wants, would fill
The office, ’t would still suit me. I was daft
To cross my early tastes for nothing;—still
I should have lost a thought which will engraft
Some pride upon my heart in good and ill.
Praised by herself, and praised in such a tone!
Pshaw! I resolved to let that thought alone.

* The Marquis de Hauteville, gentleman of honour to Henrietta Maria, mortally wounded in the fight of Albourne Chase. He is reported to have said to the enemy, “ Vous voyez un grand marquis mourant.”

“A justice—land and station. This last night
 Caused me to grudge our lost estate, I vow,
 Forgotten in my father's loss outright,
 And ne'er since thought of. I'm no novice now,
 Or have mis-spent my time; it would delight
 My heart to teach our petty tyrants how
 To spell old English law, and Christian dealing,
 Or bâton them into some show of feeling.”

“The murdering sister fled over the seas,
 Hey down! &c.
 And died an old maid among black sava-gès,
 And I will, &c.

“Who dares to laugh at so sad a tale,
 Hey down! &c.
 I'll fine the man in a pot of good ale,
 Which I will drink with my love,
 And my love shall drink to me.”

“Well, Master Singer,” Walter, laughing, spake,
 “Thou 'st hit me for a forfeit on the hip,
 For I can't choose but smile for old sake's sake.
 Landlord, a pot o' the best!” and with his lip
 He touch'd it,—knowing that plain fellows take
 Treats kindly, when the treater tries a sip:
 “Now pass it round. You 're from the Vale, I see?
 None here have learnt that stave but you and me.

“Tom Knight of Bishopstone, or am I wrong?”—
 “Ay, sir; more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.”—
 “Well, man; you did good justice to your song.
 How's all at home? no meadow-grass that grows
 Beats yours; and all things jog, I hope, along
 In the old course?”—“Your honour, I suppose,
 Is from North Wilts?”—“Why, not exactly so;
 But next akin to't: all those parts I know.”

“Returning home, sir, from assize to-day?”—
 “No, Tom; I cannot boast of one: I roam
 A vagrant, though not idle I may say,
 Nor yet disorderly; my last fix'd home
 Did less for me than if I'd slaved away
 For the Grand Turk, or the old Pope of Rome.
 You, too,” he pointed to an empty sleeve,
 “Owe little thanks to London, I believe.

“God save ye all, friends! I must trudge my course.
 Knight, there's another pot; you'll help them drink
 To the well-being of our old White Horse,*
 As your own scarce has done his corn, I think.”
 All rose with mark'd respect. Was it the force
 Of his good liquor, or the tact to sink
 Without vulgarity, which made them gaze,
 Whispering in under-tones of homely praise?

“How well he walks! A vagrant? you and me
 Knows better, landlord. That's some leading man

* The White Horse Hill, so called from the figure of the Saxon horse cut on the chalk down by Alfred's army, to commemorate the battle of Ashdown.

Of the old cut ; so hearty-like, and free.

None but the right-down gentry, look ye, can
Afford to touch their hats to such as we.

Why, Tom, you should have known him, my thought ran
"T was some great Cavalier, or should be great,
His honour steps so soldierly and straight."

"Sure, I was blind ; but father always said,
'Our Tom is just the dullest dog alive,'
Till he found out I 'd wit to earn my bread.

'Tis young Squire Childe, now, as I hope to thrive !
And I not know him ! There 's my partner, Ned,

As lived their ploughboy, always on the strive
To find what chance may have befall'n him now.
Well, I can say I met him, any-how.

"Last time I see'd him was at Newbury fight,
Like a born devil, with nine lives to boot,
Smash in among us, hewing left and right ;
They'd tried it on all day, but 't would not suit,
Till that charge broke us for the moment quite.

'The brunt, you see, lay chiefly on us foot.'—
"Ay, Tom, your train-bands got the empty praise,
And left the pudding to them folks as sways."—

"True, the worse luck ; our noble Essex died
At the wrong time, or he'd have put, good lack !
A spoke into their wheel ; 't is beggars ride

The high horse, now that things are gone to wrack.
My lord was a right good one ; by his side
I stood, with more, who see'd him struck aback
(Just with his hand, as 't were, his eyes across,)
'To hear of his old friend, the Major's loss.

"I wish, as 't was my fate to lose my arm,
I 'd lost it with the father of that lad ;

'T was London traffic brought me to this harm
Among the train-bands ; nothing sure but bad
Waits a poor man, who listens to the swarm
Of scheming jockeys, that prate on like mad
Of rights, and such. I 've lived to change my mind.
He saw my loss, and noticed it quite kind.

"'T was a nice family ; on Ashbury down
Our youngsters round play'd football in the spring,
Wilts against Berks, for nothing but renown,
And some small treat, which that young boy would bring
From the old hall : he always used to frown,
Just like his father's son,—the true-bred thing !—
At such disputes as bred ill-blood and blows,
Though he could bang the stoutest, if he chose.

"Well, I must go. Old England, right or wrong ;
And more of that lad's sort !—the pot is out."

Walter, meantime, at distance strides along.
A modern Exquisite would faint, no doubt,
To hear his own name current on the tongue
Of swinish folk ; and deem our friend a lout,
Who from perverted taste, though nowise craving
Of praise, esteem'd the poor's good word worth having.

He paces now near th' appointed spot :

Walter was one of those who kept his time

To a half minute; could indulge his mood,
 While waiting, with some snatch of prose or rhyme,
 Well-treasured up as memory's wholesome food;
 And now his fancy conn'd the dreamy chime
 Of old songs heard in childhood o'er and o'er,
 Suggested by the ditty heard before.

An odd employment this for a man placed
 In peril;—but 'tis no affair of mine.
 "I have it now," he said; "'t was half effaced
 By musty parchments. Well the words combine
 With the old tune; my mother's fancy graced
 And patch'd it, mending here and there a line."
 And then he half-hum'n'd o'er this simple thing,—
 Humm'd—for he never made pretence to sing.

"The wedding-peal rang, and the blithe wedding-band
 From forth the church-portal advanced hand in hand;
 I saw my false love, and my bosom was mann'd
 With pride and despair as I met her.

"I deck'd out my cheek with a wan, hollow smile,
 Though a pang came across my fond heart all the while,
 To think that I ever should treat her with guile,
 Or seek to disdain and forget her.

"With a brow gay and courteous the bride did I greet,
 And proffer'd a posy of May-flowers sweet:
 O could I that moment have died at her feet!
 But, alas! I must live and forget her.

"They pass'd on rejoicing, and left me alone,
 And I sat myself down on the mossy gravestone;
 My anger had fled, and my strength was quite gone,
 And I strove all in vain to forget her.

"That form's fairy lightness still floats on my eye,
 Like the soft summer cloud in an evening sky,
 And her voice of sweet music still seems to reply,
 As oft as I swear to forget her.

"That gentle dark eye which look'd on me so kind,
 Did I think it could ever disguise a base mind?
 Could falsehood a home on those smiling lips find?
 But she's gone, and my heart must forget her.

"I scorn for a false one to sigh or to weep,
 But beneath yonder willow I'll dig my grave deep,
 And soon I'll lie down there, and take a long sleep,
 For that's the best way to forget her."^{*}

"'T was inconsistent, though the tale was true,
 As old wives told us. Die for love indeed!
 And after facing out the bridal crew
 So manfully? No! heart for heart's my creed;
 A do it for her who cares still less for you!
 Sweet Isolde, I had ta'en of thee no heed,
 But that thy look and accents seem'd to say,
 'Oh, pride! presumption! shame! away! away!'

* The air, (which has much simple merit,) and certain snatches of the words and metre, were noted down from the singing of a worthy old Berkshire house-keeper, some years gathered to the tomb of the Capulets and their nurses; she maintained the story to be local and genuine, the lover having done what he describes, and what he proposes finally.

“ Farewell to her for ever ; may she bless
 Some brave, true heart, and happy man be's dole ;
 But for my own betroth'd, my darling Bess,
 My lost and never found, must oceans roll
 Between us ? Had my drudgery won success,
 I long ago had traced her, on my soul !
 But link her to my hopeless fortunes ? no :
 Sort we the thing in hand, then westward, ho !

“ He comes not yet ;—but, hark ! I hear the tread
 Of horses on the velvet greensward near :
 Two lady-riders,—graceful and high-bred
 Their seat bespeaks them. What can bring them here ?
 Now they dismount : away their steeds are led
 By yon staid falconer. Am I, as I fear,
 Th' intruder ? They approach, they pause half-way :
 Fine forms—both mask'd ; what can they have to say ?”

Now, while the ladies hesitating stand,
 And whispering to each other, let us try
 To paint the scene and figures for a grand
 “ Coup de théâtre.” No, in truth, not I.
 Leslie, or Boxall, lend us a kind hand ;
 Your pencils could exactly vivify
 The thought in my dull brains to bright existence,
 While Landseer paints the horses in the distance.

Or, Landseer, now I think on't, try the whole.
 Give us two damsels from your hawking-pieces
 A la Vandyck ; all spirit, grace, and soul,
 Such as lords wish their ladies, daughters, nieces,
 To look like ; paint the patient calm control
 Of countenance and mien which the Childe ceases
 Not to maintain ; and now the silence breaks.
 The fairest-hair'd one moves a step, and speaks.

“ Excuse me, sir, nor think us over-bold.
 I speak to Captain Childe, as I believe,
 Sir George Lisle's aide-de-camp in days of old,
 More known to fame, perhaps, than you believe.
 If 't is the same, we need not to be told
 You'll in strict honour's confidence receive
 What I may say, and not misconstrue aught,
 Nor wrong our honest purpose by a thought.”

“ Fair lady, you have not mista'en my name,
 Nor yet my dealings, true, I hope, and just.
 I've dropt my title, though at heart the same :
 My honour, now and ever, you may trust.
 For that delusion which I once call'd fame,
 So dear to our poor perishable dust,
 Fortune has marr'd my relish ; or your praise,
 Lady, might wake the pride of better days.”

Now, what an answer ! dry, impassive, cold,
 Like an old grandfather's ; he should, no doubt,
 Have look'd encouragingly, gently bold.
 Ta'en her soft hand, and drawn the lady out :
 Protection, countenance, as we are told,
 The weaker sex claim from the brave and stout ;
 But, somehow, what might not in general please,
 Gave the fair speaker confidence and ease.

"I thank you ; something says I may proceed
 Without more preface. You received a note?
 You seem surprised ; nor is it strange, indeed,
 That so you should be : no man's finger wrote
 That summons ; 't was our only chance to speed
 Our business in your journey's haste ; you doat
 Upon punctilio, and, we augur'd well,
 Though press'd for time, would answer a cartel."

By this, the second lady join'd the first
 To claim her shelter, rather than relieve her ;
 Her hand, her ringlets trembled, which had burst
 From the concealment of her riding-beaver.
 He heard a smother'd sigh, which might have nursed
 Suspicions flattering to a gay deceiver ;
 But, from a sense of feeling, and high honour,
 He check'd all wonder, nor even look'd upon her.

He seem'd, if different ranks will bear comparing,
 A handsome orderly, who stands at ease,
 Waiting, with soldier-like, but modest bearing,
 Whate'er commands his officers may please
 To issue ; but he hardly could help hearing,
 Against his will, low whispers such as these :—
 "Shall I go on ? he is just what you said,—
 I'll answer him trust-worthy, thorough-bred."

"Think not we meant an idle jest. In fact,"
 Said the blonde mask, "the truth will warrant quite
 Our seeming ruse. 'A promise' never back'd
 By due performance, is in honour's sight
 'Deep injury,' and oft a fatal act
 To other's peace. Now answer me aright.
 Is Basing House a still familiar thought,
 And friends who should have been more prized and sought ?

"Don't interrupt me ; the new dignity
 Of my friend's second may allow a tone
 Of what may seem dictation. Do you see
 The reason you were charged to come alone ?
 Your sword—this lady-bird has whisper'd me—
 'T is Ribeumont,—the naming was her own ;
 She knows the hilt, reads 'Esperance en Dieu'
 Through sheath and all. Saxe Weimar's pistols too !"

He turn'd—gazed—absolutely gasp'd for breath,
 All his past heart-aches vanish'd like a shade.
 The dark-hair'd one—it was Elizabeth !
 The tokens—the confusion—all betray'd
 A ten years' tale : she was his own till death,
 Fond, faithful, for his sake an unwed maid !
 "Speak ! let me hear your voice ! it surely seems
 I'm wandering in the blessed land of dreams."

She spoke not ; she was on the point to give
 A proof more tangibly and fondly real
 That she was one of those who breathe and live,
 Not a sweet sprite from Fairy lands ideal.
 "Hold !" cried her friend in accents positive ;
 "No headlong, childish doings ! let us see all
 Our course quite plain ere this I can allow ;
 I, who play'd Prate-apace, play Prudence now.

The dark-hair'd lady, taken thus to task,
 Drew up to carry off her shame and pique
 With dignity, as if her velvet mask
 Could hide the burning crimson of her cheek.
 One deprecating gesture seem'd to ask
 A moment's grace while mustering nerve to speak.
 Her statue-like, calm bearing—he could swear
 He had seen such—'t was now no matter where.

She spoke; her quivering lip and smother'd voice,
 Things by resolve least easily controll'd,
 Spoke more of agitation than by choice
 She would have shown. "Walter! my friend of old,
 My more than brother. Yes, you *do* rejoice
 To meet me; from some cause I never told
 A name which might have guided you aright;
 And I acquit you of the smallest slight.

"See, there 's my hand upon it." A strange thing!
 Was she left-handed? she ungloved her left;
 Upon the wedding-finger was a ring,
 Massive and plain. He gazed as one bereft
 Of every sense but joy; proud as a king,
 And happier in his privilege; the theft
 Of a score kisses from the rude-shaped gold
 Miss Prudence saw, and check'd not by a scold.

"It was your own; I've worn it ever since.
 Walter, do you recall my words? if not,—"
 "I do—'You love but once.'—How, how evince
 My gratitude, my truth? Yes, every jot
 Is treasured here, a treasure for a prince:
 Could such dear eloquence be e'er forgot
 By human heart? Within this very hour
 I call'd it up to mind, and felt its power."

"Thank Heaven! my task is ended, my dear Bess;
 The hostile parties understand each other,"
 Said the fair second. "I see happiness
 Well earn'd in store for both. 'My more than brother!'
 Upon my word I think so. Now confess
 To me, your Mentor, friend, and abbess-mother,
 Speak, sir; have you been ever heart-whole? true?
 And worthy? If you knew her as I do!"

He started, as if Truth from her own throne
 Put searchingly a question the most vital
 In the young querist's frank and noble tone.
 Could he then boast of a due, full requital
 Of such unvaried faith to him alone?
 'T was hardly fair; how could a woman spite all
 The course of love, which seem'd to give her pleasure,
 By such a rash, unseasonable measure?

She felt it so, and still more frankly said,
 "Nay, 't was my—call it liking—whim—prediction
 That you could—would say 'yes:' but, though misled
 To hope too much, 't is my sincere conviction
 You well deserve her, or I ne'er had sped
 The cause thus far. Now speak without restriction,
 Elizabeth, and comfort this scared elf;
 'T were best he heard his pardon from yourself."

THE DEAD CLEARING.

BY W. C. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

"Unapprehensive thus, at night
 The wild deer, looking from the brake
 To where there gleams a fitful light
 Dotted upon the rippling lake,
 Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping
 From the lithe oar, which, softly dipping,
 Impels the wily hunter's boat :
 But on his ruddy torch's rays,
 As nearer, clearer now they float,
 The fated quarry stands to gaze ;
 And, dreaming not of cruel sport,
 Withdraws not thence his gentle eyes,
 Until the rifle's sharp report
 The simple creature hears, and dies.

The Indian Ambuscade.

SCHROON LAKE is the largest, and perhaps the finest, body of water among the myriad lakes which form the sources of the Hudson. "The Schroon," as it is called by the country people, has, indeed, been likened by travellers to the celebrated lake of Como, which it is said to resemble in the configuration of its shores. It is about ten miles in length, broad, deep, and girt with mountains, which, though not so lofty as many in the northern part of the state of New York, are still picturesque in form, while they enclose a thousand pastoral valleys and sequestered dells among their richly wooded defiles.

In one of the loveliest of these glens, near a fine spring, well known to the deer-stalker, there flourished a few years since, a weeping willow, which, for aught I know, may be still gracing the spot. The existence of such an exotic in the midst of our primitive forest would excite the curiosity of the most casual observer of nature, even if other objects adjacent did not arrest his attention, as he emerged from the deep woods around, to the sunny glade where it grew. On the side of a steep bank, opposite to the willow, there were the remains of an old fire-place to be seen ; and blackened timbers, with indications of rough masonry, could be discovered by turning aside the wild raspberry bushes that had overgrown the farther side of the knoll. These ruins betokened something more than the remains of a hunting camp ; and the forester who should traverse an extensive thicket of young beeches and wild cherry-trees, within a few hundred yards of this spot, would be at no loss to determine that he had lighted upon the deserted home of some settler of perhaps forty years back ;—a scene where the toil, the privation, and the dangers of a pioneer's life had been once endured, but where the hand of improvement had wrought in vain, for the forest had already closed over the little domain that had been briefly rescued from its embrace ; and the place was now what in the language of the country is called a "dead clearing."

The story of this ruined homestead is a very common one in the private family annals of the state of New York, which has always been exposed to the perils of frontier warfare, and which, for twenty years, at the close of the seventeenth century, and throughout the

whole of that which followed it, was the battle-field of the most formidable Indian confederacy that ever arrayed itself against the Christian powers on the shores of this continent. The broken remains of that confederacy still possess large tracts of valuable land in the centre of our most populous districts; while their brethren of the same colour, but of a feeblener lineage, have been driven westward a thousand miles from our borders. And when this remnant of the Iroquois shall have dwindled from among us, their names will still live in the majestic lakes and noble rivers that embalm the memory of their language. They will live, too, unhappily, in many a dark legend of ruthless violence, like that which I have to relate.

It was in the same year when Sullivan's army gave the finishing blow to the military power of the Six Nations, that a settler, who had come in from the New Hampshire grants to this part of Tryon County, (as the northern and western region of New York was at that time called,) was sitting with his wife, who held an infant to her bosom, enjoying his evening pipe beside his hearth. The blaze of the large maple-wood fire spread warmly upon the unpainted beams above, and lighted up the timbers of the shanty with a mellow glow that gave an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the rudely-furnished apartment. From the grey hairs and weather-beaten features of the settler, he appeared to be a man considerably on the wrong side of forty, while the young bright-haired mother by his side had not yet passed the sunny season of early youth. The disparity of their years, however, had evidently not prevented the growth of the strongest affection between them. There was a soft and happy look of content about the girl, as she surveyed the brown woodsman, now watching the smoke-wreaths from his pipe as they curled over his head, now taking his axe upon his lap, and feeling its edge with a sort of caressing gesture, as if the inanimate thing could be conscious of the silent compliment he paid to its temper, when thinking over the enlargement of the clearing he had wrought by its aid during the day. Nor did the eye of the young mother kindle less affectionately when the brawny pioneer, carefully depositing the simple instrument, which is the pride of an American woodsman, behind the chimney, turned to take the hand of the infant, which she pressed to her bosom, and shared at the same time with her the caresses which he bestowed on the child.

"That boy's a raal credit to you, Bet. But I think, if he cries to-night, as he has for the last week, I must make a papoose-cradle for him to-morrow, and swing him somewhere outside of the shanty, where his squalling can't keep us awake. Your face is growing as white as a silver birch, from loss of sleep o' nights."

"Why, John, how you talk! I'm sure Yorpy never cries;—never, I mean, worth talking of."

As the mother spoke, she pressed the unhappy little youngster somewhat too closely to her bosom, and he awoke with one of those discordant outbreaks of infant passion with which the hopeful scions of humanity sometimes test the comforts of married life.

"Baby—why, baby—there—there now! what will it have?—does it want to see Brother Ben? Hush—hush—he's coming with something for baby! Hush, now, darling!—Will it have this?"

"Why, Bet, my dear," said the father, "don't give the brat Ben's powder-horn to play with; for thof he does like you as much as he

did my first missus, his own mother, and flesh and blood, the lad doesn't love to have his hunting-tools discomboborated. God's weather! where can the tormented chap be staying?—he ought to be home by this time." With these words he walked to the door, and stood for a moment commenting upon the mildness of the night, and wondering why Ben did not return. But the mother was too much engaged in soothing the infant, by rocking him to and fro in her arms, to reply.

"Now don't, don't, gal," continued the kind-hearted woodsman, turning from the door, which he left open; "you'll tire yourself to death. Let me take him—there, now—there," said he, as she relinquished the child to his arms; and, addressing the last words to the poor, perverse little thing, he walked up and down the room with it, vainly trying to lull its gust of passion or peevishness.

"Hush! you little varmint, you!" said the father at last, growing impatient; "hush! or I'll call in the Indians to carry you off—I will."

The settler was just turning in his walk, near the open threshold, as he uttered the ill-omened words, when a swarthy hand, reaching over his shoulder, clutched the child from his arms, and brained it against the door-post, in the same moment that the tomahawk of another savage struck him to the floor. A dozen painted demons sprang over his prostrate body into the centre of the room. The simple scene of domestic joy, but a moment before so sheltered and home-like, was changed on the instant. The mummied nurseling was flung upon the embers near the feet of its frantic mother, who slipped and fell in the blood of her husband, as she plucked her child from the coals, and sprang towards the door. It was a blow of mercy, though not meant as such, which dismissed her spirit, as she struggled to rise with her lifeless burden. The embers of the fire soon strewed the apartment, while the savages danced among them with the mad glee of the devil's own children, until the smoke and blaze, ascending to the roof-tree, drove them from the scene of their infernal orgies.

The next day's sun shone upon that mouldering ruin as brightly as if unconscious of the horrors which his light revealed. So complete had been the devastation of the flames, that little but ashes now remained; and the blue smoke curled up among the embowering trees as gently as if it rose only from a cottager's hospitable fire. The oriole, perched upon a cedar-top, whistled as usual to his mate, swinging in his nest upon the pendent branches of a willow which had been planted by the ill-fated settler near a spring not far from his door; while the cat-bird from the brier-thicket replied in mocking notes blither and clearer than those he aimed to imitate. The swallow only, driven from her nest in the eaves, and whirling in disordered flight around the place, seemed in sharp cries to sympathise with the desolation which had come over it.

There was one human mourner, however, amid the scene. A youth of sixteen sat with his head buried in his hands upon a fallen tree hard by. So still and motionless he seemed, that his form might almost have been thought to have been carved out of the grey wood, with which his faded garments assimilated in colour. It would not be difficult to surmise what passed in the bosom of the young forester, as at last, after rising with an effort, he advanced

to the funeral pyre of his household, and, turning over the dry embers, disengaged a half-burned cloven skull from among them. He threw himself upon the grass, and bit the ground with a fierce agony that showed some self-reproach must be mingled with his sorrow.

"My father! my father!" he cried, writhing in anguish; "why—why did I not come home at once, when I heard that the Black Wolf had gone north with his band?" A burst of tears seemed to relieve him for a moment; and then, with greater bitterness than ever, he resumed, "Fool—thrice accursed fool that I was—I might have known that he would have struck for these mountains, instead of taking the Sacondaga route, where the palatine yægars were out and on the watch for him. To die so like a brute in the hands of a butcher—without one word of warning—to be burned like a wood-chuck in his hole—stricken to death without a chance of dealing one blow for his defence! My father! my poor father! Oh, God! I cannot bear it!"

But the youth knew not the self-renovating spirit of life's spring-time, when he thought that his first sorrow, bitter as it was, would blast his manhood for ever. A first grief never blights the heart of man. The sapling hickory may be bowed—may be shattered by the storm, but it has an elasticity and toughness of fibre that keep it from perishing. It is only long exposure to a succession of harsh and biting winds that steals away its vigour, drinks up its sap of life, and sends a chill at last to the roots which nourished its vitality.

That day of cruel woe, like all others, had an end for the young forester; and, when the waning moon rose upon the scene of his ruined home, her yellow light disclosed the boy kneeling upon the sod wherewith he had covered up the bones of his only earthly relatives. She, too, was sole witness to the vow of undying vengeance which he swore upon the spot against the whole race of red men.

There are but too many traditions surviving in this region to prove the fulfilment of this fearful vow. But I leave the dire feats of "Bloody Ben," by which name only the avenger is now remembered, to some annalist who finds greater pleasure than I do in such horrible details. My business, here, is only to describe the first deed by which he requited the murderous act of the Indians.

The seasons had twice gone their round since destruction had come over the house of the settler, and his son had never yet revisited the spot, which, with the exuberant growth of an American soil, had partly relapsed into its native wildness, from the tangled vines and thickets which had overgrown the clearing. The strong arm of the government had for a while driven the Indians beyond the reach of private vengeance; but now they were again returning to their favourite hunting-ground north of the Mohawk, and around the sources of the Hudson. Some even had ventured into Albany to dispose of their packs of skins, and carry back a supply of powder and other necessities of the hunter of the wilderness. It was two of these that the orphan youth dogged from the settlements, on their way through the northern forests, to the very spot where his oath of vengeance had been recorded. The sequel may best be told in the words of an old hunter, under whose guidance I made my first and only visit to the Dead Clearing.

"It was about two o'clock of a hot August afternoon, that Ben,

after thus following up their trail for three days, came upon the two Injuns jist where the moose-runway makes an opening in the forest, and lets the light down upon yon willow that still flourishes beside the old hemlock. The Injuns were sitting beneath the willow, thinking themselves sheltered by the rocky bank opposite, and a mass of underwood which had shot up round the top of an oak, which had been twisted off in a tornado in some former day, and then lay imbedded in weeds beneath the knoll. But a few yards from this bank, in that thicket round the roots of yon mossy old beech, Ben found a shelter, from which, at any moment, he could creep up and cover either with his fire from behind the knoll. But, as he had only a one-barrel piece, it required full as cool a hand as his to wait and take both the creeturs at one shot. Bloody Ben, though, was jist the chap to do it. Like enough he waited there or manœuvred round for an hour to get his chance, which did come at last, howsumdever. The Injuns, who, in their own way, are mighty talkers, you must know,—that is, when they have really something to talk about,—got into some argerment, wherein figures, about which they know mighty little, were concerned. One took out his scalping-knife to make marks upon the earth to help him; while the other, trying to make matters clearer with the aid of his fingers, their heads came near each other jist as you may have seen those of white people when they get parroiching right in airnest. So they argufied and they counted, getting nearer and nearer as they became more eager, till their skulls, almost touching, came within the exact range of Ben's rifle: and then Ben, he ups and sends the ball so clean through both, that it buried itself in a sapling behind them. And that, I think, was pretty well for the first shot of a lad of eighteen; and Bloody Ben himself never confessed to making a better one afterwards."

The tourist, who should now seek the scene of this adventure, would, perhaps, look in vain for the graceful exotic that once marked the spot. The weeping willow, which was only a thrifty sapling when the Indians met their death beneath its fatal shade, was changed into an old decayed trunk, with but one living branch when I beheld it; and a ponderous vine was rapidly strangling the life from this decrepid limb. The hardy growth of the native forest had nearly obliterated the improvements of the pioneer. The wild animals, in drinking from the spring hard by, had dislodged the flat stones from its brink; tall weeds waved amid the spreading pool; and the fox had made his den in the rocky knoll upon whose side once stood the settler's cabin of THE DEAD CLEARING.

 MEMORY PARAPHRASED.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Oh! Memory!
 Thou lingering murmurer,
 Within Joy's broken shell—
 Why have I not,
 In losing all I loved,
 Lost thee as well?

W.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

A JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA AND BACK.

THE commencement of spring gave me notice to return to New York ; and purchasing a "York waggon," or shandy, to convey myself and goods, I bade adieu to the "city of brotherly love," after a residence of near six months, with a feeling of regret that I should see its inhabitants no more. I took very near the same route as that by which I had arrived in Pennsylvania from New York, avoiding, however, the river Delaware. I was four days on the road ; and, with the exception of one scene to be presently described, and stopping at a "temperance house," where all the customers seemed to be in a bad state of health, as they were only allowed wine or brandy on the understanding that they might, could, would, or should have the cholera or ague ; of putting up at an inn where there was nothing to be had that day but potatoes, bread, and apple-jack ;* and narrowly escaping a fine of five dollars in the state of Delaware for smoking a cigar,—I met with nothing to arrest attention. But certainly no Englishman can travel in the United States without experiencing a certain degree of pride in being allied by the ties of blood, manners, language, and religion to the American people. When he sees a country of such immense extent, covered with roads, railways, and canals, bridges, viaducts, and aqueducts, cities, villages, farms, schoolhouses, and churches, chiefly the labour of a single century ; and when, by analogy, he considers what another century will produce, there must arise a feeling of honest pride in seeing that the descendants of the English, separated from the mother country by three thousand miles of ocean, have achieved so much, and have such prospects ; and that these happy results are to be attributed to the connexion between the States and Great Britain, the affluence of the latter, the genius and perseverance of her emigrants who settle in the States, and are yearly adding to the ties of blood by which the two countries are connected.

The States of the south and south-west of America were settled by the Spaniards and Portuguese before the English began to colonise the north ; yet what has been achieved by those two nations in Mexico and Peru, compared with the British progress on the North Atlantic seaboard ? The Spaniards found Mexico and Peru inhabited by thriving, half-civilised nations, numbering their tens of millions, rich in every requisite for the climate ; they found the people living happily under a mild government, respecting the laws, and satisfied with an innocent religion, and nearly all this they have extirpated. In its place we find a few millions of wretched anarchists and bigots, who have overthrown the heathen worship of the sun for the heathen worship of idols ; and, in place of a parental government, have introduced the steel of the assassin, and the brutal coercion of an ignorant priesthood.

It is not too much to assert that the United States are still an

* A description of brandy made from apples.

integral, although an independent, part of the British empire. They owe no allegiance to her Majesty of St. James's; but they owe, and must of necessity pay, homage to the language, literature, science, and arts of the parent state; they live by her commerce, they are succored by her affluence. History has no parallel to the fact, which will be fully developed in another century, of the two most powerful nations in the world being governed by the same laws and religion, possessing the same language and manners, and having a common ancestry,—two branches from the same root; and well may each be proud of its connexion with the other! The climax of British influence over the world is even yet far distant, and the magnitude of that influence so great as to be beyond comparison with that of the present day. When the northern continent of America shall be covered with a population of hundreds of millions, speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton; when Australia shall be likewise peopled and studded with English towns, and the remainder of the fifth portion of the globe, the whole of Oceanica, shall own the same allegiance to the literature of Albion; the British dominion over India may expire, the colonies of England may become independent, but imperishable records will attest the supremacy of Great Britain over the world. The "eternal" city of the Romans has outlived their religion and language; but a prouder destiny awaits the genius of the British: their language, now spoken in every quarter of the globe, and their discoveries and inventions, will certainly live as long as there remains an inhabitant on their islands, and may probably exist long after the revolutions of the earth shall have buried those islands in the ocean, and produced new continents in the seas, which are now merely speckled with embryo mountains.

The scene to be described occurred at a roadside farm and tavern in the state of Delaware, where I stopped to give my horse a feed. A pedlar's waggon was at the door, and there were three men lounging about, one of whom was the farmer, waiting to see the "stranger."

STRANGER. Can my horse have a feed of corn?

FARMER. I guess not.

STRANGER. How much farther shall I have to drive?

FARMER. Why, stranger, you may go as far as you like, or you may stop here.

STRANGER. But I want to give my horse a feed.

FARMER. We can fix that for you.

STRANGER. Did not you say he could not have a feed of corn?

FARMER. I did, and it's a fact. I'll give him as much as he can eat, and more too, but no corn. We haven't much for Christians, less for niggers, and none no ways for a horse.

This reminded me of the mistake I had made; the word *corn* in the States being applied exclusively to *Indian corn*, with which horses are but seldom fed. My horse was therefore to have oats and chopped hay, with a little bran and salt, which a nigger lad, called from an adjoining field, soon gave him; while I joined the two men at the door, one of whom was a Connecticut pedlar, and the other a Kentucky horse-dealer and general merchant, or, as he called himself, a *ring-tailed roarer and screamer*. The following dialogue then ensued, which perhaps requires not a rther introduction.

KENTUCK. Well, stranger, I go for to lay down that you pride yourself peculiar on that horse.

STRANGER. Not at all.

KENTUCK. He isn't worth quite a thousand dollars, but somewhere between twenty and a hundred, more or less, with no cents over.

STRANGER. You are right.

KENTUCK. Well, then, if you ain't proud of him, pre-haps you'll spring a leetle, and reach York satisfied, if I show you a crittur of mine that can eat his own weight in hay, and then clear a loghouse without knocking off the shingles. Here he is; and if Andrew Jackson wanted to buy him, he shouldn't have him for one cent less than I'm going to sell him to you for.

STRANGER. I am obliged to you, but I do not intend to buy him.

KENTUCK. Oh yes, you will, when you know him well. This ain't a common go-by crittur, but is powerful peculiar, and correct.

STRANGER. A good racer, perhaps?

KENTUCK. Why, not exact; but, if he was, he'd carry all before him.

PEDLAR. Except six behind.

KENTUCK. He never tried to do anything and couldn't. As for going, he can do that and begin agin when the others leave off. No one going the same way on a 'pike ever saw anything but the crittur's tail when he was ahead, and didn't choose to be overtaken. Wherever he moves, he's the best.

PEDLAR. Except four, and they are blind.

KENTUCK. Don't provoke me, for I feel all over kind of snapping turtle with a spice of bear. It's dangerous to ask me what's o'clock when I don't look straight. Whatever I take up I put down flat, and stand on it. My arm ain't entire iron gratis, I guess. Nothing but a vice made double-strong on purpose could make me leave go when I choose to hold on. I expect I was the very best at a tight screw of all them as stood raised in Babylon.

PEDLAR. Except six, and they couldn't hold any.

KENTUCK. Except none, you leetle man. Ask any one, from the mayor down to Scotch Sandy, who had the most gunpowder and iron in him, and you'll find *me* named, and no one within one day of me.

PEDLAR. Except three; and it's twelve o'clock with them when it's only six with you.

KENTUCK. It's well for you that you're a leetle man, or I'd make you creep through the crown of your hat, no ways slow.

PEDLAR. I never creep; I'm a climber, I am. When I climb, I go up like a squirrel or a 'coon. I could get up a hickory while you were only looking at it. I've climbed all the trees in Connecticut except five, and they isn't grown yit.

KENTUCK. You climb! Why, I can climb where no man can follow. I'm not a ring-tail'd roarer in fun; I'm a screamer, I am. I go up, and clear the tree of boughs as I go on; for when I come down I jump, and dive into the earth a foot deep, like a spike. There ain't any as can beat me at climbing no way, I calylate.

PEDLAR. Except three, and they never tried.

KENTUCK. Out, you varmint! and let me sell this here crittur to the Yorker, who knows something when he sees it, and can under-

stand a crittur full of stuff, and not much outside. He'll buy this crittur, to make double his money of him at the market to-morrow, or at Tattersall's on Saturday. Now this crittur ought to fetch a high price, if he's bought only as a curiosity, as the saying is.

PEDLAR. Yes, this is the hoss that was going along a 'pike, and was chased by the lightning seven miles, and wasn't fixed.

KENTUCK. No nonsense; but I'll say this, he'll go at any pace under a steam-engine at full speed, and will overtake a first-rate steamer, if it stops to take in water. He's the cheapest crittur, too, as ever I seen; for he'll go by a toll-bar on a 'pike before the man can look out to see if anything is coming.

STRANGER. No doubt the horse has many virtues, but one horse is enough for me.

KENTUCK. Yes; but I'll take your horse in exchange.

STRANGER. I do not wish to part with it.

KENTUCK. You're not an Englisher, are you?

STRANGER. Partly English and partly of New York. My father was an Englishman.

KENTUCK. Well, I'm glad you're New York; for I shouldn't like to sell the crittur to an Englisher: they don't know the vally of anything like this. It's just a leetle above their reach, it is. I hate the English. If I thought I had a drop of English blood in me, I'd take a knife and rip the place open, and let it out. But we fixed 'em last war, and so we will next, and next after, till none of 'em remain to say what became of the others. Stranger, don't leave till we've fixed the bargain.

STRANGER. I shall not buy the horse.

KENTUCK. Well, then, I'll swap him for yours and a ten-dollar note.

STRANGER. No.

KENTUCK. Five dollars.

STRANGER. No.

KENTUCK. Give me a dollar, then, and your horse, and you shall have him.

STRANGER. No.

KENTUCK. I expect I'll swap him without the dollar.

STRANGER. Not with me.

KENTUCK. How much *do* you want with your horse?

STRANGER. I'll neither sell nor swap; so don't trouble yourself any farther.

KENTUCK. I'd be sorry to prevaricate as you have done, stranger. If I were to have you before the squire, he'd make you give up your horse no ways slow, that's a fact, after bargaining as you have done. I'm a leetle maddish, I guess; but I don't want your horse, and you shouldn't have mine if you were to offer me fifty dollars to swap. I'm not to be treated in this manner, and take it mild twice. wouldn't advise you to try it.

STRANGER. No offence. Don't let us quarrel.

KENTUCK. Oh, it's easy to say *no offence*; but another time don't be so ready to play off your New York tricks. Make a bargain, and then clear out of it, ain't easy anyhow. It wouldn't do at all in Kentucky, no way you could fix it.

PEDLAR. Have you been to the Bowery lately, neighbour?

STRANGER. Not very lately.

PEDLAR. What a first-rate place that is for music.

KENTUCK. Don't talk of York music. I have a horn as come from France that 'll turn all the milk sour when you blow it hard.

PEDLAR. And I have a trumpet that will throw a monkey into fits.

KENTUCK. Why, I can whistle better than some of them common trumpets. I whistled once kind of sharp, and it gave a polecat the agy.

PEDLAR. When I was last at the Bowery, the musisioners played so strong that it tuk two men to hold the leader of 'em in his seat ; and in one part he played so fast, six of the others couldn't overtake him, although they all did their tightest.

KENTUCK. It takes *me* to sit some tunes as I can play, and *I can hardly*. I played on an old frying-pan once so powerful that it driv away the mice.

PEDLAR. That was 'cause the frying-pan was cracked, and driv everything as mad as itself.

KENTUCK. Well, I 'll tell you a fact. There 's a fife in Kentuck that once whistled so piercing, that it bore a hole slick through the shingles.

PEDLAR. Yes, that 's true ; and there 's a drum at the Bowery that has to be played by a leetle babby ; for if a grown man was to try it, it would go like thunder, and pre-haps blow the roof off the house.

FARMER. I want to tell you two of a dream I had the other night. I dreamt as all the liars was dead, and it 's come true.

KENTUCK. Yes, they 're all dead.

PEDLAR. Except two, and they are fixed in this part of the State.

KENTUCK. You 've seen something, that 's a fact, though you are a leetle man. Where were you raised ?

PEDLAR. Why, I was raised, I expect, in Connecticut. I 'm four feet nothing and a half, with one over when my boots are on. My father lived in Birmingham, fourteen miles from Rome, and not far from Syracuse. My father built the first house there, and named it after a power of pans called Birmingham hardware, as we had on hand from Boston. Twelve new towns have been fixed since then all round us. When they all join considerable, my father is going to call it Mount Olympus, and I calcy late it 'll be the finest city in this or any other country.

KENTUCK. Tell your father not to make a 'ramus of himself. I read in a York paper the other day that Uncle Sam had sixteen towns already, all called Mount Impus, and thirty-six called Columby.

PEDLAR. But father's Mount will be the most insulting. It 'll have a perfect contempt for the others, and I guess will show it considerable no ways slow. Here 's another waggon coming along the 'pike. Uncle Sam's soldiers in her ; some Irish deserter, I guess.

A waggon here came to the door with four *regular* soldiers (neither "military" nor militia) and a man in a plain dress in it. They alighted, and came into the house. This was the first time I had seen or heard of a deserter from the American army, and my curiosity was alive to know what his punishment would be. But the Kentuckian saved me the trouble of asking any questions.

KENTUCK. Where were you raised ? This small man says you are an Irishman.

DESERTER. I was raised in Ohio. I'm a real American, I am.

KENTUCK. Now how came you to be a soldier and desert? Did you like it first, but not after?

DESERTER. I never was a soldier, noway I wasn't, except in fun.

KENTUCK. That's right. No true American born, free and equal, can put up with being a soldier, except a captain or major. It'll do very well for the English and Irish, I expect, but not for us. We shouldn't be soldiers, but military and militia. Let the Irish be soldiers.

SOLDIER. Don't be thrating the Irish and General Jackson, who's one on 'em, (long life to him!) with disrespect, if you please, Mither Spalpeen, or we'll have a little quarrel.

KENTUCK. Well, soldier, you'll find me all iron, I calcy late. I'm a Kentucky screamer, I am, and maybe a snapping turtle now and then.

SOLDIER. Wid all my sowl you may be a hedgehog, or any other of them wild animal creatures.

KENTUCK. I am, soldier.

SOLDIER. You may. Blood and thunder! don't talk to me bigger than a bullock. It's no use. You're only a native, and doesn't the country belong to General Jackson and the Irish?*

2ND SOLDIER. It does. Let him answer that; but he can't.

KENTUCK. Say that in Kentucky, and then look at yourself in a glass. So you wasn't a soldier?

DESERTER. No. I was down in Phillydelphy, and lost all my money, thirty dollars hard Jackson; so I hard there was a troop going out to Ohio, and I joined 'em for company home. But not liking 'em sufficient, I left 'em on the road, but they fixed me agin.

KENTUCK. Shame on 'em, foreign varmint! Write to Andrew Jackson.

DESERTER. It's no use; it isn't his department. Besides, I know him too well; he's a perfiderous letter-writer, *he* is. I once writ to him, and sent him a fishing-net, spick and span new, of my own making, with a hint that he might put me into a custom-house or a post-office, if he wanted to behave handsome; but I never got an answer.

KENTUCK. Why didn't you send for the net back agin?

DESERTER. So I would, for it was cruel elegint; but I got a letter from some fellow at Washington, saying that General Jackson begged him to say that he was much obliged to me for the net, which convinced him the manyfactors of this here free country was brought to the highest pitch of perfiction, and I never hard agin of the net no way.

KENTUCK. What'll they do to you now, anyhow? Prison you?

DESERTER. No; I have bin prisoned, and cleared out.

KENTUCK. That's handsome.

DESERTER. But they tuk me agin.

KENTUCK. What'll they do now?

DESERTER. Why, send me into the Far West, I calcy late.

KENTUCK. You'll 'scape there easy.

DESERTER. No. One side of me will be the *Indines*, and the

* This curious assertion is always to be heard during the progress of street squabbles between the Irish and native Americans.

other these varmint of soldiers. I shall have extra work as an outpost, and am almost sure to be shot and scalped by the Dog-ribs, I calculate.

KENTUCK. Move heaven and earth, and get through between.

DESERTER. I'll do my best, no ways slow.

KENTUCK. Is a cent or two any use to you?

DESERTER. I guess it would be.

KENTUCK. Here's four and a fip; and the pedlar there will give something, though he is so small; and the Yorker too, who's cuter at clearing out of a bargain than ever I seen.

PEDLAR. Here's a levy, and the captain shall let us have a sling each. I'd give you more, but the mayor of the last town fined me twenty dollars for selling in Delaware without a license.* I have licenses for seventeen states, but not for leetle Delaware.

* A pedlar requires a license for every state in which he travels; and as the state of Delaware, between New York and Pennsylvania, can be travelled over in a few hours, the license is frequently attempted to be evaded, and the authorities consequently keep a sharp look out.

PAPER MONEY LYRICS.

LOVE AND THE FLIMSIES.

LITTLE Cupid one day on a sunbeam was floating,
 Above a green vale where a paper-mill play'd;
 And he hover'd in ether, delightedly noting
 The whirl and the splash that the water-wheel made.
 The air was all fill'd with the scent of the roses,
 Round the miller's viranda that cluster'd and twined;
 And he thought if the sky were all made up of noses,
 This spot of the earth would be most to its mind.
 And forth came the miller, a quaker in verity,
 Rigid of limb and complacent of face,
 And behind him a Scotchman was singing "Prosperity,"
 And picking his pocket with infinite grace.
 And "Walth and prosperity—Walth and prosperity,"
 His bonny Scotch burthen arose on the air,
 To a song all in praise of that primitive charity,
 Which begins with sweet home, and which terminates there.
 But sudden a tumult arose from a distance,
 And in rush'd a rabble with steel and with stone,
 And, ere the scared miller could call for assistance,
 The mill to a million of atoms was blown.
 Scarce mounted the fragments in ether to hurtle,
 When the quaker was vanish'd no eye had seen where;
 And the Scotchman, thrown flat on his back like a turtle,
 Was sprawling and bawling with heels in the air.
 Little Cupid continued to hover and flutter,
 Pursuing the fragments that floated on high,
 As light as the fly that is christen'd from butter,
 Till he gather'd his handstull, and flew to the sky.
 "Oh, mother," he cried, as he shew'd them to Venus,
 "What are these little talismans cypher'd—One—One?
 If you think them worth having, we'll share them between us,
 Though their smell is like, none of the newest, poor John."
 "My darling," says Venus, "away from you throw them,
 They're a sort of fool's gold among mortals, 'tis true;
 But we want them not here, though I think you might know them,
 Since on earth they so often have bought and sold you."





George Kneller

George Kneller

George Kneller

NIGHTS AT SEA;

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

No. X.

Oh, Love, what is there in this world of ours
That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,
And make thy best interpreter a sigh!

BYRON.

LORD C—FORD AND THE PIRATE.

PLEASANT is the social meeting in the far-off land, when the ties of honest friendship and the bonds of mutual kindness are more strongly cemented by distance from our native country: There is a fraternal feeling at such times, which only those who have been placed in similar situations have ever experienced, and the actuating principle is—HOME.

Oh! there is a magic charm in that word “home”—it produces remembrances and associations inestimably dear and precious to the heart! Let the Englishman be in the East Indies or the West, and have passed the greater part of his life in either colony—still—still he looks to the place of his birth, and calls it “Home.”

Lord Eustace and his friends, whilst sitting in the cabin of the frigate, the pleasant breeze blowing through the port-holes, and tempering the heat of climate, enjoyed this national compact to perfection. There were different grades as respected rank at table, but only one bond of brotherhood.

“And now, Captain Hawser,” said the noble commander of the *Spankaway*, “if you are ready, you will perhaps favour us with the narrative you promised relative to Lord C—ford. Pass the wine round, gentlemen, and pray do not wait for ceremony.”

“Most of you know,” commenced Hawser, after moistening his throat with eloquent Madeira, “most of you know that Lord C—ford was about as mad-brained a genius as ever existed, and as recklessly daring as he was eccentric. The event of which Andy has been telling us occurred some time previously to that sad affair of poor P—, and his lordship had not long received his commission. I remember his detailing all the particulars to me some time afterwards, when we met in England, and I had got my first step up the rattlins. We were visiting together at the country residence of a relative of mine, and when in the course of conversation he ascertained that I had been in the old *Clinkem*, we were the best friends in the world. He mentioned the circumstance of the pirate schooner, and, as I expressed an earnest desire to hear the particulars, he, without any farther urging, gave me an account of the whole, which I will now repeat as near as my recollection will serve in his own language.

“ ‘What is existence,’ said his lordship, ‘without the enjoyments of life? and what is life without that free volition, which yields only to the dictates of honour? Slavery!—it is nothing better than slavery!—Indeed the restraints that mere custom place upon the human mind are infinitely worse than the fetters which tyranny and oppression rivet on the limbs; one is a voluntary sacrifice to the idol Folly, the other is yielded to on compulsion; but the noble spirit would burst the bonds if an opportunity were offered. I tell you, Hawser, I never could bend to the caprice or humour of any man; nor would my pride stoop to countenance the frivolities of every-day habit. When I propose to do anything of moment, I weigh the matter well in my own breast, and, once convinced of the rectitude of my intentions, performance is immediately resorted to. Many persons fancy I have too much top-hammer aloft, and that either my brains are jammed together like the dunnage in an Indiaman’s hold, or else, from their scarcity, have so much room to play, that they run wild like young colts at pasture. They are wrong, Hawser—they are wrong. The whole fact is, that when once I am determined upon a thing, nothing deters me from executing it. Heat and cold, the certainty of danger, and even the prospect of death, do but operate as stimulants to exertion; for I would rather run over red hot ploughshares to attain my object than walk quietly to success on a Turkey carpet. I have always considered the worth of an article to consist in what it would fetch in the market; so, in like manner, I look upon the value of a conquest as estimated by the difficulties and hazards which have been surmounted. But this is all prosing, —mere prosing, Hawser, and you want to hear of the fair Julia. Now, if there is anything in life worth living for, it is woman’s love; but where is that depth of feeling, that ardent devotion to be found, or if found, how long will it endure? Yet, Julia, I wrong you; for there was a fervency of attachment in your affectionate bosom very rarely to be met with in the female world.

“ ‘You have been to San Domingo, Hawser, and must know the localities of Port-au-Prince. I was captured in a prize, and taken into that hole at a time when the havoc made by the fire of Ninety-one had been very little repaired; indeed, the state of the island was such that all confidence was at an end; and when an individual turned in at night, it was a matter of uncertainty whether he would or would not have his throat cut before morning. I was at first sent to the common prison; but on demanding my parole, it was granted, and I took up my abode at the house of an elderly Frenchman, which was one amongst the very few that had escaped the conflagration. It was a pretty building; but all idea of comfort had been banished, and every article of luxury either concealed or destroyed, lest an inducement should be held out to the perpetration of murder as well as robbery. Now I never was an enemy to freedom, though I like to see every man in his station, and the cook by the fore-sheet; but it certainly did excite my risibility when I saw the cucumber-shin negroes dressed in splendid uniforms, and aping the manners of the French officers. My host, Monsieur Leffler, had a pretty estate a short distance in the country, with a very neat habitation upon it; at least I was told so by a pleasing little girl of colour, who occasionally acted as my personal attendant; and, as I always had an irritable impulse in the way of love-making,

poor Susette listened with too much attention to my badinage, till she had cheated herself into a belief that she was the object of a tender attachment. On my soul, Hawser, I took no pains, I used no undue means, I employed no seductive language to the poor girl. A joke or two, which probably would have gained me a slap on the face in England, was the amount of my wooing. But then I was kind,—and kindness to the poor unfriended orphan was what she had not been accustomed to,—it worked upon the sympathies and grateful feelings of her woman's nature; and whilst I was, as I thought, harmlessly amusing myself, and filling up the ennui of doing nothing by talking nonsense to Susette, she was imbibing a deep and impetuous passion, which death alone could dissolve. My parole extended no farther than the boundary of the town, and one day I expressed my intentions to Susette to put on a disguise, and make an excursion amongst the plantations, and perhaps visit the Bellevue of Monsier Leffler. Never shall I forget the change in Susette's countenance. From the extreme of gaiety it saddened into an expression of deep affliction, which I construed into fears for my personal safety, and the fact opened my eyes at once to the state of the poor girl's heart. Still I could not bear that she should suppose me capable of yielding to apprehensions of any sort—it seemed like an impeachment of my courage; and consequently, though she urged me in the most energetic terms not to go, I resolved to put my scheme into execution. I speak the French language as fluently as a native, and therefore cared nothing upon that score; and my days began to get so excessively dull through monotony, that even if detected and sent to prison, the change would be relief by its novelty. I mentioned my intention to Monsieur Leffler, who confirmed my purpose by endeavouring to dissuade me from it; but he certainly staggered my resolves when he appealed to my generosity as an Englishman not to involve him in ruin by clandestinely quitting his house, as the authorities would immediately apprehend him as having connived at it. Now Monsieur Leffler was a good sort of little Frenchman, quiet and obliging, never interfering with my actions, or intruding himself upon my privacy when I wished to be alone. All the tricks I played him, and they were not few, were forgiven with the utmost good humour; and my numerous pranks, for I was always in some mischief or other, drew down either a kind caution or a melancholy smile, though amongst the more crabbed of his countrymen I was called *La Diable Anglais*. Susette was delighted when she found that my design was for the present abandoned, and her winning fondness was redoubled to render me contented and cheerful. I had not, however, given up my plan, but only manœuvred so as not to bring my kind friend into trouble. I had a double object in my enterprize; I wished to be a free ranger in the air of heaven, and I wanted to make my escape.

“In a few days afterwards I was attacked with violent illness, which brought on delirium. The doctors were called in, and wanted to bleed me; but the paroxysms were so fierce whenever they approached, and having armed myself with a brace of pistols, with which I menaced them, they were glad to decamp, declaring that I was raging mad. Poor Susette was in despair, for I would not let her come nigh me, which I believe is according to the approved principle of madness, namely, manifesting the greatest

✓ ferocity against those whom when sane you professed to love the most; in short, I acted the part so well, for I hardly need tell you it was all feigned, that nobody but Susette cared to approach me. The doctors, however, made another attempt, and the spectacle must have been extremely ludicrous. I had torn down the curtains from the windows, and, as well as my materials would allow, had manufactured from them a loose Turkish dress, with an enormous turban over all; some black paint supplied me with a terrific pair of moustaches, and a leopard's skin cut into slips afforded me three long tails, one of which was hung down before, and the others were suspended at each ear. Thus equipped, I perched myself upon a handsome mahogany cabinet about five feet high, where I sat cross-legged, with a huge hanger upon my knees, a pistol in each hand, and a jug well charged by my side. The doctors stared at beholding such a phenomenon, and when I raised one of my pistols they bundled backwards out at the door with a great deal more haste than they employed at entering. Susette pressed in, and I grinned most horribly at her; several negroes succeeded, but they instantly retreated, swearing Jumbée had taken possession of the house. Monsieur Leffler tried to soothe and coax me to come down, but it was all useless; there I sat enjoying the fun."

"Ay, I'm bless'd, your honours, but he was rum'un," said old Andy laughing. "I think I sees him now grinning at me as he used to do when I roused him out in a morning; for I was his hammock-man two years, and he was mighty fond o' that Tarkish rig."

"Once more the doctors assayed to advance, (continued the captain;) one of them had armed himself with a long sword, another had a blunderbuss, and the third carried something which I could not very well make out, but which looked like a large syringe; they were supported by several of the negroes, and poor unfortunate Leffler in the background, looking most ruefully at his dismantled windows and bed, with Susette wringing her hands, and crying as if her dear little French heart would break. I sat profoundly still, making, however, several grand salaams to the party, which encouraged the *petit maitre* of a physician who shouldered the blunderbuss to come pretty close. I waived my hand for him to keep off; but he came to the present, when, snatching up the jug, away it flew slap at him, and out rushed the whole set, as I roared as loud as my lungs would let me. In another instant I sprang into the middle of the floor, dragging down the cabinet in my hurry, and fastening the door inside. I almost convulsed myself with laughter to hear them rolling over one another down the stairs. Having fully satisfied them of my insanity, I remained quiet; and as soon as it was dusk I changed my dress for that commonly worn by the free negroes, and blacking my face and hands I bundled up my Turk's robes, and slid quietly down the upright of the balcony to the ground. The coast was quite clear, and I walked off to a shed at the bottom of the garden, where I stowed myself away amongst a heap of loose cotton. The back of this shed adjoined some stables, and I had not been long concealed before three or four persons entered them, and by their conversation, which was in French, I took them to be negroes. They were speaking of my mad pranks in the afternoon, but none of them seemed to be aware that ✓ I had made my escape.

“ ‘Where you for go to-night?’ said one of the party; ‘dis proper night for Bellevue.’

“ ‘Tan you please, Misser Peter,’ uttered another; ‘we no for go dere but on safe ground.’

“ ‘Fool too much!’ exclaimed a third; ‘whar for ground not safe? Eberyting peak for we go to-night. Massa neber sabby till de ting be done, and den we safe wid toder side—No?’

“ ‘Pose you no get de plate to-night, Cumby he gone to-morrow,’ said a third.

“ ‘Oh, ho,’ thinks I, ‘these scoundrels are going to rob their master of what little store he has left! but I’ll be close aboard of you, ye villains.’

“ ‘Me sabby well where dey put de plate,’ continued the same voice as had spoken last; ‘dere plenty dollar too lib dere.’

“ ‘Wy you all bery cleber,’ said the second voice; ‘but you no for tell me how you get pass da buckra sodger.’

“ ‘Heara dat nigger!’ exclaimed the first; ‘we free men now. Pose you no like for go you top here, and where de dollar for you den? Da buckra sodger shut him eye for keep ’em warm. He sleep too much for catchee we.’

“ ‘Haugh, boy, dat all fine for talk; but Missy Julia at Bellevue—What you do for Missy Julia?’ remonstrated the disaffected member.

“ ‘Chaw! we no can sabby dat till we get dere. ’Pose you for make her Mamma Cesar?’ said another, at which there was a general laugh.

“ Farther conversation ensued; the rascals arranged their plans; they made themselves merry, anticipating the sport they would have with ‘Missy Julia,’ who I conjectured was some antiquated negress; and about an hour before midnight saw them stealing along (for they were thieves in all their ways) under the shade of the fence, and I followed at a convenient distance, just so as to keep them in sight. The weather was delightfully serene, the sky was beautifully clear, and studded with its myriads of sparkling gems, and the lovely planet Venus was descending in the west. Which way we were going I could only tell by the stars, and certainly our course would have made a pretty figure in traverse sailing, and must have very much resembled the forty days’ cruise of the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sin, for we headed to all points of the compass. However, I contrived to keep the fellows in view for nearly an hour and a half. We passed the outposts unmolested, and at last clambered over a fence to an elegant little building, which I immediately supposed to be the point of our destination. The rogues had agreed in the first instance to make for the larder and regale themselves, and therefore, as cautious and as silent as possible, whilst they went round to the back of the house, I made for the front, and in less than two minutes I climbed up the pillar of the balcony, and was in the ante-room to the bed-chambers. Here several of the younger negresses were sleeping on their mats; but their rest was too sound to be disturbed. A faint glimmering of light under one of the doors induced me to try the lock; it gave way without noise, and I entered a neat apartment, where everything seemed tastefully arranged in that exquisite manner which can only proceed from female judgment and elegance. A small lamp was burning in a china

owl, just giving sufficient light to enable me to mark the scene. I raised it, and with gentle footsteps approached the bed. The curtains were of fine white gauze, almost transparent, and within them lay one of the most perfect models of loveliness that ever was wrought by the master power of nature. She was in a slumber as soft as that of infancy; a thin dress concealed a great portion of her person; but her beautiful flaxen hair had broken from its restraint, and just barely veiled a bosom as white as the pillow on which the cheek reclined. One arm was thrown over the head, which inclined towards the shoulder with graceful ease; the other arm was stretched away in an attitude of repose. The features of the countenance seemed perfect; a tranquil smile dimpled the face, and slightly curled the lip, as if her dreams were full of innocent delight; her little feet and part of her legs were exposed, and no marble from the chisel of the statuary could be more exquisitely rounded, the whole figure assuming a cast of mystery from the gauze that was placed between us. 'This, then,' thought I, 'is the Julia the negroes were speaking about, and here also is the cause of Susette's dislike to my visiting Bellevue. But who can she be?' I stood gazing with an intensity of feeling never before experienced by me; it seemed as if in these few minutes I had lived an age of pleasure, so thrilling was the ecstasy that searched my very soul.

"The reverie I was in did not endure long; the painful conviction that this lovely being was in jeopardy came with irresistible force upon my mind, and nerved my spirits up to action. A loose white dress was lying on the chairs, which I noiselessly twisted in some shape or other about me; a cap with a little thousand borders and frills fitted my head to an azimuth; and the powder-puff, hastily dabbed upon my black face, gave me the appearance of a corpse; a lower garment of some kind or other concealed my legs; and thrusting my pistols all handy into my breast, I stood erect upon a stool, in the very middle of the room, with the lamp in my hand, but the light concealed by a thick wrapper round it, leaving only the summit of the chimney exposed, and the reflection showing a small circular illumination on the ceiling. The fellows came stealthily up the stairs, and across the corridor to the room-door, where they stopped to listen; but hearing nothing except the gentle breathing of the beautiful girl, the door slowly swung back upon its hinges, and by the dim light they carried I saw them cautiously enter with that stooping gait which marks a villanous intent. In an instant the foremost caught sight of me, as with fixed but staring eyes I gazed full upon him. He fell back upon his companions, who became immediately aware of the cause of his terror, and the fellow who carried the light in his trepidation let it fall, and for a second or two we were in darkness, except the luminous appearance overhead, which strongly resembled a flaming eye. The decisive moment had arrived: I dexterously disengaged the lamp from its concealment, and holding it out at arm's length, so as to throw the light upon myself, I still kept that part which was nearest to them under cover. The effect upon their superstitious minds was exactly what I anticipated. The rascals were terrified beyond measure,—they were dumb with fear, for they made sure it was a visitation from the grave. One by one they fell upon their knees, and the noise they made awoke the lovely girl, whose piercing shriek at so horrible a spec-

tacle induced me again to conceal the light, which I silently replaced upon the table, and grasping a pistol in each hand, I advanced to the rascals, and giving the nearest a hearty kick, he tumbled backwards over his comrades, and together they all rolled out of the room, and on to the sleeping negroes in the corridor. A wild shrieking and hallooing now commenced, in the midst of which the conspirators contrived to find the stairs, and were not long reaching the bottom, for I heard them roaring and lumbering down, and looking from the window, I saw them scrambling over the fence, and making as rapid a retreat as their legs would allow them. I really, Hawser, don't know that ever I enjoyed a thing more in my life. But the frightened lady still kept imploring for help, and the negro girls were shrieking and crying in the corridor. I approached the bed, and, in as soothing and as soft a voice as I could muster, I tried to allay her fears by assuring her all danger was past, and that a friend was near who would protect her with his life. 'But the spirit—the spirit!' said she; 'oh, I saw it but too plainly to be deceived!'

" 'Believe me, lady,' uttered I, 'it was no spirit of another world, but a human device to scare the wretches who had evil designs against you, and intended to plunder the house.'

" 'And where are the thieves?' inquired she; 'have I no one to protect me?'

" 'You have, lady—dearest lady, you have,' returned I, with a strong pathos of tenderness; 'the robbers have fled, and there is one close to you who will prize it as the richest honour to defend you from harm.'

" 'But the spirit—the spirit,' said she again. 'Oh, it was terrible, and too much of horrifying reality to be deception!'

" 'Indeed, lady,' urged I, 'there was no spirit but that of my enacting. Let me implore you to tranquillize your mind, and I will explain everything. Your lamp is still burning—will you sanction my producing it, and then in a moment you will be convinced?'

" 'Who are you, and from whence do you come?' she demanded more calmly. 'Perhaps you are yourself the plunderer.'

" 'Then what prevents me from putting my thievish design into execution?' responded I: 'but I do assure you, lady, I am one amongst your most devoted friends—nay, I would peril even existence to secure your happiness. Accident made me acquainted with the intentions of four negro scoundrels to rob the house, and offer dishonour to yourself, of whom three hours since I had never heard. Though well armed, yet had I as a man withstood them all they might have overpowered me, and their nefarious purpose been accomplished. By getting here before them, and assuming the appearance that I did, their own superstitious fears befriended me, and, lady—dear lady, you are saved.'

" 'Can this be true!' said she. 'I saw nothing but that terrific figure, which still haunts my mind. Yet you speak gently—your tongue has soft persuasion upon it—Who are you?'

" 'I am a stranger, lady,' answered I, 'a persecuted stranger—the white man's blood runs in my veins; but I am dark-coloured and an outcast. 'Tis I that need protection from my foes—will you, lady—dare you afford me a short interval of concealment? My life is at stake, and I hear your servants coming; for the love of heaven,

—for the love of that mother who bore you,—hide me from my enemies!

“ ‘Quick, quick!’ uttered she, as I heard her rise, and felt my arm grasped: ‘you may deceive me, for baseness and ingratitude are engrafted on the heart of man, yet no one shall ever plead to me for life in vain.’ She thrust me into a closet, the door was closed, the bolt of the lock was shot, and the key taken away.—Hawser, I wouldn’t have lost the sport for a thousand pounds.’

“The buildings in the West Indies are famous places for crevices, and I was not long, as soon as the lamp was unshrouded, in finding one nicely suited to my eye. Several negroes of both sexes entered the corridor with lights, and their young mistress spoke to them. Many exaggerated accounts were given of the depredators, who had been observed by one of the women; but she was too frightened to call for help. The larder had been cleared, and several large bundles were packed up in the hall ready for carrying off—so far my statements were corroborated. One of the men had witnessed the escape of the rascals over the fence, and had actually recognised two of them, but he did not say who they were. The lady appeared to pay great attention to their recitals, and dispersing the men to search the house, her own immediate attendant assisted her to dress, and missing the habiliments which I still retained entwined about me, the young wardrobe-keeper vented no measured abuse and invective upon the thieves: her young lady’s morning-cap, too, that she had so tastefully decorated, was gone. The toilette being finished, and the house reported secure, Julia dismissed the girl, and I heard the key turning in the lock of the closet; but, fearing that it was the signal for rousing me out stock and fluke, I feigned sleep. Julia started when she saw my unnatural complexion beneath the laces of her elegant cap, and the missing gown and petticoat twisted about my person; but it was confirmatory of the account I had given of the transaction, and instilled greater confidence into her mind of my veracity. She passed the lamp close to my eyes, but I stood the test; and finding that I was not disturbed, she silently withdrew, locking me in as before.

“Nature will not be played with, Hawser—it must have its influences. I was weary with the exertions and excitement I had undergone, and was soon in a deep and refreshing sleep, from which I did not awake till broad daylight came peeping through the chinks to chide me for my somnolency so near the lovely Julia. She heard me moving, and instantly let in a flood of light at the open door. It was a heavenly morning, cool and delightful, and the fragrance of the flowers came with delicious sweetness to the sense. I divested myself of my unnecessary and unmanly garments, and stood before the lady a dark-skinned Creole.’

“ ‘Stranger,’ said she, with an air of self-respect that would have become a sovereign princess, ‘I have granted your request, and given you sanctuary. Relate to me the whole particulars of last night’s adventure; and, as you have experienced my generosity, so be generous in return, and conceal nothing of the transaction from my knowledge.’

“I readily complied with her command, and went over the various occurrences, taking care, however, not to betray myself or my real character. I told her I was a prisoner of war, but had

effected my escape, and, should she yield me up to the authorities, certain death would be the consequence. The persuasive tongue was never employed in vain to make impression on the tender heart of woman; my entreaties prevailed, and, with eyes swimming in tears at my eventful story, she promised to conceal me,—and, Hawser, she religiously kept her word. The revolution at San Domingo had levelled the distinction which had been kept up, and is still preserved, in the colonies between the whites and the people of colour. Indeed, Julia's hand had been solicited by some dingy mulatto or other who had assumed the title of captain, but whom she spoke of with loathing and abhorrence.

“Did you never know, Hawser, what it was to cherish a feeling of regard for anything that you had snatched from destruction? I once saved a boy from drowning, and never parted with him afterwards: my dog I rescued when a puppy, from a similar fate, and I prize the animal the more on that account. But women are enthusiastic in that sort of thing,—they almost idolize the creatures of their preservation,—it is a principle, a pride with them, and affection such as a mother feels for her child, frequently takes deep root in the heart. Julia tended me with kindness, she sympathized with my sorrows, and gradually she became pleased with my conversation, and the delicacy of my conduct towards her; but the colour of my skin was a barrier to love. Monsieur Leffler was her father,—her mother was mouldering in the grave,—she said she had been sent to Bellevue to be out of the way of a crazy Englishman, whom the government had quartered upon her parent; but she expressed an earnest desire to see the *pauvre prisonier*, and thought it hard that he should be deprived of the happiness which her society must have afforded him in his captivity. He was ennobled, too, and report spoke well of his qualifications. My ears tingled, and I felt myself blush, though the black paint concealed it from the penetration of Julia.

“Monsieur Leffler visited his daughter the day but one after the attempt of the thieves, and with him came the disconsolate Susette, who narrated to the young lady (with sundry fanciful embellishments, little thinking that I was within hearing) the amiable qualifications, et cetera, of the young English prisoner, his madness, his escape, and, ultimately, his death.

“‘*Pauvre garçon!*’ uttered the sweet lips of Julia; ‘and where have you buried him?’

“‘*Pardonnez, ma'mselle,*’ returned Susette; ‘the body is not found, and none of us know where to look for it.’

“‘Then he may still be living,’ said Julia, ‘and, perhaps——’ she ceased, and it struck me that a suspicion of identity had crossed her mind. ‘When did he quit you?’ inquired she.

“‘On the evening of the affair at Bellevue,’ returned Susette. ‘*Mais ma'mselle;* but he must be dead, or he never would have stopped away from me so long.’

“‘Oh, oh! *ma pauvre Susette!*’ uttered Julia; ‘*c'est une affaire du cœur.* Upon my word you have managed it well to drive your lover mad! Such an insignificant being as myself, I suppose, was not known to be in existence.’ This was evidently said with a degree of bitterness that had its source in pique, for women, particularly French women, are jealous of their fascinations.

“Susette felt rebuked; she had disclosed her secret, and I hear-

tilly wished her up to her neck in a horse-pond, though in the end it did me service. The result of this visit was directions from Monsieur Leffler that on the day but one following Julia was to return to the town residence, and the persecution of the Blackberry Baron. It was a fiat of condemnation to me; and when Julia opened my door after their departure, deep traces of regret were easily discernible upon her countenance. Nevertheless she gave me a most searching, scrutinizing look, but I stood it without flinching, and she seemed more appeased; but I frequently detected her gazing at me very earnestly, as if trying to penetrate my disguise. The day of probation was one of delight. Julia embraced every opportunity that prudence would allow to be with me; she freely expressed her repugnance to the baron, and once she exclaimed after a few minutes deep abstraction, 'Oh, Henri, (the name I had assumed,) why are you not white?'

"'The Omnipotent looks deeper than the skin, lady,' answered I, in a tone of mingling humility and fervour, and with as much tenderness as my nature would admit.]

"'C'est vrai, Henri,' replied she, the tears starting to her eyes; 'mais——'

"'Custom demands that the colour of the surface should be a passport to happiness or misery,' added I, completing the sentence she had begun. 'But you are right, lady; you are right. Such transcendent beauty merits all that wealth and rank can bestow upon it.'

"'And, what is wealth, or what is rank, without ardent affection?' uttered she with flashing eyes. 'Poverty, with one I love, would be preferable to riches and distinction with those I hate.'

"'The English prisoner, lady?' suggested I,—she turned her quick gaze intently upon me, but I went on unmoved,—'he is noble, as I have learned, and the English are a generous people.'

"'He is an enemy,' returned she sharply, 'and loves another; besides, he is probably numbered with the dead,—pauvre Susette! However, let us talk no more of this. I feel an interest in your welfare, Henri.'

"'May Heaven reward you for it, lady!' replied I, almost choked by emotion; for Hawser, as true as we sit here, I idolized the woman; my heart was never made for what the world calls love. It was devotion, worship, madness. 'May Heaven reward you!' said I, 'and when I again become a wanderer in the bush—perhaps with bloodhounds laid upon my track, and dragged to an ignominious death—Julia, my last petition to the throne of mercy shall be for your happiness, and I shall derive consolation in my moments of agony from the certainty of meeting you again where the colour of the skin will be no barrier to a sweet and lasting communion of spirit untainted by the grovelling passions of the world.'

"'I cannot bear this, Henri!' said she, sobbing hysterically, and turning the key of the closet. I heard her in her own room giving vent to a flood of tears.

"'Midnight came, and it was the hour of parting. She released me from confinement, and we stood just within the balcony together. There was no envious light to show the complexion. I held her soft hand in mine. I pressed it unrestrained to my lips. It was chastity, innocence, and purity, almost within the grasp of a tiger;

but, Hawser, my heart should sooner have been torn from my breast than I could have injured that masterpiece of God's creation. Indeed, I am convinced the slightest approach to anything indelicate would have driven me from her for ever.

"'Farewell, Henri,' said she; 'may Heaven protect and reward you!'

"'Adieu, lady!' whispered I; 'should my life be preserved, earth has not a place so secret or so lonely but I will seek you out. Still, in the midst of your blessedness think of me. Adieu!'

"I slid down the pillar of the balcony, and concealed myself in the shrubbery before the house, and for a long time afterwards I could see her white dress in the same position where I had left her, and I began to meditate upon the probability of her cherishing an attachment for me; but the thing was impossible, as a negro, or one of negro descent. I felt I should have despised her had she expressed more than a kind interest in my future fate; but, the fact was, Hawser, all the tender sympathies and sensations of her heart were ripening into mellowness, and she wanted something to love, something round which to throw the warm embraces of her woman's dear regards and ardent passions,—her faith, her hope, her destiny, whether for life or death. I had now an opportunity of effecting my escape, or, at least, of attempting it; but I could not leave Julia. Fame, rank, fortune, freedom, country, all were forgotten; and Julia reigned predominant over my future actions. I have often wondered since at the deep infatuation that enthralled me, but I always had impetuous feelings that were easily acted upon, and strong excitement is a part and parcel of my very nature.

"When Julia withdrew from the balcony my determination was formed. I cleared the fence, and endeavoured to retrace my way to the town, but this was no easy task; and, after wandering about for some time, my dubious geography was brought to a termination by the approach of daylight. At all events, my observations enabled me to ascertain that I was approximating to a high carriage-road, with some buildings a short distance from the way-side. Towards these latter I approached with a very unnecessary caution, for the ravages of intestine warfare had left them desolate. They had once been neat and handsome, and there was even yet a smile upon the face of surrounding nature as if in mockery at the attempts of man to subdue her fascinations. Into one of these buildings I quickly made my way—for it would have been madness to have continued in my course,—and, depositing myself in the lower apartment so as to command a view of the road, as well as of the approaches to my garrison, I sat down on a heap of dry plantain leaves, which I suppose some poor unfortunate, when placed as an outpost, had made up for a dormitory. Something struck me that this was the road which Julia would have to travel to the town, and, probably, I should see her pass; but, whilst anxiously watching as keen as any look-out man at a weather cat-head, I fell fast asleep, but in my dreams my solicitude was renewed, and I fancied that I was still earnestly on the gaze for Julia Leffler.

"Touissant at this time was waging the most deadly hostility to the French, who, to do them justice, were by no means deficient in that remorseless cruelty which recklessly sacrificed both friends and foes, for their conduct to their black prisoners frequently brought

down a fearful retaliation on the heads of the unfortunate Frenchmen who fell into the hands of the dark-skinned republicans. Marauding parties were constantly on the movement, and the war was carried on in the exercise of the most barbarous atrocities, in which neither age nor sex were spared, but all the worst propensities of human nature were cherished and indulged. I had witnessed much of this whilst in the prison, for the fate of individuals was frequently decided by the whim or caprice of the gaoler. There was no trial, no legal condemnation; and, it happened more than once, when official orders were sent to execute a prisoner named in the document, that the first who came to hand, or happened to be present at its arrival, was dragged into the square which formed the gaol-yard, and immediately strangled; nor did such *mistakes* lead to any judicial inquiry. Indeed, on one occasion, the very functionary who had brought the death-warrant was very near suffering the fate he had been the instrument of ordering for another. This messenger had been newly appointed, was unknown to the gaoler, and had by some means or other got amongst the prisoners; he was seized, dragged to the chair, but, fortunately for him, an officer entered at the moment who recognized his person, and rescued him from death: another two minutes, and he would have been a corpse! The reckless gaol-birds highly enjoyed the *joke*, and regretted that it had not been carried to its last finish. In fact, it is hardly possible to conceive the moral degradation into which those wretches were plunged. But, to proceed.

“My dream of Julia was suddenly broke by a loud scream. I started from my place of rest, and, looking through the dilapidated window, saw a carriage on the road attacked by negroes. They wore a sort of uniform, and an officer richly dressed was at their head. At the same time I noticed a small party of French soldiers stealthily advancing through a cane-patch towards them. A skirmish was inevitable, and I quietly berthed myself so as to become an observant spectator of the event. The negroes had turned the carriage round, by the directions of the officer, and were preparing to move off with their prize, when a female threw herself partly out of the vehicle, but was instantly thrust back again with considerable violence. This was a spectacle I could not witness unmoved. A woman in the hands of such ruffians was quite enough to arouse all my energies; and, springing through the window, I got unperceived, by a short cut, to a bush by the roadside, and close to which the carriage must pass in its retrograde movement. I had scarcely stationed myself, with my pistols in my hands, when the French party opened a smart fire upon the negroes, who for a minute or two were thrown into disorder, but they soon recovered, and discharged their muskets at their opponents, who foolishly quitted the cane-patch, and exposed themselves to view. At the same instant the black officer gave directions for one of his men to mount the carriage, and drive off, whilst he covered the retreat. Now then, Hawser, was my time. The fellow whipped the poor animals most unmercifully; they started off; but, on passing my place of concealment, I rushed out, and shot one of the horses, which instantly fell, dragging the other with it to the ground. The driver fired, but missed me; he then jumped to the ground, and made off as fast as his legs would carry him. I might easily have done for him, for

I seldom miss my man; but he was not worth the only defence that was left me, as I had no second charge for my weapons. The female had fallen to the bottom of the carriage, dismayed by the firing. I hastily opened the door, and the full, beautiful eyes of Julia met my earnest gaze. She knew me at once. 'Save me, Henri!—save me!' she exclaimed, throwing her finely-moulded arm round my neck, and resting her head upon my shoulder.

"I will do all that man can do to protect you," replied I, pressing her closely to me; 'but you must alight, and follow me; not a moment must be lost.'

"She quitted the carriage; and, though straggling shots were whistling about us, yet we reached the building unharmed, and I was enabled to place her in comparative safety. The hostile parties continued warmly engaged, manifesting more resolution and courage than I had given them credit for possessing, but without the smallest demonstration of military evolutions: it was merely load and fire as fast as they could. At last the negroes began to give way, and one of them made for the house; he rolled in at the window, but was not permitted to rise, for I grappled and disarmed him, and the astonished black, terrified at the suddenness of my attack, escaped out of the door in the rear of the premises, and got safe off. Only a few minutes elapsed, and a second negro made his appearance in my enclosure; but I was not so successful in mastering him. He was a powerful, athletic man, and I was compelled to fire in my own defence: he fell, never to rise again. I had now two muskets, two bayonets, and a good stock of ammunition, and I determined to defend the place whilst life endured. The parties closed, and a hand-to-hand fight took place, both sides displaying the most sanguinary ferocity. The officers met, and I have seldom seen more perfect science displayed; both were masters of the sword, but the negro had the longest reach, whilst the Frenchman's guards were admirable. The negro was the most powerful of the two, but the activity of his antagonist evaded the desperate lunges he made, and not unfrequently receiving a slight wound in recovering his position. No one attempted to interfere with them, and as the personal contest continued for some time, both parties suspended hostilities to watch the result; in fact, I myself became at last so much interested and excited that I jumped out of the window, and advanced towards them. The negro had his back towards me, the Frenchman nearly faced my approach: it bewildered him; his opponent took advantage of it, and his weapon passed through the white man's body. I saw the mischief I had done, but could not remedy it. The Frenchmen again rushed upon their foes. I hastened forward for the purpose of assisting them; but the attack was so impetuous that the negroes gave way and fled, and were closely pursued by the French, dealing death at every blow.

"I returned to the house, and released the terrified Julia, whose gratitude was exceedingly expressive. 'But, yourself, Henri?—yourself,' said she, 'will they not take you?'

"That circumstance had never once entered my mind, but now it recurred to me in full force that I was a prisoner of war, on my *parole d'honneur*, yet was wandering about the country. Another thought also crossed me; the colour I had assumed might bring me under imputation as a spy, and it was probable that on the return

of the victorious party I might be led out and shot off-hand either in that character, or as a negro. I saw that Julia would be perfectly safe with her countrymen, and the consequent inutility of my risking life without any adequate advantage. 'You are right, Julia,' said I, with emotion; 'self-preservation urges me not to remain: but, can I leave you unprotected? You, who have indeed been my guardian angel?'

"'Hush! hush, Henri!' uttered she, interrupting me. 'Consider the debt of gratitude I owe to you. But, Henri, let me implore you to attend to your own safety. The danger to me has passed away. Go—go! I will never cease to remember you in my prayers.'

"'Am I then to be banished from all on earth my soul can worship?' said I with emphasis. 'Oh, Julia—Julia, cannot you think of me with one gratifying feeling of affection?'

"There was evidently a struggle going on in her heart as she averted her look from me; but, when my complexion met her eyes I saw she shuddered. 'I am grateful, Henri,' said she, 'truly grateful. What more would you desire?'

"'Your love, dearest Julia,' replied I with warmth and tenderness, 'that which would be to me the soul of existence, the sunlight of happiness.'

"'Forbear, Henri—forbear!' remonstrated she with energy as she covered those beautiful eyes with her delicate white hands. 'I respect, I esteem you; but, love—oh, no—no—it is impossible!'

"Her refusal afforded me much satisfaction. A thrill of pleasure passed through my whole frame, and yet there was a feeling of pique with it. 'You have decided my destiny, Julia,' said I, sorrowfully, 'and yet I cannot blame you. Once again, farewell! but, think not that it shall be for ever. Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'

"'To God and the Virgin I commend you, Henri,' said she, vainly endeavouring to suppress the heavy sobs that struggled in her bosom. 'Here is a small token of my esteem. Wear it, and if my slender services can at any time avail you, it shall be the passport to my best exertions.'

"It was a ring of no great pecuniary value, but to me it was inestimable. I took it, placed it on my finger, pressed her hand to my lips, and after waiting a few minutes to see her join the few who surrounded the wounded officer, I passed out the back way into the bush, and at length, about dusk, after encountering many strange adventures, I reached the garden of Monsieur Leffler's house, and got to the outbuilding, where I had overheard the plot of the negroes, and had stowed away my Turkish dress. My first effort was to get rid of my black colour, which I found no very easy task, nor could I tell how far I had accomplished it. In some parts the skin had come entirely away, and the whole felt very sore. As soon as it was dark I ascended to the balcony of the house, arrayed myself in the fantastic habit I had made, and went quietly to my chamber. A diminutive gong had been my usual signal for summoning Susette, and I struck it loud enough to be heard all over the building. A confused noise instantly followed, busy feet were heard near the door, but no one durst enter, till Susette, bolder than the rest, and possibly far more interested, pushed in, and saw me sitting very

tranquilly on the floor. 'I have had a dreadful dream, Susette,' said I; 'how came I here, and in this costume?'

"'Grace à Dieu!' shrieked the animated girl, 'it is the English prisoner! Are you really alive, and not his spirit?'

"'I am really and actually alive, Susette,' returned I; 'at least I think so; though I hardly know what has happened to me. Ah, Leffler!—he had just entered,—' can you explain?'

"'Monsieur has been ill,' replied he considerably; '*mal à la tête*,' touching his head significantly, 'too much fever; but, thank God! you seem to be recovering. Your mind has been wandering. *Mais*, I cannot tell all. *Mon Dieu!* it has been unfortunate for me!'

"I felt something like remorse at having been the cause of distress to so worthy a man, and was about to express myself to that effect, when I observed he was not alone. An officer attended him, who looked earnestly at me for a few seconds, and then politely informed me that my parole was at an end, and I must prepare to return with him to the common gaol. I firmly remonstrated; pleaded my illness, (and my face bore me out in that respect); but the only mitigation I could obtain was permission to remain guarded in my apartment till the following morning. Poor Susette was in despair, and I drew from her an exaggerated statement of what had occurred relative to myself, but not one word did she utter about her young mistress, or the meditated robbery at Bellevue; and, of course, I could put no questions upon the subject, lest I should betray myself. I was soon unrigged and in bed, (having previously, however, by dint of water and soap, got rid of all remains of dinginess from my complexion,) and there I laid, reposing my really aching limbs, and enjoying sweet rest. The man appointed to watch my proceedings was a civil, communicative fellow, full of the *esprit* of his countrymen; and, as from motives of policy I humoured him, so I readily obtained information that Julia was then under the same roof with me, and heard a very marvellous account of the attempt of the negroes to carry her off, 'which they would most certainly have effected but for the bravery of a few Frenchmen, who gallantly came to the rescue. The negroes were five hundred strong (there might have been about thirty,) the French had only twenty, yet they drove the black rascals like chaff before the wind, and Ma'mselle Julia was saved.'"

TO ——.

WITHIN my fondly-beating heart
That smile divine, that smile divine
Shall sleep, until the life depart
From this warm breast of mine;
For ever shining, ever gleaming
Through the soft love-scene we are dreaming.

Nursed in the life-blood of my brow
I feel the kiss, I feel the kiss,
Throbbing with honey-sweets e'en now,
And deathless in its bliss;
True as the bright fall of the torrent,
Wild as the madness of its current!

JULIAN.
M 2

ADVENTURES IN PARIS.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

Continued from page 401.

THE SOUBRETTE.

A PARISIAN *soubrette*, or waiting-woman, is usually an exaggerated edition of the lady she serves. Once installed in an advantageous place, she is apt to remain a fixture for years, taking annual toll or tithe of her mistress's tradespeople, and adopting with her cast-off caps and ribbons the tone and opinions of her superior. The abigail of a *dévoté* is usually double-dyed in bigotry. In a cold winter's afternoon you are sure to find *monsieur le curé* warming his nose over her fire, and his heart over a goblet of her spiced wine. The abigail of a coquette is equally devoted to the fopperies of the world;—nay, as these people are certain to advance a step *beyond* their ladies, (just as, in refurbishing, they raise the bows and enlarge the borders of the cast-off caps,) the *soubrette* of a *femme légère*, such as Madame la Baronne de Gimbecque, is most likely a *femme de chambre galante*!

Not but that the reputation of Mademoiselle Aglaé was irreprouchable. She was as careful over its conservation as over that of her lady's point-lace; and if a curious eye presumed to detect a darn or fissure in either, "it was but a pin-hole; the article was not an atom the worse for wear." It was surprising with what majesty of virtue Mademoiselle Aglaé swept past poor little Claire de Courson; or if she chanced to encounter the deputy-double-general-utility *jeune-première* of the back attic, raised her chin to just such an angle of elevation as might have enabled her to shoot peas down her neighbour's kitchen chimney. There was a marry-come-up air about the *soubrette* of the *entresol*, which Madame Grégoire Guguste, and others, decided to be decidedly *mauvais ton*, and beneath the dignity of an aristocratic household.

For Guguste, who had access of toleration to all the nooks and corners of the house, was already deep in the secrets of Mademoiselle Aglaé; had been the bearer of her *billets-doux*, and sharer of her untimely exits and entrances; had called hackney-coaches and dismissed duns at her bidding; and it was perhaps owing to the *gamin's* warnings and instructions that Monsieur Jules of the twenty-third regiment of the line, (who, eschewing idleness, had undertaken the duties of *frotteur* to the hotel during his residence with the portress his mother,) displayed such provoking symptoms of insensibility to the delicate attentions of the *soubrette*.

"I became old Baptiste's substitute, you see, to save the poor fellow having a deputy to pay during his sojourn at the hospital," said Jules to the *gamin*, one confidential morning, in the dark recesses of the porter's lodge. "But, *sacre-bleu!* when I undertook the office gratis, there was no especial clause concerning the *petits verres* and *biscuits de Rheims* I was to receive every morning from Ma'mselle Aglaé."

"Take my advice, Monsieur Jules," whispered Guguste, in reply, "and don't take *petits verres* before breakfast; least of all from

Ma'mselle Aglaé, who, if they were missed from the liqueur-case by Monsieur Simon, the *maître-d'hôtel*, is as likely as not to accuse you of helping yourself."

"Guguste!" said the young soldier in a severe tone, twisting his moustachios with an air of magnanimity—" *pas d'ça!* ever respect the sex! Beware of allowing yourself to slander unnecessarily the fairer moiety of the creation. Such is the rule of his Majesty's twenty-third regiment of the line!"

"Ay, ay! I see how it is! the woman tempts you, and you do drink!" quoth Guguste, with a knowing smile. "But just let Monsieur Simon (who is one of the jade's half-a-hundred lovers) catch you, and one step will take you before the *commissaire de police*, and the next into a cell at La Force."

"You forget that I have the honour to belong to his Majesty's twenty-third regiment of the line!" replied Jules, with ineffable contempt. "Learn that I snap my fingers at your *commissaires* and your civil tribunals."

"By all accounts, you wouldn't be much better off before the Council of War, or at *l'Abbaye*," observed the *gamin*. "But forewarned is forearmed! I hope I have set wolf-traps and spring-guns between you and the cajolements of pretty Ma'mselle Aglaé!"

From that moment Jules accepted with more caution the smiles, eatables, and drinkables lavished upon him by the *soubrette*. His office, as deputy to Baptiste the *frotteur*, was to enconsecrate every morning at daybreak, the well-waxed foot-brush with which the French dry-rubber supersedes the long-handled scrubber in use in England; and by a movement between skaiting and dancing the *tarantella*, conveys to the floors of the house a degree of polish worthy so polite a quarter of the town. The first floor claimed precedence and daily care; and next to Monsieur de Boncœur, Madame la Baronne de Gimbecque was to be attended to. But the Courson family, on pretext of the indisposition of Madame, declined the present service of the *frotteur*; and the single rooms of the single ladies and gentlemen constituted his sole remaining charge, Monsieur Georges choosing to keep down his carpets all the year round, in order to secure his mysterious sanctum against menial intrusion.

It was impossible to fancy a handsomer figure than Jules, in his half-military costume, with his crimson foraging-cap set jauntily on his head, and his open throat displaying a tremendous growth of *favoris*, balancing himself on his brush, and beguiling his labours by an inward murmuring of one of Béranger's songs, (such as the "*Vieux cassoral*," or "*La Grandmère*,") not loud enough to infringe upon the slumbers of the Baron, Baroness, or whoever might be sleeping within reach of the apartment under the polishing foot of the *frotteur*. Not a female in the house, from the lumbering housekeeper of Monsieur de Boncœur to the aerial sylph of the back attic, but had taken occasion to compliment the portress on the zeal, activity, and *bons-façons* of her son; eagerly assuring Madame Grégoire that there was not the least occasion for the infirm Baptiste to hasten his return from the hospital, previous to the expiration of the furlough granted to Monsieur Jules, of the twenty-third regiment of the line. At the expiration of three weeks dry-rubbing, Jules had come to be regarded as a strictly confidential personage, having free egress and ingress to every apart-

ment in the house. Not a drawer or cupboard, on either of the five floors, but what was left unlocked during his operations. The jewel-cases of Madame la Baronne de Gimbecque stood open on her toilet; even the *secrétaire*, containing her dainty cash-box of sandal-wood and steel, remained at his discretion.

At length, however, from the period when the advice of Guguste suggested to the young soldier the prudence of self-control, though the same confidence might be presumed to exist, since the jewel-box and cash-box still remained unclosed, the countenance and heart of Mademoiselle Aglaé grew less open. His caution rendered her guarded. She was surprised to find that so much insensibility could exist under a military jacket; and came in the sequel to regard him as of no greater account than the lump of beeswax which lay unmelting by his side. He ceased to be "Jules" in her estimation, and became merely the *frotteur*. Instead of feeding him with Curaçoa and cake, she did not so much as note his comings or goings. He often went scrubbing on for a quarter of an hour, before she perceived that he was in the room.

It was in this way that the gallant Jules was one morning shuffling along the *couloir* of the *entresol*, when he was struck by the audible whispering of female voices in Mademoiselle Aglaé's adjoining chamber, the door of which was ajar. The voices were those of the *soubrette* and the *ex-ouvreuse de loges*; the subject of discourse was a certain cachmere shawl which lay open on the table between them; which, as he skaited past balanced upon his brush, attracted the notice of the young soldier as greatly resembling one which he had noticed on the shoulders of his angel—his fallen angel—of the attic story, the too charming Mademoiselle Isoline. The likeness alone sufficed to allure him back past the door, for a second survey.

"It was the same—the very shawl he knew!"

He could swear to the bordering of palms and delicate green of the oriental tissue. At Algiers, thanks to his vogue among the fair ones of Araby the blest, he had become something of a connoisseur in shawls; and on that or some other account, had taken especial note of the beauty of the one sported by the deputy-double of the general-utility *jeune première* of the *mansarde*.

The *frotteur* started! Could the charming Mademoiselle Isoline be in pecuniary need? Was she reduced to the point of disposing of her personal apparel? Had she selected the hag Madame Dosne as her emissary? Cruel girl! to have denied *him* her confidence! Friendly as had been the fortnight of their intimacy, could she not have applied to her Jules for aid—for counsel? To resolve his misgivings, he shuffled back once more along the *couloir*. It was clear that the refractory boards of the *parquet* demanded another assiduous five minutes from his strenuous foot!

"If you would undertake to show the cachmere off to the best advantage to Madame la Baronne, and secure us a good bargain, the *bonne main* would be worth thinking of," insinuated Madame Dosne to the *soubrette* in a coaxing whisper.

"Do you suppose I have nothing better to do with my time than play the *revendeuse de toilette*?" cried the *soubrette*, examining the

shawl askance, with an air of disdain. "Do you take me, madam, for a *friprière*?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated the old woman, (who was no better,) with mock humility. "But as Mademoiselle well knows, in such matters as cachmeres, antique lace, or old-fashioned fans, not a lady of quality in Paris, from the Tuileries downwards, but is forced to have recourse to second-hand goods. And as I said before, if Madame la Baronne *could* be tempted to give a round price for the shawl, the Russian Princess, to whom it belongs, would allow a handsome *douceur* on the bargain."

"Russian Princess!" muttered the *frotteur* at the door, on whom not a syllable was lost. "Then 'tis a clear case that I was in error about poor dear Ma'mselle Isoline." And he was about to recede from a scene in which he took no further interest, when a sudden inclination to steal behind the scenes of the *soubrette's* secrets, and ascertain the truth of Guguste's assertions, induced him to remain.

"The shawl was originally presented to Her Excellency the Princess," resumed Madame Dosne, " (but this must remain a profound secret between us!) by no less a personage than the late Emperor Alexander, who received it among other tributes from the King of Tibet, or Sultan of Persia, or Cacique of Madagascar, or some other Eastern Prince; and after His Imperial Majesty's death, Her Excellency actually refused ten thousand roubles for it, from the English Ambassadors! But times are altered for more than one of us!" continued the *ex-ouvreuse*, with a pathetic sigh; "and the poor dear princess, having lost last night a considerable sum to another illustrious personage, (who must be nameless,) at *écarté*, which she is under the necessity of making up in the course of the day, entrusted me with the disposal of a few valuables, such as Oriental cachmeres, rough diamonds, and malachite vases. This cachmere is all that remains on my hands. Monsieur Rothschild took the rough diamonds at sight, and the rich Yankee, Colonel Thorne, jumped at the notion of malachite vases, which had once belonged to an emperor's mistress. I have very little doubt that the Austrian Ambassador, or Mademoiselle Mars, or some other of the distinguished ladies of whose houses I have the *entrée*, will be eager to secure this lovely cachmere (which, as you must perceive, is almost better than new.) But still, as I *have* the advantage to lodge in the same house with a lady so distinguished for taste in matters of the toilet as Madame la Baronne de Gimbecque, and so fortunate as to possess such an adviser, I felt it my duty to give her ladyship the preference."

"For my part, I consider a blue cachmere (or green—which is it?) *le comble des abominations!*" said Aglaé, shrugging her shoulders. "But should madame happen to be of a different way of thinking, what is the last price this Russian woman would condescend to take for her second-hand merchandize?"

"I think (between friends) that I may venture to hope to be able to promise," said Madame Dosne, in a mysterious whisper, "that she might be induced to accept so small a sum as eight thousand francs."

"*Elle n'est pas dégantée,*" murmured Jules, who was leaning against the wall not very far from the door, an unsuspected witness of the bargain.

"Then you may just take her trash back to her again, or to the Russian Ambassadress, or to Ma'mselle Mars, and see if you can make greater fools of them than you have made of me!" cried the *soubrette*, bundling up the shawl, and flinging it into the arms of Madame Dosne. "I would rather have a good Ternaux for five louis, than this old thing, at half eight thousand francs."

"You did not say that you were making the bargain for yourself, or that might have made a difference in the price, my dear young lady," murmured the *ex-ouvreuse*, coaxingly.

"And who told you that I was making it for myself?"

"The princess is a reasonable woman," pursued Madame Dosne, without noticing the interruption. "Of course she cannot expect that your *petits profits* would enable you to make such liberal offers as we have a right to anticipate from Madame la Baronne. If, therefore—"

"In one word, take off your goods, and good morning," cried Mademoiselle Aglaé, affecting to wax impatient.

"If you could but guess the becomingness of pale green to such a complexion as yours!" cried the *friprière*. "To Madame la Baronne, indeed, I should scarcely venture to recommend so trying a colour! But with a bloom pure and natural as that of mademoiselle, the most hazardous colours need not be apprehended. Permit me only to throw the shawl one moment over your shoulders, that you may judge of the effect! As Ma'me Grégoire's soldier-son said to me the other day, when we were following you from the porter's lodge up stairs, it is not everybody that can put on a shawl like the charming Mademoiselle Aglaé!"

"The devil be good unto you for as great a liar as ever wagged a tongue! And so he will if the proverb runs true, that Satan takes care of his own!" muttered Jules, from his ensconcement; while Mademoiselle Aglaé, on whose shoulders the shawl was now suspended in graceful drapery, paraded between two opposite looking-glasses, mincing her steps, and smiling herself into countenance.

"Charming—exquisite—divine—perfect!" ejaculated Madame Dosne, pausing between each word, while the *soubrette* perpetrated some new attitude to display to better advantage the rich border of the really beautiful shawl. "If some people, who shall be nameless, were here now, that lovely shawl would not long want a lovely wearer!"

"*Un moment!*" cried the waiting-maid, who had now fallen in love with herself and the green cachmere in combination. "Wait here five minutes, and I will give you a decisive answer about your old rag."

"You are really going to show it to Madame la Baronne? *Ah! ma bonne et chère demoiselle!*" exclaimed Madame D.

"Never mind to whom I am going to show it!" interrupted the *soubrette*. "Sit quietly down here. Say nothing to nobody, and if any one having a right to ask, inquires your business, say you are my aunt from the country."

And away flew Mademoiselle Aglaé with the shawl on her shoulders: and so intent upon her errand, that she did not so much as notice the figure of Jules the *frotteur*, drawn up in a military attitude, behind the door leading to the little staircase appropriately named *escalier à vis*, leading from the *entresol* to the *escalier dégagé*,

in common use to the Baroness de Gimbecque, and her highly respectable neighbour of the first floor.

The motive which kept his Majesty's private of the twenty-third of the line loitering about the *couloir* for the ensuing twenty minutes, it would be very difficult to determine, inasmuch as every inch of floor had been rubbed and re-rubbed till it was as smooth as the verses of *La Martine*, or the compliments of *Louis Philippe*; and if at leisure, his time would have been better bestowed at the breakfast-table of *Madame Grégoire*, who had promised her son a treat of *œufs au miroir* to qualify his daily ration of dry bread. But to the *entresol* did he obstinately adhere; and when, more than a quarter of an hour afterwards, *Ma'mselle Aglaé* glided cautiously down the back stairs again, *Monsieur Jules* followed on tiptoe to the door of the bargain-chamber, that he might ascertain the amount with which he was *in-morally* persuaded, she came prepared to purchase the shawl.

"Madame is stirring, and will be calling for her chocolate in half a minute!" cried she, entering out of breath the presence of *Madame Dosne*, who sat swelling, toad-like, over the newspaper in a consequential elbow-chair. "I have therefore but one word to say. Here is a billet of a thousand francs, and another of five hundred. If the sum suffices to make up your good-for-nothing princess's play-debt, take it and leave the shawl; if not, take the shawl and leave it, and *bon voyage!*"

"Good morning, then," said *Madame Dosne*, coolly depositing the two bank-notes under a bronze candlestick on the chimney-piece, and smiling with malicious delight at finding the game in her hands. "Her Excellency would dismiss me her presence if I took the liberty of approaching her with a paltry sum of fifteen hundred francs in my hand; when every soul in Paris, from the *Porte P. Antoine* to the *Porte Maillot*, knows that a sea-green India shawl with a palm border, even if darned, even if with the fringe worn down to nothing, was never yet sold under one hundred louis. *Adieu, ma chère demoiselle!* I grieve to have been the means of losing so much of your valuable time; more particularly as I have to be with the ambadress by eleven, and to meet the *Maro* afterwards, when she returns from rehearsal."

And coolly removing the cachmere from the shoulders of the *soubrette*, she began deliberately to fold it up, smoothing it at every fresh fold, as she might have done the cheek of a favourite child.

"There! *écorcheuse* that you are! Take the other note, and blush for your extortion!" cried *Ma'mselle Aglaé*, snatching from the bosom of her gown a second five hundred franc note, which *Madame Dosne*, per force of some magnetic sympathy, conjectured from the first to have been extorted by the *soubrette* in pink ribbons from the man of many ribbons, many virtues, and many accesses to many back stairs. Then having received the shawl, thrust it hastily into a drawer, and turned the key upon her treasure, *Mademoiselle Aglaé* proceeded to thrust out the *ouvreuse*. *Madame la Baronne's* bell was ringing for the second time; and *Aglaé* had no mind that *Lindor* the pert page should come and find her trafficking for *marchandises d'occasion* with a *friprière*.

Away went *Madame Dosne* to the completion of her errand; away went *Mademoiselle Aglaé* with burning cheeks and incoherent

utterance, to perform her morning duties at the toilet of her unsuspecting lady ; while Monsieur Jules, in temporary occupation of the field of battle, perceived that nothing but the turning of a key in a lock divided him from the object of this tug of war, this memorable sea-green cachmere, which, when whiffing past him in the corridor on the shoulders of the *soubrette*, had exhibited to his astonished eyes a certain small ink-spot, miraculously familiar to his vision.

It happened that, one day, when occupied in his professional duties in the chamber of Mademoiselle Isoline, he had hazarded a request to that scholarly young lady, that she would commit to paper on his behalf, a memorandum of divers cabriolets, bottles of blacking, errands, postages, and other items of no account, which in the sequel make a small account a large one, wherewith he had furnished her scapegrace neighbour of the attic story, Monsieur Ernest ; and it was in the course of compiling the precious MS. that a drop of ink had, somehow or other, been transferred to Isoline's shawl, to efface which was, at the time, as much a matter of conscience to poor Jules, as Duncan's ghost-like spot of blood to that of Lady Macbeth. But the *d. d. g. u. jeune première* would not hear of sending her cachmere to the *dégrasseur* for the removal of the "damned spot," and Jules had daily grieved over its superficial extent, till the length and breadth thereof became noted in its mind's eye, as the aspect of even the smallest of the planets may be noted in that of Mrs. Somerville, or Mr. Lubbock. Another glimpse of Mademoiselle Aglaé's recent purchase would suffice to determine whether it had not travelled down three flights of stairs to its present destination ; and whether the Russian Princess of rough diamonds were not, like many other princesses, altogether fudge.

The temptation was a sore one. There could be no harm in turning a key to contemplate that which he had contemplated a minute before, and would probably have to contemplate a hundred times again. Yet still,—*a key!*—a key is a domestic deposit confided to the delicacy of persons entrusted with free entrance into a chamber. From the beginning of civilization, locks and keys have been esteemed sacred. Locks and keys are not to be trifled with ! In all times and countries, locks and keys, like thrones and dominions, have maintained a right divine to our respect.

His Majesty's private of the twenty-third of the line hesitated. Well might he hesitate, and would that his hesitation had lasted till this present writing ! But Jules had now advanced a step—a first step—the only "*pas qui coute*," in one of those back alleys described by Byron as

"The thousand paths that slope the way to crime."

He had been guilty of a dishonourable action, the sure precursor of a dishonest one. He had listened at a door ; there only remained for him to invade a lock !

Not but that the twenty-third of the line possessed, unfortunately, a code of morality of its own, excusing both the greater and the less transaction. The twenty-third of the line indulged in a favourite theory, that *tout est permis au profit des belles* ; or, to translate for the benefit of the country gentlemen, that

"When a lady's in the case,
All other mortal things give place."

Jules was convinced that he was serving the cause of Ma'mselle Isoline, by ascertaining whether it was absolutely her shawl, and no other, which had been transferred to Ma'mselle Aglaé's chest of drawers in consideration of two thousand francs, lawful coin of the realm; and all moral obligations consequently vanished from his mind. Madame Dosne was gone, Mademoiselle Aglaé engaged; he glanced stealthily round the deserted room, glided to the fatal drawer, turned the key in the hateful ward, drew forth the detestable shawl, ascertained beyond a doubt that the "damned spot" was on the spot, replaced it cautiously among the spotless lawn, cambric, and calico of the *soubrette*; and was about to reclose the drawer when, with flashing eyes, and burning cheeks, Aglaé—the indignant Aglaé—stood beside him!

"*A la bonne heure!*" cried she, in thundering accents. "This is the way, is it, that our property is secured during our absence? Subjected to the prying of a dirty, pitiful, spying, eaves-dropping fellow, who begins with picking, and will end with stealing, or rather, whose picking and stealing will end at Brest or Toulon! Ay, ay! I see you from here, Monsieur Jules, marching off from Bicêtre with a chain of *forçats*, and wearing pretty nearly the same hang-dog look, which sits so well upon you at this moment!"

Jules felt that his case was desperate. He had done wrong, and he stood detected. To appeal to the mercy or generosity of Ma'mselle Aglaé with an avowal of his repentance would be much the same as to prostrate his soul at the feet of the bronze Apollo gracing the clock on her chimney-piece; he therefore adopted an Irishman's philosophy, and attempted to brazen it out.

"Be not angry, fairest of creatures!" said he, attempting cavalierly to seize her hand; "I had the happiness to be in the *couloir* just now, and to see that shawl thrown over your shoulders for the first time, as you returned from a visit to the honourable deputy up stairs, (who, *par parenthèse*, is not visible to *everybody* at this early hour of the morning!)—knowing the unprincipled covetousness of Goody Dosne, I trembled lest the lovely Aglaé should have been made a victim in her bargain with the old jade; and being, from my Arabian experience, something of a judge of shawls, could not resist my inclination to have a peep at this. Had you been here I should have entreated your permission; had you been here I am convinced you would have granted it. Moderate, therefore, your indignation. My care for your interests led me into an error; let not your indifference to mine betray you into too severely resenting it."

Mademoiselle Aglaé was by this time satisfied, at least, that the gallant *frotteur* had insinuated himself too far into her secrets for her to indulge, without imprudence, in the exposure she had meditated. It would not do to alarm the house and cry "stop thief!" when Jules might retaliate by exclaiming "stop" something else. She contented herself therefore, for the present, with calling him an impertinent fellow; bidding him avoid both her presence and her room, which seemed more inviting to him than her company; threatening for the future to lock her drawers, and to keep her keys as charily as St. Peter; all this time secretly determining to have her revenge the first moment it was to be had without danger to herself.

Rejoiced to escape at so easy a rate, poor Jules now proceeded, with a crest grievously fallen, to take his share in the *œufs au miroir* provided for him by his loving mother. He was conscious that he had done a shabby thing. Even for Isoline's sake, he had no business to go prying into secrets under lock and key. Nor was he even able to obtain the reward of his frailty. Mademoiselle Isoline's door was closed, and he had not so much as repaid himself by her thanks for his still-to-be-expiated fault. But Jules concluded her to be, where she ought to have been, at rehearsal; and almost despaired of seeing her again till he took his nightly stand that evening in an obscure corner of the pit, to greet with all the force of his lungs and palms her exits and entrances in her bran new part of "Inez de Castro."

Little did he conjecture that poor Isoline, after counting over the four hundred and eighty francs given to her by Madame Dosne as the price of her shawl, (deducting the twenty which she protested she was obliged to bestow as job-money on the *femme de chambre* of the Russian princess by whom it was purchased,) and tendering to the *ex-ouvreuse*, as her sale-fee, the double napoleon she had brought in gold, as if to point out the amount of her personal expectations,—was assisting Mademoiselle Claire in her attendance upon the unfortunate Madame Courson. Jules, who knew and appreciated the Good-Samaritanism of the back-attic, would have been little surprised at the discovery; still it would have cut him to the soul to know how grateful the poor destitute girl was to Madame Dosne for the four hundred and forty francs transferred to her strong-box, and how wholly unsuspecting of the fifteen hundred and sixty realized by the vile old woman in the iniquitous transaction.

The heart of the poor actress was in fact dancing within her for joy to think that, by the sacrifice of a luxury, she was insuring the necessities of life to two suffering fellow-creatures of her own sex. Claire de Courson's tears of gratitude poured down like rain when she saw the influx of nourishing food and comfortable fuel which, with Guguste's assistance, was transferred to her mother's apartment in the course of the day. Already small quantities of strong broth and old Malaga had done wonders in reviving the exhausted frame of the invalid, who was now resting comfortably in a room swept and garnished, with a cheerful fire and a cheerful face awaiting her awaking.

But indulgence in these toils and pleasures had made fearful inroads upon the duties of the deputy-double! Never had she found study so difficult, retention so impossible. The verbose prose she was to imbibe passed through her brains like tepid water through a sieve;

But, like affection's dream,
It left no trace behind!

The day waned; the murmur of the streets diminished; the time was come for repairing to her post,—for putting up the wooden barriers, erected on the nights of new pieces at the doors of the Parisian theatres, with a view of lessening the pressure of the throng,—for opening the doors,—for appearing full-dressed in the green-room, in expectation of the prompter's call;—and Madame Isoline was at her post, and almost as dull as a post. Her tongue was in her head,

and her rouge upon her cheek, her part in her hand,—but *not*, alas! in her head, *not* in her heart, *not* on her tongue! Instead of speaking her speech “trippingly,” according to the advice of Hamlet, there was every probability that she would be unable to halt through half a dozen sentences. Her companions looked exulting—the stage-manager black as midnight, or as Peter the Cruel; for something in Mademoiselle Isoline’s conscious, yet downcast looks, assured them that all was up with Inez de Castro.

It is believed in the French provinces that every theatre in Paris contains a box called the author’s box, or *la loge matelassée*, lined and cushioned with wool, to enable the author of a falling piece to dash his head against the sides during the process of damnation, without danger of fracture to his skull. Had such a retreat existed in the obscure theatre of the Boulevards, to which the moderate talents of poor Isoline were pledged at an equally moderate salary, the unhappy Corneille of “Inez de Castro” would have done wisely to repair to it during the very first scene of his very first act. From the moment of her appearance, his heroine was evidently as bewildered in her wits as Ophelia or Tilburina! It was in vain that Jules from the uproarious *parterre*, or Guguste from the upper *paradis*, which kept whistling* as though the souls of its blest were so many bullfinches, attempted to overpower with their applause the murmurs of the malcontents. No one could say that a cabal was formed against either the piece or actress. The house was unanimous, with the exception of the single *gamin* and solitary foot-soldier, who persisted in swearing that the one was equal to Racine, and the other superior to Madame Dorval. *Ils avaient beau dire!*—the public would not sit out poor Isoline’s stammerings. The curtain fell amid a general clamour; and as it happened (ominously enough) of all the nights in the week to be Friday, Mademoiselle Isoline was acquainted by the manager, on her return to her dressing-room, that her salary would be at her disposal on the following morning for the last time,—“the theatre having no farther occasion for the services of a deputy-double to its much-esteemed *jeune-premierè* Mademoiselle Eglantine, who had arrived that night from her engagement at Dijon, in an Anserre passage-boat, to delight the public, and redeem the theatre from its disgraces.” Isoline was, in short, ignominiously dismissed the company.

Let those who can conjecture the feelings of the mighty Napoleon during the last half-hour of the Battle of Waterloo, or the troubled faculties of the still more illustrious Sir Walter when perusing the criticisms of Ballantyne the printer, on the last volume of “Count Robert of Paris,” conjecture the anguish of spirit of the poor actress, whose bread was not only taken from her, but who had adopted the support of others, whose bread must now become as scanty as her own! It was not wounded self-love which caused her ears to tingle, and her cheeks to become blanched beneath their coating of rouge, while she listened to the contemptuous shouts of the fastidious audience; it was mercy nipped in the bud, like a snow-drop withered by a still bitterer blast than its usual bitter atmosphere. She could have found it in her heart to weep,

* On the Continent whistling is substituted for hissing in the condemnation of a play.

but that the eyes of many a sneering rival were upon her humiliation!

As she passed onwards through the dark, damp, dirty passage, where, by the light of a lantern, the tender-hearted Jules waited for her with her cloak and clogs, she ran against a person whom, on looking up, she recognized, by his *coëffure à la moyen age*, and cravatless throat, as the luckless author of the piece whose fortunes her carelessness had marred.

"Monsieur Ferdinand," said she, stopping short, and blushing at the tremulous sound of her own voice, "may I take the liberty of asking what sum you expected to receive from the theatre for the copyright of your play?"

"Ten louis, madam!" cried he, scarcely able to articulate for rage,— "ten louis; which you may be said to have abstracted from my pocket; to say nothing of the injury permanently inflicted on my reputation!"

"Would to Heaven it were in my power to repair either injury!" replied the poor girl in an humble tone. "Consider me at least your debtor for one-half the sum of money. You may remember," added she, with a faint smile, "that I advised you from the first not to entrust me with your verses. I now recommend you not to trust me in your debt. Do me the favour to call upon me to-morrow morning for the amount."

"No wonder she played so badly to-night!" cried a knot of walking ladies by whom this apostrophe was overheard. "Ma'mselle Isoline is clearly overflowing with louis-d'ors. Ma'mselle Isoline has found a rich and generous *ami*."

And their envy pursued the discarded deputy-double, as, leaning on the charitable arm of Jules, she took her melancholy way towards home: the home which her new duties rendered doubly precious, and doubly painful. The private of the twenty-third of the line said not a word during their plashy trudge homewards under a thrice-soaked, reeking cotton umbrella. He felt that the moment was too critical to trouble her with inquiries after an object so trivial as the sale of a cachmere shawl. Little suspecting that an enquiry leading to the discovery of Madame Dosne's nefarious proceedings would, even in that moment of despondency, freshen her heart with gladness by the intelligence that more than sixty louis-d'ors were still due to her from the *ex-ouvreuse*, he said not a syllable of the *entresol* transaction; on which slender axis, by the way, revolved the destinies of his future life; the fraudulent rapacity of Madame Dosne being about to entail eternal ruin and disgrace upon the gallant soldier, as well as upon one to whom his happiness was dearer than her own!





George Brantshamble

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NONSENSE !

A MISCELLANY ABOUT LOVE.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

I DON'T know why I should call this "Nonsense;" perhaps it is because so much has been written upon the subject in prose and verse that it seemed impossible to write anything like sense upon it. But in that case, Nonsense itself has been exhausted, and the title would still be bad. Perhaps it is that the very hope of inditing some novelty even upon a theme which has lasted since the world began till now, induced the thought that such inventions must of necessity be greater Nonsense than had appeared before. Perhaps it is that not being quite so young as one was, the same matter which formerly was deemed the main business, aim, scope, and material, may have changed its hue, and so become to be looked upon as the Nonsense of Life. But, after all, what signifies a title?

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;"

and a bouquet of violet, may, carnation, heliotrope, tulip, mignionette, and lily, and rose, tied up with rhyme and prose, may be as pleasing under the appellation of "Miscellany," as under the most grandiloquent epithet in the language. So here goes.

Were this an essay I would proceed to divide Love into deep, shallow, pure, impure, passionate, worldly, affectionate, mad, and a hundred other great and little divisions; but, letting all that alone, I will begin by invoking his picture as, painted by Cangiaggio, he hangs before my eyes in my studious retreat.

"It was the image of a sleeping boy,
Lying upon one side and rosy cheek,
With a delicious look of slumbering joy;
And down his brow a golden tress would break
Like a young sunbeam on his ivory neck:
And from the ripe lip peep'd the pearly teeth
Like lilies, when the morning dew-drops fleck
Their unclosed bells, waking their fragrant breath,
Kindling the violets blue and hyacinths beneath.

"And on the air are fluttering two white wings,
Light as the gossamer when evening's glooms
Brood o'er the earth, and purple starlight springs
As from a fount in heaven; the dove-like plumes
Shake all the flowers, and soon a spirit comes,
Kissing his eyebrow with empurpled lips,
And in the rose and violet's living blooms,
Dipping all, one by one, the arrows' tips
Of his gold shaft, till night involve him in eclipse.

"Oh, miracle of beauty! thou art LOVE,
Sleeping or waking still the same sweet thing,
Ruler of stars, and seas, and skies above,
Sweeping eternity with glowing wing;
Divine, disastrous, smiling, suffering;
Killer of hearts, and healer,—on thy shrines
The young and lovely perish in their spring,
The cypress wreath the marble brow entwines,
And all that blessing—blest—to death declines."

Yet, for all this, I do not quite agree with the Genoese artist. Were I to paint Cupid, I think I would give one of his wings of soft downy and wavy plumes, tinged with every prismatic tint of the rainbow; and the other dark, gloomy, and nodding like the feathers of a hearse. Thus, like the statue of the cross-roads in the old tale, it would entirely depend on the side on which you approached him whether he should be, to your apprehension, the god of lively hues, however evanescent, and gladdening smiles and joys, or the divinity of sadness and despair. Assuredly, if you took time to ascertain the whole figure, round and round, you might find that the light and the dark, the flutter and the droop, the soaring and the fatal fall, were equally the attributes of his pinions and himself.

Truly did the Scottish lyrist sing

“O! wily, waly, but love is bonny
A little while when it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld
And fades away like the morning dew!”

Take the dear fledgling from his soft nest all freshly feathered, pure, and bright, and lovely, and smiling. Fondle him and cherish him among new-born delights, that promise to be endless, untiring, as if perfect felicity could ever pall? Alas! another winged creature passes by; and his pinions are by far the strongest and the longest of the two. His name is Time, and as he flies he casts a blight upon the gay and rapturous fondling of your breast. With regret you see him get sickly and ruffled; with sorrow you perceive him moult and pine; with anguish you watch him alter and decay; with horror you discover that even hope is fled, and that he dies.

And so much for such bird's-nesting, except a quaint and ancient illustration from our friend, old Heale, in his “Apologie for Women.” “The doves (he well remarks) are observed to be most exquisite in their love, and at the fatal departure of one, the other pines to death with sorrow. The nightingall makes pleasant melody in his loue's welfare, but in her distress he mourns in sadder tones. The swanne is of a nature suitable to his feather, white and faire, [black swans were unknown to England in 1606,] and all his feare is to keep his mate from feare. Go, therefore, into the fieldes, and the doues will read thee a lesson of loue; returne into the woodes, and the nightingall will sing thee madrigals of love; walk by the river, and the swannes will school thee the art of love; every where such loving couples in brutish beastes will shame the disagreeing matches in reasonable creatures.”

Better, indeed, than enter into such “disagreeing matches” it were never to match or mate at all; better repose in wise philosophy, and follow the example of a Newton.

Sir Isaac, we are told, was once persuaded by his friends to entertain some thoughts of marriage, and a suitable young lady was selected by them, and recommended to him—not to his choice. Though considerably engaged with celestial bodies at the time, he liked the terrestrial luminary very well; but, in the honest way of courtship informed the girl that he had many odd habits, and among the rest, was very fond of smoking. Complaisant and good-natured, as most young ladies are under similar circumstances, the fair one promised to be indulgent; and so pleased was Sir Isaac with her

kind-heartedness, that he resorted to his favourite pipe immediately. Enjoying it, whiff after whiff, he entered into conversation with his sweet partner; held her hand in his at first with befitting gravity, but, by and by, squeezing it occasionally as a lover ought. At length, however, he sunk into one of his abstracted reveries, and, whether he was thinking of an apple and the fall, of squaring the circle, or of what else, never has been determined, but his pipe becoming dull, he, in the absence of his mind, unwittingly raised the yielding damsel's hand towards it, and used her little finger as a tobacco-stopper. Her scream aroused him, and, looking innocently in her face, the philosopher exclaimed, "Ah, my dear madam, I beg your pardon! I see it won't do! I see, I see, that I am doomed to remain an old bachelor."

And this is the comedy of love; better, perhaps, than the melodrama, serious opera, or tragedy.

Love, like the sky so blue and pure,
At first all bright appears;
But if too much of warmth! be sure,
Must fall in rain and tears.

And, in verity, real physical tears have been the fruit of indulgences in that passion or desire, and induced by causes more curious and fantastic than those imagined by the poet.

In 1347, and that is long ago, the good Jane, Queen of the Two Sicilies, and Countess of Provence, made a law for the regulation of intrigues, amours, &c. &c. of an unlicensed description. Whipping was the regular punishment for any infraction of this law, and, it seems very hard upon a race who have always been persecuted, it was specially ordained if any Jew went near any place where any such practices might be carried on, he, the said Israelite, was to be summarily arrested, and as summarily, as far as the commencement of the process was concerned, whipped through the town. In fact, a wealthy Jew, named Doupedo, broke the statute in 1408, and was publicly scourged through the streets of Avignon. Here were genuine tears, and history informs us it was pitiful to see them trickle down Doupedo's beard. But Jane's enactments were of a severe description; and thence she was entitled "the good!" If an abbess permitted any visiter even to call upon her on a Good-Friday, Saturday, or Easter-Sunday, she was to be whipped; and if any lady robbed another she was to be whipped (honourably!) by the serjeant of the state:—if she stole anything a second time, for such offence the whipping was to be administered by the common executioner! These are matters of the olden time, but they may be pondered upon with benefit even in our day by Jews prone to iniquity, and ladies given to fall in love with unappropriated trifles belonging to others, such as scarfs, shawls, boas, nuffs, jewels, or other little articles of finery or luxury, which we so frequently hear of losing their owners at theatres, and crowded resorts of rank and fashion.

If ladies in such places would attend more to their property, and less to their flatterers, it is likely that fewer things would be missing; but, after all, coquetting is as familiar to country innocence as to town temptation. A very natural reproach for such doing is contained in the following provincial lines by a simple, disappointed, and indignant Simon,

Joan swore she loved me, and would give
 The whole wide world for me;—
 She flirts with Ralph, and I'd not give
 A penny-piece for she.

Silly, sooth; but quite as good as the most admired of the ancient mythologies, which men of all ages have agreed to eulogise in unmeasured panegyrics. The fools said that love was blind: how he must have blinked and winked when he heard them! Blind! Surely he has the most acute of visions.

It may escape the learned clerks,
 It may escape the courtly sparks,
 But weel the watching lover marks
 When kind love is in the ee.

How soon does love penetrate the buddings of love, the disguises, the changes? The first faint scintillation of the ethereal spark that is so speedily to be the sun of our existence. The first dull fleecy cloud that creeps over his dazzling disc. The gradual upheaving of the accumulating darkness that buries all his splendour in gloom. The vain attempt to supply his place by a false meteor, that blinds the eye, and warms not the heart, nor illumines the soul. In these the intuitive sense of love is omniscient; and where he is deceit cannot deceive.

“The course of true love *ever* did run smooth.”

It is the all in all, “the be all, and the end all here.” No adverse fate, no storm, no danger, not death itself, can alter its destiny. It is high above fate; it is deeper than the storm can reach; it is safe from danger; it is beyond the victory of the grave. Those who taste love only as it ripples with them on the surface of the current of life, must be wrecked and cast away in their shallow boat should tempest arise, and perils assail them. But the love which is the only love, and grasps our being, is not upon the upper waters. These may be vexed, and their wayfarers tossed; but the element of those is the ocean's bed, where the lightning-flash and the thunder-roar cannot pierce, where all is changeless and absorbing, and the turmoil and vicissitude of the superficial world can never be known. The sleep and repose of the Atlantic depths are not more undisturbed by the winds that howl along their tidal wave, or the steamer that fumes and fusses, with its emmet freight of common hopes and fears, through the skim of an isolated and transitory voyage. Hear how the young and gifted of the angel sex would sing the earliest song of love.

Oh, doubt me not; my heart is thine
 As tenderly as heart can be;
 It is a lute, whose sweetest tone
 Is that which vibrates but for thee.

No other hand has ever stray'd
 The music of its chords among;
 The softness of its sighs is made
 For him who waked its earliest song.

Believe me that the slightest flowers
 Are those which take the deepest root :
 And is it not the spring-time hours
 That ripen summer's golden fruit !
 My very wildness well may be
 Proof how devotedly I 'm thine ;
 What power must passion have o'er me
 To chain a heart so light as mine ?

The very sweetest of living minstrels could not tune a more natural or constant lay to love. But, suppose it were not to be so perpetual as its promise. Suppose the spring flowers and hours, and the summer roots and fruits to be withered by autumn, and killed by winter. Why, then, sing

Think, oh think, on all that's past, love ;
 Can remembrance tell thee all ?
 How sweet our fondness bloom'd—how fast, love,
 Its blossom was to fall.
 Think how close our souls were twining,
 Blessing, hoping, wishing, pining,
 Melting all, and all refining—
 Think of all which thought endears,
 And give, at least, atoning tears.
 Oh ! the fault, the fault was thine, love,
 Some caprice had changed thy heart ;
 Never could a wish of mine, love,
 Hint a tendency to part.
 But thy sex will still be ranging,
 More than breezes given to changing,
 Hearts from truth for aye estranging—
 Woman, worthless luxury,
 Why was bliss annex'd to thee ?

Resentment is ill bestowed upon a dream. The passion of love ought never to be supplanted by the passion of hate, nor even of anger. A Quaker-like sorrow and regret would better correspond with the memory of past happiness when that happiness is over. Upon such occasion the amiable muse of Bernard Barton might thus reflect her tender glance on loveless life.

This life is wearing fast away :
 The flowers that flourish and decay,
 The winds that swell and sink again,
 All speak how short man's little reign.
 You fleecy cloud, though now so bright,
 Will fall in tears and gloom ere night ;
 And the warm sky, so sweetly blue,
 Fade into darkness with it too.
 There are gay leaves upon those trees,
 But they will drop at the first breeze,
 The first rude blast of winter's breath,
 That warns the cold year of its death.
 Everything fails, everything flies ;
 The very light of Ella's eyes,
 Even while I gaze upon it, seems
 Melting away, like joy in dreams.

As every contribution to a magazine ought to have a moral, I am ready to point that which particularly pertains to my present lucu-

bration ; and it is simply this — “The readers who did not understand what Love is before they began to peruse this paper, will not understand it a bit the better now they have finished it.” Should they feel themselves any wiser I shall be extremely gratified, but not the less surprized, as it was by no means my intention that they should be so. Indeed I shall fancy that it is quite impossible for me to pen any thing without conferring a benefit on my kind ; and in this happy persuasion I shall here end my desultory and miscellaneous chapter on Love.

P.S.—No, I will not end yet. Perhaps the whole mystery may be explained by turning into rhyme a story of the effects produced in consequence of the God of Love having been couched by Mr. Ware, or Mr. Alexander. Let us try

CUPID COUCHED 1

Have any of you heard of the curious operation
 Perform'd on Master Cupid but a little while ago ;
 Who, the poor little fellow ! had been in tribulation,
 Stone blind since quite a child he was, as most of you may know.
 No more than a bat or a beetle could he see at all
 Until the skilful Oculist removed the slough away ;
 Now a squinting-looking Vagabond, he seems resolved to flee at all,
 And work ten times the devilries he did before that day.
 Were the Poles north and south from New Georgia to New Shetland ta'en,
 And clapt on the Equator, and fasten'd by the line,
 The world such a topsy-turvy twist would never feel again,
 As has spun out from the cataract of blinking eyes divine.
 Before this, the God-Beggar, a-whining like a mendicant,
 Prayed to “ cast an eye of Pity on the poor, poor Blind ; ”
 But now he stares about with a look that says “ an end I can't
 See the wrong and mischief I may do 'mong human kind, ”
 Of old, crown'd with flowers, blythe Hymen, young and beautiful,
 Presumed on my infirmity to act just as he chose ;
 But, since I see my way, I will teach him to be dutiful,
 And lay his flowers, all wither'd, on my altar to repose.
 Of Love's raptures no longer shall poets write feigning now,
 Of lips blest in self kisses, or any such stuff ;
 In alliance with Plutus they will find that I am reigning now,
 And that kisses will come if the purse be full enough.
 Youth decays, beauty fades, and fondness into flatness flows,
 And friendships and affections are laid upon the shelf ;
 But money gathers force the more it into fatness grows,
 And there is no end to fondness when that fondness is of Self !
 Some matches were by chance, and some, they say, in Heaven made,
 And strange the contradictions thence that plagued the married hearth,
 Such squabbling, such quarrelling, not each to each a given aid,—
 They might be fit for Heaven, but they were not fit for Earth.
 But now mothers come, bring your daughters unto market here,
 The accomplish'd and the lovely, the innocent and fair ;
 'Tis for bargain and sale, they must not think to spark it here,
 But be auction'd and disposed of just like other sorts of ware.
 A gouty old title, a bold octogenerian,
 A sickly sprig of family, whose expectancies are great,
 A yellow nabob, a vulgar millionarian,
 Are prizes for the lucky ones to captivate and mate.

Come ancient maiden ladies whose funds the stocks distressing are,
 Your consols can bring consolation yet to you ;
 Fine fellows of mark and likelihood most pressing are,
 To ease you of all trouble as your dividends fall due.

Come wealthy widows, at second hand as good as new,
 And better with your jointures large than in your virgin snow ;
 Nice boys, and pleasant gentlemen, as taste may prompt, are had on view
 To meet the brisk demand of your needs, and weeds, and woe.

Come ye halt, and ye crooked, and ye the blind as Cupid was,
 With gold to cover your defects, you 've but to pick and choose :
 The time has gone by when the cripple so cursed stupid was
 To fancy for deformity we fortune would refuse.

Come ugly, consumptive, scorbutic, monstrous, gathering,
 Female or male, who have money in your purse ;
 And Cupid now he 's *COUCHED* will stick to your fast tethering,
 Dolts, fools, and idiots—for better ? no ! for worse !!!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

" At midnight hour is heard."

NOCTE super mediâ mœstus sonus æthera complet,
 E tumulo exsanguis tympanotriba venit ;
 Dextra movet spectri :—bellum dant ligna per auras,
 Exsanguî dextrâ tympana bella sonant.
 Mirificè psallit ;—vigilantes tabe soporâ
 Ad vitam veteres rursus adire ruunt :—
 Qui glaciè oppressi cecidere sub axe Boreâ,—
 Et quos Italiâ Janua Ditis habet ;—
 Fluvius Ægypti,—Deserta Sabæa tulerunt
 Myriadas :—Manes umbrifera arma tenent.
 Egreditur mediâ et tubicen sub nocte sepulchro,
 Acri respondent tympana rauca tubæ.
 Pallidus astat equo bellator—vulnere sævo
 Quisque oculos volvit torvus et ora ferus :—
 Audet fulgentem gladium distringere dextra ;—
 Ast oculorum orbes igne micante carent.
 Nocte super mediâ cuncti dux agminis ingens
 Fertur equo, signa ut det taciturna viris.
 Indicium haud ullum belli, nec pluma nec astrum
 In pectus fulget :—nomen inane manet.
 Umbroso parvum lateri sibi commodat ense,
 Ast animo Heroos nobilis ardor abest.
 Luna micans cælo lemures et spectra tuetur,
 Dux at equum ducens agmine ad agmen abit.
 Agmina gratantur Duce[m],—taciturna salutant :—
 Haud sonus,—at lituus tympana et alta sonant.
 Circum ductores apparent poplite flexo ;—
 Aspice ! Dux cuidam bellica signa dedit :
 Verba volant acie velut ignea fulgura cœli,—
 Gallia ! Sancta Helene ! tessera mœsta fuit.
 Nocte super mediâ Duce[m] sic spectra revisunt ;—
 Mors turbatorem vicit—et ille silet.

G. W. S.

THE DIAMOND COMPANY.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

STEAM is a right pleasant invention, as applied to locomotion by water. In a steam-boat man is enabled to indulge his gregarious habits in a much more diversified society than he could possibly find by staying at home, or even visiting his neighbours. He moves at the rate of ten miles an hour; the comforts of an hotel are spread around him, and, while in a coffee-room the charm of woman's smile is denied him, in a steam-boat the ladies are seldom to be found in the mysterious boudoir allotted to their use. "The angels of life" move along the saloon, mingle with the herd of men, whom they by a natural consequence humanize and harmonize; yes, they even eat eggs and ham, and drink tea and coffee before our eyes, giving grace to the unromantic realities of existence. I of course refer to smooth water steaming in these general remarks on the enjoyments of a steamer. Why should I conceal the fact? My observations have especial reference to the "Gravesend Diamond Company." I spurn the supposition that my holding a few shares in that most respectable and excellent speculation induces me to make particular mention of "our boats." For the express accommodation of the public, we have been warring against the adverse "*Stars*" for many a long month; but we have never condescended to puff ourselves into notoriety.

In the early part of last September, I determined on taking a trip to Gravesend for the benefit of my health, a relaxation which cannot be sufficiently recommended to the inhabitants of our too densely-peopled metropolis; I speak from experience, not from interested motives. On a peculiarly fine morning I drove down to London Bridge in a cab, and at eleven o'clock found myself snugly seated in a corner of the Diamond Saloon. There are certain classes of people you may generally calculate on meeting in a Gravesend steam-boat. Gamblers of the Stock Exchange, speculators in the lively stock of Smithfield; stern bluff farmers, who look as if the corn-market had gone much against their grain; hop-growers, whose hearts, hands, and conversation are deep in their pockets. Then there are masters of merchant-vessels, following their Mary Annes, Lady Floras, and Julias, who have the day before dropped down the river. Start not, ye uninitiated in the names of shipping! I mean not desperate fair ones, who have taken "the tide at the flood" that leads to destruction, but good ships of the like names taking the tide to Gravesend, together with craft of more extraordinary cognomen for such a trip; a Windsor Castle, a London, a Liverpool, or a Severn, all "cleared" of the Custom House, outward bound, ready for sailing. Their captains, with here and there some female passenger under protection, are proceeding to take charge, and then, hey! for a prosperous voyage. You may generally know the master of a merchant-vessel by the make of his coat and hat, which tell the fashion of by-gone seasons, such shore-going toggery being little in requisition with men who, like hippopotami, are never on shore for a "long spell." But to continue my notice of voyagers by "our steam-

ers" would require a volume. Merchants and lawyers, whose families are crescented or terraced at Gravesend; officers of the army and navy, quartered, paying off, or fitting out at Chatham; ladies who have been to London shopping, or who are going to make their first appearance for the season at the "Metropolitan Suburban Watering-place;" children and nursery-maids, holiday clerks and shop-boys, together with a few flaunting damsels and flashy gentlemen, speculators in wandering hearts and stray trinkets; the latter of these gentry in the meditation, rather than the commission, of mischief. Such is the heterogeneous assemblage in "our boats." "Move her easy—stop her—a turn astern—go on." The Diamond, that gem of the river, had got into the centre of the stream, and we were fairly on our passage to Gravesend. I am an elderly gentleman, and have arrived at that period of life when a good night's rest is not to be found in every night-cap: I thus may be occasionally caught napping after dinner, and, in warm weather, even of a morning. Now, the day in question was "excessive hot"—"purdigious warm"—"very hoppable:" I use the phraseology of my *steaming* companions, for such were the sounds which fell on my tympanum, one expression of a "summer feeling" succeeding another, till I dropped into a forty-wink slumber. I seldom take more by daylight. No sooner have I mingled the reality of the scene around me with the memories of twenty things jostling each other, till they lose their individuality in an obscurity which, fading as a vapour, discloses that shadowy stage of the mental retina where dreams seem about to be enacted, than I gradually return to consciousness. But though I am again perfectly awake, the perfect, if not beautiful repose of my countenance, as Mr. Blackmien, who occasionally cuts portraits on board the Diamond, is kind enough to denominate it, often deceives those around me into a belief that the "old gentleman in the blue goggles" is still asleep. The reader may be about to exclaim, "A truce with your sleepy symptoms," for Mr. Gardner the hypnologist alone could enter fully into the philosophy of the matter. But we will not pursue this digression; it will be shortly apparent how necessary it was that my habit of napping should be made clear to the meanest comprehensions.

"A charming day, and no misapprehension can be entertained on the subject, my dear Miss Julia Maria." I looked through my spectacles, those blue-glazed windows of the mind, and, beholding in the speaker and his fair companion evident indications of an interesting conversation, must it be confessed, I pretended to slumber. The gentleman who had challenged my attention was an elaborately dressed young man in a coat of indefinite colour, cut after that undecided fashion which, in sporting phrase, might be likened to a cross-breed between a quaker coat and a hunting frock. He luxuriated in a waistcoat, brilliant as if woven from the peacock's tail to deck a Jew jeweller on his wedding morn: his trousers were of spotless white, in happy contrast to the jetty polish of his patent leather boots, in which he stood five feet eight inches, to borrow a favourite expression of his own, "slim and genteel,—quite a man for the ladies." Let the reader imagine a red face, caverned with a large mouth, decidedly full of white teeth, simpering over an emerald green stock, the descending drapery of which was fastened by a diamond brooch under charge of three little gold pins, and as

many little gold chains. Now, let us take care that a gorgeous watch-chain is sufficiently conspicuous, as it festoons from pocket to pocket of the peacock waistcoat aforesaid, and we have dressed our gentleman to the life. Omitting only in our portrait those charms attempting which imagination and description would alike fail; for what fancy could paint, what pen could adequately describe the "Hyperian curls," redolent of perfume, and dark as the ebon beetle's wing, a wondrous triumph of "Tyrean" powers, that decked his lofty temples. His eyes were killing,—*dye* was in his air.

Miss Julia Maria Aldgate felt the influence of those locks, the speaking eloquence of those eyes which sought her own, now resting on the green parasol her little gloved hand was wantonly tormenting by threatening to break its bones. This act of petty tyranny concluded, she looked at her little foot, and then she ventured to return her admirer's gaze, acknowledging the self-evident fact that it *was* "a very charming day." But Julia blushed as she said it, for to her the dullest day was charming when Mr. Amyere Cumming happened to be her fellow-voyager.

Such was the exquisite's name; and often had I remarked him, "the observed of all observers," on board our boats. He had a season ticket, and was a constant passenger. Often, too, I had remarked his attention to the object of his present addresses, who was a very pretty girl, with a very pretty fortune, and a very pretty notion of her pa's wealth, her ma's gentility, and her own merits. The residence of her sire was in the city; the sphere of her maternal parents' elegance was just then Gravesend; and Miss Julia Maria's merits were, like attendant graces, keeping court around that interesting young lady on board the "Diamond." Under her mamma's protection she was returning from her "pa's" house in Throgmorton-street to the enjoyment of brackish, if not sea breezes; the congenial society of pleasure-seeking souls, together with the chaste of Tully,—not he of the ancient wise, but of the modern bazaar. Mrs. Aldgate was attentively reading "the new Thames guide from Richmond to the Nore," leaving her daughter in free possession of her admirer's attentions; civilities, in that prudent mother's opinion, not to be despised.

If report spoke truth, and the gallant object of the *on dit*, who ought to have been best informed on the subject, did not contradict it, the scion of a noble house was sojourning at Gravesend *incognito*. Who could this sprig of quality possibly be but Mr. Amyere Cumming?

"Oh! Miss Julia Maria," continued that interesting mystery, lisping in the accents of love his opinion of the atmosphere, "how very hot it is: nothing but your charming conversation could keep me from going 'up-stairs' under the hawning. Let me beg you to try a promenade."

"I should be sorry to prevent you going, sir," answered the fair Julia, "but the deck is sadly crowded, and Ma can't bear me to be in promiscuous society."

"Oh, does your mother know you're out—on the water?" elegantly drawled Mr. Amyere Cumming, the latter part of this extraordinary question coming to the relief of what had a strong resemblance to a phrase belonging more to town than ton.

"I know I'm on the water," said Miss Aldgate, looking with

surprise at the smiling gentleman, and then glancing at her respected parent, who was apparently deeply engaged with her book. "Don't you see, ma?—haven't you been speaking to her?"

"True, very true," replied Mr. Cumming; "I'm such a habstent man. Excuse me. You, who are perfection itself, and no misconception in the matter, will make allowance."

The fair Julia assured Mr. Cumming that she considered absence of mind very interesting; and Mr. Cumming, with a great deal of sincerity, owned that absence of mind was one of his little peculiarities; but, then, no one could have a *fairer* excuse; and Miss Aldgate blushed as if she understood him; and nothing *could* be more agreeable than the young people were to each other.

The interesting stranger, when making incidental mention of noble friends, never failed in giving their full titles; and those who were honoured with his notice, though not with a niche in the peerage or baronetage, were all heiresses, rich widows, or gentlemen with five thousand a year. Mr. Cumming's acquaintance as a young man about town was, he said, chiefly among young men like himself; and he seemed to have lived on social terms with the *élite* of our fashionable *roués*. He particularly dwelt on their tastes gastronomic, and, much to the edification of the gentle Julia, all his intimates appeared to delight in "ham, chicken, champagne, and arrack punch." Then Mr. Cumming knew all the public singers, and half the actors; while not a place of amusement in London but he frequented; giving the preference, "of course," as he with much dignity remarked, to "Almacks', and Vauxhall." Amid this pleasing small-talk there ran a vein of such peculiar phraseology, accompanied by so much grace of action in passing his fingers through his hair, smoothing his chin, and playing with his watch-chain, that Miss Julia's heart, I doubt not, panted with desire of conquest, for she looked as if her whole soul were in arms as she listened to the *distingué* individual before her.

"I suppose you live quite in the West End, sir? somewhere near the Green Park, or the Regent's Park?"

Ere this question was answered, and Mr. Cumming seemed too busily engaged in regarding the fair querist to hurry himself, I observed Mrs. Aldgate's attention distracted from her book by the evident interest she felt in the colloquy.

"Do you see anything green in my eye?" suddenly remarked Mr. Cumming.

"Oh! la! what do you mean?" responded Miss Julia; "you are so funny!"

"Don't you live in the West End, then?" asked Mrs. Aldgate, who now joined in the conversation.

"Yes, ma'am; always, except when I'm at a little snug retirement on the Lambeth side, or at a watering-place,—Gravesend, Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and such like. I was saying it was a fine day, ma'am. Might Miss Julia take a walk on the deck?"

"You're *very* polite, sir," replied Mrs. Aldgate; "and I will go with her."

"What are you at—tempting?" exclaimed the "very polite" gentleman, as the young lady, in her hurry to accompany him, entangled her shawl in most mysterious folds. Gallantly he extricated her from this embarrassment, and, offering an arm to the mamma, they

walked the length of the saloon, and proceeded on deck, leaving me staring through my goggles in the same pleasing state of wonder as Gravesend had been somewhere about three times a week for the last two months, as to who Mr. Amyere Cumming could possibly be.

So warm was the weather that few had come below, and now even those few had departed. It was that unpleasant hour of the day for the steward who speculated in the edibles when it was neither breakfast-time, nor luncheon-time, nor dinner-time. Nobody seemed to like anything stronger, or more solid, than ginger-beer or soda-water, except two or three farmers imbibing ale on deck, and a roosting-looking sea-character, who, after my first group departed, walked into the saloon, and there drank strong brandy-grog, and made quite as strong love to the stewardess.

"Then you're not married, my dear?" said he of the pea-jacket, for such was the garb worn by this despiser of summer-clothing. "Should you like to be?"

"That depends," replied the modest damsel, taking hold of the corner of her apron.

"Oh, does it, my dear? Then, how should you like me? I've only got two wives already," facetiously remarked my new acquaintance.

"For shame, sir! I wonder how you *can* talk so! I don't think that old gentleman's asleep, and he's one of the proprietors."

This was said in an under tone of voice, but I heard it. I have often thought that my blue spectacles are not only great assistance to sight, but excellent conductors of sound.

"Where's the other stewardess, my dear?"

"She's in the Ruby. Thank you, sir!"

"Thank your own pretty face! I should like to take the change out of it," said the gentleman in the salamander jacket, in which he now thrust his hands, and swaggered on deck. The stewardess went into the ladies' apartment, after having made threepence by the gentleman's impudence, and the saloon was all mine own for awhile, when in stepped the steward, and a flauntily-dressed young man, with a hat on one side of his head, and a bunch of curls on the other.

"What would you like to take, Wilkins?"

"Why, I don't much mind for a bit of dinner, or a lunch, or whatever you choose to call it," replied Mr. Wilkins, eyeing the viands, which, in all the proud solidity of ham and beef, fantastically garnished with double parsley, adorned the tables; with here and there an oasis in the shape of a lettuce-piled salad-bowl, showing that neat arrangement and attention to the wants of the passengers which is always conspicuous in "our boats."

"Wilkins," said the steward, "I meant what would you take to drink? eating is paying, you know; but I don't mind a glass for old acquaintance sake."

"Then I'll take a bottle of ale with you," replied the disappointed candidate for a dinner. "There doesn't seem much going on here, Bill."

To which his friend responded, that it was a dull time of the day.

"To be sure it is, and you don't go the right way to work, or people would eat lunchcons."

"How do you mean, Wilkins? What Merriker trick have you got now?"

"Ay, ay, Bill! you may laugh at what I saw in America; but I learnt more there than would set a dozen men up in business one way or another. Now, if I was steward of this here boat, I should do as they do on the Mississippi; if the people didn't take naturally to eating I'd get a good-looking, hearty kind of cock to begin. Let him call about him, praise everything, speak to two or three gentlemen looking on, and say what an accommodation it is to get these things in a steamer, and very reasonable too, and all really *so* good. Steward stands treat to one, d'ye see, and gets twenty customers."

I here lost the remainder of this conference by the entrance of several passengers, who had descended from the deck, and now passed and repassed between me and the speakers. Its result was, however, apparent. The steward soon after was smiling and bowing to his quondam chum, before whom there was a fine ham, and a magnificent piece of beef; to say nothing of ale and salad. Wilkins was evidently eating his lunch, and earning it at the same time. Who could resist the appearance of appetite with which he attacked each edible in its turn? If his hunger was *really* feigned, it was the best imitation I ever saw in my life. Slice after slice of beef and ham vanished from his plate—"one down, and another on,"—the joints stood no chance with him, nor was he now eating alone.

"Better follow my example, sir. Every thing excellent. Always made a point of taking lunch. Shan't dine till eight o'clock."

Such had been hit insidious attacks on his fellow-passengers, and not without due effect. The tables began to fill. Even I, who was let into the secret, felt a craving come over me in seeing him eat, for he was a perfect master of his art. The man handled his knife and fork well, filled his mouth with propriety, and enjoyed, rather than gormandized.

Thus, though he had during the last three quarters of an hour eaten enough for three excellent dinners, his renewed attacks at the joints was only discernible from the modified appetites of the assemblage around him, to those who, like myself, had watched him from the first. The steward, at length, ungratefully removed both ham and beef beyond the reach of his friend. Such is the way of the world! The purpose was answered, and the hollow-hearted fellow disregarded the continued calls of the man who had obliged him.

"Steward, I'll trouble that gentleman for a slice more of the ham; just a small bit."

"Yes, sir," would reply the faithless fellow. "Won't you take cheese, sir? That will do, Tom," whispered he to the benefactor who had filled his table with customers; but he did not hand poor "Tom's" plate.

I was indignant at such ingratitude; the ham was near me, and, though I am the most wretched carver in the world, I seized the large knife, and, calling to one of the waiters, told him to "bring me the gentleman's plate."

I was hacking away famously, when a suppressed groan caused me to look up. There was my old acquaintance, Mr. Amyere Cumming, standing in the middle of the saloon, the image of despair; or, I should rather say, just about to take that awful step which separates passive despair from active desperation. Had Miss Julia

fallen overboard? or had she, smiling upon another, driven her fond admirer mad? Neither of these dreadful events had occurred; but *I* was the unhappy cause of his present distress of mind. The catastrophe was not long in arriving. In an instant he was by my side. The wildness of his eye was gone; his stern features had softened into a smile.

"You will excuse me, sir. I beg your pardon, sir; but *that's* not the way to carve 'am! Hand me the knife, sir."

In another second I was disarmed, and the long blade, waving through the air, descended gently as a snow-flake on the surface of the meat. Slices now fell in red and white shavings on either side the dish.

"That's the way to carve a 'am!" exclaimed Mr. Amyere Cumming, the cuff of his coat turned up nearly to the elbow; his face beaming with delight.

"Bring the gentleman's plates, waiter! Any gentleman say 'am?"

Many were the gentlemen that said "ham;" and busy was Mr. Cumming in his pleasing task.

"You seem to understand carving," remarked I, who, since my abdication of the big knife, sat wonderingly regarding the intimate friend of our *noblesse* standing beside me, not eating, but, *con amore*, helping the passengers.

"Many is the thousand 'ams I've cut up," replied Mr. Amyere Cumming, intent on his occupation.

"Thousands?" exclaimed I. "Thousands?"

"Yes, old gentleman; and no mistake. Only come to 'The gardens,' and I'll shew you what flare-up carving is!"

The truth burst on me at once. Mr. Amyere Cumming was a Vauxhall carver! My *gaucherie* in murdering the ham had betrayed him. There was a scream at the end of the saloon—a lady had fainted. Mr. Cumming dashed down the carving-knife, d—d himself for a fool, and rushed towards Miss Julia Maria, — who was the fair sufferer.

"My daughter doesn't want assistance, sir!" said Mrs. Aldgate; "and we shall be too unwell and out of sorts to see you at dinner in the Crescent."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" stammered Mr. Cumming.

"That strangers should not intrude on their betters!" scornfully replied Mrs. Aldgate.

Miss Julia Maria was borne into the ladies' cabin. The Vauxhall functionary, who had refined slang into gentility, and learnt grace from the late Mr. Simpson, audibly cursed "blue goggles," and rushed on deck. Tom Wilkins, the ingenious traveller, got another cut at the ham in the confusion, and just then the steamer reached Gravesend.

RICHARD JOHNS.

THE LOSS OF MY LEG.

It was on a lovely evening in the month of February 182—, that a fleet of boats, containing the — battalion of the — regiment of Bengal infantry, to which I belonged, after following the whole day the tortuous course of the then unexplored Soormah, came to anchor on the southern bank of the river, immediately beneath the strong but deserted position of T—ne.

Much had been heard regarding the strength of this place, which was reported to be garrisoned by five thousand Burmese warriors, under a celebrated bundoolah, or chief; and rumour, we found, had been far from exaggerating the means of defence it possessed.

Young as I was at that time, one glance at the stupendous height before me carried conviction to my breast that it would have been next to an impossibility for a small force like ours, so ill supplied with artillery as we were, for we had only three old six-pounders, without a single artilleryman to work them, to dislodge even a few determined men from so strong a hold, so admirably was the spot fortified by nature; besides, we had no reason to doubt the resolution of the enemy. Recent encounters had taught us that the Burmese, though but indifferent soldiers in the field, were cool, resolute fellows, when fighting behind their favourite species of fortification, (their stockades,) which they defended with considerable skill as well as bravery.

Not a heart amongst us, therefore, from the colonel down to the junior ensign, which latter grade I filled at that period, but felt more buoyant at finding ourselves at liberty to make a peaceable journey to the summit of the crag, without a single foe to dispute our progress in crawling up its abrupt and rugged sides.

Although our commandant was supposed to be desirous of reaping as many laurels as possible before he should be superseded by the brigadier-general appointed to command the expedition against the Burmese in this part of the world, still it was reasonable to conclude that, had the bundoolah with his five thousand men kept possession of the place, he would have hesitated in attacking him with so inferior a force as our single battalion, under circumstances so highly disadvantageous. In that case, we must have waited the arrival of the reinforcement, consisting of artillery and infantry, expected under the brigadier, which was nearly a month's march in the rear.

To have been inactive in such a country would have been dreadful; for it was truly a valley of the shadow of death, requiring the excitement of the most active employment to prevent our sympathising in the gloom that enveloped us, and thus falling easy victims to the pestilence that hovered around. Dense jungle of long coarse grass, attaining not unfrequently the height of ten feet, covered, with scarcely any intermission, the banks of the river. Beyond that were swamps and marshy ground, abounding in rank vegetation, and swarming with horse-leeches of an enormous size, which often fastened themselves on the limbs of our men, when not protected by their clothing. If occasionally a village was seen on the higher spots, it was generally devoid of inhabitants as well as supplies. The villagers had fled at the approach of the Burmese army,

whose foraging parties had swept off every article in the shape of provisions ; not even a grain of the coarse watery rice of the country was procurable. It would have been difficult to suppose the country had been recently inhabited, so desolate, so dreary was the wilderness around us, but for the murdered remains of some of the miserable natives which occasionally met our sight, either lying near their own huts, or hanging up by their hair in the stockades we had taken from the enemy ; and in one of which we had also liberated a number of unfortunate women they had most brutally abused.

The wound I had received in my right foot in the beginning of the month had kept me on my back till three days before, when I left my bed for the first time to be present at an attack on two of the enemy's stockades, both of which we carried. After the affair was over, I had been obliged to return to my couch once more, and my foot was still troublesome ; but so beautifully serene was the evening, so cool and refreshing the light breeze that was superseding the sultry heat of the day, and, above all, so strong was my curiosity to see a place that had engrossed so much of the conversation, and been the source of so many speculations to our little society of late, that I determined, like the others off duty, to employ the two hours' halt, allowed for the sepoys and boatmen to refresh themselves, in examining the place.

It rose directly from the banks of the Soormah to the height of some hundred feet ; no other rising ground was to be seen for miles around ; the river washed more than half its base, and the approach by land was low and marshy. There was but one pathway that led to the summit, and that was barely wide enough to admit of two or three of us mounting abreast. As we wound round the hillock, at every jutting point and abrupt turn our admiration burst forth afresh at the amazing strength of the position ; and as we paused occasionally to draw breath, we expatiated again and again on the facility of pouring in a deadly fire on an attacking party from one spot, and of overwhelming them from another by hurling down loose masses of rock and soil upon their heads. At length we neared the summit. The last stage we mounted by a bamboo ladder, and found ourselves on a level spot, on which were erected temporary huts, bearing evident signs of having lately been occupied by an enemy's force.

Here we took breath again, and, as we contemplated the scene below us, we flattered ourselves the war was ended by our sole exertions ; for all came to the conclusion, that if the Burmese chieftain had meditated facing us at all, he would never have evacuated the stronghold of T—ne, which, besides its other advantages, commanded the passage of the river completely ; nor to this day can I even venture a surmise as to the cause that led the bundoolah to adopt so strange a measure, since he afterwards returned, with his army considerably weakened, and held good the place against the brigadier and his whole force, compelling him to retire with precipitation.

We had been but a few minutes on the height when our patrols sent up a couple of Burmese they had surprised in the jungle. This had been hitherto a war of extermination ; no quarter had been asked or expected by either party ; and, being the first prisoners taken, we gazed on the two men before us with a considerable

degree of curiosity. They were both young, and, though shorter than the generality of our men, were the most robust and strongly-built Asiatics I have ever met with; in fact, few Europeans, I should suppose, could surpass them in physical powers. Though their hands were tightly bound behind them, and they were prisoners amongst Europeans, probably the first white men they had ever seen, no symptoms of anxiety or concern about their situation were visible on their dark, fierce, almost savage-looking countenances. Nothing could exceed the indifference they displayed to all around them. This apathy I attributed at the time to their belief in predestination; for most, if not all, the natives of the East are confirmed fatalists; but when I called to remembrance, a few days after, the whole tenor of their behaviour, I thought, and still think, they were spies.

It being almost impossible for them to escape from the elevated spot we were on, their hands were unbound immediately they arrived; and cigars being offered them by a young officer who was a great smoker, and had generally a supply in his pocket, they squatted down together, and commenced smoking, seemingly not the least disconcerted by our presence as we grouped about them, or troubled with those prejudices of caste which characterize the Hindoo of British India; who would consider himself as defiled, were he to put anything to his mouth that had been contaminated by the touch of an European.

A red cap, and a piece of cloth, made of a mixture of silk and cotton, wound round their waists, formed the whole of their dress. They had a round hole perforated through the lobe of their left ears, into which, when spoken to, they thrust their cigars, taking them out again, and resuming their occupation of smoking as soon as they had given their replies. None of us could speak the Burmese language; the conversation, therefore, was carried on by means of a native of Bengal, who acted as interpreter. My knowledge of Bengalee in those days was but slight, and much that was said on the occasion was unintelligible to me. I learnt, however, that the bundoolah, with his army, which they reckoned at six thousand men, had crossed the river on a temporary bridge or float, made of plantain trees, and was but a few miles distant on the opposite bank.

My attention was soon called off by one of the most disgusting spectacles I ever witnessed. A party of the nagahs, or hill-men, came to pay their respects to their English allies, bringing with them several baskets full of human heads, which, together with a number of swords, they laid at our feet. After making most profound salaams, one of them commenced an oration in a very lively manner, accompanying his rhetoric with various gesticulations and contortions of his face and body, doubtless very appropriate to enforce what he was saying; but, unfortunately, not a syllable of his harangue was understood by me, or any one else amongst us, excepting the governor-general's agent, who, I believe, could speak their language.

It appeared that, after we had driven out the Burmese from their two stockades near B—ah, the nagahs had fallen on their rear as they were retreating through the passes in the hills, and the heads before us had been severed from the slain, from whom they had also taken the swords they had brought as an offering to our chiefs. Our

looks, I think, were not altogether the best calculated to impress our visitors with the most lofty ideas of our characters as warriors. Probably they deemed us not a little effeminate and squeamish in our notions for soldiers; for disgust was plainly depicted on every countenance, and every one applied his hand to his nose.

The weather was warm, and the trunkless heads had already begun to emit a most disagreeable odour. These being removed to a respectful distance, two or three of the swords were accepted, and the donors presented in return with a couple of bottles of brandy. Squatting themselves down on their haunches in a line, each man took a mouthful as the bottle passed, stroking and patting his stomach with great complacency as he gulped down the liquor.

They also brought in, for the purpose of procuring medical aid, one of their own countrymen who had been tortured by the Burmese, with a view of exacting provisions, of which they were in great want during their retreat. This poor wretch, who still continued to breathe, was scored or gashed from head to foot, each cut being about an inch apart, and extending to the very tips of his fingers. I never saw him afterwards, nor did I learn his fate. That he should survive seemed impossible; and it is to be hoped, therefore, that death put a speedy termination to his sufferings.

I was now obliged to descend, it being my turn for the guard, that always kept pace with the flat along the banks of the river. Excepting the difficulties inseparable from a six-hours' march in a country devoid of roads, sometimes sticking in the mud, at others pushing through the long grass jungle reaching far above our heads, and in which there was more probability of encountering a tiger than a Burmese, the night passed over quietly enough. Not an enemy had been seen when the boats brought to at the dawn of day.

Having lain down in my clothes when relieved from picket at midnight, I was one of the first who landed that morning, and my friend A—— soon joined me. He had been detached with the major against a small stockade, which the enemy evacuated on their approach, leaving a large quantity of rice behind them. This was the first time of our meeting since his return, he having only rejoined the evening before, after an absence of several days. Scarcely had we joined hands, and I had not had time to reply to a brief inquiry from him about the state of my wound, and his expressions of surprise at seeing me on my legs again so soon, when I perceived a number of the enemy's cavalry, with their long spears and large circular flapped saddles, moving at a slow pace immediately in front of us, on the opposite side of the river, which was here probably about a hundred and fifty yards wide. To rush down to the boats, hurry out my men, and to draw them up on the top of the bank, were but the operations of a minute. Already had I pictured to myself one half of their troop rolling on the ground, and I felt an almost indescribable thrill of pleasure as I hastened to give them a volley. But, just as I was about to pronounce the word "fire," I experienced a sense of disappointment that baffles all description. The well-known voice of the colonel was heard close to my ear, peremptorily forbidding all firing: a very necessary order when young subs like myself had charge of a company, which, from the paucity of officers with the battalion, had been the case since I joined it. It appeared that the governor-general's agent, a civilian, was

desirous of parleying with the enemy, through means of the prisoners taken the evening before. Deeply and bitterly did I execrate the timid, sluggish policy that withheld my hand. And, perhaps, for once I was not wrong; for had the horsemen who were reconnoitring us been knocked over, and we had followed up the blow by crossing immediately, it is possible the bundoolah might never have stopped to receive us.

But the agent, though by no means deficient in personal courage, (I have seen him more than once within the range of a heavy fire,) was childishly imbecile on this occasion. The two Burmese were brought out of the guard-boat, and, after being charged with a message to their general, threatening him with extermination unless he withdrew with his forces, immediately they were led to the edge of the river, and told to swim across, having first promised to bring us the bundoolah's answer within an hour. Never did I see men cleave the water more beautifully than they did; but a few minutes sufficed to carry them to the opposite shore, where they joined their countrymen on horseback, and, it is almost needless to add, we never saw them more.

Did it never enter the head of Mr. S—— that, when the bundoolah learnt the smallness of our force, (we could not bring more than eight hundred men into the field,) he would laugh at our threats, and prepare a warm reception for us. Perhaps the whole affair was a striking instance of the egregious folly of shackling military men in the field by a superior civil authority.

For two long tedious hours—they seemed ages to me, but my watch told me they were but hours—did we remain resting on our arms, waiting the reappearance of our messengers, and many an impatient look was cast in the direction in which they had disappeared.

At length the film seemed to have dropped from our chief's eyes, and the joyful order for crossing the river was given. Amongst the first that landed was my company; it was ordered to form part of the advance guard that day; and, after some hasty instructions to the major to follow with the rest of the battalion when landed, we marched off, the colonel at our head.

Why the commanding-officer, who had seen much service in his time, should proceed in person to reconnoitre in a country so wild, so wholly unknown, and where the enemy, had they attempted it, might have cut up our little party at almost every step, while either wading through the deep morasses, or entangled in the dense jungle that everywhere abounded, and in which our discipline could have availed us but little in case of an attack, was a matter of surprise to me, which even the supposition that he was desirous of escaping from the trammels of the civil authority could not sufficiently account for.

After the first hundred yards or so we lost sight of the main body, and for upwards of an hour traversed swamps and thickets, without knowing whither we were proceeding, or, to our great surprise, seeing any symptoms of an enemy. At length, on emerging from a thick patch of jungle, we found ourselves in an open spot near a small village, and shortly after a row of heads, surmounted with red caps, was seen projecting above a low breastwork in front of it, then a blaze of musketry, and the balls came whistling over

our heads almost harmlessly. Our men were already in line, and giving them a volley with better effect, as I afterwards found, we came to the charge without reloading, and rushing up to the work, we scrambled into it, the Burmese quitting the place by a gateway in the rear as we entered. The sepoy were heated, and as they leapt over the little outwork, each man thrust his bayonet into the dead and wounded of the enemy lying there, accompanying the action with a deep oath, or rather bestowing an epithet of abuse on their prostrate foes, which it would be scarcely proper to translate here. We paused not long, but loading again, the colonel, with my company only, set off at double quick in pursuit of the retreating enemy, who were still visible. The remainder of the guard took a direction more to the right, I think; for I saw no more of them during the day.

There were about two hundred of the Burmese, and they probably constituted the advanced guard of their army. For nearly a mile we continued to follow, occasionally stopping to fire; but with very little success, however, for our men were out of breath and unsteady, and the distance too great to allow of our musketry taking proper effect. They retreated at a quick but steady pace, and ascending a small steep hillock, thickly covered with brushwood, halted on the top. As we neared the foot, they saluted us with a tolerably well-directed fire, and the same moment a murderous one was poured into our right flank from the whole face of a stockade, which till then, in our hurry, we had not perceived.

The colonel was now on foot, and telling me to keep close to his side, (the men liked him not,) he faced the company towards the stockade, and thrice he gave the word to advance; but not a foot obeyed. The men were falling fast; a murmur that many were killed and wounded arose, and, in spite of our efforts to check them, they gave way, but still with their faces towards the stockade. Pointing to the hill, from which the fire was still galling, the colonel ordered me to lead them on; and, calling on the men to follow me, I dashed up the steep narrow path that led to the summit at my utmost speed. When I reached the top, I found myself with only two or three men in full possession of the post; for luckily the enemy did not wait to receive me, but descended by the opposite side, and, after making a short circuit, entered the stockade which was about two hundred and fifty yards distant. The remainder of the men soon joined us, the colonel bringing up the rear.

We were now in a position we might hope to maintain, though our ranks were thinned, till the battalion under the major should come up, and we could rejoin it. Crowning the height with our little force, we commenced firing on the stockade beneath, but soon found that, owing to the distance, we did but little harm with our musketry; while the shot from their field-pieces and jinjals (long swivel-guns) told with so much effect on us, that it became a matter of some difficulty to keep the sepoy from quitting the face most opposed to the stockade. I had even to drag some of the most reluctant forward; and one poor fellow was shot in the breast and fell lifeless, as I was pulling him along.

There was a European drummer-boy, of about twelve years of age, attached to my company. When we first got under the heavy fire near the foot of the hill, the little fellow cried loudly and bit-

terly. I felt for the poor child, and, taking him by the hand, said all I could to soothe his fears. I had been obliged to leave him when I rushed up the steep pathway to dislodge the enemy; but he followed soon after, and again clung to my arm. He had not been long on the height before he seemed to have forgotten his fears,—so much so, that he even endeavoured to aid me in keeping the men in their places.

In vain the colonel and myself called on the men to take better aims, and accused them of wasting their ammunition. After taking muskets in our own hands, and firing several rounds ourselves, we became convinced that we were too distant for small arms to have due effect. Ordering the men to rise, the colonel formed thirty or forty of them into a narrow column, and, showing me an angle of the stockade, where there appeared to be an entrance or gateway, bade me lead them on.

Never was I in higher spirits than at this moment; and, as the word "double quick" (the form of command in those days,) was given, I sprang down the side of the hill in a few bounds. My blood warm, I felt not the stiffness of my foot, and I heeded not the firing of the enemy. Though others fell so thickly around me that day, I experienced a sort of prepossession, till towards the close, when both strength and spirits failed me, from fatigue and exhaustion, that I should not be hit.

On reaching the bottom, I found I had outstripped my men considerably. Calling on them to hasten down, I formed them as they arrived, and again set off, the fire from the stockade becoming more tremendous at every step. I had advanced, perhaps, fifty yards, when I felt the hand of a sepoy on my shoulder pulling me back, and exclaiming, "Sir, you have no men." Looking round, I perceived several stretched on the ground, and the remainder regaining the hill with the utmost expedition. I turned and followed, and, as I reascended the hill, on the brow I found the colonel standing on the same spot from whence he had marched us off. He had seen the whole affair, and no words passed between us about the ill-success of the attempt. Expressing his surprise that the battalion had not come up, and a wish that it would soon arrive, he withdrew the men a few paces, by which they were less exposed to the fire of the stockade, though at the same time it rendered ours much slacker.

It was now our turn to be attacked. A number of the enemy were seen sallying from the nearest gateway in the stockade, and approaching the hillock on which we stood. Our men were forbidden to fire, and all was perfect silence till they had passed over two-thirds of the ground, when, cautioning the sepoy to aim low, the word was given, and a well-directed discharge from every musket in our little party poured in. Several of the enemy fell on their faces, after springing some feet from the ground, others appeared wounded, and their whole band wavered, and for a moment gave way.

Our men, as they reloaded their pieces, uttered a loud cheer, which seemed to add to their confusion. It was not of long duration, however, for again on they came. We did not attempt to molest them this time till they reached the very base of the hill, and the foremost were already mounting the narrow path, when

once more we poured in a deadly fire, and rushed down to meet them in the ascent. But our last discharge had been sufficient. They were now retiring in considerable disorder, and, giving them a volley and a few halloos to hasten their retreat, we returned to our post again.

We had been more than two hours, I should think, on our isolated position, impatiently awaiting the arrival of our brethren in arms, and many an anxious glance had been vainly cast in the direction in which we had left the boats. At last the glitter of arms was visible, and our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the battalion advancing to our relief.

I had latterly begun to be apprehensive that we had advanced too far, and our friends might not be able to find us. It appeared that they had not left the spot where we landed till after the sound of firing was heard; for the major either did not hear, or did not comprehend, what the colonel said to him, and denied having received any instructions to follow. In addition to this, they had pursued a more open but circuitous route, and of course had been much longer on the way.

The colonel, with merely his orderlies, immediately proceeded to take the command of the corps, which soon opened its fire on the front face of the stockade, from the edge of some low jungle, at the distance of about some two hundred paces.

Shortly after, orders were brought me to quit the hill, and bring my wounded to the rear. Making a circuit, I soon arrived at two hovels, in which the surgeon and his assistant had established themselves, with the hospital attendants, and the bhisties, or water-carriers of the battalion. Never did I enjoy the clearest iced drink so much as the muddy water the bhistie poured from his leathern bag into my joined hands, from which, after cooling my burning throat with an enormous draught, I bathed my face and temples, and felt my strength renewed.

The men were not less eager than myself to obtain water. But the wants of the wounded were first attended to. None attempted to drink till they were all served; for long and piteous had been their cry for panu, panu! (water! water!) to slake their fiery thirst: it seemed all they cared for.

It was here, behind a small piece of mud wall, the governor-general's agent had taken up his position. He had a full view both of the stockade and the attacking party, and, when my men were drinking, he requested me to lead them under the bank of the river, and make an attack on the stockade from that face, which he conceived might succeed while the attention of the enemy was drawn to the front by the fire of the battalion. I hesitated not a moment to obey. The project seemed feasible, and I knew that if called on to account for making the attempt without orders, the name of the governor-general's agent would bear me out. I learnt afterwards that an officer of much higher rank had previously declined complying with a similar request made to him by Mr. S—; but no one ever blamed me for doing so.

Had I retired some distance further to the rear, and then descended, I might, perhaps, have arrived unperceived by the enemy. But I was young, and not over given to reflect. After replenishing their cartouch-boxes, I led my little party direct to the river, and

descended at the first place I could find sufficiently sloped to allow of our getting down. During the rains the current had undermined the earth on this side, and when the stream receded, a level surface of a few yards' width had been left, along which we bent our way. As we advanced under the bank, which was nearly twenty feet high, and projected everywhere above our heads, I began to fear we should be unable to scale it. But a minute after, the scene of filth I found myself stepping through convinced me there must be a way to ascend not far off, since the Burmese, it was evident, were in the habit of descending. In almost a whisper I bade my men, in their native tongue, "be ready." A few steps further we came somewhat abruptly to the foot of a narrow road or pathway, cut in a slanting direction down the side of the bank, the top of which was lined by the enemy, who lost no time in saluting us as our front file appeared. It was premature, however, for their balls flew harmlessly over us; and, without attempting to return their fire, I dashed up the bank at the head of my brave fellows. The enemy met us ere we reached the top; but their muskets, though of English manufacture, were without bayonets, and, in spite of an occasional sword or spear advanced to arrest our progress, we drove them before us, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, and, gaining the summit of the path, followed them to the very entrance of the stockade, which on this side was but a few paces from the top of the bank. But here our success ended. A row of long spears bristled in the gateway, and in vain the foremost of us endeavoured to cut our way through. A slanting fire from both flanks told severely on our little column. The sepoy in the rear could bear it no longer, and, turning, they rushed down the path again, and we were obliged to follow, the enemy giving chase till we neared the bottom. Here we were secure from all annoyance from above, the overhanging bank completely sheltering us. After allowing the men time to breathe, I again attempted to lead them up; but at the first discharge they turned. To my remonstrances, they replied they were fatigued and outnumbered, of which I was but too conscious myself; and having waited a short time, in hopes a reinforcement might arrive, I was compelled to retrace my steps.

On my return I found the battalion had ceased firing, and the men withdrawn to some distance, were resting on their arms: several of the officers had been wounded, and some borne off the field. The colonel, who was but slightly hurt, was still on the spot, talking of retiring to the boats, and waiting the arrival of the force under the brigadier, for without proper artillery he deemed it impracticable to dislodge the enemy.

The governor-general's agent was of a different opinion. He maintained that if only one charge were made by the whole detachment at once, the place would undoubtedly be taken. After a short time Colonel B— gave his sanction to the measure being carried into effect. It was, however, apparently against his better judgment; but his situation was a particularly trying one; for had he withdrawn his men, without making the attempt, it might have subjected him afterwards to imputations of an unpleasant nature.

The battalion was now drawn out, two deep, in a line, under the major, who for the first time I perceived to be in a most extraordi-

nary dress, or rather undress. Instead of his red coat and uniform trousers, he had on a white jacket and a dotee, or cloth wound round his waist, with his legs perfectly bare. That he changed his dress to render himself less conspicuous to the enemy, I can scarcely credit, although the colonel soon after charged him with having done so. I am more inclined to believe his own story, that, the day being very hot, he took off his regimentals to cool himself; for I saw him, I think, encouraging the sepoy, like a brave soldier, when they wavered in the attack.

The stockade was in shape nearly a square, but rather inclining to an oblong. It was formed of thick bamboos, and logs of wood of about ten or twelve feet in length, set upright in the ground, with a space left between each timber, for the purpose of firing through. To the height of three or four feet, earth was thrown up on both sides of these piles, behind which, in a shallow trench, the Burmese sat, only showing their red caps above the embankment when on the point of firing, and withdrawing them to reload as soon as they had given their discharge. It had a small gateway, or entrance, on each side, and was surrounded, except at the river front, by a ditch, which, on the face we were to advance against, was extremely broad and deep, it having, as I afterwards learnt, been cut to drain the narrow jhul, or morass, through which we had now to pass.

It was nearly four o'clock, and I was weary and exhausted. The wound in my foot had become stiff and extremely painful; and, for the first time, I felt an unwillingness to proceed, and a depression of spirits I had never experienced before. The men, too, had not eaten that day, and were both fatigued and dispirited. And when the governor-general's agent, as he rode along the line, harangued them in their native tongue, which he certainly spoke most fluently, assuring them they would undoubtedly take the place, with scarcely the loss of a man, if they would but advance without firing, more than one of the non-commissioned officers and sepoy replied that they would be happy to fight the Burmese on the plain, but they could make nothing of them in their entrenchments; others called out for a column to be formed, and the grenadiers to lead.

The agent repeated his harangue, and on we went at quick march, for we had still some distance between us and the enemy. We had advanced to within sixty yards, and were entering the swampy ground, when the stockade, which till then had appeared as if deserted, was all at once lined with a long row of red caps, and a deadly fire poured into us from the whole face of it. Numbers fell around me, but I was still untouched. Our men recoiled an instant, then commenced firing without orders, and, breaking into small columns, some continued firing, while others advanced.

Amongst those who went on were A—— and myself. Again not an enemy was visible, and we neared the deep ditch, the borders of which were thickly studded with short spikes, slanting towards us. We were but a few yards from the stockade itself, when once more the red caps appeared to pour another destructive fire upon us. Poor A—— and myself both fell, and the colours of the battalion were lying on the ground, the jemadars who carried them being brought down by this discharge. Taking advantage of the disorder and confusion their last fire had produced, the enemy now sallied forth from their entrenchment, and completed the rout, each indi-

vidual endeavouring to save himself by escaping from the morass as quickly as possible.

Fortunately the colours of the battalion were not lost. A few brave fellows protected the sepoy who snatched them up, and bore them off when the native officers fell; and the colonel, who had remained in the rear, mounted on a pony, (he was unable to put his foot to the ground,) soon formed the remnant of the battalion as they arrived, into a hollow square, whose formidable appearance kept the enemy at a respectful distance.

I had merely felt a shock, and was lying with my face close to the mote of the stockade, almost before I was aware I was hurt. It was not till I attempted to rise that I found my left leg, which bent under me, was dreadfully shattered, the agony I experienced bringing me to the ground once more. The enemy were now amongst us, and our men retreating. With my left hand I seized the sepoy next me by the leg of his thick woollen trousers as he was moving off, and was dragged a pace or two along the ground in this way, still retaining my sword in my right hand, by an almost convulsive grasp. The desire of escape so overpowered every other sensation, that I scarcely felt my lacerated limb. A few steps, and my weight, though light (I was quite a lad) prevented the sepoy moving further. He now seized my arm, and, relinquishing my hold on his leg, he drew me on more rapidly for a short distance, and, as his strength began to fail, threw away his musket, and applied both his hands to the task of pulling me along.

Some of the enemy approached, and I could not expect protection from the sepoy, since he was unarmed. Besides my sword, I had a pistol in my belt, and I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible: the idea had even crossed me of applying the latter to my own head, rather than fall alive into the hands of the Burmese, whose reputation for cruelty was so proverbial. At this moment, when all hope of escape had abandoned me, a few of our men, who were retreating almost singly, closed around us; others soon joined. Several arms were now thrust under me, and I was borne at a rapid pace to the shelter of the square.

Poor A—— was less fortunate. He was some years older than myself, upwards of six feet high, and stout in proportion. Being very heavy, it would have required the strength of several men to have carried him off the field; and perhaps I may attribute my life being saved, in a great measure, to my being so light at that time. Whether he was killed on the spot by the shot that brought him down, or fell into the hands of the enemy alive, is unknown. His sufferings, however, could not have been of long duration, for shortly after I reached the square, his head, stuck on a pike, with a long string of others, was seen exalted above the walls of the stockade. Probably the wretches intended to intimidate our troops by this exhibition, and at the same time to display a trophy of their victory.

A piece of cloth was hastily wound round my wounded limb by the surgeon, to prevent hæmorrhage, I conclude; but it was too lacerated to bleed much. There was a hospital dooly, (a light sort of palankeen,) fortunately on the spot, into which I was placed, and the retreat towards the boats began soon after, the wounded being in the centre of the square. The ground, however, became too broken and interspersed with jungle to admit of the battalion moving

long in this form, and it was broken into subdivisions and single files, as the nature of the country required. My dooly bearers now pushed on, and I was soon out of sight of the battalion. We had not proceeded far, when an elephant, on which were several wounded men, overtook us, and the mahout, or driver, insisted that he had orders to take me up also. But I peremptorily refused. My wound had become cold, and so painful that I would rather have died than have attempted to sit on the elephant, and endure the torture which every step would have occasioned. Even in the dooly, when crossing the ravines and broken ground, it required me to bear in mind that I was a soldier, to prevent my shrieking aloud, so intense was the agony I experienced at every jolt.

Scarcely had the elephant passed, when a party of horsemen, with their long spears high above their heads, were seen galloping towards us. To put me down, and rush into the neighbouring jungle, was with the bearers but the work of an instant. Again I gave myself up for lost; but I was now comparatively heedless about life. The little troop passed within a few yards without offering to molest me, and the bearers, recognizing them to be the Rajah G——r Sing's cavalry, (who was then an ally of the company's,) returned, and took me up again.

My sense of thirst had become intolerable, not having had an opportunity of procuring a drop of water since I received my wound. As I approached the boats, my servants, who had probably heard from the elephant-driver that I was wounded, came to meet me; and, as I earnestly demanded water, the khidmutgar* held a bottle to my mouth; but, to my bitter disappointment, I found it contained raw brandy. Though dying with thirst, I had the resolution to push it from me, and to wait till I reached my boat ere I moistened my parched and burning lips. It was now that I first relinquished my sword, the point of which had been broken in the attack on the banks of the river. I had hitherto retained it firmly grasped in my right hand, and my fingers had become so rigidly fixed, that I could scarcely relax my hold.

The battalion soon after arrived. No time was lost in embarking the men, and we dropped down the stream, leaving an officer and a few men at T——e, which we passed about the middle of the night. The next morning we reached a small stockade we had taken from the enemy a short time before, in which we established ourselves. In the evening the surgeon found time to amputate my limb, which, from the extent of the injury, and the heat of the weather, had already begun to be offensive. I shall not attempt to dwell on what I suffered during the operation, or while moving about from place to place before the stump was healed, the cure being further retarded by want of proper diet, not a morsel of bread or biscuit being procurable in the wilderness we were in.

Whether the colonel, or the governor-general's agent, in the hasty despatches written on the occasion, reported me as mortally wounded, or dead, I cannot say; but certain it is that the government wrote up soon after to inquire the reason of my being retained on the strength of the battalion after I was killed. My brother in

* The servants who wait at table are called khidmutgars in India: they are generally Mussulmans, for no respectable Hindoo would touch the animal food consumed by Europeans.

England, also, on inquiring about me at the India House in London, was informed I had been killed in action; and the first letter I was able to write, which conveyed the account of the loss of my limb, was a relief to my family.

I was confined to my bed several months by an extensive exfoliation of the thigh-bone, (it was amputated not far below the hip,) and, long before I was able to move about, the commander-in-chief, in reward for my conduct on the occasion, of which the colonel made a favourable report, had conferred on me the adjutancy of the — battalion; and in six months from the time I lost my leg, I was on horseback drilling my men.

To conclude, two of the sepoy who assisted in carrying me off the field, though both young soldiers at the time, were immediately promoted to the rank of non-commissioned officers for their gallant conduct; and the one to whom I am most indebted has, I am happy to say, been several years a jemadar—a commissioned officer.

It is requested that the above may be considered in the light of a fiction, or a tale founded on facts, rather than as a correct account of the events that occurred to the writer some thirteen years ago.

VENICE.

DID you never see Venice? indeed, that's a pity,
 'Tis a sea-girt, enchanting, and famous old city:
 To satisfy all, I will try to narrate
 A short flying visit in May thirty-eight.
 Lodged at the White Lion (Leone Bianco),
 As from Mestrè you sail, on the left, (that is, manco,)

We'll suppose ourselves settled; so now for the lions,
 Of which there are plenty, and some rather high ones;
 For instance, the Tower, St. Mark's Campanile,
 When safe on the top, you may breathe pretty freely;
 Then view the Piazza and all the gay people,
 Seeming so many mites to the folks in the steeple;
 Below, the cathedral, rare beauties revealing,
 Adorned with Mosaic all over the ceiling;
 The clock, where two figures, each one with a hammer,
 Proclaim every hour by a sharp ringing clamour,
 Where the kings of the East with a herald appear,
 And pay adoration eight days in the year;
 The palace, with portraits of doges and heroes,
 Where a veil, black as night, covers poor faleros;
 The chamber, where met the dread Council of Three;
 The dungeons, as horrid as dungeons can be;
 The famed Bridge of Sighs, for a fee to be seen,
 Where Byron, Gleig, Lockhart, and Forrest have been;
 The arsenal, Greek church, and Santa Maria,
 To hear all the churches your patience would tire;
 Teatro Fenice begins in September,
 And others I can't for the moment remember.
 With Ponte Rialto concludes my narration,
 To sum up, in short, my long-winded oration,
 Palaces rotting, and churches decaying,
 Great repairs wanting, finances delaying.
 "The gondola waits, sir,—the post is just closing!"
 "Pay this, Tom, for England; I'm tired of prosing."—MOTLEY

A PARISIAN SABBATH.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

“Nous avons une littérature, une philosophie, une religion. * * * * Chose remarquable! aucune nation dans l'univers n'a peut-être pris plus de soin que la France de sa civilisation intellectuelle, et de sa civilisation morale; elle en recueille maintenant les fruits.”

Journal des Debats, January 1837.

“THANK God,” said I, as this morning I read the article from which the above sentences are taken,—“thank God, religion has at length been restored to France! The evidences of such restoration may be doubtless seen in thronged churches, in the periodical press, in the literature, and particularly in the observance of those sacred institutions which religion claims as peculiarly her own. The sabbath, I have been taught to believe, is one of those institutions. It will be scrupulously observed by a people, who, with their philosophy and their literature, possess a religion, and who have taken the extremest care of their intellectual and moral cultivation. I will walk abroad,” continued I. “It is a pleasant sabbath morning. I wish to contemplate one impressive proof of the moral regeneration of France. I shall doubtless wander through tranquil streets, amidst a serious population bending its course piously towards the sanctuaries, and every moment will my eye and ear bear witness that the mighty heart of the city, for six days deeply agitated, has found a much-desired sabbath of rest.”

I had moved hardly twenty paces from No. 10, Rue de Rivoli, when my ears were saluted by the beating of drums, and the music of a martial band. A thousand soldiers were following these sounds into the Place Carrousel. A review was about to take place. I had witnessed many similar reviews on the same spot, but never before on the sabbath. “Well,” said I, “so far as the military are concerned, Paris does not, according to my notion, seem to be rallied about the banners of the Prince of Peace.”

Watching the manœuvring of several companies of the National Guards, I soon lost in laughter all recollection of the sanctity of the time. There can be no wider chasm between the physical appearance of men than that which separates the National Guards from the troops of the line. How pitiful seem the latter in those long grey coats and red pantaloons! How villanously diminutive is their stature! What good-for-nothing expressions look blank on their visages! And yet they handle their muskets with a precision, harmony, and dexterity, that proclaim in every instant the omnipotence of the drill. But at their side is ranged a battalion of National Guards. Behold their portly stomachs, their massive frames, their fine complexions, their plump cheeks, their eyes full of expression, and their *tout-ensemble* abounding in consequential citizenship. They are your martial personification of the *embonpoint*; the idea of that word in another vehicle; the Falstaff à la Français. These are the men unto whom, by its sixty-sixth article, is confided the protection of the charter of 1830. They are men of business. They have pecuniary interests in society, and of course are interested in the preservation of public tranquillity. They are the peculiar security of

Louis Philippe and his throne. Still do they look any thing but martial; and as for their bearing, it is altogether unsoldierlike. Your National Guard marches along behind a pair of spectacles, caring little for his gait, still less for his musket; laughing with his comrade, joking with his captain, or muttering to himself; mistaking "shut pan" for "shoulder arms," and apparently requiring for the correspondence of his step with time, the benefit of legs visibly chalked "left," "right." When on duty he is half the time laughed at by others, and the remaining half by himself. He knows that he cuts a laughable figure, that he is each night burlesqued upon the stage, and caricatured in every print-shop under the words, "Tribulations of the National Guards." Hence has he no particular ambition to look or walk the soldier. Sometimes he parades in a huge cloak; sometimes he marches smoking a cigar; sometimes he "orders arms" to take snuff; and always is he talking, always does he laugh at his awkward blunders in tactics, and always does he look fat. Indeed slenderness and angularity are no longer national features. The age of lean marquesses has gone by. The French men are fat, the French women are fat, and so far as fatness is concerned, the French children are following on in the footsteps of their parents.

Leaving the military parade, I directed my steps towards the Musée Royal. I perceived its huge doors flung widely open, while hundreds were rushing through them, and thousands were wandering within among its works of art in marble and on canvass. "Pray," said I, to a crimson-liveried huissier at the portal, "is the Louvre open on the sabbath?"—"Certainly, sir," replied he.—"This is the *only* public day. The Royal Family visit it on Monday; on other week days it is opened to those who have permission, or passports, but all the world are free to enjoy it on the sabbath." I took a turn through the apartments. They were thronged with the middle and lower classes; with respectable gentlemen in the red ribbon; with countrymen in wooden shoes, and *grisettes* in clean white caps. "Sympathy with art," thought I, "is indeed wide in this metropolis. It thrives under a dirty jacket as beneath an embroidered mantle; but Paris artistical is any thing but Paris evangelical."

Quitting the Louvre, I walked up through the gardens of the Tuileries. And here the scene was far more stirring, and ten thousand times more brilliant than that which I had just left. Some hundreds were reading newspapers; other hundreds were lounging listlessly upon the seats; hundreds of bucks were sporting their canes and an elegant gait through the promenades; hundreds of ladies wandered in magnificent attire around the fountains; a thousand children jumped the rope, or drove their hoops in every direction, while their nurses—those champaign nurses in hale red cheeks, and broad outbursting bosoms!—laughed, danced, chatted, and thus responded with exuberant joy to all the shouts and all the laughter of the creatures under their charge. "This is certainly a very delightful scene," said I; "but it seems to be distinguished from its brethren on week days only by more resolved enjoyment, more loud and impetuous sport." By a New Englander, who had been accustomed to *keep* Saturday night with scrupulous observance from sun-down onwards, and who, moreover, in boyhood had been taught that even an idle whistle upon the sabbath was a profanation of its

holiness, such a scene could hardly be deemed in harmony with the sixth commandment. Indeed I was on the eve of running back for a moment to my apartment, just to see whether I had read aright the article from which is taken the motto of this sketch. And then again was my step arrested by the apprehension that I was falling into that worst and narrowest of all prejudices,—the applauding or condemning of others' habits according as they corresponded with, or deviated from, the standards which I had been accustomed to contemplate in my own country. "Notwithstanding all I have seen and am seeing," said I, "the Parisians may have as much religion as any people on the face of the earth, only they are a little peculiar in their *forms* of keeping holy the Lord's day;"—and so I walked on past the obelisk to the Champs Elysées.

I found the Champs Elysées thronged; thronged with elegant carriages; thronged with elegant men and women; thronged with jugglers at their *diablerie*, with Punch and Judy at their squabbles, with companies of men at their games of balls, with Turks crying out figs and prunes as "good for the stomach," with Savoyards grinding hand-organs, with old people each moment lighting and cracking up their matches, and with young people each moment apparently on the eve of making them. I paused for a while before a stationary carriage. In it was a large, fair-complexioned man, with enormous whiskers and monstaches, and whose hair, surmounted by a richly-gilded velvet cap, hung in enormous curls down over his shoulders. His jacket was fancifully decorated, and about his waist circled the belt of a splendid yatagan. His carriage was surrounded by fifty idle men, women, and children. The grinding of a hand-organ attached to his establishment having ceased, he arose to address his company. I now perceived that he lacked an arm and a leg. Moving his large black eyes significantly about him for a moment, he pompously began. He declared that he had been in the armies of the Republic and of Napoleon; that fighting for the former he had lost an arm, and for the latter a leg; that he had once spared an enemy from the death which was his due, and that in consideration thereof, said enemy had given him the receipt for a certain medicine capable of curing all diseases, and that too in the astonishingly brief space of five minutes. Hereupon he began to reveal certain bottles and phials. I perceived what the fellow was at, and immediately took my leave to observe some other phases of Parisian life on Sunday.

Moving down the Rue St. Honoré, I found its shops all open. The milliners were sewing and ogling at the windows; the shoemakers were beating their lasts; the legs of the tailors were crossed; the hatters were at work; the trunk-makers were at work; the saddlers were at work; the riband-seller sold her ribands; the marron-roaster sold his marrons; the pâtissier sold his *paté de foie gras*; and at "Aux Palmiers," I saw, as on any profane day, its black-eyed divinity shrined within her customary pyramids all transparent, her pastilles and her bonbons. At length I stood before St. Roch. "Ah, here's a church at last," said I. Entering, I found it crowded. The Catholic service was proceeding, in company with the most solemn and impressive music. Far be it from me to insinuate any thing derogatory to the motives which led that throng within those walls. It is one of my pleasures to give pictures true, though faint they

may be, of some scenes which pass before me. I do not wish to distort the scene within this sanctuary. I saw there many kneeling forms, many devout expressions, and the eyes of many turned heavenwards, whose thoughts, I trust, were on the same divine pilgrimage. I sincerely hope that this may be a type of all Paris, nay, of all France.

A short walk brought me to the Market of the Innocents. The contrast was striking. A thousand women there trafficking, had been shrived for the day. They were now at their work. All the markets of Paris are open on the sabbath. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Suppose them closed. Fifty-two annual gaps in the till now perfect and harmonious history of Parisian gourmandism! You could not close the markets without slightly troubling the restaurants. You could not slightly trouble the restaurants, without deeply troubling the gourmands who there banquet. And more safely may you derange Paris political, or Paris literary, or Paris commercial, than Paris *gourmande*. To speak out frankly, however, a dinner at the Rocher, at Grignon's, or even at Very's, will half reconcile you to this desecration.

Before leaving the Marché des Innocents, I paused an hour to note the forms and modes of its strange population. A brawny, muscular, hoarse-voiced race it is, and a worthy offspring will you soon pronounce it of those *poissardes*, who in *the* Revolution helped to storm Versailles, and for mere pastime, as they marched thither, tore a horse into a hundred fragments, devouring him raw, as a sweet morsel. Their faces are coarse, and lack meaning. In their broadly-built and lusty frames, however, are revealed marvellous capacities for multiplying their image. They are, in general, strongly and comfortably clothed, and about the head of each is invariably bound a particoloured handkerchief. As an illustration of French peasantry, they are interesting. On them the political tornadoes, upturning so much in France, have left but slight influences. They talk in the same outlandish *patois* as ever. They move in nearly the same narrow spheres of action and of enjoyment as did their grand-parents. They come up to Paris in the same huge, awkward, three-wheeled vehicles; and they bargain with their customers in the same grimaces, shrugs, and "bah's," which for ages have characterized the intercourse of the French. Passing one of their stalls, a gruff voice hails you, "Eh, dites donc, Monsieur, tenez, voyez, Monsieur, voyez." Not being able to arrest your steps, and deeming you English, the ancient and fish-like crone discharges after you a certain quantity of slang, wherefrom you get your first ideas of Parisian Billingsgate. They take their meals conveniently. A little woman advances towards one of them. This little woman carries, suspended from about her neck before her, a sort of tray, whereon stands a cooking apparatus. At her left side is a basket filled with slices of meat, and rolls of bread at least three feet long. At her right hangs a pair of bellows, and behind her drags a sort of crutch, upon which, when stationary, she may lean for repose. "Eh ben, voul' vous mange?" "Ouias," responds the market woman. Thereupon the ambulatory cook claps a bit of tripe into her pan, blows up the coals beneath it, cuts two slices from her long bread roll, and placing between them the fried tripe, receives therefor three sons, and walks off to an-

other stall. Does the eater desire some drinkables? The tinkling of a bell announces the approach of a man, bearing upon his back a large flask, filled with wine or lemonade. The pipes conducting from it project forward under his right arm. Four bright goblets are outstanding from his chest, and three hang down from his girdle. He cracks up his beverage as the finest in all Paris, and sells a glass thereof to the market women for one sous. These people seem not to lack happiness. They are continually joking with each other; they have each the condensed health of half-a-dozen ordinary persons, and their boisterous rampant laughter has no parallel, save in the shouts of a Dutch burgomaster.

Passing from the *Marché des Innocens* to the *Palais Royal*, I stepped by chance into a *cabinet-de-lecture* just long enough to inform myself that the periodical press was active on this day as on any other; that every journal made its uninterrupted appearance, and that some of the most merry and roguish whereof Paris can boast husband themselves profanely for six long days, that they may send forth their diabolical waggery only on the seventh. The gardens of the *Palais Royal* were filled like those of the *Tuileries*. The *Passage d'Orleans* seemed all alive with promenaders. Gay *grisettes* laughed in the spray of the fountain, falling sheaf-like. The shops shone dazzling as ever. The *dames-du-comptoir* presiding therein told as pretty French lies about their wares as on a weekday, and as their mustached customers departed, streamed after them certain glances which, though issuing from very heavenly eyes, were certainly very far from being sanctified by any divineness in their source.

Walking beneath the arches my eye was arrested at No. 36, by this sign, "Dentiste au 3me." I ascended into the third story. Entering a little ante-room, whose walls were hung about with hats and cloaks, a man, holding a triply-pronged staff, like Neptune's trident, in his hand, and known by the emphatic appellation of *Bouledogue*, eyed me keenly for an instant, and then received my hat and cane. A servant in soiled livery now opened a door leading to a large apartment. I saw within some fifty faces disturbed and saddened. I heard a tinkling of silver, and then the roll of a little ivory ball, and then a sepulchral voice saying, "Rien ne va plus!" I was in one of the hells of Paris. By what I had this morning already seen I was prepared for witnessing almost any extremities, but hardly did I expect to find the gambling-houses in full operation. It was now two o'clock. One hour since was the room opened, to continue so until midnight. It contained two tables for *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir*. It was not magnificent. The walls were dingy; the floor was dirty; rules of the games were hung up in black frames here and there; the *garçon* solemnly passed lemonade to this or that gambler; no ladies wandered about in stereotyped smiles, lighting on raw youths to ruin, and the money was staked tremblingly down by the biggest and dirtiest hands I have lately seen. "This is hardly a *Frascati*," said I. But it is ten thousand times worse than *Frascati's*. It is a gambling-house for those who cannot afford to lose. It is for the labouring class, and those old gamesters who are nearly used up. I saw there many pale faces, and many flushed ones, contrasting strangely in their wild agitation, with the careless, motionless, immovable visages of the *croupiers*. Your *croupier*, holding his natty

rake upright while the wheel is turning, looks around upon the company with a complacency "mild as cheese." He even seems amiable. How affectionate is his manner while changing your forty franc piece! But, let only a dispute arise, you shall suddenly see several mad demons in his eye, and the worse passions of the archfiend himself wrenching every feature. The *rouge-et-noir* table was thronged. My eye rested on an old man in black cotton cap and spectacles, whose face had once been intellectual, whose manner was that of the graceful French gentleman, and whose vestments were extremely shabby. How anxiously did his trembling hand prick down upon the bit of paper before him the results momentarily announced by the *tailleur*, "Rouge gagne et couleur perd,"—"Rouge perd et couleur gagne." That man had once played high at the Cercle des Etrangers; afterwards strong at Frascati's; then moderate at No. 154, Palais Royal; and finally was he playing low at this degraded No. 36. His next legitimate descent will be to the Morgue. As, departing, I descended the stairs, into my memory came unbidden the paraphrase, "This is indeed the den of Satan, and none other than the gate to Hell."

Moving out from the Palais Royal through the avenue where now, as ever, you may hear the shrill cry, "Vingt cinq sous!" and entering the Passage Colbert, the Passage Vivienne, and the Passage Panorama, I perceived no cessation of business, not the slightest token that this was a day of observance among the Parisian French. Dropping for a moment into the Conservatoire-des-Arts-et-Métiers, I learned that at three o'clock a certain Professor Dupin would there deliver his usual Sunday lecture on — *chemistry*. Not tarrying to hear it, I directed my steps towards the Boulevard-du-Temple. What rattling of carriages! What shouting of people! What pantomimes! What puppet-shows! What rope-dancing! What mountebanks! What tumblers! What music! What multitudes of boutiques! What vending and crying up of knick-knacks! "Here is nothing more nor less than a fair," said I. "I must be mistaken in my day. This is certainly Saturday or Monday." A man at my elbow set me right. "It is Sunday, sir," said he, cracking his whip, "and if Monsieur wishes a drive to the Barrière du Combat, here is a cabriolet *tout-a-fait magnifique*."—"And what is to be seen at the Barrière du Combat?" asked I.—"A grand fight of animals, Monsieur."—"I'll go," said I; "but wait a moment."

Before some large squares of canvass covered with grotesque figures stood a man, in costume most *bizarre*. He was addressing an audience of fifty. His subject was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. A picture of the said massacre was to be seen within. Having concluded his energetic description and harangue, he said, "Here is the magnificent picture, gentlemen, enter! only two sous! Enter, Messieurs, quick! quick!" and then one comrade rang loudly a bell, and another blew a horn. The object was to take the curiosity of the audience by storm. That audience walked coolly off in an opposite direction.

At the side of this exhibition stood another quite different. An enormous porker was there to be seen. It was from Bordeaux, and if it corresponded with the length, and breadth, and height of its portrait, must have been a monster indeed. Had that mammoth-hog been exhibited in America, you would have seen at the entrance

to its pen a portly gentleman in blue dress-coat and bright buttons, with his hands thrust into his breeches' pocket, deliberately stating that "the animal within was *really a very* great curiosity, that it was raised in Ohio by a member of Congress, that it showed the progress of the State in breeding swine," and his whole manner, as well as stomach, would have revealed some appropriate sympathy with the magnitude of his theme. Here, however, was a French pig exhibited by French men. To draw spectators, one little man in green cap and feathers beat a drum; another in red jacket and sword, stuffed enormous quantities of tow into one side of his mouth, and miraculously puffed out enormous quantities of smoke from the other, while a third in harlequin costume, and in waggery which none but a frequenter of the Boulevard du Temple could appreciate, rallied him about the peculiarity of his appetite, bobbing every now and then his head against his neighbour's, with grimaces beyond number. A goodly company having at length been attracted, the drummer announced that the charge for seeing the animal was but two sous. A porcellian curiosity could be awakened in only one very old woman, and one small boy.

The cabriolet bore me swiftly through the Rue de Lancry to the Barrière du Combat. A miscellaneous barking, hoarse and shrill, announced the vicinity of animals. I approached a door. The ensigns of battle were thick about it. Sanguinary pictures of dogs pitted against wild-boars, and bears, wolves, bulls, and jacks, and of dogs against dogs, met my eyes wherever they were turned. The woman who sold me a ticket of admission looked ferocious and gorgon-like. The man who received it at the door had a mouth like a bulldog's, and the very handle of his bell-rope was a bear's-paw. As the sport had not commenced I amused myself in looking about the premises. Entering through a little gate, two hundred and thirty dogs of enormous magnitude, of most blood-thirsty expression, here collected from all parts of Europe, sprang towards me the length of their two-foot chains with savage yelps, and barks, and growls. Each had to himself a little oval kennel, and the *tout-ensemble* of their habitations resembled what you might imagine to be the appearance of a village of Hottentot dwarfs. There was a good deal of the truly infernal in the fiend-like energy with which these monsters fretted and raved to burst from their bonds, and seize an intruder into their territory by the thorax. The scene might have looked not unbecomingly in the third circle of Dante's Hell. Before I had time to inspect the square arena the opening of the combats was announced. I took my seat in a box, and was happy to notice amidst the multitude of spectators only two females.

The dog-fights, to the number of twelve or fifteen, were sufficiently sanguinary. Indeed you might fairly denounce them, with the whole exhibition, as horridly, degradingly brutal. You might perhaps be doubtful about longer tarry. And yet here may you read a curious chapter in Natural History. Declaring that you desire to study "The habits of Animals," you remain.

Soon came the battle of a wolf, tied by a rope some thirty feet long to a ring in the centre of the arena, with ten or twelve dogs. The wolf looked extremely sheepish at first, and yet he dealt his fangs very generously into the flanks of his adversaries. For his trophies he had a score of keen, ear-piercing yelps. While these conflicts were going on the wild animals in cages surrounding the arena, grew furious

and impatient. The four or five wolves glared, and growled, and yelled. The bears leaped about, grinning horribly, and a boar of Ardenne's momentarily thrust his snout and tusks, all white with foam, through the iron bars of his pen, apparently quite anxious to have a finger, or rather a tooth, in the pie.

Now followed the fight of the bear with the dogs. He was tied like the wolf. Three dogs were at once let in upon him. They merely worried him. Three fiercer ones were soon added. They not only worried, but fought him. To them were at length superadded three others still more ferocious than their predecessors. These latter made the acquaintance of Blackhead with a speed that indicated their possession of the highest possible quantity of pluck. Bruin, however, patted them with his paw to the right and to the left, returning their compliments in a style which proved that his was no baby's play. He was at length brought down. The dogs had their fangs full into his throat. Two men dressed in crimson pried their jaws open with long iron-pointed bars, while a third dragged them off their prostrate foe *by the tail*.

This concluded, the bull-fight began. The bull was tied, as had been the wolf and the bear. He was evidently an old worker at this sort of business. First he bellowed deeply, then he pawed up the earth, and then he pricked forward his ears in confident expectation towards the door, through which four bull-dogs now furiously dashed at him. There was nothing very revolting in this spectacle. With his horns the bull tossed off the dogs to this side and to that with as much easy regularity as a Connecticut farmer would turn and toss hay. Indeed you might almost imagine him parodying the thought of the Augustan poet:

"Fœnum habet in cornu."

Now and then was he attacked vigorously, *à posteriori*. And yet very happily did he retort the arguments from that quarter, convincing his opponents, by what might be scientifically called the knock-down argument, the *argumentum ad canem*, that either horn of the dilemma was preferable to this proceeding. Not one of them was able to throttle him, and he was soon trotted out of the arena, decidedly victorious.

I supposed the games concluded. I rather wished them so. I was somewhat surprised, therefore, when I saw entering from the passage through which the bull had just made his exit, a very handsome mouse-coloured jackass. With the ass we all have some pleasant associations, — associations of the patriarchal times, associations of the pastoral life, of the panniers filled with children, and ever since Sterne saw him leaning his disconsolate head over a French fence, he has been not altogether unpoetical. I was a little grieved to see him in such company as this. But I was never aware that he could show such wonderful fight. The first and second set of dogs seemed to have suspicions of his capacity in that way, and kept at a respectful barking distance. The third set, however, did him some damage; and yet in several instances did he give them to feel, as well as to know, that he was not to be tampered with,—nay, more, that he was a very disagreeable customer. There was a vigour in his action extremely exhilarating, and every instant he seemed to be pronouncing the sapient proverb in him originated, "Each one look out for himself."

The object of one of the dogs seemed to be to catch him by an ear, and for that end he leapt vigorously five or six times across his head. A timely dodge prevented success. Once, however, he was slightly nipped in that appendage, and thereupon he set up a bray of which even his ancestral kin, in the time of Balaam, might in nowise have been ashamed. Whatever malicious waggery may insinuate, I do declare that now I began to feel great sympathy for the ass, and therefore was extremely delighted to see him, through a well-directed aim, plank his left hind hoof compactly into the nether jaw of his foe. That heel-tap was of terribly spiteful, intense energy, satisfying me that however asinine might be his blood, his antagonist would never think of writing him down an ass. That antagonist, expressing himself in a yelp, sulkily retired, and the combat closed. "When will there be another fight?" asked I, retiring, of the old woman from whom I had purchased my ticket. "Next Sunday, sir," was the reply. The fact is, the *Combat-des-animaux* and the *Louvre* are open to all the world on Sundays. At Paris, the highest works of art and the lowest spectacle in nature can be seen by the public only on the sabbath.

Dining at the *Trois Frères*, I cogitated how I should spend the evening. "Were I in Boston," said I, "I might join the throngs which in a few hours will crowd the churches and prayer-meetings: but I am in Paris; garçon, le *Courrier des Théâtres*." "Bien, Monsieur." From this little periodical I ascertained that I could choose between three royal operas, twenty-one theatres, and two concerts. "Shall I go to the Italians," said I, "for Grisi, and Rubini, and Tamburini, and Lablache, and where may be seen the best blood and the best diamonds of Paris? Or shall I go to the grand opera for Taglioni, with the bravos and bouquets rained down upon her? Or shall I enjoy the soft voice of *Damoreau Cinti*, at the *Opera Comique*? But here again are the theatres. *Mademoiselle Mars* plays at the *Français*, and *Lemaitre* at the *Variétés*. Shall I see performed the 'Three Hearts of Woman,' at the *Vaudeville*, or this piece entitled 'Vive le Diable,' at the *Porte St. Martin*? But here moreover are the concerts. Which shall be patronised, *Jullien's*, or *Musard's*? Paying one franc, you may enjoy two hours of the finest music in the world." I resolved upon *Musard's*. In his magnificent rooms were ninety musicians, playing for their own pleasure and that of two thousand hearers. How many Parisians are this evening engaged in giving and receiving theatrical and musical pleasure?" said I to myself, as the last strain of one of *Musard's* fine quadrilles died upon my ear. What with two concerts, twenty-one theatres, and three opera-houses, there cannot be less than fifteen hundred artists. Nay, this estimate is too small, for upon the single stage of the *Grand Opera* you may often see at one time more than three hundred performers. Say, then, two thousand artists. And for their audiences, say eighty thousand. Imagine every inhabitant of Boston looking, laughing, and shouting, at operas, concerts, ballets, vaudevilles, dramas and melo-dramas, and you may get some notion of what on a sabbath evening is "Paris gay."

Having taken at eleven o'clock the usual supper of *Riz-au-lit*, I was about retiring to my quiet chambers. I believed the amusements of the Parisian sabbath terminated. Miserable, baseless belief! For thousands on thousands those amusements were just beginning. *Nine* masked balls were announced for that evening. The earliest commences precisely at eleven o'clock.

Pray, shall we look for an hour or two into the masked balls? Shall we peer at frail Cyprians through the sombre domino? Shall we join the impetuous gallopade, or whirl in the dreamy gyrations of the waltz? Or, far better, shall we don opera-hat, white cravat and kids, and, with glass at eye, gaze from a box in the Academie Royale de Musique, upon the *jaleodi Tripoli*, danced voluptuously in their native costume, by the first artists from the royal theatre of Madrid? I doubt not that the fagged-out reader, who so kindly has journeyed with me through this day's scenes, will answer, "No." That reader, I trust, will join me in saying that a Sabbath in this metropolis, so far from being set apart as a day of seriousness for its religion, is only set apart as a larger receptacle for its amusements, and that if for six days the rein be freely flung upon the neck of licence, upon the seventh it is cast clean over its head. Paris wants a Luther in 1836, as much as Europe wanted one in the sixteenth century. And suppose the great Reformer, miraculously uprisen from his grave, and unroofed—Paris exhibited to him as an illustration of the progress which the mighty impulse he commenced had made. How vain would seem his noble labours! The Reformation has wrought many worthy things; but Paris moral and Paris religious is as if *the* Reformation, or any other reformation, had never for a moment been dreamt of.

And now were one to address the author of the motto prefixed to this sketch, justly might he say, "Mr. Chevalier, you have at Paris the grandest triumphal arch in the world; you have a lovely Madeleine, a magnificent Bourse, a Louvre thronged with immortal works, a learned Sorbonne, and great literary, scientific, and medical institutions. You have likewise vast military establishments; you have the glorious memory of many victories; you have a classical drama, and, moreover, an epic poem. These things you have, and well may you rejoice in them; but from reverence for truth, if not for its Author, do not also lay claim to religion."

I. A. J.

SONG OF THE GONDOLIER.

BY MOTLEY.

HASTE thee o'er the silent waters,

Gondola, gondola!

Fairest of our island daughters,

Nina marks the eve declining,

For her own Filippo pining,

Gondola, gondola!

Now art thou but lightly laden,

Gondola, gondola!

Wouldst thou bear my gentle maiden,

As a bird in rapid flight,

O'er the waves with moonbeams bright,

Gondola, gondola!

Onward! onward! 'tis the hour,

Gondola, gondola!

This right hand hath double power,

O'er the waters wide careering:

Know'st thou not *her* home we're nearing,

Gondola, gondola?

MR. ROBERT BOLTON,

THE "GENTLEMAN CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS."

IN the parlour of the Green Dragon, a public house in the immediate neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge, everybody talks politics, every evening; the great political authority being Mr. Robert Bolton, an individual who defines himself as "a gentleman connected with the press," which is a definition of peculiar indefiniteness. Mr. Robert Bolton's regular circle of admirers and listeners, are, an undertaker, a green-grocer, a hair-dresser, a baker, a large stomach surmounted by a man's head, and placed on the top of two particularly short legs, and a thin man in black, name, profession, and pursuit unknown, who always sits in the same position, always displays the same long, vacant face, and never opens his lips, surrounded as he is by most enthusiastic conversation, except to puff forth a volume of tobacco smoke, or give vent to a very snappy, loud, and shrill *hem!* The conversation sometimes turns upon literature, Mr. Bolton being a literary character; and always upon such news of the day as is exclusively possessed by that talented individual. I found myself (of course accidentally) in the Green Dragon the other evening, and being somewhat amused by the following conversation, preserved it.

"Can you lend me a ten pound note till Christmas?" inquired the hair-dresser of the stomach.—"Where's your security, Mr. Clip?"

"My stock in trade,—there's enough of it, I'm thinking, Mr. Thicknesse. Some fifty wigs, two poles, half-a-dozen head blocks, and a dead Bruin."—"No, I won't, then," growled out Thicknesse. "I lends nothing on the security of the whigs or the Poles either. As for whigs they're cheats; as for the Poles they've got no cash. I never have nothing to do with blockheads, unless I can't avoid it (ironically), and a dead bear's about as much use to me as I could be to a dead bear."

"Well, then," urged the other, "there's a book as belonged to Pope, Byron's Poems, valued at forty pounds, because it's got Pope's identical scratch on the back,—what do you think of that for security?"

"Well, to be sure!" cried the baker; "But how d'ye mean, Mr. Clip?"

"Mean! why, that it's got the *hottergruff* of Pope.

"Steal not this book, for fear of hangman's rope,
For it belongs to Alexander Pope."

All that's written on the inside of the binding of the book:—so, as my son says, we're *bound* to believe it."

"Well, sir," observed the undertaker, deferentially, and in a half whisper, leaning over the table and knocking over the hair-dresser's grog as he spoke; "that argument's very easy upset."

"Perhaps, sir," said Clip, a little flurried, "you'll pay for the first upset afore you thinks of another."

"Now," said the undertaker, bowing amicably to the hair-dresser,—"I *think*, I says I *think*,—you'll excuse me, Mr. Clip, I *think*, you sec, that won't go down with the present company,—unfortunately my master had the honour of making the coffin of that ere Lord's housemaid, not no more nor twenty year ago. Don't think

I'm proud on it, gentlemen, others might be; but I hate rank of any sort. I've no more respect for a Lord's footman than I have for any respectable tradesman in this room. I may say no more nor I have for Mr. Clip! (bowing). Therefore, that ere Lord must have been born long after Pope died. And it's a logical interference to defer, that they neither of them lived at the same time. So what I mean is this here, that Pope never had no book, never seed, felt, never smelt no book (triumphantly) as belonged to that ere Lord. And, gentlemen, when I consider how patiently you have 'eared the ideas what I have expressed, I feel bound, as the best way to reward you for the kindness you have exhibited, to sit down without saying anything more,—partickler as I perceive a worthier visitor nor myself is just entered. I am not in the habit of paying compliments, gentlemen,—when I do, therefore, I hope I strikes with double force."

"Ah! Mr. Murgatroyd! what's all this about, striking with double force?" said the object of the above remark as he entered; "I never excuse a man's getting into a rage during winter, even when he's seated so close to the fire as you are. What is the cause of this extreme physical and mental excitement, sir?"

Such was the very philosophical address of Mr. Robert Bolton, a shorthand-writer, as he termed himself,—a bit of equivoque passing current among his fraternity, which must give the uninitiated a vast idea of the establishment of the ministerial organ, while to the initiated it signifies, that no one paper can lay claim to the enjoyment of their services. Mr. Bolton was a young man, with a somewhat sickly and very dissipated expression of countenance. His habits were composed of an exquisite union of gentility, slovenliness, assumption, simplicity, *newness*, and old age. Half of him was dressed for the winter, the other half for the summer. His hat was of the newest cut, the D'Orsay:—his trousers had been white, but the inroads of mud and ink, &c. had given them a piebald appearance,—round his throat he wore a very high black cravat, of the most tyrannical stiffness, while his *tout ensemble* was hidden beneath the enormous folds of an old brown poodle-collared great coat, which was closely buttoned up to the aforesaid cravat. His fingers peeped through the ends of his black kid gloves, and two of the toes of each foot took a similar view of society through the extremities of his high-lows. Sacred to the bare walls of his garret be the mysteries of his interior dress! He was a short, spare man, of a somewhat inferior deportment. Everybody seemed influenced by his entry into the room, and his salutation of each member partook of the patronizing. The hair-dresser made way for him between himself and the stomach. A minute afterwards he had taken possession of his pint and pipe. A pause in the conversation took place. Everybody was waiting, anxious for his first observation.

"Horrid murder in Westminster this morning," observed Mr. Bolton. Everybody changed their positions. All eyes were fixed upon the man of paragraphs.

"A baker murdered his son by boiling him in a copper," said Mr. Bolton.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed everybody in simultaneous horror.

"Boiled him, gentlemen!" added Mr. Bolton with the most effective emphasis, "*boiled* him."

"And the particulars, Mr. B.," inquired the hair-dresser, "the particulars?"

Mr. Bolton took a very long draught of porter, and some two or three dozen whiffs of tobacco, doubtless to instil into the commercial capacities of the company the superiority of a gentleman connected with the press, and then said, "The man was a baker, gentlemen. (Every one looked at the baker present, who stared at Bolton). His victim, being his son, also was necessarily the son of a baker. The wretched murderer had a wife, whom he was frequently in the habit, while in an intoxicated state, of kicking, pummeling, flinging mugs at, knocking down, and half killing while in bed, by inserting in her mouth a considerable portion of a sheet or blanket."

The speaker took another draught, everybody looked at everybody else, and exclaimed "Horrid!"

"It appears in evidence, gentlemen," continued Mr. Bolton, "that on the evening of yesterday, Sawyer the baker came home in a reprehensible state of beer. Mrs. S. connubially considerate, carried him in that condition up stairs into his chamber, and consigned him to their mutual couch. In a minute or two she lay sleeping beside the man whom the morrow's dawn beheld a murderer! (Entire silence informed the reporter that his picture had attained the awful effect he desired). The son came home about an hour afterwards, opened the door, and went up to bed. Scarcely,—(gentlemen, conceive his feelings of alarm,) scarcely had he taken off his indescribables when shrieks (to his experienced ear *maternal* shrieks) scared the silence of surrounding night. He put his indescribables on again, and ran down stairs. He opened the door of the parental bed-chamber. His father was dancing upon his mother. What must have been his feelings! In the agony of the minute he rushed at his male parent as he was about to plunge a knife into the side of his female. The mother shrieked. The father caught the son (who had wrested the knife from the paternal grasp) up in his arms, carried him down stairs, shoved him into a copper of boiling water among some linen, closed the lid, and jumped upon the top of it, in which position he was found with a ferocious countenance by the mother, who arrived in the melancholy wash-house just as he had so settled himself. — 'Where 's my boy!' shrieked the mother. 'In that copper, boiling,' coolly replied the benign father. Struck by the awful intelligence, the mother rushed from the house and alarmed the neighbourhood. The police entered a minute afterwards. The father having bolted the wash-house door, had bolted himself. They dragged the lifeless body of the boiled baker from the cauldron, and with a promptitude commendable in men of their station, they immediately carried it to the station-house. Subsequently the baker was apprehended while seated on the top of a lamp-post in Parliament-Street, lighting his pipe."

The whole horrible ideality of the Mysteries of Udolpho, condensed into the pithy effect of a ten-line paragraph, could not possibly have so affected the narrator's auditory. Silence, the purest and most noble of all kinds of applause, bore ample testimony to the barbarity of the baker, as well as to Bolton's knack of narration, and it was only broken after some minutes had elapsed, by interjectional expressions of the intense indignation of every man present. The

baker wondered how a British baker could so disgrace himself and the highly honourable calling to which he belonged; and the others indulged in a variety of wonderments connected with the subject; among which, not the least wonderment was that which was awakened by the genius and information of Mr. Robert Bolton, who, after a glowing eulogium on himself, and his unspeakable influence with the daily press, was proceeding with a most solemn countenance to hear the pros and cons of the Pope autograph question, when I took up my hat, and left.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S HISTORY OF THE CORONATION.

Air—“*The Groves of Blarney.*”

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
 For emulation can with it compare?
 When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
 And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
 'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
 Making a skrimmage at half after four,
 And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
 All standing round, before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,
 Themselves adorning, all by the candle light,
 With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
 And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
 And then approaches five hundred coaches,
 With Giniral Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
 To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
 With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Guns alarums, and the King of Arums,
 All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
 Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
 The Prince of Potboys, and great Haythen Jews;
 'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
 All jew'ls from jasey to his di'mond boots,
 With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
 The famale heiress, Miss Anjã-ly Coutts.

And Wellington walking with his sword drawn, talking
 To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame;
 And Sir De Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey,
 (They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name,)
 Themselves presading Lord Melbourne lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her Royal chair,
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
 And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave,
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a fishing,
 Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,
 Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
 "I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
 In her purple garaments, and her goulden Crown;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With six young Ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
 And Sir George Smart! Oh! he play'd a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fdlers all on a row!

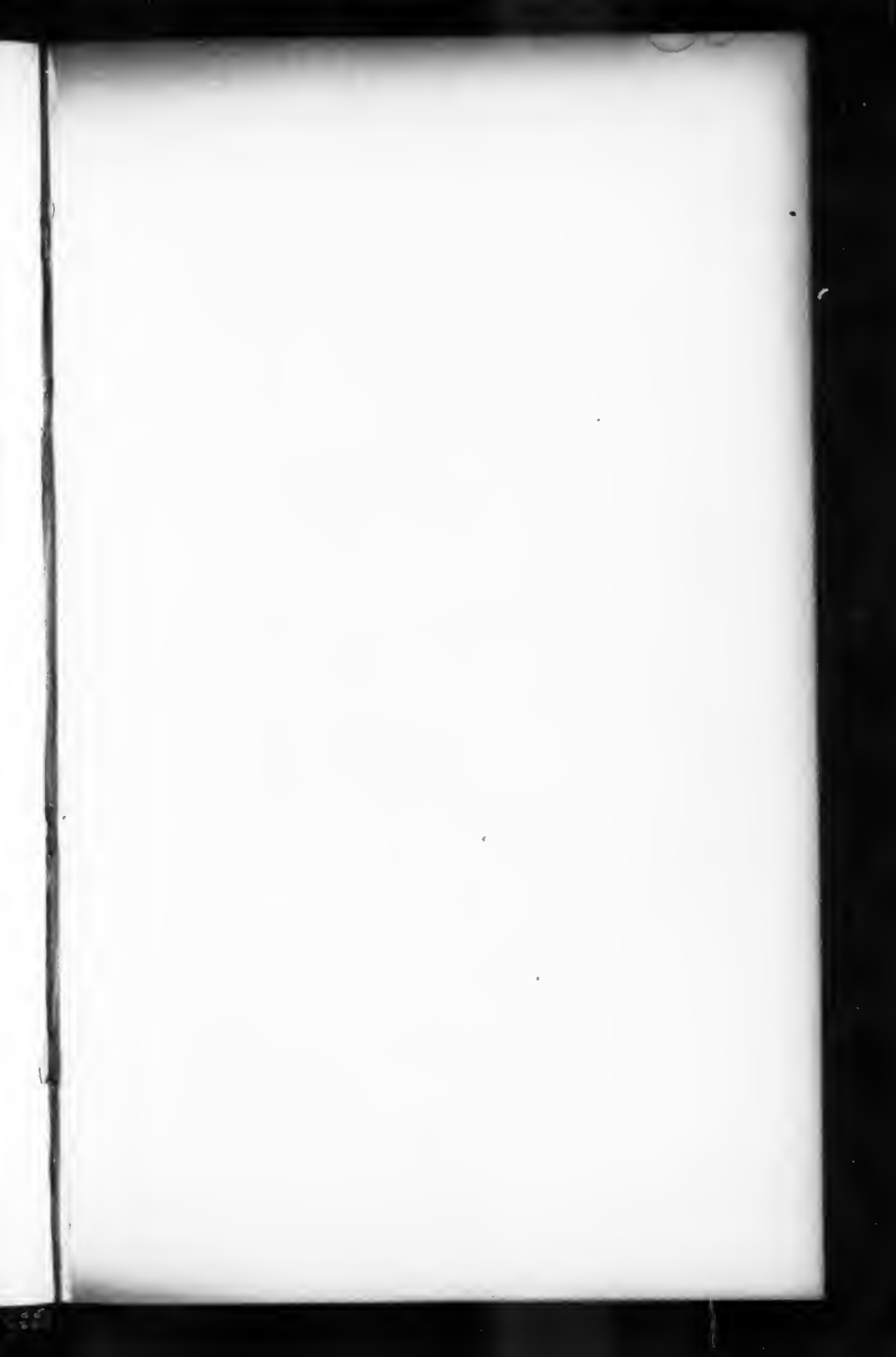
Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vict-ory!
 Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"
 Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating,
 "Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
 And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur
 Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
 "Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
 And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
 The great Lord May'r too sat in his chair too,
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
 And they did splash her with the raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, "Ah! then, thank ye all for me!"
 Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
 And sweet trombones with their silver tones,
 But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling,
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

Then the Crames and the Custards, and the Beef and Mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,
 With Lobsters and White-bait, and other Swate-meats,
 And Wine, and Nagus, and Imparial Pop!
 There was Cakes and Apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine Polonies, and rich mellow Pears,
 Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
 The sly ould Divil, underneath the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
 Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"
 Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
 And now I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
 So, ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
 Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry!





American Police Officer, and poor offender

FROM THE TABLE EXHIBITED BEFORE THE COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL INVESTIGATION

FULL REPORT OF THE SECOND MEETING OF THE
MUDFOG ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT
OF EVERYTHING.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

IN October last, we did ourselves the immortal credit of recording, at an enormous expense, and by dint of exertions unparalleled in the history of periodical publication, the proceedings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, which in that month held its first great half-yearly meeting, to the wonder and delight of the whole empire. We announced at the conclusion of that extraordinary and most remarkable Report, that when the Second Meeting of the Society should take place we should be found again at our post, renewing our gigantic and spirited endeavours, and once more making the world ring with the accuracy, authenticity, immeasurable superiority, and intense remarkability of our account of its proceedings. In redemption of this pledge, we caused to be despatched per steam to Oldcastle, (at which place this second meeting of the Society was held on the 20th instant,) the same superhumanly-endowed gentleman who furnished the former report, and who,—gifted by nature with transcendent abilities, and furnished by us with a body of assistants scarcely inferior to himself,—has forwarded a series of letters, which for faithfulness of description, power of language, fervour of thought, happiness of expression, and importance of subject-matter, have no equal in the epistolary literature of any age or country. We give this gentleman's correspondence entire, and in the order in which it reached our office.

“Saloon of Steamer, Thursday night, half-past eight.

“WHEN I left New Burlington Street this evening in the hackney cabriolet, number four thousand two hundred and eighty-five, I experienced sensations as novel as they were oppressive. A sense of the importance of the task I had undertaken, a consciousness that I was leaving London, and, stranger still, going somewhere else, a feeling of loneliness and a sensation of jolting, quite bewildered my thoughts, and for a time rendered me even insensible to the presence of my carpet-bag and hat-box. I shall ever feel grateful to the driver of a Black-wall omnibus, who, by thrusting the pole of his vehicle through the small door of the cabriolet, awakened me from a tumult of imaginings that are wholly indescribable. But of such materials is our imperfect nature composed!

“I am happy to say that I am the first passenger on board, and shall thus be enabled to give you an account of all that

happens in the order of its occurrence. The chimney is smoking a good deal, and so are the crew; and the captain, I am informed, is very drunk in a little house upon deck, something like a black turnpike. I should infer from all I hear that he has got the steam up.

"You will readily guess with what feelings I have just made the discovery that my berth is in the same closet with those engaged by Professor Woodensconce, Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime. Professor Woodensconce has taken the shelf above me, and Mr. Slug and Professor Grime the two shelves opposite. Their luggage has already arrived. On Mr. Slug's bed is a long tin tube of about three inches in diameter, carefully closed at both ends. What can this contain? Some powerful instrument of a new construction, doubtless."

"Ten minutes past nine.

"NOBODY has yet arrived, nor has anything fresh come in my way except several joints of beef and mutton, from which I conclude that a good plain dinner has been provided for to-morrow. There is a singular smell below, which gave me some uneasiness at first; but as the steward says it is always there, and never goes away, I am quite comfortable again. I learn from this man that the different sections will be distributed at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache, and the Boot-jack and Countenance. If this intelligence be true, (and I have no reason to doubt it,) your readers will draw such conclusions as their different opinions may suggest.

"I write down these remarks as they occur to me, or as the facts come to my knowledge, in order that my first impressions may lose nothing of their original vividness. I shall despatch them in small packets as opportunities arise."

"Half-past nine.

"SOME dark object has just appeared upon the wharf. I think it is a travelling carriage."

"A quarter to ten.

"No, it isn't."

"Half-past ten.

"THE passengers are pouring in every instant. Four omnibuses full have just arrived upon the wharf, and all is bustle and activity. The noise and confusion are very great. Cloths are laid in the cabins, and the steward is placing blue plates full of knobs of cheese at equal distances down the centre of the tables. He drops a great many knobs; but, being used to it, picks them up again with great dexterity, and, after wiping them on his sleeve, throws them back into the plates. He is a young man of exceedingly prepossessing appearance,—either dirty or a mulatto, but I think the former.

"An interesting old gentleman who came to the wharf in an

omnibus has just quarrelled violently with the porters, and is staggering towards the vessel with a large trunk in his arms. I trust and hope that he may reach it in safety; but the board he has to cross is narrow and slippery. Was that a splash? Gracious powers!

"I have just returned from the deck. The trunk is standing upon the extreme brink of the wharf, but the old gentleman is nowhere to be seen. The watchman is not sure whether he went down or not, but promises to drag for him the first thing to-morrow morning. May his humane efforts prove successful!

"Professor Nogo has this moment arrived with his nightcap on under his hat. He has ordered a glass of cold brandy and water, with a hard biscuit and a bason, and has gone straight to bed. What can this mean!

"The three other scientific gentlemen to whom I have already alluded have come on board, and have all tried their beds, with the exception of Professor Woodensconce, who sleeps in one of the top ones, and can't get into it. Mr. Slug, who sleeps in the other top one, is unable to get out of his, and is to have his supper handed up by a boy. I have had the honour to introduce myself to these gentlemen, and we have amicably arranged the order in which we shall retire to rest; which it is necessary to agree upon, because, although the cabin is very comfortable, there is not room for more than one gentleman to be out of bed at a time, and even he must take his boots off in the passage.

"As I anticipated, the knobs of cheese were provided for the passengers' supper, and are now in course of consumption. Your readers will be surprised to hear that Professor Woodensconce has abstained from cheese for eight years, although he takes butter in considerable quantities. Professor Grime having lost several teeth, is unable, I observe, to eat his crusts without previously soaking them in his bottled porter. How interesting are these peculiarities!"

"Half-past eleven.

"PROFESSORS WOODENSCONCE and Grime, with a degree of good humour that delights us all, have just arranged to toss for a bottle of mulled port. There has been some discussion whether the payment should be decided by the first toss or the best out of three. Eventually the latter course has been determined on. Deeply do I wish that both gentlemen could win; but that being impossible, I own that my personal aspirations (I speak as an individual, and do not compromise either you or your readers by this expression of feeling) are with Professor Woodensconce. I have backed that gentleman to the amount of eighteenpence."

"Twenty minutes to twelve.

"PROFESSOR GRIME has inadvertently tossed his half-crown out of one of the cabin-windows, and it has been arranged that

the steward shall toss for him. Bets are offered on any side to any amount, but there are no takers.

"Professor Woodensconce has just called 'woman;' but the coin having lodged in a beam is a long time coming down again. The interest and suspense of this one moment are beyond anything that can be imagined."

"Twelve o'clock.

"THE mulled port is smoking on the table before me, and Professor Grime has won. Tossing is a game of chance; but on every ground, whether of public or private character, intellectual endowments, or scientific attainments, I cannot help expressing my opinion that Professor Woodensconce *ought* to have come off victorious. There is an exultation about Professor Grime incompatible, I fear, with true greatness."

"A quarter past twelve.

"PROFESSOR GRIME continues to exult, and to boast of his victory in no very measured terms, observing that he always does win, and that he knew it would be a 'head' beforehand, with many other remarks of a similar nature. Surely this gentleman is not so lost to every feeling of decency and propriety as not to feel and know the superiority of Professor Woodensconce. Is Professor Grime insane? or does he wish to be reminded in plain language of his true position in society, and the precise level of his acquirements and abilities? Professor Grime will do well to look to this."

"One o'clock.

"I AM writing in bed. The small cabin is illuminated by the feeble light of a flickering lamp suspended from the ceiling; Professor Grime is lying on the opposite shelf on the broad of his back, with his mouth wide open. The scene is indescribably solemn. The rippling of the tide, the noise of the sailors' feet over-head, the gruff voices on the river, the dogs on the shore, the snoring of the passengers, and a constant creaking of every plank in the vessel, are the only sounds that meet the ear. With these exceptions, all is profound silence.

"My curiosity has been within the last moment very much excited. Mr. Slug, who lies above Professor Grime, has cautiously withdrawn the curtains of his berth, and, after looking anxiously out, as if to satisfy himself that his companions are asleep, has taken up the tin tube of which I have before spoken, and is regarding it with great interest. What rare mechanical combination can be contained in that mysterious case? It is evidently a profound secret to all."

"A quarter past one.

"THE behaviour of Mr. Slug grows more and more mysterious. He has unscrewed the top of the tube, and now renews his observations upon his companions evidently to make sure

that he is wholly unobserved. He is clearly on the eve of some great experiment. Pray heaven that it be not a dangerous one; but the interests of science must be promoted, and I am prepared for the worst."

"Five minutes later.

"HE has produced a large pair of scissors, and drawn a roll of some substance, not unlike parchment in appearance, from the tin case. The experiment is about to begin. I must strain my eyes to the utmost, in the attempt to follow its minutest operation."

"Twenty minutes before Two.

"I HAVE at length been enabled to ascertain that the tin tube contains a few yards of some celebrated plaster, recommended—as I discover on regarding the label attentively through my eyeglass—as a preservative against sea-sickness. Mr. Slug has cut it up into small portions, and is now sticking it over himself in every direction."

"Three o'clock.

"PRECISELY a quarter of an hour ago we weighed anchor, and the machinery was suddenly put in motion with a noise so appalling, that Professor Woodensconce (who had ascended to his berth by means of a platform of carpet bags arranged by himself on geometrical principles) darted from his shelf head foremost, and, gaining his feet with all the rapidity of extreme terror, ran wildly into the ladies' cabin, under the impression that we were sinking, and uttering loud cries for aid. I am assured that the scene which ensued baffles all description. There were one hundred and forty-seven ladies in their respective berths at the time.

"Mr. Slug has remarked, as an additional instance of the extreme ingenuity of the steam-engine as applied to purposes of navigation, that in whatever part of the vessel a passenger's berth may be situated, the machinery always appears to be exactly under his pillow. He intends stating this very beautiful, though simple discovery, to the association."

"Half-past three.

"WE are still in smooth water; that is to say in as smooth water as a steam-vessel ever can be, for, as Professor Woodensconce (who has just woke up) learnedly remarks, another great point of ingenuity about a steamer is, that it always carries a little storm with it. You can scarcely conceive how exciting the jerking pulsation of the ship becomes. It is a matter of positive difficulty to get to sleep."

"Friday afternoon, six o'clock.

"I REGRET to inform you that Mr. Slug's plaster has proved of no avail. He is in great agony, but has applied several large

additional pieces notwithstanding. How affecting is this extreme devotion to science and pursuit of knowledge under the most trying circumstances!

"We were extremely happy this morning, and the breakfast was one of the most animated description. Nothing unpleasant occurred until noon, with the exception of Doctor Foxey's brown silk umbrella and white hat becoming entangled in the machinery while he was explaining to a knot of ladies the construction of the steam-engine. I fear the gravy soup for lunch was injudicious. We lost a great many passengers almost immediately afterwards."

"Half-past six.

"I AM again in bed. Anything so heart-rending as Mr. Slug's sufferings it has never yet been my lot to witness."

"Seven o'clock.

"A MESSENGER has just come down for a clean pocket-handkerchief from Professor Woodensconce's bag, that unfortunate gentleman being quite unable to leave the deck, and imploring constantly to be thrown overboard. From this man I understand that Professor Nogo, though in a state of utter exhaustion, clings feebly to the hard biscuit and cold brandy and water, under the impression that they will yet restore him. Such is the triumph of mind over matter.

"Professor Grime is in bed, to all appearance quite well; but he *will* eat, and it is disagreeable to see him. Has this gentleman no sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures? If he has, on what principle can he call for mutton-chops—and smile?"

"Black Boy and Stomach-ache, Oldcastle, Saturday noon.

"You will be happy to learn that I have at length arrived here in safety. The town is excessively crowded, and all the private lodgings and hotels are filled with *savans* of both sexes. The tremendous assemblage of intellect that one encounters in every street is in the last degree overwhelming.

"Notwithstanding the throng of people here, I have been fortunate enough to meet with very comfortable accommodation on very reasonable terms, having secured a sofa in the first-floor passage at one guinea per night, which includes permission to take my meals in the bar, on condition that I walk about the streets at all other times, to make room for other gentlemen similarly situated. I have been over the outhouses intended to be devoted to the reception of the various sections, both here and at the Boot-jack and Countenance, and am much delighted with the arrangements. Nothing can exceed the fresh appearance of the saw-dust with which the floors are sprinkled. The forms are of unplanned deal, and the general effect, as you can well imagine, is extremely beautiful."

“ Half-past nine.

“THE number and rapidity of the arrivals are quite bewildering. Within the last ten minutes a stage-coach has driven up to the door, filled inside and out with distinguished characters, comprising Mr. Muddlebranes, Mr. Drawley, Professor Muff, Mr. X. Misty, Mr. X. X. Misty, Mr. Purblind, Professor Rummun, The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Eers, Professor John Ketch, Sir William Joltered, Doctor Buffer, Mr. Smith (of London), Mr. Brown (of Edinburgh), Sir Hookham Suivey, and Professor Pumpkinskull. The ten last-named gentlemen were wet through, and looked extremely intelligent.”

“ Sunday, two o'clock, P.M.

“THE Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Eers, accompanied by Sir William Joltered, walked and drove this morning. They accomplished the former feat in boots, and the latter in a hired fly. This has naturally given rise to much discussion.

“I have just learnt that an interview has taken place at the Boot-Jack and Countenance between Sowster, the active and intelligent beadle of this place, and Professor Pumpkinskull, who, as your readers are doubtless aware, is an influential member of the council. I forbear to communicate any of the rumours to which this very extraordinary proceeding has given rise until I have seen Sowster, and endeavoured to ascertain the truth from him.”

“ Half-past six.

“I ENGAGED a donkey-chaise shortly after writing the above, and proceeded at a brisk trot in the direction of Sowster's residence, passing through a beautiful expanse of country with red brick buildings on either side, and stopping in the market-place to observe the spot where Mr. Kwakley's hat was blown off yesterday. It is an uneven piece of paving, but has certainly no appearance which would lead one to suppose that any such event had recently occurred there. From this point I proceeded—passing the gas-works and tallow-melter's—to a lane which had been pointed out to me as the beadle's place of residence; and before I had driven a dozen yards further, I had the good fortune to meet Sowster himself advancing towards me.

“Sowster is a fat man, with a more enlarged development of that peculiar conformation of countenance which is vulgarly termed a double chin than I remember to have ever seen before. He has also a very red nose, which he attributes to a habit of early rising—so red, indeed, that but for this explanation I should have supposed it to proceed from occasional inebriety. He informed me that he did not feel himself at liberty to relate what had passed between himself and Professor Pumpkinskull,

but had no objection to state that it was connected with a matter of police regulation, and added with peculiar significance, 'Never wos sitch times !'

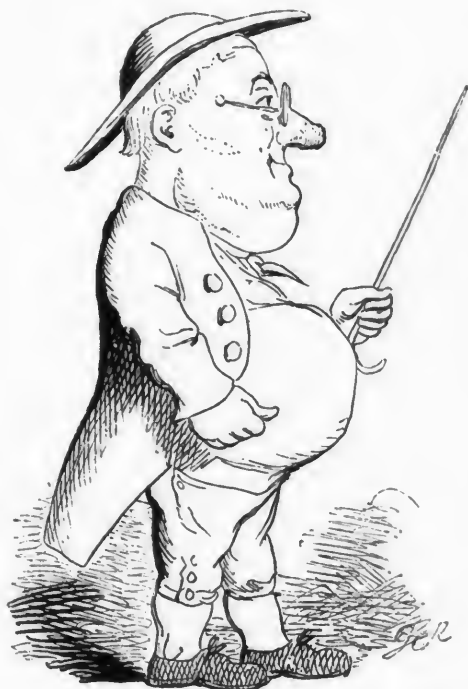
"You will easily believe that this intelligence gave me considerable surprise, not wholly unmixed with anxiety, and that I lost no time in waiting on Professor Pumpkinskull, and stating the object of my visit. After a few moments' reflection, the Professor, who, I am bound to say, behaved with the utmost politeness, openly avowed (I mark the passage in italics) *that he had requested Sowster to attend on the Monday morning at the Boot-jack and Countenance, to keep off the boys; and that he had further desired that the under-beadle might be stationed, with the same object, at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache!*

"Now, I leave this unconstitutional proceeding to your comments and the consideration of your readers. I have yet to learn that a beadle, without the precincts of a church, churchyard, or workhouse, and acting otherwise than under the express orders of churchwardens and overseers in council assembled, to enforce the law against people who come upon the parish, and other offenders, has any lawful authority whatever over the rising youth of this country. I have yet to learn that a beadle can be called out by any civilian to exercise a domination and despotism over the boys of Britain. I have yet to learn that a beadle will be permitted by the commissioners of poor law regulation to wear out the soles and heels of his boots in illegal interference with the liberties of people not proved poor or otherwise criminal. I have yet to learn that a beadle has power to stop up the Queen's highway at his will and pleasure, or that the whole width of the street is not free and open to any man, boy, or woman in existence, up to the very walls of the houses—ay, be they Black Boys and Stomach-aches, or Boot-jacks and Countenances, I care not."

"Nine o'clock.

"I HAVE procured a local artist to make a faithful sketch of the tyrant Sowster, which, as he has acquired this infamous celebrity, you will no doubt wish to have engraved for the purpose of presenting a copy with every copy of your next number. I enclose it. The under-beadle has consented to write his life, but it is to be strictly anonymous.

"The accompanying likeness is of course from the life, and complete in every respect. Even if I had been totally ignorant of the man's real character, and it had been placed before me without remark, I should have shuddered involuntarily. There is an intense malignity of expression in the features, and a baleful ferocity of purpose in the ruffian's eye, which appals and sickens. His whole air is rampant with cruelty, nor is the stomach less characteristic of his demoniac propensities.



The Tyrant Sowster.

“ Monday.

“THE great day has at length arrived. I have neither eyes, nor ears, nor pens, nor ink, nor paper, for anything but the wonderful proceedings that have astounded my senses. Let me collect my energies and proceed to the account.”

SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

FRONT PARLOUR, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—SIR WILLIAM JOLTERED. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MR. MUDDLEBRANES AND MR. DRAWLEY.

“MR. X. X. MISTY communicated some remarks on the disappearance of dancing bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs. The writer had observed, with feelings of the utmost pain and regret, that some years ago a sudden and unaccountable change in the public taste took place with reference to itinerant bears, who, being discountenanced by the populace, gradually fell off one by one from the streets of the metropolis, until not one remained to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed. One bear, indeed, — a brown and ragged animal, — had lingered about the haunts of his former triumphs, with a worn and dejected visage and feeble limbs, and had essayed to wield his quarter-staff for the amusement of the multitude; but hunger, and an utter want of any due recompence for his abilities, had at length driven him from the field, and it was only too probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the rising taste for grease. He regretted to add that a similar, and no less lamentable change, had taken place with reference to monkeys. These delightful animals had formerly been almost as plentiful as the organs on the tops of which they were accustomed to sit; the proportion in the year 1829 (it appeared by the parliamentary return) being as one monkey to three organs. Owing, however, to an altered taste in musical instruments, and the substitution, in a great measure, of narrow boxes of music for organs, which left the monkeys nothing to sit upon, this source of public amusement was wholly dried up. Considering it a matter of the deepest importance, in connection with national education, that the people should not lose such opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of two most interesting species of animals, the author submitted that some measures should be immediately taken for the restoration of these pleasing and truly intellectual amusements.

“The PRESIDENT inquired by what means the honourable member proposed to attain this most desirable end?

“The AUTHOR submitted that it could be most fully and satisfactorily accomplished, if Her Majesty’s government would cause to be brought over to England, and maintained at the public expense, and for the public amusement, such a number of bears as would enable every quarter of the town to be visited—say at least by three bears a week. No difficulty whatever need be experienced in providing a fitting place for the reception of these animals, as a commodious bear-garden could be erected in

the immediate neighbourhood of both houses of parliament; obviously the most proper and eligible spot for such an establishment.

“PROFESSOR MULL doubted very much whether any correct ideas of natural history were propagated by the means to which the honourable member had so ably adverted. On the contrary, he believed that they had been the means of diffusing very incorrect and imperfect notions on the subject. He spoke from personal observation and personal experience, when he said that many children of great abilities had been induced to believe, from what they had observed in the streets, at and before the period to which the honourable gentleman had referred, that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature. He wished to know distinctly whether the honourable gentleman attributed the want of encouragement the bears had met with to the decline of public taste in that respect, or to a want of ability on the part of the bears themselves?

“MR. X. X. MISTY replied, that he could not bring himself to believe but that there must be a great deal of floating talent among the bears and monkeys generally; which, in the absence of any proper encouragement, was dispersed in other directions.

“PROFESSOR PUMPKINSKULL wished to take that opportunity of calling the attention of the section to a most important and serious point. The author of the treatise just read had alluded to the prevalent taste for bears'-grease as a means of promoting the growth of hair, which undoubtedly was diffused to a very great and (as it appeared to him) very alarming extent. No gentleman attending that section could fail to be aware of the fact that the youth of the present age evinced, by their behaviour in the streets, and at all places of public resort, a considerable lack of that gallantry and gentlemanly feeling which, in more ignorant times, had been thought becoming. He wished to know whether it were possible that a constant outward application of bears'-grease by the young gentlemen about town, had imperceptibly infused into those unhappy persons something of the nature and quality of the bear? He shuddered as he threw out the remark; but if this theory, on inquiry, should prove to be well-founded, it would at once explain a great deal of unpleasant eccentricity of behaviour, which, without some such discovery, was wholly unaccountable.

“THE PRESIDENT highly complimented the learned gentleman on his most valuable suggestion, which produced the greatest effect upon the assembly; and remarked that only a week previous he had seen some young gentlemen at a theatre eyeing a box of ladies with a fierce intensity, which nothing but the influence of some brutish appetite could possibly explain. It was dreadful to reflect that our youth were so rapidly verging into a generation of bears.

“After a scene of scientific enthusiasm it was resolved that this important question should be immediately submitted to the consideration of the council.

“The PRESIDENT wished to know whether any gentleman could inform the section what had become of the dancing-dogs?

“A MEMBER replied, after some hesitation, that on the day after three glee-singers had been committed to prison as criminals by a late most zealous police-magistrate of the metropolis, the dogs had abandoned their professional duties, and dispersed themselves in different quarters of the town to gain a livelihood by less dangerous means. He was given to understand that since that period they had supported themselves by lying in wait for and robbing blind men's poodles.

“MR. FLUMMERY exhibited a twig, claiming to be a veritable branch of that noble tree known to naturalists as the SHAKSPEARE, which has taken root in every land and climate, and gathered under the shade of its broad green boughs the great family of mankind. The learned gentleman remarked, that the twig had been undoubtedly called by other names in its time; but that it had been pointed out to him by an old lady in Warwickshire, where the great tree had grown, as a shoot of the genuine SHAKSPEARE, by which name he begged to introduce it to his countrymen.

“The PRESIDENT wished to know what botanical definition the honourable gentleman could afford of the curiosity?

“MR. FLUMMERY expressed his opinion that it was A DECIDED PLANT.”

SECTION B.—DISPLAY OF MODELS AND MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

LARGE ROOM, BOOT-JACK AND COUNTENANCE.

PRESIDENT—MR. MALLET. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. LEAVER AND SCROO.

“MR. CRINKLES exhibited a most beautiful and delicate machine, of little larger size than an ordinary snuff-box, manufactured entirely by himself, and composed exclusively of steel; by the aid of which more pockets could be picked in one hour than by the present slow and tedious process in four-and-twenty. The inventor remarked that it had been put into active operation in Fleet Street, the Strand, and other thoroughfares, and had never been once known to fail.

“After some slight delay, occasioned by the various members of the section buttoning their pockets,

“The PRESIDENT narrowly inspected the invention, and declared that he had never seen a machine of more beautiful or exquisite construction. Would the inventor be good enough to inform the section whether he had taken any and what means for bringing it into general operation?

“MR. CRINKLES stated that, after encountering some preliminary difficulties, he had succeeded in putting himself in commu-

nication with Mr. Fogle Hunter, and other gentlemen connected with the swell mob, who had awarded the invention the very highest and most unqualified approbation. He regretted to say, however, that these distinguished practitioners, in common with a gentleman of the name of Gimlet-eyed-Tommy, and other members of a secondary grade of the profession whom he was understood to represent, entertained an insuperable objection to its being brought into general use, on the ground that it would have the inevitable effect of almost entirely superseding manual labour, and throwing a great number of highly-deserving persons out of employment.

“The PRESIDENT hoped that no such fanciful objections would be allowed to stand in the way of such a great public improvement.

“Mr. CRINKLES hoped so too; but he feared that if the gentlemen of the swell mob persevered in their objection, nothing could be done.

“PROFESSOR GRIME suggested, that surely, in that case, Her Majesty’s government might be prevailed upon to take it up.

“Mr. CRINKLES said, that if the objection were found to be insuperable he should apply to parliament, which he thought could not fail to recognise the utility of the invention.

“The PRESIDENT observed, that up to this time parliament had certainly got on very well without it; but, as they did their business on a very large scale, he had no doubt they would gladly adopt the improvement. His only fear was that the machine might be worn out by constant working.

“Mr. COPPERNOSE called the attention of the section to a proposition of great magnitude and interest, illustrated by a vast number of models, and stated with much clearness and perspicuity in a treatise entitled “Practical Suggestions on the necessity of providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young noblemen of England.” His proposition was, that a space of ground of not less than ten miles in length and four in breadth should be purchased by a new company, to be incorporated by Act of Parliament, and inclosed by a brick wall of not less than twelve feet in height. He proposed that it should be laid out with highway roads, turnpikes, bridges, miniature villages, and every object that could conduce to the comfort and glory of Four-in-hand Clubs, so that they might be fairly presumed to require no drive beyond it. This delightful retreat would be fitted up with most commodious and extensive stables for the convenience of such of the nobility and gentry as had a taste for ostlery, and with houses of entertainment furnished in the most expensive and handsome style. It would be further provided with whole streets of door-knockers and bell-handles of extra size, so constructed that they could be easily wrenched off at night, and regularly screwed on again, by attendants provided for the purpose,

every day. There would also be gas-lamps of real glass, which could be broken at a comparatively small expense per dozen, and a broad and handsome foot-pavement for gentlemen to drive their cabriolets upon when they were humorously disposed—for the full enjoyment of which feat live pedestrians would be procured from the workhouse at a very small charge per head. The place being inclosed and carefully screened from the intrusion of the public, there would be no objection to gentlemen laying aside any article of their costume that was considered to interfere with a pleasant frolic, or indeed to their walking about without any costume at all, if they liked that better. In short, every facility of enjoyment would be afforded that the most gentlemanly person could possibly desire. But as even these advantages would be incomplete, unless there were some means provided of enabling the nobility and gentry to display their prowess when they sallied forth after dinner, and as some inconvenience might be experienced in the event of their being reduced to the necessity of pummelling each other, the inventor had turned his attention to the construction of an entirely new police force, composed exclusively of automaton figures, which, with the assistance of the ingenious Signor Gagliardi, of Windmill-street in the Haymarket, he had succeeded in making with such nicety, that a policeman, cab-driver, or old woman, made upon the principle of the models exhibited, would walk about until knocked down like any real man; nay, more, if set upon and beaten by six or eight noblemen or gentlemen, after it was down, the figure would utter divers groans mingled with entreaties for mercy: thus rendering the illusion complete, and the enjoyment perfect. But the invention did not stop even here, for station-houses would be built, containing good beds for noblemen and gentlemen during the night, and in the morning they would repair to a commodious police office where a pantomimic investigation would take place before automaton magistrates,—quite equal to life,—who would fine them in so many counters, with which they would be previously provided for the purpose. This office would be furnished with an inclined plane for the convenience of any nobleman or gentleman who might wish to bring in his horse as a witness, and the prisoners would be at perfect liberty, as they were now, to interrupt the complainants as much as they pleased, and to make any remarks that they thought proper. The charge for these amusements would amount to very little more than they already cost, and the inventor submitted that the public would be much benefited and comforted by the proposed arrangement.

“PROFESSOR NOGO wished to be informed what amount of automaton police force it was proposed to raise in the first instance.

“MR. COPPERNOSE replied, that it was proposed to begin with

seven divisions of police of a score each, lettered from A to G inclusive. It was proposed that not more than half this number should be placed on active duty, and that the remainder should be kept on shelves in the police office ready to be called out at a moment's notice.

"The PRESIDENT, awarding the utmost merit to the ingenious gentleman who had originated the idea, doubted whether the automaton police would quite answer the purpose. He feared that noblemen and gentlemen would perhaps require the excitement of threshing living subjects.

"MR. COPPERNOSE submitted, that as the usual odds in such cases were ten noblemen or gentlemen to one policeman or cab-driver, it could make very little difference in point of excitement whether the policeman or cab driver were a man or a block. The great advantage would be, that a policeman's limbs might be all knocked off, and yet he would be in a condition to do duty next day. He might even give his evidence next morning with his head in his hand, and give it equally well.

"PROFESSOR MUFF.—Will you allow me to ask you, sir, of what materials it is intended that the magistrates' heads shall be composed?

"MR. COPPERNOSE.—The magistrates will have wooden heads of course, and they will be made of the toughest and thickest materials that can possibly be obtained.

"PROFESSOR MUFF.—I am quite satisfied. This is a great invention.

"PROFESSOR NOGO.—I see but one objection to it. It appears to me that the magistrates ought to talk.

"MR. COPPERNOSE no sooner heard this suggestion than he touched a small spring in each of the two models of magistrates which were placed upon the table; one of the figures immediately began to exclaim with great volubility that he was sorry to see gentlemen in such a situation, and the other to express a fear that the policeman was intoxicated.

"The section, as with one accord, declared with a shout of applause that the invention was complete; and the President, much excited, retired with Mr. Coppernose to lay it before the council. On his return,

"MR. TICKLE displayed his newly-invented spectacles, which enabled the wearer to discern, in very bright colours, objects at a great distance, and rendered him wholly blind to those immediately before him. It was, he said, a most valuable and useful invention, based strictly upon the principle of the human eye.

"The PRESIDENT required some information upon this point. He had yet to learn that the human eye was remarkable for the peculiarities of which the honourable gentleman had spoken.

"MR. TICKLE was rather astonished to hear this, when the President could not fail to be aware that a large number of

most excellent persons and great statesmen could see, with the naked eye, most marvellous horrors on West India plantations, while they could discern nothing whatever in the interior of Manchester cotton mills. He must know, too, with what quickness of perception most people could discover their neighbour's faults, and how very blind they were to their own. If the President differed from the great majority of men in this respect, his eye was a defective one, and it was to assist his vision that these glasses were made.

"MR. BLANK exhibited a model of a fashionable annual, composed of copper-plates, gold leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by milk and water.

"MR. PROSE, after examining the machine, declared it to be so ingeniously composed, that he was wholly unable to discover how it went on at all.

"MR. BLANK.—Nobody can, and that is the beauty of it."

SECTION C.—ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

BAR-ROOM, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHÉ.

PRESIDENT—DR. SOEMUP. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. PESSÉL AND MORTAIR.

"DR. GRUMMIDGE stated to the section a most interesting case of monomania, and described the course of treatment he had pursued with perfect success. The patient was a married lady in the middle rank of life, who, having seen another lady at an evening party in a full suit of pearls, was suddenly seized with a desire to possess a similar equipment, although her husband's finances were by no means equal to the necessary outlay. Finding her wish ungratified, she fell sick, and the symptoms soon became so alarming, that he (Dr. Grummidge) was called in. At this period the prominent tokens of the disorder were sullenness, a total indisposition to perform domestic duties, great peevishness, and extreme langour, except when pearls were mentioned, at which times the pulse quickened, the eyes grew brighter, the pupils dilated, and the patient, after various incoherent exclamations, burst into a passion of tears and exclaimed that nobody cared for her, and that she wished herself dead. Finding that the patient's appetite was affected in the presence of company, he began by ordering a total abstinence from all stimulants, and forbidding any sustenance but weak gruel; he then took twenty ounces of blood, applied a blister under each ear, one upon the chest and another on the back; having done which, and administered five grains of calomel, he left the patient to her repose. The next day she was somewhat low, but decidedly better, and all appearances of irritation were removed. The next day she improved still further, and on the next again. On the fourth there was some appearance of a return of the old symptoms, which no sooner developed themselves than he administered another dose of calomel, and left strict orders that, unless a decidedly favourable change oc-

curred within two hours, the patient's head should be immediately shaved to the very last curl. From that moment she began to mend, and in less than four-and-twenty hours, was perfectly restored; she did not now betray the least emotion at the sight or mention of pearls or any other ornaments. She was cheerful and good-humoured, and a most beneficial change had been effected in her whole temperament and condition.

“MR. PIPKIN (M.R.C.S.) read a short but most interesting communication in which he sought to prove the complete belief of Sir William Courtenay, otherwise Thom, recently shot at Canterbury, in the Homœopathic system. The section would bear in mind that one of the Homœopathic doctrines was, that infinitesimal doses of any medicine which would occasion the disease under which the patient laboured, supposing him to be in a healthy state, would cure it. Now, it was a remarkable circumstance—proved in the evidence—that the deceased Thom employed a woman to follow him about all day with a pail of water, assuring her that one drop (a purely homœopathic remedy, the section would observe,) placed upon his tongue, after death, would restore him. What was the obvious inference? That Thom, who was marching and countermarching in osier beds, and other swampy places, was impressed with a presentiment that he should be drowned; in which case, had his instructions been complied with, he could not fail to have been brought to life again instantly by his own prescription. As it was, if this woman, or any other person, had administered an infinitesimal dose of lead and gunpowder immediately after he fell, he would have recovered forthwith. But unhappily the woman concerned did not possess the power of reasoning by analogy, or carrying out a principle, and thus the unfortunate gentleman had been sacrificed to the ignorance of the peasantry.

SECTION D. STATISTICS.

OUT-HOUSE, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—MR. SLUG. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. NOAKES AND STYLES.

“MR. KWAKLEY stated the result of some most ingenious statistical inquiries relative to the difference between the value of the qualification of several members of Parliament as published to the world, and its real nature and amount. After reminding the section that every member of Parliament for a town or borough was supposed to possess a clear freehold estate of three hundred pounds per annum, the honourable gentleman excited great amusement and laughter by stating the exact amount of freehold property possessed by a column of legislators, in which he had included himself. It appeared from this table that the amount of such income possessed by each was 0 pounds, 0 shillings, and 0 pence, yielding an average of the same. (Great

laughter.) It was pretty well known that there were accommodating gentlemen in the habit of furnishing new members with temporary qualifications, to the ownership of which they swore solemnly—of course as a mere matter of form. He argued from these *data* that it was wholly unnecessary for members of Parliament to possess any property at all, especially as when they had none the public could get them so much cheaper.

SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION, E. UMBUGOLOGY AND DITCHWATERISICS.

PRESIDENT—MR. GRUB. VICE-PRESIDENTS, MESSRS. DULL AND DUMMY.

“A paper was read by the secretary descriptive of a bay pony with one eye, which had been seen by the author standing in a butcher’s cart at the corner of Newgate Market. The communication described the author of the paper as having, in the prosecution of a mercantile pursuit, betaken himself one Saturday morning last summer from Somers Town to Cheapside; in the course of which expedition he had beheld the extraordinary appearance above described. The pony had one distinct eye, and it had been pointed out to him by his friend Captain Blunderbore, of the Horse Marines, who assisted the author in his search, that whenever he winked this eye he whisked his tail, (possibly to drive the flies off,) but that he always winked and whisked at the same time. The animal was lean, spavined, and tottering; and the author proposed to constitute it of the family of *Fitjordsmeataurios*. It certainly did occur to him that there was no case on record of a pony with one clearly-defined and distinct organ of vision, winking and whisking at the same moment.

“MR. Q. J. SNUFFLETOFFLE had heard of a pony winking his eye, and likewise of a pony whisking his tail, but whether they were two ponies or the same pony he could not undertake positively to say. At all events he was acquainted with no authenticated instance of a simultaneous winking and whisking, and he really could not but doubt the existence of such a marvellous pony in opposition to all those natural laws by which ponies were governed. Referring, however, to the mere question of his one organ of vision, might he suggest the possibility of this pony having been literally half asleep at the time he was seen, and having closed only one eye?

“THE PRESIDENT observed, that whether the pony was half asleep or fast asleep, there could be no doubt that the association was wide awake, and therefore that they had better get the business over and go to dinner. He had certainly never seen anything analogous to this pony; but he was not prepared to doubt its existence, for he had seen many queerer ponies in his time, though he did not pretend to have seen any more remarkable donkeys than the other gentlemen around him.

“PROFESSOR JOHN KETCH was then called upon to exhibit the skull of the late Mr. Greenacre, which he produced from a blue bag, remarking, on being invited to make any observations that occurred to him, ‘that he ’d pound it as that ’ere ’spectable section had never seed a more gamerer cove nor he vos.’

“A most animated discussion upon this interesting relic ensued; and, some difference of opinion arising respecting the real character of the deceased gentleman, Mr. Blubb delivered a lecture upon the cranium before him, clearly showing that Mr. Greenacre possessed the organ of destructiveness to a most unusual extent, with a most remarkable development of the organ of carveativeness. Sir Hookham Snivey was proceeding to combat this opinion, when Professor Ketch suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming, with great excitement of manner, “Walker !”

“The PRESIDENT begged to call the learned gentleman to order.

“PROFESSOR KETCH. ‘Order be blowed! you’ve got the wrong ’un, I tell you. It ain’t no ’ed at all; it’s a coker-nut as my brother-in-law has been acarvin’ to hornament his new baked ’atur-stall wots a-comin down here vile the ’ociation’s in the town. Hand over, vill you?’

“With these words Professor Ketch hastily repossessed himself of the cocoa-nut, and drew forth the skull, in mistake for which he had exhibited it. A most interesting conversation ensued; but as there appeared some doubt ultimately whether the skull was Mr. Greenacre’s, or a hospital patient’s, or a pauper’s, or a man’s, or a woman’s, or a monkey’s, no particular result was attained.”

“I cannot,” says our talented correspondent in conclusion, “I cannot close my account of these gigantic researches and sublime and noble triumphs, without repeating a *bon mot* of Professor Woodensconce’s, which shows how the greatest minds may occasionally unbend, when truth can be presented to listening ears, clothed in an attractive and playful form. I was standing by, when, after a week of feasting and feeding, that learned gentleman, accompanied by the whole body of wonderful men, entered the hall yesterday, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared; where the richest wines sparkled on the board, and fat bucks—propitiatory sacrifices to learning—sent forth their savoury odours. ‘Ah!’ said Professor Woodensconce, rubbing his hands, ‘this is what we meet for; this is what inspires us; this is what keeps us together, and beckons us onward; this is the *spread* of science, and a glorious spread it is!’”

A CHAPTER ON GOURMANDERIE;

OR, A PEEP AT THE RESTAURANTS OF PARIS.

In the highest category of Parisian restaurants, I class seven; the *Café de Paris*, *Grignon's*, the *Trois Frères*, *Very's*, *Vefour's*, the *Rocher de Cancale*, and the *GRAND VATEL*. Among these the *Rocher* is said to tower supremely. It stands in the same relation to the others as *Taglioni* with respect to *Julia*, *Noblet*, *Alexis*, and *Leroux*; or rather as *Shakspeare* with respect to *Shirley*, *Jonson*, and the other dramatists of that age. Therefore does your Parisian epicure, if he like dancing and dramatic poetry, exclaim, "Time has thus far beheld *one Shakspeare*, *one Taglioni*, and *one Rocher de Cancale*." For myself, I cannot altogether accede to this general reputation. In classing such establishments, I am guided by five elements; to wit, cookery, expense, service, company, and apartment. Now, in cookery the *Rocher* is unequalled. In each of the remaining elements it is inferior to some one or other of its competitors. Without going into laborious comparisons, I at once declare that I give a preference to that restaurant over whose entrance are inscribed these monumental words,—*Au Grand Vatel*. The *Rocher* may be patronized on special occasions;—the *Grand Vatel* I prefer, as a regular daily dining house. The former is the *Johannisberg* of your gourmet; the latter his *Chambertin*.

The *Café de Paris* stands on the *Italian Boulevard*. Its rooms are spacious, with ceilings of most aristocratic loftiness; its furniture is rich; its table-linen is of snowy whiteness; its floor is polished into mirrors; its *garçons* have clear complexions, and its *dame-du-comptoir* looks mellow, as if just bathed in cream. Indeed no gentleman should enter those elegant rooms unless lately from a bath, and in genteel vestments. He will see a company around him of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Such is the public of the *Café de Paris*. It is one sphere for the first bringing out of an elegant fashion. Counts, marquises, and bucks dressed for the opera, like to dine at the *Café de Paris*. It is, however, in the midst of noise and motion. Those tranquil epicures who would not have digestion molested by street shouts, and rattling of carriages, will seldom patronise this restaurant. I have sometimes taken breakfast there. Its omelettes are beyond all praise: I remember them with some emotion. The *Café de Paris* is one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris. People are pleased to pay for the renown of dining there.

If you would escape the outer-world tumult near the *Café de Paris*, go at once to *Grignon's*. It is on the second floor, and its entrance is up a broad staircase in the *Passage Vivienne*. *Grignon's* is an immense establishment, with its twenty large and small dining apartments. The private rooms are often ordinary. Its public hall, however, has an air of lofty elegance and well-bred quiet that much impresses you at first. Its thick and heavily-folded window-curtains look almost baronial; and when illuminated by gas, the room is very brilliant. The quiet of the frequenters of *Grignon's* too often degenerates into mere stiffness and silence.

There is, moreover, much staring at entrances and exits. When last dining there, I counted six Americans at various tables, and a still greater number of English. There was of course thus far an absence of French *abandon*. The spirit of the various company seemed to be narrowed and cramped by fastidious ideas of propriety. A transition from Grignon's to a characteristic French café is an emancipation indeed. In the one all is freedom; in the other all chains. The service at Grignon's is extremely slow,—a feature in which it approximates to the gentility of the Rocher. Of its cookery, I remark in general that the *entrées* are too highly seasoned for my taste. The *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres* are unexceptionable. I confess frankly, however, that I am not partial to Grignon's. I have sometimes been discomposed by unpardonable anomalies. Hockheimer has been introduced without the properly-coloured glasses; and it has not been deemed fit to repeat a dinner there, since my *coquille de volaille* was served up in a silver imitation, instead of the veritable *shell* from the sea.

The *Trois Frères Provençaux* is situated in the northern extremity of the Palais Royal. You enter between two statues, whereof one is Hebe holding her emblems. The rooms are not very spacious, though they are adorned with numerous arched mirrors, between which are refreshing pictures of landscape. You may dine there, looking out into the gardens upon one of the gayest summer scenes in Europe. A barometer is suspended near the door, whereby those sensitive in digestion may regulate their diet with reference to any indicated change of weather. The *dame-du-comptoir* is to be looked at as an image of Mademoiselle Mars; moreover, she will say more good things in one half hour than any other *dame-du-comptoir* can say in two. Old gentlemen of wit, in the intervals of their courses, are happy to leave their seats, and exchange merry sallies with her. Many dislike the *Trois Frères*, on account of its tables being continuous; they should be isolated. Its *carte* also is in the shape of a large sheet of paper, instead of a conveniently bound volume. The first time I entered the restaurant, I beheld there dining a vivacious old gentleman, whom the summer before I had known at the springs of Baden as an accomplished epicure. I sat down at table No. 3, with much confidence. You pay pretty smartly for your cookery at the *Trois Frères*;—but *such* cookery!

Very's is but a few steps from the *Trois Frères*. Old Very was long ago a renowned restaurateur; he now rests in one of the Parisian cemeteries. The man who served so many banquets in his day has at last *become* a banquet. No epicure ever visits Paris without placing an amaranth upon his tomb. There you may read—

J. B. VERY.

Died at Paris, 21st January, 1809.

A good brother, a sincere friend;

His whole life was consecrated to the Useful Arts.

That he should have been a good brother and sincere friend, were inevitable consequences of his professional education; and when I consider the influences of diet upon the body, and through the body on the heart, and mind, and character, I call his art not merely a useful, but likewise a *spiritual* one. "Tell me what a man eats," said Charles V. "and I will tell you what he thinks."

Very's salon of the first, like that of the second floor, is magnificent. Taken by itself, it perhaps is not the most extraordinary room in the world; but, taken with all its multiplications through twenty immense mirrors, it may safely be pronounced so. It is to restaurants far more than what Veron's fine salon is to cafés: its floor is of purer marble; its chandeliers are more gorgeous; its mirrors are larger and more numerous; its gilding is more rich, and its arabesques are more lovely. Entering it for the first time, when illuminated, I doubt not that you will pause, in a sort of rapture and astonishment. No palace from the lamp of Aladdin could have arisen to your fancy, in the splendour and dazzling brilliancy of this fifty times reflected scene. The apartment will accommodate eighty epicures. The plate is in excellent order, and the carte is not only bound into a handsome volume, but also fortified with brass, like those old tomes which are reputed to contain the rarest treasures of human thought. The two *dames-du-comptoir* are magnificently apparelled, thus harmonizing with the gorgeousness around them. They possess not the quick wit of the lady at the *Trois Frères*; indeed they have not the like foils to keep it active and elastic. Very's is said to be degenerating, and a prevailing idea is now embodied in the following formula;—"the English have *spoiled Very's.*"

Vefour's is next door to Very's. Strange proximity!—distracting with doubt the unaccustomed. The window at Vefour's, so surpassingly rich in game and fruits, often wins away from Very's. Its rooms, though smaller, are gilded and painted into like dazzling and fanciful brilliancy.

Au Rocher de Cancale! The rock which gives the finest oysters to Europe gives its name to this restaurant. It is situated rather obscurely, at the meeting of the Rue Mandar with that of Montorgueil. There is nothing pleasing about its exterior. Entering a sort of anteroom, about which are fancifully arranged fruits and game, a lady at the counter salutes you. There is nothing here like the Vefour and Very splendour you have just left. At the Rocher is good cooking; at the Rocher there is no magnificence. From that anteroom you pass up winding stairs, meeting here and there a mirror, and everywhere narrow avenues leading into private dining apartments. There is ever something of mystery to me in those narrow avenues; they seem redolent of intrigue. Were there no other history of human nature than what those walls might write, a very significant and comprehensive volume would the world possess. The winding stairs lead you to the saloon in the third story. That saloon is too ordinary for description. It accommodates only fifteen diners. The Rocher generally entertains private parties. For their reception it has fifteen cabinets. Some will contain four, six, and ten, while others are for twenty and thirty persons. The Rocher garçons are excellent. They catch your slightest whisper. Nothing can be worse than a half-deaf garçon. They are, moreover, of marble coolness and tranquillity. Nothing can be more unpalatable to the eye than a perspiring garçon. The carte of the Rocher is abundant beyond all comparison. Every great restaurant has its *crack* dish. That at the Rocher in 1837 was *Sole en matelote Normande*. The genius which conceived that delicious combination, may be pronounced *creative*, in any comprehensible sense of the

word. During the intervals, strive to fathom the depths of its multifarious carte. I have one, at this moment, before me. As a curiosity, would you like to contemplate its contents? As the preliminary question of the *garçon* relates to wine, turn to the last page of the carte and make your choice among *thirty-seven* red, *thirty-one* white, and *twelve* foreign wines. Of soups, there are *thirty-four* different kinds. This is enormous; but look at the piscatory column. Behold *one hundred and twelve* different modes of serving up *twenty or thirty* kinds of fish! The German notion of Shakspeare's many-sidedness, is totally lost in this amplitude of a French cook's idea of the many-sidedness of an epicure's piscatory palate. But look at the beef column,—*thirty-seven* modes of cooking ox and cow, whereof *nineteen* are beef-steaks *à la this*, or *à la that*. Nevertheless the offspring beats the parent out and out, for lo! *fifty-two* modes of serving up veal! Your fowl, however, though considerably smaller, beats them all, since of fowl, the Rocher professes *seventy-two* different styles in the cooking. Of game, it likewise has *fifty*; and this, moreover, is quite independent of fowl and game *rôtie*, whereof are *thirty-five* additional forms. "Strange multitude of combinations this," you exclaim, and when I tell you that one style of serving up a chicken's leg is called *à la diable*, you may also exclaim that ingenuity is devoutly put to it, for their designations. Moreover, here is mutton in *thirty-six* forms; and its offspring, lamb, in *twelve*. Thus far, I have spoken only of the *entrées*. Behold the *entremets*. *Fifty-six* forms of vegetable,—*twenty* of eggs,—*ten* of coquillages,—*fourteen* of salads,—and *forty-three* of entremets sweet. There are also of hors d'œuvres *forty-four* kinds. Your dessert may be selected from *forty-two* different delicacies, and the dinner may be concluded by tasting one among *thirty* kinds of *liqueur*. Here is some breadth and expansiveness of invention, with minutest ingenuity. The combinations which, in so few moments, I have enumerated, are results of many thoughtful years, many thousand experiments, and many disappointing efforts. A first rate French dish may not, like a first rate inspiration of poetry, music, or painting, be gleamed forth in a sudden instant. Time and toil are indispensable, and I never look upon *Sole en matelotte Normande*, without reflecting that, if such dish were at once to be obliterated from the memory of cooks, and the Almanach des Gourmands, perhaps an age might pass away before, in all its present perfection, it could be re-created.†

* * * * *

I know no better resting-place, after our long walks among the Parisian Eating Houses, than a seat at table No. 6, in the Grand Vatel. My reader must certainly have heard of Vatel,—Vatel the cook, the Artist—the *great* Vatel;—how he was engaged to prepare a dinner for the royal fête at Chantilly; how the sea-fish (*marée*) had not arrived at 8 o'clock A. M., and how for that reason, retiring to his chamber, he stabbed himself to the heart, preferring death to

† M. Henrion de Pensey, late President of the Court of Cassation, wrote thus to MM. La Place, Chaptal, and Berthollet:—"I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes, and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured, or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a Cook in the first class of the Institute."

even the possibility of disappointing a royal palate. The account may be read in Madame de Sévigné's letter of April 24th, 1671; wherein the writer, not without some pathos, thus conjectures: 'Songez que la marée est peut-être arrivée comme il expiroit.* Fitly was this restaurant consecrated to his memory. 'Au Grand Vatel.' The words have to me a monumental and a melancholy interest, and seldom do I pass beneath them without half-denouncing the *marée* whose tardy arrival brought that martyr to a suicidal end.

You approach the restaurant, beneath those words, through a narrow staircase. Opening the door, and returning the recognition of a *dame-du-comptoir* on your left, walk at once round to No. 6. It is a little table for a party of two, behind which rises an immense mirror, from whose point you get a very complete visual range of the entire company. On your right hand is a table for six, and on your left another for four. The large apartment will easily accommodate one hundred and fifty persons. There are, moreover, private cabinets, where you may retire with your friends, and where the service is similar to that of the grand hall, except that therein enter no *half* bottles of wine.

* Madame De Sévigné has devoted two letters to the character and death of this renowned culinary Artist. She speaks of him as of one fit to administer a government;—'cet homme d'une capacité distinguée de tous les autres, dont la *bonne* tête étoit capable de contenir tout le soin d'un Etat; cet homme que je connoissois;—'plunging herself thus upon his acquaintance. His melancholy fate seems, for a time, to have entirely absorbed her thought. Concluding one of the letters, she says, 'M. De Menars is about to marry Mademoiselle de la Grange-Neuville, but I know not how I have courage to talk to you about any one but Vatel.' It seems there were many presentiments, or rather pre-events, which foreboded his coming destiny. On the evening before the fatal Friday, there was a Royal *souper*, and at several tables the *roast* was lacking. Vatel was exceedingly troubled, and many times was heard to exclaim in bitterness, 'I am lost. I have lost my honour;—'je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas.' To Gourville he said, 'my brain reels,'—'la tête me tourne,' imploring his aid in giving orders. Gourville, like another Crito, often repeated consoling words, but the memory of the *rôti qui avoit manqué*, was ever returning. One of the Royal Princes visited the disconsolate cook in his chamber, telling him that nothing could have been finer than the *souper* of the King. 'Monseigneur,' replied Vatel, 'votre bonté m'achève; je sais que le *rôti a manqué* à deux tables.' 'Point du tout,' answered the Prince, 'ne vous fâchez point; tout va bien.'

At four of the clock, on Friday morning, April the 24th, 1671, Vatel arose. All rested in sleep but a solitary purveyor, who was bringing in two loads of *marée*. 'Is that all;—'est ce là tout?' asked Vatel quickly. 'Oui, Monsieur.' Vatel had sent to every port in the kingdom. Vatel waited long, but no more *marée* arrived. 'Sa tête s'échauffoit.' He sought out Gourville, and said to him, 'I will not survive *this* disgrace.' Gourville dubiously smiled. Instantly Vatel rushed to his chamber; placed his sword against the door, passed it towards his heart, made two efforts in vain, a third was fatal, and he fell dead. In the mean time, the *marée* arrived from all quarters. They sought Vatel to take charge of it; went to his chamber, burst open the door, and found him bathed in blood. 'M. le Prince fut au désespoir. M. le Duc pleura; for it was upon Vatel that depended his newly-proposed jaunt into Burgundy. The Prince, with much feeling, (fort tristement,) announced his death to the King. 'On dit que c'étoit à force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière; on le loua fort; on loua et blâma son courage.' The grief of the Court for Vatel was temporary as it was violent, and from Mad. De Sévigné, one learns with sad astonishment, that, as if nothing had happened, the fête went merrily onward to its close. Who could have anticipated such quick forgetfulness of the great Artist, and martyr to his fame à sa manière, as that revealed in the following narration?—'On dina très-bien, on fit collation, on soupa, on se promena, on joua, on fût à la chasse; tout étoit parfumé de jonquilles, tout étoit enchanté.'

As the hour of five has not arrived, very few dinners have made their appearance. Here and there a chair may be seen leaning against a table, to indicate that such places have been reserved. Six or seven garçons, in clean white aprons and polished hair, look silently out at the crowds in the garden, or whisper something among themselves. Here, as in all the restaurants, stands a middle-aged gentleman by the side of the comptoir; his complexion is a little florid; his hair is brushed up with careful precision; his white cravat is painfully high; his dress-coat is of deep snuff colour; his stomach is advancing into embonpoint, and his polished boots are strapped. You might perhaps take him for a visiter, were it not for that official napkin thrust under his left arm. He is the proprietor of the establishment, its Amphytrion, and is there stationed to look at garçons, and see that all proceeds well.

Suspending your hat and surtout from loops behind, you take a seat, and the garçon depositing by the side of your plate,—whereon rest the usual napkin and large roll of bread,—a knife, fork, and spoon, presents you the carte, and at once puts the question, “*Quel vin desirez vous, Monsieur?*” Looking through that part of the carte, which contains at least forty-eight different kinds of wine, you resolve, (as the dinner is to be an ordinary one,) on Macon. The Macon of the Grand Vatel is altogether the finest I have tasted in Paris. It is, however, much inspirited by an intermingling of eau-de-seltz, a bottle of which you likewise order.

Each individual has certain predilections and associations, which render one style of dinner more dear to him than any other. That all persons should be similarly impressed by the same meal, is as absurd as that all persons should be similarly impressed by the same style in poetry, music, or painting. I almost fear that my reader,—whom I now most respectfully invite to dine with me on the opposite side of the table,—may neither approve my choice of dishes nor the order of their succession. And yet I trust he will rub his hands in assent when I call first for a dozen of Cancale oysters. “*Garçon, une douzaine.*” They immediately enter, heaped up in their natural shells upon a large plate, in company with a lemon. The Cancale oysters have often an unpleasant taste of copper; but, impregnated with that lemon juice, they constitute a very excellent hors d'œuvre.

Soup after oysters is exactly *comme-il-faut*, and suppose we try it now. There are eighteen different kinds of soup in the carte of the Grand Vatel. My reader may select that which best pleases him. I venture to suggest *Creci aux croûtons*. It is a soup delicious in itself, and is rendered more delicious by its relation to the preceding dish. Those oysters seem to have prepared the palate for that soup. To speak figuratively, the oysters have planted the elements of the soup's success. I may here say that, unless cognizant of your dishes, you are not always safe in making choice. Experimenting upon that vast mysterious carte before you, like all experimenting, is expensive and dangerous. It is not every Columbus that, discovering a new world, thereby contributes to his own worldly happiness. Hoping to make some valuable discoveries, I once abandoned my usual soups, and called for *riz à la Turque*. The name looked relishable enough; but the dish, the soup itself!—surely neither Turk nor Christian could possibly have relished *that*.

Soup completed, the palate instinctively longs for fish. The carte

of the Grand Vatel reveals to you seventy-six different forms of cooking fish. Vevy's having ninety-one, of course surpasses it; but it beats Vefour's by twenty-four. I doubt not that dining at Havre, you pronounced fried sole the most delicious piscatory dish that ever had been served before you. At the Grand Vatel, however, do not, *do not* fling yourself away on fried sole; call at once for *Turbot à la crème*. It is a combination mild as moonbeams, and can only be fitly spoken of in poetry. I think you may not find its name down in the carte. To say truth, the cartes of the Rocher and the Grand Vatel do not disclose their best treasures. As Raphael doubtless had sublimer visions in his secret soul than ever he revealed on canvass, so the secret repertory of a first-rate French cuisine possesses dishes altogether superior to those enumerated in its carte. The *turbot*, as it is *au gratin*, requires the cook's ingenuity for some twenty or twenty-five minutes. During that time the company has begun to thicken.

One great beauty in the company of the Grand Vatel is this; that it is not only European but Continental. I have become familiar with several persons who frequent it. One ancient gentleman interests me exceedingly. He wears the red ribbon, and, on entering, salutes not only the Amphytrion and the dame-du-comptoir, but likewise his *garçon*. When seated, he slowly unfolds his napkin, and passes it twice or thrice over his plate; then taking his glass, he deliberately rubs that, holding it finally up to the light to see if it be clean; then his knife, fork, and spoon undergo the same cleansing process; and then he tucks one corner of his napkin into the bosom of his buttoned coat. By this time the *garçon*, who perfectly comprehends his palate, has placed before him wine and soup. His subsequent dishes are always ordered without visible reference to the carte. He knows that carte by heart. This gentleman is a retired tradesman of moderate income; he patronizes the Grand Vatel and the Théâtre Français; he is a frequenter of both. At a little distance from him stands another table, whereat are a Frenchman, his wife, and three children. Farther on, behold two *petits maitres* in long black curls, with champagne ice-stricken before them. Still farther on, a gentleman pours out Beaune to one, who *should be* his wife; and now arrive deputies, and proprietors, and gentlemen of fashion, and ladies, and young people, and old people, and Germans, and Italians; throngs promiscuous, differing in ten thousand points, and resembling in two;—they are all hungry, and they are all conversational.

If the English have no restaurants, neither have they the anti-domestic state of feeling and habits which the existence of such establishments implies. Those persons who deem the hearth of home one richest nursery of private virtues, and in their development of public virtues also, will pronounce them in this respect far better off than the French. Whatever moralists and John Bull may think of this feature, no Frenchman could possibly for a moment think of making an exchange. To him, such publicity of life is indispensable to its enjoyment. He must take his dinner in public, and his coffee in public; he must read his newspaper in public, and promenade hours each day in the public places of his metropolis. The wish was implanted in him when a child, and has become a part of his character in after life. If its gratification be hostile to the birth and

growth of many substantial household virtues, it tends at least to make a frank, a graceful, a conversational, and an accomplished people. He pronounces the gratification of an opposite wish selfish, unsocial, aristocratical, exclusive, and prejudice-begetting. There might perhaps be an intermediate course, capable of gathering to itself the best features of either extreme, and whose pursuit would be attended by a preferable state of private and public society. Such course a young and flexible nation might enter upon. The social system of France is in harmony with her past habitudes, her other national features, and her existing institutions. No American in his senses can at present wish to see the English social system introduced in his country, as no man could possibly desire to see this French social system transported across the channel.

The healthy developements of a people, like those of an individual, are always natural, and generally harmonious. That one nation may avail itself of certain institutions in another, to develop (not thwart or change the radical character of) itself, is reasonable enough. More than this would be unsalutary and ridiculous, to say nothing of its unpatriotic character.

This *Turbot à la crème*, which the garçon has now brought in, you, after a short time, pronounce an airy and a graceful combination,—a very Taglioni of piscatory dishes. Words cannot well express its sportive delicacy. Perhaps it is one of the gayest achievements of the French culinary art. It is to other dishes what “*La Gazza Ladra*” is to operas, or the arabesque of the Alhambra to architecture. It is only well composed at the Rocher and the Grand Vatel. Grignon prepares it wretchedly; and one garçon at Very’s, when the dish was ordered, actually did not know what it was! Englishmen and Americans have been known to inhabit Paris weeks, nay months, without having tasted it. Such are among the consequences of going exclusively to Englishized French restaurants. I think you may frequently be made very cheerful by the sportiveness of this marvellous dish. I have a friend who, in some moments of despondency, has half resolved to starve himself down into the merest sketch or skeleton of a man, and then forthwith to volume and body forth his bones upon *Turbot à la crème* alone. A psychological experiment this, which, I doubt not, might lead to some very curious, and perhaps very useful truths.

After *Turbot*, order a beefsteak à la Anglaise. Order it, merely to assure yourself that the French cannot cook a beefsteak. England is the only country for that simply flavorful dish; and in England, mine host John Jennings of the “*Lion*,” at Canterbury, is much to be recommended. His hot steaks exhale an indescribable aroma. The beefsteaks of France are unworthy of the name. The dish is too simple for French ingenuity. It is only in intricate combinations that French cooks succeed. However chaste and classically simple may be their standard literature, their cookery is quite the reverse. A man of one idea is not more detestable to you than is a dish of one idea to a Frenchman’s palate.

While you are waiting for *aspergès aux petits pois*, that is, for an entremets of asparagus with peas, the garçon deposits before you a silver case of toothpicks. “What do you think of French vegetables?” asked I of a travelled American. “Excellent, very excellent,” was his reply. “What do you think of French vegeta-

bles?" asked I of another travelled American. "Damnable, damnable!" replied he. The fact is, the French serve up the worst and the best vegetables that grow. The dish just ordered has an amiable mirthful taste; but as for asparagus or peas, their characteristics are quite swallowed up and lost among the numerous ideas intermingled with them.

Ask now for an entrée of pâtisserie,—a *vol-au-vent à la financière*, for instance. It is a gentle delicacy, in the midst whereof you discover a cockril's comb. The word *vol-au-vent* typifies it exactly. It seems *flying to the wind*, so mild and feather-like is its course to its destination. We may now go on, if we please, calling for any score of additional dishes. So Frenchly cooked have been those already enjoyed, that we are unburdened as before commencing. Herein is one beauty of a French meal. You are not sluggish after it, and have none of that old, transatlantic, bloated, blowzy, after-dinner sensation. You are conversational, nay, rather amiable; and, if an enemy in the world have a favour to request, now is his moment to present himself. Happy influences these, and haply to be remembered when all other influences of foreign travel have passed away!

French cookery addresses much the palate, but still more the stomach and constitution, and through them the entire man. When a scholar at Hofwyl is fretful or peevish, Fellenburg does not give him a chastisement, he gives him a warm bath. Fellenburg wisely knows what moral ameliorations such physical agent can bring about. Diet is a tremendous agent for spiritual ends. I like to fancy society, moral, intellectual, and political, under the old image of a ship; at whose helm, however, I seem to see a fat man in white apron, and white-tasseled cap, with ladle in hand.

The merely physical ends of eating are threefold. There is the simple and exclusive end of gratifying those few square inches of gustative superficies denominated the Palate. This is a narrow, base, and sensual end, proposed to themselves by gluttons alone. There is then the end of not only gratifying the palate, but, likewise pleasing the stomach; and thus for a time diffusing throughout the frame much balmy and aromatic enjoyment. This end is certainly higher than the first-named, and lies within the daily endeavour of all *gourmands*. But now we come to the third and noblest end proposed to himself by none save your accomplished and philosophical epicure. This end has three constituent parts, whereof each harmonizes with the other:—the securing for your palate its largest possible quantity of present gratification, for your stomach and general frame the greatest amount of present enjoyment, and for your constitution the best materials of its permanent strength and activity. To accomplish this triply-divided and most comprehensive end is labour of deepest difficulty. Not only must good digestion wait on appetite, but health on both. What pleases the palate may much offend the stomach, or the constitution; and what benefits the constitution may not be most relished by the palate, or even the stomach. The labour, though difficult, is not impossible; and when achieved, like all difficult labours on this earth, bears the finest fruits. In successful pursuit of this, as of a more spiritual aim, each one must be his own teacher and his own guide. The means which bless one man may curse his neighbour. Hence appears the daring quackery of those lecture-books which prescribe the same dietetic

system for all mankind ;—lengthening or shortening all mortal palates and stomachs to their one Procrustean bed! Strangely presuming lectures! striving to teach the unteachable. Let him who would not shorten his days, or, to speak more properly, diminish the number of his earthly meals, beware of them.

The French have good cooking, and they know little or nothing about dyspepsia. Moreover, from the highest to the lowest, they take their meals very slowly.

An *omelette soufflé* may well precede your dessert. An omelette 'blown up!' — a type this of the vapoury lightness in all French dishes. To the eye it presents an ample exterior. It is, however, but a zephyr; and with ease may be compressed into a maiden's thimble. You pronounce it stuff unsubstantial as infants' dreams. But nothing can be more delicate. The delicacy, half-musical, of nightingales' tongues served up at the banquet of a Roman epicure, might *perhaps* be compared with it.

For the dessert you have a choice among thirty-nine articles. This is sufficiently bewildering. Take a *meringue à la crème*. It will prepare your palate for the forth-coming coffee. This beverage, however, is usually sipped at some café. The Moka of the Grand Vatel is excellent. Before introducing it, the garçon deposits before you the bowls of *perfumed* water. After coffee imitate the French lady opposite, and swallow a little glass of *liqueur*. You may, however, not care to disturb the agreeable impression wrought through French coffee by taking anything subsequent thereunto. Indeed difficulties and doubts frequently arise in determining upon the true pausing point in the courses of a Parisian dinner. I should not be surprised were you to stop at once with *turbot à la crème*, resolved to run no risk of annihilating, or in any manner of confusing the one-ness and tranquil delicacy of its impression. Whoever has seen Macbeth last embodied by Kemble, and other mighty spirits now passed away for ever, and who has resolved not to have the memory thereof marred by witnessing another representation, will, I trust, appreciate this anxiety of an epicure to preserve unruined the mirror of his dream. It is no cheerful employment to him, if in his usual benevolence, to note among carelessly-dining friends around him, one positively pleasant gustatory impression broken in upon by others less worthy; the satisfactory completeness, for instance, of *queue de mouton à la purée*, shattered into fragments by *haricots* and *artichauts*; the music of one full finely-falling wave thus jangled, as it were, by the splash and splatter of quick-successive wavelets. If for him there be one other contemplation still less cheerful, it is perhaps the sight of those who are pretending to dine, and, alas, dine not; who *dwell* not on separate courses of the banquet; who perform a sort of palate-service, while their hearts are far from them. No man expects to see without sending his soul to his eye, or to hear without sending it to his ear, or to meditate without sending it to his brain; and yet there *are* those who pretend to dine without sending it to the palate, or even to the stomach; which latter, indeed, by an antique Thinker was deemed its legitimate cradle and dwelling-place. I am thoroughly convinced that, from frequent neglect of such important mission, injuriously-huge quantities are often devoured, [where healthily-small portions would have sufficed; the stomach and constitution possessing quite

sufficient for their purposes, long before the palate is in anywise satisfied: the former exclaiming "hold, enough," the latter blindly shouting out "come on." I was recently dining with two friends. After soup I took my *poularde en bas de soie* and *charlotte russee*, with silent, close attention. I was satisfied, and felt conscious that I had dined. My friends, however, continued still to call upon the garçon, and actually consumed four meat and game courses after my *charlotte russee* had, so to speak, squared the circle of my appetite. The explanation of their unsatisfied, still-devouring state, was, in the fact that, during the entire meal they had been rather warmly engaged in discussing the abstract question, whether or no the French could, in strictness, be called an *economical* people. The mind of each was of course active within his brain, instead of being where the mind of every diner should, for the time, reside: their palates could no more notice and be gratified by the passing flavours, than the striking clock could by their ears be noticed; and, when they took leave of the *dame-du-comptoir*, so far from being entitled to declare that they had enjoyed a dinner, they might only with propriety state, that "whereas, some time ago, a certain quantity of nourishment was *out-side* of us, that certain quantity of nourishment is now *in-side* of us." There was, moreover, for them no memorable ground whereon gratitude might stand. I believe Dr. Franklin sometimes went so far as to aver, that five minutes after dinner he remembered not what he had been eating. Strange unphilosophic averment,—one stimulator of a noble sentiment in man's nature thus quite neglected!

If you conclude to take a glass of *liqueur* after your coffee, take it, and then call for the bill. The garçon places before you a narrow strip of paper, whereon, in the manuscript of the *dame-du-comptoir*, you peruse the following symbolic expressions:—

	F.
"Macon	1, 10
Eau de Seltz	15
Pain	10
Huitres	10
Citron	5
Potage	12
TURBOT	1, 05
Bifteck	18
Vol-au-vent	1, 10
Aspergès	1, 10
Omelette	1, 10
Meringue	1,
Café	16
Liqueur	5

13, 2

Though my reader has been abundantly dining with me, I, as is usually done, ordered each dish "for *one* only." The garçon expects a franc. Having listened to his "*mercie, Monsieur*," let us now bid adieu, for the present, to the renowned Restaurants of Paris.

PAPER MONEY LYRICS.

CHORUS OF BUBBLE BUYERS.

“When these practisers come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies *in fumo*. Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money: for these may be restored by industry: but to be a fool born is a disease incurable.”—*Ben Jonson's Volpone*.

Oh! where are the hopes we have met in a morning,
As we hustled and bustled around Capel Court?
When we laugh'd at the croakers that bade us take warning,
Who once were our scorn, and now make us their sport.

Oh! where are the regions where well-paid inspectors
Found metals omnigenous, streak'd, and emboss'd?
So kindly bought for us by honest directors,
Who charged us but three times as much as they cost.

Oh! where are the riches that bubbled like fountains,
In places we neither could utter nor spell,
A thousand miles inland 'mid untrodden mountains,
Where silver and gold grew like heath and blue-bell?

Oh! where are the lakes overflowing with treasure?
The gold-dust that roll'd in each torrent and stream?
The mines that held water by cubic-mile measure,
So easily pump'd up by portable steam?

That water our prospects a damp could not throw on;
We had only a million-horse power to prepare,
Make a thousand-mile road for the engine to go on,
And send coals from Newcastle to boil it when there.

Oh! where are the bridges to span the Atlantic?
Oh! where is the gas to illumine the poles?
They came to our visions,—that makes us half frantic:
They came to our pockets; that touches our souls.

Oh! there is the seat of most exquisite feeling:
The first pair of nerves to the pocket doth dive:
A wound in our hearts would be no time in healing,
But a wound in our pockets how can we survive?

Now curst be the projects, and curst the projectors,
And curst be the bubbles before us that roll'd,
Which, bursting, have left us like desolate spectres,
Bewailing our bodies of paper and gold.

For what is a man but his coat and his breeches,
His plate and his linen, his land and his house?
Oh! we had been men had we won our mock riches;
But now we are ghosts, each as poor as a mouse.

But shades as we are, we, with shadowy bubbles,
When the midnight bell tolls will through Capel Court glide,
And the dream of the Jew shall be turmoils and troubles,
When he sees each pale ghost on its bubble astride.

And the lecturing Scots that upheld the delusion,
By prating of paper, and wealth, and free trade,
Shall see us by night to their awe and confusion,
Grim phantoms of wrath that shall never be laid.

HER MAJESTY'S PORTRAITS.—THE GREAT STATE SECRET.

TORIES and Whigs some time since made a great fuss about ministers dining so often with the Queen. We say nothing of the laudable pride, pomp, and jealousy occasioned by the circumstance. We have only to remark that, among the innumerable conjectures of every shade of improbability to which it gave rise, there was not one that bordered upon a half-tint of truth. The present paper is devoted to an elucidation of the state secret.

George III. was accustomed to see Mr. Pitt on state affairs at the early and cool-headed hour of six in the morning. The fourth George, loving the more mature and mellow counsel of pausing-time, generally spared an hour after dinner on one day of the week—namely, Wednesday—to enter into those deep conferences with his ministers so necessary to the safe continuance of our political, social, and moral existence: and the hours appropriated by his late nautical majesty to the examination of the state-chart and log-book, approached nearer to those of his daybreak-loving sire. “But her present Majesty,” ejaculated the more intemperate members of the opposition, “her present Majesty holds counsel with her ministers every day at dinner! They *dine* there—at Buckingham Palace! They are commanded thither for the express purpose—and they eat! Full of royal-cupboard-love, they go sponging upon her august board every day; and talk, with their mouths full, of all sorts of men and measures. It is unprecedented; nay, worse, if it *forms* a precedent for the future,—and a very bad one, we must humbly venture to think. With equal loyalty and humility we moreover solicit permission to ask, what, in the name of grace, will her Majesty be pleased to do next? These were junior members, and could not keep their temper in the face of a fact so savoury to their opponents. The green-eyed monster issued from every tureen of royal turtle which their seething imaginations saw placed before their rivals; and, albeit, they were far too generous, and possessed too much statesman-like magnanimity to express a public wish that the callipash might choke their eloquence, they most fervently prayed in private that a similar effect might be produced by the callipee. “Strange that such diffidence should be,” &c. The elder members of the opposition smiled in silent superiority. They did not understand why the Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg should dine so frequently upon state-affairs; but they felt it undignified to notice such things.

Now, however, there is an end of all concealment. We are permitted to divulge the secret, and our anxious friends shall presently be shown what deep and important reason has been hidden in the breast of the Premier, which no taunts and misrepresentations could for a moment make him dream of bringing to light. The mystery is now about to be unfolded; the elaborate design to become apparent; the cause of those secret cabinet councils; the numerous couriers, messages, letters, portfolios, embroidered silk and morocco cases, which have created so much surprise, so many opinions and fancies, and so much uneasiness, is about to be made public. The result will show that the daily banquets eaten by the noble

lords aforesaid have not been eaten in vain ; that the personal happiness of her Most Gracious Majesty in especial, and the universal public good, was the object of their thoughts ; that the most convenient time *was* chosen in order to carry such objects into effect ; and that the most loyal and patriotic feelings are involved in the speedy attainment of those objects. The cause of her Majesty having her ministers to dine with her so frequently was, in fact, a necessary part of a measure now in progress. They *must* be continually in her presence, and at those artistically auspicious moments when there is least restraint upon the play of the royal features ; because it is important that they should, in all reverence, be as conversant with such a view in its various shades of expression, as with that which is displayed on grave and august occasions. Finally, and most fortunately, the measure is one for which there is a precedent, — and a truly literal, laudable, excellent, and comprehensive precedent it will prove, as we shall presently, in all duty, and under authority, set forth and expound.

Everybody must have observed the innumerable quantity of portraits of her Majesty, Victoria I., which fill the windows of all the print and picture shops. Everybody must also have observed that there are no two alike. The portraits by the same painter are different individuals. As though, by some extraordinary hallucination in the minds of all our artists,—descending to the printers and proof-takers,—the very copies of the same picture or plate differ from each other. The inferences and consequences are various ; some of them, under circumstances which we shall have to explain, wearing a serious and threatening aspect to the safety and happiness of her Majesty's throne and person, and the loyalty and welfare of the United Kingdom, and her Majesty's Colonies.

We must pause a moment to take a cursory glance at some of the aforesaid pictures and prints, purporting to be portraits of her gracious Majesty. It might, at least, have been expected that Hayter, "painter of portraits to the Queen," would have produced, by virtue of his office as well as of his talent, a most striking likeness ; that the perspective honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his admirers would have stimulated the unquestionable virtues and talents aforesaid to a degree which would have rendered failure next to impossible. Doubtless this was the case ; and yet, such is the common fallacy of our expectations where most is expected, that his portraits are a very inefficient adumbration of the fair original. We allude to his pictures both before and since her Majesty's ascent to the throne. The engravings differ from the pictures, it is true ; but not more than the latter differ from each other. Let anybody compare the pictures of her Majesty—standing with the fingers of one hand on a table ; seated with the Duchess of Kent in a box at the Opera ; standing, as it appears, within the arms of her royal mother ; and, seated on the throne since her accession, and say if they are the same individual. Her Majesty's chief painter will pardon us, we are sure : we most gladly acknowledge his talent as an artist. But this is a fatality—there is no help for it, — the temporary hallucination among artists is a national calamity, doubtless for some good purpose.

We now turn to the portrait by E. C. Parris, a gentleman famous

for his annual beauties, with complexions of the most delicate wax, tinted with rose and lily hues; fashionable features, and expressions softly elegant, and charmingly the same upon all occasions, and fingers and feet quite angelic,—in fact, much too small to be used; what has he given us in the place of our Queen? Truly, a sort of half-English, half-Spanish lady, up to her elbows in lace, with a countenance not unlike that of the lamented Madame Malibran. This remarkable coincidence renders it extremely interesting.

A great quantity of coloured prints are in circulation, taken from sundry pictures by Bouvier. They are throned, crowned, and have the broad blue order across the breast, with such other colours as a Frenchman loveth; are handsome in form and feature, and one of them possesses a sweet expression: still, they have not the form, the feature, or the kind of sweetness of expression which characterize the youthful sovereign. All of them, however, are very different from each other; so that individuals of every turn of fancy may find a chance of hitting their taste as to what face and figure they would choose her Majesty to have. This artist being an excellent man of business, has also favoured our admiring Cockneys with a sweeping thing in a green habit, which might be called Miss Anybody, riding on a prancing nondescript, unknown to naturalists.

One of the most popular *brochures*, however, is a huge lithographic drawing by Swandale, of the Royal Furniture: the half-smothered Innocent sitting pale in the midst, being now so reduced in figure (as she has elsewhere been made immensely too large,) that she seems of far less importance than her paraphernalia, while her whole contour of face is carefully at variance with all other artists' previous productions. We suppose some artists will call this making the most of an idea.

The medallion modelled by Weigall, and engraved by Freebairn, is like in some respects, and not at all in others; and the same may be said of the profile on stone by Lane. All that we have seen of the busts and figure-models have been hitherto abominable. One of them, by Barre,—not a mean work either as to art, or it would not be placed in Colnaghi's window,—presents the exact personification of a thick-and-hard-featured Scotch spinster of thirty-five. We pass over the strange fancies of W. Drummond, Noel, Costello, Dickenson, Averton, Hill, Gear, &c. &c. &c. and take a peep into the Suffolk-street Exhibition. We are there presented by Mr. Dawe with the full-length figure of a school-girl, having a complexion tinted with Norfolk biffin, faded in the sun, and standing in a wood of the same colour, before a bust of her royal father, which in shape and colour bears a close resemblance to a roasted apple; and a half-length thing, by Mr. Boaden, which the *Courier* justly pronounced to be "a trussed pullet." Nor must we on any account omit the "great" allegorical *picture on horseback*, by Latilla; for, although her Majesty is there portrayed with the same aerial aspect as the angel soaring just above her forehead (which we venture to consider as rather a premature compliment), the evident portrait of the horse from the original of Vandyke is certainly very cleverly *conveyed*. We hope to Heaven that the series of pictures by Miss M. Gillies, called the "Daughter of Zion," does not also contain some latent allegory applicable to her English Majesty, whose portrait, by Colleen, is placed directly underneath; and that it was not owing to an

ingenious perception of this "fine design," added to the real nobleness of the compositions, which occasioned the gallant and loyal *Globe* and *Courier* to speak in such terms of laudation concerning her Hebrew Majesty.

But, of all miniature painters, from whom could we expect a more exquisite and *vraisemblable* portrait than from Collen, who has studied the original for years, and is now Miniature Painter in Ordinary to the Queen, with a Knight in armour staring him in the face! We cannot, however, admit that he has at present succeeded. As far as likeness is concerned, his performance is still imperfect. Not that we blame Mr. Collen, — not that we do not appreciate his talents and accomplishments, — it is the universal hallucination among artists which is too strong for his genius. As to Chalon's portrait, it is perfectly wonderful. Not the remotest shade of one touch of likeness in feature or expression does it manifest.

We must dismiss, in one word, the heap of pictures and prints of a young lady of all degrees of width and height (the falsification in these respects being only equalled by the diversity of its manifestations), sitting in a chair, standing, walking, riding, driving, looking out of a box at the theatre, or in an open barouche, alone, or accompanied by a more or less mature and lofty lady, of qualities not so chameleon-like; and this one word will suffice to designate the batch — they are *treasonable*. The very best hands even among the caricaturists, are paralyzed. H. B., usually so happy, fails here utterly. He cannot represent the Queen, or give us anything like her. One hallucination outwits his wit, as it does that of all his fraternity of satirists and caricaturists, however admirable they may be at touching off the Duke or the Dan. We had the honour, at the private view of the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, of seeing her Majesty pass close in front of various pictures purporting to be representations of herself. How marvellous and edifying was the comparison of dissimilarities. With what difficulty, and evidently out of consideration for the feelings of artist's friends or patrons, who might be present, did she refrain from laughing; sometimes turning hastily away, as though the difficulties would be too great to master if she waited to give a second look. But, if such were the feelings attending the previous exhibition, what must her Majesty have felt on beholding the various "new views" of herself which we this year see displayed!

Wilkie has exerted his fine genius to overcome the fatality; but we can by no means allow that he has succeeded. Although it is evident that, in order to propitiate the Spirit of the Spell, he has offered up the likenesses of sundry noblemen, and an archbishop, who surround her, by mulcting each of them of twenty or thirty years of honourable life-time; still we fear he is woefully deceived, and the Spirit of the Patron Portrait will not be conciliated and brought down to earth by any such sacrifices. Directly above this picture is a full-length by G. Hayter, M. A. S. L., &c., and a fine portrait it is: albeit, we leave the public to decide whether it be not at least twenty years too old, and whether it would not better pass as one of her Majesty's aunts royal?

To conclude, however, the interminable list of *soi disante* resemblances here and elsewhere, we must say, generally, that the prevailing characters are those of *ad libitum* faces, with elegant figures of

commanding altitude, splendidly attired in crimson, white, or blue satin, heavy with gold and pearls, and coloured jewellery, and surrounded by all the appliances of regal state ; and of figures, habiliments, and expressions in the extreme height of simplicity, and intended (by the most elaborate and laborious exertions of artists, black in the face with the excitement of previous efforts,) to express the unaffected *naïveté* of her Majesty. Finally, we venture to conjecture that the committee of the Royal Academy has gone so far (speculating on the possible chance of a lucky hit of likeness from some obscure pencil, which might nevertheless break the Spell,) as to admit severe, which delicacy towards the original prevents us from duly characterizing—they are so felicitously abominable. Such as these latter are always carefully described as being her *Most Gracious Majesty* ; and needful indeed is the utmost possible inherent grace to cope with and overcome all these uncouth and high-treasonable deformities. No: it is of no use : nothing whatever can be done without Precedent and Authority !

It is not generally known that the new coin was issued several weeks before the coronation, and called in again. Why? Of course because the die executed by Pistrucci was pronounced by Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg, as—no likeness. The one now issued is, doubtless, only a temporary production to meet a state emergency. It will instantly give place on the appearance of the result of the cabinet council-dinners ; concerning which, together with the high precedent, whereupon the ministers have eaten and acted, the following brief explanation will suffice.

Queen Elizabeth, as artists and others say, was a difficult person "to take." She insisted upon sitting or standing her own way, which was not always the best. The nervousness occasioned by the proximity of so much "dread delight" might also have dazzled the limners' eyes, confounded their hearts, and rendered their hands unsteady and ineffectual. Howbeit, they gave her no satisfaction by their performances ; and were driven, howling, from her presence. She considered that Spenser came much the nearest to a faithful representation of her virgin graces, but then he was only a poet. Nevertheless, and rather the more, though she refused to be taken by limners, the production of portraits, so called, multiplied throughout her realms, representing her still less like herself than before, and of an uglier favour than ever. She exclaimed much in private against the "wicked and impertinent artists" who thus belied her outward form, and the delicate expressions of its natural beauty, favour, and grace. They, however, persisted in exercising and vending their wicked and impertinent fancies, until her Majesty could stand it no longer. She accordingly published the following *EDICT*, which we shall give verbatim from the document in the British Museum.

"*Forasmuch* as the natural desire that all sorts of subjects and people, both noble and mean, have to procure the portrait and picture of the Queen's Majestie, grete numbers of paynters, and some printers and gravers, have already and doe daily *attempt* to make in *divers manners* Portraitures of her Majestie in paynting, &c. Wherein it is *evidently shown* that *hitherto none* have sufficiently expressed the natural representation of her Majestie's person, favor, or grace, but for the most part have erred therein, as thereof daily com-

playnts are made among her Majestie's loving subjects, in so much for the redress thereof her Majestie hath lately been so instantly and importunately sued unto by the Lords of the Council and others of her Nobility, in respect of the *grete disorder herein used*, not only to be content that some speciall conyng Paynter might be permitted by access to her Majestie to take the naturall representation of her Majestie, whereof she hath bene allways of her own right disposition very unwylling."

We stop our transcription of the Edict to point out the salutary, though trifling verbal change, which has been made in the terms, for the purpose of rendering it strictly applicable to the case of her present portrait-injured Majesty and her dining Ministers. Thus:—Content that some "speciall conyng" persons, to wit the Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg, be permitted, by frequent access to her Majesty, to impress upon the mirror of their minds the natural representation of her Majesty, thereby thoroughly to qualify their judgments in pronouncing which portrait *is* like her Gracious Majesty, whenever Providence shall so far favour her loving subjects as to enable any "conyng" limner to paint one.

We now proceed with the Elizabethan decree. If the reader will only picture to himself Queen Elizabeth's blush-royal look behind her gigantic fan, with the rest of her high-built head walled up in starched ruff three quarters round, while she dictated the first sentence of the following, his time will not be wasted.

"*Therfor* her Majestie, being herein *as it were overcome* with the contynuall requests of so many of hir Nobility and Lords, which she cannot well denye, is pleased that for their contentations some conyng person, mete therfor, shall shortly make a Pourtrait of her person or visage," &c.

One more merely verbal alteration has become necessary, and will be found proper and advantageous, the corrected spelling of an old word producing a new and more accurate reading. Thus:—Is pleased that for their contentations some conyng Persons, to wit, her Majesty's well-approved ministers, *meel*, or *meat*, therefore at Buckingham Palace, at such hours as her Majesty may be pleased to appoint, to prepare their eyes, by frequent study of her Majesty's person or visage, (especially during the more auspicious periods of recreation and refreshment from the weighty cares of the day,) to the effect that they may acquire the aforesaid degree of judgment, to be exercised as aforesaid.

All the remainder is transcribed verbatim, and needs no further interpolation or new reading of any kind.

"*A* Portrait of her Majestie to be participated to others for the satisfaction of her loving subjects, and farder commandeth all manner of persons in the mean tyme to forbear from paynting, graving, printing, or making any pourtrait of her Majestie until some speciall person shall be by her allowed and shall have first finished a Pourtrait of herself, after which finished her Majestie will be content that all other paynters, printers, or gravers, that shall be known men of understanding, shall follow at their pleasures the said Patron or first Portraiture; and for that her Majestie perceiveth that a grete number of her loving subjects are much greved, and take grete offense with the errors and deformities already committed, to sundry persons in this behalf she straightly chargeth all her officers to see due observation thereof, and to reform the errors already committed,

and to prohibit the showing or publication of such as are apparently deformed, which is reasonable."

Decree issued in the year 1653. The original is in the handwriting of Lord Burghly, then Cecil, and is now in the State-paper Office.

We thus discover how it has happened that all the portraits of Queen Elizabeth are corresponsive. You know her in a moment! "Forbear" therefore, ye multitude of "wicked and impertinent artists!"—the decree commands "all manner" of ye to forbear until the production of the Patron Portrait; and even then the honour is confined to such among your ardent tribe as "shall be known men of understanding." Venture not temeritously to infringe this command, which "straightway chargeth all her Majesty's officers to see due observation thereof;" in other words, applicable to modern times, you will in such a case be taken in charge by the police, and dealt with according to the degree of the deformity produced.

In a work recently published, entitled "Queen Elizabeth and her Times," there is an original letter from the Queen to Sir Edward Stafford, ostensibly on the subject of his embassy during the negotiations for her marriage with the Duke of Anjou; but "secretly pointing," as far-seeing diplomatists say, to this exasperating affair of her portraits. Her letter contains the following *doubles entendres*. "I speak not this, that I fear the like; but when I make collection of sundry kinds of discontentments, all tied in a bundle, I suppose the faggot will be harder altogether to be broken." This of course alludes to her vexation at the abominable portraits of her which the Duke of Anjou had obtained, and fiercely laments the difficulty of getting them all together for destruction. Again: "O Stafford! I think not myself well used, and so tell Monsieur that *I am made a stranger to myself*," &c. She moreover throws in a gentle hint of consequences to the delinquents, which makes us tremble from its very quietude;—it is *white* hot. "Hitherto they have thought me no fool; let me not live, the longer the worse." Ahem!—we venture not to quote more. But really it *must* have been a most serious and galling grievance to a woman of Elizabeth's beauty, delicacy, and refinement, to have been thus misrepresented. She had her personal vanities, like all other women and men, and was not well pleased to seem ill-favoured, though but in a picture, before the eyes of her courtly admirers, either abroad or at home. She would rather have been even flattered, in order to enhance herself with such faithful servants and reverential admirers as Leicester, Essex, and Sir Christopher Hatton (the Lord Keeper), behind the latter of whom she rode on a pillion home to her palace on the day of her coronation, and danced a *saraband* with him in the royal gardens, then at Clifton. Well might the poet write,

"The good Lord Keeper led the brawls!
The Seals and Maces danced before him!"

Is it any wonder then that a queen who possessed so much life and spirit, in addition to her beauty, should have felt herself most deeply aggrieved by the shameful misrepresentations of herself throughout her dominions? But if such feelings are natural and justifiable in her case, what must they be with respect to her present Majesty, who—without meaning any gross adulation—has certainly mounted the throne something younger, something more refined, and something more beautiful than Queen Elizabeth.

With regard to the evident importance of her present Majesty's true portraiture, a very few words will suffice.

The people "down in the country" are uncommonly loyal; and the further you go, the more loyal you find them. They have, however, for some time past been wavering in their feelings; indeed it is only a few weeks since we heard a Cornish farmer exclaim, as he flung down his spade, "What's the use o' seven queens? I never grudged taxes for one—I was proud on 't—but who can fork out for seven!" The poor man had seen seven portraits of her Majesty. Now, what else can any honest countryman think when he sees a quantity of portraits, some fat, some slim, some short of stature, some full ten heads high, some very pale, some very rosy, many brunette, and with features and expressions of all sorts of different and opposite characters;—what *can* the honest folks think but that there are as many queens as portraits? This is most dangerous: it breeds doubt, discontent, and disaffection, as it will breed general rebellion, revolution, and civil wars, if not speedily stopped by the operation of the foregoing decree. The recent rebellion in Canada is clearly attributable to this very source of doubt. Forty-three portraits of her Majesty were shipped for St. John's, New Brunswick; and nine of them found their way into Upper Canada. The people of Toronto took up arms directly. Nine queens at one blow!—and ascending their thrones at the very moment when these Canadians were petitioning Sir Francis Head to return to Nassau and write another book! Nine queens was such an impulse to the imagination and the memory, that it filled the blood of all the French settlers with the extract of fleur de lis; and, reverting to ancestral associations, they bethought them of the Salique law, and, having acquired in Canada a wholesome antipathy to poetry and muses, vowed they would have nothing to do with any one of the Nine. In vain it was represented to them that these portraits were the production of wicked and impertinent artists; that the one by Authority, and deduced from the working of a Precedented measure,—the Patron Portrait,—was not yet painted, and that all hitherto issued were spurious, fallacious, and treasonable—in fact, that there were not nine Gracious Majesties, but one Gracious Majesty, and it was hoped they would listen to reason. But the firing thought of nine queens had burst upon them, and all remonstrance was in vain. It was a very sad thing that Lord Durham's departure should have been so much delayed. Of course it was best that he should wait as long as possible for the chance of the Patron Portrait appearing, that he might take out a copy with him, to convince and pacify the Canadians at once. He was obliged, however, to go without the proof, and it will be sent after him as soon as obtained.

Dreadful disturbances, of a far more extensive character than have hitherto agitated that unfortunate country, are brewing in Ireland, entirely through the confusion of ideas. The peasantry, and indeed many of the small landholders, are decidedly of opinion that these extraordinary portraits of supposititious queens are mere bluffs, or *ignes fatui*, to the fact of her Majesty having been secretly de-throned, and that she has now retired into private life. This *nately*-managed proceeding is also associated in their minds with recollections of Colonel F—— and the Orange associations; and the majority of the Irish believe it to be some ramification of that mysterious plot, the purpose of which was to make the Duke of Cumber-

land sovereign in her place. The portrait of the Majesty of Hanover would certainly occasion no such difficulty.

Touching the personal happiness of her Majesty, what can be more "imminent," as Shakspeare justly remarks, than her peril at the chance of a "deadly breach?" Approaching the problem with becoming awe, we venture in the most shadowy manner to hint at the great probability, at some future day, of her Majesty deigning to receive at the altar those vows of some adoring prince, which are the soft breathing prelude to a solution in Elysium. The royal suitors come to England in consequence of falling in love with English princesses through the medium of their portraits. Passionate and profound affection and reverence propel them into this country. They hasten on the wings of hope and fear; they are actuated by the purest motives. Whatever may have been thought by the selfish *canaille*, the Royal Suitors to English princesses have always been influenced by motives the most pure, capacious, and unmingled. True, that the youthfulness of the sovereign renders the prospect not so likely to be very near at hand; true, that the sagacity and early mental culture she has derived from her royal mother have ensured the wisdom of her choice whenever the solemn day of regal love shall dawn;—but, meantime, what becomes of the hearts of all foreign princes? Burning to waste, forsooth!—absolutely burning themselves away in fallacious flames, as sincerely as if they were actually here,—and with these treasonable portraits,—each foreign prince dying over a different queen, and no foreign prince falling in love with the real one, because there is no Patron Portrait! Thus, then, her Majesty might (it is in the compass of divine and human probability) fall in love with the true portrait of some foreign prince, while *he*, having most disastrously got hold of some audacious painted libel upon her Majesty's "person, favour, and grace," perpetrated by the wickedest of all wicked and impertinent artists, *he*, we say, could not feel any corresponding sentiment towards It. If he could do so, indeed, he would show himself incapable of appreciating the original. For what is this world, even to a prince, without affection? If he love not a great queen, he cannot help his own feelings!—he would rather wed a peasant girl, though she had not a penny, provided she reigned the empress of his heart. Well—these things cannot be helped at present. There *must* be a Patron Portrait!

Imagine it done!—imagine some artist, favoured of heaven, to have actually accomplished a portrait, pronounced by the Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg, according to the Edict, as a perfect likeness, and worthy to become the Patron of and for all future likenesses! Imagine, next, an immense house, or hall, to be called the Hall of Correction. It is lighted by a skylight running all along the roof, and there are seven hundred and thirty-six easels placed at equal distances down both sides of the hall. The Patron Portrait hangs up at one end. A trumpet sounds at day-break,—folding-doors are suddenly flung open, and seven hundred and thirty-six wicked and impertinent artists rush in, and, placing their ever-various portraits on their respective easels, set to work to change the faces into the true favour and grace of the Patron placed on high.

R. H. H.

A CAMBRIDGE 'ROW' IN THE YEAR 1632:

EXTRACTED FROM AN OLD MS. FOUND IN TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

It was on a pleasant evening towards the end of March, in the year 1632, that two young men in the academical dress walked leisurely along the high road leading from Cambridge to Huntingdon. They appeared to be two students, who had extended their evening promenade rather beyond the limits usually attained by pedestrians, — a circumstance which possibly had escaped their observation from the earnestness with which they pursued their conversation. Although they wore the gowns of bachelors of arts, they appeared to be both very young, hardly exceeding the general age of under-graduates of the present day. They seemed about the same age, differing considerably in personal appearance — one being much taller than the other, and the hair of the taller darker than that of his companion. Of both, the limbs seemed well-proportioned, nervous, and active, like those of men who, though, as it seemed, students by profession, had not neglected the use of all kinds of athletic exercises.

They had walked for the last few minutes in silence, when the shorter spoke.

"And so δ κριτης abuses my verses?"

"He passes upon them the judgment I have mentioned," replied the other.

"The traitor knave! the *faitour*!" rejoined the first, half angrily, half contemptuously. "Straightforward, honourable conduct, no one would expect from such a pompous knave! but, such scoundrelly duplicity I should have scarcely looked for, even from δ κριτης."

"Did he praise them before you?"

"To the skies; and the foul churl strongly pretended to advise me to continue to write verses, or poetry, as he was pleased to call it. But he is beneath my anger, or even my contempt!"

"He seemed to think you had got an over-weening conceit of your own powers, John; that there is a harshness, a ruggedness about your versification, which renders it utterly hopeless that you should ever write such verses as Flip or Fritter."

"I should be very sorry to write such verses!" replied the somewhat irritated poet, and walked on for the next five minutes in silence, which was broken by his taller companion; who, as he spoke, pulled a manuscript from his pocket.

"But, after all, John," he said, "you must confess that the verses which I am going to read to you are, to say the least of them, somewhat harsh."

"Why, Neville!" exclaimed his friend, "where, in Heaven's name, did you get that manuscript? I had no idea that my papers were going about the University in this manner. I should be glad to afford entertainment to it, and I am, as you know, far from being insensible to Fame; but, I confess I had rather be excused affording this species of entertainment to the old lady, and her

brood of sucklings ; and the Fame I court is not precisely of this nature."

"I am not at liberty to tell you where, or from whom, I procured this manuscript of your *opuscula*, John ; but, in God's name, my dear fellow, hear, and, — now the *ostium*, the inspiration of production is over,—judge whether this be not enough to set the teeth—the delicate, white, pearly teeth,—of all the nine on edge, and make them flee far away from thee for ever."

"What, the—hem ! read on, then. Harry Neville may speak as he pleases to John Milton."

Neville opened the MS., and, turning over a leaf or two, read as follows :—

"ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

"Here lies old Hobson ! death has broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt :
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'T was such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull."

"*Oh, jam satis !* pry'thee have done, friend Neville," exclaimed Milton.

"Well, you confess this is but indifferent, my learned friend ; and that *ὁ κριτής* is not quite so much in the wrong, is not quite so unjust in his sage criticism as you seemed to opine but now," observed his companion with rather a provoking grin upon his countenance.

"I confess no such thing, Master Neville !" replied the poet stoutly ; "*ὁ κριτής* is, though a pompous one, as thorough-bred a donkey as ever shook long ears, brayed, and looked grave. And, as for my verses on poor old Hobson, they don't run quite so smoothly as some of those of your namby-pamby prize poets ; they are not, to be sure, such as *ἀε* composed, as Shakspeare says,

"To caper nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute ;"

but they are what I deemed suited to the subject and occasion : in short, what I intended them to be, — that is enough. And, by-the-by, talking of Shakspeare, reminds me of some verses that I wrote on him the other day. I think I have them with me ; and I will set them off against those you have just read."

He took a paper from his pocket, and began to read.

"ON SHAKSPEARE.

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stoues ?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For, whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die !”

“ Ah, those,— those, John, I am bound to confess, are certainly somewhat of a higher key, a nobler strain !” exclaimed Neville ; “ but then, again, I could set against those something almost as bad, if not worse, than old Hobson, the carrier’s immortal monody.”

“ Immortal ! ay, immortal. You speak it in derision, Neville ; but I promise you I look for the bard’s and the sage’s immortality.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! That’s a good jest, John. You talk as coolly about being an immortal poet as our sage friend, Lyttleton, does about being Lord Keeper. Both events will come to pass, no doubt, in the fulness of time. But Lyttleton has some excuse ; there is some substance, some solidity in his aim and object ; but yours is a shadow, a thing of air, *et præterea nihil*. However, not to talk of these things (which raise a frown upon your brow, man,) let us talk of love ; and, talking of love, old companion, there is the tree under which thou wert asleep when that fair and divine nymph, whom thou hast determined to deify, and enrol among the inhabitants of high Olympus,— if, indeed, she be not already one of the Muses, or Graces,— thought fit to produce that fine compliment upon your closed eyes, which has kept your active and soaring imagination upon the stretch ever since.”

Neville’s companion did not seem much to relish this last sally of his friend. He coloured considerably ; and shewed one or two symptoms of impatience and uneasiness, while the other stood laughing as he looked at the tree.

“ Why, John,” continued Neville, “ you should purchase this tree, and a few yards of ground about it, and build a temple to the goddess of Romance. Your ancients had no such goddess though, nor any so deserving of adoration. However, at all events, you should erect a shed over the spot where you were lying when the fair nymphs left their car, and——”

Here he was interrupted by the clatter of a horse’s hoofs, and turning their heads, they beheld a horseman advancing at full speed on the road from Huntingdon. The appearance of this person was remarkable, though, to a common and superficial observer, not very prepossessing. His dress, considering the period, was plain even to slovenliness. Although he had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt, his sword swung awkwardly, and was without a sword-knot,— a heinous omission in the etiquette of dress at that period,— and his pistols were stuck in a belt which was without any of the embroidery or other ornament upon which the gallants of the time piqued themselves. He was mounted, however, upon a strong and spirited horse, which bore the marks, when he approached the two students, of having been hard ridden. The countenance of the rider was hard-featured and strongly marked, and, whether from habitual exposure to the weather, its natural complexion, or the present hard exercise, was considerably flushed. Yet it was not a common face by any means ; and the resolution and thought depicted in the full, broad forehead, the well-opened, hard eye, the not

very symmetrical, but boldly-cut, sagacious-looking nose, and the firm, strongly-marked lines of the mouth, gave to that countenance a noble and even refined expression. If anybody doubts this, we refer him to the portrait by Walker, now in the British Museum,* or to the copy of it published in the "Gallery of Portraits." His enemies would seem to have had the painting of his countenance as well as of his character, and to have dealt with both after the same fashion.

On perceiving the two young men, whom we have already introduced to the reader, the horseman drew in his horse suddenly. As he did this with somewhat of a jerk, like a man who starts suddenly from a fit of absence, the high-spirited animal reared backward almost beyond the perpendicular, irritated by the check he had received from the nervous arm of his rider. There was a short but furious contest between the horse and rider, which the advantages of curb, and scourge, and spur, added to complete self-possession, soon decided in favour of the latter, and the strong black horse, in which extraordinary muscular power was combined with great speed, stood panting and trembling, but in all his limbs motionless, before them.

"Give ye good day, or rather good even I should say, gentlemen and scholars," exclaimed the horseman, in a strong and deep but harsh voice, raising at the same time his unplumed hat with a courtesy which, though rude, resembled more the present continental manners than those now prevailing in that illustrious university. The young students somewhat more gracefully returned his courteous salutation; and, as they stepped up to the side of his horse, the shorter of the two said,

"Thou ridest with haste-post-haste. Why, Master Oliver, what taketh thee to Cambridge with such fiery expedition at this late hour of the day?"

"I might answer thee, Sir Bachelor of Arts," replied the horseman, "and peradventure it were good policy so to do, as the man in the foolish play-book answers, 'My horse, sir, my horse.'"

"That were an answer," returned the other, "as unworthy of thee, Master Oliver, as it is to speak so slightly of the works of Will Shakspeare. But I know well thou art no lover of the drama; the fine arts will not easily find a patron in thee."

"Peradventure not," was the harsh and laconic reply.

"But I perceive," continued the other, "that the object of thy speed is not for our ears; and as the evening closeth in, and it beginneth to wax late, we will not detain thee, but bid thee God speed, seeing that thou probably hast business of import to transact before the morrow."

"Thou sayest true," was the answer. "But look ye, lads, we shall probably see each other again before gates close for the night. In the mean time, as my errand presseth, I am even fain to ride on."

He waved his hand, and clapped spurs to his horse as he spoke, and horse and rider were soon lost to the view.

"There he goes," exclaimed Neville, "on some grave piece of madness or another; and I think, John, we had better make the best of our way back also, for I perceive we have walked farther

* This picture was presented by Cromwell to Colonel Rich, and bequeathed by his great grandson, Sir Robert Rich, Bart., to the British Museum.

than I had any idea of. I should not be much surprised if we find some rare piece of work afoot in the town; for when our friend Oliver rides at that rate, there is generally something in the wind."

The other nodded assent, and they quickened their pace without farther preface.

They entered the suburb, and proceeded along the straggling uneven street, (still more so than it is now,) which slopes down between ancient and grotesque houses, or rather hovels, towards that narrow steep bridge across the Cam, which in our time (at least to the best of our recollection) was by them of the gown usually denominated—*lucus a non lucendo*—Magdalen Bridge, and by them of the town (*aristocratic, the snobs*) the Great Bridge.

Daylight was beginning to wane as they passed the gates of Magdalen, crossed the aforesaid bridge, and proceeded arm in arm along the long and somewhat squalid street, then, as now, named Bridge Street. The country people were still making their way out of the town from market with all convenient speed, and now and then they met a man in cap and gown threading his way, (likewise with all convenient speed,) apparently to his college,—most probably a Magdalen man, Magdalen being the only college on the other side of the river; unless, peradventure, the youth contemplated a walk of devout meditation in the precincts of the castle,—a region, perhaps, more removed out of the ken of proctor "grim and rude" than certain other localities we could name in that quarter of the habitable globe. However this might be, those they met wearing cap and gown were few in number, until they reached that part of Bridge Street where St. John's Lane and Jesus' Lane joined it,—then the wearers of cap and gown bore a much greater proportion than before to the other passengers. When they reached the corner of St. John's Lane, Neville said,

"I don't feel much inclined to read to-night, John. Instead of turning up here towards Trinity, I think I shall walk on with you towards Christ's; perhaps we may see something more of Oliver."

"I am sure," replied Milton, "I don't wish to see anything more of him to-night; for I give you fair warning, though you may not feel disposed to read, I do; and therefore you know, Neville, you may come as far as the gate with me, but not a step farther."

"Very well, be it so. I do not wish to disturb your reading, though I do not feel disposed to read or write myself."

"Your case is a desperate one, Neville," said Milton laughing, "and you deep in love, too. Why, Harry, man, you will never melt the hard heart of your cruel fair one without an occasional stave,—without an odd bit of *vorse* now and then, as our friend Passive-Obedience Bigbone would call it."

"And who said to you that I was in love, John? I am sure I never did. For, supposing even for a moment that I was in love, (not a very likely event, I promise you,—though, as Will Shakspeare says, 'By your smiling you seem to say so,') supposing for a moment, I say, for the sake of argument," (here Neville's companion laughed outright,) "that I were so, I am sure I deem far too highly of the ennobling passion, and I think I should also deem far too highly of the object that was able to inspire with such a passion the breast of Harry Neville, to make either a subject of University tittle-tattle. I see some one has been kind

enough to interest himself in my affairs,—a very gratuitous piece of impertinence—*quem ego*.—Ha! I know now who it is. I have not the slightest doubt it is that officious babbler Passive-Obedience Bigbone. That rascal is at the bottom of every lie that travels through the University. And, by-the-bye, to put you on your guard, John, I may as well tell you that the way to have anything spread through the University with the rapidity of light, is to tell it to Bigbone as a very great secret. Your story will travel back to you in the course of a day or two, very much enlarged, if not amended, by the various editions it has gone through. The rascal will not take the trouble with it, unless it is given to him as a very great secret; though I certainly did not do so in the present instance. Hang the officious meddling villain! I have sworn any time these three years to be rid of the fellow,—to forswear his society for ever. I may say with Jack Falstaff, that the rascal hath given me drugs to make me associate with him."

Milton walked on, but "gave no sign" as to whether Neville was right or wrong in his somewhat boldly-expressed conjecture, and Neville knew his friend too well to press the subject farther.

They walked on thus in silence till they arrived at the corner of the street leading from Sidney-street, the continuation of Bridge-street, into the market-place, when their attention was strongly drawn in that direction by certain signs and sounds, which experience taught them to consider as precursors of that species of commotion or tumult known in the modern vulgate under the appellation of a "row." They forthwith turned their footsteps in that direction, and ere long became, like Æneas, not only spectators of, but actors in a scene of no slight noise and tumult.

Towards the full understanding of this brawl, it may be as well to remind the reader that in 1632 young Englishmen, in addition to the other teachings of public school and university, were taught,—to use the words of Milton himself,—"the exact use of their weapon; to guard and to strike safely with edge or point. This," continues he in his *Tractate of Education*, "will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which, being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised," he goes on to say, "in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tug or grapple, and to close."

These pugnacious attainments, and the "gallant and fearless courage" they were calculated to foster, aided on many occasions and abetted no doubt by that still more gallant and fearless courage which is the immediate production of wine or other strong drink, often led the young gownsmen into quarrels and battles with the inhabitants of the town, in which the former were most frequently the aggressors. In these conflicts victory was sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; sometimes it was doubtful, or upon neither side, though in those cases, as has happened after many greater and more important encounters, it was usually claimed by both.

But besides the encounters furnished to the young students by the inhabitants of the town, from the grocer's apprentice to the hardy, sturdy, and stalwart bargeman (*vulgo, bargee*) whose hands, and arms, and sides were of iron; besides these encounters, I say, the pugnacious scholars had occasionally an opportunity of engaging in combat with the parties of military who then (though the practice has been long discontinued,) were from time to time quartered in the town and neighbourhood. I do not mean, as the intelligent reader will scarcely need to be informed, to imply in this that there was then in England anything of a standing army. But, as is well known, about this time the soldiers, on their return from Buckingham's shamefully ill-conducted expedition, were quartered through the towns and villages of England. The encounters above referred to, of course did not include the officers, who, as might be expected from their habits, tastes, and connexions, if they took any part at all in such affairs, would be rather likely to take part with than against the scholars. Indeed it was still more likely—although strict and exact discipline was not much the order of the day among Charles's officers—that they should discountenance such disgraceful brawls altogether; brawls that were quite as unsoldierly on the one hand as unscholarly on the other.

At the period at which we treat there happened to be quartered at Cambridge a troop of horse, belonging to a then "crack," or "flash," or "splash," (or by whatever term the fashionable slang may be pleased to denominate it,) regiment of that day. As was proper and fitting for such a regiment, the officers were young men of rank, fashion, and figure, (if speaking of the present day, instead of "figure," we should write "fortune,"—but it was not altogether so in the *bon vieux tems*,)—gay and gallant, noble, and somewhat profligate cavaliers; some of those, in short, who afterwards, as we shall see, so long and bravely

" — fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign."

The officers of the cavalry above mentioned were generally to be seen lounging about the streets in close companionship with the more aristocratic class of students, more especially with that distinguished and privileged order who, by virtue of royal descent, and innate hereditary capacity and wisdom, have the astonishing faculty of acquiring as much knowledge, as great stores of literature and science, in the space of two short years, as their less favoured and gifted fellow students are capable of acquiring in seven; a fact which to many profane and unbelieving scoffers may appear incredible, and which we confess even to ourselves, who are huge admirers of royalty and nobility, would be somewhat hard of belief, had we not repeatedly seen it fully and satisfactorily demonstrated in the honorary degree conferred upon them, and accompanied by a sublime and grandiloquent oration from the public orator of the university.

Now, it happened on the memorable evening in question, that our worthy friend Oliver, whom we have already made bold in some degree to introduce to the notice of our courteous reader, had occasion, questionless in the course of dispatching the important matters that must have brought him from Huntingdon to Cambridge in such haste, to pass through the market-place, in which

several of the gallants aforesaid happened to be promenading. Oliver, like a good, peaceable, inoffensive, harmless man as he was, was dodging along, apparently, as we have said, upon his needful and lawful errands, at a good swinging man-of-business-like, though somewhat ungainly and ungraceful, pace, heeding the gay and aristocratic men of arts and arms who were there grouped together no more, indeed considerably less, than the stones of the streets over which he was walking, when his attention was somewhat forcibly arrested by the unusual loudness and offensiveness of some remarks that seemed to be more immediately pointed at himself, and by the still more extraordinary loudness of the horse-laugh that accompanied them. Now, Oliver, as all the world knows, although a person who professed much, very much of the Christian spirit,—much, consequently, of meekness, long-suffering, slowness to anger, charity, and so forth,—was not exactly the person whom a prudent man would have liked to select for his butt, when he felt in the humour (if a prudent man indeed could ever be for a moment supposed to feel in such a humour) to play off insolence with impunity. Oliver's was certainly no temper to sit down quietly under an insult. However, unfortunately for themselves, the noble, wise, and valiant young persons in question did not know this; and in their rash and aristocratic ignorance they judged Oliver to be some swashing young farmer, of the better class of such persons, or at the best to be some very simple, somewhat slovenly, and very rural gentleman (for Oliver happened then to wear the very coat of which Sir Philip Warwick then, as he himself informs us, a courtly gallant, and piquing himself not a little on his fine clothes and courtly address, speaks of so slightly as having the appearance of being made by an ill country tailor,) and, judging thus, they shaped their behaviour towards him accordingly.

"Why, only look there, gallants," exclaimed one; "there goes simple Simon, either seeking the Lord, or fleeing from the devil. Holloa! master, look behind you, or you will lose that hundred-weight of iron that hangs at your haunches by way of a sword."

"What!" vociferated another, "does the bumpkin mean to call that thing a sword? I have heard of swords being turned into ploughshares, but here we have ploughshares turned into swords with a vengeance, I think. Ha! master Clod— Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

And he laughed loudly and long at his own very sorry wit; in which facetious cachinnation he was joined, heart and voice, by his enlightened companions.

Oliver stopped short in his career, and swung round, as you may have seen a vessel swing round when suddenly acted upon in mid career, and stopped by her cable. He fronted the speaker, and his rubicund and truculent nose and countenance seemed to become still more rubicund and truculent, though his manner at first was free from violence, and from all appearance of much passion; like that of a person whose object is rather investigation than resentment or punishment. He looked at them for some moments calmly, though somewhat sternly, before he spoke, as if to ascertain as well as possible, before he addressed them, how far insolence or aggression upon himself was contemplated by the aristocratic group before him.

"Friend," said he then, addressing the first speaker, "am I to understand that I am the individual to whom thou wert pleased to address thy somewhat uncourteous speech but now, or do I err in my supposition, and were thy words intended to apply to some of thy mates?"

The reply to this speech of Oliver's was a loud burst of laughter. Oliver's brow waxed blacker, and his nose more red; and his hand, as if by an involuntary but instinctive movement, found its way to the hilt of the somewhat portentous piece of iron that swung by his side, which *he* called an instrument of war, and which the young cavalier termed an instrument of agriculture. But while one hand grasped, or at least touched the hilt of his sword, Oliver's other hand grasped firmly his stout riding-rod; at the same time he again addressed his insolent assailants.

"Young men," said he,—“or rather young dogs, for that is a name that ye better merit,—if ye do not instantly acknowledge your error, and the insolence ye have been guilty of, I will beat into ye a lesson of manners, discretion, and good government that you will retain to the latest day of your lives. There is no breaking puppies but by severe discipline.”

The answer to this was a cut across the face from a switch which the young officer who had first accosted him held in his hand. Oliver warded off the blow, or at least the chief force of it, with his riding-rod. It just grazed his cheek;—but that was quite sufficient to put up the fiery blood of Oliver Cromwell, which it did in such sort, and with such effect, that almost before he could see from what quarter the blow came, the hero of the switch, who had been so liberal of his gratuitous insolence, had measured his length on the street. In a moment all was confusion. Some of the officers drew their swords, and Oliver had blows directed against his obnoxious person from all quarters, which he was obliged to parry with his stick in the best manner he could. But when he saw and felt steel come in contact with his oaken defence, he thought it was high time for him to make use of steel too; and, passing his riding-rod into his left hand, (a hero of a novel or romance would have thrown it away with a gesture duly heroic—Oliver was a better reasoner than to do that,) he drew his sword with his right.

At this moment some gownsmen happened to be passing, who recognised an acquaintance in the person who was contending singly against such fearful odds, ran forthwith to his assistance, and joined the affray both with voice and hand. The affair had reached this point of its progress, when Milton and Neville entered the market-place, the now fast-filling scene of action. On seeing, as they turned the corner, the cause of the tumult which they had heard afar off,

"By Heaven, John!" exclaimed Neville; "it is old Oliver attacked and insulted, I suppose, by some of those intolerable swaggering coxcombs. Did not I tell you we should see Oliver again to-night? It is lucky I did not turn into Trinity! I shall now have an opportunity of helping Oliver, and perhaps paying off some old scores;" and he shouted, "gown! gown! to the rescue! to the rescue!" and dashed into the thickest of the fray. He was followed somewhat more leisurely by his friend; for John, though possessed of great moral and, if we may be allowed the expression, intellectual

courage, did not possess that physical insensibility to danger which arises from a set of nerves that do not easily vibrate. This nervous temperament, however, he shared with almost all men of high intellect, and among others, with some of the most illustrious commanders that the world has ever seen. But though John did not rush into the fray with such headlong haste as his friend Neville, he did not on that account less surely or less firmly proceed to the assistance of his friends. As he was on the point of joining the combatants, a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder made him turn round, and on doing so he beheld by his side, arrayed in a Trinity gown a good deal the worse for wear, and which did not reach beyond his knees, a stalwart figure upwards of six feet in height, and bony and muscular in proportion.

"Ha! Bigbone," John exclaimed, "you could not have come at a better time. We want such arms as yours: you see our friends are like to be hard pressed."

"What is it? what is the matter? what's all the row about?" cried Bigbone. "Which side is for church and king?"

"Now pry'thee, good Passive Obedience," said Milton hastily, "be advised; let church, king, and passive obedience shift for themselves only for this once. Thou seest thy friends are in eminent peril, and thou may'st be of service to get them out of jeopardy."

"Well, well, John," growled Passive Obedience, "thou art a good fellow, in despite of thy vile rank republican, anti-monarchical principles, and hang me," he added heartily, "if I care which side be for church and king; I will e'en for once lend a helping hand to my friends in their need. So let us strike in—hurra! gown! gown!"

"Gown! gown! down with the hireling cut-throats! down with the insolent coxcombs and the slaves they lead!"

Thus shouting their war-cry, they dashed into the combat: Bigbone spreading havoc around him with the blows of a bar of iron which he had picked up, and brandished with his Herculean arm.

And lest this should be wondered at, seeing that these academical combats, as we perhaps may call them, are usually carried on with no other arms than those with which the combatants have been furnished by nature, it may be proper to remark that as this rule had been, on the present occasion, departed from by their adversaries, who were armed with swords, the gownsmen were obliged in their own defence to arm themselves with what weapons they could lay hands on, which they did, in many instances, by closing with their adversaries, wrenching their swords out of their hands, and turning them against themselves. The combat now raged fiercely, receiving accessions of strength on both sides, as gownsmen poured in to join one side, and soldiers to join the other.

While the affairs of the belligerent powers were in this condition, the proctors, attended by their bull-dogs, arrived upon the scene of action. Notwithstanding, however, the sweeping and unlimited nature of their power in the University, their authority upon the present occasion was for a considerable time utterly disregarded; and indeed it seemed as if their presence at first was altogether unobserved, at least it was unheeded; an occurrence which we have seen take place in times that call themselves more civilized than those of

which we at present treat. It was a curious spectacle to see them rushing up and down between the combatants, as it were in the front of the battle, for the purpose of separating them. Arrayed in their full academical dress, they seemed the ministers of peace, of which the canonicals of the others were but a bad representative. Wherever they appeared for the moment, the habitual respect entertained for their office rendering their persons sacred (though the sanctity has been sometimes invaded,) restrained the combatants on both sides from pressing on them, and consequently kept them, for the moment, apart from one another. As they ran along they formed a lane, a sort of chasm which closed again the moment they had passed by. At length, by dint of strong exertions, particularly of voice, and by their exposing themselves to danger in no small degree, they succeeded in some measure in restoring peace, or, at least, in producing a partial cessation of hostilities. They had most trouble with Oliver and Neville, who appeared to be the life and soul, the ruling principle of their party. They had especial difficulty in inducing Neville to resume his peaceable demeanour. They found him engaged hand to hand in a desperate conflict with a young man, who appeared to be about his own age, and was dressed in a fellow-commoner's gown. These two swordsmen appeared to maintain their encounter with more than ordinary skill, and much more than ordinary rancour. On the countenance of both there was an expression of deadly hatred: and when the proctors at last succeeded in separating them, Neville, as he gave up his sword, was heard to mutter between his teeth, "He has escaped me once, but another time will come."

One of the proctors addressed a severe rebuke to Oliver, whom he appeared to know at once.

"A pretty employment this, for a gentleman of your standing, Master Cromwell, who ought to set an example of good order, and decent and peaceable demeanour to these young madmen, instead of inciting them to and heading them in rebellion, and open war, and massacre, and leading them to cut each other's throats, and the throats of all sober persons who come near them. I promise you, sir, you shall answer for this anyhow; but if there be found to be any lives lost, or even serious injuries, wounds, or maiming, your life and those of your rebellious associates will have to pay the penalty."

"Master proctor," replied Oliver, somewhat more than sternly, for it was even fiercely, "your reverence should first take the trouble to inquire how the disturbance arose which moveth your reverent spleen to such an extreme degree, and having inquired, your proctorship will perhaps be pleased to acknowledge that the fault lay not with me or those who supported me, but with those malignants who are the pride of your illustrious university, and the scourge, terror, and detestation of all the land besides."

So saying Oliver turned on his heel, and followed closely by Neville, Milton, Bigbone, and a few others, and at a greater distance by the rest of his party, left the market-place. While they were walking off, the proctor made an immense bustle about procuring their names and colleges, in the university phrases.

"Gentlemen, bachelors, my young masters, you must give me

your names and colleges, particularly you who appear to be the ringleaders in this atrocious rebellion, or the discipline of the university will be ruined for ever. Ha! I know some of your leaders. Mark down Neville and Bigbone of Trinity, and Milton of Christ's. So we shall have up those at least before the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow; now see what damage is done. There are some wounded, if not a few slain. If we find that to be the case, these rioters must be taken into custody immediately."

DAY-DREAMS.

Give me, oh! give me youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its once tumultuous mind,—
Give me my youth again.

GOETHE.

Youth's gay dreams are vanish'd now,
Yet am I still the same,
Who wore of yore so smooth a brow,
And sought the path to fame.
Hope's early buds are dark and stain'd,
Joy's perfumed blossoms wither'd,
And every flower my fancy train'd
Care's blighting hand has gather'd.

I seek not now the people's cheers,
Step proud the Woolsack's lord,
With pitying hand dry suppliant tears,
Blunt Judgment's sharpen'd sword.
I do not feel myself quite free
To rage in Freedom's cause,—
Would sooner much my commons see
Than die for common laws.

To be a patriot's very fine,—
A placeless member better,
On popular applause to dine,
Or, *par die*—frank a letter.
Or dinnerless, "à ladye's man,"
Gain tea and toast for praises,
Alas! my face is far too wan
To minister to graces.

Love has closed his weary wing,
To list to Wisdom's speaking;
Hope harps upon a single string,
And that, alas! is breaking.
For weary thoughts are often mine—
Thought wakes the night from sleep,
And Memory but lights a shrine
Where I can only weep.

Ay—life's light dreams are vanish'd now!
I am not, but in name,
As he who wore youth's brighter brow,
And bore its heart of flame.
Yet laugh ye on, each merry one;—
I would not cloud *your* sorrow,
Nor bid you hurry Time along,
And plume his wings with sorrow.

THE ABBOT AND THE BLACK PENITENT.

ON the Auray road, a few miles from Vannes, the poorest and most miserable prefecture in France, the traveller may observe a chapel built, no one can exactly say when, upon the site and from the fragments of the ruins of an ancient church, which was no doubt destroyed during some of the civil wars to which Brittany has been so frequently the prey. This chapel is dedicated to the Magdalen, and served for a long time as the hermitage of a converted Jew, who here closed his life in the odour of sanctity. Its last tenant was an aged hermit, who held before the Great Revolution a high rank in the French army, and who here sought an asylum from the cares and annoyances of the busy world, and here hoped to find consolation for the treachery of an early loved one on whom he had doted; and here in silence and prayer he passed the few remaining days still left him.

These, however, are only the more recent associations connected with the place: those of a remoter period are much more romantic and poetical. On this spot was accomplished the unhappy fate of Trifine, the only daughter of Count Guerech of Vannes, about the commencement of the sixth century. Her father, in spite of the advice of Saint Gildas, gave her in marriage to Comorra, a sort of Breton Blue-Beard, who killed his wives the instant they showed signs of probable maternity, prompted by his superstitious dread of the accomplishment of a prophecy, for a witch had once foretold, that one of his children would be the cause of his death.

Trifine, aware of this prediction, and of the dangers it would entail on her, concealed her pregnancy from the eye of her suspicious husband until the time of her delivery, when she instantly fled with her new-born infant to the castle of her father, whose protection she claimed against her tyrant husband. But Comorra, speedily apprized of his intended victim's flight, pursued her *à pointe d'étrier*, (in the words of one of the chroniclers,) and overtook her in the suburbs of Vannes in a thicket by the road side, where she had vainly endeavoured to find shelter until his first rage had expended itself. The fierce husband struck off her head with his sword, and turned his steed towards his castle. Scarcely had he advanced a step when the animal suddenly reined himself up, and obstinately refused to advance a step homewards. Comorra endeavoured to dismount, but an invisible grasp retained him in his saddle. It was in fact Saint Gildas, who, passing at the moment, performed the miracle.

At sight of the bleeding corpse, and the assassin detained by some mysterious power prisoner near his victim, Saint Gildas, full of admiration at the decrees of Providence, knelt, and, after a long and fervent prayer to God and the Virgin, rose and made the sign of the cross over the murdered body. Trifine instantly rose up full of life and health; while Comorra was struck with leprosy, and afflicted with the most insupportable torments. He bowed in humility to the hand which had thus punished him, confessed his sinfulness, and made a vow that he would build a church and convent for lepers on the site of these miraculous occurrences. Saint Gildas, touched with

compassion at these proofs of repentance, again prayed to Heaven, and the penitent was restored to health. After he had been thus made whole again, he did not, as many perhaps would have done, forget the vow he had made in his affliction: on the contrary, he bestowed all his wealth upon the Church, and retired to a neighbouring monastery, where he spent the remainder of his days in fasting and prayer. A Latin ballad is still sung at Auray, which preserves this tradition: it begins with an invocation to Saint Gildas, as follows:

"Sancte Gildas, te
Qui Trifinam suscitasti,
Quam tyrannus occiderat
Inter sylvarum pascua," &c.

Although the Devil had thus lost one whom he considered a safe customer, still in no way did it discourage him; but, on the contrary, it rendered him only the more determined to seek his revenge for his loss of his prey of which Saint Gildas had, in his opinion, unwarrantably defrauded him. One of his attempts in that way is recorded in the following story, which the writer himself heard told one evening last year within the ruins of the Magdalen. Unluckily for the reader, he cannot bestow upon the narration all the accompanying charms which hearing it upon the spot conferred—the time, the place, the poetical language of the narrator, (a young girl of Brittany,) and the deep conviction she seemed to have of the truth of the story which she told, picturesquely supporting her hand on the fragments of a broken cross, her voice full of deep emotion, increased by a feeling of superstitious terror, in which many of the hearers could not avoid participating,—all contributed to render the story one of those which, once heard, are never forgotten.

The wind (thus ran her story) was howling in awful concert with the roarings of the thunder, and the rain dashed in torrents against the ancient windows of the church of the blessed Magdalen; but so wholly engrossed was an aged priest, who walked slowly through the nave and aisles, that it seemed as if he heard not the storm outside. This was Father Kernœck, the rector, who, as soon as night was fallen, had quitted the monastery, and was silently perambulating his new church, then just finished, and awaiting consecration on the morrow at the hands of the Bishop of Vannes, the sainted Gildas. He frequently stopped to admire each part of the edifice. "Here," thought he, "will the mysteries of the holy mass be celebrated;—here from the pulpit will my voice be heard by delighted congregations, preaching the sacred word for the salvation of sinners;—in this stall, seated upon a throne ornamented with the most costly embroidery, shall I be seated on high during the holy office;—I, I alone am the possessor, the king of this rich and splendid building! Mine are the spandrils, the arches, the windows, the altar,—the chiselled columns supporting the massive roof are mine, and mine only! To me belong the thousand fantastic figures which grin from the corbels and festoon the drapery of the high altar; which show their grotesque features in every nook, and appear to start out from the pedestal of each pillar,—the gilded statues of the saints,—the banners which are agitated by

the violence of the tempest,—the silver candlesticks, the tapestry, the pictures,—all, all are mine !”

Such were the thoughts that held possession of his mind as he flung the light of the horn-lantern which he bore in his hand, upon each object which for the time engrossed his whole attention. He approached each, drew back, and returned for a more minute examination, until the least details were deeply impressed on his memory. Nor did he feel during all this time the slightest symptoms of fatigue, although the perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his breath nearly failed him as he stood in front of a splendid confessional,—a *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture, over the portal of which he read in letters of gold, “THIS IS THE CONFESSIONAL OF THE RECTOR.”

The artist had carved in the dark wall which composed the confessional the woman's triumph over the serpent ; at the upper part he had depicted the Madonna, full of that serenity which painters so love to give her, her eyes raised to heaven, her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, and her foot firmly fixed upon the forehead of a gigantic devil, already prostrate, and whose limbs trembled with terror. The priest gazed for some time in complacency on his confessional, and then felt a natural desire to ascertain if its interior corresponded in beauty and taste with the outside. Impatient to prove the elasticity of the cushions of that seat which he was in future to occupy, he placed the lantern amidst one of the groups of sculpture which ornamented the pilasters, and flung himself on the sacerdotal seat, into the soft cushion of which he sunk not without voluptuousness. He rested his head carelessly on the rich velvet hangings, stretched out his feet upon the stool studded with golden nails, and found himself altogether so comfortable, that he speedily forgot his fatigue, and surrendered himself to “thick-coming fancies.” He first thought of the crowds who were sure to come to each side of the confessional to humble themselves before him ; the priests of the church, the wealthy citizens, the haughty seigneurs even,—all with humble voice and repentant lips supplicating his advice, and regulating their conduct by his directions.

While thus indulging his imagination, he suddenly heard a voice on one side, which announced that the speaker sought his ghostly assistance. He mechanically withdrew the bolt which fastened the side-window ; at the same instant a most violent clap of thunder was heard ; the lightning illumined the whole church, while a strong smell of sulphur nearly took away his breath. When he re-opened his eyes, which terror had closed for a moment, he beheld a stranger kneeling beside him in the confessional.

The priest hesitated for a moment to hear the confession of one thus mysteriously presented to him, particularly in a church hitherto unconsecrated. But the half-formed word of dismissal died away upon his lips ; an uncontrollable panic retained him in his seat, and he made the customary sign of the cross preparatory to hearing the confession. At this preliminary the penitent uttered a deep groan, while his whole body trembled : he speedily, however, recovered from this unusual emotion, and began to repeat the prayers, but in a mysterious accent, and, stranger still, backwards, commencing with “Amen,” and concluding with “Confiteor.”

The priest then questioned him upon the Seven Capital Sins.

"Have you been guilty of pride, covetousness, envy, anger, gluttony, lust, or sloth?"

"Whence should I feel the prompting of any of these vices? I, who am so powerful that possess the power of gratifying my every wish and fancy?"

"You!" responded the priest, in utter astonishment.

"Yes, I! Behold the immortal crown which irradiates my forehead! My youth shall endure for ever and ever. At my fingertouch, the stone becometh gold, and the dust is changed into diamonds."

He extended his hand, and the column which supported the lamp was instantly converted into the purest gold, and the flags of the tower were sprinkled with diamonds.

"Thou seemest astonished!" said the stranger. "What wilt thou say when thou hearest that upwards of twenty centuries have elapsed since the day on which I was born? And, behold, has time in any way diminished my youth, or the beauty of this brow?"

While he spoke a vaporous light, like the softened effulgence of the full moon, played over the brow of the unknown. The aged priest, spell-bound, and full of alarm, gazed with surprise on the noble and commanding features they indicated. The priest raised his hands in amazement, and in doing so the blessed cross, which he was holding, fell to the ground, and rolled along the nave. Wherever it touched as it rolled along, the diamonds created by the magic power of the stranger disappeared, and resumed their first and true appearance of dust.

"Wilt thou," said the penitent, "become young again, and continue so for ever? Wishest thou for boundless wealth? Desirest thou to share my power—my glory—my happiness?"

There was something in the tone with which the last word was uttered so full of bitter irony that the good priest muttered,

"Begone! leave me, deceiver!"

"Deceiver! I deceive thee! Listen: for the present let things remain as they are between us. I give thee an hour to make trial of my promises,—*one hour*; not a second more, not a second less." While he spoke he stretched forth his hand towards the priest, who at the moment felt an inexplicable change take place within him. He rushed forth from his confessional. Wonder of wonders! the figure which cast its shadow on the stalls was no longer that of an aged man, but of an elegant and youthful cavalier! He felt the warmth and strength of youth flowing through his veins; the few scattered locks which had whitened his brow were changed into black and perfumed curls; his small white hand showed a delicate formation, such as a young maiden would be but too proud to possess. He walked a few steps, and at each movement, at his least wish, the most extravagant desires of his imagination were instantly realized. He wished for power, riches, pleasure; pages, valets, and knights knelt at his feet to receive his commands! Beautiful virgins, in luxurious attire, smiled upon him in languishing beauty; palaces sprung up in the midst of extensive gardens; and he wandered amidst these glorious objects, young, smiling, and eager, his heart beating with new emotions and desires. Suddenly the unknown of the confessional appeared.

"Well!" said he; "dost thou wish to enjoy all these pleasures?"

Hasten, then; for a few moments more and they will vanish from thee! Thou hast but a few minutes left for their enjoyment!"

"A few minutes! A quarter of an hour has not elapsed since I beheld thee last!"

"In thy sluggish life, priest, time walked thus languidly; but in our life of happiness it flies like an arrow—ay, swift as thought! But, what matters, since it revives unceasingly, and its duration is without end? But, hasten; for when the sand shall have ceased to run in this hour-glass it will be no longer time."

"What must I do?"

"Curse this church, which you were to have blessed to-morrow, and do me homage as thy sole master and only God!"

The priest shudderingly turned away his head.

"Go, then, weak and cowardly mortal; become again what thou wast; poor, old, and in the jaws of death!" cried the tempter.

The priest now felt the blood which ran a moment before impetuously in his veins curdle, and slowly circulate; he beheld his hands grow stiff, and all the brilliant objects which surrounded him become more and more distant—fast disappearing.

The priest made a movement towards the demon; but his foot struck against the cross which had fallen from his hands: he raised and kissed it. Instantly all around him disappeared, with a hideous and almost insupportable noise; and he heard the heavenly voice of a woman, which thus addressed him:—

"Frail creature! Behold to what dangers thine imprudence and pride have exposed thee! But for my intercession and watchfulness over thee thou wouldest have become for ever a prey to the devil. Imprudent priest! who gavest thyself up to the sinful delight of admiring thy fine church, and splendid confessional, instead of passing the night in prayer and peaceful slumber! Farewell! watch and pray until the morning. I am Magdalen, the patron of this church."

You may imagine the terror and joy of the old priest at his escape, as well as his gratitude to the divine protection to which he owed his salvation. He prostrated himself in the confessional, and did not cease pouring forth *oremuses* until day broke in upon it, and shewed him on the spot where the demon had knelt, two marks burnt into the stone by the knees of the evil one.

Tradition adds, that the rector had the soft and voluptuous cushions, on which he had reposed the night of his temptation, replaced by a plain seat, studded with sharp-pointed nails, on which he sat to hear the confession of his penitents; and that he died, in the fulness of grace, three years after the consecration of his church. Towards the close of the fifteenth century there was still exhibited in this chapel the penitential seat used by St. Kernoöck; but the precious relic unluckily disappeared amidst the civil wars which about that time raged in Brittany. It is not supposed that the sacrilegious thief who stole it, whoever he was, ever sat upon it himself.

CUPID AND JUPITER.

A FABLE.

WHEN Jove had seized his father's throne,
 And the whole world became his own ;
 Though for his ease he chose to share
 Such an extensive empire's care,
 Conferring on one young brother
 The charge of hell ; and to another
 Giving the regions of the deep,
 In watchful governance to keep :
 Those brothers were his vassals still,
 And of their kingdoms held at will
 Were forced to give a due account
 To him, their great " Lord Paramount."

On earth the name of Jove was feared
 By all, but most by priests revered ;
 Who, at the splendid shrines of Ammon,
 Could serve at once both " God and Mammon !"

In heaven no less his power was felt,
 For there the gods in homage knelt,
 And Juno's self, his sister—bride,—
 That great epitome of pride,—
 With tongue alone could keep the field :
 In actions ever forced to yield.

But whilst all else below, above,
 Thus bowed to Jove's imperial sway,
 The Fates, and Cupid, god of love,
 Alike compell'd him to obey ;
 Although they differ'd in the mode
 By which that wondrous power they show'd.

The Fates (those hags so full of spite)
 In contradiction took delight,—
 As all old ugly women do,—
 (Alas ! some pretty young ones too,)
 And oft, when Jove had form'd a plan
 To help or hurt the race of man,
 Fast as his puppets came in play
 (Those human puppets of a day,)
 Old Atropos would cut the thread,
 And, lol ! his actors all were dead !

'Twas by the hated Fates compell'd,
 That in his dread embrace he held
 The hapless victim of his vow,
 Slain by the lightnings of his brow !

And, when upon the plains of Troy,
 In death-pangs writhed his fav'rite boy,
 The Fates their stern " Vetomus " gave,
 And check'd a father's wish to save !
 In fact, they never sought to please
 Great Jupiter by their decrees ;
 Hence " the inexorable three "

Were objects of his enmity,
 Whilst Cupid, who had scarce less power,—

But wisely kept that power conceal'd,—
 Rose in his favour ev'ry hour,
 And, by conceding, made him yield.

'T will not, I hope, seem labour vain
To tell how Love contrived to gain
That influence with the god of thunder,
Which may to some appear a wonder.

Know, then, that in th' Olympian Court,
In earliest youth a petted child,

Our little hero used to sport ;
And many was the frolic wild
He play'd unpunished still ; for none
Amongst the gods would harm the son
Of her whose beauty all admired,
And to whose favours most aspired ;
And, as to goddesses, the boy

Had with him such a winning way,
That 't was to them the greatest joy

With the spoil'd pet to romp and play.
And you may guess what deeds were done
By Cytheræ's amorous son,
Since when he chose to do amiss,
His pleasing penance was a kiss !

In heaven, of course, time swiftly flies,
(Though none there mark with anxious eyes
The dread revolvings of his glass
As signs for youth and bloom to pass,)
And little Cupid, whilst, with pace
Unnoticed by a deathless race,
The years in quick succession flew,
In wit, but not in stature, grew.

Still did his golden ringlets grace
A snowy brow, when not a trace
Of age, or even care was seen ;
Still childish was his outward mien ;
But one, who watched him narrowly,
(Minerva,) thought she could descry
A certain archness in his eyes,
Which early made her deem it wise,
When he approached her with his dart,
To raise her Ægis o'er her heart.
And well she judged, for Cupid's arm—
Though rounded still—was nerved for harm ;
And those, who on the seeming child,
Unconscious of their danger, smiled,
By sudden wounds were taught to know
His fatal prowess with the bow.

Complaints, at length, were brought to Jove
Of the provoking tricks of Love ;
And he was order'd into court
To answer for his cruel sport.

In chains, and with submissive air,
He came on the appointed day,

Though little did he really care
What his accusers there might say ;
For (whilst no other god he spared)
The urchin never yet had dared
On Jove himself to play his tricks,
Or openly his breast transfix ;
And—since 't is usual for the great
In trifles, or affairs of weight,
Their own experience to prefer
To all that others may aver,—

He knew that in his judge's breast
A sure defender he possess'd.

But 'twas not by the judge alone
That godlike mercy then was shown.
Stung by some feelings of remorse,

The goddesses had changed their mind.
(Their sex is prone to such a course,
And never long remains unkind!)

It now appear'd ingratitude
The little pris'ner to have sued;
For each to him had owed a lover;
And, having thought the matter over,
With "pros" and "cons" considered duly,
They found that Love, howe'er unruly,
With all the pains that it might bring,
Was still a very pleasant thing;
And, though so loud in their complaint

Of Cupid, whilst he yet was free,
When they beheld him in constraint,
And saw his mock humility,
Their tender hearts at once relented;
They swore by Styx that they repented
Of having hastily preferr'd
Against him one accusing word,
And, named as plaintiffs, one and all
Refused to answer to the call.

From this most singular denial
Of half th' accusing side to plead,
'Twas thought at first that Cupid's trial
Would not be suffer'd to proceed.
But Jove declared that "he was bound,
If any person could be found
Who of the pris'ner stood in fear,
That person's evidence to hear."

Ne'er in a crowded county court
Did "C. C." case afford such sport
As did the evidence then given
Before the justice-court of Heaven;
And Jove, who in the great conclave
Was forced to wear an aspect grave,
Himself could scarce his mirth command,
When Vulcan raised his iron hand,
And, pointing to his smoke-stain'd breast,

Eudeavour'd vainly there to show
Some wound destructive of his rest,
Made, as he swore, by Cupid's bow.
Meantime, as well as "learn'd brother,"
(Paid by his impudence to bother
The minds at once of judge and jury,
Or put a witness in a fury,)
Did Love (though never sent to learn

In Inns of Court the tricks of laws)
Perceive the favourable turn
That ridicule would give his cause;
And when, at length, desired to speak
In his defence, he did not seek
By any formal refutation
To answer to each accusation;
But, singling Vulcan from the rest,
As a fit subject for a jest,

"Tis strange enough," the rogue began,
 "That any god so gravely can
 Assert he fears hostility
 From such a little child as I.
 But, stranger still, that one, whose calling,
 Since the first moment of his falling
 On Lemnos' heights, has been to frame
 More deadly arms for deeds of fame,—
 Should know so little of his trade,
 As not to see this bow was made
 Of a weak myrtle branch that grew
 In my dear mother's fav'rite isle,—
 And that these darts "*which pierced him through*"
 Are simple rushes all the while.
 As well might a Numidian bear
 (Gifted with sudden speech) declare,
 Before his mighty lion-king,
 That a slight feather from the wing
 Of some poor dove, with purple tide
 Had tinged his rough and tawny hide,
 As Vulcan venture to complain
 To thee, oh! Jupiter, of pain
 Inflicted by a harmless toy,
 The mimic arrow of a boy!
 To thy great wisdom I appeal;
 Behold my weapons, void of steel,
 And say if such their way could win
 Through yonder hardy blacksmith's skin!"
 The gods around in chorus laugh'd,
 Whilst Vulcan, feeling now the shaft
 Of ridicule, (which harm'd him more
 Than any Love had launch'd before,)
 Wish'd, as he clench'd his hammer fast
 Within his fist, and downward cast
 His looks confused upon the cloud,
 (Such was the pavement of the hall,)
 That he could vanish through the crowd
 To Lemnos with a second fall.
 And Cupid—who contrived to hide
 His exultation and his pride—
 To Jove proceeded to deliver,
 With bended knee, his bow and quiver;
 Which latter (thanks to timely warning)
 Had been prepared for his defence,
 And filled with blunted reeds that morning,
 As the best proofs of innocence.
 The judge assumed a serious air,
 Examined ev'ry dart with care,
 And then, with most contemptuous look,
 The bow at the accusers shook.
 "Are these the mighty arms," he cried,
 "Of whose effects the gods complain?
 Seek you my judgment to deride
 By cause so frivolous and vain?
 Quick, Hermes! hasten to remove
 The chains that bind poor injured Love.
 And ye, who thus have shown your spite
 By such false-swearing, leave my sight;
 Lest I, to punish your offence,
 Should chance to prove the difference

Betwixt the arrows from this bow
 And bolts that laid the Titans low.
 Cupid, henceforth on me attend ;
 'T will be my duty to defend
 A slander'd innocent from woes
 Plann'd by the rancour of his foes."
 "The cause " was o'er, and from that hour
 Began the date of Cupid's power.
 He slyly with his patron took
 His hints for conduct from a look.
 Whene'er he saw his humour gay
 Before heaven's king " the child " would play ;
 But, when more serious seem'd his mood,
 With look subdued " the courtier " stood.
 And, having gain'd the ear of Jove,
 By turning all his thoughts to love,
 And merely seeming to suggest
 Where he might sate his passion best,
 He caused him o'er the world to range
 For pleasure, with Protean change.

Love does but whisper, and, behold !
 The Thund'r'er is a shower of gold !
 Assuming now Diana's face,
 He clasps her, nymph, in his embrace !
 To Læda's arms, with fearful cries,
 On downy pinious now he flies
 From his own fav'rite bird ! And now
 The head, to which all others bow,
 (Where horns have ta'en the place of crown,)
 Is to the earth bent meekly down,
 That the Phœnician maid may deck
 With garlands his immortal neck !

When Jove himself thus gave the rein,
 Shall we, pretending to restrain
 An ardent courser such as Love,
 The victims to his mettle prove ?
 No. As the wild, untutor'd steed,
 Whose course 't were vain attempt to stay,
 Is used by dauntless man to speed
 His progress o'er the pathless way ;
 So, through the wilderness of life,
 Through storms of sorrow and of strife,
 Let Love, e'en though he scorn control,
 Convey us gaily to the goal.

NOTE.—Some critics of the day, who, doubtless, consider themselves acute phrenologists, deny that the artists of antiquity possessed any great "ideality," and ascribe the chief merit of their sculpture and painting to a superior development of the organs of "imitation," and of "form." One would think that the professors of such an opinion were passing judgment on a Chinese tea-chest instead of those inimitable productions on which modern sculptors gaze with feelings of mingled admiration and despair, and of one of which it has been said, in language worthy of the subject, that

"Animate with deity alone,
 In deathless glory breathes the living stone !"^{*}

If, as it is generally allowed, there be indeed a something more than earthly in the expression of the "Apollo Belvidere," no slight exertion of imagination must have been acquired for its conception. "Imitation" could have had little to do with

^{*} Millman's Newdigate prize poem.

the excellence of the performance, and "form" (as necessary to a sculptor as his chisel) must have been employed (like that instrument) in due subservience to "ideality." On the degree of perfection to which the "sister art" was carried by the Greeks and Romans it is unfair to come to any conclusion; since the specimens of ancient painting which remain to us have been chiefly obtained from the ruined walls of two provincial towns. But, an hour spent in the Gallery of Frescos belonging to the "Museo Borbonico," in Naples, would, I think, go far towards removing the mistake of those who contend that "the ancients had no idea of treating a subject in their pictures." In the above-mentioned collection there are numerous paintings, in which, although their execution is not elaborate, their story is as well told as in the works of any modern artist. And, for my own part, I should be perfectly satisfied could I seize on a portion of that true spirit of poetry embodied in the beautiful fresco on which the foregoing dull fable was founded.

Jupiter is there represented reclining on a cloud, in the attitude used by the ancients at the Triclinium. Cupid, leaning over his shoulder, points downward to the earth, and with his head slightly advanced, and his eyes directed towards those of "the Thunderer," is watching the effect of the advice or remonstrance on which he has just ventured. That effect is made evident by the softened expression of Jupiter's countenance, and by the position of his right arm and hand, the former of which has fallen, as though nerveless, on his lap, whilst the latter is in the very act of relaxing its grasp of a thunderbolt. A rainbow—the emblem of hope—announces to the world below that the storm of his anger is at an end; and an eagle in the back ground casts a look of astonishment and jealousy at the new favourite, whose counsels have diverted the thoughts of his imperial master from the farther prosecution of vengeance to the more pleasing pursuits of love.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

THE MOORS—CHATSWORTH—GROUSE SHOOTING.

"The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors, and o'er mosses, and mouny a glen,
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen."—*Burns*.

THE moors of Derbyshire extend over a wide tract of country, and are divided into various preserves: some under the Duke of Norfolk, others under the Duke of Rutland, and some are owned by subscription companies.

They are thickly covered with ling, a blue heath growing about half-thigh deep, which affords an excellent covert for grouse; and present the wildest waste-views my eye has rested on. They have the solitude of ocean—the monotony relieved by towering summits of rock, terminating swells of ground in various parts of the horizon, and deep, dark chasms, rendered vocal by bubbling rivulets.

Grouse-shooting opens on the 12th of August, when the moors attract sportsmen from remote parts of England. The turnpike-roads present a lively scene, with sporting carriages dashing over their smooth surface, filled with gentlemen in shooting dress, servants, tent-equipment, and coupled dogs; and now and then some sturdy gamekeeper on a sagacious pony, conducting at his heels a group of setters and pointers.

The inns of Nottingham, Sheffield, and Derby are all bustle on the 11th with arrivals and departures for the moors. It is a busy day with hostlers and postboys, who are called on for constant and quick supplies of fresh steeds. The inn-yards echo with the rumbling of wheels, clatter of horses, and greeting of sportsmen from carriage to carriage.

Paterson and I bowled from the door of Cummins's hotel at noon, and, rounding the base of old Tor, emerged from the gorge into a more open, but still undulating country, with now and then some green hill forming a lofty background; an intervening scene of rich meadows, coursed by the winding Derwent, sprinkled with sleek cattle, and enlivened here and there with pheasants and hares.

We passed Rosely Bridge, well known to the angler, and entered the stately park of the Duke of Devonshire, where dappled deer, in numerous herds, ornamented the surface of green.

Chatsworth, which on another occasion I visited at leisure, is one of the most distinguished palaces in England. The grounds immediately surrounding the mansion are laid out in old-fashioned taste, with terraces, and balustrades, and huge vases; and in one spot a surprise is contrived in an elegant temple, in which the unwary intruder, on touching a spring, is sprinkled with an artificial shower of rain.

It furnishes a noble specimen of that obsolete architectural style which has given place to the more natural landscape arrangement of grounds, in which groups of trees rise gracefully with the richest foliage from a carpet of verdure, exhibiting the perfection of art in representing the careless, but most beautiful arrangement of nature. No nobleman would lay out his grounds at present in that formal style; but, every one would prize and venerate so noble and magnificent a relic of antiquated taste.

The interior of the palace delights visitors by the distribution of the apartments, the splendid furniture, and display of paintings, by the first masters, including a rare and ample collection of original sketches by Rubens.

A melancholy interest haunts these apartments, the prison of Mary Queen of Scots during seventeen years — the moiety of her life. I felt sympathy and indignation as I gazed forth upon the noble park, once overlooked with care and anguish by the captive queen; while the noblest spirits and highest chivalry of the two kingdoms, were engaged in secret but fruitless conspiracy to effect her rescue. A statue in delicate marble, within one of the apartments, commemorates her beauty, and revives touching associations connected with her fate.

One of the existing curiosities of the place was the lady-like housekeeper, as stately as if one of the figures had stepped forth from the old tapestry; and so full of *minanderie*, and bedizened with flounces, and laces, and fluttering ribands, that she seemed a personification of the Flibbertigibbet of Shakspeare. She showed me through the rooms with gracious politeness, and received the crown-piece that I dropped into her palm with an air of condescending dignity, as if she had been accustomed all her life to wear a crown.

Fastidious travellers complain of this usage of receiving money for the exhibition of such palaces as in England are familiarly termed *shon-houses*. But I differ from them. It puts me at my ease while I am feasting my eyes with the splendour of these noble mansions, to know that I can acquit myself with a piece of money to the person who has the trouble of attending me, and explaining the peculiarities.

Traversing Chatsworth park, we penetrated the wild region of the moors when it was yet daylight; but, as the hills closed behind

our course, the blue complexion of the heath, and bold swells of their dark surface obscuring the sun, shed over every object the hues of evening.

We had now struck upon a by-road, whose rocky and irregular surface greatly impeded our progress. But a few miles of steady toil, up and down steep ascents and declivities, brought us at length on the confines of our shooting-ground, to an old-fashioned, grey-stone inn, a building of great antiquity. From some architectural features, as well as from the massive and highly-wrought entrance-gates, now overthrown and lying in ruins, I judged it to have been in its better days a priory, and at no very recent date converted into an inn, as evinced by the sign over the door: an old English sportsman, carved in stone, in a formal shooting-jacket and leggins, having within his extended grasp the representation of a bird; and carved beneath the figure the following significant address to the weary *viator*:—

“Trust in trade is not worth a rush:
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

Many sportsmen had arrived before us, and it was with difficulty that we obtained a stall for our horses, while we ourselves put up with such accommodations—rude at the best, but now taxed beyond their limit,—as the house afforded.

A rude stone hall was the general sitting-room, and we found it well filled with gentlemen in shooting costume: some in shooting-jackets of dark velveteen with numerous pockets; white cord small-clothes, leggins, and heavy shoes; others in suits of dark plaids, consisting of shooting-coat, waistcoat, and trousers, the latter generally preferred in this part of the country to small-clothes, as affording more freedom to the knee in stepping over the entangling ling.

All were up the next morning before the dawn of day, and with our dogs at our heels we struck off in different directions for our various beats. A servant attended me who was familiar with the moors, and I was accompanied by three friends I had met at the inn.

We spread ourselves in a line, each about thirty yards from the other, retaining our relative positions as well as the nature of the ground would permit, and our well-trained setters beat the heather closely before us, ranging always within thirty yards of our line. The grouse are so wild that they seldom lie to the dog after the first few shots; and, unless your dogs are steady and obedient, it were better to have none.

As the day dawned, a constant report of guns proclaimed on all sides the opening of the sport. Here and there, at wide distances, parties had canvass tents, spread over the heath in commanding situations, where they would rendezvous from time to time, while elderly and less active sportsmen could linger near them the day long, taking the chance of scattered birds that might wing within their reach. We had determined on a wide circuit, and were conducted by our guide beyond the more customary beat.

On a lofty elevation we fell in with a solitary sportsman, whose silvery locks and venerable countenance bespoke him in the decline of life, though his sturdy limbs bore him vigorously through the tangled heather. As we approached, my youth did not cause him

to neglect a courteous salutation, and we paused near the edge of one of the deep chasms to make inquiry after each other's sport; when, starting suddenly, he pointed toward the precipice to the tail of his pointer, as stiff as a poker,—all that could be seen of him.

"To ho! Bruce!" he exclaimed to the dog; and to me, "Go up to him, sir, for my head will not allow me to approach the precipice." I was upon him at a bound; out whizzed a cock-grouse—I fired, and cut him down. He fell headlong in the ling within ten yards of me, just where, after a steep descent, the fall became a precipice, so that in another second he would have been lost.

The old gentleman appeared pleased and amused at my excitement, and courteously begged me to keep the bird, which, being killed over his dog, I had hastened to present to him.

The sultriness of the day became intense, the surrounding hills admitting of no breeze to relieve the heat of the sun, and refresh our throbbing temples. At every step we had to throw our feet above the roots of the ling, treading it beneath us, and with the eye ever ranging in front over our beat, stepping into holes and inequalities, which added doubly to the fatigue.

We reached at length the shelter of a solitary yew-tree, on the banks of a clear rivulet which coursed freshly through the heather. By this stream our servant had a fortnight previously buried a gallon of draught porter in a stone jar, which he now brought from under the sod, and, taking from his basket a pigeon-pie and other eatables, we cast ourselves down beneath the grateful shadow, and enjoyed a cool repast, with the most refreshing libations—while our panting dogs laved themselves in the murmuring current.

After a short indulgence we again resumed our work, and had excellent sport. We made so wide a range that we were threatened with the dusk of evening ere we had made much progress on our return, and our guide conducted us in a direct line for our starting point, toiling up such steep ascents that it required both hands and feet, and descending again declivities equally trying.

Three days of such toil beneath an ardent sun proved quite sufficient for us. A tall gentleman, one of my companions, was utterly exhausted by noon of the third day; and, making a short circuit, we began to return upon our beat. A second of our party now broke down, looking so pale and weary that I felt very uneasy for him; and, not being sensible of so great fatigue myself, I repeatedly offered to relieve him of his game, or to carry his gun; but the offer appeared rather to annoy him, for he chose not to be thought my inferior in endurance. I was gratified by the proof of my own power, and brushed on through the heather rejoicing in my strength. But the hills seemed to grow longer—the game in my pockets hung a dead weight, and I could not disguise that my gun became heavier every step. We all grew silent, addressing ourselves to our laborious progress, and at length reached the inn.

Patterson, who had not accompanied us far on the moors, was at the porch to receive us, and advanced to relieve me of my gun. I passed on to the kitchen, and sat down to be released, by a strapping serving-girl, from my shoes and high leather gaiters. I felt a sickening sensation at the heart as she regarded me, and walked out to join my companions, when Paterson met me at the doorway. "Bless me, sir, what is the matter with you?" he exclaimed, looking

in my countenance. My head swam; and, clutching at the wall, I reeled, and fell before he could reach me. The buoyancy and ardour of a juvenile sportsman had sustained me during the sport, and led me to suppose myself superior to my companions. A glass of soda-water, qualified with lemon-juice, dispelled my faintness, and my pride would not permit me to retire.

Two sportsmen were now added to our party. One, called Colonel Camden by our host, had a military air and affable manners, with the conversation of a man who had both read and travelled. He was about fifty; and, I afterwards understood, had served in Egypt under Abercrombie, on the Peninsula under Wellington, and had made some campaigns in India.

The other, Squire Rugby, the person I had joined on the heath, was courteous and polite, but with an habitual bluntness. His keen eyes were placed high in his face, beneath a low and beetling forehead; and the expression of his countenance was more positive than intellectual. He showed great practical experience in field-sports and rural occupations; but his discourse and his intelligence seemed chiefly limited to these topics.

"Hunting and shooting," said he, "are the pride of old England, and the natural sports of the country."

"We excel in both, as far as we pursue them," said Colonel Camden; "though we have not the wolf and boar hunt of the Continent, nor the chase of the more ferocious animals, as the tiger hunt of the East. But the sport extends to remote antiquity; for we read in the Old Testament that Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

"The Bible is a sacred authority," said Squire Rugby, reverentially raising his hat. "But Nimrod must have been a Jew, and lived before ramrods, and shot, and gunpowder were invented. The Jews make good boxers; witness Mendoza and Dutch Sam, and other famous pugilists. But they are a circumscribed race, and their skill is limited to fisticuffs."

"*Circumscribed* indeed! according to your statement," replied the colonel, with a smile at the confusion of terms.

"They are, sir, I assure you," cried the squire. "I give you my honour and word that I never saw one of them ride over a five-barred gate, or shoot a partridge on the wing. What did Nimrod know of British fox-hounds, harriers, or pointers?"

"Not much, I think," said Colonel Camden. "But our stanchest hounds are supposed to be of an old Spartan breed, cherished among the ancient Greeks, and carefully preserved from mixture."

"The Greeks and Trojans, sir," exclaimed Rugby, "for they are generally coupled together, knew no more of British hunting with horn and hound, than they did of the English language."

"Perhaps not. We have assuredly naturalized and improved the chase, and have the best-bred hunters and the best-trained dogs in the world. But we derive the sport from Normandy, whence William the Conqueror introduced it into England."

"William the Conqueror," said the squire, "was the first in our regular line of kings. I have the whole list in a pocket abridgment of the history of England. He was, no doubt, a great hunter; and so was his son William the Second, nicknamed Rufus, or Red-head, on account of his carrotty pole. The abridgment tells how he was

shot by a sportsman instead of a buck, while he was hunting in Windsor Forest."

"I have read the anecdote," said the colonel.

"It all came from the want of fowling-pieces, sir," rejoined the squire. "An arrow glanced against a tree, missed the stag, and killed the king. I have it all in my abridgment. So you see hunting and shooting are royal sports natural to old England."

The colonel smiled, and said, "Your abridgment is, no doubt, a compendious register of facts; though I doubt whether it will clearly decide the present question."

"Gentlemen," said Paterson, "I know nothing of the antiquity or origin of hounds or hunting, but have some practical experience in regard to both. If you want a good pack of hounds, you must look well to their breeding and lodging. The kennel should be spacious, and situated on a slight elevation facing the morning sun, with a free admission of air and light. It should be kept carefully clean, and free from scraps of meat or half-picked bones, and from offensive smells, that the dogs may have a quick and sure scent. It should also communicate with a meadow containing a run of water, that the hounds may have wholesome exercise, and may drink and lave themselves in hot weather. In the coupling season you should select mates of good lineage and good qualities, preferring those of middle size, active and vigorous. Confine the pairs together in distinct cells for a time, to prevent mongrels; and preserve such pups only of the progeny as have marks of the true breed. Then you may feel assured of a trusty pack."

"You are right," exclaimed the squire, giving Paterson a slap on the shoulder.

"Perfectly right," added the colonel; "and, to put an end to the debate, here comes a savoury dish of grouse, which we can discuss without any risk of disagreement."

At the sight and smell of the grouse my faintness returned; and I was greatly mortified at being obliged to go to bed, and leave the party to recruit their strength, and talk over the exploits of the day, with the aid of a jovial supper.

Next morning, however, found me again in full vigour, as were also the veteran colonel and squire, while my three friends were prolonged sufferers, and the tall gentleman had his health impaired, by his over exercise on the moors, for several months.

The truth is, that we were not familiar with grouse-shooting, in which experienced sportsmen take less-extended circuits, or pursue their beats with more deliberate steps. Paterson consoled us with the suggestion that we had reaped a practical lesson, which would admonish us in future sporting excursions.

ON SEEING THE TIMBER REPRESENTATION OF THE DUKE
OF WELLINGTON ON THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT HYDE-
PARK CORNER.

OUR British Cæsar, on yon marble arch,
With head all bare, and limbs as stiff as starch,
Well to the *Brute* who *stuck* him there may call,
"This *Wood Cut's* the unkindest *cut* of all."

J. S.

WALTER CHILDE.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZEN NOSE.

CANTO IV.

ELIAZBETH was now quite self-possess'd ;
 Her manner even kinder than before,
 Hid the slight disappointment in her breast :
 If she felt hurt one moment, it was o'er.
 She spoke : the full, clear tones which now express'd
 Her thoughts, were not the unform'd girl's of yore,
 And yet they seem'd familiar to his heart ;
 Their charm unique—it caused a second start.

“ No, Walter, I have nothing to forgive,
 And claim no merit ; I can well allow
 For those in town's exciting scenes who live,
 And form impressions they reflect not how.
 Think not I mean to play th' inquisitive ;
 You loved me—as I see you love me now—
 When hardly worth your love, and I rejoice
 I now may better justify your choice.

“ For me, 'tis needless to express a feeling
 Long, as you know, identified with life.
 You treasured my last words ; what boots concealing
 That I have ever held me—yes—your wife,
 A truth which I had shrunk not from revealing
 To the whole world, if—” —“ 'T would have saved much strife,”
 Quoth her fair friend, “ which might have led to death.” —
 “ Dear girl, be serious !” said Elizabeth.

“ Through the same means by which I knew you near,
 I knew your purpose, knew you destitute.
 Was that a time for scruples—maiden fear ?
 O Walter ! I had been a wretch, a brute,
 Had I deferr'd, ev'n if no longer dear,
 To seek you,—nay, prefer my earnest suit
 To share as brother, if as husband loth,
 A quiet competence, enough for both.

“ But mark me ; had I not at once descried,
 In that short killing moment of suspense,
 Your eager burst of joy, I would have died
 Ere hint my secret : friendship's sole pretence—
 No ! it's reality—had justified
 All I could proffer, all that my plain sense
 Could urge to change your purpose ; my right hand
 I then had giv'n, not that which you have scann'd.

“ They call me proudest of the proud ; 'tis true
 I have my pride, but it has now full scope.
 I feel that I am all the world to you,
 And feel thus realized my fondest hope
 Of heart for heart, as is perhaps my due.”
 “ My very thought ! beneath the shady cope
 Of yon broad oak,” he cried, “ I mused on 't here.
 'T was like an augury that you were near.”

“ 'Tis well ; that word alone convinces me
 I have no rival. Now for my amende.
 Shall I unmask ? and do you choose to see
 And claim your own ? My dear and cautious friend

Enjoin'd me thus to play propriety,
 And hide my tell-tale face until the end."
 "Hold, angel!" said the conscience-stricken youth,
 "Tempt me not ere you hear th' unvarnish'd truth."

He made a calm, full front, as if his lot
 (It scarce had tried his noted coolness more)
 Had doom'd him for high-treason to be shot
 By Cromwell's Ironsides; a little sore
 That some wrong version in their heads had got
 Of matters venial, and now past and o'er;
 But strong in native truth, and free from doubt
 That a plain honest tale would bear him out.

"Elizabeth, if I had loved you less,
 My o'er-nice scruples would not weigh a straw,
 For I have really nothing to confess
 Of which my conscience stands in heinous awe,
 And might have answer'd this fair querist 'yes.'
 But quips in love are worse than quirks in law,
 And less familiar to me; and I ought
 To own to hearts like yours each secret thought.

"In war, still more in study, which afforded
 Few solaces to cheer a hermit-life,
 My memory long dwelt, doted on you, hoarded
 One soothing thought 'mid the world's dreary strife;
 My heart, while hope sustain'd it, still recorded
 The vow to trace and claim you as my wife:
 No image, until yesternight, replaced
 Your own, by time and care all but effaced.

"Turn not away; reject me if you will;
 I change my nature not for friend or foe;
 And if, as yesterday, the worst-fear'd ill
 Should come of honest dealing, be it so.
 Though you read truly my first greeting, still
 (Now hear me calmly till the whole you know)
 I fell in love last night—and not with you;
 That I got o'er it since, is just as true.

"I struggled and prevail'd; the effort brought
 Its full reward; I mused on you anew,
 As love's sweet fancies, once awaken'd, wrought:
 So young, yet womanly in heart,—so true,
 As I half-hoped to find you,—every thought,
 Save old fond recollections fix'd on you,
 Fled like a cloud, and left your image clear.
 But now for last night's folly—you shall hear.

"I went to that curst ball, in no way sour'd
 Against mankind, but steel'd to face the crowd
 With dogged pride; scorning to play the coward
 To those more fortunate, perhaps as proud.
 Then, as if Fate were specially empower'd
 To fool me, (would I never had allow'd
 My ears to listen,) a young lady there
 Spoke of my day's mishap with earnest air.

"A sisterly, warm interest in my fate
 She show'd, for which no cause could well account;
 And then she was so lovely! Nay, abate
 Your pique, and hear me. Well, the full amount

Of madness which bewilder'd my crazed pate
I need not, and I shall not, now recount.
But then her voice—so strangely like thine own!
Till now I thought earth could not match the tone.

“It seem'd as if the sound of happier days
Came, in an angel's accents from above
Embodied, to console, to cheer, and praise
The friendless. Nay, I'm thine, heart, hand, and glove,
My own true-hearted one; it need not raise
One doubt, believe me; thou thyself wouldst love
The noble Isolde.—Ha!—it cannot be—
She trembles—smiles—unmasks! Great heaven! 'tis she!

“Isolde! Elizabeth! my life, my soul!
Which dear one art thou? but it matters nought
What dreams in my distemper'd fancy roll.
Thou art the same, first, latest, loved, and sought;
I hold thee to my heart, and wait the whole
From thine own lips; for years I never thought
That happiness could dwell on earth's cold sphere;
'Tis mine! 'tis palpable! I clasp it here!”

“Isolde Elizabeth—exactly so;
Why, thou incredulous! thou puzzle-pate!”
Said the blonde damsel, and with that did show
A face that might with Isolde's almost mate;
“Such things occur in baptism, deign to know;
Do you expect her formally to state
She bears two names? Some girls have six or seven,*
Though simple Catherine does for me, thank Heaven!

“Do leave off fondling her, and notice me
In my poor turn. The parties are the same.
Our good Whig aunt defunct would ne'er agree
To give dear Isolde the Round Table name
Of her sire's Cambro-British ancestry;
She thought it profanation, and a shame,
While one remain'd, unsoil'd in Pagan ditty,
More scriptural, and, I think, just as pretty.

“Now, since you play'd the listener, sir, I find,
And Isolde Kenrick's a familiar sound,
Know you her whereabouts? we're both inclined,
I guess, to think her peer can scarce be found.
I mean, perceive you cause to change your mind
From county hearsay? or must she expound
Why you should rest content with earthly goods,
And not go panther-hunting to the woods?”

“Dear Catherine—may I dare to call you so?”—
“Why, yes, upon the whole I think you may,
And in due time, perhaps, I do not know
But I may love you, sir, in my plain way.
Isolde, you've lost your tongue with joy or woe;
So to the question, Walter.”—“Need I say,
Dear Catherine—”—“Catherine Seymour; I forgot
To name my sweet self; but it matters not.”

* A Jacobite Shropshire gentleman, well known to the writer's family, baptized a daughter by the names of “Maria Louisa Sobieska Victoria Foxhunter Moll:” the four first names in compliment to the Stuart line, the two last in order to commemorate favourite hunters. Probably the name was not recorded at full length in the dowager part of the peerage, as by marriage duly entitled to be.

"Need I, then, Catherine, echo thine own phrase,
That Isolde is my all of earthly good?
That I've no wish but hers? that I would raise
This dear one to a palace, if I could
By honorable toil? It doth amaze
And vex me that thou hast not understood
My feelings. Doom her to an Indian brake!
I'm wedded to Old England for her sake.

"But, Isolde, thy kind cousin doth forget
Thou told'st me (and 'tis cause for thankfulness)
That thou hadst wherewithal to ward off debt,
And live in modest comfort; 't would distress
My soul to see those taper fingers set
To household thrift: for me, I thrive on less
Than most well-born; and now, thou'lt well believe
I'm hearten'd to hope all things, and achieve.

"So, dear Elizabeth—I do protest
I love thy old name better—no—as well."—
"Call me the one by which you love me best;
'T will glad my heart. Walter, I've that to tell
Which is important, when my mind's at rest
From joy and flutter; for this week we dwell
With your friend Poyntz's mother, where to-day
He bid you, as I know, and prest your stay."—

"Fool that I was! he did, but I declined;
Now 't is too late. They must have thought me rude."—
"Not they; and, now that you have changed your mind,
Consider their warm welcome as renew'd.
I long'd so to have met you! hoped to find
Some means to save the step which has ensued.
O, Walter, was it wrong?—but 't was my fate.—
Now you *are* rude, sir—let her go,"—said Kate.

"All's well that ends well. Now, attend to me.
Isolde, who saw and heard you yester morn,
More than surmised your real identity,
Which dear good Forde confirm'd, when, as in scorn,
You vanish'd from the ball. Your rash decree
Of self-destruction drove her, quite forlorn,
To tell me her past secrets on our pillow,
And I resolved she should not wear the willow.

"Blame me, the master-fiend who hatch'd the plot;
But as for her, 't is your rare lot to wive
(I can be sometimes serious, good friend Wat!)
With the best, truest, dearest girl alive.
And verily I think, who flatter not,
Her happiness has some small chance to thrive,
And that her heart by slight will ne'er be broken.
Now talk yourselves—the oracle hath spoken.

"But Isolde, look, look yonder! On the hill
Poyntz with his servant, spurring both this way!
How is 't he's not on the Grand Jury still?
Would we had told him! What to do or say,
I know not. Oh, good Heaven! if he think ill—
And that's young Shirley, too, upon the grey."—
"Quick, ladies, then," quoth Walter, "let us dodge;
'They see us not, and here's the keeper's lodge.

"Now push for the thick shrubbery; here we're safe.
How now, dear Catherine?—faint and deadly pale?"—
"Give her your arm," said Isolde, "and vouchsafe
To ask no questions; thereby hangs a tale.
There, now she's better. I'm a sort of waif
And stray at houses in this friendly vale,
And privileged to stroll in most, or all,
Now for a turn; our horses are in call."—

"The note! the note!" quoth Walter; "now I guess
Why Poyntz set off. I follow'd not my wont,
Left it unburnt; and my good dame's excess
Of zeal, alarm, and folly—plague upon't!
Quick now! The path in this thick wilderness
Leads, as I deem, to yon grey mansion's front."—
"What have you done?" said Catherine in a pet;
"But no; my hand was feign'd; there's comfort yet."

"But then his eye's so quick."—"I charge you both,
As you both love me, (and I think you do,)
If needful, let no scruples make you loth
To clear me from all blame, as is my due.
Isolde, that smile is barbarous."—"In good troth,"
Quoth Isolde, and her arms around her threw,
"We have the laugh against you, coz, this time;
But lay it all on me, if 't is a crime.

"Now, Walter, here's the track. I, my kind Kate,
Betray or wound you? I would sooner die,
Though I love life far better than of late."—
"Oh, Isolde," said the Childe, "then what must I?
Catherine, you thought me once a scatter-pate;
Laugh now, and welcome. I could almost fly;
I'm mad again with every boyish antic;
But as to flying—no, no; 'ware th' Atlantic."—

"Walter, be rational, as you're sincere;
I can't laugh now, am sober'd down with fright.
Now tell me truly, how much did you hear
While listening to our converse of last night?
Isolde, you smile again: nay, then, my dear,
I beg his pardon for that touch of spite;
And, if he's not already reconciled,
Tell him to find excuse for a spoilt child.

"But as to Poyntz—well, then, the whole shall out.
He—I accepted him three days ago;
And now you have my secret past all doubt;
I may depend upon you both, I know,
And have disarm'd your laughter. Now, about
Your visit—come to-day, it best were so,
And meet her as betroth'd in early youth;
'Twill best account for—nay, it is the truth."

"True, nothing better, more delightful! Come,
Trust me for that. What else now shall I say?
A false alarm? in vulgar words, a hum?
And that I met and captured on my way
Two wandering damsels, to avoid a dumb
And sleeveless errand?"—"Do be serious, pray:
That note!—I'll tell him, then, to-night the whole."—
"Said like yourself, dear Catherine, on my soul!

“ But come, now, let me act as your vidette ;
 This laurel-bush will screen me. There they go
 To the same hostelry I pass'd, to get
 Intelligence, and watch for friend or foe
 From the road-side. The best expedient yet
 Were to despatch a note. I'll word it so :
 ‘ Thanks. I have met with friends, am safe from harm,
 And dine with you. ’Twas all a false alarm.”

“ Come, then,” said Isolde, “ you've no time to spare ;
 There's the old house to rest our wandering feet :
 Pen, paper, ink, and all we lack is there,
 And eke a trusty Pacolet discreet,
 Who shall have charge to say not where you are.
 Dear Kate, will this content you ?”—“ Quite complete ;
 ’Twill ease my mind, and send him back to court :
 Business, like everything, is so his forte.”—

“ Catherine, with my whole heart I wish you joy ;
 He's worthy of you. I had done't ere now,
 But happiness like mine, without alloy,
 Has made me selfish.”—“ That I'll ne'er allow
 As possible, though happiness may cloy.
 What man that ever dealt for wife or cow
 Would jump at a blind bargain but yourself ?
 But you're repaid by beauty and some pelf.

“ Come, lose no time !” The trio arm-in-arm
 Soon clear'd the maze, and issued on the park.
 Walter, who loved God's creatures, found a charm
 In all he saw ; he fail'd not to remark
 The deer, the hares, who, free from all alarm,
 As in the social days of Noah's ark,
 Scarce shunn'd them : all things gazed on Isolde's face,
 Like the good genius of this noble place.

Shakspeare, grown kinder than last night, did suit
 His reverie with some such scraps as this :
 “ My soul hath its content most absolute,
 A sober certainty of waking bliss.”
 Kate on his better arm tript, light of foot,
 Quite rallied, and again the saucy miss ;
 While Isolde seem'd to like the worst arm best,
 For thereby to his heart her hand was prest.

How changed ! A gentle playfulness and ease,
 Like the bright sunshine on a summer sea,
 Smiling and rippling in the jocund breeze,
 Replaced the air of touchy dignity ;
 It seem'd her nature to be pleased and please.
 “ Elizabeth !—I'll buy your thoughts,” said she,
 Pointing where from the rising ground anew
 The distant Hampshire border caught their view.

“ ’T was there you found she could be gay—is't so ?
 When her poor aunt's recovery gave her leisure
 To fool with you.”—“ How well my thoughts you know !
 I cannot say I took a mighty pleasure
 In that good spinster's company—but no ;
 Heaven rest her soul ! she had abundant measure
 Of all the cardinal virtues, without doubt,
 Though I had scarcely time to find them out.

" Heard I not Kate allude to her decease ?"—
 " She died about ten months ago, in May ;
 Her temper—tempers ten times worse one sees—
 She had not my good luck in courtship's day,
 Poor aunt ! and therefore cared not how to please ;
 But was a mother to me in her way,
 Kind to her servants, generous to the poor—
 You would have liked her in the end, I 'm sure."—

" Well, Isolde, I shall hold my tongue," said Kate ;
 " The dead are sacred : would they all could find
 Such chroniclers ! Now, Walter, do not wait
 To gaze ; I see the mansion 's to your mind.
 Come in ; you 'll find some elegance and state,
 And much true comfort ; only be so kind
 As write your note." Without a knock or ring
 The ladies enter'd, as an usual thing.

They enter'd a saloon on the ground-floor,
 In snug but yet baronial style complete.
 Isolde smiled, motion'd to the escritoire,
 Then view'd the prospect from a window-seat,
 Serene in youthful gladness, humming o'er
 Snatches of favourite tunes in voice so sweet.
 He blotted, blunder'd, found no words would come,
 While Kate stood by in perfect martyrdom.

He wrote his note at length, and broke the spell ;
 A grave respectful butler enter'd straight,
 As Isolde tingled the small silver bell ;
 " Refreshments, Jones ! You ate no breakfast, Kate,
 Nor I indeed. Your wife, I hope, is well.—
 This to Sir Henry Poyntz ; Charles need not wait.
 The falconer may put in our horses, too ;
 We took him in a hurry from his mew."—

" Stay, my good sir," said Walter ; " can I hire
 A boy for Theale ? my posters are gone there."—
 " Leave that," said she, " to me. Tell William Dyer
 To get him ready with the hackney mare.
 Now write ; I 'll light your taper at the fire,
 And sing not till you 're done. Let them prepare
 Black Rupert—You must ride him in our train ;
 I do so long to see you ride again."

Anon came luncheon, critically drest,
 And served on plate. They prest him to partake ;
 He prefer'd carving ; but when farther prest,
 For friendship, courtesy, for love's sweet sake,
 He told them—she could now enjoy the jest—
 How, at the time of his heart's sorest ache,
 A towering passion brought well-timed relief,
 And wreak'd such wolfish vengeance on the beef.

He watch'd them eat—not more than damsels do
 In the full bloom of healthful hardihood
 After long fast ; both early risers too :
 'T was joy to look on her, do what she would.
 So he said grace,—not for the fowl the two
 Were sharing, but his own unlook'd for good.
 Confess it honestly—an inward prayer
 Relieved him as he mused in the arm-chair.

And then he sat and puzzled—what about ?

The very thing that you and I suspect.
It was of minor consequence, no doubt,
To ask, seem'd mercenary, scarce correct ;
Well off already—just as well without ;
But why not tell him what he might expect ?
He stumbled through a maze of puzzledom,
She seem'd so perfectly at ease—at home.

“ Your face, my Thane, is as a book,” said she,
“ Wherein I read your thoughts, and I alone.
You thought us free and easy, own to me,
And now you think this mansion is my own ;
That this has been a second mystery,
Following the first ?” Her unembarrass'd tone
Put him at once upon a different scent.
“ Catherine, 'tis yours ; I see your kind intent.

“ All things in common ? giving her her way
In everything she has a mind to do ?
I take the hint ;—too often I said nay
To Poyntz's pressing ; meetings have been few.
Come, your abode is perfect, I must say ;
I 'm glad on 't for your sake, and his sake too,
Though he is rich enough. Well, never fear
But I will bring her to you once a-year.

“ She does your mansion's honours with such grace,
I scarce can wonder that you plann'd it so.”
“ We hold you to your word in any case
Where'er we live ; but, on my honour, no !
I really own not, covet not the place.
Five thousand at the least, they say, let low,
The rental clears ; 'twould turn my giddy pate ;
And what I have exceeds my wants,” said Kate.

“ What then ?—is there another mystery still ?”—
“ Attend, rash mortal, since you will know all.
She 's the weird-woman of this haunted hill,
Who tames its living creatures at her call,
And witches all things to perform her will.
Saw you from her dark eyes at last night's ball
A flash of something quite unearthly shoot
When I impugn'd your wisdom absolute ?”

Isolde, absorb'd in an arch reverie,
Broke it at length. “ Come, Walter, it is meet
To end your doubts at once. The law's decree,
Soon as some small arrangements are complete,
Sends the real owner, known and prized by me,
To take possession of his rightful seat.
The place was my poor aunt's, and I can make
Some interest with the dwellers for her sake.”—

“ What, have you then a brother ?”—“ Never had ;
But this young man—you 'll meet him by the way
To-night with Lady Poyntz—I knew a lad,
A near and dear connexion, I may say ;
He will trust every question good and bad
In his affairs to your experienced sway.”—
“ What ! no opinion of his own ?” quoth he.
“ A firmer, nobler creature cannot be.

"In fact, the agency's reserved for you,
 If you say yes."—"St. George!—the very thing!
 How kind of him! Sure, then, my thanks are due
 To you, dear girl. I'm happy as a king.
 How oft I've thought what good a man might do,
 Creating round him a perpetual spring,
 With country knowledge, firmness, good intention?
 I'm glad my principal is all you mention.

"Has he a wife?"—"Not now; he will have soon."
 "What sort of person? much depends on that."—
 "She's like," said Kate, "the freshest rose in June,
 And all things love her, down to dog and cat;
 The robins perch upon her hand;* each loon
 Of a rough ploughman doffs his ragged hat
 With grateful, grinning confidence, who sees her."—
 "Dear, glorious creature! would that I may please her!"

He drew a deep long breath to ease his chest,
 And strode about triumphant in the flush
 Of honest feeling. "Catherine, what's the jest
 That moves your muscles so? Isolde, you blush,
 And look half foolish. How I do detest
 These mysteries, contrived as if to crush
 The full, free intercourse of heart with heart;
 And you, both of you so unused to art?"—

Heavens! Walter, you quite put me in a fright,
 You look so awful! Now I can believe
 Why Holdfast Barebone trembled at your sight.
 But, seriously, we mean not to deceive.
 You'll see the parties, know the whole to-night:
 I'd tell it now, if I had Isolde's leave.
 Well, 't were a pity you should ever alter;
 Your Dagon is not self as yet, good Walter.

"You know you thought, when Jones came in so pat,
 That you were here install'd lord paramount."—
 "I did for some ten minutes."—"And is that
 A thought indifferent, of no account?
 Isolde, you ought no more to play the cat
 With this magnanimous mouse. Well, when we mount,
 The grand, the crowning secret he shall know.
 But, come, I see the horses; let us go."

* This the writer has witnessed at the house of an elderly lady, a great patroness of wild animals. What is more singular, he succeeded at the first trial in drawing her pet robin to perch on his own hand, by imitating her whistle, and showing her small tin feeding-box. A minute or two after the lady's death, this bird flew in at the open window, perched upon the head of the corpse, and sung a few notes, as if in leave-taking.

PASQUALE; A TALE OF ITALY.

I PASSED the winter of the year 18— at Rome. Those who, like myself, had been living in the Low Countries, with their eight months of Invierno and four of Inferno, can alone estimate the delights of a residence in a climate, where there is rarely either frost or snow, where the air is constantly refreshed by genial showers, and the sky, instead of being *à la* Ruysdael and Van Goen, is of that deep blue, that pure aqua-marine, which we observe in the landscapes of Titian and Sempesta, and which appears to those who have never been in Italy, to exceed nature. An artist and at Rome, I may be excused for speaking of painting.

I lodged in a house hanging on the side of the Pincian, and overlooking the Piazza de Spagna, a quarter of the city principally inhabited by foreigners, especially by our own countrymen; who, wherever they are, almost form a *société* apart. Among those with whom I became intimate was a general officer, who had served with distinguished reputation in the campaigns of the Peninsular War, and suffering from his wounds, had come with his daughter, rather to enjoy the benefit of the warm South, than to mix much in the gaieties of the place.

Being an invalid like himself, and unable to take much exercise, I had selected, and fortunately found a spot, where I could see, as in a map stretched before me, the seven hills; trace those ruins that still attest the grandeur of the Mistress of the World, feed my imagination with her former glories; and enjoy the magnificent spectacle of nearly the whole city, its palaces, and spires, and domes of innumerable temples, with the greatest of them separated, as it were, from the rest, by the yellow Tiber, whose course, though hidden from the eye, was ever present to the mind. I have seen many enchanting points of view, but perhaps that from my windows might, to the painter, the scholar, the antiquary, the *devoté*, leave nothing to desire. After I had gazed on it for four months, it was still new to me.

General — was, during three of these, my constant guest; and his amiable and unaffected manners, and almost paternal kindness (for I was then beginning life) endeared him to me like a father. He was a man of seventy-six years of age, short in his person, and with little of military air in his appearance; but it was in the *morale*, rather than the *physique*, that we might recognise the soldier. His countenance was ordinarily composed and placid, notwithstanding the pain to which an unextracted ball subjected him at every variation of temperature. He spoke of the exploits of the army in which he had had a command with that modest diffidence which sits so well on bravery — of himself, never. I have ever thought and spoken of him as completely coming up to my *beau-idéal* of a British officer.

His daughter, for I must now speak of her, was an old maid of forty, and in person, manners, and acquirements, altogether unworthy of her father. She was short, and much freckled with the small-pox; her lips were pinched, and her features contracted, by habitual discontent and acidity of temper, giving her an expression almost of malignity.

No character in the School for Scandal had a tongue more ve-

nomous. Her remarks on her own sex were cutting and caustic, and she looked with an evil and jealous eye on those attentions which the young and the lovely (for Rome was never so full of *belle Inglesse* as that year,) received. But if they were not spared, she made still more the theme of her invective the manners of the Roman dames, among whom she did not forget the names of Madame M. M. W. and the still beautiful Pauline Borghese, a living model, that revealed the finest forms in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol. The cracked voice issuing from her thin and pale lips still rings in my ears.

But the general, though not altogether blind to her defects, which long habit had taught him to palliate or overlook, was the kindest and most indulgent of parents. She was his only child, to whom his wife had died in giving birth, and this circumstance, perhaps, contributed to endear her the more, and form, as it were, a double link to his affections.

Having now introduced you to these two characters, I must draw a third, and the most important one in the piece.

Shortly after the general's arrival at Geneva the preceding summer, he had taken into his service a courier, of the name of Pasquale. What his previous history may be, or from what part of Italy he came, I know not; but his person was well known to me, from his having been frequently the bearer of notes or messages. He was a dark handsome man, with enormous whiskers and moustachios. Shakspeare says, that black men are pearls in ladies eyes. Geneva being the key, as it were, to Italy, is the great resort of servants out of place; and Pasquale had produced the certificate of an English gentleman—probably forged, or obtained from one of his compatriots, who are always ready to accommodate each other in that way. His office was not a menial one. His employment consisted in keeping the accounts, and in ordering post-horses when his master travelled. But Pasquale had chosen the appointment after shrewd observation, and with the tact and knowledge which his worldly experience had given him. He had judged that the general with his wounds, and seventy years, had not long to live. He supposed him to be rich, and saw that he had an only daughter. True, she was neither young, nor gifted with any of the qualities to inspire or consolidate affection:—to make it crystallize, to use the expression of a witty French writer. But was he young himself? Yes! but many years of wretchedness and destitution, perhaps of remorse, had left the traces behind, and added at least ten years to his appearance, if not to his age. Besides, he was a courier—a servant; and yet he thought of Rousseau and Madame de Warrens—of Bergami—. In short, the attempt was worth making. She was as good a *partie* as he could expect, and once obtained,

“ He had
Within the secrets of his power a philtre,
Surer than any instrument of death
In giving death.”

It is supposed that it was during a Swiss tour that Pasquale first made an attack on this redoubtable fortress. The infirmities of the general confining him to the main roads, his daughter with her forty years and unpersonable person, might, without scandal, dispense with a chaperon. In the course of the summer she crossed, *à mulet*, the

Tete Noir, and several other Alpine passes; when, by his attentions and kind solicitude for the preservation of her valuable life, he contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of this antiquated Amazon. His knowledge of several languages, his talent for music, and his other attainments, did not escape observation and admiration; and before they had reached the Simplon, an intimacy was established between them, which left the lady nothing to desire, and the courier nothing to wish, but the death of the father, which, however, in a natural way seemed yet distant. It may be supposed that the person of Miss —— was the least of her attractions in the eyes of Pasquale. He was aware that the general, a man of high family and connexions, would spurn the idea of a courier's marrying his daughter; indeed, he knew the world too well to risk the step of eloping, as he might have done, with Miss ——, the inevitable consequence of which would have been, her being disinherited, and cast off for ever: but the general once removed, he had the lady's solemn engagement, which no doubt would have been kept, to share with him her hand and fortune.

The general, however, still lingered on: indeed his health, so far from deteriorating, improved under the influence of a milder climate; and Pasquale, impatient at delay, resolved to despatch the ill-fated officer. To have poured into his cup a philtre at once to extinguish life, would have proved too dangerous an experiment; would have excited suspicions, and suspicions which might have been fatal to his hopes; he therefore resorted to a mode of treatment equally certain, but more slow in its effects.

There is a poison, the art of composing which was once supposed to have been lost with the celebrated and infamous Madame de Brinvilliers, but unhappily without good reason. It is called the Aqua Tofana. It is perfectly limpid, and of the colour of water, and, strange to say, almost tasteless. On the Continent, it is the custom to place before each person at dinner a caraffe of the wine of the country, which is drunk in tumblers, as you drink malt liquor at home. The general daily finished one of these, which it was the province of Pasquale (though he did not serve at table) daily to supply, and into this caraffe he daily infused a certain number of drops of this Aqua Tofana—a sufficient quantity, in short, to effect his diabolical purpose. The daughter drank no wine, and had she even taken a single glass, it would have been attended with little or no danger.

Does not the soul shrink back within itself, and shudder at the deliberate, the cold-blooded, the homœopathic villainy of so horrible an act—so savage an atrocity? The human mind may in its casuistry seek to find some justification for Zanga the Moor, for murders committed in the madness, the frenzy, the delirium of passion, or where unutterable wrongs, like those of Beatrice Cenci, drove the sufferer to unutterable deeds, to anticipate the wrath of Heaven long delayed; but this—it is like dissecting the living body, destroying life inch by inch in the torture.

It was not long before the general's appearance indicated a change. I was shocked to observe by his hollow eye, and the black circles round them, by his flushed cheek, his burning hand, and quickened pulse, by a nervous irritability unusual to him, and by a short dry cough, that some new and secret disease was seriously undermining his constitution. He complained of thirst, which nothing could as-

suage, insomnolency, restlessness, as if by the exhaustion of outworn nature ; if he fell into a heavy slumber, it was troubled by horrid dreams and visions, from which he would start in agony, and though naturally free from superstitious terrors, his heated imagination peopled the air with phantoms, which, in his lucid intervals, (for he often wandered,) he described with such circumstantial minuteness, that the pictures he drew seemed to have a dread reality in them, beyond that of this world. No wonder, then, that he could not endure solitude. With the affectionate kindness of his nature to all about him, the old man would call for Pasquale, would thank him for his attentions—praise him for his faithful services—commend the sherbet that he made, and receive it from no other hand but his.

And yet, during the day, the poor general took his walk on the Pincian, ate with his usual appetite, and, alas ! drank his accustomed flask of Orvieto. But at night the demons returned to haunt his couch. His physician was a young Englishman, who had just finished his studies, and taken out his diploma at one of the Scotch Universities. But though not deficient in talent, he was unacquainted with the treatment of the disorders peculiar to the climate, or the remedies to be adopted. This case, however, of the general's might well baffle his skill, and set at nought all theories.

My poor friend at length consented, though too late, to send for the most eminent of the Roman practitioners, and scarcely had the patient finished giving him an account of his symptoms, when, without hesitation, he said, "*Signore, siete invenenato!*" I was present, and the general might well be thunderstruck at this hasty and indiscreet announcement. The doctor not only asserted that the malady was occasioned by poison, but even stated the peculiar poison administered to him ; and added, that there was no antidote which could counteract its deadly and mortal effects.

The first step was to send for the police, and Pasquale and his *laquais* were examined, but nothing was elicited by the *procès verbal*. The suspicion was, however, so strong against them, that they were thrown into prison to await their trial.

In the mean time the general's health suffered an hourly yet gradual deterioration ; and life flickered in his wasting frame, like a lamp that is losing its vivifying oil. It was a melancholy sight, heart-rending to those who knew and loved him as I did, to perceive my poor dear friend day by day hanging suspended over the brink of the grave. The consciousness of his approaching end was of itself sufficiently agonising, but it was rendered doubly so by the tortures that accompanied it, the fire within that could not be extinguished—a vitality of death.

Thus perished General —. He who had escaped the shock of many a battle-field, who had passed unharmed through showers of balls, was doomed to fall ingloriously and miserably by the hand of an assassin.

It was the *Settimana Santa*, and his funeral was attended not only by all the English, but most of the foreigners of distinction then assembled to witness its imposing ceremonies. The melancholy *cortège* took up its long line in the *Piazzi de Spagna*, preceded by the catafalque, at nine o'clock in the evening, to convey those remains which should have found a distinguished place among the heroes of his country, to the new burial-ground, which had been unwillingly accorded, through the inter-mediation of Cardinal Gonsalis, by the Pope Pius to us heretics. That

cemetery being at the farther extremity of the city, the procession would have to traverse its whole length.

You may form some notion of what a funeral by torch-light must be in Rome. And such a funeral! I was never sensible of the marvellous beauty of the ancient statues till I saw them in the halls of the Vatican thus illuminated; but still more sublime was the Eternal City thus seen, and on such an occasion.

We viewed on all sides the tottering porticos, the isolated columns, which told of the ravages of the Goths and Vandals,—those hordes who, after gorging themselves with the blood of the vanquished; those barbarians who, insatiate of slaughter, when they had nothing living left to destroy, vented their jealous rage on those creations of genius, which, like the spectres of their victims, seemed to stand in mockery and defiance. Every gorgeous fane, every triumphal arch, every colossal peristyle seemed an insult to those savages, a reproach to their ignorance, a record of their shame. They could shatter the mighty giantess,—tear her limb from limb; but the Torso, like that of the Vatican, the admiration of Michael Angelo in his blindness, yet remained to suggest what he had been. They could melt the Roman cement, enwrap her domes in flames, throw down her statues from their heights that frowned on them, and, when tired of their labour of destruction, cumber the bed of the Tiber with her mutilated fragments; but happily the Iconoclasts had other employment in their sacrilegious hands,—other neighbouring cities to ravage,—the abodes of other gods to deface.

It was impossible for the coldest, the most insensible and ignorant of our train, to pass without emotion these monuments of Roman greatness, seen as they were by the broad effulgence of the torches, that, flashing against them, reflected their vast outline or individual features, made more distinct by the deep shade, the solid pitchy darkness, in which the background was steeped.

Neither my companion nor myself spoke, or expressed our admiration; it was too profound for words. Self-absorbed, we allowed our ideas to wander, lost in the past. We neither gave the buildings names, nor suggested doubts as to the period of their construction,—whether they were of the time of Julius Cæsar or of the Antonines.

Nothing to me is so delightful as the mystery, the vagueness that hangs over most of what remains of Rome; for it is this very scepticism and uncertainty that allows the imagination to revel in a world of dreams, fantasies, and visions, each more enchanting than the last. What is so sublime in poetry as some passage which is made intelligible to us by a sort of divination, not from the construction of the words themselves, but from some profound and metaphysical idea that defied them in the author? But is all poetry to be compared with a nameless ruin? We fill up the breaches that barbarism and time have made,—we people the steps of the portico with crowds rushing up them to the festival or the sacrifice,—we clothe in their classical costumes their priests, their senators, their patricians, their half-naked citizens— we hear their shouts before the doors,—we listen to the brazen chariots ringing on the pavement, the clang of trumpets that announce their consuls, surrounded by the lictors or tribunes:—we overleap the view of ages, and, almost forgetting what we are, identify ourselves with the throng.

Awaking from this reverie, I could scarce recall my scattered

senses, or return to the realities of life. I contemplated with a mixture of sorrow and regret the mouldering mass of ruins,—pillars, cornices, and columns, broken and in fragments, around,—those ashes of centuries, that dusty nothing, so well harmonizing with our own feelings, with the solemn scene, with that remnant of mortality,—the ruins of him whom we were about to consign to kindred ruins,—ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

All the magnificence of the past had faded away. The calm of desolation, the solitude of the tomb had succeeded to the festive shouts which had rung in my ears: Life had resigned the victory to Death.

The Protestant burial-ground stood apart from the city, and was at that time only hedged in by a slight fence of stakes, some of which were removed to give us entrance. The graves were yet young, their tenants few in number. Most of the mounds had not even a headstone; whilst here and there a monument, surmounted by an urn of classical form and elegant design, showed by the glittering whiteness of the marble that it was fresh from the hand of the sculptor. They showed themselves in strong relief from the ancient wall of the city, which bounded the cemetery on the side of the Campagna,—that wall was partly hidden by a dark mass, whose point lifted itself above the horizon. It was the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and seemed to frown in proud defiance, a giant among the pigmies, on the intruders on its solitary greatness. They too seemed to have chosen the verge of the enclosure, as unwilling to mingle their clay with that of an idolatrous race and an outworn creed.

And who was Caius Cestius? The annals of his country contain no records of his deeds—his name is not even chronicled in story—who was he, that he should have thus pavilioned his ashes, whilst those of so many heroes and patriots lie undistinguishably mingled in the dust of her ruins? What a lesson to mortality is here! What a homily to tell of the more than empty honours of the tomb.*

A great poet has said that it would make one in love with death, to sleep beneath the green leaf and blue sky of Rome. I reflected then, and have often since thought of his words; but they have not lessened the regret that I should myself feel at lying far from my own race,—regret that one who had merited so well of his country should have an undistinguished grave among strangers in a foreign land.

I now return to the daughter. The day after his memorable burial, through the interest of the pope's prime minister, she was sent out of Rome, and has hid herself in some retirement, where it is to be hoped that her story is unknown. May a life of contrition and penitence have reconciled her to her God!

Pasquale (the other servant having succeeded in entirely clearing himself from any participation in the murder) remained a long time in prison; with the usual dilatoriness of the Roman tribunals, his trial being deferred from month to month. At length he was brought to the bar; but no English were at that time in Rome to conduct the prosecution. Though the circumstantial evidence was strong, no positive proofs of his guilt appeared. He had the hardihood in his defence to charge the daughter with being his paramour, produced letters of hers to confirm it, and moreover to insinuate that she had been guilty of the parricide; an accusation that, however false, being coupled with her sudden departure from Rome, and neglect to appear against the

* Sepulcri supervacuos honores.

murderer, carried weight with it in the minds of the judges. In short, Pasquale was acquitted, and suffered to go at large, and add to the catalogue of his crimes,—a tiger let loose among mankind.

After his release from St. Angelo, Pasquale, being too well known in the Roman states, and unwilling to pass through Florence, where he had been strongly suspected some years before of being concerned in the robbery of an English lady's jewels at Schneider's, obtained a passage from Civita Vecchia, on board of a felucca for Genoa. It was not long, however, before he associated himself with a Frenchman of the name of Duberg, who followed the trade, not uncommon at that place, and in most parts of Italy, of *mezzano*. Their business, among other branches of it, is to be intermediaries, as indeed the word implies, between the robbers and others, who have objects of art to sell to foreigners, and who, like the Povere Vergognose, have too much shame, or apprehension of the consequences of their frauds, to show their faces in their transactions. These gentry ply generally about the Exchange of the Georgio, and it was there that Pasquale, from his knowledge of the language, contrived to inveigle an Englishman into their nets. His name I now forget; nor is it material. He was the captain of a merchant-vessel then lying in the port; but he was a virtuoso in belles, not in the beaux arts.

The churches of Genoa are perhaps the most splendid in Italy. It is the only state that has preserved almost entire its monastic institutions and the immense revenues of its clergy, and the *Fêtes d'Eglise* are celebrated there with a pomp that I have observed nowhere else. Brilliant illuminations, the walls, the pillars completely covered with crimson damask, give San Siro the semblance of a theatre, and we might almost fancy ourselves, so exquisite is the music, at the representation of "Mose en Egitto." Indeed, it is not uncommon to adapt the operas of Rossini, or any favourite maestro of the day. But it was not the gorgeous dresses of the officiating priests, or the elevation of the host through clouds of incense, which had charms for the stranger, but a Genoese lady, on whom his eyes were riveted during the mass, who might have sate to Raphael for one of his Madonnas. Pasquale, who was his courier, and had not been blind to the admiration of the Englishman, on his way to the hotel told him that he was not only acquainted with the lady's name, but that he could obtain him an interview with the incognita. After a due delay, in which innumerable difficulties were to be overcome, he fixed a night for the *denouement* of the intrigue.

That part of Genoa which lies between the long line of streets of palaces, the Bubbi, the Nuova, and Novissima, and the harbour, is a labyrinth of narrow lanes which it requires a clue to unravel. After threading many of them he laid a "*guel-apens*" for his victim, and the two ruffians, after robbing him of his watch and money, left him for dead. But he did not die. Pasquale found the police of Genoa very different from that of Rome. The crime did not escape the vigilance of its emissaries, and these worthy confederates were condemned to the galleys for life.

The Bagni stand between the outer and inner port, called the D'Arena. They are islanded between the two, and communicate with the entrance into the latter by means of a drawbridge, which is only raised to allow vessels to pass, or the convicts to go to their work in the dockyard.

This is perhaps the most difficult of prisons to escape from, because the only exit from the port is by the city gate, always well guarded, or by that of the mole, equally so; and the Pier d'Arena, on the extremity of the barrier, is a mile across.

There was, however, an old *galère*, whose time being expired, was permitted occasionally to supply his brethren in iniquity on fête days with provisions,—*L'argent fait tout*,—and Pasquale had not come unprovided.

I know from this man that the disguise of a sailor had been brought him piece by piece, and a file; and that having separated himself from his comrade, (for the convicts are chained two and two,) he contrived to sunder the bars of the window looking into the port, and one dark night stepped into the water, and swam to the Pier d'Arena.

But scarcely had he landed, when information having been given by his comrade to the keeper, the firing of a gun announced the escape of a convict. With all his vigilance he could not avoid falling again into the hands of justice, and was led into the Basque between two soldiers at the very moment I was about to visit it. And in the Basque let us leave him.

MEDWIN.

RAPP'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies my staunchest dog: for seventeen years
 He fixed on me to love; his hopes and fears,
 Sorrows and joys, were gather'd from my look,
 My least of gestures; in a word, he took
 My life, and made it his. No little whim
 His master had, but grew a law to him
 Like one of his own instincts, which, no doubt,
 Had amply borne the matchless creature out,
 Had he refused a straiter hunting-ground
 Than the great hills, and chose, a tameless hound,
 Rather to die, indignant, than subdue
 His nature to another's will: so true
 Of sight, so sure of scent, so swift
 Of foot! Yet all this nature, like a gift,
 He bore to me entire,—a thing to spurn
 Or to accept. Dear servant, what return
 Made I for this? Or didst thou really find
 No form pleasant as mine, no voice so kind
 In the wide world? and when slow age made dull
 The glossy hide, and dim the beautiful
 Bold eye,—no long, long roving, as before,
 Among the moors,—no mountain rambles more,—
 Lay thy blind head the better for my foot,
 And crept my voice, when all beside was mute,
 A little in thine ear? My hand felt soft,
 And stroked thee soothingly, and brought thee oft
 Old Autumn-feelings? What? The heather black,
 The fine old broad September suns came back?
 My old Rapp, with his feeble paws unstrung
 On the warm hearth-rug, dreamed that he was young?
 Oh, such a thought would make me laugh for joy
 Even while I lay thee here! No cares annoy
 The worn-out hunter: in thy narrow cell
 Sleep! Famoses of foresters, farewell!

July 28, 1838.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

PICTURE OF NEW YORK.—A "GROCERY."—THE UTILITARIAN UNITARIAN AND THE WET QUAKER.

THERE are but few things which arrest the eye of an Englishman perambulating New York different from those to which he has been accustomed. The niggers,* speckling the aspect of society, without forming part of it, except among themselves, are certainly not the most pleasing feature for contemplation; the total absence of street-beggars, however, more than counterbalances the eye-sore, and even the rank odour caused by the numerous coloured population. In summer will be noticed the straw-hats and linen jackets, the ice-vans and charcoal-carts, the portable lemonade fountains at the corners of the streets, the *cart-loads* of pine-apples, melons, and peaches; the auctioneers selling their goods under the awning of an umbrella, bawling and guessing: while the *real black* chimney-sweeper chants out his vocation, and some other niggers are crying from their wheelbarrows "hominy" and "hot corn." Add to these a carter standing up on his vehicle like an ancient charioteer, two or three tradesmen sitting at their doors reading newspapers, and several piles of wood in the street, which some niggers are industriously sawing into sizes at their cross-legged mills. To carry out the picture, we must add six pigs,† with right of common gutterway, three or four miserable dogs with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and a troop of newly-arrived "gim of the ocean" *pisantry* around a pump; while some "military" must be seen in the distance, and the ladies opening the windows to obtain a peep at the heroes,—"soldiers in peace, citizens in war." The military are for a minute obstructed by six gaily-painted covered carts filled with merchandise, which their owners, the "western merchants," are carrying home; one "fresh spring-water" locomotive from Long Island, an "American ginger champagne" waggon, and a dirty cart carrying the mail of "U. S." (Uncle Sam, or United States). The placards on the wall are,— "American Theatre. Native talent!"—"American Museum,"—"American fire-grates,"—"American blacking,"—"American paper-hanging,"—and two political bills,— "Strike for freedom! Con-

* The invariable pronunciation in the States.

† The pig is a most useful animal in New York, and other large cities of the States, not only in its familiar character as a porker and bacon-provider, but in its extra-official duty as a scavenger. It certainly cannot be said that he is clever in sweeping round a corner, or in removing the earthy soil of the road; but he is particularly careful in collecting every species of animal and vegetable matter,—tidbits the rogue knows so well how to digest. Pork seems to be the favourite food of the natives. In the extreme heats of summer, fat ribs of fresh pork, as well as legs, are served up to the best tables at dinner, and pork steaks and chops at the breakfast table. No pious and bearded Jew could ever have experienced more disgust or horror at the sight of this food than I did on seeing and smelling it, when the thermometer was at 101 in the shade. "No wonder," said I, "that there are fifty people dying here every day of the cholera; no wonder that there is jaundice, yellow and black, yellow fever and black fever, in every street. This pork, this abominable meazled food, this greasy bait for infection must be the cause. These pigs, (O, learned Jews, how I do honour you for your aversion of them!) these very filthy street-feeding swine bring the cholera, jaundice, fever, and Heaven knows what other ills besides."

gress meets on the 10th instant. Jackson-men, do your duty!"—"Democrats, Anti-masons, Whigs, beat George the Third 1776,—beat tyrant Jackson 1836.—Elective monarchy—ruin—despotism—rouse to the fight—or slaves for ever—could beat the British." The picture will now be complete with the addition of a grocery store, on the outside of which is printed the following thirsty announcement:

" French Brandy,	Congress Water,
London Gin,	Sarsaparilla Soda,
Monongahela Whisky,	Ginger Champagne,
Jamaica Spirits,	Sling,
Yankee Rum,	Toddy,
Pine-apple Cider,	Sangaree,
Albany Ale,	Cocktail,
Philadelphia Porter,	Mint Julep,
Saratoga Spring-water,	Apple Jack."

The winter picture is of course very different. The snow is on the ground from four to twelve inches deep; business is at a stand-still; the wheeled vehicles disappear, and "sleighs" (sledges) of all descriptions, some of them very handsome, and drawn by from one to four horses, with bells round their necks to warn passengers of their otherwise noiseless approach over the snow, are used in their stead; the rivers and canals are blocked up, and the ice-houses replenished; the theatres and *ten-pin* alleys (*nine-pins* being a prohibited game) fill to overflowing; and those who have sweethearts take them out on "sleighbing frolics," covered up in large bear-skin wrappers, in which the warmest courtship is carried on over the ice and snow. The winter season is peculiarly propitious to Hymen in the United States, as time is not then so valuable to men of business as it is in summer.

A grocery store, or "grocery," as it is commonly called, is a tea, coffee, sugar, chandlery, tobacco, pickle, preserved-meat, confectionary, and fruit-shop, and serves as a news-room and tavern. All sorts of people, from the lady who purchases her preserves and gunpowder or hyson, with three cents worth of Yankee lollypop for little Washington or Jefferson, to the tobacco-chewing, apple-jack-drinking, newspaper-mad tailor or shoemaker, make the "grocery" a sort of 'Change; and perhaps no better place can be found to enable a traveller or sojourner in the United States to understand all the "institutions" (customs) of Uncle Sam. Some groceries are of course better frequented than others, and are more genteel. In most of the respectable ones no nigger, however well-dressed, need apply to be served with anything within the store, but may purchase the fruit which is placed in summer time under an awning at the door.

It is in a "grocery" that I must introduce two persons I occasionally met in one where I used to read the papers, over a glass of mint julep and a cigar after dinner. Reader, did you ever meet with a *real* Utilitarian Unitarian? I hope you have, that your remembrance may second my introduction to you of an American of a particular kind; one who is neither in the army nor the "military," and was not even one of the "Fantasticals," or Colonel Pluck's dragoons.*

* Some militiamen who parade in fantastic dresses to ridicule the "military," (volunteers,) who sport very splendid uniforms.

The Utilitarian Unitarians, or *Util Units*, as we may call them for the sake of shortness, are to be met with in several places in England, generally in commercial towns; but they absolutely abound in Boston Massachusetts, or the place is belied; and such is the force of example from sober brows, that the inhabitants generally are learning to eschew chewing tobacco, put no faith in snuff for headaches and sore brains, and have agreed to fine each other five dollars if caught smoking in the streets. Besides which, the tee-totallers among them have commenced an anti-pepper and mustard association; and the *reverend* Util Units preach against ladies frequenting, with children, pastry-stores, where peppermint-cakes and mincepies (suspected of having brandy in them) give a relish for seasoning and palate-tickling food, which the tee-totallers (Q. worn-out drunkards?) and many Util Units are determined to wage interminable war upon.

These Util Units are queer fellows, and yet marvellously dull,—queer from their dullness. Not that they want brains: they have much brains of *one* particular kind, but not enough of any other. Their tune is slow and monotonous, and they hate quick movements, falsettos, and the humorous or eccentric; at the same time being most eccentric themselves. I think I see half a dozen of them, that I have met with in different places, all assembled together, sober, sad, and mournful, matter-of-factness being extensively visible over every one of them, male and female. And what are they about? Musing, musing, crying out *time lost*, and losing more time. Poor creatures! how can they tolerate a smiling creation, while convinced there is no *utility* in merriment? And their children, too! Little accidents; Util Units in arms, who look at the faces of the grown units until *their* faces grow long, and amuse themselves with counting their fingers, as practice for the great game of utilitarianism, or special reckoning, which they are to play hereafter. There are the young ladies, too, charming Util Units, sitting all in a row, with countenances of marble expression, and mathematically true plaits of hair, decorum in every feature both of person and dress, from the marble nose and the plain comb to the black shoes and gloved hands. There they are, musing on calculations: one and one make two,—one and carry one. Sweet innocents! victims of utilitarianism!

The general characteristic of a true *Util Unit* is, that he *cannot* laugh; he prefers sitting or standing, "like his grandsire cut in alabaster." He is always in trade, rises early, and goes to bed as soon as possible, under pretence that he will then be better able to get up in the morning; but, in point of fact, he goes to bed early because he is tired of reasoning and surmising the utility of remaining awake any longer. This is the case day after day. That which is most useful for one day is so for another; and therefore the Util Unit remains spell-bound to monotony, and lives and dies by a rule of practice mathematically dull, uniform, and sober, useful to all after a certain minute fashion, but not *particularly* useful either to himself or any one else; utilitarianism being the doctrine which proposes to scatter about minute particles of human happiness of such accurate measurement and dwarfish make, that no one will take the trouble of picking them up. If *all* cannot enjoy themselves, says the Util Unit, no *one* ought; so let us distribute the quantity of enjoyment, and calculate how much there is for each, and then mul-

tiplying that by the quantity scattered, let us imagine the "sum total of the whole quantity," seen or not seen. If each man has a grain, how many bushels will twenty millions have? But some Util Units have their amusements; the papa teaches the young idea how to moralise on numbers, particles definite and collective, showing his children how much more of utility and human happiness there is in four children having a gingerbread-nut between them, although, from the size of the quarters, neither could taste its quality, than for them to draw lots and let one child have the whole. This is a charming domestic amusement, and has nothing objectionable or nonsensical in it, and the Util Unit's wife looks on, and admires the sobriety of the urchins;—melancholy rogues, to whom marbles and peg-tops are forbidden, as not being useful.

It is just possible that you may once a-year see a Util Unit at a theatre, where he goes to witness Cato, Julius Cæsar, or George Barnwell. He can admire a little music too, provided it takes place neither too early in the day nor too late in the evening; but, unless you desire to vex him, avoid all mention of any song which has *ri-fol-lol-de-rol*, or any other burthen in the same language annexed to it, which *he* calls ridiculous, meaning thereby that it must *not* be laughed at. Let us sum up the Util Unit's character by saying that he is always supposed to be an honest man; and, in driving a bargain, he would make no man suffer that he might enrich himself, *except* after a laborious and true calculation of the greatest happiness for the greatest number. He would not smuggle contraband goods, or goods with a high duty, *that* being cheating the customs, although he would accept and consume a present of smuggled goods, *that* not being cheating the customs.

The Util Unit I used to meet at Captain Symm's grocery and city tax-office, was a merchant, and occasionally I saw a wet Quaker captain, or skipper of a Savannah sloop, at the same place, the wet Quaker and the Util Unit being occasional dealers with each other.

Who has not heard of, if not seen, a wet Quaker? who *thees* and *yays*, wears no collar to his coat, and goes once a quarter to meeting; but is in other respects of no quaking character, living that sort of life which, in England, is called that of a *jolly dog*—in Kentucky, that of a *screamer*—in the "far West," the life of a "ring-tailed roarer," and in France, that of a *bon-vivant*. There is generally a wet Quaker to every three or four quaking families, and the wet Quakers of America, the screamers, and the ring-tailed roarers, are very similar to the jolly dog Quakers of England, although, if a difference must be mentioned, it is, that the wet quaking American has rather less regard for outward appearances than a wet quaking Englishman. I have frequently seen a wet Quaker in a theatre in New York or Philadelphia, with shorn coat and brimmed hat unhid; but the Simon Pures of England would doff both coat and hat previous to entering a playhouse. The wet Quaker of New York, I am speaking of, once preached a short discourse in the meeting-house, but it was of so peculiar a kind that the elders requested him to abandon the text, and preach no more. It seems that wet Simon had purchased a hat of James Dobson, a wet Quaking hatter, who had "fixed" Simon with a shocking bad hat at a high price. Simon, therefore, in great lowness of spirits took six cents worth of gin sling, or ale cocktail, and marched to the meeting, determined with great humility

to expose the said James Dobson, the wet quaking hatter. So, when some of the elders were just "calculating on considerable of silence," Simon arose, and looking hard at James with a determination, if possible, to try Colonel Crockett's plan, and grin the hair off wet James's head, said or sung, "I guess James Dob-son is one of the big-gest black-guards in all New York. He sold me a hat for beaver, which was nothing but cat-skin. Here it is, not worth a dollar and a half."

Well, there we were in the grocery, wet Simon, Mr. Thomas Williams the Util Unit, and myself: wet Simon being seated on a rice-cask, and myself on two chairs, while Mr. Thomas Williams was fidgetty, and loitering up and down in that precise humour which keeps a man in doubt whether to stand up or sit still.

WET QUAKER. Another julep, ice it well, and not so sweet. Thomas, what 's the use of thee coming here, if thee don't either read or drink?

UTIL UNIT. I want to speak with you about the tar, Captain.

WET QUAKER. Oh! d—the tar, I shall lose fifty dollars by it.

UTIL UNIT. What 's the use of swearing? Let me have the tar, and put up with the first loss. You'll have to store it at two cents a barrel if you don't sell. I guess you'd better take my offer. Look here, Major Noah says, in the *Evening Star*, that the price of tar is nominal.

WET QUAKER. Nominal! yay, but nominal doesn't mean five cents under the price thee offered me yesterday. Five cents on two hundred and seventy-six barrels,—reckon that.

UTIL UNIT. I have, Captain. It is thirteen dollars eighty cents.

WET QUAKER. I expected thee'dst reckoned it; thirteen dollars eighty cents an't slow for one day.

UTIL UNIT. That's a fact, Captain.

WET QUAKER. I could have a rare game at that price.

UTIL UNIT. What game, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, any game. I'd play thee at backgammon; double or quits.

UTIL UNIT. Of what use would that be, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, either to win or lose.

UTIL UNIT. Losing could be of no use, Captain.

WET QUAKER. Well then, why should I lose thirteen dollars eighty cents by thee?

UTIL UNIT. I calculate I offer you a fair price; Major Noah says—

WET QUAKER. Well then, thee'd better try the sum over again. Major Noah, nor fifteen Majors, shan't have the tar at a nominal price. This is a New York trick, *this is*. They lower the price when they want to buy. The tar is worth as much money in Savannah, and yet the holders here, by selling out too fast one day, lower the price, to be able to buy at a nominal price the day after. And they bribe Major Noah and the other varmint to take us in. Sit down, Thomas, and make yourself miserable.

UTIL UNIT. Why should I do that, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, I meant the reverse. Thee can't take a joke, Thomas. Give this gentleman a mint julep.

UTIL UNIT. No; give me some sarsaparilla soda-water with a leetle dash of brandy. I guess that's the most useful drink there is.

WET QUAKER. (*reads.*) "GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—There has been seen, recently in Broadway, a young man whose pantaloons straps were so tight that he could not put his feet to the ground. This reminds us of the well-known little dog whose tail curled so tight it lifted him off his hind legs." Ha! ha! ha! Did thee ever see that little dog, Thomas?

UTIL UNIT. How can you read such nonsense, Captain? I expect the Major is mad, or he would not write such stuff. So untrue too, for if we consider—

WET QUAKER. Here's another:—"LADIES' FASHIONS.—In Connecticut, in former times, they had their hair tied so tight upon the back part of their heads, that it drew their lips apart so much they could not get them sufficiently near together to kiss their lovers, without loosening the cord." That's first rate, and genoooin'.

UTIL UNIT. Genoooin' lie. Shocking depravity! Then I guess you won't let me have the tar?

WET QUAKER. Yes, I will, if thee'll give the five cents.

UTIL UNIT. Come, Captain, don't stand higgling. Let me have it, and I'll give you two cents more.

WET QUAKER. No, five. Here's a capital joke.—"A green, good-natured, money-making Jonathan, who said everything drily, got things fixed, struck up a bargain for matrimony, and employed a neighbouring squire to put his signature to the contract. This squire commenced the ceremony with observing that 'it was customary on such occasions to make a prayer, but he believed he would omit that;' after tying the knot he said 'it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he would omit that also; it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that.' The contract being signed, Jonathan took the squire by the button-hole and said, 'Squire, it is customary to give five dollars for this here affair, *but I believe I'll omit that.*" Ha! ha! ha! How dost thee like that, Thomas?

UTIL UNIT. Shocking, sir. Waste of time, and not of the smallest use to read. Will you let me have the tar?

(Here a *very extraordinary* occurrence takes place; an Italian boy just landed in the "home of the free," comes up the street, playing a bird organ.)

WET QUAKER. Music! Well, that's first rate, isn't it, Thomas? (Mr. Thomas Williams sits down, and takes up a newspaper.)

WET QUAKER. That's the best tune I've heard since last fall, when I went to the Bowery. No ways slow, that quick part. If he will play "Washington's March," or "Hail Columbia," I'll treat him to a sling.

ITALIAN BOY. Povero Italiano, Signori?

WET QUAKER. Why, the rascal is begging! See how the fellow takes off his hat, as if he was the President just going to address the Citizens in Tammany Hall.

UTIL UNIT. The depravity of Europeans! I guess this lad now has never been taught to make anything, and is sent over here to fatten on our industry.

ITALIAN BOY. Poverino ragazzo di Napoli, Signor?

UTIL UNIT. He ought to be whipped for idling in this manner, and playing his organ in the middle of the day: of what use is it? Come here. Can't you sell that organ to some person going back to Europe, and buy a spade, and get into a decent boarding-house?

ITALIAN BOY. *Alcuna piccola cosa per l'esule d'Italia?*

UTIL UNIT. (turning away.) Oh! I expect he is incorrigible.

WET QUAKER. Here are two cents for thee, and play "Yankee-doodle" if thee can.

(Italian boy bows, and "clears out," playing the Marselloise hymn.)

UTIL UNIT. The injury you have just done that lad may be incalculable. By giving him two cents you unship the helm of his morality, give him a distaste for digging, and saddle Uncle Sam with a fellow who will never make anything.

WET QUAKER. I say, Thomas, how many things didst thee ever make? Buying tar at a nominal price isn't making anything, but only removing my dollars into thy pocket.

UTIL UNIT. Will you take four cents extra for the tar, and let me have it right away?

WET QUAKER. Ah! now thee are right. Leave off the nominal and come to the extra. But I must have five cents extra.

UTIL UNIT. You are too hard, Captain; con-siderable. Give me that little lot of bamboo canes, then, into the bargain.

WET QUAKER. Well, I'll give thee half of them.

UTIL UNIT. Only half? but you will make it up with a couple of pounds of that fine Cavendish chew tobacco, that I want to give away.

WET QUAKER. I'll give thee a pound of it on one condition.

UTIL UNIT. What is that, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, that thee shall not beg for another thing. Thee will unship the helm of thee morality if thee do so. But I'll give thee another drop if thee will have it, and then we'll go down Pearl Street together.

ANACREON MADE EASY.

Η γη μιλανα πινει.

The dark earth drinks the heaven's refreshing rain;
 Trees drink the dew; the ocean drinks the air;
 The sun the ocean drinks; the moon again
 Drinks her soft radiance from the sun's bright glare.

Since all things drink theh,—earth, and trees, and sea,
 And sun, and moon, are all on quaffing set,
 Why should you quarrel, my good friends, with me,
 Because I love a pot of heavy wet?

BULLER, JUN.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSION.

IN Paris there are many professions of so singular a nature, that a stranger would scarcely believe in the possibility of their existence. These professions are the offspring of poverty and love of gain; for never does the genuine Parisian, whether from want or the fondness for lucre, turn his back on an opportunity of earning money, no matter how or at what rate. It is said in some old English tale that there are to be found in "ancient Lutetia" men who for a certain price submit to be hanged instead of others. This assertion would not at the present day be wholly destitute of probability. Has not Parent-Duchâtelet, in his admirable book on Prostitution and on the Public Sewers in the city of Paris, informed us that, for thirty sous a day, labourers descend into the common sewers, with the certainty of contracting there the germs of horrid diseases, and of a premature death?—and he has not confined his fearful recitals to a single instance. He enumerates, moreover, the surgeon, who finds the *dissecting fever* in the amphitheatre; the tinner, who slowly poisons himself with vapours charged with acid of lead; the gilder, who contracts convulsions, occasioned by the mercury with which his nervous system gradually becomes penetrated during his work; the porters employed in unloading lighters, whose legs, incessantly in the water, are covered with ulcers; and a hundred other deplorable afflictions, to which poverty and social necessities subject part of the population of Paris.

So long as Parent-Duchâtelet lived, his sublime devotedness to his profession and his courageous virtues continued to be unknown or unappreciated, and gained him none of that celebrity which he subsequently acquired by his book on Prostitution, published after his death. He was, to be sure, one of those men who have no notion of setting forth their own merits: melancholy, unused to the habits of the world, you found, at first sight, his manners impressed with a certain stiff awkwardness, the result, no doubt, of a disguised bashfulness. Instead of supposing him to be constantly occupied with grave considerations, people charged him with eccentric absence of mind; and it was requisite that you should have seen him several times, and been admitted into his intimacy, before you could discover in him the virtuous citizen, the superior and the amiable man. But then you loved, as much as you at first disliked him. He knew a thousand interesting things, which he related with wonderful effect, and with a voice which assumed such pleasing modulations, that it was impossible to withstand their spell. His features then changed their expression, an engaging smile animated his countenance, he threw off his shyness, and gave way to the inspirations of a fluent and seductive eloquence.

But if the few persons admitted to his intimacy did justice to and comprehended him, Parent-Duchâtelet nevertheless remained almost an unknown man, whose useful and arduous labours passed unnoticed. He exposed his life twice or thrice a week in dangerous experiments, and not a journal mentioned either his devotedness or even the results of it. This silence and this obscurity, it is true, well suited the philanthropist. Provided that authority would listen to his observa-

tions, and put in practice the improvements which he proposed,—provided that he could remove a peril from one of the disgusting and yet necessary professions of society,—provided that he could visit freely and without restriction the establishments, the hospitals, the sewers, this was sufficient,—he thought himself amply rewarded for his fatigues, his labours, and the risk of his life.

One evening in 1836, a few months before his death, Parent-Duchâtelet returned home more melancholy and more fatigued than usual. Though two or three friends seated round the fire awaited him, it was some time before the worthy man recovered some degree of serenity. At length the presence of those he loved, the comfortable fire which blazed in the grate, and some jocose sallies addressed to him, dispelled his melancholy mood: he raised his head, which was habitually bent down, rubbed his hands, a gesture that was common with him, and turning to his friends, said,

“I have just come,” said he, “from the Hôtel-Dieu! Alas! I have there discovered a new human misery, a profession almost as fatal as all those fatal professions which we sometimes talk of. Heavy and frightful chain, whose last link is prostitution! You have all seen the Hôtel-Dieu, I dare say?” added he, with the simplicity of a man who spends his life in the hospitals, and takes it for granted that nobody can be unacquainted with that place of suffering and sorrow.”

“Yes,” replied one, “I know something of the Hôtel-Dieu. It is now an hospital, like any other hospital; where they no longer put four patients into one bed, two over and two under; where the curtains are white, the sheets clean, the mattresses soft, and the wards well aired; where they make poultices by copperfuls, diet-drink by butts, and use two hundred yards of plaster a-day.”

“But you forget,” rejoined Parent-Duchâtelet, “you forget that the good nuns pass their lives in nursing those who are afflicted, and in comforting those who weep. You forget that the most eminent practitioners in Paris, that is to say in the world, are attached to this establishment, and that they bestow gratuitously on the poor those attentions which their occupations do not always permit them to pay to the rich at any price. The most wonderful operations of surgery are daily performed there with success.”

“Yes; but to this day the number of deaths at the Hôtel-Dieu has always exceeded the average of the other hospitals, and no means can be devised for balancing so fatal a disadvantage. To no purpose have improved methods and ameliorations been introduced: the vicinity of the water renders fevers more malignant, inflames wounds, and gives a fatal termination to many operations which are unattended with danger in other hospitals.”

“It is very true,” replied Parent-Duchâtelet, passing his hand over his forehead; “hence the place of burying-woman (*ensevelisseuse*) is much more laborious at the Hôtel-Dieu than in the other hospitals.”

“The place of burying-woman!”

“Yes, my friends, the place of burying-woman! Among the people belonging to that establishment, there is a woman who passes her life in stripping the bodies of those who have died during the day of their clothes; for these clothes belong to the hospital, and are, by and by, worn by others. She then gives up the corpses to the ana-

tomists; or, if the faculty do not want them, she wraps them in a winding-sheet of coarse linen cloth, sews them up in it, and lays them upon black marble tables, where they wait for the priest, a prayer, and a few drops of holy water; they are then thrown into the general grave, and all is over."

These funereal descriptions had by no means tended to raise the spirits of the auditory. A short silence ensued.

"And this woman," presently resumed Parent-Duchâtelet, with his melancholy smile, "is happy and contented. When she has taken her morning-dram she is lively and jovial, can say laughable things, or hum some old street ballad while performing the duties of her profession. I know not what her *place*, as she calls it, is worth; but the salary is sufficient for her wants, and she makes a pretty little income, besides, with the hair of the dead women, which she cuts off and sells to the hair-dressers for making mats and wigs. So, faith, Mother Catherine is in want of nothing, and she says that her heirs will find that she has left quite enough to bury her with decency."

"And is it long that she has followed this trade?"

"Seventy years. She was fourteen when she was appointed assistant to her aunt, *honoured, from mother to daughter*, as she told me, with the place of burying-woman to the Hôtel-Dieu. Of course she overflows with anecdotes of the Hôtel-Dieu, or rather of those who have died there; for, 'God be thanked,'—this is her own expression,—'pretty many of them have passed through my hands!' But there is one circumstance of which she is particularly proud, and which she never fails to relate to those who go down, either by chance or from curiosity, to the damp, dark, under-ground room, which is her dwelling night and day; for there she passes her life preparing corpses for burial, and tending a stock-gilliflower, which she fondly places in the only ray of sun that sometimes enters by the window, or rather air-hole of her abode. This flower is to her, friend, company, family. She would rather go without snuff a whole week than lose it. You should witness the affection of Mother Catherine for her flower,—you should see what uneasiness she manifests whenever the plant seems to languish,—how anxiously she looks at the leaves when they droop ever so little,—how gently she digs up the surface of the earth,—how she waters and covers it with manure,—nay, at such times, so painfully is she engrossed by it, that she forgets to take her habitual noontide nap in her easy-chair lined with leather, the only piece of furniture for the use of the living that is to be found in this subterraneous place. In her moments of relaxation, therefore, when old Catherine stretches herself in her easy-chair, when she has taken her dram, when her horn box inlaid with silver is replenished with fresh snuff, when her stock is in a thriving state, you need not question her much before she will tell you what a handsome young man she once buried, when she was young, the first day that she performed the functions of supernumerary burying-woman to her old aunt.

"'Yes,' says she, shaking her head, 'yes! A handsome young man, upon my soul. His hands were so white, and great attention was paid to him, because Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris had recommended him to the sisters. I was with my aunt, who was giving me my first lessons, when all at once the door that you see there flew open! A man entered. He trailed after him a long white

sheet. I was frightened, for I was not yet used to my business; and the sight of this figure made my heart leap into my mouth. He locked the door after him, took out the key, and sat down on the marble table you see there under the window.

“‘They will not find me here,’ said he. ‘I shall get away from those rascally philosophers, Voltaire, the devil incarnate,—Laharpe, ah! ah! Laharpe, his valet. I will write verses against them,—verses that shall kill them,—verses that shall stab them.’

“‘He then perceived my aunt, for I had hid myself in a corner. He ran to her, seized her by the throat, and, shaking her as though he would throttle her, shouted, ‘Art thou a philosopher, I say? art thou a philosopher?’

“‘The poor old woman’s danger made me forget my own. I darted upon the man, and picked up the key, which he had dropped. I was going to open the door, and to call for help; but he was too quick for me, and, leaving my aunt, he snatched the key out of my hand and swallowed it! Presently I saw him drop upon the floor, where he rolled about, howling in the most frightful manner. Only conceive my terror when I found myself a prisoner between this man, struggling in the agony of death, and my poor aunt, who lay there without stirring. I called for help—I screamed—I knocked at the door as loud as I could; but nobody heard me, and more than two hours passed before accident brought some one to the place. I then related what had happened. The door was broken open, and people came to attend to my aunt and the young man. My poor aunt was dead, and the people of the infirmary told me that the young man himself died presently afterwards. They added that he was mad; that he had been scrawling the whole morning upon paper; that a violent fever had seized him, and that he had taken advantage of a moment when he was not watched to escape from his bed, and come to the *cooler*’—the *cooler*! good God! what a name!

“‘So I began my business by burying with tears my poor dear aunt. In the evening they brought me the young man. The surgeons had extracted from his throat the key, which they gave back to me. And here it is,’ said she, holding up before me a key bright and shining as though the tidiest Dutch housewife had scoured it with sand-paper.

“‘And what was the name of the young man?’ I asked, shuddering at the sight of this strange relic.

“‘His name?’ said she, scratching her wrinkled forehead. ‘His name? Why, I do not recollect it just now. ’Tis very odd! However, you may easily find it out, for one of the people belonging to the infirmary told me that the scrawls which the young man made upon paper before he died, had been engraved in the hall of the hospital. I know not whether it is so, for I seldom go out of my room; and when I do chance to leave it, my road lies another way. And then my eyes are so bad!’

“‘On quitting old Catherine, I went up to the hall, and there I actually found engraved on a marble tablet three well-known stanzas, with the name of GILBERT underneath them. So it was Gilbert’s death that the burying-woman had been relating to me! I must confess that a deep sadness, a painful depression, came over me. Thus far I have adverted only to painful thoughts and recollections.

What a disgrace to the country, to think that the greatest, that the only poet of the latter part of the eighteenth century, the sole defender of religious ideas attacked on all sides, the courageous writer, who dared to give the first stroke to the destructive philosophy of his day,—a philosophy now so completely destroyed itself,—found no other asylum but an hospital, no other tomb but the general grave! Ah! in our times such a thing would not have happened! In our days virtue and merit would not pass unrewarded."

"As witness yourself, Parent;—you whom no reward has ever reached in your obscurity; you, who sacrifice to the public weal your labours, your intelligence, and even the moderate income produced by your incessant toils and fatigues."

Parent-Duchâtelet smiled in the way that angels must smile, and replied, "But what I do is not done for the sake of reward." He then resumed in a simple tone, as though the thread of the conversation had not been broken, "At any rate the business of burying-woman is indispensable, and therefore, if it is an extraordinary and a melancholy one, there is nothing disgraceful in it. But I do know a profession which is really disgraceful, and which I hope to put a stop to when I have pointed it out to the prefect of police."

"What profession?"

"In one of the cemeteries of Paris, when a corpse has been interred, there is a grave-digger, who, after covering the coffin with earth, comes and asks the son of the deceased *if he does not mean to give him something to drink.*"

Every one doubted the existence of such a horrid outrage of decorum. Alas! not long afterwards they were but too fully convinced of its reality. It was on the day when the friends of Parent-Duchâtelet followed him with tears to his last home. By the by, the trade still flourishes, and is carried on to this day in all its deformity.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE OF THIS WITTY DIVINE IS TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

At one of the Holland House Sunday dinner-parties many years ago, Crockford's Club, then forming, was talked of; and the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was surely less ruinous than the rage for play among men; upon which Sydney Smith wrote the following *impromptu sermonet* most appropriately on a card:

Thoughtless that "all that's brightest fades,"
 Unmindful of that *knave of spades*,
 The sexton and his subs:
 How foolishly we play our parts!
 Our *wives on diamonds set their hearts*,
 We set our *hearts on clubs*.

WILD SCENES AMONG THE APPALACHIANS.

A NIGHT ON THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS.

It haunts me yet ! that early dream
 Of first fond love ;—
 Like the ice that floats on a summer stream
 From some frozen fount above :
 Through my river of years 'twill drifting gleam,
 Where'er their waves may rove !
 It flashes athwart each sunny hour
 With a strangely bright but chilling power,
 Ever and ever to mock their tide
 With its delusive glow ;—
 A fragment of hopes that were petrified
 Long, long ago !

The Yankee Rhymer.

THERE are few parts of the United States which, for beauty of scenery, amenity of climate, and, I might add, the primitive character of the inhabitants, possess more peculiar attraction than the mountainous region of eastern Tennessee.

It is a wild and romantic district, composed of rocks and broken hills, where the primeval forests overhang valleys watered by limpid streams whose meadowy banks are grazed by innumerable herds of cattle. The various mountain ridges, which at one point traverse the country almost in parallel lines, while at another they sweep off in vast curves, and describe a majestic amphitheatre, are all, more or less, connected with the Appalachian chain, and share the peculiarities which elsewhere characterize those mountains. In some places the transition from valley to highland is so gradual, that you are hardly aware of the undulations of surface when passing over it. In others, the frowning heights rise in precipitous walls from the plains, while again their wooded and dome-like summits will heave upward from the broad meadows, like enormous tumuli heaped upon their bosom.

The hills also are frequently seamed with deep and dark ravines, whose sheer sides and dimly-described bottom will make the eye swim as it tries to fathom them, while they are often pierced with cavernous galleries, which lead miles under ground, and branch off into grottos so spacious that an army might be marshalled within their yawning chambers.*

Here, too, those remarkable conical cavities which are generally known by the name of "sink-holes" in the western country are thickly scattered over the surface; and so perfect in shape are many of them that it is difficult to persuade the ruder residents that they are not the work of art, nor fashioned out as drinking-bowls for the extinct monsters whose fossil remains are so abundant in this region. Indeed the singular formation of the earth's surface, with the entire seclusion in which they live amid their pastoral valleys, must account for and excuse many a less reasonable belief and superstition prevailing among those hospitable mountaineers. "The Enchanted Mountains," as one of the ranges I have been attempting to describe is called, are especially distinguished by the number of incredible traditions and wild superstitions connected with them. Those un-

* The great limestone cavern of Kentucky, which has been explored twelve miles in one direction, is said, in the current phrase of the country, to extend under a whole county.

couth paintings along their cliffs, and the foot-prints of men and horses stamped in the solid rock upon the highest summits, as mentioned by Mr. Flint in his Geography of the Western Country, constitute but a small part of the material which they offer to an uneducated and imaginative people for the creation of strange fantasies. The singular echoes which tremble through these lonely glens, and the shifting forms which, as the morning mist rises from the upland, may be seen stealing over the tops of the crags, and hiding themselves within the crevices, are alike accounted for by supernatural causes.

Having always been imbued with a certain love of the marvellous, and being one of the pious few, who, in this enlightened age of reality, nurse up a lingering superstition or two, I found myself, while loitering through this romantic district, and associating upon the most easy terms with its rural population, irresistibly imbibing a portion of the feeling and spirit which prevailed around me. The cavernous ravines and sounding aisles of the tall forests had "airy tongues" for me, as well as for those who are more familiar with their whisperings. But as for the freakish beings who were supposed to give them utterance as they pranked it away in the dim retreats around, I somehow or other could never obtain a fair sight of one of them. The forms that sometimes rose between my eyes and the mist-breathing cascade, or flitted across the shadowy glade at some sudden turn of my forest-path, always managed to disappear behind some jutting rock, or make good their escape into some convenient thicket, before I could make out their lineaments, or even swear to their existence at all. My repeated disappointments in this way had begun to put me quite out of conceit with my quickness and accuracy of vision, when a new opportunity was given me of testing them, in the manner I am about to relate.

I happened one day to dine at a little inn situated at the mouth of a wooded gorge, where it lay tucked away so closely beneath the ponderous limbs of a huge tulip-tree, that the blue smoke from the kitchen fire alone betrayed its locality. Mine host proved to be one of those talkative worthies who, being supplied with but little information to exercise his tongue upon, make amends for the defects of education and circumstance by dwelling with exaggeration upon every trivial incident around him. Such people in polished society become the scandal-mongers of the circle in which they move, while in more simple communities they are only the chroniclers of everything marvellous that has occurred in the neighbourhood "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." I had hardly placed myself at the dinner-table, before my garrulous entertainer began to display his retentive faculties by giving me the exact year and day upon which every chicken with two heads, or calf with five legs, had been born throughout the whole country round. Then followed the most minute particulars of a murder or two which had been perpetrated within the last twenty years; and after this I was drilled into the exact situation and bearings of a haunted house which I should probably see the next day, by pursuing the road I was then travelling; finally, I was inducted into all the arcana of a remarkable cavern in the vicinity,—where an "ouphc, gnome, moon-elf, or water-sprite" had taken up its residence, to the great annoyance of every one except my landlord's buxom daughter, who was said to be upon the most enviable terms with the freakish spirit of the grotto.

The animated and almost eloquent description which mine host gave of this cavern made me readily overlook the puerile credulity with which he wound up his account of its peculiarities. It interested me so much, indeed, that I determined to stable my horse for the night, and proceed at once to explore the place. A fresh and blooming girl, with the laughing eye and free step of a mountaineer, volunteered to be my guide on the occasion, hinting at the same time, while she gave a mischievous look at her father, that I would find it difficult to procure a cicerone other than herself in the neighbourhood. She then directed me how to find the principal entrance to the cave, where she promised to join me soon after.

A rough scramble in the hills soon brought me to the place of meeting, and entering the first chamber of the cavern, which was large, and well lighted from without, I stretched myself upon a rocky ledge which leaned over a brook that meandered through the place, and, lulled by the dash of a distant waterfall, surrendered myself to a thousand musing fancies.

Fatigue, from an early and long morning ride, or possibly too liberal a devotion to the good things which had been placed before me at table, caused me soon to be overtaken by sleep. My slumbers, however, were broken and uneasy; and after repeatedly opening my eyes to look with some impatience at my watch, as I tossed upon my stony couch, I abandoned the idea of a nap entirely, momentarily expecting that my guide would make her appearance, and contented myself with gazing listlessly upon the streamlet which rippled over its pebbled bed beneath me. I must have remained for some time in this vacant mood, when my idle musings were interrupted by a new source of interest presenting itself.

A slight rustling near disturbed me, and, turning round as I opened my eyes, a female figure, in a drapery of snowy whiteness, appeared to flit before them, and retire behind a tall cascade immediately in front of me. The uncertain light of the place, with the spray of the waterfall, which partially impeded my view of the farther part of the cavern, made me at first doubt the evidence of my senses; but gradually a distinct form was perceptible amid the mist, apparently moving slowly from me, and beckoning the while to follow. The height of the figure struck me immediately as being about the same as that of the buxom daughter of my landlord; and, though the proportions seemed more slender, I had no doubt, upon recalling her arch expression of countenance while her father was relating to me the wild superstitions of the cavern, that a ready solution of one of its mysteries, at least, was at hand. Some woman's whim, I had no doubt, prompted the girl to get up a little diversion at my expense, and sent her thither to put the freak in execution. I had been told that there were a dozen outlets to the cavern, and presumed that I was now to be involved in its labyrinths for the purpose of seeing in what part of the mountain I might subsequently make my exit. He is no true lover of a pair of bright eyes who will mar the jest of a pretty woman. The lady beckoned, and I followed.

I had some difficulty in scaling the precipice, over which tumbled the waterfall; but after slipping once or twice upon the wet ledges of rock, which supplied a treacherous foothold, I at last gained the summit, and stood within a few yards of my whimsical conductor. She had paused upon the farthest side of the chamber into which the

cavern here expanded. It was a vast and noble apartment. The lofty ceiling swelled almost into a perfect dome, save where a ragged aperture at the top admitted the noonday sun, whose rays, as they fell through the vines and wild flowers that embowered the orifice, were glinted back from a thousand sparry points and pillars around. The walls, indeed, were completely fretted with stalactites. In some places small, and apparently freshly formed, they hung in fringed rows from the ceiling; in others they drooped so heavily as to knit the glistening roof to the marble floor beneath it, or rose in slender pyramids from the floor itself until they appeared to sustain the vault above.

The motion of the air created by the cascade gave a delightful coolness to this apartment, while the murmur of the falling water was echoed back from the vibrating columns with tones as rich and melodious as those which sweep from an Æolian harp. Never, methought, had I seen a spot so alluring. And yet, when I surveyed each charm of the grotto, I knew not whether I could be contented in any one part of it. Nothing, indeed, could be more inviting to tranquil enjoyment than the place where I then stood; but the clustering columns, with their interlacing screen-work of woven spar, allured my eye into a hundred romantic aisles which I longed to explore; while the pendant wild flowers which luxuriated in the sunlight around the opening above, prompted me to scale the dangerous height, and try what pinnacle of the mountain I might gain by emerging from the cavern through the lofty aperture.

These reflections were abruptly terminated by an impatient gesture from my guide, and for the first time I caught a glimpse of her countenance as she glided by a deep pool in which it was reflected.

That glance had a singular, almost a preternatural effect upon me; the features were different from those I had expected to behold. They were not those of the new acquaintance whom I thought I was following, but the expression they wore was one so familiar to me in bygone years, that I started as if I had seen an apparition.

It was the look of one who had been long since dead,—of one around whose name, when life was new, the whole tissue of my hopes and fears was woven,—for whom all my aspirations after worldly honours had been breathed,—in whom all my dreams of earthly happiness had been wound up. She had mingled in purer hours with all the fond and home-loving fancies of boyhood; she had been the queen of each romantic vision of my youth; and, amid the worldly cares and selfish struggles of maturer life, the thought of her had lived separate and apart in my bosom, with no companion in its hallowed chamber save the religion learned at a mother's knee, save that hope of better things, which, once implanted by a mother's love, survives amid the storms and conflicts of the world,—a beacon to warn us more often, alas! how far we have wandered from her teachings than to guide us to the haven whither they were meant to lead.

I had loved her, and I had lost her: how, it matters not. Perchance disease had reft her from me by some sudden blow at the moment when possession made her dearest. Perchance I saw her fade in the arms of another, while I was banned and barred from ministering to a spirit that stole away to the grave with all I prized on earth. It boots not how I lost her; but he who has centered

every thought and feeling in one only object, whose morning hopes have for years gone forth to the same goal, whose evening reflections have for years come back to the same bourne, whose waking visions and whose midnight dreams have for years been haunted by the same image, whose schemes of toil and advancement have all tended to the same end,—*he* knows what it is to have the pivot upon which every wheel of his heart hath turned wrenched from its centre,—to have the sun, round which revolved every joy that lighted his bosom, plucked from its system.

Well, it was her face; as I live, it was the soul-breathing features of Linda that now beamed before me, fresh as when in dawning womanhood they first caught my youthful fancy,—resistless as when in their noontide blaze of beauty I poured out my whole adoring soul before them. There was that same appealing look of the large lustrous eyes, the same sunny and soul-melting smile which, playing over a countenance thoughtful even to sadness, touched it with a beauty so radiant, that the charm seemed borrowed from heaven itself.

I could not but think it strange that such an image should be presented to my view in such a place; and yet, if I now rightly recollect my emotions, surprise was the least active among them. I cared not why or whence the apparition came; I thought not whether it were reality or mocking semblance, the phantasy of my own brain, or the shadowy creation of some supernatural power around me. I knew only that it was there; I knew only that the eyes in whose perilous light my soul had bathed herself to madness, beamed anew before me; that the lips whose lightest smile had often wrapt me in elysium; that the brow whose holy light——But why should I thus attempt to paint what pencil never yet hath reached?—why essay a portrait whose colours I have nowhere found, save in the heart where they are laid so deeply that death alone can dim them. Enough that the only human being to whom my spirit ever bowed in inferiority—enough that the idol to which it had knelt in adoration, now stood palpably before it. An hour ago, and I would have crossed the threshold of the grave itself to stand one moment in that presence,—to gaze, if but for an instant, upon those features. What recked I now, then, how or whence they were conjured up? Had The FIEND himself stood nigh, I would have pressed nearer, and gazed and followed as I did. The figure beckoned, and I went on.

The vaulted pathway was at first smooth, and easily followed; but, after passing through several of the cavernous chambers into which it ever and anon expanded, the route became more and more difficult; loose masses of rock encumbering the floor, or drooping in pendant crags from the roof, rendered the defiles between them both toilsome and hazardous. The light which fell through the opening behind us soon disappeared entirely, and it gave me a singular sinking of the spirits, as we passed into deeper and deeper gloom, to hear the musical sounds, which I have already noted in the grotto from which we first passed, dying away in the distance, and leaving the place at last in total silence. Long, indeed, after they had ceased to reach my ear with any distinctness, they would seem at times to swell along the winding vault, and break anew upon me at some turn in our devious route. So strangely, too, do the innumerable subtle echoes metamorphose each noise in these caverns, that I continually found myself mistaking the muttered reverberations for the sounds of a human

voice. At one moment it seemed in gay tones to be calling me back to the sparry grotto and bright sunshine behind me, while the very next it appeared with sudden and harsh intonation to warn me against proceeding further. Anon it would die away with a mournful cadence, a melancholy wailing, like the requiem of one who was beyond the reach of all earthly counsel or assistance.

Again and again did I pause in my career to listen to this wild chanting, while my feelings would for the moment take their hue and complexion from the sources which thus bewildered my senses. I thought of my early dreams of fame and honour, of the singing hopes that lured me on my path, when one fatal image stepped between my soul and all its high endeavour. I thought of that buoyancy of spirit, once so irrepressible in its elasticity that it seemed proof alike against time and sorrow, now sapped, wasted, and destroyed by the frenzied pursuit of one object. I thought of the home which had so much to embellish and endear it, and which yet, with all its heart-cheering joys, had been neglected and left, like the sunlit grotto, to follow a shifting phantom through a heartless world. I thought of the reproachful voices around me, and the ceaseless upbraider in my own bosom, which told of time and talents wasted, of opportunities thrown away, of mental energies squandered, of heart, brain, and soul consumed in a devotion deeper and more absorbing than Heaven itself exacts from its votaries. I thought, and I looked at the object for which I had lavished them all. I thought that my life must have been some hideous dream, some damned vision in which my fated soul was bound by imaginary ties to a being doomed to be its bane upon earth, and shut it out at last from heaven; and I laughed in scornful glee as I twisted my bodily frame in the hope that at length I might wake from that long-enduring sleep. I caught a smile from the lips: I saw a beckon from the hand of the phantom, and I wished still to dream, and to follow for ever. I plunged into the abyss of darkness to which it pointed; and, reckless of every thing I might leave behind, followed wheresoever it might marshal me.

A damp and chilling atmosphere now pervaded the place, and the clammy moisture stood thick upon my brow as I groped my way through a labyrinth of winding galleries which intersected each other so often both obliquely and transversely, that the whole mountain seemed honey-combed. At one moment the steep and broken pathway led up acclivities almost impossible to scale; at another the black edge of a precipice indicated our hazardous route along the brink of some unfathomed gulf; while again a savage torrent, roaring through the sinuous vault, left scarcely room enough for a foot-hold between the base of the wall and its furious tide.

And still my guide kept on, and still I followed. Returning, indeed, had the thought occurred to me, was now impossible; for the pale light which seemed to hang around her person, emanating, as it were, from her white raiment, was all that guided me through these shadowy realms. But not for a moment did I now think of retracing my steps, or pausing in that wild pursuit. Onward, and still onward it led, while my spirit, once set upon its purpose, seemed to gather sterner determination from every difficulty it encountered, and to kindle once more with that indomitable buoyancy which was once the chief attribute of my nature.

At length the chase seemed ended, as we approached one of those

abrupt and startling turns common in these caverns, where the passage, suddenly veering to the right or left, leads you, as if by design, to the sheer edge of some gulf that is impassable. My strange companion seemed pausing for a moment upon the brink of the abyss. It was a moment to me of delirious joy, mingled with more than mortal agony; the object of my wild pursuit seemed at length within my grasp. A single bound, and my outstretched arms would have encircled her person; a single bound—nay, the least movement towards her—might only have precipitated the destruction upon whose brink she hovered. Her form seemed to flutter upon the very edge of that horrid precipice, as, gazing like one fascinated over it, she stretched her hand backward toward me. It was like inviting me to perdition. And yet, forgive me Heaven! to perish with her was my proudest hope, as I sprang to grasp it. But, oh God! what held I in that withering clasp? The ice of death seemed curdling in my veins as I touched those clammy and pulseless fingers. A strange and unhallowed light shot upward from the black abyss; and the features, from which I *could* not take my eyes away, were changed to those of a DEMON in that hideous glare. And now the hand that I had so longed to clasp closed with remorseless pressure round my own, and drew me toward the yawning gulf,—it tightened in its grasp, and I hovered still nearer to my horrid doom,—it clenched yet more closely, and the frenzied shriek I gave—*AWOKE ME.*

A soft palm was gently pressed against my own; a pair of laughing blue eyes were bent archly upon me; and the fair locks which floated over her blooming cheeks revealed the joyous and romping damsel who had promised to act as my guide through the cavern. She had been prevented by some household cares from keeping her appointment until the approach of evening made it too late, and had taken it for granted that I had then returned to my lodgings at the inn. My absence from the breakfast-table in the morning, however, had awakened some concern in the family, and induced her to seek me where we then met. The pressure of her hand in trying to awaken me will partially account for the latter part of my hideous dream; the general tenor of it is easily traceable to the impression made upon my mind by the prevalent superstition connected with the cavern; but no metaphysical ingenuity of which I am master can explain how one whose daily thoughts flow in so careless, if not gay, a current as mine, could, even in a dream, have conjured up such a train of wild and bitter fancies; much less how the fearful tissue should have been so interwoven with the memory of an idle caprice of boyhood as to give new shape and reality to a phantom long—long since faded. And I could not but think that had a vision so strange and vivid swept athwart my brain at an earlier period of life, I should have regarded it as something more than an unmeaning phantasy! That mystical romance, which is the religion of life's spring-time, would have interpreted my dream as a dark foreboding of the future, prophetic of hopes misplaced, of opportunities misapplied, of a joyless and barren youth, and a manhood whose best endeavour would be only a restless effort to lose in action the memory of dreary past.

If half be true, however, that is told concerning them, still more extravagant sallies of the imagination overtake persons of quite as easy and indolent a disposition as my own, when venturing to pass a night upon the Enchanted Mountains.

OLIVER TWIST;
OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.
BY BOZ.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A STRANGE INTERVIEW, WHICH IS A SEQUEL TO THE LAST CHAPTER.

It was fortunate for the girl that the possession of money occasioned Mr. Sikes so much employment next day in the way of eating and drinking, and withal had so beneficial an effect in smoothing down the asperities of his temper that he had neither time nor inclination to be very critical upon her behaviour and deportment. That she had all the abstracted and nervous manner of one who is on the eve of some bold and hazardous step, which it has required no common struggle to resolve upon, would have been obvious to his lynx-eyed friend, the Jew, who would most probably have taken the alarm at once; but Mr. Sikes lacking the niceties of discrimination, and being troubled with no more subtle misgivings than those which resolve themselves into a dogged roughness of behaviour towards everybody; and being, furthermore, in an unusually amiable condition, as has been already observed, saw nothing unusual in her demeanour, and, indeed, troubled himself so little about her, that, had her agitation been far more perceptible than it was, it would have been very unlikely to have awakened his suspicions.

As the day closed in the girl's excitement increased, and, when night came on, and she sat by, watching till the house-breaker should drink himself asleep, there was an unusual paleness in her cheek, and fire in her eye, that even Sikes observed with astonishment.

Mr. Sikes, being weak from the fever, was lying in bed, taking hot water with his gin to render it less inflammatory, and had pushed his glass towards Nancy to be replenished for the third or fourth time, when these symptoms first struck him.

"Why, burn my body!" said the man, raising himself on his hands as he stared the girl in the face. "You look like a corpse come to life again. What's the matter?"

"Matter!" replied the girl. "Nothing. What do you look at me so hard for?"

"What foolery is this?" demanded Sikes, grasping her by the arm, and shaking her roughly. "What is it? What do you mean? What are you thinking of, ha?"

"Of many things, Bill," replied the girl, shuddering, and as she did so pressing her hands upon her eyes. "But, Lord! what odds in that?"

The tone of forced gaiety in which the last words were

spoken seemed to produce a deeper impression on Sikes than the wild and rigid look which had preceded them.

"I tell you wot it is," said Sikes, "If you havn't caught the fever and got it comin' on now, there's something more than usual in the wind, and something dangerous too. You're not a-going to—— No, damme! you wouldn't do that!"

"Do what?" asked the girl.

"There ain't," said Sikes, fixing his eyes upon her, and muttering the words to himself, "there ain't a stauncher-hearted gal going, or I'd have cut her throat three months ago. She's got the fever coming on; that's it."

Fortifying himself with this assurance, Sikes drained the glass to the bottom, and then, with many grunbling oaths, called for his physic. The girl jumped up with great alacrity, poured it quickly out, but with her back towards him: and held the vessel to his lips while he drank it off.

"Now," said the robber, "come and sit aside of me, and put on your own face, or I'll alter it so that you won't know it again when you *do* want it."

The girl obeyed, and Sikes, locking her hand in his, fell back upon the pillow, turning his eyes upon her face. They closed, opened again; closed once more, again opened; the house-breaker shifted his position restlessly, and, after dozing again and again for two or three minutes, and as often springing up with a look of terror, and gazing vacantly about him, was suddenly stricken, as it were, while in the very attitude of rising, into a deep and heavy sleep. The grasp of his hand relaxed, the upraised arm fell languidly by his side, and he lay like one in a profound trance.

"The laudanum has taken effect at last," murmured the girl as she rose from the bedside. "I may be too late even now."

She hastily dressed herself in her bonnet and shawl, looking fearfully round from time to time as if, despite the sleeping draught, she expected every moment to feel the pressure of Sikes's heavy hand upon her shoulder; then stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber's lips, and opening and closing the room-door with noiseless touch, hurried from the house.

A watchman was crying half-past nine down a dark passage through which she had to pass in gaining the main thoroughfare.

"Has it long gone the half hour?" asked the girl.

"It'll strike the hour in another quarter," said the man, raising his lantern to her face.

"And I cannot get there in less than an hour or more," muttered Nancy, brushing swiftly past him and gliding rapidly down the street.

Many of the shops were already closing in the back lanes and avenues through which she tracked her way in making from Spitalfields towards the West-End of London. The clock

struck ten, increasing her impatience. She tore along the narrow pavement, elbowing the passengers from side to side and darting almost under the horses' heads, crossed crowded streets, where clusters of persons were eagerly watching their opportunity to do the like.

"The woman is mad!" said the people, turning to look after her as she rushed away.

When she reached the more wealthy quarter of the town, the streets were comparatively deserted, and here her headlong progress seemed to excite a greater curiosity in the stragglers whom she hurried past. Some quickened their pace behind, as though to see whither she was hastening at such an unusual rate; and a few made head upon her, and looked back, surprised at her undiminished speed, but they fell off one by one; and when she neared her place of destination she was alone.

It was a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. As the brilliant light of the lamp which burnt before its door guided her to the spot, the clock struck eleven. She had loitered for a few paces as though irresolute, and making up her mind to advance; but the sound determined her, and she stepped into the hall. The porter's seat was vacant. She looked round with an air of incertitude, and advanced towards the stairs.

"Now, young woman," said a smartly-dressed female, looking out from a door behind her, "who do you want here?"

"A lady who is stopping in this house," answered the girl.

"A lady!" was the reply, accompanied with a scornful look.

"What lady, pray?"

"Miss Maylie," said Nancy.

The young woman, who had by this time noted her appearance, replied only by a look of virtuous disdain, and summoned a man to answer her. To him Nancy repeated her request.

"What name am I to say?" asked the waiter.

"It's of no use saying any," replied Nancy.

"Nor business?" said the man.

"No, nor that neither," rejoined the girl. "I must see the lady."

"Come," said the man, pushing her towards the door, "none of this! Take yourself off, will you?"

"I shall be carried out if I go!" said the girl violently, "and I can make that a job that two of you won't like to do. Isn't there anybody here," she said, looking round, "that will see a simple message carried for a poor wretch like me?"

This appeal produced an effect on a good-tempered-faced man-cook, who with some other of the servants was looking on, and who stepped forward to interfere.

"Take it up for her, Joe, can't you?" said this person.

"What's the good?" replied the man. "You don't suppose the young lady will see such as her, do you?"

This allusion to Nancy's doubtful character raised a vast quantity of chaste wrath in the bosoms of four housemaids, who remarked with great fervour that the creature was a disgrace to her sex, and strongly advocated her being thrown ruthlessly into the kennel.

"Do what you like with me," said the girl, turning to the men again; "but do what I ask you first; and I ask you to give this message for God Almighty's sake."

The soft-hearted cook added his intercession, and the result was that the man who had first appeared undertook its delivery.

"What's it to be?" said the man, with one foot on the stairs.

"That a young woman earnestly asks to speak to Miss Maylie alone," said Nancy; "and, that if the lady will only hear the first word she has to say, she will know whether to hear her business, or have her turned out of doors as an impostor."

"I say," said the man, "you're coming it strong!"

"You give the message," said the girl firmly, "and let me hear the answer."

The man ran up stairs, and Nancy remained pale and almost breathless, listening with quivering lip to the very audible expressions of scorn, of which the chaste housemaids were very prolific; and became still more so when the man returned, and said the young woman was to walk up stairs.

"It's no good being proper in this world," said the first housemaid.

"Brass can do better than the gold what has stood the fire," said the second.

The third contented herself with wondering "what ladies was made of;" and the fourth took the first in a quartette of "Shameful!" with which the Dianas concluded.

Regardless of all this—for she had weightier matters at heart—Nancy followed the man with trembling limbs to a small anti-chamber, lighted by a lamp from the ceiling, in which he left her, and retired.

The girl's life had been squandered in the streets, and the most noisome of the stews and dens of London, but there was something of the woman's original nature left in her still; and when she heard a light step approaching the door opposite to that by which she had entered, and thought of the wide contrast which the small room would in another moment contain, she felt burdened with the sense of her own deep shame, and shrunk as though she could scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview.

But struggling with these better feelings was pride,—the vice of the lowest and most debased creatures no less than of the high and self-assured. The miserable companion of thieves and ruffians, the fallen outcast of low haunts, the associate of the scourgings of the jails and hulks, living within the shadow of the gallows itself, — even this degraded being felt too proud to be-

tray one feeble gleam of the womanly feeling which she thought a weakness, but which alone connected her with that humanity, of which her wasting life had obliterated all outward traces when a very child.

She raised her eyes sufficiently to observe that the figure which presented itself was that of a slight and beautiful girl, and then bending them on the ground, tossed her head with affected carelessness as she said,

"It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offence, and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason either."

"I am very sorry if any one has behaved harshly to you," replied Rose. "Do not think of it; but tell me why you wished to see me. I am the person you inquired for."

The kind tone of this answer, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of haughtiness or displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, lady, lady!" she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, "if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me,—there would—there would!"

"Sit down," said Rose earnestly; "you distress me. If you are in poverty or affliction I shall be truly happy to relieve you if I can,—I shall indeed. Sit down."

"Let me stand, lady," said the girl, still weeping, "and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is—is—that door shut?"

"Yes," said Rose, recoiling a few steps, as if to be nearer assistance in case she should require it. "Why?"

"Because," said the girl, "I am about to put my life and the lives of others in your hands. I am the girl that dragged little Oliver back to old Fagin's, the Jew's, on the night he went out from the house in Pentonville."

"You!" said Rose Maylie.

"I, lady," replied the girl. "I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never from the first moment I can recollect my eyes and senses opening on London streets have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me, so help me God! Do not mind shrinking openly from me, lady. I am younger than you would think, to look at me, but I am well used to it; the poorest women fall back as I make my way along the crowded pavement."

"What dreadful things are these!" said Rose, involuntarily falling from her strange companion.

"Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady," cried the girl, "that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger, and riot and drunkenness, and — and something worse than all — as I have been from my cradle; I may use the word,

for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my death-bed."

"I pity you!" said Rose in a broken voice. "It wrings my heart to hear you!"

"God bless you for your goodness!" rejoined the girl. "If you knew what I am sometimes you would pity me, indeed. But I have stolen away from those who would surely murder me if they knew I had been here to tell you what I have overheard. Do you know a man named Monks?"

"No," said Rose.

"He knows you," replied the girl; "and knew you were here, for it was by hearing him tell the place that I found you out."

"I never heard the name," said Rose.

"Then he goes by some other amongst us," rejoined the girl, "which I more than thought before. Some time ago, and soon after Oliver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I—suspecting this man—listened to a conversation held between him and Fagin in the dark. I found out from what I heard that Monks—the man I asked you about, you know—"

"Yes," said Rose, "I understand."

"—That Monks," pursued the girl, "had seen him accidentally with two of our boys on the day we first lost him, and had known him directly to be the same child that he was watching for, though I couldn't make out why. A bargain was struck with Fagin, that if Oliver was got back he should have a certain sum; and he was to have more for making him a thief, which this Monks wanted for some purpose of his own."

"For what purpose?" asked Rose.

"He caught sight of my shadow on the wall as I listened in the hope of finding out," said the girl; "and there are not many people besides me that could have got out of their way in time to escape discovery. But I did; and I saw him no more till last night."

"And what occurred then?"

"I'll tell you, lady. Last night he came again. Again they went up stairs, and I, wrapping myself up so that my shadow should not betray me, again listened at the door. The first words I heard Monks say were these. 'So the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin. They laughed, and talked of his success in doing this; and Monks, talking on about the boy, and getting very wild, said, that though he had got the young devil's money safely now, he'd rather have had it the other way; for, what a game it would have been to have brought down the boast of the father's will, by driving him through every jail in town, and then hauling him up for some capital felony, which Fagin could easily manage, after having made a good profit of him besides.'"

"What is all this!" said Rose.

"The truth, lady, though it comes from my lips," replied the girl. "Then he said, with oaths common enough in my ears, but strangers to yours, that if he could gratify his hatred by taking the boy's life without bringing his own neck in danger, he would; but, as he couldn't, he'd be upon the watch to meet him at every turn in life, and if he took advantage of his birth and history, he might harm him yet. 'In short, Fagin,' he says, 'Jew as you are, you never laid such snares as I'll contrive for my young brother, Oliver.'"

"His brother!" exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands.

"Those were his words," said Nancy, glancing uneasily round, as she had scarcely ceased to do since she began to speak, for a vision of Sikes haunted her perpetually. "And more. When he spoke of you and the other lady, and said it seemed contrived by heaven, or the devil, against him, that Oliver should come into your hands, he laughed, and said there was some comfort in that too, for how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds would you not give, if you had them, to know who your two-legged spaniel was."

"You do not mean," said Rose, turning very pale, "to tell me that this was said in earnest."

"He spoke in hard and angry earnest, if a man ever did," replied the girl, shaking her head. "He is an earnest man when his hatred is up. I know many who do worse things; but I'd rather listen to them all a dozen times than to that Monks once. It is growing late, and I have to reach home without suspicion of having been on such an errand as this. I must get back quickly."

"But what can I do?" said Rose. "To what use can I turn this communication without you? Back! Why do you wish to return to companions you paint in such terrible colours. If you repeat this information to a gentleman whom I can summon in one instant from the next room, you can be consigned to some place of safety without half an hour's delay."

"I wish to go back," said the girl. "I must go back, because—how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you?—because among the men I have told you of, there is one the most desperate among them all that I can't leave; no—not even to be saved from the life I am leading now."

"Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before," said Rose; "your coming here at so great a risk to tell me the truth of what you say; your evident contrition, and sense of shame, all lead me to believe that you might be yet reclaimed. Oh!" said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, "do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first—the first, I do believe, who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet for better things."

"Lady," cried the girl, sinking on her knees, "dear, sweet, angel lady, you *are* the first that ever blessed me with such words as these, and if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late—it is too late."

"It is never too late," said Rose, "for penitence and atonement."

"It is," cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind; "I cannot leave him now—I could not be his death."

"Why should you be?" asked Rose.

"Nothing could save him," cried the girl. "If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest, and has been so cruel."

"Is it possible," cried Rose, "that for such a man as this you can resign every future hope, and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness."

"I don't know what it is," answered the girl; "I only know that it is so, and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done, I do not know; but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill usage, and should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last."

"What am I to do?" said Rose. "I should not let you depart from me thus."

"You should, lady, and I know you will," rejoined the girl, rising. "You will not stop my going because I have trusted in your goodness, and forced no promise from you, as I might have done."

"Of what use, then, is the communication you have made?" said Rose. "This mystery must be investigated, or how will its disclosure to me benefit Oliver, whom you are anxious to serve?"

"You must have some kind gentleman about you that will hear it as a secret, and advise you what to do," rejoined the girl.

"But where can I find you again when it is necessary?" asked Rose. "I do not seek to know where these dreadful people live, but where you will be walking or passing at any settled period from this time?"

"Will you promise me that you will have my secret strictly kept, and come alone, or with the only other person that knows it, and that I shall not be watched or followed?" asked the girl.

"I promise you solemnly," answered Rose.

"Every Sunday night, from eleven until the clock strikes twelve," said the girl without hesitation, "I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive."

"Stay another moment," interposed Rose, as the girl moved hurriedly towards the door. "Think once again on your own condition, and the opportunity you have of escaping from it."

You have a claim on me: not only as the voluntary bearer of this intelligence, but as a woman lost almost beyond redemption. Will you return to this gang of robbers and to this man, when a word can save you? What fascination is it that can take you back, and make you cling to wickedness and misery? Oh! is there no chord in your heart that I can touch—is there nothing left to which I can appeal against this terrible infatuation?"

"When ladies as young, and good, and beautiful as you are," replied the girl steadily, "give away your hearts, love will carry you all lengths—even such as you who have home, friends, other admirers, everything to fill them. When such as me, who have no certain roof but the coffin-lid, and no friend in sickness or death but the hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that parents, home, and friends filled once, or that has been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us, lady,—pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left, and for having that turned by a heavy judgment from a comfort and a pride into a new means of violence and suffering."

"You will," said Rose, after a pause, "take some money from me, which may enable you to live without dishonesty—at all events until we meet again?"

"Not a penny," replied the girl, waving her hand.

"Do not close your heart against all my efforts to help you," said Rose, stepping gently forward. "I wish to serve you indeed."

"You would serve me best, lady," replied the girl, wringing her hands, "if you could take my life at once; for I have felt more grief to think of what I am to-night than I ever did before, and it would be something not to die in the same hell in which I have lived. God bless you, sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have brought shame on mine!"

Thus speaking, and sobbing aloud, the unhappy creature turned away; while Rose Maylie, overpowered by this extraordinary interview, which bore more the semblance of a rapid dream than an actual occurrence, sank into a chair, and endeavoured to collect her wandering thoughts.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING FRESH DISCOVERIES, AND SHOWING THAT SURPRISES, LIKE MISFORTUNES, SELDOM COME ALONE.

HER situation was indeed one of no common trial and difficulty, for while she felt the most eager and burning desire to penetrate the mystery in which Oliver's history was enveloped, she could not but hold sacred the confidence which the miserable woman with whom she had just conversed had reposed in her, as a young and guileless girl. Her words and manner had

touched Rose Maylie's heart, and mingled with her love for her young charge, and scarcely less intense in its truth and fervour, was her fond wish to win the outcast back to repentance and hope.

They only proposed remaining in London three days, prior to departing for some weeks to a distant part of the coast. It was now midnight of the first day. What course of action could she determine upon which could be adopted in eight-and-forty hours? or how could she postpone the journey without exciting suspicion?

Mr. Losberne was with them, and would be for the next two days; but Rose was too well acquainted with the excellent gentleman's impetuosity, and foresaw too clearly the wrath with which, in the first explosion of his indignation, he would regard the instrument of Oliver's re-capture to trust him with the secret, when her representations in the girl's behalf could be seconded by no experienced person. These were all reasons for the greatest caution and most circumspect behaviour in communicating it to Mrs. Maylie, whose first impulse would infallibly be to hold a conference with the worthy doctor on the subject. As to resorting to any legal adviser, even if she had known how to do so, it was scarcely to be thought of, for the same reasons. Once the thought occurred to her of seeking assistance from Harry; but this awakened the recollection of their last parting, and it seemed unworthy of her to call him back, when—the tears rose to her eyes as she pursued this train of reflection—he might have by this time learnt to forget her, and to be happier away.

Disturbed by these different reflections, and inclining now to one course and then to another, and again recoiling from all as each successive consideration presented itself to her mind, Rose passed a sleepless and anxious night, and, after more communing with herself next day, arrived at the desperate conclusion of consulting Harry Maylie.

"If it be painful to him," she thought, "to come back here, how painful will it be to me! But perhaps he will not come; he may write, or he may come himself, and studiously abstain from meeting me—he did when he went away. I hardly thought he would; but it was better for us both—a great deal better." And here Rose dropped the pen and turned away, as though the very paper which was to be her messenger should not see her weep.

She had taken up the same pen and laid it down again fifty times, and had considered and re-considered the very first line of her letter without writing the first word, when Oliver, who had been walking in the streets with Mr. Giles for a body-guard, entered the room in such breathless haste and violent agitation, as seemed to betoken some new cause of alarm.

"What makes you look so flurried?" asked Rose, advancing to meet him. "Speak to me, Oliver."

"I hardly know how; I feel as if I should be choked," replied the boy. "Oh dear! to think that I should see him at last, and you should be able to know that I have told you all the truth!"

"I never thought you had told us anything but the truth, dear," said Rose, soothing him. "But what is this?—of whom do you speak?"

"I have seen the gentleman," replied Oliver, scarcely able to articulate, "the gentleman who was so good to me—Mr. Brownlow, that we have so often talked about."

"Where?" asked Rose.

"Getting out of a coach," replied Oliver, shedding tears of delight, "and going into a house. I didn't speak to him—I couldn't speak to him, for he didn't see me, and I trembled so, that I was not able to go up to him. But Giles asked for me whether he lived there, and they said he did. Look here," said Oliver, opening a scrap of paper, "here it is; here's where he lives—I'm going there directly. Oh, dear me, dear me! what shall I do when I come to see him and hear him speak again!"

With her attention not a little distracted by these and a great many other incoherent exclamations of joy, Rose read the address, which was Craven Street, in the Strand, and very soon determined upon turning the discovery to account.

"Quick!" she said, "tell them to fetch a hackney-coach, and be ready to go with me. I will take you there directly, without a minute's loss of time. I will only tell my aunt that we are going out for an hour, and be ready as soon as you are."

Oliver needed no prompting to despatch, and in little more than five minutes they were on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived there, Rose left Oliver in the coach under pretence of preparing the old gentleman to receive him, and sending up her card by the servant, requested to see Mr. Brownlow on very pressing business. The servant soon returned to beg that she would walk up stairs, and, following him into an upper room, Miss Maylie was presented to an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, in a bottle-green coat; at no great distance from whom was seated another old gentleman, in nankeen breeches and gaiters, who did not look particularly benevolent, and was sitting with his hands clasped on the top of a thick stick, and his chin propped thereupon.

"Dear me," said the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, hastily rising with great politeness, "I beg your pardon, young lady—I imagined it was some importunate person who—I beg you will excuse me. Be seated, pray."

"Mr. Brownlow, I believe, sir?" said Rose, glancing from the other gentleman to the one who had spoken.

"That is my name," said the old gentleman. "This is my friend, Mr. Grimwig. Grimwig, will you leave us for a few minutes?"

"I believe," interposed Miss Maylie, "that at this period of our interview I need not give that gentleman the trouble of going away. If I am correctly informed, he is cognizant of the business on which I wish to speak to you."

Mr. Brownlow inclined his head, and Mr. Grimwig, who had made one very stiff bow, and risen from his chair, made another very stiff bow, and dropped into it again.

"I shall surprise you very much, I have no doubt," said Rose, naturally embarrassed; "but you once showed great benevolence and goodness to a very dear young friend of mine, and I am sure you will take an interest in hearing of him again."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brownlow. "May I ask his name?"

"Oliver Twist you knew him as," replied Rose.

The words no sooner escaped her lips than Mr. Grimwig, who had been affecting to dip into a large book that lay on the table, upset it with a great crash, and falling back in his chair, discharged from his features every expression but one of the most unmitigated wonder, and indulged in a prolonged and vacant stare; then, as if ashamed of having betrayed so much emotion, he jerked himself, as it were, by a convulsion into his former attitude, and looking out straight before him emitted a long, deep whistle, which seemed at last not to be discharged on empty air, but to die away in the inmost recesses of his stomach.

Mr. Brownlow was no less surprised, although his astonishment was not expressed in the same eccentric manner. He drew his chair nearer to Miss Maylie's, and said,

"Do me the favour, my dear young lady, to leave entirely out of the question that goodness and benevolence of which you speak, and of which nobody else knows anything, and if you have it in your power to produce any evidence which will alter the unfavourable opinion I was once induced to entertain of that poor child, in Heaven's name put me in possession of it."

"A bad one—I'll eat my head if he is not a bad one," growled Mr. Grimwig, speaking by some ventriloquial power, without moving a muscle of his face.

"He is a child of a noble nature and a warm heart," said Rose, colouring; "and that Power which has thought fit to try him beyond his years has planted in his breast affections and feelings which would do honour to many who have numbered his days six times over."

"I'm only sixty-one," said Mr. Grimwig with the same rigid face, "and, as the devil's in it if this Oliver is not twelve at least, I don't see the application of that remark."

"Do not heed my friend, Miss Maylie," said Mr. Brownlow; "he does not mean what he says."

"Yes, he does," growled Mr. Grimwig.

"No, he does not," said Mr. Brownlow, obviously rising in wrath as he spoke.

“He’ll eat his head if he doesn’t,” growled Mr. Grimwig.
“He would deserve to have it knocked off, if he does,” said Mr. Brownlow.

“And he’d uncommonly like to see any man offer to do it,” responded Mr. Grimwig, knocking his stick upon the floor.

Having gone thus far, the two old gentlemen severally took snuff, and afterwards shook hands, according to their invariable custom.

“Now, Miss Maylie,” said Mr. Brownlow, “to return to the subject in which your humanity is so much interested. Will you let me know what intelligence you have of this poor child: allowing me to premise that I exhausted every means in my power of discovering him, and that since I have been absent from this country, my first impression that he had imposed upon me, and been persuaded by his former associates to rob me, has been considerably shaken.”

Rose, who had had time to collect her thoughts, at once related in a few natural words all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow’s house, reserving Nancy’s information for that gentleman’s private ear, and concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow for some months past had been the not being able to meet with his former benefactor and friend.

“Thank God!” said the old gentleman; “this is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie. You must pardon my finding fault with you,—but why not have brought him?”

“He is waiting in a coach at the door,” replied Rose.

“At this door!” cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach-steps, and into the coach, without another word.

When the room-door closed behind him, Mr. Grimwig lifted up his head, and converting one of the hind legs of his chair into a pivot described three distinct circles with the assistance of his stick and the table: sitting in it all the time. After performing this evolution, he rose and limped as fast as he could up and down the room at least a dozen times, and then stopping suddenly before Rose, kissed her without the slightest preface.

“Hush!” he said, as the young lady rose in some alarm at this unusual proceeding, “don’t be afraid; I’m old enough to be your grandfather. You’re a sweet girl—I like you. Here they are.”

In fact, as he threw himself at one dexterous dive into his former seat, Mr. Brownlow returned accompanied by Oliver, whom Mr. Grimwig received very graciously; and if the gratification of that moment had been the only reward for all her anxiety and care in Oliver’s behalf, Rose Maylie would have been well repaid.

“There is somebody else who should not be forgotten, by the

bye," said Mr. Brownlow, ringing the bell. "Send Mrs. Bedwin here, if you please."

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all despatch, and dropping a curtsy at the door, waited for orders.

"Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

"Well, that I do, sir," replied the old lady. "People's eyes, at my time of life, don't improve with age, sir."

"I could have told you that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow; "but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?"

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles; but Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial, and yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

"God be good to me!" cried the old lady, embracing him; "it is my innocent boy!"

"My dear old nurse!" cried Oliver.

"He would come back—I knew he would," said the old lady, holding him in her arms. "How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again. Where have you been this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but seen them every day side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a young lightsome creature." Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the poor soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

Leaving her and Oliver to compare notes at leisure, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room, and there heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy, which occasioned him no little surprise and perplexity. Rose also explained her reasons for not making a confidant of her friend Mr. Losberne in the first instance; the old gentleman considered that she had acted prudently, and readily undertook to hold solemn conference with the worthy doctor himself. To afford him an early opportunity for the execution of this design, it was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and that in the mean time Mrs. Maylie should be cautiously informed of all that had occurred. These preliminaries adjusted, Rose and Oliver returned home.

Rose had by no means overrated the measure of the good doctor's wrath, for Nancy's history was no sooner unfolded to him than he poured forth a shower of mingled threats and execrations; threatened to make her the first victim of the combined ingenuity of Messrs. Blathers and Duff, and actually put on his hat preparatory to sallying forth immediately to obtain the assistance of those worthies. And doubtless he would, in this first outbreak, have carried the intention into

effect without a moment's consideration of the consequences if he had not been restrained, in part, by corresponding violence on the side of Mr. Brownlow, who was himself of an irascible temperament, and partly by such arguments and representations as seemed best calculated to dissuade him from his hot-brained purpose.

"Then what the devil is to be done?" said the impetuous doctor, when they had rejoined the two ladies. "Are we to pass a vote of thanks to all these vagabonds, male and female, and beg them to accept a hundred pounds or so apiece as a trifling mark of our esteem, and some slight acknowledgment of their kindness to Oliver?"

"Not exactly that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow laughing, "but we must proceed gently and with great care."

"Gentleness and care!" exclaimed the doctor. "I'd send them one and all to——"

"Never mind where," interposed Mr. Brownlow. "But reflect whether sending them anywhere is likely to attain the object we have in view."

"What object?" asked the doctor.

"Simply the discovery of Oliver's parentage, and regaining for him the inheritance of which, if this story be true, he has been fraudulently deprived."

"Ah!" said Mr. Losberne, cooling himself with his pocket-handkerchief; "I almost forgot that."

"You see," pursued Mr. Brownlow, "placing this poor girl entirely out of the question, and supposing it were possible to bring these scoundrels to justice without compromising her safety, what good should we bring about?"

"Hanging a few of them at least, in all probability," suggested the doctor, "and transporting the rest."

"Very good," replied Mr. Brownlow smiling, "but no doubt they will bring that about themselves in the fulness of time, and if we step in to forestall them, it seems to me that we shall be performing a very Quixotic act in direct opposition to our own interest, or at least to Oliver's, which is the same thing."

"How?" inquired the doctor.

"Thus. It is quite clear that we shall have the most extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we can bring this man, Monks, upon his knees. That can only be done by stratagem, and by catching him when he is not surrounded by these people. For, suppose he were apprehended, we have no proof against him. He is not even (so far as we know, or as the facts appear to us,) concerned with the gang in any of their robberies. If he were not discharged, it is very unlikely that he could receive any further punishment than being committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and of course ever afterwards his mouth is so obsti-

nately closed that he might as well, for our purposes, be deaf, dumb, blind, and an idiot."

"Then," said the doctor impetuously, "I put it to you again, whether you think it reasonable that this promise to the girl should be considered binding; a promise made with the best and kindest intentions, but really—"

"Do not discuss the point, my dear young lady, pray," said Mr. Brownlow interrupting Rose as she was about to speak. "The promise shall be kept. I don't think it will in the slightest degree interfere with our proceedings. But before we can resolve upon any precise course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl, to ascertain from her whether she will point out this Monks on the understanding that she is to be dealt with by us, and not by the law; or if she will not or cannot do that, to procure from her such an account of his haunts and description of his person as will enable us to identify him. She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; this is Tuesday. I would suggest that, in the mean time, we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself."

Although Mr. Losberne received with many wry faces a proposal involving a delay of five whole days, he was fain to admit that no better course occurred to him just then; and as both Rose and Mrs. Maylie sided very strongly with Mr. Brownlow, that gentleman's proposition was carried unanimously.

"I should like," he said, "to call in the aid of my friend Grimwig. He is a strange creature, but a shrewd one, and might prove of material assistance to us; I should say that he was bred a lawyer, and quitted the bar in disgust because he had only one brief and a motion of course in ten years, though whether that is a recommendation or not, you must determine for yourselves."

"I have no objection to your calling in your friend if I may call in mine," said the doctor.

"We must put it to the vote," replied Mr. Brownlow, "who may he be?"

"That lady's son, and this young lady's—very old friend," said the doctor, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie, and concluding with an expressive glance at her niece.

Rosé blushed deeply, but she did not make any audible objection to this motion (possibly she felt in a hopeless minority) and Harry Maylie and Mr. Grimwig were accordingly added to the committee.

"We stay in town of course," said Mrs. Maylie, "while there remains the slightest prospect of prosecuting this inquiry with a chance of success. I will spare neither trouble nor expense in behalf of the object in whom we are all so deeply interested, and I am content to remain here, if

it be for twelve months, so long as you assure me that any hope remains."

"Good," rejoined Mr. Brownlow, "and as I see on the faces about me a disposition to inquire how it happened that I was not in the way to corroborate Oliver's tale, and had so suddenly left the kingdom, let me stipulate that I shall be asked no questions until such time as I may deem it expedient to forestall them by telling my own story. Believe me that I make this request with good reason, for I might otherwise excite hopes destined never to be realized, and only increase difficulties and disappointments already quite numerous enough. Come; supper has been announced, and young Oliver, who is all alone in the next room, will have begun to think, by this time, that we have wearied of his company, and entered into some dark conspiracy to thrust him forth upon the world."

With these words the old gentleman gave his hand to Mrs. Maylie, and escorted her into the supper room. Mr. Losberne followed, leading Rose, and the council was for the present effectually broken up.

THE PORTRAIT.

WOULD'ST thou have a passing trace
Of a matchless form and face,
Mind of pure, unstained feeling,
Looks, the inmost thoughts revealing?—
Here thou may'st a transcript see
Of the nymph whose chains I wear,
Worthy man's idolatry,—
My lady fair!

Tell me not of eyes of light!—
Her's are like the harebell, dight
In Heaven's celestial 'proper hue,'
And gemmed with morning's brightest dew:
Oh! ever fondly turned on me
(Twin-stars of Love and Beauty rare!)
Thine eyes of maiden witchery,
My lady fair!

Hair, where sunlight seems to stray,
And kiss each tress in frolic play;
Lips that vainly would express
Her heart's o'erflowing tenderness,—
That young, fresh heart, within its shrine
Of loveliness,—say, may I dare
To call the priceless jewel mine,
My lady fair?

L. N.

THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF A "WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

"Young bride,
No keener dreg shall quiver on thy lip
Till the last ice-cup cometh."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE leading circumstances of the following narrative may possibly be known to more than one of my readers; but, if now recognised, notwithstanding the altered guise in which they are here given, I trust that they are still so presented to the public as to infringe upon no feeling of domestic privacy.

In the spring of 18—, the Rev. Mr. B—, of —, in Connecticut, received a letter from his old friend and college chum, the Rev. E— T—, who had been for some time established as a missionary in one of the islands in the Pacific, soliciting the fulfilment, on the part of his friend, of a most delicate and peculiar office for him. The request of T—, who, having been long isolated from the world, had arrived at the age of forty without marrying, was nothing more nor less than that B— would choose a wife for him, and prevail upon the lady to come out to her expectant husband by the first opportunity. Strange as it may seem, Mr. B— found but little difficulty in complying with the request of his friend. The subject of missions at that time filled the minds of the whole religious community; and, in some sections of the Union, a wild zeal wrought so powerfully in the breasts of individuals, that they were eager to abandon their homes and their country, and sunder every domestic tie, in order "to do their Master's bidding" in strange and inhospitable lands. Nor was this a mere burst of enthusiasm, that was to pass off with other fashions of the day—for its fruits are still constantly maturing; and now, as then, there are not a few instances of young females of respectability and accomplishment educating themselves for the avowed purpose of becoming the wives of missionaries.* With these preliminary remarks I will at once introduce the reader to the subject of the following sketch, with whom I became acquainted in the manner here related.

I had been enjoying a week's shooting at Quogue, on Long Island, when, wishing to return to New York by steam-boat through the sound, I engaged a seat one morning in the stage-coach for Sag Harbour, which sometimes stopped for dinner at mine host's, Mr. Pierson Howell. In the present instance it delayed merely long enough to receive my luggage and myself. The only other passenger was a female, whom, notwithstanding the effectual screen of her long cottage bonnet, I knew to be pretty, from the quizzical look my landlord put on as he shook hands with me at parting after I had taken my seat by her side.

The day was warm; and we had not driven far before, without appearing officious, I had an opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of my companion's face, while leaning before her to adjust the curtains on her

* Nor are there a few instances of young females of respectability and accomplishments, educated for the avowed purpose of marrying *somebody* answering matrimonial advertisements; witness Mr. Corder and others.—ED.

side of the coach. It was beautiful—exceedingly beautiful. Not the beauty which arises from regularity of feature, or brilliancy of complexion—though in the latter it was not deficient, but that resistless and thoroughly womanish charm which lies in expression solely. It evinced that feminine softness of disposition which is often the farthest removed from weakness of character, though, by the careless observer, it is generally confounded with it; and which, though sometimes it may mislead one in judging of the temper of the possessor, yet almost invariably, like the ore-blossom upon the soil that is rich in mines beneath, bespeaks the priceless treasure of an affectionate and noble heart. The reader, who would realize the attractions of the countenance before me, need only call up their most winning expression in the features he most admires.

I gradually fell into conversation with my companion, and, stopping at South Hampton to change horses, her first remark upon our again taking our seats, was, that she feared we should not get into Sag Harbour until after dark, when she would be unable to find *the ship* which was expected to sail in the morning. As I knew that no ships but whalers lay at that time in Sag Harbour, I could not at first possibly conceive what a young and delicate female could have to do aboard of such a vessel; and then, the idea suggesting itself that she might be the daughter or sister of the captain, who came to bid him farewell for his two years' cruise, I asked her if she expected to remain on board the ship till she sailed.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply; "I go out in her."

"What! to the South Sea?" rejoined I. "You have relations on board, though, I suppose!"

"No, sir, I don't know any one in the ship; but I have a letter for the captain, which, I think, will procure me a safe voyage to the — Islands."

"The — Islands! Is it possible you have friends in so remote a place as the — Islands? They must be dear friends, too,—pardon me,—to carry you unprotected so far."

"My hu-us-band is there," she answered with some embarrassment, though the growing twilight prevented me from seeing whether the confusion extended from her voice to her countenance. The peculiarity in the young lady's manner, as she pronounced the word "husband," piqued my curiosity; but, as it would have been impertinent to push my inquiries further, I did not urge the subject, but merely remarked, that her youth had prevented me from taking her for a married woman.

"Nor am I married yet," was the reply. "And, indeed," she continued, with a slight tremor in her voice, "I have never seen the man who is to be my husband." An expression of unfeigned surprise, of a more lively interest, perhaps,—for I have said "the maid was fair," and we had now been some hours *tête-à-tête*,—escaped me: I scarcely remember what followed, but before we had reached the inn-door, the ingenuous girl had given me a full account of herself and her fortunes. She was an orphan child, and had been bred up in great seclusion in a clergyman's family in Western New York. She was, in a word, the young enthusiast whom the Rev. Mr. B— had chosen as a wife for his Missionary friend, and prevailed upon to encounter a six months' voyage through stormy latitudes, for the purpose of connecting herself for life with a man she had never seen. I did not express a sympathy

that would be useless in her situation, much less did I give vent to the indignation with which her story filled me: her fanatical friends, who permitted a young, a beautiful, and delicate female, to take so wild a step, had, perhaps, after all, acted from the best of motives. Indeed, the poor thing herself, though not exactly proud of having been chosen to the station she was about to fill, seemed determined to enter upon it with all the exalted feeling of one who fulfils a high duty, and who is on the certain road to a preferment which most of her sex might envy. It would certainly have been a very equivocal kindness to have interposed another view of the subject, and disturbed the honest convictions of propriety which could alone have sustained her in a situation so trying.

I accompanied Alice Vere—for such I learned her name to be—to the vessel; and, after bidding her a kind farewell, I took an opportunity, while passing over the side, to whisper a few words to the captain, which might induce him to believe that she was not so friendless as she appeared to be, and secure her whatever attention it was in his power to offer. In the morning, having a few moments to spare before breakfast, I again strolled down to the pier; but the whaler had hoisted sail with the dawn, and a brisk wind had already carried her out into the sound: nor was it till years after that I heard the name of Alice Vere, and learned the issue of her voyage; though the name, and the features, and voice of her who bore it, did, I confess, long haunt me. It was too pretty a name, I thought, to be changed lightly; and, somehow, when I heard it I could not for the life of me ask that into which it was to be merged for ever. The sequel of her story I learned from a friend, whose vessel being driven from her course in coming from the East Indies, stopped at the — Islands to water, where he casually heard the fate of the Missionary girl.

The tender and imaginative temperament of Alice Vere, though perhaps it impelled her to make the sacrifice for which she was school-
ed by those who called themselves her friends, but badly fitted her for the cold destiny to which she was condemned. The imagination of any woman, isolated upon the great deep for six long months, with nothing to think of but the stranger husband to whose arms she was consigned, could not but be active, whatever her mental discipline might be. But with a girl of fancy and feeling, who had taken a step so irretrievable when surrounded by approving and encouraging friends, what must have been her emotions in the solitude of her own cabin, when such an influence—such a sustaining atmosphere of opinion—was wholly withdrawn. Doubt and fear would at first creep into her mind; and, when these disheartening guests could no longer be controlled by factitious notions of duty, fancy would throw her fairy veil around their forms, and paint some happy termination of a prospect so forbidding. And thus it was with Alice Vere. Anxiety soon yielded to hope; her future husband and her future home filled her mind with a thousand dreaming fancies. She was no romance reader, and therefore could not make a *hero* of the future partner of her bosom; but a saint he indeed might be, a saint too, not less in form than in godliness, for the association of physical and moral beauty is almost inseparable in the minds of the young and the inexperienced. She imagined him, too, as one who, though not “looking from Nature up to Nature’s God,” for “God must be first and all in all with him,” would still be one whose mind would look from the Creator to his works, with a soul to appreciate all

their excellences. The fancied portrait of her future husband was laid in simple though impressive colours, but the background of the picture was filled with all the splendours of a tropical clime, of groves such as the early Christians wandered through in Grecian Isles, and skies such as bent over Him who taught beneath them in the golden orient. True, she was to be exiled for ever from the sheltered scenes and quiet fireside of her youth; but, would she not be content to rove for ever with one only companion whose soul could fully sympathise with hers in scenes so fresh and so Elysian?

With a mind softened, if not enervated, by these day-dreams, not less than by the bland and voluptuous clime in which they had been for some days sailing, our young enthusiast could scarcely suppress a scream of delight, when, upon coming on deck one morning, she found that the ship had cast anchor in the beautiful bay of —, where her wildest visions of tropical scenery seemed more than realised. The water around the ship was as clear as the mountain-streams of her native country; and the palm-trees and cocoas that bent over it, lifted their slender columns, and waved their tufted heads against a sky more purely bright than any she had ever beheld; while clouds of tropical birds, of the most dazzling plumage, sailed along the shore, or sported around the vessel, as if wholly regardless of man.

A number of the natives had launched their light barks from the shore, filled with bread, fruit, and other acceptable luxuries to those who have been long at sea. Alice was watching their approach with girlish interest in the novelty of the scene, when a boat from the opposite side of the crescent-shaped harbour made the ship, and, almost before she was aware of its approach, a striking figure, dressed after the clerical fashion of her own country, in a full suit of black, presented himself at the companion way, and, leaping on deck, instantly hurried towards her. She turned round—looked at him intently for a moment—made one faltering step towards him, and fainted in his arms.

The gentleman laid her carefully upon a flag that chanced to be folded near; and, still supporting her head upon one knee, gazed upon her features with looks of surprise and anxiety, which soon yielded to complete bewilderment as she addressed him upon coming to herself.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, gradually reviving; "thank God! thank God!—how can I ever have deserved this?" and, bending her face forward, she impressed a reverential kiss upon his hand, and then covered her face in confusion.

My readers have all read of *love at first sight*, and some, perhaps, have heard of instances of it among their acquaintance. The sceptics to the doctrine, however, I imagine, far outnumber those who really believe in it. It is the latter, therefore, whom I will beg to recollect all the circumstances which preceded this singular scene; when they cannot deem it unnatural that the wrought-up feelings of an ardent and sensitive girl should thus burst forth upon first meeting in her affianced husband, her appointed friend and protector in a strange land, him that religion and duty taught her that she *must* love,—upon meeting in him all that her dreams of happiness for long, long months of anxious solitude had pictured. I ought to add, however, that the interchange of several letters between Miss Vere and her betrothed before leaving her native shores, had, while partially removing the awkwardness of their first meeting, supplied perhaps that "food for young

thoughts" which, in a nature artless and enthusiastic as hers, might engender the most confiding affections even for an object that she had never seen.

"And is this beautiful island to be our home?—Are these my husband's people around us?—Oh! how I shall love every thing that belongs to this fair land! But why do you not speak to your poor wanderer?—Alas! alas! can I ever deserve all these blessings?"

The embarrassment of the gentleman seemed only to increase as the agitated girl thus poured out her feelings. He begged her to be calm, and seemed most nervously solicitous to restrain her expressions; and the captain approaching at that moment, he made a hurried and indistinct apology for his abruptness; and, withdrawing his arm from her waist as she regained her feet, moved off to seek the mate in another part of the vessel.

"Ah! Mr. Supercargo, I mistrusted we should find you at this island!" exclaimed the mate, turning round, and shaking hands with him, as the gentleman touched his shoulder upon joining this officer near the capstan. "All well at home, Mr. F——. Here's a letter from your wife."

The other tore open the letter, and devoured it with evident delight, and then shaking hands again with the officer, exclaimed,

"Thank you, thank you; all are well at home, as you tell me. But how in the world came that beautiful insane creature in your vessel?"

"A mad woman! The devil a bit of a mad woman or any other woman have we on board, except Mrs. T——, the wife of Parson T—— that is to be."

"The wife of Mr. T——?"

"Why, yes, as good as his wife. She's a gal from York State we are carrying out to be spliced to old Dead-eyes."

The gentlemanlike supercargo seemed struck with concern; in fact, the true state of the case flashed upon his mind in a moment. The deep mourning which he wore out of respect for one of his employers, whose ship he was that day to visit, had evidently caused him to be mistaken for a clergyman; and the excited imagination of the lonely girl had prompted her to see in him the future guardian of her friendless condition. Nothing, however, could be done; an attempt at explanation would but betray her secret to the coarse natures by which she was surrounded. Her lot in life, too, was cast; his sympathy could avail her nothing, and a few days' voyage would consign her to the care of him who might legitimately receive the proofs of tenderness which he had so innocently elicited in his own behalf. He called for his boat, and passing slowly and dejectedly over the side of the vessel, pulled for the shore.

Alice Vere had in the mean time retired to the cabin, where she expected her lover—it was the first time she had even *thought* the word—to join her. Her own feelings had so crowded upon her mind during the brief interview, that they had prevented her from observing his; and the luxury of emotion in which she now indulged, and in which she thought there was not one consideration human or divine to make it wrong for her to indulge, prevented her from observing the lapse of time. Simple and single-hearted, with a nature whose affluent tenderness piety could regulate and delicacy could temper, though neither could repress, she poured the flood of her pent-up feelings in what seemed their heaven-appointed channel; in a word, she was gone

an age in love while numbering the minutes of her acquaintance with her lover. His noble and manly figure, his alert and elastic step in approaching her, and the kindly look of feeling and intelligence his features wore, a look of intense interest, which she, poor girl, little dreamt was prompted by concern for another, of whom he was about to ask her;—nay, even the hurried tones of his agitated but still most musical voice, all, all were stamped upon her heart as indelibly as if their impress had been the work of years.

The water rippling along the vessel's side first roused her from this delicious reverie, and the mate, who was a rough but kind-hearted seaman, at that moment came below to make an entry in his log.

"Well, miss," he cried, "with this breeze we'll soon bring up at the parson's door; and right glad to be rid of us you'll be, I guess, when we get there. Only thirty-six hours more, and you'll be home."

"This island, then, is not Mr. T——'s residence?"

"This?—Oh no. There used to be a Britisher here, but they have got no missionary man upon it now."

"And does Mr. T—— have to go thus from island to island in the performance of his duty?—or did he only come so far from his people to meet me?" she asked with some embarrassment.

"Come!" exclaimed the seaman, not a little puzzled; "why, law bless your soul, Parson T—— has not been here, at least that I know on."

"Surely he's now on board," cried Alice, alarmed, yet hardly knowing why: "surely I saw him speaking to you on deck."

"To me, missus!—I never cared to exchange two words with old Dead-eyes, axing your pardon, since I knowed him. Speaking to me! Why, that—that was—why, — my eyes! you have not taken young Washington F——'s handsome figure for old Ebenezer T——'s mouldy carcase?"

The rude but not unfriendly mate had hardly uttered the sentence before he cursed himself to the bottom of every sea between the poles, for the use he had made of his tongue. Alice fell lifeless upon the cabin-floor. The seaman shouted for assistance; and then, as he and the better-bred captain, who, as the father of a large and estimable family, was a more fitting nurse for the forlorn maiden, applied one restorative after another, she recovered animation at intervals. Fit succeeded fit, however; and then, as the wind rose, and a brewing tempest called all hands on deck, the captain could only place her kindly in her berth, in the hope that the new excitement at hand might possibly be of service to his patient.

The ship was driven widely out of her course. Alice was long indifferent to everything around; but as the storm lasted for several days, and finally threatened to destroy the stout craft in which she sailed, the near prospect of the death for which she had but now been longing called all her religious feelings into action. She felt that she was the child of destiny: her gentle piety would not allow her to wish for a sudden and violent death, though the peace of the grave was what she most desired. She prayed then, not for life, but for an escape from its horrors; alike from those which raged in the angry elements around her, and those which warred so fearfully in her own bosom.

Weeks elapsed before the vessel reached the haven, of which she had once been within a few hours' sail. The missionary girl had apparently recovered from all bodily indisposition, and her features were

again as calm as ever ; but it was the calmness of rigidity, and not of peace, they wore. It was a sacrifice of herself to Heaven she had meditated originally. " And why," exclaimed she mentally, " why should I shrink from the offering now, when Providence has enabled me to make it richer and more abundant—to make my soul's triumph more complete, as its trial is more bitter and severe!" Still, when the isle of her destination hove in view, it was with a shudder that she first looked upon the shore, and thought of the fate that there awaited her.

Woman's heart is a strange, a wayward thing. In many a bosom its strongest chords are never touched by the hand to which it is yielded. It is often bestowed with faint consent on him who seeks it—bestowed in utter ignorance of the power of loving—the wealth of tenderness it hoards within itself;

" Circumstance, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving,"

will afterward mould it to its fate, and prevent repining at its choice ; but when once its hidden strings have vibrated, and given out their full music,—when once its inmost treasures have been disclosed to its owner, counted over, and yielded up with a full knowledge of their worth, to another,—when " the pearl of the soul" has been once lavished in the mantling cup of affection, it revolts from all feebler preferences, and is true, even in death, to *its one only love*.

The missionary soon came on board to claim his bride. He was a plain and worthy man, with nothing to distinguish him from the members of his profession in our country, who, mistaking the promptings of zeal for the inspiration of a special calling, and who, without minds matured by experience or enlightened by education, leave the plough or the shopboard to become the instructors of those who, with feelings as sincere as their own, and understandings far more exercised in knowledge of good and evil, are expected to bow to their narrow teachings,—to receive them, not as humble soldiers of the Cross needing guidance like themselves but as the captains and leaders of the church militant, armed in full panoply,—a living bulwark against its foes.

Alice Vere had but little experience in society ; but the quickening power of love had lately called all her dormant perceptions of taste and feeling into play, and a very brief interview sufficed for her to read the character of her destined husband. She felt that she could never love him. Respect him she did, as she would have done the humblest brother of her faith ; and had she never known what love was, her regard would perhaps not have been withholden in time ; for every woman loves the father of her children, if he be not a creature to be abhorred. But if there be an agonizing thought to a girl of delicacy and sensibility, it is the idea of becoming a bride under such circumstances as surrounded poor Alice Vere—the thought that her heart shall beat against the bosom of a stranger, when its every pulse throbs for another. Still a high, imperious duty, as she believed, constrained her, and she prepared to resign herself to her fate.

The nuptial day arrived. It had been arranged that the master of the vessel, on board of which Alice, wistfully lingering, had begged to remain, should perform the ceremony (agreeably to the laws of the state of New York, by which marriage is merely a civil contract, requiring only a formal declaration of the parties before competent witnesses). Mr. T— himself commenced the ceremony by a prayer, which, as

giving solemnity to the occasion, was perhaps most proper in itself; but it was painfully long, and seemed to refer to almost everything else but the immediate subject of interest. At length the bride, whose languid limbs refused to sustain her so long in a standing position, sank into a seat, and the missionary, glancing a look of reproof at her, abruptly concluded his harangue. The worthy seaman was more expeditious in getting through with his share of the office. He merely asked the parties severally if they acknowledged each other as man and wife. The missionary made his response in the affirmative with a slow and grave distinctness; but Alice faltered in her reply. A tumult of feelings seemed oppressing her senses for a moment; she looked to the untamed forest, whose boughs waved unfettered on the shore, to the broad main that spread its free waves around her, and the wild bird that sported over its bosom,

“ Then she turn'd
To him who was to be her sole shelterer now,
And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upward, *whence her strength did come.*”

The certificates, which had been previously drawn up, being then signed and witnessed, the missionary concluded with another homily; and the crew, who had been allowed to collect upon the quarterdeck during the ceremonial, dispersed over the vessel.

It was now sunset, and, as a heavy cloud which threatened rain brooded over the island, the captain politely insisted that Mr. T—— should not think of returning to the shore, but take possession of his own private cabin. The rain soon after beginning to fall in torrents, drove those on deck below. Here the mates claimed the privilege of having a jorum of punch to drink the health of the bride, and the captain being willing to unite with them, Alice was compelled to retire to the new quarters which had been just provided for her; while the festive seamen insisted upon keeping their clerical guest for a while among themselves. Their mirth soon became so uproarious as to mock the tempest without, when a sudden squall struck the vessel, carrying her over, even as she lay at anchor under bare poles, upon her beam-ends. The seamen, followed by the missionary, rushed to the deck, where the glare of the lightning, as they looked to windward, revealed to them a female figure standing upon the taffrail, with arms outstretched towards a huge wave that lifted its over-arching crest above her, and threatened to engulf the vessel. A cry of horror escaped the revellers, the bridegroom breathed a prayer as he clung to the rigging for safety; and then, as the descending sea righted the vessel, a suffocating moan was heard above the surge that swept the body of Alice Vere like a drift of foam across her decks.

The morning came at last, the sun rose serenely, the bright waves rippled joyously beneath the stern of the vessel, and their reflected light playing through the sloping windows of the cabin, glanced upon the unpressed couch of the Missionary Bride. None could even tell how she had made her way to the deck in the midst of the tempest; yet none have ever whispered the sin of self-destruction against the lovely, the lonely, the ill-fated ALICE VERE.—Let this “over-true” tale bear a sad and solemn warning.

JOE MILLER, AND THE JESTERS OF ALL TIMES AND CLIMES.

BY WILLIAM J. THOMS.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOE MILLER.

“Motley’s your only wear.”—SHAKSPEARE.

“MOTLEY’S your only wear!” quoth Shakspeare, and of a verity Shakspeare, as usual, is in the right; for motley has worn long and well, and found favour in the sight of our forefathers and ourselves from the time when it was first donned by the Vice of the Old Moralities, some centuries since, until it was doffed by poor Joe Grimaldi, who had not the smallest particle of a vice about him but this same suit of motley.

In all ages and conditions of society the humours of the professed droll, or merryman, have found universal welcome. To discuss the why and the wherefore would here be out of place; the fact was and is as we have stated it.

In the olden days the monks, who sought to instruct their unlettered flocks by dramatic representations of the most striking incidents recorded in Scripture story, knowing as well as Dryden himself that

“Men are but children of a larger growth,”

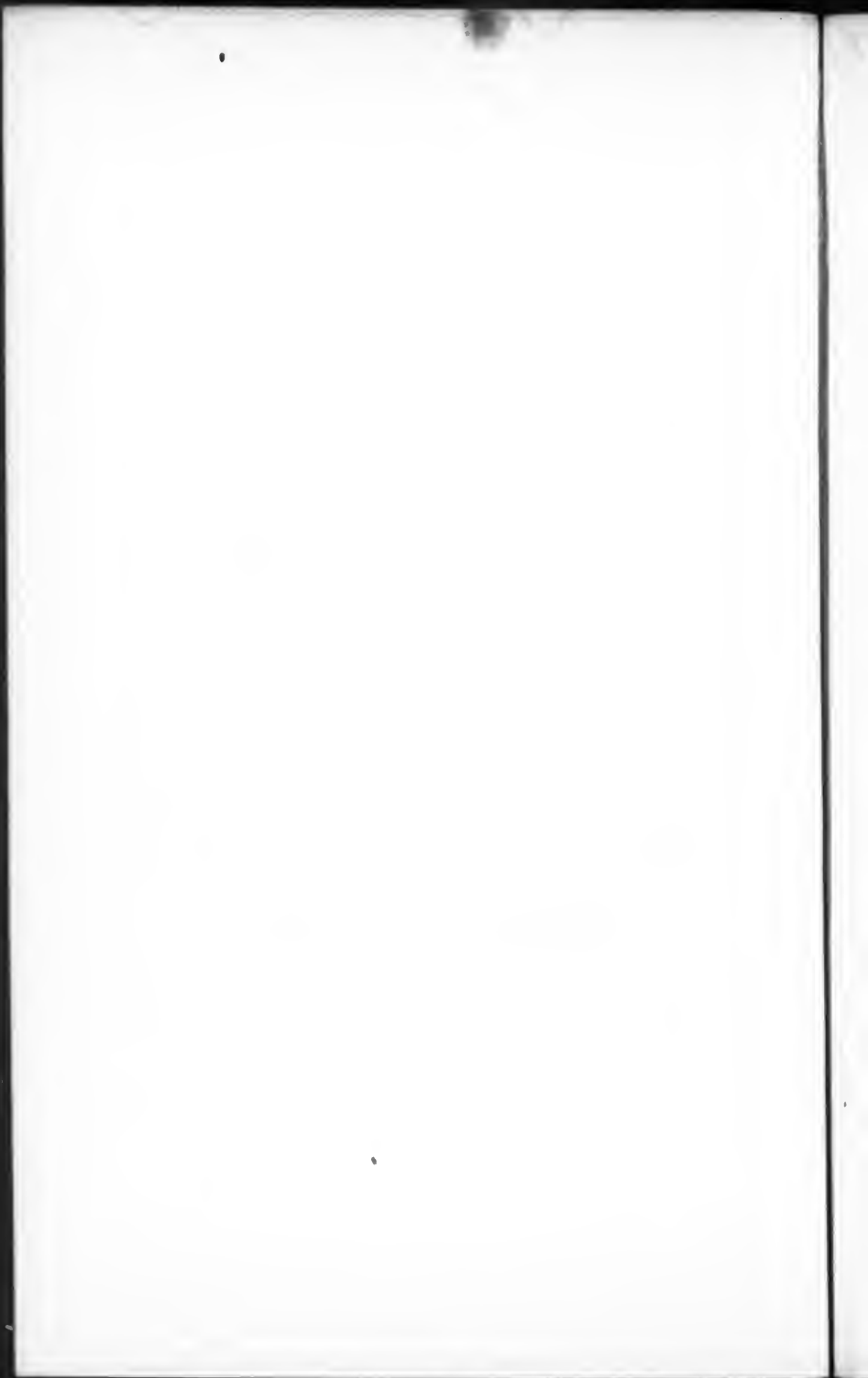
seasoned the feast of reason to the popular palate, and enlivened the grave scenes of Biblical history by the introduction of a singular character entitled the Vice, a buffoon wearing a fool’s habit, and the greater part of whose employment consisted in teasing and tormenting upon every occasion the Devil, whose bitter enemy he was. This character, according to the late Mr. Douce, ceased to be in fashion at the end of the sixteenth century. But as, in the times of which we are speaking, this love of fun and frolic could rarely be gratified by anything approaching to the character of dramatic performances,—since the mysteries and moralities were for the most part enacted only in celebration of the great festivals of the Church,—this fondness for mad pranks and witty conceits gave rise to that now obsolete character, the domestic fool, or jester; and the reader will readily conceive how prevalent must have been the custom of keeping such merry retainers, when he learns that a clever German writer has devoted a goodly octavo volume to the discussion and illustration of the history of Court Fools.

The subject is indeed a prolific one, for the practice was universal. Not a court in Christendom but resounded with their witticisms; not a feudal lord but sought relief from the troubles of war, or relaxation and amusement after the fatigues of the chase, in listening to the gibes of his jester; while so far was this practice from being confined to sovereign princes and the secular nobles, that it prevailed among ecclesiastics of the very highest rank, and this notwithstanding that the Council held at Paris, A. D. 1212, had expressly declared that churchmen should not keep fools!

The Popes Paul the Second and Leo the Tenth are known to have numbered such philosophers in motley among their retainers; and old Sebastian Brandt tells a story of a bishop (by other writers said to be the Archbishop of Cologne) who did so, much to his discomfort. The story paints in such vivid colours the manners and spirit of the times



MISS MARY WATSON



as to justify its insertion, though certainly of a very questionable character. This bishop had a favourite fool, who, as was the custom of that age, lay in the same bed with him, in which, upon one occasion, it so happened that a nun made a third party. The fool, upon finding more legs than ordinary in the bed, laid hold of one, and asked whose it was. "Mine," said the bishop. He then laid hold of a second leg, a third, and a fourth, asking the same question, the bishop each time answering that it was his; whereupon the fool sprang from the bed, and running to the window, cried, "Come in here!—come in here!—behold a miracle! Our bishop has got four legs!" And thus made he known to all the world what his master would fain have kept secret.

Among the cardinals who are recorded as having kept fools, our own Wolsey must not be forgotten; and, like the bishop we have just referred to, he would seem to have had good cause to repent of having disobeyed in this respect the ordinances of the Church. Wolsey who, as is well known, was the son of a butcher, received no heartier congratulations on obtaining his cardinal's hat than those which his jester offered him. "Thank God! you are a cardinal," said the jester; "now have I nothing more to desire than to see you pope." The cardinal inquired of him his reasons for this wish. "Why," said the saucy knave, "St. Peter was a fisherman, and he therefore ordained fasts, that fish might fetch a better price: now, your eminence being a butcher bred, would of course abolish fasts, and command us to eat meat, that your trade might flourish."

But if it be matter of surprise to find the dignitaries of the Church seeking amusement in the rude sallies of these carping knaves, it must be still more so to see them intruding into the Council-chamber when matters of the gravest moment were under discussion; yet such was undoubtedly the case. Triboulet, the favourite jester of Francis the First, was, we are told, present at the council of war held by that monarch previous to his unfortunate campaign of 1525, in which he was taken prisoner at Pavia. The council, after gravely deliberating upon the most advantageous mode of entering Italy, being at length dissolved, were very coolly told by the jester, that though they doubtless flattered themselves they had given their sovereign most excellent advice, they had unquestionably forgotten the most important part of the question. "What is that?" inquired they. "Why," said Triboulet, "you don't, I suppose, mean to stay in Italy; and yet have never once considered how you are to get back again!" The unfortunate issue of this expedition proved that, though the fool's bolt might have been soon shot, it had hit the mark.

The following anecdote furnishes, however, a still more remarkable proof of the extent to which this practice was carried, and shows how little the presence of such characters, even upon the gravest occasions, was considered either intrusive or indecorous.

At the time of the celebrated disputation between Luther and Eckius at the castle of Leipsic in 1519, Duke George of Saxony, the bitter enemy of Luther and his followers, who was always present, was attended by a favourite jester, who had but one eye, and who generally sat at his master's feet. Some of the courtiers had in jest told the fool that the learned doctors were disputing upon the subject of his marriage, which Luther defended, but which Eckius would by no means allow. This was sufficient to inspire the poor fellow with a vio-

lent dislike to Eckius, against whom, therefore, during the disputation, he kept continually darting all the angry looks that his one eye was capable of. Eckius at length noticing this, and not knowing the reason of it, looked just as angrily at the fool, and, by way of deriding him for the infirmity under which he laboured, put up his hand and mockingly closed one of his eyes. At the sight of this, the jester lost all patience, and, in the face of the whole assembly, he called Eckius a lying priest, a rascal, and a thief, and quitted the hall in a towering passion, amidst the laughter of all who witnessed this extraordinary scene.

But it would appear that there is more of philosophy and shrewdness in the practice of keeping fools than one would at the first glance be inclined to suspect. The celebrated Professor Hufeland, of Berlin, tells us that "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which he is acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles. In a word, endeavour to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals. What nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood!" And from a very curious account of Lord Burghley, written by one of his household, which is preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum, we learn that that profound minister was habitually "very free and cheerful in his hours of refection."

Professed jesters have, however, now for many years been out of vogue; the reader, of course, knows why. I might dissertate at some length upon the point, speak in loud-sounding phrase an infinite deal of nothing, hide the reasons like two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff,—yet, gloss them over as I might, the causes of this altered state of things, designate them what you will, are those stereotype ones which are now-a-days called into use to account for every change, be it for the better or for the worse, or neither for better nor worse, but merely for change sake,—the march of intellect,—the schoolmaster being abroad (which, by the bye, he never ought to be,)—the diffusion of useful knowledge.

But if jesters are gone out, the love of a good jest is as strong as ever,—

"And men keep jest-books now, who once kept fools."

Not that jest-books have arisen since jesters disappeared—far from it. Their origin is coeval with the existence of the jester, and among the earliest specimens of them which exist, must be reckoned those which are devoted to the quips, quirks, and merry pranks of some well-known droll. In fact they were originally special biographies of individual men of fun, and not, as now, medleys made up from the good things said and done by a whole body of wits. In the former class, one of the most curious is a book which Fuseli is said to have delighted in, "The Merry Adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel or Howlglas," a German knave or a German fool, which you will, or both, an' it so please you. But as we have elsewhere* introduced Master Eulenspiegel to the English reader, we will bid him stand aside, and give place to another rogue as witty as himself, but who, we believe, now makes his first appearance in this country, though the collection in which his witticisms are recorded was for many years the delight of the lovers of such merry histories throughout all Germany.

* Lays and Legends. Germany, p. 79.

Klauss von Ranstet, or, as he is more generally called, Claus Narr, filled the office of court-jester, or domestic fool, in the household of four successive Electors of Saxony and one Archbishop. He is first found in the service of the Elector Ernest, who died in 1486; then in that of his successor, Albert, who died in 1500; he is next seen in the service of Ernest, Archbishop of Madgeburgh, who died in 1513; from whom he appears to have been transferred to that of Frederick the Wise, who died in 1525; and lastly we find him among the retainers of the Elector John, commonly called the Confessor. The incident which led to his adoption of this strange calling is so characteristic of the state of society at the period when it occurred, as not only to justify but to call for its insertion.

Claus being the son of very indigent parents, was employed by them to watch their flock of geese in the environs of Ranstadt. The elector passing that neighbourhood upon some occasion, accompanied by a numerous retinue, both on horseback and in carriages, Claus, the goose-herd, was very desirous of seeing the sight; but that he might not pay too dearly for it by losing his geese, he determined to take them with him; and accordingly he tucked the necks of the young ones under his girdle, took the two old ones one under each arm, and thus accoutred set out for Ranstadt. The elector, as may be supposed, was struck with his extraordinary appearance, and laughing heartily at his simplicity, set him down in his own mind as being by nature intended for a fool. He accordingly desired Claus' father to be sent for, and asked him whether he was willing to allow him to take his son to court. The father readily consented, saying, "My gracious lord, you will thereby rid me of a plaguy trouble, for the lad is not of the slightest use to me. He does nothing but create a riot in my house, while his follies set the whole village in an uproar!" Upon this the elector took Claus into his service, paid his father for the geese, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

The French, if they cannot boast greatly of their jest-books, may very justly be proud of that most admirable substitute for them, their matchless *Ana*, of which we purpose speaking at large on some future occasion. Their collections of facetiæ are also very abundant; and one among them, a very prominent volume in the Shandean Library, "*Les Bigarrures et Touches du Seigneur des Accords*," contains, (at least, the best edition of it,) two collections of jests, one entitled, "*Les Escraignes Dijonnoises*," and the other a number of ridiculous stories, somewhat like the Facetiæ of Hierocles, or our own Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham, and which are there attributed to a certain Sieur Gaulard. The following may serve as a specimen, and has, at all events, its brevity to recommend it.

The Sieur Gaulard being told by a friend that the Dean of Besançon was dead, begged his informant not to believe the report. "Depend upon it," quoth he, "it is not true; if it had been, he would have written to me, for he always makes a point of writing to me when he has anything particular to communicate." One of the best of the modern French Jest Books is that published in London some few years since under the title of "*Marottes à vendre, ou Triboulet Tabletier*;" which contains, among other remarkable productions, the song of "*Le Fameux La Galisse*;" which has been imitated by Goldsmith in his two elegies, on a Mad-Dog, and on Mrs. Mary Blaze. It is much to be regretted, however, that this collection, which contains

many admirable stories, is as much disfigured by indelicacies as if it had been formed three centuries since.

If, quitting France, we cross the Alps in search of the *Facetiæ* of Italy, the first object, and, indeed the principal one which we encounter, is the collection of witty sayings and doings attributed to the Florentine priest, Arlotto.

Provano Arlotto, or, to give him his proper title, Arlotto Mainardi, was born at Florence on the 25th December 1396; and, though originally brought up as a woolstapler, afterwards entered into holy orders, was priest at the Church of Saint Cresci, and eventually at that of St. Just, in Florence. He died in 1483, having gained for himself a reputation for wit and humour which not only spread throughout the whole of Italy during his life-time, but which has endured even to our own days. Crescembini, who, like Quadrio, enumerates him among the poets of Italy on the strength of the occasional verses introduced into his stories, tells us that he caused his monument to be erected during his life-time, and the following characteristic inscription to be engraved upon it,—“*Questa sepoltura ha fatto fare el Piovano Arlotto per se, e per tutte quelle persone, le quali dentro vi volessero entrare.*” —“Piovano Arlotto caused this tomb to be made for himself, and for everybody else who should wish to enter it.”

His *facetiæ*, which are reckoned among the best and most agreeable to be found in the literature of Italy, having been formed in the best days of Florentine taste, were not, however, collected by himself, as some writers have supposed. The earliest edition is one in quarto, published at Florence without date; that in octavo, published at Venice in 1520, being the next. The following tale may serve as a specimen of Arlotto's shrewd and pleasant wit.

It happened after a long drought that a very plenteous rain fell while Arlotto, and a number of his boon companions, were seated at table. All the party immediately began to vie one with another in praise of this well-timed shower, which they declared to be of such value as to be beyond all price. “That is all very true,” quoth Arlotto, “it is indeed a delightful rain; yet I do not see that any of you make the slightest use of it. You have praised the rain; but not a drop have you mixed with your wine.” The party laughed, and continued as before to drink their good wine without any intermixture of this invaluable rain. By-and-bye a supper of partridges and sausages was laid before the party: Arlotto tasted the sausages, and praised them most exceedingly, whereupon the whole party fell to eating them, with the exception of Arlotto, who contented himself with the choicest pickings of the partridges. Presently, the sausages being finished, the company would needs try the birds; but they found that all the best parts of them were already eaten. “Why, how is this, Arlotto?” cried they; “you, who so praised the sausages, have eaten nothing but partridges.” —“Why,” said he, “I have but followed your example; you praised the water, and drank wine. It is true, the sausages were excellent; but, then, the partridges were still better!”

But it is time that we should say a word of the jesters and jest-books of merry England, and more especially of the world-renowned Joe Miller, whose portrait here greets the reader. But, as the rule, *irritiamus ab initio*, which is good in all cases, is especially so in the present one, we will first devote a few words to the predecessors of this well-known wit. For predecessors he had in abundance,

“*Vixcrunt fortes ante Agamemnona multi.*”

"There were good jest-books before Joe Miller," and some of them excessively rich and humorous.

From one of the earliest of these, entitled "*Jests to make you merrie*," supposed to have been collected by the well-known Thomas Dekker, the dramatist, and author of that curious satire, "*The Gull's Horn-book*," we extract the following definition of What a jest is. "A jest is the bubbling up of wit. It is a bavin, which being well kindled, maintains for a short time the heate of laughter. It is a weapon where-with a fool does oftentimes fight, and a wise man defends himself by. It is the food of good company if it be seasoned with judgment; but, if with too much tartnesse, it is hardly digested, but it turne to quarrel. A jest is tried as powder is, the most sudden is the best. It is a merrie gentleman, and hath a brother so like him that many take them for twinnes; for the one is a jest spoken, and the other is a jest done. Stay but the reading of this booke some halfe an houre, and you shall bee brought acquainted with both."

The latter remark applies to most of the jest-books, for they record almost as many practical jokes as witty replies. This is perhaps more particularly the case with such as are devoted to the merriments of one particular joker. The merry-conceited jests of George Peele being in fact but a series of shifts and contrivances, whereby Master George, who appears to have lived by his wits, employed the wit which nature had blest him with to provide for himself as well as he could at the expense of his neighbours. Take as a sample the following story, entitled, "How George Peele served half-a-score citizens. George once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on; and, being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it: but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more; protesting something they will pay. "Well," quoth George, taking up all the money, "seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what follows." So he commands the music to play; and, while they were skipping and dancing, George gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of hypocrase, and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They, wondering at the stay of George, meant to be gone, but they were staid by the way, and, before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This shewed a mind in him; he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present."

The following story taken from "*Scoggin's Jests*," a very popular collection of the merry adventures of one, whom Bale calls "*Alter Democritus*," and which collection is said to have been formed by the well-known Dr. Andrew Borde, author of the "*Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*," may serve as a sample of the wit which is said to have rendered Master Scoggin the favourite of the court of Edward the Fourth. It tells us — "How Scoggin made the country people offer their money to a dead man's head."

"Upon a time when Scoggin lacked maintenance, and had gotten the displeasure of his former acquaintance by reason of his crafty dealing and unhappy tricks, he bethought himself in what manner he might get money with a little labour; so, travelling up into Normandy, he got him a priest's gown, and clothed himself like a scholar, and after went into a certain churchyard, where he found the skull of a

dead man's head; the which he took up, and made very clean, and after bore it to a goldsmith, and hired him to set it in a stud of silver; which being done, he departed to a village thereby, and came to the parson of the church and saluted him, and then told him that he had a relique, and desired him that he would do so much for him as to shew it unto the parish that they may offer to it; and, withal, promised the parson that he should have one half of the offerings. The parson, moved with coveteousness, granted his request; and so, upon the Sunday following, told his parishioners thereof, saying that there was a certain religious scholar come to the town that had brought with him a precious relic; and he that would offer thereunto should have a general pardon for all his forepassed sins, and that the scholar was there present himself to show it them. With that Scoggin went up into the pulpit, and showed him the relic that he had, and said to them that the head spake to him, and that it bade him that he should build a church over him, and that the money that the church should be builded withal should be well-gotten. But, when the people came to offer to it, Scoggin said unto them, — 'All you women that have made your husbands cuckolds I pray you sit still, and come not to offer, for the head bade me that I should not receive your offerings;' whereupon the poor men and their wives came thick and threefold to this offering, and there was not a woman but she offered liberally, because that he had said so, and he gave them the blessing with the head. And there were some that had no money that offered their rings, and some of them that offered twice or thrice, because they would be seen. Thus received he the offerings both of the good and the bad, and by this practice got a great sum of money."

We must pass over *Pasquil's Jestes*, and the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*,—not, gentle reader, the celebrated Cambridge carrier, but William Hobson, the merry Londoner;—over *Democritus Junior*, stooping by the way to pick up the following specimen.

"One said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus he proved it: the most men in Europe do *not* sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe."

We can here say nothing of the *Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton*, of *Tarlton's Jestes*, or *Skelton's*, but what has been said before by a rival collector,

"*Pasquil's* conceits are poor, and *Scoggin's* drie;
Skelton's meere rime, once read, but now laid by;
Peele's jestes are old, and *Tarlton's* are grown stale,"

for we must devote the remainder of the article to those of the oft-quoted *Joe Miller*, collected by the well-known author of the "*Life of Peter the Great*," John Mottley; and which collection has gained such wide-spread celebrity—such an undying reputation, as to establish Shakspeare's claims to the character of a prophet, for declaring, in the words of our motto,

"Mottley's your only wear."

It has been said that Mottley entitled this well-known jest-book "*Joe Miller's Jestes*," upon the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle; that is to say, because the worthy and humorous actor who stood godfather to the volume, was the very last man in the world to think of cracking a joke.

That this opinion is erroneous may readily be shown by the very first anecdote told in the book, and which we shall here quote, because the book, though much talked of, is very little known.

"Joe Miller sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-street, while a fish-woman was passing by, crying, 'Buy my soles! buy my maids!'—'Ah, you wicked old creature,' said Joe, 'are you not contented to sell your own soul, but you must sell your maid's too.'"

The fact is, however, that Joseph Miller was not only a very clever actor, and a great favourite for the talents which he displayed as a low comedian, but was admired and esteemed by his companions for his humour and social qualities. He was born in the year 1684, it is supposed, in London, or its immediate neighbourhood; and his clever personation of some of the characters in Congreve's plays is said to have contributed very materially to their popularity. In these he performed Sir Joseph Wittol, in the "Old Bachelor;" and Ben in "Love for Love." Teague, in the "Committee," was another of his favourite characters;—and it is that in which he is in the accompanying plate exhibited to the readers of this Miscellany, which has never presented them with so undoubted a Joe.

Joseph Miller died in 1738, and was buried on the east side of the burial-ground of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the spot where he lies being marked by a stone bearing the following honourable testimony to his virtues and his wit.

"Here lye the Remains
OF HONEST JOE MILLER;
who was
a Tender Husband,
a Sincere Friend,
a Facetious Companion,
and an excellent Comedian.

He Departed this Life the 15th Aug. 1738,
Aged 54.

"If Humour, Wit, and Honesty could save
The Hum'rous, Witty, Honest, from the Grave,
The Grave had not so soon this Tenant found,
Whom Honesty, and Wit, and Humour crown'd.

"Or could Esteem and Love preserve our Breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of Death:
The stroke of Death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.

S. DUCK."

"*Joe Miller's Jest*s" were compiled by Mottley when almost bed-ridden, in the intervals between violent paroxysms of the gout, and were first published in 1739. Three editions of the work appeared during that year; a copy of the first was recently valued at ten guineas; and one of the second edition, with manuscript additions, sold in Bindley's sale for 11*l.* 5*s.* In the year 1800 James Bannatine published a new and more complete edition of the work, under the title of "Old Joe Miller; being a complete and correct copy from the best edition of his celebrated jests, and also including all the good things in above fifty jest-books published from the year 1551 to the present time." We believe another edition has lately been published.

MUNGO MACKAY, THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY A BLUE NOSE.

OF all the amateur lovers of wit, or regular professors of jesting, Heaven defend me from the entire tribe of practical jokers. There is no race more dangerous to the peace of mankind, or who commit more outrages upon the good sense and good feeling of society. I can endure a mere verbal wit, a perpetrator of puns, or an inventor of quaint sayings and humorous anecdotes; I can tolerate even an ill-natured satirist, provided there be something like impromptu in the fun or the mischief: but, when a fellow descends to plot, to introduce machinery, and erect a regular battery of malicious drollery against his neighbour, "Put me a whip in every honest hand to scourge the rascal naked through the world." I have tried hard,—for some whose good qualities I respected have been given to this vice,—but never could preserve a lasting friendship with a practical joker. The wife of his bosom is not always safe; how, then, can the chance acquaintance, or intimate friend, hope for enduring courtesy and esteem? I have known a man disinherited for indulging this evil propensity upon his father. I have known two men sent out to exchange shots of a cold morning, because a neighbour, to make sport at the expense of the one, had breathed what was meant for humour, but was in reality foul suspicion, into the ear of the other. But, of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking, of all the inveterate manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most notorious, the most systematically troublesome, that ever I heard of, was Mungo Mackay, of the good old town of Boston, in Massachusetts' Bay. Others follow the sport as most men follow the hounds, or cultivate music, as a recreation; but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it is the bye-play, with him it was the business of life. It was food and raiment to him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquillity of his neighbourhood; he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed life to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown to man's estate, leaving him a comfortable independence; and, from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the peace of the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelitish wit; for, truly, "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," ay, and the hand of every woman too, from the River Charles to South Boston, and for many miles round the villages, by a semicircle, of which the ancient capital of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

It is not my intention to write the life of this eccentric individual, although I have read less amusing, and perhaps less instructive biographies than it would make; but I shall throw together a few passages, that the readers of Bentley's Miscellany may know what manner of man he was, and that some enterprising publisher may be induced to send out a scribe in the Great Western to gather up the anecdotes of him that are scattered as profusely as plums in a good pudding in the memories of those whose ancestors he delighted to torment. Pass we then over his juvenile days of pristine wickedness, over countless manifestations of precocious talents, that we may come without further preface to a few of those exhibitions of ripened genius which prove him to have been a master of his art.

One cold, raw November night in the year 18—, the wind blew as though it would blow down old Farioul Hall, and the rain fell in such torrents that Bunker Hill was nearly washed away. The sky was as black as "All round my hat!" and the air was compounded of that delightful admixture of frost and moisture, in which there is enough of the latter to open the pores, while the former goes directly to the heart. In the midst of this rumbling of the elements a tall figure might be seen winding stealthily along through narrow streets and lonely alleys, shod with a pair of fisherman's boots, and enveloped in a huge pea-jacket, (for, indeed, rubbers and Macintoshes were unknown in those days,) until it halted under the window of a lonely cottage, at some distance from the town, and, the family having been some time in bed, knocked violently at the door. At first his rude summons was unanswered; but, after repeated thumps, a bed-room window was thrown up, and a voice demanded who was there?

"Pray, sir," said Mackay,—for it was he, "will you be kind enough to tell me if a person named Nutt lives in this neighbourhood?"

"To be sure he does," replied the voice from the window; "he lives here."

"I am glad of that!" said M., "for the night is very stormy, and I have something of great importance to communicate to him."

"Of great importance—of great importance, did you say? I know of nothing very important that can concern me at this hour of the night; but, whatever it is, let us hear it. I am the person you want."

"Speak a little louder, if you please," said M. "I am somewhat deaf, and the spout makes such a noise. Did you say your name was Nutt?"

"Certainly I did; and I wish you would make haste to communicate whatever you have to say, for I have nothing on but my shirt and nightcap, and the wind is whistling through me, nation cold."

"Have you got an uncle in Boston,—childless, and very old,—worth ten thousand dollars?"

At this question a long-pointed white nightcap was thrust out of the window; and in an instant, together with the shirt-collar that followed, it was saturated with rain. "What did you say about an uncle, and ten thousand dollars? There 's my uncle Wheeler is very old, and very rich; but what of him?"

"Oh! nothing as yet, till I am certain of my man. There may be a good many Nutts about here. It is John Nutt I want."

"I am the man!" said the voice in the nightcap. "There 's no mistake. There is not a man for twenty miles round of the name of Nutt but me; and, besides, my Christian name is John; and I have an uncle in Boston." By this time the whole back and sleeves of the shirt were out of the window, the tassel at the end of the white nightcap nearly touched the green palings in front of the house; and, had there been light enough to have seen, a painter might have caught an attitude of straining anxiety, and a face, (or rather two faces, for by this time there was a female peering over Nutt's shoulder,) beaming with the anticipation of good fortune to come.

"Well," said Mackay, very deliberately, "I suppose I may venture to speak out; but, mind, if there is any mistake, you cannot say it was my fault."

"No, certainly not!" cried two voices from the window.

"You say your name is John Nutt, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, then, all that I have to say, is, *may the Devil crack you!*"

The two heads were drawn in like lightning from the rain; and, as the window was slammed down with a violence that bespoke rage and disappointment, a loud horse-laugh rose upon the wind, and the lover of practical jokes turned on his heel to trudge homeward through the mist, as the good woman inside was going in search of the tinder-box to enable her to hunt up dry chemises, shirts, and nightcaps.

This story was many years afterwards done into verse, after the manner of Coleman the Younger, by a clever student of Harvard University; but, all that I remember of the poetry are the two concluding lines,

"And if your name be certainly John Nutt,
Why, then, the devil crack you!"

Another of his tricks had very nearly broken a poor fellow's neck; but, I verily believe that if it had, it would have been all the same to Mackay, who seemed to think that the whole human race had only been created for him to play pranks upon; or, perhaps he quieted his conscience by the belief that the amusement afforded to the many more than counterbalanced the annoyance, and sometimes actual pain, which he dealt out to the few.

Old Ben Russell, or Major Russell, as he was usually styled, was a tall, fine-looking man, at that time in the prime of life, strong as Hercules, but with a good deal of the neatness of dress and polished manners of a gentleman of the old school. He had for many years owned and edited the Boston Sentinel, and prided himself upon two things, —always having his paper out at a certain time, and always having in it the most exact and authentic intelligence. No man in the city could at a word tell you so correctly the position of contending armies in the last European battles, or the points at issue in the latest Continental negotiation. When two armies went into the Netherlands for a summer's work, (and, as Sergeant Cotten, the Waterloo guide, says, "Ain't it the cockpit of Europe? no matter where they quarrel, they're sure to come here to fight!") Ben Russell unfurled the map of the country upon the wall of his sanctum as soon as they unfurled their banners in the field; and two pins, one black and the other white, stuck through the map, served to mark the places at which they first entered the country, or opened the campaign. These pins shifted their positions, and either advanced or retired as the belligerents changed their ground; and when any part of the main force was detached, a pin of a small size was sent to watch its line of march, and declare its operations. The editor by this simple contrivance could not only tell at a glance, by looking at his pins, where the armies were; but, by tracing to holes which the pins had left behind them, could read you off from his maps, at the conclusion of a long war, the history of every campaign.

As this worthy, but somewhat fiery and dignified person, was bending over the last proof of his editorial column, which contained a "leader" of some importance in his eyes, inasmuch as it gave the latest intelligence from France, and corrected an error which had appeared in the Boston Gazette relative to the movements of General Dumourier, a strange kind of clinking noise was heard at the foot of the long staircase which led up to the printing-office, at one end of which was Ben's

sanctum, where he was examining the proof aforesaid. Nearer and nearer came the noise, as footsteps appeared to ascend the staircase,—clink—clink—clink! Everybody wondered what it was; the devil stopped scraping the ball, (for rollers, like Mackintoshes, were not dreamt of then,) the compositors leaned on their left feet and left elbows—as compositors will when there is likely to be any sport, and the pressman stood at the bank, with the heap between his arms, and his ear turned towards the door. Ben Russell heard the strange noise upon the stair, and he noticed also the kind of dead calm which had suddenly come over the printing-office, at a moment, too, of all others, when he felt that everybody should be on the alert in order that the “Sentinel” might be got to press. Ben liked neither the noise nor the silence; and, as the clink—clink! came nearer and nearer, his choler rose with the cause of it, until, just as it boiled up to his teeth, and was sure to flow over on somebody, a tall, raw-boned fellow, with a stick over his shoulder, on which was slung a motley collection of small iron and wire wares, stalked into the office. To Ben Russell’s furious “What the —— do you want?” the itinerant worker in iron and wire deigned not any reply; but threw off his back a load of ladles, screeners, fleshforks, gridirons, and pot-covers, with as much coolness as if he had just entered his own cabin after a profitable day’s work. Ben stared at him with a gaze of mingled astonishment and vexation, as though he were a little doubtful whether the fellow’s strange behaviour proceeded from impudence or ignorance; but time was precious. He interrogated him again, when the following dialogue ensued.

“What do you want, fellow?”

“I’m no fellow. And, if I was, I wants nothing o’ you.”

“You impudent scoundrel! do you know whom you are speaking to?”

“To be sure I do; you’re Mr. Russell’s foreman, and a great man, I dare say, you think yourself when he’s out; but, when he’s to home you sing small enough, I warrant! Now, you see, I did not come up here without knowing something about you and your ways; for when your master bargained with me for my notions here, says he, ‘Carry them up into my printing-office,’ pointing up here, ‘and wait till I come to give you the money. And,’ says he, giving me a wink, ‘you’ll see my foreman up there,—a tall chap, with his head powdered,—a damned impudent fellow; but don’t mind him; he’ll very likely give you some sauce, but don’t mind him—throw down your load, and take a chair;” and, as this speech was concluded, the imperturbable intruder sat down in the only spare seat there was in the office, crossed his legs, and began fumbling in a long, deep pocket for a piece of tobacco.

For two minutes there was silence, not in heaven, but, from the queer name given to at least one of its inhabitants, in a place of a different description. Of the pressmen and compositors it may be truly said that, struck with amusement at the fellow’s effrontery, “the boldest held his breath for a time;” while the devil skulked in behind an old staircase, that he might be out of harm’s way in the row which he knew was to come.

Like most proud and irritable men, Russell was for a moment thrown off his guard by such an unexpected attack upon the sanctity of his roof, and the dignity he had always maintained in the eyes of his own people. He sprang to his feet; but for a brief space stood staring at the wire-worker with eyes that, if they had been “basilisks,” would certainly have “struck him dead.” One, two, three bounds, and Ben

had the tall man by the throat, and would have dashed his brains out upon the floor; but Jonathan saw him coming, braced his right foot, firmly advanced his left, and was not to be taken by surprise. The death-struggle between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was nothing to it; to and fro, and round and round, they went, sometimes stumbling over those miscellaneous ornaments which are to be found on a printing-office floor, and occasionally oversetting a galley of matter, or kicking their heels through a standing form. The workmen would have interfered; but their master's blood was up, and, with the chivalric spirit of that profession to which his leisure hours were devoted, he wanted no odds against a single opponent.

The combatants were well matched; but Ben had a perfect knowledge of the ground, which gave him the advantage: so that, after upsetting the countryman over sundry type-boxes and paper-heaps, with the exact localities of which he was familiar, he succeeded in pushing him through the door, with his back against a stout wooden railing, which protected the landing-place from those flights of stairs up which Jonathan had wound so recently, unconscious of the prospect before him of a much more rapid descent. To pitch each other over the banisters was now the *coup-de-main* to be achieved. Ben had got the fellow's spine twisted, and his head and shoulders overhanging the staircase; but Jonathan had hold of his collar with both hands; and, besides, had his long legs twisted round the small of his back. They had wrestled in this way for five minutes, and the wire-worker's strength was beginning to fail from the twisting of his back-bone over the rail, when, just as his legs began to fail, and his grasp to relax, and as Ben was preparing for one mighty effort, by which the victory was to be secured, a horrible horse-laugh — something between a real guffaw and a yell,—struck upon his ear; and, looking through the window in front of him, he saw Mungo Mackay at the window of the Exchange Coffee-House opposite, shaking his sides as though there were a whole volcano of fire under his midriff. In an instant Ben understood the trick. "*That infernal fellow Mackay! By Heavens! I'll con-
hide him within an inch of his life!*" he exclaimed as he drew Jonathan in from the dangerous position where he hung, and stood him on his feet. But Russell was too good a fellow to bear malice long; and, moreover, was so rejoiced that he had not committed homicide in addition to making himself ridiculous, that after a few hours his resentment passed off, and to the day of his death he was never tired of telling the story.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new-lights or blue-lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston,—though, after he is gone, the people may relapse into their quiet unitarian paths, still they have no objection to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion; and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay a man the compliment of hearing what he has got to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of these wandering theological meteors blazing around Boston, and people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten-cent-pieces and York shillings, to drop into the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the quiet possession of pews which the owners had paid for were entirely broken down; every body took

that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times, took his seat in a central pew just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended, with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity, down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love,—upon the beauty of universal benevolence,—on the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place:" the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbours were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had by the strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of his female friends were not slow to observe this; for, in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling which it exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and,—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow,—after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan, seeming to rejoice in this first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, M. looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousandfold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succouring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cutwater; but the moment that it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom,

being so intent upon her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in that church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place,—" nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles " were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright ; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given, amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good-looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious nor the smiles of the mirthful ; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of the paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat-pocket for his gloves ! Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come ; for Mackay having drawn them on, and opened the pew-door, turned, and bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear,

" Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine-looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have ?"

These are random illustrations of a very original character ; and if they are relished by those for whose amusement they are intended, I may find a leisure hour to string together a few more.

SONG OF THE SUN.

In the glorious East
Is my matin feast,
For I drink the rosy cloud !
With my dazzling beam
I rejoice, I ween,
To lift from earth its shroud.

The smallest flowers
Have aye their dowers
To give each wandering ray ;
Drops of pearly dew
Are the gifts they owe
To strengthen me on my way.

No barrier strong
Ere opposes long
The course I love to take !
The mist may arise,
But with radiant eyes
Through its envious gloom I break.

When I sink to rest
In the welcome West,
Ev'ry parting glance I bend,
Ev'ry fading hue
Is a token true
Of my toilsome journey's end.

" VATES."

THE LIONS OF BADEN IN BADEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

I FIND myself at one of the great European watering places. Baden, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is a little village, situated near the feet of several surrounding hills. At this time these hills are clothed in green, the air is deliciously mild, the company is numerous and brilliant, and since to me all is novel enjoyment here, the thought of soon departing occasions me a little regret. As I would not forget what has afforded me so much pleasure, I here record the course of life within an experience of a single day.

I am at the *Badische Hof*, a spacious hotel, once a cloister of Capuchins, but sold in 1807, and since converted to its present purposes. Thirty-two bathing-tubs and a vapour bath are attached to it. I may here mention, that in the village are seven other *Hofs*, or hotels, each having, as a necessary part of its establishment, from thirty to forty bathing-tubs. These tubs are supplied with water from thirteen springs, of different degrees of temperature, varying in their component parts, and issuing principally from a spot near the snail's-garden, very appropriately called "Hell." The hottest has a temperature of about fifty-four degrees of Reaumur.

Though not an invalid, I resolved, for the sake of curiosity, to try the waters in the manner recommended. Springing from my bed, therefore, at five o'clock in the morning, I walked down into the bathing establishment. The hall is long and cool, and on each side are little rooms containing tubs. A portly German female attendant whispered *guten morgen* to me on my entrance. The surrounding silence was unbroken, except here and there by a tinkle of falling water, and an occasional tremendous splash, announcing that bathing visitors had arrived before me. The door of one of the rooms happened to open, and out tottered a little pinched-up body, in morning-gown and curiously-wrought black cap, who, muttering something in German to the attendant, walked away. The maid then showed me half a dozen rooms, with tubs filled with water, quite ready for the bather, into each of which tubs she thrust a brawny arm to try the temperature, each time saying, as she looked up in my face with a smile, *das ist gut*. I however chose an empty one. Into this reposing my denuded limbs, I turned a sort of screw, and a warm spray was slowly showered over me, in lightness more feathery and delicious than anything I had before experienced. This is a mode of bathing designed for luxury alone, and when, after enjoying it for a half hour, you draw yourself upright by a cord suspended from the ring above, you pronounce it a delicate invention, to which the luxurious fastidiousness of Heliogabalus himself could not for a moment object. After the bath, it is usual to take a walk. You may stroll into what is called the English garden, or up through the adjacent hills; and be assured that you will ever find threading these agreeable pathways many fair German, French, and English forms, attracted thus early to enjoy the scenery and the air, the sweetness and purity of which you unhesitatingly pronounce unrivalled. You now feel soothed and harmonized in all your nerves; the bath-water has wrought mysteriously upon you. If you have cutaneous affections, or rheumatic pains, or stiff limbs, or groan daily under gout, you now enjoy the flattering idea of having

just brought to bear upon the disorder one of the most efficient remedies possible.

Having taken five or six turns in the promenades, go at once to the *Ursprung*. As its name implies, it is the *original* spring. It was highly esteemed in the time of the Romans. Its vault is still covered with remains of the beautiful Carrara marble, of which it was constructed in that remote period. It gushes forth with great violence, and yields with ease in any twenty-four hours more than seven million cubic inches of water. This is the much-frequented spring. It is situated in the midst of the before-named Hell, a region which, in the severest winters, can never be covered with snow. Near this is a covered colonnade, called the Pump-room. Invalids here congregate every morning between six and nine; and here you meet men and women, old and young, rich and poor. Here are lame legs, inflamed eyes, and tainted skins, and now and then shall you see one whose trembling nerves and bloated visage denote the *ci-devant* debauchee, now, alas! quite chopfallen, and resolved at length to return, like a prodigal son, to nature for restoration. I have on several mornings been much interested while regarding the various company, and endeavouring to guess the particular affliction of each individual. One little old German gentleman has perplexed me much. He is accustomed to walk up briskly to the spring, take a little bottle of whey from his pocket, pour a quantity into a tumbler, which the attendant soon filling, he drinks off very slowly, and in measured draughts. Replacing his bottle in his pocket, and crossing his hands behind him, he walks forth again, saying nothing, noticing no one, and commencing a regular promenade up and down the pump-room. At length he stops, pulls out and looks at his watch, puts it back hurriedly into his fob, and rushes off again in haste to the spring. There he administers once more to his stomach a dose precisely like the former. He now returns, resumes and continues his walk, with his eyes fixed on the floor, apparently in deepest cogitation, until the moment comes round again when he "to sulphureous water must render up himself." He seems eternally thinking only of his stomach, his watch, and the *Ursprung*. My interest in him is not at all diminished, when at length informed that he is a celebrated German professor. The value of *whey*-diet in several diseases is very generally acknowledged. Many of the invalids make use of it, and each morning the sellers of it may here be seen in the shape of rows of immoveable old women sitting on the ground, with hands embracing their knees, while before them are standing their brown whey-pots, like consecrated vessels before so many Egyptian idols.

But here is a young lady. She has just come from the spring; and now opening a book, she promenades as she peruses it up and down the public walk. What can be the complaint under which she suffers? She moves with elasticity; her form is rounded; there is no external token to indicate that her constitution is impaired. On passing her more closely, however, a single glance detects a slight affection, alas! *of the skin*. Now the rattling of wheels draws your attention. A carriage has arrived, and out of it is gently tumbled the debilitated Marquis of D——. He is completely shrouded, like one of certain Spanish friars, in a huge white vestment, that incloses feet, arms, and head in its multitudinous folds. "*Bon jour, monsieur,*" says a sprightly German baroness. "*Ah, madame,*" squeaks out a trembling voice;

and while he is proceeding to thank her, half a dozen men hurry him away into the adjacent vapour-bath. New parties are continually arriving, and there is no end to the variety of aspects which they assume. To me, I confess there is much that is impressive as well as amusing in this novel and stirring spectacle. The solemn regularity of the movements of the visitors, the imperturbable gravity of their visages with lengthened hypochondriacal expression, often excite a smile, which is itself soon put to flight by the reflection of so many sinking frames anxiously come hither to derive from one of nature's fountains the means of adding a few more fitful moments to life's dream.

Not having any medical prescription to regulate the quantity to be drunk, I am accustomed to button my coat comfortably about me, and indulge until it begins to sit somewhat uneasily. The beverage is to me very pleasant, and of about the warmth with which coffee is generally taken. I was once proceeding to enjoy myself in this manner, when an individual, whom I verily believe to be in the interest of the doctors, declared in my hearing that the most dangerous consequences had resulted from drinking these waters, without so doing according to very accurate medical prescription, and that they generally did injury to all who used them, save the veritably diseased.

At eight o'clock you may walk down to the Assembly Rooms, to enjoy the music of a fine German band, which performs there each morning from seven until nine, and also to take chocolate with a light French roll. The chocolate is usually served in the open air, upon a little round stand, just large enough to hold your cup and a newspaper. Parties of ladies and gentlemen are here and there engaged in the same worthy occupation. Breakfast being concluded, you had better take a ramble among the environs; these are full of the antique and the enchanting. Walk up to the Lichtenthal; it is a beautiful vale, and contains a venerable cloister of Cistercian nuns. If you ascend the dark fir mount of St. Cecilia, your toil is repaid by a distant view of Baden and the Oelbach stream; and if you are disposed to moralize, at a little distance only are the graves of many Cistercians, long since departed.

My favourite ramble, however, is up to yonder ancient castle, the *Alles Schloss*, as it is called. Seven centuries ago, it was the residence of a princely family; and from 1250 to 1550, twenty sovereigns of Baden, distinguished for chivalrous sentiments and martial deeds, resided there. It is a fine ruin of the middle ages, and you may either spend your time in rebuilding and re-peopling it, or in enjoying from one of its half-crumbled windows a prospect of wide and varied beauty, which no language can describe. Walk now onward under the cool shade of the fir-tree to the ruined castle of Ebersteinburg. It seems not so much founded on a rock as carved out from it. You imagine that it must always have been impregnable; and yet, exactly five hundred years ago, in a feud between its possessor and a German count, the latter with his followers marched against it, and reduced it to its present ruin. The walks on every side are so enchanting that you are doubtful which to choose. One of these very agreeable walks leads your steps to the Teufelskanzel, or Devil's pulpit. It is a lofty rock overlooking a little valley; and if the fiend's audience, now, alas! scattered all over the world, did ever, as it is fabled, assemble here, it would be in a spot which a Christian congregation might well be pleased to occupy. How finely the hills rise into a convenient amphitheatre,

shaded by the fir, the oak, and the hornbeam! Here you may repose yourself, and spend an hour in conversation with the German gentleman, who has rambled thither for the same objects as yourself.

When your pedestrian desires are perfectly gratified, return to the Assembly Rooms. Of these, the central is a large hall, some hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty broad. Around this room, in niches, are several statues, and the furniture is in a style of superior elegance. At each end is a *roulette* table; and one for *rouge et noir* stands in an adjacent saloon. Eight Corinthian columns give a somewhat grand appearance to its portico. In its right wing are a library and one of the finest public dining-rooms in Germany. Its left is occupied as a library and reading-room, and there likewise stands the theatre. In front of this beautiful mass of buildings spreads out a green lawn of some three or four acres, bordered by flowers in full bloom. On two sides of this lawn, at right angles with the Assembly Rooms, extend rows of open shops, or boutiques, shaded by wild chestnut trees, and filled with all sorts of fancy articles. The stand for musicians is in front of the right wing, and in its vicinity are hundreds of chairs, settees, and tables, for loungers in the open air.

Gambling is one of the terrible amusements of this watering-place. The tables are open from nine until one, and from two o'clock until midnight. Old men and young, old women and fair maidens, all join in the hazards of the game. The exhibitions I have here witnessed in the course of this past day have fixed deeper than ever, and far more strongly, my feeling with regard to this vice. Frascati's, in Paris, has about it much of the secret and the forbidding. All its features continually remind you that something wrong is going on. Before you enter, a liveried servant mysteriously takes your cloak, hat, and cane, and regards you keenly for a moment, to ascertain if your age may warrant an admission. Within all is stillness; and, if perchance an exclamation at ill-luck be accidentally raised, hisses from different quarters instantly silence it. There is a professional air about Frascati's, too, which to me is quite appalling. At Baden this mystery does not exist. All is done openly, and much in broad daylight. In the gambling hall you do not feel as if within some dangerous circle. Many of the noblest ladies and wealthiest gentlemen of Europe may every day be seen there, if not to play, at least to look on; and perhaps to laugh or sneer at those who lose. Play seems to be one necessary part of life at Baden. A gentleman, after sipping coffee, and talking French politics, walks a few paces to the *rouge et noir* table, loses a thousand francs, and then walks back to sip coffee and talk French politics again. A lady is promenading through the hall, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, and discoursing on the pleasure of her morning's walk. A sudden whim sends her to *roulette*; and, after parting with a good round sum, she rejoins her solitary gentleman in the promenade, and discourses again with much feeling about the majesty of *Altes Schloss*. Gambling seems thus to be intermingled with the usual every-hour thoughts of the place. Hence is it divested of the awe and startling solemnity which surround it at many places, and its insidious power to beguile, and, vortex-like, to swallow up heart and soul, is thus increased tenfold.

I am not fond of producing images of those passions which are generated around the gaming-table, still I desire to note down a little ocular experience I had this day. When I entered the hall the roulette-

table was numerously surrounded. Several were playing high, but none with agitation, except a strange man, perhaps of the age of thirty-six, whose face was flushed as if by fever. He did not indulge himself with a seat ; but, taking a lot of napoleons from his pocket, he hurriedly and tremblingly tossed them down upon any number, it mattered not what. Then quickly walking off several paces from the table he awaited in most anxious agitation the pause of the ball, and the voice of the marker announcing his winnings or his loss. If the former, he returned complacently, took up all his winnings, save a single napoleon, which in superstitious gratitude he left to the number which had been so generous towards him. The next turn, he flung down four or five hundred francs. The luck was now against him ; and also in the next trial, and the next. Had a galvanic battery been brought to play upon his corpse it could not have produced more hideous spasms, than those which at each announcement wrenched his visage and entire frame. Still he ventured,—and still he lost. Then, again, a single success inspired him with hope ; and then again he lost. His excitement had now become so great as to attract the attention of the company. They regarded him with sober eyes ; in perfect good breeding. Of their presence he seemed to be totally unconscious. Once I thought he seemed to make an effort to break away ; but in vain. The eye of the serpent was on him. He continued to play. Napoleon followed napoleon into the all-swallowing maw of the table ; till, at length, the gambler's pockets being probably quite emptied, he seized his hat, crushed it fiercely between his hand, uttered a deep curse in the Spanish language, and rushed out of the hall. Several eyes followed him ; one curious man even went to the door. A shrewd-looking individual ran his tongue into his cheek, another shrugged his shoulders, and a third exchanged winks with the marker. The wheel, however, continued to revolve without the slightest interruption.

I was attracted again to-day by a strange countenance, which I have very frequently seen at these tables. Its freshness bespeaks the man of thirty. The grey hairs tell you of sixty winters, while enormous whiskers, and moustaches, and imperial, all intensely gray, even as the locks of that scalp, proclaim the gentleman of style, the mirror of fashion, the gallant cavaliero. He is rather a short man. He dresses with admirable taste ; has one suit for the morning, another for the afternoon, and still another for the evening. As he plays you observe that his fingers are covered with costly rings. He enters the hall with a consequential air. The servant hurries to relieve him of his hat and cane ; and, while he takes his seat, the markers look knowingly at each other. This is the Elector of Hesse Cassel. He takes several little rolls of gold from his pocket, breaks open one of them, and claps down two hundred francs on No. 10. He plays high. His risk is never less than forty francs. But, with what grace and self-possession does he lose ! He has now been playing but five minutes, and two thousand francs have passed from his pockets into the coffers of the affectionate marker. He is not, however, in the least disconcerted. He frowns not, neither does he smile ; moreover, he is never betrayed into that infernal grin which your green pretender often puts on to hide from surrounding spectators his chagrin at ill-luck. The Elector is immensely rich, and can afford to lose with grace.

But here is a lady gamester. She is quite absorbed in the passion,

and yet her deportment is certainly in the highest degree genteel. Your lady at Frascati's is present not so much to play herself, as, by her charms, to attract players thither. Here, however, the attendance is for a quite different object. "The play, the play's the thing." And most surely by that play is her conscience caught. Heart, soul, mind, affections,—all are prostrated to that one fell seducer! Her weakness will be looked upon "more in sorrow than in anger." It sends a flush to the cheek, quivering to the lips, wildness to the eyes, and desolation to the soul. Many of the ladies here seem to be professional gamblers; and those who do not station themselves deliberately at the table, with mace, and a little counting-paper and pin before them, very generally wander till midnight through the illuminated halls, every now and then pausing to venture a napoleon at *rouge et noir*.

If you would be in keeping, dress yourself at three for dinner, and repair again to the Assembly Rooms. The Germans, having enjoyed their table d'hôte at one o'clock, are now lounging in the open air, before the hall, sipping coffee, smoking pipes, and listening to music, which plays till five. At this hour you enter the grand public dining-room; and, amidst Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Austrians, and Russians, and still some Germans, you enjoy a very cleverly-cooked meal. Now comes round the music-man with a little plate; into which you may, or may not, as you please, throw a few kreutzers.* Then comes round a body with leathern satchel under its arm, desiring to sell you the "Badische Blatt" for a few kreutzers more. This sheet contains the daily news of the village. Here you read the names of one hundred and nine Dukes, Counts, Earls, and Commoners, who have arrived since yesterday evening; and you moreover learn that up to this present twentieth of June, the number of arrivals for this season has been eight thousand five hundred. The leaf likewise contains an account of certain removals from No. 2, to No. 3; and how Madame Deschamps has just arrived with flowers and plumes from Paris; what is to be the opera for this evening, and when the next ball is to take place.

After dinner you may walk into the theatre. Like all those, which in summer you may visit in Germany, its performance begins early and ends before dark. Between the pieces the audience, as at Carlsruhe, quit the house, take a half-hour's promenade through the fresh gardens, with ice and conversation, and then return to enjoy the conclusion. The evening until twelve may be spent in conversation, reading foreign news, listening to music, walking through the brilliant and crowded assembly rooms, or, as I spend this, in noting down the sights and sounds of the day.

* The custom of at once addressing two senses, and through a happy intermingling of music with their banquets, of aiding digestion, is very general among the Germans. I have taken many early breakfasts at Munich, in the presence of a playing band. To the gardens of the Austrian metropolis crowds of Viennois resort each day at six o'clock, to satisfy any evening appetite, and listen to music from the orchestras of Strauss, Lanner, or Morelli. All the hotels at Baden, and several at Dresden, Berlin, and other cities of Germany, have in their dining halls an alcove or balcony constructed for the musicians, who are indispensable. The Germans do not so much seem to listen to music while taking their meals, as to enjoy their meals while listening to music.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB.

EDITED BY "TWIG."

TIMMINS'S CHAUNT—PHIGGINS AND THE GOLD WATCH—AIKEN DRUM OF THE
CANONGATE AND THE TOWN-COUNCIL—A CAROUSE WITH SOME
ENGLISH NOBLEMEN.

THE readers of Bentley's Miscellany must by this time have imagined that the publication of any more transactions of "THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB" was not contemplated. The proceedings of this sapient association of convivial souls, however, whose peculiar and cherished characteristic is to keep their ogles in a state of cognoscent extension and attention to the goings on, *hic et ubique*, in this our sublunary sphere, are of too much importance to the world not to be chronicled, from the almost religious necessity that hourly exists for every man and woman, high and low, from "duke to dustman, peeress to periwinkle-seller," to preserve their precious sight, and keep their eyes "WIDE AWAKE!"

Having determined, therefore, to pay a visit to our ancient friends at the Three Pies, we quietly ensconced ourself in the parlour till the Club should assemble above stairs, and the time for the introduction of visitors arrive. At length "The messenger from the Lords" presented himself in the person of Timmins, and we received the friendly greetings of the same parties we met on our first visit, with many additions. The president, as before, occupied the head, and the other worthies previously introduced were to be found in their respective places. There was a good deal of mysterious whispering at the presidential end, and winks given ever and anon to the simpering Timmins by Mr. Jinks and Shortcut. At that the president rose, and spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the WIDE AWAKE CLUB! this being an evening devoted to harmony, and as well as to the other important purposes of the society, I beg to propose that we lose no time. Mr. Timmins will, I believe, set the melodious example to-night, and therefore I knock him down for a song."

"Mr. Timmins's song!" re-echoed throughout the room.

Timmins laid down the pipe, took a pull at his glass of grog,—Lemonsqueezer was below, superintending the manufacture of a bowl of punch,—and, clearing his throat with a preliminary a-hem! struck up the following chaunt, which, it will be seen, is in celebration of the association.

TIMMINS'S WIDE AWAKE CHAUNT.

"Come fill, jolly fellows! pass the song and the joke,
While grim Death has not yet each frail *corpus* bespoke;
Let us sing, and while jovial our toddy we take,
Thank Heaven that we're happy, and all WIDE AWAKE! Tol de rol, lol de rol.

"Experience teaches both foolish and wise:
What's the use of your sight, if you don't use your eyes.
In the deep game of life mind you watch well your stake,
Playing honest and fair, lads! but still WIDE AWAKE. Tol de rol, &c.

"To all who are single this maxim I press,
Don't be *blinded* by Love when your fair you address,

T will save years of pain if due caution you take,
And, though loving your wife, boys ! still keep WIDE AWAKE ! Tol de rol, &c.

“The Power of Good, we are told by the books,
Sends us *meat*, but the Power of *Evil* the *cooks* ;
Let’s look sharp after those who our sustenance bake,
Would we get *honest bread* we must be WIDE AWAKE ! Tol de rol, &c.

“These *habits* of life that I’ve *stitched* into rhyme,
Believe me, will *wear out* a very long time ;
And when of this world our leave we must take,
Let’s hope in a *better* we’ll be WIDE AWAKE ! Fol de rol, &c.”

After the applause with which the effort of Timmins had been greeted had subsided, Mr. Lemonsqueezer entered the room with a flowing bowl of punch ; which, as it was “Liberty Hall,” where every man might do as he pleased, the said Lemonsqueezer, at the suggestion of Timmins, had manufactured for a few choice spirits. It certainly did justice to Mr. L.’s knowledge of the occult action of certain agents employed in convivial chemistry ; and, so high were the encomiums passed upon it, that the president requested permission to join the party, which was readily granted. A glass or two had the effect of recalling some WIDE AWAKE reminiscences, as the following will show.

“It was, as near as I can recollect, about ten years since,” said Mr. Phiggins, “on a nice Sunday’s afternoon in the month of May, I was taking a leisure stroll among the green lanes about Southgate. I had no companion with me but an old spaniel lady dog——”

“A what, Mr. President ?” interrupted Jinks.

“A lady dog, Mr. Jinks,—vulgarians say bitch, but I call a well-bred animal of the canine species, of the female sex, a lady-dog. Well, as I was saying, I had no one with me but Fan, and there she was, rollicking and sporting about as well as her fatness would let her. She had got some short distance a-head of me, for I had stopped to gather a bunch of sweet-smelling May from a hedge, when I heard her give the customary short bark when something strange ever met her view. On coming up what was my surprise at finding a very handsome gold watch, chain and seals lying on the footpath. ‘Hollo, Fan !’ said I, ‘this is a fortunate find for thee !’ Of course I picked up the article. The watch was going, and was not in the slightest degree injured ; neither were the chain or seals. On further inspection I discovered no mark by which I could trace out the owner ; the watch was of foreign make, and of expensive character. The seals gave no initials : one had a crest of a lion rampant ; the other had a harp, and a few words in French, as I supposed, which I could not make out. Well, I put it into my pocket, and immediately returned home.

“Next morning I left the watch in Mrs. P.’s possession, with strict injunctions to keep the matter secret ; and, to do my wife justice, she could keep a secret. Well,” continued Phiggins, “when I got to town, after looking over my letters, &c. I went to Peele’s Coffeehouse, and ransacked all the papers to see if there was any advertisement of a watch lost, and I could not find any. The next day I did the same, and, strange to say, again there was no notice. Well, I thought as the gentleman does not think proper to advertise he has lost a watch, I’ll advertise that I have *found* one ; and so I wrote the following :—
‘Found, a valuable watch, chain, and seals. Whoever has lost the same may have them restored by describing the property, and on payment of the expenses of this advertisement. Apply to Mr. Peter Phiggins, Woodbine Cottage, Southgate,’—and inserted it in the *Times*.

"When I returned home to dinner on Wednesday, the day the advertisement appeared, I found that a person was at the Cherry Tree, where he had been waiting a couple of hours, and who, my servant said, had called about 'a watch lost,' and who, she said, she could 'not understand at all.' Luckily Mrs. Phiggins was out of the way, having gone to see our little boy at school at Highgate, and the girl not knowing of the lost and found, it stands to reason she might well be puzzled. I instantly sent her down to the inn to announce my arrival to the stranger, and shortly afterwards a very handsome, well-appointed tilbury drove up, and a tall well-dressed young man alighted. He had the look and appearance of a person who was in what is termed the higher sporting circles. On coming into my parlour, he bowed gracefully, and on motioning him to a seat, took a chair, and drew it towards the table with all the ease in the world. He commenced the conversation thus:

"You are the gentleman, I presume, who inserted the advertisement respecting the finding of a watch?"—"I am, sir."

"Society ought to be proud of such men as you, Mr.—what is your good name, sir?"—"Phiggins, at your service."

"Phiggins?—Phiggins? What, of the firm of Phiggins, Brothers, of Basinghall Street?"—"The same."

"My dear sir!" said he, offering his hand, and shaking mine cordially, "then you must know my father, Sir Jasper Woolpack, Mayor of H—, Yorkshire?"

"Very well, indeed. In trade, a more worthy man does not exist. This is indeed curious," said I.

"And fortunate too," said the stranger, "that *my* watch should be found by so worthy and honourable a man as Mr. Phiggins."

"I hope it may prove to be *your* watch, Mr. Woolpack," I replied; "but that fact has not yet been *proved*. Another person may have *lost* a watch also; for you see I was WIDE AWAKE." And the President hit the three clinks.

"Hear, hear, hear!" responded *omnes*.

"True, true, Mr. Phiggins—I was indeed rather too premature in saying *my* watch. As a preliminary, however, to settle the point, perhaps you will tell me where you found the watch."

"Certainly," I replied; "but do not you think it would be as well first for you to tell me whereabouts you imagine you *lost* it? That stands to reason."

"He hesitated a little, and said, looking me full in the face, 'I think I must have lost it between *this* place and London. I did not miss it till I got to town.'

"On what day?"

"Sunday," he promptly replied.

"Only support this statement, Mr. Woolpack, by a description of the watch, chain, and seals lost, and I shall have great pleasure in handing you over the articles."

"I cannot give a *very* accurate description of the watch, having only purchased it about a week since, and I really do not know the maker's name. It is a gold watch, however, and cost me forty guineus."

"English or French?"

"After a little hesitation he said, 'I believe English; though French works are now sold so often in English cases, that I won't speak positively.'

“ ‘The dial?’—‘Gold.’

“ ‘The hours—in figures or Roman capitals?’—‘In figures.’

“ ‘The chain?’—‘Gold curb.’

“ ‘And now, Mr. Woolpack, be so good as to describe the seals. Had you your initials engraved on one?’—‘Yes,’ said he eagerly, ‘J. W.’

“ ‘And had you your crest on the other?’

“ ‘The very thing, my dear sir!’ said he, starting up with exultation. ‘I think I may now say it is *my* watch, Mr. Phiggins.’

“ ‘I shook my head. ‘On the contrary, Mr. Woolpack. It certainly is strange that you should have lost a gold watch, and in this neighbourhood,—that you should have lost it on Sunday,—and that I should have found a gold watch on Sunday in this neighbourhood,—but the watch, chain, and seals I found and have locked up in this drawer is not certainly, by your description, the watch, chain, and seals you lost.’

“ ‘How, sir!’ he replied in a tone of anger, ‘do you mean to say two gentlemen should lose two watches in the same day in the same neighbourhood?’

“ ‘It is possible, Mr. Woolpack, though rather improbable.’

“ ‘Yes, sir, so improbable, that I do not believe any one would give credit to the statement. I tell you what, Mr. Phiggins,’ he continued, ‘the watch you have, I believe to be *mine*; it may, however, *not* be mine. I have given, as far as my recollection serves me, the best description I could of the article for the short time I have had it in my possession; now, sir, you tell me that my description does not apply to the watch. Sir, I do not wish to impeach your probity; but allow me to say, that that answer may be made to the rightful owner, and you may remain possessor of the watch by telling one and all who may have lost such articles that *the description doesn’t answer!*

“ ‘This nettled me. ‘What, Mr. Woolpack, do you doubt my honour?’

“ ‘I would as soon doubt that of my father, Sir Jasper; but is it not possible that men may be tempted by cupidity to gain possession of a chance prize by so easy a sacrifice of conscience, Mr. Phiggins?’

“ ‘Well, sir, in a word, which must satisfy you: your initials, you say, were on one seal, and your crest on another?’—‘I do.’

“ ‘What is your crest?’

“ ‘A lamb! time out of mind the crest of the Woolpacks.’

“ ‘Then, Mr. Woolpack, on my solemn oath, neither your crest nor initials are on either of the seals! and the chain is not a gold curb!’

“ ‘Mr. Phiggins,’ said he, ‘I trust you will pardon the impetuosity of a young man; I cannot hesitate any longer to believe but that the watch is not mine—just grant me one favour; let me have ocular demonstration of the fact you have stated, and I will most earnestly beg your forgiveness for any reflection I may have made.’

“ ‘I do not know how it was, but there was so much earnestness and sincerity in his manner and looks, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse him; so I unlocked the drawer and showed him the watch. He threw a quick scrutinizing glance at the watch, chain, and seals, looking attentively at the latter, and handing them back to me, pressed my hand. I noticed his face was flushed.

“ ‘Mr. Phiggins, I entreat your pardon: it is a most extraordinary circumstance, you must admit, that two watches should have thus been lost. I know—yes! I know you will make an excuse for a gay man, anxious to regain that which had but so recently cost him so much money. I really feel ashamed to remain longer in your company after what I have said. Have I your forgiveness—tell me?’

“ Pray, say nothing about it, Mr. Woolpack.”

“ Then God bless you! Good b'ye, my worthy friend,” he said, shaking my hand; and leaving the house, drove off very quickly.

“ Mrs. Phiggins coming home shortly after this, we sat down to dinner. I had not had time to tell her what had taken place, when a loud ring at the gate-bell made me start up, and looking out of the window, I saw a dashing phaeton and pair containing a lady and gentleman, one footman in green and gold livery at the horses' heads, and another at our garden gate. I went out myself. ‘ Is this Woodbine Cottage,’ said the gentleman, ‘ belonging to Mr. Phiggins?’

“ I replied in the affirmative; he alighted, and coming up stated he had called in consequence of an advertisement of the watch in ‘ The Times.’ I asked him in-doors, of course, and finding we were at dinner, he apologised for disturbing us, wished with great politeness to call again in an hour, taking a drive. Of course I begged him not to mention it.

“ My name,” said he, “ is Sir William Martingale. I was riding in this neighbourhood last Sunday afternoon, and found on my return to town that I had lost my watch and its appurtenances. It is a gold watch of English make, but very like a French manufacture; gold dial, figures on enamel, the chain a gold guard, to which two seals, small ones, are attached, bearing my crest, a lion rampant, the other a harp, with the motto in French ‘ *Je responde à qui me touché.*’ Does this answer the description of the watch that you have found, sir?”

“ I am happy to be able to restore you your property, Sir William,” I replied, handing him the articles. He put the watch in his pocket and said, ‘ Had it not been for your honourable conduct, Mr. Phiggins, I should have lost property to the amount of one hundred guineas: the mere expenses of the advertisement of course I defray;— he drew half a sovereign from his purse;—’ but so praiseworthy an example as you have set, sir, deserves a proportionate reward; I shall not insult you with the offer of money, sir,—had that been your object you might have kept your prize—but if Mrs. Phiggins—’ and he bowed graciously to my spouse, who was looking as sour as if she had been christened in vinegar—‘ if this good lady will accept this ring,’ and he took one from off his finger, and handed it to Mrs. Phiggins, ‘ she will, whenever she looks at the little grateful memento of her husband's excellent conduct, feel how happy it is to have so honest a spouse.’

“ So saying he offered me his hand, got into his carriage, the lady alongside him gracefully bowed, the footmen touched their hats, and off dashed Sir William Martingale at a rattling trot.”

The waiter here was declared to be in the room for “ orders.” After the ceremony of replenishment had been gone through, the President proceeded in his narrative:

“ When I returned to the parlour, Mrs. Phiggins came up to me in a furious rage, saying, ‘ P. it's nothing more than a Nora Mina!’

“ What's a Nora Mina, my dear?”

“ This ring that the gentleman who's gone off with the watch, gave me! It's neither gold nor diamond, and not worth eighteenpence. Phiggins,” she continued, “ that fellow is a swindler!”

“ Swindler or not, he was entitled to his property, and I did not ask for a reward—merely the expense of the advertisement.”

“ Ay!” said Mrs. P. “ he left half a sovereign, and as sure as eggs

are eggs, that 's a bad 'one.' It was lying on the table ; she took it, and after examining it for a few minutes, threw it down again exclaiming, ' A gilt sixpence, as I 'm alive !'

" You don't mean to say *that* ?" said Timmins to the President.

" I do, Mr. Timmins."

" I smell a rat," said Pounce.

" So do I," said Jinks.

" Ditto," struck in Shortcut.

" Well !" resumed the president, " I confess the 'gilt ring and the gilt sixpence puzzled me much. My first impulse was to try to overtake the gentleman ; but which road had he taken ? Before I could have found this out, and by the time I could have despatched any one, he would have had such a start as to have rendered detection hopeless. However, I thought I would go down to the Cherry Tree, and make inquiry. When I got to the inn, two men, looking like horse-dealers, or livery-stable keepers, were smoking segars in one of the parlour-windows. My attention was instantly called to their conversation.

" — I say it *was* Bob Towers," said one of the men, with a very red face.

" No, Joe ! where could he find blunt to come it so strong as that ?"

" Oh, easy enough ; he 's on some grand *macing* dodge, that he is, I 'll bet a guinea ! and, by-the-bye, what sort of a looking swell is nimble Jem ?"

" Rayther a slap-up young chap ! Lots of cheek. I swapped a prad last week with him."

" Does he drive a black mare in a tilbury ?"—' Yes.'

" Then, blow me tight ! *but* he *was* down here, and I *see* him speak to Bob Towers down by the turning of the lane ! This is what I call summut wery mysterious !"

" After hearing this, I went up to the window ; and, addressing myself to the last-mentioned speaker, stated that I had overheard their conversation, and related the circumstances under which I had been recently favoured with the visit of two persons bearing a strong resemblance to the individuals they had alluded to. The minute they heard my story both of them burst out into a tremendous fit of laughter ; and the man with the red face, with a degree of vulgar impertinence which I shall never forget, put his right-hand thumb up to the side of his nose, (and here Piggins suited the action to the word,) and extending his fingers, waving them to and fro, exclaimed, ' Blow me, old swell, but you have been done !' while his companion laughed still louder.

" Done !" said I. " What do you mean by being *done* ?"

" Vy ! you see these here chaps is pals, and seeing hof your advertisement, they tries it on to nibble the ticker.' In short," said Piggins, " a few words more in explanation convinced me that I *was done*."

" Dead as a hammer !" said Jinks.

" I don't think !" shouted Shortcut.

The President proceeded to give the toast after the customary tales of the club, down went the hammer, and the watch-word of the association, " WIDE AWAKE !" fell sonorously from the lips of Piggins the Done !

" Stop !" ejaculated Lemonsqueezer, rising and looking as mysterious as a new-made vestryman at the first board day. " Our President was surely winking."—" I say the same !" quoth Jinks.

" Ditto !" struck in Shortcut, while he hit the table,—an act he was

never before known to have perpetrated, — doing it with the force of an operative Demosthenes.

"Gentlemen," said the President, steadying his spectacles, and with a rare gravity, "there must be some error in this. In what, allow me to ask, am I to consider myself——"

"Done! done! done!" was the response that fitted into what poor Phiggins would have called a speech, had he not been so vociferously interrupted by a response that resounded in the banquet chamber of the *convives*.

"Gentlemen!" said Lemonsqueezer, "I rise to ask, are we to have laws, and break laws?—to make rules, and break rules?—to call ourselves the 'WIDE AWAKES,' and not *be* 'WIDE AWAKE?' I say, no! "Are we," continued Mr. L., "to admit a member of our club to the honour and the advantage of this amicable and instructive association who is not only not wide awake, but who interrupts our evenings with a story which proves he glories in telling us he *is not* wide awake—that he *never was* wide awake?—and," (he added with vehemence, his eloquence rising with the magnitude of his subject)—"I may say, after the exhibition of this evening, *never will be* wide awake?"

"Hear, hear, hear!" chorused *omnes*.

"Well, then, gentlemen, as I do not intend to make a long speech——"

"Good!" said Shortcut.

"I propose that Mr. Phiggins has rendered himself liable to the penalty of a glass of salt and water, in order to make him 'wide awake' for the future."

It is almost unnecessary to say that the motion was carried, as they say in the House of Commons, amidst "loud and long-continued cheering." The President pleaded hard, but in vain. The *refreshing* draught was duly handed to him, and he retired to a remote corner of the room, that he might escape from the merriment of his *convives*. At this moment, while he was regarding with lack-lustre eye the poisoned cup he held, one of those gaunt and miserable beings doomed ever to witness the goodly viands and the fragrant beverage, but never to taste them, yclept waiters, in his eager anxiety to execute an order, and unmindful of obstacles, came violently against poor Phiggins, whose equilibrium being thus overthrown, he, after some pirouetting, fell, but not before he had poured out a libation on the head of the luckless wight who had been guilty of this offence. The laughter consequent on this pleasing incident was universal; and during its continuance Phiggins managed to escape to his seat unobserved.

A new member, Mr. Andrew M'Dougall, now rose with the view of diverting the general merriment at the expense of his neighbour Phiggins, and stated that it had fallen within his knowledge that a canny Scotsman, well known in Auld Reekie, on account of his generally being WIDE AWAKE, had himself, on one occasion, been found napping. He would relate the circumstance.

"Proceed! proceed!" shouted all.

"Aiken Drum," he began, "was landlord of a tavern in the Cannongate of Edinburgh. A hearty, jolly fellow as ever brewed a bowl of toddy or helped to empty one. Aiken was in the habit of sitting down with his customers, and helping to make the spirits circulate. No one could keep a company in humour like Aiken; no one knew better when to tell an amusing story or start up a patriotic song than he; and, to crown all his excellent qualities, he was a ca-

pital speech-maker, and could propose a health with all the ease and eloquence of a Sheridan.

"Aiken was well known to all the sma' weft manufacturers of Paisley, and they generally made his tavern their house of call when on business in the metropolis. To see him surrounded by half a dozen Paisley *corks* and their Edinburgh friends, was a treat indeed. Here his genius absolutely revelled. He had all Tannahill's songs at his tongue's end, and not a few of Robin Allan's of Kelbarchan; besides, he was himself a poet and a song-writer, and when he could not please his customers with an old song, he would give them something original, which he always sung with tremendous effect.

"If Aikin had a weakness, it was to be found in the overwhelming love he cherished for his native town, of which the company shall have a specimen in his own words.

"'There was ae day, man,' (for although he spoke to a whole company, he always singled out a stranger to whom he addressed himself.)—'ae wet, nasty day, that the toon council had met to discuss some o' their affairs, and as luck wad have it the rain cam' on heavier and heavier, and it wasna like to devaul ava. Weel, some of the members o' the council were gettin' hungry, for magistrates maun eat as weel as other folk, and it was lang past the dinner hour. Weel, the rain rained on, and better rained; at length I was sent for, my house being exactly opposite the town-hall. I gaed in very respectfully, and says I, 'My lord and gentlemen, what was ye wantin' wi' me?' So Councillor Brown, he says, 'Mr. Drum,' says he, 'we want to ken what ye can gie us to eat,' says he, 'for we're storm-stead here, and we canna get hame to our denners.'" Says I, "Councillor, I can gie ye anything ye want frae a beefsteak doon to a Welch rabbit." Weel, man, they allowed me to provide jeest what I liket mysel', and I gied them an handsome substantial denner for half-a-crown a head; no, that 'ill pay, considerin' the drink that was drank forby. At length the bowl was got in, then the loyal toasts begun. But by and bye Baillie Anderson, wha was chairman,—my auld son's his son's head clerk,—says he to me, "Mr. Drum," says he, "we understand that you come from Paisley, and that it's all Paisley, Paisley, nothing but Paisley with you. Now, as you are come to Edinburgh to reside among us, and to gain your livelihood like a respectable citizen, as you are, I think you ought to sink your town of Paisley, and let us hear no more about it. Od man, they gied him a grand ruff for this, and thinks I, I'm in the hands o' the Pheelistines, but wait awee. A glass was then haunded to me, ye see, and it was expectit that I wad sink Paisley. "My lord and gentlemen," says I, "will ye alloo me to say three words before ye go any further?" "Certainly, Mr. Drum," says Mr. Anderson, "we'll be happy to hear what you have to say." "Well, my lord and gentlemen," says I, "I was taking a walk the other day on the top of your Calton-hill, when a stranger gentleman tapped me on the shoulder, and inquired if I could tell him the name of that fine old building that stood to the right. "Sir," says I, "that's Heriot's Hospital, and it's governed by a Paisley man." "And what," says he, "is that other fine building?" "That," says I, "sir, is Watson's Hospital, and it is also governed by a Paisley man. Before you, sir," says I, lies the Edinburgh College, and the principal man there is Professor Wilson, the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and the author of the 'Isle of Palms,' and 'The City of the Plague,' and

he too is a Paisley man."—"Bless me," says the stranger gentleman, "I think the whole city of Edinburgh is governed by Paisley men." "Not so, sir," says I; "but look down to your right, and you will see a large building; that is the Register Office, and the keys of that office are kept by a Paisley woman. She gets five Edinburgh women in to assist her in cleaning and sweeping it out, but the moment she has done with their services, she sends them about their business, and puts the keys in her pocket, and under these keys are contained the charters of all the nobility and gentry of Scotland—and that's a Paisley woman! Now, my lord and gentlemen, after all this would you have me sink Paisley? You have the wealth, but Paisley sends up her sons and her daughters to do honour to your splendid city. Sink Paisley! No!—sooner shall Edinburgh become a desert, sooner shall my right hand forget its cunning, than I shall sink my native town of Paisley." Man, if ye had seen hoo my speech was received. Councillor Black and Councillor Adams baith rose, and said I was perfectly right, and they respected me for my sentiments. But the best of a' was, that they cam a' ower to my hoose, and sat till four o'clock in the mornin', me settin' a' amang them, singin' my best sangs, and some o' them have been gude customers o' mine ever since."

"The course' of Aiken's 'true love' for the town of his birth was not, however, destined to run smooth. Late one afternoon, a carriage and four rattled up the Canongate, and stopped exactly opposite Aiken's tavern. He happened, fortunately, to be in the way, and his wife, as fortunately, happened to be out of the way. She was ruralizing it at Gourrock, laying in a week's fresh air to serve her the year through in Auld Reekie. Two young gentlemen left the carriage, and went straightway up stairs into Aiken's best room, followed most obsequiously by two smart servants in livery. These latter soon retired to the bar, and ordered dinner for their lordships.

"Their lordships!' exclaimed Drum; 'wha are they, man?'

"Young English noblemen,' said one of the footmen, 'on a visit to Scotland, to spend money and see the curiosities of the place. I believe somebody has been telling them that you sing the best song of any man in Edinburgh, and they intend to make a night of it with you.'

"This was glorious intelligence for Aiken. His heart leaped within him for pride and joy. Nobility in his house!—English nobility!—And they had heard of his talents and genius!—and they were come to spend siller! O, how he wished his wife had been present to partake of the honours, although at second hand, that were that night to be showered upon him! but he contented himself with the reflection that she would hear all about it in good time.

"Dinner was soon got ready, and soon dispatched. Their lordships then told Mr. Drum that they had a mind to taste his Scotch whiskey dissolved into toddy. They had been informed by some members of the Scotch peerage, they said, that he, Mr. Drum, was one of the few men in this kingdom who could make up toddy to perfection; they therefore requested that he would take a seat at the table, and consider himself their guest. Aiken acknowledged this unlooked-for honour in an appropriate speech, and then sat down with a splendid bowl before him. Their lordships were waited on by their own servants, so that Aiken had no excuse to rise, and thus was glued to his chair. After a few of the usual toasts, Lord Phoppington rose, and said,—

"My lud, I felicitate myself on the opportunity which I at present

enjoy of standing on my legs, and I propose, with the usual hips, the health of Mr. Aiken Drum, our facetious host and guest.'

" 'My Lord Phoppington,' replied his brother peer, 'before I drink this health, allow me to say that I cordially join you in your sentiments of respect towards Mr. Drum.'

"They then emptied their glasses, and threw them over their shoulders, one of them unfortunately smashing a handsome mirror that hung upon the wall. This circumstance had a wonderful effect upon Aiken's eloquence in his reply; for this same mirror was an especial favourite of his wife's, it having been a part of her first plishing. A more lame, a more miserable speech, never came from his lips before, or, I believe, since. With one eye he looked at their lordships, with the other he glanced at the shattered looking-glass. Although he did not allude to the untoward accident, their lordships could not fail to see that it had made a powerful impression on his mind, and they then told him just to put it in the bill. This set matters all to rights again, and now his genius burst forth into singing. He sung all his best songs, and told all his best stories, at which their lordships were hugely delighted. At last so completely exhausted was Aiken with his exertions to please his noble customers, that he fell fast asleep on his chair. Lord Thimblerigg then made a tour through the room, opened the family chest of drawers, and helped himself to a few unconsidered trifles which he found there,—a few old rings, a shabby-looking gold watch, and a greasy pocket-book, which contained a bunch of 'Robin Carricks.*' In the mean time, Lord Phoppington busied himself in making a pair of moustaches upon Aiken's upper lip with a burned cork, and our worthy landlord looked for all the world like a Turk after his siesta. The footmen had been no less industrious than their noble masters. They had contrived to make all the establishment drunk; and next morning when Aiken awoke, he found that his illustrious customers were gone, lacqueys and all, and that they had forgotten to ask their amount of reckoning. The room in which he had slept all night presented a lamentable sight—chairs broken, tables upset, china bowl and glasses smashed to pieces, the mirror a mere frame, the drawers rifled, everything in the most picturesque confusion. But what was perhaps worst of all, the spirit-casks in the bar had been left running all night, and poor Aiken had to send to a neighbouring publican's for a gill of whisky before he could get his 'mornin'.

"It was afterwards discovered, but not until all of them were sent abroad for the good of their country, that the Lords Phoppington and Thimblerigg were writers' clerks from Paisley, and that their footmen were noted swindlers from the same quarter. Had Aiken been conversant with these facts and circumstances before his introduction to the members of the Town Council, it is not unlikely but he might have allowed his right hand to forget its cunning, and with all his heart have 'sunk his native town of Paisley.' In short, he might have been 'WIDE AWAKE.'"

The night had now far advanced, and after a general parting glass of toddy the club separated, having previously made an arrangement to assemble again on an early day.

* Mr. Robert Carrick was at one time a celebrated banker in the west of Scotland; and in that part of the world, even to this day, a bank note is commonly called a *Robin Carrick*.





THE HANDSOME CLEAR-STARCHER.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WE talk of the Goddess of Fashion ; but where
 Has her Goddessship deigned to be seen ?
 Though her taste is consulted each day by the fair,
 While men of all ages admiringly stare ?—
 She can be no one else than The Queen.

So, at least, it was erst, when Eliza the Great
 Of our isle was the pride and the pet ;
 For though dress form'd small part of her right royal state,
 And she valued alike her proud foes' love and hate,
 She was once pleased a fashion to set.

Her sole reason for choosing was what ladies give,—
 'T was her pleasure, and that was enough.
 But, when once it was seen, none without it could live,
 'T would have been all the same if 't were coarse as a sieve,
 But the "set" was a fine stiffen'd ruff.

'T was a sort of a "*cheveux-de-frise*"-looking thing,
 Such as still in her portraits is drawn,
 Encircling her neck in an odd zig-zag ring ;
 And the model, perhaps, was a church-cherub's wing,
 Though 't was form'd of crape, muslin, or lawn.

Or of gossamer; gauze, tissue, leno, blonde, lace,—
 If such elegant names were then known
 For those air-woven textures that aye find a place
 In the toilet of beauty, and still add a grace
 When, with taste, they o'er beauties are thrown.

But in those days no throwing was ever allow'd,
 "*Négligées*" wer'n't admitted at court;
 Where, stately and formal, the fair, well-drest crowd
 Moved rustling like peacocks or turkeys so proud,
 And look'd even demure at their sport.

Some wore gowns thickly 'broider'd like garlands of May ;
 All wore stomachers hard as a shield,
 Standing upright and stiff, as in martial array,
 (Of the march of clear-starching it then was the day,)
 And all else but the face was conceal'd.

But the ruff! the white, well-stiffen'd, well clear-starch'd ruff
 More than lace, silk, or velvet was prized.
 "Its edges," they said, "like a saw should be rough ;"
 And slanderers declare they their handmaids would cuff
 If it was not well starch'd, gumm'd, or sized.

'T is a pity when ladies so pretty allow
 Themselves to fall into a pet,
 And, in their own boudoirs to "kick up a row,"
 About things they 're to wear, with the what, where, or how.
 Anger ne'er made a maid pretty yet.

But, alas ! in those days some few fair ones were frail,
 And their tempers would sometimes rebel :
 Though perhaps the great breakfasts of beef-steaks and ale*
 Might have heated the blood of the maid of our tale,
 And caused what we 've now got to tell.

* The following is an extract from an order of King Henry the Eighth for a daily allowance to a maid of honour in 1522.

"*First.* Every morning at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panatryc barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Her name we don't mention, because it may chance
 That she yet hath relations at court :
 Suffice it, her beauty was such as romance
 For all heroines claims,—she could sing, play, and dance
A merveille,—but to dress was her forte,
 Or, say, rather her foible ; so when ruffs came in,
 And good starch rose uncommonly high,
 She assured her clear-starcher she cared not a pin
 For the price, but her ruffs must be stiff as block-tin ;
 And the clear-starcher said she would try.
 So her ruffs were well-starch'd, dried, and starch'd o'er again,
 And both cold and hot-ironed, and prest,
 And plaited, et cetera ;—but all was in vain,
 For she spake naughty words, and declared it was plain
 Her “*artiste*” was a fool like the rest.
 Then she tried many others ; but all fail'd alike
 This most whimsical fair one to please.
 Some pleaded their work-folks had “*struck up a strike* ;”
 Some swore that the ruffs' points were stiff as a pike :
 She declared they were soft as boil'd peas.
 She was sadly provoked, and yet dared not rebel
 Against fashion's imperious decree ;
 So, when next her handmaiden desired her to tell
 Where her ruffs should be sent, she cried, “*Send them to h—,*
 And the d—l may starch them for me !”
 These were very bad words to escape from the lips
 Of a lady so handsome and young.
 But, when passion's our tyrant, morality trips,
 While the tempter keeps watch for such sad naughty slips
 As our maiden had made with her tongue.
 And, scarce had she spoken, when suddenly came
 An odd sort of “*Rat ! tat !*” at her door.
 'T was not loud enough quite for a lord or a dame,
 Nor yet for her tradesfolk sufficiently tame.
 She had ne'er heard such knocking before.
 And, of course she felt curious to know what it meant,
 So her handmaid immediately ran
 To the window ; and, when o'er the casement she 'd leant,
 Exclaim'd, with an air of exceeding content,
 “*A remarkably handsome young man !*”
 The young man, when shewn up, bow'd and smiled with much grace,
 And soon, whispering, ventured to say,
 “*Gentle lady, excuse me, but such is my case*
 That indeed we must be quite alone face to face.
 Do, pray, send your handmaiden away !”
 Some signal, no doubt often practised before,
 Caused her maid through the doorway to glide,
 While the lady, embarrass'd, look'd down on the floor,
 And blush'd (perhaps) for a moment, and when that was o'er,
 Found the handsome young man at her side.

“*Item.* At dyner a pese of beyf, a stroke of roste, and a reward at our said kechyn, a caste of chete brede at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

“*Item.* At afternoone a maunchet of brede at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

“*Item.* At supper a messe of potage, a pese of mutten, and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete brede at our panatrye, and a galone of ale at our buttrye.

“*Item.* At after supper a chete loff, and a maunchet at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our seller barr.

The fine figure and face of that singular beau
 All comparisons seem'd to defy;
 And his dress at all points was completely "the go,"
 Yet there still was a something not quite "*comme il faut*"
 In the sly wicked glance of his eye.

But his manner was humble, and silvery the toue
 Of his voice, as, in euphonic strain,
 He said, "Pride of the palace! well worthy the throne!
 If legitimate claim were with beauty alone,
 All your rivals' pretensions were vain!"

Then (as then was the mode) he the lady compared
 To the sun, moon, and stars, and their light;
 Nor the heathen mythology's goddesses spared.
 Any maiden of our modest days would have stared,
 And some, perhaps, have run off in a fright.

But she listen'd, and aye as the flatterer spake
 Smiled and gracefully flirted her fan,
 And, much wondering what end to his speech he would make,
 Sigh'd, and thought, "Though I fear he's a bit of a rake,
 He is really a charming young man!"

The gallant's peroration at length took a turn
 That appear'd a most singular whim;
 He found fault with her ruff, and declared he could earn
 Her applause (since he'd travelled clear starching to learn)
 If she would but entrust one with him.

The request was a strange one. Yet wherefore refuse?
 "Well,—pray take one!" she said with a laugh.
 "Do your best. It may serve your waste time to amuse.
 But it's really so odd! Have you learnt to black shoes
 In your travels? or dye an old scarf?"

"I have learnt many things," was the stranger's reply,
 "And you'll soon find I know quite enough
 To fulfil your commission, for certainly I
 Can hotpress, et cetera; and so, now, good b' ye,
 Till I come back again with your ruff."

The next drawing-room day our fair maiden began
 Her court toilet; but all went so-so.
 "Ugh!" she cried, "I'm quite frightful, do all that I can!
 There's nothing so fickle and faithless as man!
 What's become of my clear-starching beau?"

"Ah! my lady!" said Abigail, plastering her hair,
 "That young fellow has play'd you a trick,
 And stole——" But her mistress cried, "Phoo! I don't care!
 If I could get but only *one* ruff fit to wear,
 I would don it, though brought by Old Nick."

There's a proverb that says, "If you speak of some folks
 They are sure very soon to appear."
 And, while Abigail call'd the beau's visit a hoax,
 And his clear-starching one of young gentlemen's jokes,
 His odd "Rat! tat!" proclaimed he was near,

"Then he has not deceived me!" the lady exclaim'd,
 "Why don't some of 'em answer the door?
 To doubt of his honour you're much to be blamed.
 But I can't see him thus! I should feel quite ashamed.
 He must wait till I'm drest. What a bore!"

"Take this box to your mistress, and make my respects,"
 Said the starcher as fierce as a Don,
 While he strode down the hall, "and observe she neglects
 Not to put on the ruff as my paper directs,
 And I'll settle the plaits when 't is on."

What that paper contain'd is a mystery still,
 Since the chronicles only disclose
 That she said his request she would strictly fulfil,
 And then smiling, exclaim'd, "What a moderate bill?
 Well, he must see all right, I suppose."

Then—her toilet completed—her pride was immense.
 'T was "a love of a ruff!" she declared,
 As it compass'd her neck with its firm triple fence.
 Her sole feeling was self-admiration intense,
 While her handmaid admiringly stared,

And then cried, "La! I never saw nothing so nice:
 What a clever young man that must be!
 I suppose, though, he'll charge an extravagant price?"
 "No," her lady replied, "'t was a cunning device!
 And he's no common tradesman, you'll see."

"The fact is, that he mention'd his charge, and you know
 That I've now no engagement on hand.
 At least nothing—quite serious—or likely—and so—
 After all—what's a kiss from a handsome young beau?
 Well—be silent—you now understand."

"When he comes to inspect that my ruff sets all well,
 Just step out for a minute or two;
 Not much longer, because there's a proverb folks tell,
 'Give some people an inch, and they'll soon take an ell.'
 "I wish, Miss," said her maid, "I was you."

Then, with looks so demure as might Cerberus bilk,
 The young gentleman bow'd himself in.
 His dress was embroider'd rich velvet and silk,
 His point-lace and kid-gloves were as white as new milk,
 And jet-black was the tuft on his chin.

"Fairest lady!" he said, "may I venture to hope
 That you deign to approve of my work?
 This I'll venture to say, that such clear-starch and soap
 Never stiffen'd a collar for queen, king, or pope,
 Nor his most sublime-porte-ship, the Turk."

"And I've got" (here he smiled) "a particular way,
 Which I'll show you, of finishing off.
 Just allow me! Phoo—nonsense! You promised to pay—"
 But the lady drew back, frown'd, and said, "Not now, pray!"
 And sent Abigail out by a cough.

All that afterward happen'd is dingy as night,
 Though her maiden, as maids would of old,
 Peep'd and listen'd, at first with a curious delight,
 Then grew anxious,—and then was thrown into a fright.
 And this was the story she told.

She declared the beau boasted his wonderful knack
 Of full-dressing for banquet and ball;
 And that, presently after, she heard a loud smack,
 And, immediately after, a much louder crack;
 Then a shriek that was louder than all.

To her mistress's aid she accordingly ran,
 Wondering much what the matter could be ;
 Since a simple salute from a handsome young man
 Never caused such an uproar since kissing began.
 But no mistress nor beau could she see !
 Both were gone ! where and how it was fearful to guess,
 As a sulphureous odour remain'd,
 While thick smoke still obscured the bay-window's recess,
 And, with burnt hoof-like marks, and a cindery mess,
 The best carpet was shockingly stain'd.
 What occur'd at the window the smoke might conceal,
 Though the maid often vow'd that she saw
 What was horrid enough all her blood to congeal,
 A long black thing that twisted about like an eel,
 And the tips of two horns, and a claw.
 But, more certain it is, from that day ne'er again
 Did that lady at court reappear,
 Nor amid the *beau monde*. All inquiries were vain.
 So, though how they eloped must a mystery remain,
 What the clear-starcher was, seem'd too clear.
 Now, ye ladies of England ! young, charming, and fair !
 Pray, be warn'd by this maiden's sad fate !
 And, whenever strange beaux, gay and handsome, may dare
 To approach you with flattering speeches, beware
 Lest their falsehood you rue when too late.
 Above all, while your hearts are warm, tender, and young,
 Let no art of the tempter prevail
 To extort a rash promise ; since slips of the tongue
 O'er fair prospects have often a gloomy veil flung,
 And caused ladies' disasters in rhymes to be strung,
 As hath chanced to the maid of our tale.

 THE FORLORN ONE.

AH ! why those piteous sounds of woe,
 Lone Wanderer of the dreary night ?
 Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
 Thy bosom pants in wild affright !
 And Thou, within whose iron breast
 Those frowns austere too truly tell
 Mild Pity, heaven-descended guest,
 Hath never, never deign'd to dwell,
 That rude, uncivil touch forego,
 Stern despot of a fleeting hour !
 Nor " make the angels weep " to know
 The fond " fantastic tricks " of power !
 Know'st thou not " mercy is not strain'd,
 But droppeth as the gentle dew,"
 And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
 It blesseth him who gave it too ?
 Say what art thou ?—and what is he,
 Pale victim of despair and pain,
 Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
 Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain ?
 Cold, callous man !—he scorns to yield,
 Or aught relax his felon gripe,
 But answers,—“ I'm Inspector Field !—
 And this here Warmint's prigg'd your wipe !”

T. I.

MR. HIPPSLEY,

THE ELECTRICAL GENTLEMAN.

"A respectable physician, in the last number of Silliman's Journal, gives the following very curious account of an electrical lady. He states, that on the evening of January 28th, during a somewhat extraordinary display of northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the ends of her fingers to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months; during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks at every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch any metallic utensils without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twinge. When seated by a stove, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or four a minute. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and a delicate state of health; having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections."
—*British Press*.

"This, then, is what I am suffering from," said Mr. Hipsley, putting down the newspaper which contained the above extraordinary account. "I am a walking electrical machine! This is why I am abandoned by my earliest acquaintance; my servants dread to come near me; and my physician no longer feels my pulse, but tells me I am hypocondriac; while, to prevent having anything more to do with such a monster, he assures me that my cure rests in my own hands. My own hands! they are electric points. Oh! this is the worst misery of all! the persecution of destiny cannot plunge me deeper into the gulf of despair. What was the inconvenience of being unable to open my right eye during the whole of last month to being a walking galvanic battery, who cannot pat a child on the head without shocking him; or shake hands with a friend without knocking him down? What was my being incapable of sitting or lying for more than three days, resting myself, like a horse in a stall, against the corner of the room, to my present misfortune? I can't touch a bell-wire without sending an electric shock through the whole lodging-house, and throwing half the members of two respectable families into convulsions. Oh! I shall make away with myself! I can't stand it!" Mr. Hipsley here attempted to draw a bottle of wine; but his hand coming in contact with the cork-screw, a severe spasm seemed to pass through his frame.

"There's a shock!" exclaimed the unhappy man. "What is to become of me? The least touch of metal brings out those cursed sparks!" and, putting down the bottle, he threw himself into a chair, looking the picture of despondency.

"I will see Mr. Hipsley!"

"You can't, ma'am; you can't! Master won't be disturbed: he is not dressed. He said that he wouldn't be shaved, anyhow, till he was made sensible whether it's really hair, or feathers, that's growing out of his chin."

"Tell Mr. Hipsley his cousin, Mrs. Martha Meddler, wants to see him," answered a loud voice to this refusal of admission on the part of Patrick, who scarcely had time to announce the importunate

visiter when she entered the room. The invalid rose to receive her.

"Keep off!" said Mr. Hipsley solemnly, as, in the perpetual bustle which marked Mrs. Martha's most unimportant actions, she approached to shake him by both hands, "keep off!"

"Charles Hipsley, for shame! What new crochet are you going crazy upon now? Oh! you shake your head! You are a China mandarin for a tea-shop; afraid of being knocked down and broken!" and the inhuman woman laughed till the room rang with her cachination.

"Shall I put out my hand, summon all my electrical power, and strike her senseless at my feet?" said Mr. Hipsley to himself; but he refrained from this act of summary justice to his wounded feelings. He asked her to be seated, and begged she would communicate the cause of her unceremonious visit.

"Stop, my dear soul, till I have rested a bit," said Mrs. Martha.

"Perhaps you would like a glass of wine? Patrick, decant that bottle."

Mr. Hipsley was sternly polite; but, in the excess of his misery he forgot not the duties of hospitality. The valet now left the room, which formed the front of a first floor in Jermyn-street; and the visiter, after sipping a glass of sherry, opened her communication. "You know, Charles, that you have never been happy since Miss Thornton refused you."

"Madam, you have surely not paid me this early and unexpected call to remind me of that which I would willingly forget. I am an invalid, suffering from a series of afflictions,—I should rather say a concatenation,—for I have not time to rid myself of one disease ere another possesses my unhappy frame."

"There now, there's a dear soul, don't go on with your catalogue of complaints!" interrupted Mrs. Martha. "You know there is no stopping you if you once begin to enumerate."

"Cousin Meddler, relationship can *not* excuse your taking me to task, as if I were a weak, fanciful girl, placed under your guardianship. No one need in future dread that I shall intrude the relation of my afflictions on unsympathizing hearers. My present misery, if circumstances have not already made it known, or accident does not reveal it, shall be locked within the recesses of my own bosom," and here Mr. Hipsley wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked awfully mysterious.

"Well, you *are* a droll man, to be sure! I have a good mind to have nothing to do with you; but I can't bear to see friends mismanage their affairs, and not help them a bit. Now, if any one ever mismanaged a love-matter, it was you, Charles Hipsley! There, now, the murder's out! I am confident Kate Thornton is sincerely attached to you, and this morning I am come to tell you so."

"Kate Thornton attached to me!" exclaimed Mr. Hipsley, starting from his chair, and pacing the room. "Impossible! did she not refuse me twice? and have not disappointment and agitation of mind brought on all my unhappy diseases, until at last my frame has become a phenomenon?"

"Become a fiddlestick!—Will you sit down, and hear reason?"

The invalid sat himself down to suffer the infliction with an air of despair rather than resignation, and Mrs. Martha continued.

"Kate refused you because her mother could not bear your flighty and fidgety ways—never was there such an attached daughter. Now the old lady has been dead a twelvemonth, and yesterday, after a little cross-examination, which I put the young lady to, out of regard for your happiness, I came to a conclusion which I don't feel myself justified in explaining more fully. There is a delicacy in these little matters of the heart. I am not a novice in them. You know, cousin, it was quite my own choice that I haven't been three times a widow. There was Colonel Target, he was killed at Waterloo; poor man! he was dying for me long before he died for his country: and Professor Wiggins, who fell a victim to——"

"An electric machine! a voltaic battery! a human torpedo!"

"Good heavens, cousin, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, in great surprise at the interest Mr. Hipsley seemed to take in the thrice-told tale of her admirers, for the unhappy man covered his eyes with his hand, which he had dashed wildly against his forehead. "Mr. Wiggins died of a repletion of intellect after one of the British Association meetings; the philosophical discussions, and the feasts of reason, were too much for him. But, what is the matter with you, Charles? you don't seem so delighted as you ought to be at the news I have brought you; though, remember, I have said nothing—I am not *authorized* to say anything, and would not betray a sweet girl's gentle confidence for the world. Only call at Knightsbridge; try your fortune once more. Did I ever tell you how often poor Mr. Thompson of the city put the question to *me*? I should have been a rich young widow now if I had married him. The interference of that nasty charity commission killed him. He was one of the directors of the Laying-out-subscription Institution; good, kind man!"

"My dear cousin," said Mr. Hipsley, "excuse my strange conduct. I am aware how many men you might have made happy had you so chosen, and I am grateful for your attempt to restore *my* peace of mind. You are an excellent creature!" and the invalid, in a moment of forgetfulness, held out his hand to Mrs. Martha Meddler. That lady was about to take it, when, with a shudder, it was withdrawn.

"Mr. Hipsley, sir! what do you mean? Is there anything contagious in *me*? or do you believe that you have some unfortunate disorder which renders it advisable that you should not shake hands with your friends?"

"Excuse me! excuse me!" exclaimed the wretched hypochondriac. "I know my conduct must appear inexplicable. Will you be kind enough to ring the bell, and my servant shall see you down stairs. I am unfit for company; but do not be offended. It is enough to drive me mad to hear the bliss that might be mine but for one dreadful affliction, brought on by a combination of diseases arising from the very cause which, now removed, invites me to happiness."

Mr. Hipsley strode across the room, his eyes raised to the ceiling, and arms extended; till the palms of his hands, coming in contact with the door of his bedroom, it opened at the rude assault, and he disappeared from the sight of the alarmed Mrs. Martha Meddler. Ringing the bell, under the comfortable impression that her cousin was a lunatic, and wanted a servant's care more than she required Patrick's attendance to the hall, the good lady made the best of her

way out of the house. Reconstructing a shattered resolution, which had often been made, on the failure of her kind endeavours in behalf of others, never to interfere in matters that did not immediately concern her, Mrs. Martha, in the first integrity of her resolve, had very nearly got to her own house, when an omnibus obstructed her in effecting a crossing which would have taken her directly to the street where she resided. Alas, for the mutability of human designs! the omnibus was marked Knightsbridge. If Mrs. Meddler *had* a weakness it was an inordinate desire to be of service to her friends. In a moment the kind-hearted lady made a fourteenth passenger in the "Accommodation," a vehicle proceeding at the rate of four miles an hour, including fifty stoppages, from the Bank to Chelsea. When our traveller reached Miss Thornton's habitation she had come to the determination of making a report of her visit to Mr. Hipsley; and, in justice to her young friend, assure her of his insanity.

The worthy maiden lady had penetrated the secret of the fair Catherine's attachment to her whimsical lover, and had in consequence lost no time in "bringing matters to bear" — her favourite phrase in such little arrangements; — but, as she had acted completely without authority, she found it difficult to explain the part she had gratuitously performed.

"My dear Miss Thornton! how happy I am to see you looking so well!" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, seizing the hand of her young friend with affectionate earnestness; "I have a great trial for you; and I am glad to perceive you will have strength to bear it — poor Mr. Hipsley!"

"Mr. Hipsley, ma'am; let me beg you to tell me what has happened to him!" said the agitated girl, losing in a moment that hue of health, the appearance of which had been so satisfactory to her visiter.

"There! I knew it! I told him so! I told him that I was certain you loved him!" continued the busy-body, so delighted at the confirmation of her suspicions as to be hardly conscious of the distress she was occasioning the object of them.

"You told Mr. Hipsley that I loved him! and, by what authority, ma'am?" demanded the indignant Catherine, the blood returning to her cheeks. "And what right have you to suppose this? — or, have you wantonly induced me to believe that harm has come to an old and esteemed friend on purpose to draw ungenerous conclusions from my agitation?"

Miss Thornton wept, and her tormentor, who was really a kind-hearted creature, felt proportionably distressed.

"My dear young lady, forgive me. I did it for the best, and I really believe the poor gentleman's flightiness is all occasioned by his attachment to you; I only hope he is not *actually* deranged; and then, if you are favourable to his suit, all will be well." Here Mrs. Martha busied herself in soothing her friend, who, having found relief in tears, was easily persuaded that, however much mischief might have been done, it was "all with the best intention in the world."

Miss Thornton's guardian, with whom she resided, was Mr. Hipsley's physician, so her lover's peculiar temperament was not unknown to her; nor was Mrs. Martha's power in colouring facts a

talent of which her acquaintance were ignorant ; thus when this invaluable friend was hastened in her departure by the announcement of Mr. Hipsley, Catherine was prepared to receive an eccentric, but not alarmed at the probability of encountering a maniac.

"Don't let him come up till I go into another room, I beg. I can get from there to the staircase, can't I, my dear?" said Mrs. Martha ; and, as one door closed on her hurried exit, the other opened on the unhappy invalid who gives a name to this sketch. How he had summoned sufficient nerve to attempt the present interview we are at a loss to imagine ; but there he was, in the presence of the being he ardently loved, who would long since have become his wife, had not his eccentricities raised a barrier to their union.

"You have been a stranger of late, Mr. Hipsley ; pray be seated."

"My unfortunate state of health has rendered me a stranger to most of my friends, Miss Thornton."

"But surely this is no reason why you should not visit your physician?"

"I should, indeed, find my best physician *here*," said the nervous man, with much satisfaction remarking that Catherine's dress, and even her gloves, were of silk, consequently non-conductors of electricity. Thus assured, he ventured to take a seat near her, and with deep interest regarded the lovely girl. "This looks all very rational," thought Miss Thornton ; "how that Mrs. Martha Meddler has exaggerated, poor fellow!"

"Might I presume so far as to imagine that my absence has been a source of regret to you?"

"I always enjoy the society of old friends. I heard, too, that you had been unwell, and am now happy to be able to congratulate you on your convalescence."

"Convalescence, Catherine!" exclaimed Mr. Hipsley with a deep sigh. "Alas!" thought he, "she suspects not the monstrous phenomenon that sits beside her!"

"Yes, my dear sir ; I never saw you looking better."

"I am afraid you derive your information from Dr. Mansell, who treats my disease as imaginary ; and yet I conceived that the unhappy climax of my misfortunes was not unknown to him."

"Well, well," said Miss Thornton smiling, "let us not talk on a subject which so evidently distresses you. If you are not quite well *yet*, no one will rejoice more in your perfect recovery than myself."

"If anything could restore me to the pale of society, it would be the kind interest you express in my welfare. Oh! that I dare ask if the feelings you entertain towards me are—" Mr. Hipsley paused, and Miss Thornton looked on the floor, as though counting the colours in the kaleidoscope-pattern carpet. "I may not—I am too miserable—too unfortunate," and the wretched man hid his face in his handkerchief. "If you assured me of your attachment, if you promised to make me the most blest of mortals by becoming mine, it would only add to my misery."

"Then I have it no longer in my power to make you happy, Mr. Hipsley," said Catherine in a low faltering voice, as her extraordinary lover rose and paced the room in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy.

"To make me happy!" He turned and met a tell-tale glance

that needed no interpretation. "Would you then no longer refuse to become mine?"

At that moment of ecstasy months of disease and suffering were forgotten; he drew towards Catherine, who, in compassion for this long-attached admirer, her face covered with blushes, was about to confess that obedience to a mother's will had alone caused her former coldness. Already had his hand clasped hers, his arm passed around her waist, when, by a natural impulse, Hipsley's lips came in contact with the cheek of the fair girl—had a serpent stung him?—had the downy softness of that face changed on the instant to the leprosy of the lazar-house, the corruption of the grave? He flung the fond Catherine from him, exclaiming,

"Never, never shalt thou be mine!"

Shaking in every limb, wildly he tore his hair, and stamped the ground in agony of spirit.

"Mr. Hipsley! I am electrified!" said the astounded object of his violence, who had with difficulty preserved herself from falling.

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted the distracted phenomenon, and rushed from the room. "Wretch that I am!—wretch that I am!" murmured Mr. Hipsley, as he furiously drove his stanhope towards London, "had I even the privilege of a torpedo!—could I only restrain at will the unnatural power with which I am invested!—The electric eel, the ray, in their voltaic natures find the means of subsistence, of defence, and assimilating with their kind, fulfil the appointed purposes of creation; but I must for ever remain a solitary being, a man-monster!—the wonder of the learned and the curious, who will cautiously approach me, as though I were some dangerous animal, some human upas, while living; and when dead, even the grave will be made to resign my corse—again will they try to awake the dormant brain—again may that voltaic pile become instinct with its wonted mysterious energies—again may the subtle electric fluid, coursing through the muscles, give forth its power, and in some museum, amid all the abortions, the excrescences, and the monstrous of the human race, may I be condemned to become in death, as in life, a show and a marvel as the electrical man!"

"Four pence, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hipsley had come to the turnpike, and this demand of that taking personage the toll-gatherer awoke him from his reverie. He drew off his glove, and producing from his pocket a fourpenny piece, was about to give it to the man, who somewhat impatiently awaited to receive it, when the phenomenon's eye rested on the silver in actual contact with his fingers. A twinge seemed to run up his arm, and, imagining that he might communicate an electric shock, he dashed the coin on the ground.

"D—n your impudence!" said the 'pikeman, "I 'spose my hand isn't fit to be touched!" at the same time administering to Hipsley's horse a kick on the flank, which made the animal restive. The master returned the blow which had been given to the beast with the butt-end of his whip over the man's head. In this act of violence the reins slipt from his grasp; attempting to recover them he leant forward, and lost his equilibrium, which was farther decomposed by a knock on the side of the head from his assailant. Falling on the back of his horse, the animal plunged furiously, and in another moment Hipsley was on the ground, bruised and senseless.

Leaving the unfortunate gentleman to be conveyed to the nearest surgeon in a hackney-coach, and from thence to the residence indicated by the cards and letters found on his person, we will return to Miss Thornton, who was in deep conference with Dr. Mansell, her guardian.

"But is it not wretched to see one, who can be so agreeable and so gentlemanly, lost to society by these unhappy whims?" rejoined the young lady, to whom the doctor had been relating some of Hipsley's imaginary distresses.

"It is indeed, my fair ward; and, as a medical man, thoroughly worn out by his perseverance in such fantasy, I had for some time given him up; but, since your happiness is concerned, we must look a little more into the matter. You say he referred to his former proposals, and when you gave him to understand that they would no longer meet with refusal, threw himself into a state of violent excitement, said you should never be his, tore his hair, stamped on the floor, and, on your expressing astonishment at his conduct, declared that he knew it, and rushed from the room. I can make nothing out of this, my dear girl; I should be loath to come to the conclusion that hypochondriasis has terminated in confirmed madness. We must wait a while. Whatever his present fancy may be, it will not last long. This peculiarity in his case has thrown great obstacles in the way of his return to a natural and healthy state of mind. If he continued possessed of one fantastic idea till we had time to prove that he was actually wrong in his supposition, I really believe that the folly which was made evident to him would be his last; but no time has been allowed me for experiment in any one of his afflictions, as he is pleased to call them. Suffering from hydrophobia to-day, he, to use his own phrase, reads on the subject, and cures himself by eating rock-salt. Fairly recovered from his late symptoms, he has lock-jaw for a couple of days, and stumbling on the journal of some medical voyager, wherein it is asserted that cockroaches have been used with effect in such a strait, he sends for this novel remedy from the West India Docks, and what he calls conquers the disease by poulticing his face with these insects crushed into a paste. I can assure you he was only saved from taking a decoction of the same by his servant substituting a cup of India soy. This reminds me that the messenger whom I despatched for Patrick ought to have returned. If I can find out from the faithful fellow the whim which has just now taken possession of his master, we shall be better able to act."

"Dear doctor," said Miss Thornton, who had been a painfully attentive listener to her guardian's opinion of her lover's case, "is not hypochondriasis very nearly allied to madness?"

"It certainly, my dear, often assumes the character of monomania; but with our friend, so rapid are his changes from one folly to another, that his malady cannot be so designated. In great distress of mind, Mr. Hipsley found himself unwell, took to studying medical books, and confounded any superficial knowledge he might have acquired in his desultory reading, by entering with avidity into every new system he might hear of. His rooms are full of pamphlets on animal magnetism, metallic tractors, and homoeopathy, with a host of other schemes. Each complaint that particularly attracts his attention he imagines himself to have, and then gravely

sets to work *secundum artem*, till he is pleased to consider that he has effected a cure. I really believe he suffers acutely from his fancied disorders; but the wonder is to me that his remedies have not killed him. As to my attendance, it has long since been useless, I having been only required to mourn with him a while over his sufferings, and then expected to compliment him on his successful treatment; or, when he has actually injured the tone of his health, render his frame equal to bear another experiment."

At this moment a servant entered the room, and presented on a salver a dirty, curious-looking letter.

"Mr. Hipsley has had an accident, sir," said the man, "and Patrick begs pardon for not coming, but has written you a letter about his master's state of mind; and Patrick begs me to say, with his respects, that Mr. Hipsley fancies himself a—"

What portion of his written communication might have been sent in duplicate as a message, Dr. Mansell allowed not the footman to make known. Dismissing him, he turned to his ward, who was vainly attempting to hide her agitation.

"Read the note, my dear sir—mind not me—I shall be better directly. What has happened to Mr. Hipsley?"

"Nothing, my sweet girl, which I trust need alarm you," replied her guardian, who in a few words communicated the contents of Patrick's epistle.

At a less grave moment it might have afforded amusement, being after this fashion:

"DEAR SIR,—I let you know that master is just now a 'lectrical machine according to command, and has had a great shock in tumbling out of his gig, or I should have come to tell you as much, if it hadn't happened; but now I write by master's sofa, where he has been bled, and had a composing draught: so hoping to see you as one of master's old friends, I remain

"Your honour's servant to command,

"PATRICK O'TOOLE."

"An electrical machine!" said the doctor musing. "This is a wilder fancy than ever. I wish he had broken his leg or his arm."

"Good heaven, sir! you are certainly not serious," exclaimed Miss Thornton. "Is it not enough that he is confined to his bed, and obliged to be bled? Perhaps he is severely injured already."

And here the poor girl wept bitterly, nor could the doctor for a long time console her sufficiently to make her acquainted with a plan which had just occurred to him for the restoration of her lover. It was this—that Dr. Mansell should proceed with all despatch to Jermyn-street, and, with the concurrence of Mr. Hipsley's surgeon, place the hypochondriac's arm in splints, as though it were really broken, if possible before he awoke. This effected, Miss Thornton with her guardian would await his waking; the former to convince him by actual experiment, in the kind pressure of his hand, that the fancied electric power had departed; the latter to account for the same in the derangement of his frame consequent on the fracture of a limb. In a few minutes the doctor and Catherine were driving with all speed to put their scheme into effect. They found Mr. Hipsley on his sofa, still in a profound slumber, a circumstance which was the more fortunate, as Mrs. Martha Meddler met them at the door of the invalid's lodgings: she having heard of his accident,

had hastened to be of service ; and it is doubtful but she might have disturbed their patient to inquire what she could do for him. All worked according to their most sanguine wishes. The hypochondriac was splinted and bandaged ere he awoke ; and when he opened his eyes, the welcome sight of a gathering of friends round his sick couch awaited him.

" You feel better, my dear Mr. Hipsley," said Catherine, pressing the hand she tremblingly held.

" Allow me to put your cap straight, my dear," kindly suggested Mrs. Martha, who, anxious to play her part in the affair, pulled his reading-cap over his eyes, which obliged the doctor to remove it.

" Are you not electrified?" exclaimed the invalid, turning from one to the other as their hands came in contact with him. " Do I not shock you, dear Catherine, by your hand being in mine?"

" No, Charles ; only by looking so ill and so strangely at me."

The invalid's eyes then rested on the splints which bound the limb.

" What means this, Dr. Mansell? I do not remember having broken my arm."

" You have been insensible, Hipsley, but your arm is nevertheless broken ; on which I sincerely congratulate you, as the fracture in your frame has destroyed that unity of parts, that wonderful sympathetic combination which had rendered you an electrical phenomenon."

The doctor knew he was talking nonsense, but looked wonderously grave to conceal this fact ; an art well known to some of his medical brethren.

" Then I am a broken philosophical instrument," said Hipsley, sighing heavily, as with the assistance of his friends he rose from his couch.

" Exactly so," responded Dr. Mansell, now with difficulty restraining a smile. Mrs. Martha Meddler laughed outright ; and, as Catherine's eyes met his, they were so bright with merriment, that the hypochondriac could not resist their influence ; something very like a smile stole over his features.

" Is my arm *really* broken?" inquired he.

" As really broken as you were this morning a walking electrical machine," replied the doctor, cutting the bandages, and allowing the splints to fall.

" I am afraid I have been very foolish in all this. Will you forgive me, my good friends, and you especially, dear Catherine?—have you not been shocked at my conduct?"

" Yes, a little, I must confess ; but never electrified, as I believe I once added to your distress by telling you."

" I have been in the wrong throughout."

" Master's right now for once," remarked Patrick to Mrs. Martha, a suggestion which that lady graciously answered by an assent ; for all parties were so happy at the restoration of the invalid to a natural state of mind, that the distinctions of rank were for the moment laid aside. A compromise with the turnpike man was followed by Hipsley making a compromise with his friends. His past follies were to be buried in oblivion if he eschewed new ones. In due course of time he married the fair Catherine, and in the enjoyments of wedded life forgot the sorrows of his wooing.

RICHARD JOHNS.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

CHAPTER VI.

Concluded from page 366, Vol. III.

To some natures human, perhaps I should say physical, considerations are the first that, in cases of emergency, present themselves. My nature was of this kind. What had I done? I had killed a man in self-defence—one who would have plundered, and who had attempted to murder me. It was justifiable homicide. Who, under the circumstances, could have acted otherwise? Besides, the spectacle before me could not now unnerve me. The excitement of the recent struggle between us had not altogether subsided, and I had suffered so much for years past from another event, which Steiner himself had forced upon me, that I would not permit myself to be overwhelmed by this accident. I felt also that my hatred of Steiner had only lain dormant thus long; that his murderous assault upon me on the previous night had quickened, had revived, and, if possible, had strengthened it; and I felt, ay, even as I gazed upon the lifeless body, that no time, no years passed in this world could obliterate or destroy it. I now bethought me what course was to be pursued. I must rescue myself from the imputation that might lie against me of having murdered Steiner; I must do more—I must establish the charge against the deceased, and hold up his name and his memory to execration and ignominy. No thought of Mrs. Steiner or of the boy obtruded itself upon me at the moment, or if it did, I rejected it. Justice must be done: I had always loved justice—I had practised it hitherto, and they had felt it.

Thus resolved, I sat myself down in a chair, and awaited, not calmly but callously, the arrival of the old woman who attended upon me, and who came regularly at seven o'clock. The pain in my arm was great, but that I heeded not; on the contrary, it supplied me with a motive for suppressing any regret I might be weak enough to feel (but there was little danger of that) in consequence of what had occurred.

A sudden thought flashed through my brain. Why was I seated inactive, when prudence pointed out the expediency of alarming the neighbourhood? As it was, I had tarried too long. Every moment of farther delay would materially alter the complexion of the case, as it would present itself to indifferent witnesses. Would they indeed believe the story I had to relate? I turned faint and sick when that doubt proposed itself to me. The seclusion in which I had lived was calculated to increase suspicion against me, which doubtless had been long engendered, and Steiner's vengeance would at length be fulfilled.

Were these fears reasonable? I think not; and yet having once, and in an evil moment, entertained them, they grew upon me, and altogether paralysed my faculties. I felt intensely the necessity of immediate action, but was utterly deprived of the power to act.

Hardly conscious of the motive that prompted me, I drew the body of Steiner into the back-room, and covering it with a cloak, thrust it under a sofa, before which I placed some chairs, and returning to the parlour, I set the furniture hastily in its accustomed

order, and retired to my chamber, where I dressed the wound in my arm, washed myself, and endeavoured to counterfeit a calmness which, at any rate, might impose upon my servant.

It was now too late to recede. To decide upon any course of action in trying circumstances is a relief; and the weakness of yielding to imaginary fears, and the difficulty and danger of concealing from the world all knowledge of this unfortunate occurrence, were for a time forgotten. They were too soon impressed upon me, and in a manner I had not foreseen, and could not now avert.

A knock at the door summoned me down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, I thought I could distinguish the tones of two voices in conversation. I listened, transfixed to the spot with the hideous conviction that they—who, I knew not—were come to search the house in quest of the body which I had concealed, and which, therefore,—for that inference must be invincible,—I had murdered. It was a moment of agonizing suspense; but the voices had ceased, the knock was renewed, and I knew it to be that of my attendant.

My agitation must have been but too visible when, on opening the door, I beheld Mrs. Steiner.

“The lady wishes to speak to you, sir,” said the old woman, entering.

I motioned her to retire to the kitchen, and turned in silent perplexity towards Mrs. Steiner.

“Good heavens! Mr. Gibson,” she exclaimed, “how dreadfully pale you look! What is the matter?”

I might have remarked the same of her also; but I had no power to speak.

“You do not answer,” she resumed. “Oh God! it is—it must be as I suspected!”

“What—what do you suspect?” I dared not look upon her, but retired in confusion into the parlour. She followed me, and sunk upon a chair.

There was a vagueness, almost a wildness in her eye, as she glanced hurriedly around the room, which disconcerted me not a little. She looked as though she had expected to see some person whom she feared to meet.

“You have nobody in the house, Mr. Gibson?” she inquired in a half whisper, pointing to the door of the back-room.

“Nobody but my servant, who entered with you,” I replied, the blood rushing violently to my face. “You have brought the letter, madam, I suppose, for Frederick?”

“Frederick!”—she gazed upon me listlessly—“Oh yes, I have.—My God! what weakness is this!” and she pressed her hand upon her forehead. “Here it is—I hardly know what I have written.” She drew it from her reticule and handed it to me.

“Oh, Mr. Gibson,” she resumed, as I sat, my eyes bent vacantly on the superscription, “I have been so alarmed.”

“Indeed! What has alarmed you, Mrs. Steiner?” The letter dropt from my hand.

“He has been here—your looks tell me so!” she exclaimed. “My husband—Steiner has been here!”

I arose suddenly—“No—no—he has not been here; I have not seen him, as Heaven is my witness. Why should you think so?”

This assurance appeared to relieve her.

"He called yesterday at my former lodging," she continued; "the woman saw him, and would not tell him where I resided."

"Compose yourself," I said; "he will not be able to discover your lodging—I am sure he will not. What motive," I added, "can induce him to seek me?"

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "he inquired your address of the woman, and she told him."

"He will not venture to see me, depend upon it," I said hastily. "Be calm, I beseech you, and go home now: you have nothing to fear from him."

Mrs. Steiner, while I was speaking, sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to mine. She burst into tears when I had concluded.

"Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "you will think me a foolish, weak woman, but I hardly dare go home. I know I shall hear something—I am certain of it—it is horrible to think of! I had such a dream last night!"

"My dear madam," said I, interrupting her, "this is indeed weakness. Are you the slave of empty and unmeaning dreams?"

"Ha!" she cried, starting from the chair, "somebody is coming to the door!—I hear his step outside!" and she listened with an appearance of intense anxiety that almost equalled my own.

It was a double knock at the door. Who could it be? A short interval of fearful suspense succeeded.

"A Mr. Hartwell wishes to see you, sir," said the servant, entering the room.

An exclamation of terror was about to burst from the lips of Mrs. Steiner, but she checked it. She flew towards me, and held me by the arm.

"Who is this man, Hartwell?" I said. "I do not know him. Tell me, do you know him?"

She motioned me to close the door.—"He was the friend—no, no,—the companion of Mr. Steiner, and brought us to misery. It was he who led Frederick into vices that—oh, sir! I must not see him for the world! Where shall I conceal myself? Oh, yes! in here."

"Not there!—not there!" I exclaimed, seizing her hand as she was about to open the door of the back-room. "Tell the gentleman," I turned to the servant, "that I will see him directly."

"I would not he should see me *here* for the world," she cried. "Oh! Mr. Gibson, you must permit me—"

I had no strength to struggle with her. The door was opened.

"Sit there," I whispered, pointing to a chair. "Do not stir—promise me, swear you will not stir."

"My God! how strange!—my dream last night!—so like this—it *was* this!"

I fled into the parlour at these words, and threw myself into a chair. In a moment more a tall man of genteel appearance walked into the room.

"I beg pardon for the liberty I have taken, sir," said he; "my name is Hartwell. I fear I find you extremely unwell."

"I am so," I answered faintly, as I motioned him to take a seat. "What may be your business with me, Mr. Hartwell?"

"Why, sir," said he, "my friend, Steiner, called upon you last night."

"No, no, he did not," I exclaimed hastily.

Hartwell smiled, and shook his head. "Pardon me, my dear sir," he returned blandly, "I am certain that he did, because I accompanied him to the door."

"Hush! hush! do not speak so loud," and I arose from my seat; "I have an invalid in the next room. I thought," I added hesitating—(I wonder even now at the presence of mind which enabled me to hit upon that)—"I thought perhaps—for all Mr. Steiner's acquaintance are not friends—that he might not wish you to know he had been here."

"Oh, Lord bless you, no," said Hartwell; "we are very good friends, I assure you. He promised to call upon me after he had seen you, and I am surprised he should not have kept his word with me. Pray, Mr. Gibson, when did he leave you?"

"Leave me!"—I started—"oh, about two hours ago."

"Very strange!" cried Hartwell; "he was to sail for Hamburgh this morning."

"He is gone, then, no doubt." This propitious intimation, unexpected as it was, eased me beyond expression. Hartwell, however, seemed greatly perplexed.

"I cannot think he would deceive me," he said at length. "Will you allow me to inquire, sir, whether Mr. Steiner had reason to be satisfied with the result of his visit to you?"

"I do not understand—"

"He came to borrow money, I think," he continued; "did he succeed, Mr. Gibson?"

"He did."

"D—the fellow! it's so like him. And yet,"—he mused,—"I cannot but believe I shall see him yet. Good morning, Mr. Gibson; I am sorry to have troubled you."

I know not how I bore my part in the foregoing conversation; not with much address or self-possession, I suspect; for I detected Hartwell gazing at me with seeming surprise upon one or two occasions. I thanked God when he was well gone. It was not likely I should see him again. Steiner had sailed for Hamburgh; he would conclude so, and I should hear no more of him.

Nothing now remained but to dismiss Mrs. Steiner as speedily as possible, and afterwards to dispose of the body so secretly that it should never see the light. It would be well to treat Mrs. Steiner's vague apprehensions with levity, lest at some future time, hearing no tidings of her husband, she might be led to couple, and perhaps to connect, my extreme confusion of manner with the date of Steiner's expected appearance in London, and to infer thence, and speedily to conclude, that I was in some measure the cause of his absence. *She* never would have suspected me of having murdered him, I felt assured of that; and this conviction sufficed to fortify me against the short scene that was, as I believed, about to ensue between us.

I had opened the door softly. Oh God! what a spectacle encountered me when I was about to enter the room. She had removed the chairs from before the sofa, and was at that moment kneeling, or rather crouching, on the ground. Leaning forward, supported on one hand, every limb of her body quivering with the agony of prophetic fear, her other hand was stretched forward, and was about to

grasp the cloak that concealed the remains of her husband. Ha! she had already laid hold upon it ere I could rush forward to prevent her.

I grasped her shoulder with the fury, with the strength of a wild beast. She flung herself backward, drawing the cloak with her, towards her. The body—the face had been seen!

It was not a scream—a shriek—I shall never hear its like again in this world. The echo of it—the imitation, if such could be—of that dreadful appeal, or imprecation, would make a madman of me now. Its remembrance shuts out hope from me for ever.

And yet the instinct of self-preservation was then present to me. I threw the cloak once more over the body, replaced the chairs, and raising the senseless form from the floor, carried it into the parlour before the servant, who had been alarmed by the outcry, could make her appearance. The old woman speedily busied herself in applying those common remedies which are always at hand, but which are not always efficacious; nor were they in this instance.

“I will carry her to my own room,” said I; “she will get better presently, I dare say.”

“What is the matter with the lady?” inquired the woman. “Is she often so?”

“She is mad,” said I impressively, “Mrs. Watkins, mark me, she is mad. You must not heed what she says. She will perhaps rave, and utter strange things; you must pay no attention to them.”

So saying, I took Mrs. Steiner in my arms, and, followed by the woman, conveyed her to my chamber.

“Had not a doctor better be sent for?” suggested the woman; “she still remains insensible.”

“No; no occasion for one at present,” I replied; “she is thus sometimes for hours. Do not leave her side, and when she comes to herself call me.”

I retreated down stairs. What I suffered on that day it is past imagination to conceive: a second endurance of it no human being could withstand. I took no sustenance, but remained closed in, in frightful companionship with the body. To wring the hands, to tear the hair, to beat the bosom, were no employments of mine. I felt no remorse; I was not even sorry for what I had done, or for what it had led to; it was sheer, absolute, simple fear. The dread of detection—of conviction—of an ignominious death—it was this, and this alone.

In the afternoon Mrs. Watkins suddenly came to me, and beckoned me to follow her. I did so. She led the way to the chamber. Mrs. Steiner lay on the bed; her eyes were open now, but motionless; and her hands at intervals were convulsively clenched. I observed her in awe-stricken silence for some time.

“Has she spoken yet?” I inquired.

“No; she will never speak again,” replied the woman. “It doesn’t signify, Mr. Gibson; a doctor must be sent for; I will not permit the poor lady to die without assistance.”

I knew not what I said. “To die without assistance!—ha! ha! Doctors are good assistants to death. No—no doctors.”

“Shameful!” cried the woman; “you don’t know what you’re talking about. For heaven’s sake, sir, call in Mr. Greaves! Go for him, dear Mr. Gibson, instantly.”

"I go for him!" I thought of the body below. "She cannot speak?" The woman shook her head. "Go, then, for Greaves; tell him to come instantly."

"I cannot leave the lady—I ought not, sir," she said in a tone of remonstrance.

"You must," I exclaimed; "I myself will watch her while you are gone. Be quick—lose not a moment."

Mrs. Watkins retired in apparent dissatisfaction, but returned shortly with the doctor. He examined her with deep attention and concern for a considerable period. Turning to me at length, he said,

"Good God! sir, your servant tells me that the lady has been in this state since an early hour this morning, and that you have repeatedly resisted calling in a professional man."

"I did not think, sir—"

"You must be mad not to think."

"I am not mad, sir," said I doggedly.

"Pshaw!" cried Greaves, again returning to the bed, "if she had been bled instantly, she might have been saved," he continued; "but it is useless now."

Greaves now began to interrogate me closely as to any cause or supposed cause of Mrs. Steiner's present state. I could not satisfy him. I had only to say that she had called upon me early on that morning, and that she told me she had been much agitated by hearing that her husband had returned to England, and was now in London. I added, that she had reason to dread any farther connection with him.

The doctor heard me with evident distrust. "This can hardly account, sir," he said, "for the state in which I find her. Some sudden shock—some frightful communication—"

"Which," said I, interrupting him, "I did not make."

"Well, sir," he returned, "where are her friends? They have been sent for, of course?"

"She has none—that I am aware of."

"Good God! sir, you are a very strange person," cried Greaves in disgust. "Where does she live?"

I satisfied him.

"Now," he continued, "couldn't you easily put on your hat, and tell the good woman of the house to come hither? She perhaps knows more of her friends than you appear to do, or seem disposed to acknowledge."

Greaves uttered the last few words with an emphasis that left me in little doubt as to the construction it was intended I should put upon them. It was necessary that I should cut short this conversation, which I felt, if prolonged, was likely to involve me still deeper in suspicion.

"Mr. Greaves," said I, with a composure for which the doctor was not prepared, and which even surprised myself, forming, as it did, so perfect a contrast to my former restlessness and perturbation: "Mr. Greaves, this lady is, and has been for some years, under my protection. Her only son is also under my care, and is being educated at my expense. I owe it to him, to her, and to myself, not to leave her for one moment on so critical an occasion as the present. If I have done wrong in not applying to you before, I am sorry for it; ascribe it to excess of anxiety on my part, and you will be right

in so doing. My servant shall go for the woman of the house at which she resides."

I wrote the address on a card, and gave it to Mrs. Watkins.

"My character will bear investigation, sir," I resumed, when the woman had left the room. "I am known, and where I am known I am respected."

Greaves was deeply impressed, not more by what I had said than by my manner of saying it.

"I see now," he said; "I beg pardon if I am wrong in my conjecture why this unhappy lady should dread the sight of her husband—"

I started and turned pale. "The sight of her husband, sir?"

"I did not mean to offend," said Greaves kindly.

"Ah!" said I, "I see what you mean now." I was willing he should continue in that error.

The doctor shortly left me to prepare something for his patient, which, however, he frankly told me he did not expect would be of much avail, promising to call again at night.

It was now nearly dark; my servant could not return in less than an hour; no time was to be lost. I descended into the garden, and digging a grave in a remote corner, silently committed Steiner's remains to the ground. It was a part of the garden never frequented; and I contrived so to overlay it with old lumber and broken garden-chairs which were strewn about in its vicinity, that nobody could have perceived that any recent labour had been performed there.

Mrs. Steiner died on that night, silently, without the utterance of a word. Not a glance revealed to me what she had seen, and what had killed her. I was safe, therefore,—safe—that one assurance possessed me.

In the solitude of my own chamber, and on my knees, I thanked Heaven for that. I could not then think on the fearful and mysterious accident which had deprived me of my only friend in the world. The sole depositary of a secret, whose utterance would destroy me, had been taken hence, and I was once more secure. Could it be supposed that any joy could be extracted from such circumstances, then I did rejoice that she was no more.

CHAPTER VII.

If I have dwelt upon no event of my life since I had occasion to mention Steiner, that has not in some measure referred to or been controlled by him, it is because there was not one worthy even of the name of incident which he did not directly or obliquely influence. Oh! that I had left Bromley's service when Steiner first entered into partnership with him! How different my life must, how happy it might have been.

It was shortly after the funeral of Mrs. Steiner that I began to hear that whispers were rife in the neighbourhood respecting me. These surmises—set afloat, doubtless, by my servant—bore exclusive reference to Mrs. Steiner, and to my supposed treatment of her; some even going so far as to hint their belief that she had not come by her death fairly. Hartwell also had called upon me several times pending Mrs. Steiner's funeral; and was, and with reason, much sur-

prised and shocked to hear of her sudden death under such circumstances as I chose to detail to him. He was, if possible, still more surprised to have heard nothing of Steiner; but, as he hinted no suspicions that affected myself,—as, indeed, he expressed none at the time,—and as, moreover, he perfectly well knew the character and habits of his friend, I did not seek to conceal that he had attempted to extort money from me by threats. I added, however, that being alone and unarmed, I had been constrained to give him the money he required; and I expressed my opinion—an opinion in which Hartwell concurred—that he had set sail for Hamburgh early in the morning, and that we should probably never see him again.

There was a serenity, united with perfect ease, in the manners of Hartwell, that indicated an intimate acquaintance with good society. It is true I knew little of the man, except from the hasty and confused report of Mrs. Steiner; an account which, coupled with the fact of his friendship for her husband, was not likely to predispose me much in his favour. But I knew well, at the same time, that he was the only man living whose suspicions, once excited and concentrated upon me, could bring my conduct and character in question. I was in no situation—in no mind likewise—to assist myself at present: he was, or appeared to be, perfectly satisfied with the explanations I had offered; and as he had called upon me often, and unasked on my part, and gradually dropt the name of Steiner altogether, I suffered at first, but soon began to countenance his visits.

In the mean while it became necessary, for more reasons than one, that I should change my residence. Two years had now elapsed since the death of Mrs. Steiner. The surmises in the neighbourhood had subsided: the whispers—if there were any—did not reach my ears; but, whenever I walked abroad there was a timid scrutiny of my person on the part of some, and an audacious intencness of gaze from others, that rendered my residence at this place for any longer period inconvenient and irksome. I cannot say that I felt very acutely these indications,—for a man who lives out of the world can easily dispense with its good opinion; my private belief being, that, were not such good opinion indispensable to an individual's advancement and pleasure in life, he would be little disposed to regard it for its own sake.

My chief reason was one with which the world had nothing to do. It was not when I walked abroad, but at home—in the quietness and solitude of the house—in the silence of my own memory, and at the mercy of the harrowing scene it conjured up,—it was then that I felt, if life and reason were longer to co-exist, I must abandon, fly from the accursed place for ever. Such expiation as horror could afford had been paid long ago: and it was time that the past should be unremembered, if not forgotten.

There was yet another motive. It was a dreary abode for the boy, young Frederick Steiner, when he came home for the holidays. He was now with me; and during his stay I had been laying out plans for his future life in accordance with his own wishes,—for I passionately loved the boy. My affection for this lad, which he returned with all the warmth and freshness of a young and generous nature, was one of the inexplicable mysteries of my life. I had no cause to love him, save for his own sake; and there were reasons

why I should both hate and fear him ; and yet, strange to say, my remembrance of Steiner, as his father, transferred no bitterness to him ; or, was it that his mother's memory assuaged, destroyed it ? I know not. And yet—but it will be told in good time. But little intervenes.

Frederick had expressed a stray desire to enter the army,—a destination for him to which I was at first much opposed, until at length I was won over by his importunities. I had let the house, and was about to remove to a house in Berner's Street on the next day, at which time my nephew—for so I called him—was to depart for the Military College at Addiscombe.

Hartwell was dining with me on that day. I introduced the boy to him. He received him with great kindness ; partly, perhaps, out of friendship for his late father, partly out of complaisance to myself.

"No very perceptible likeness, I think?" he observed.

"To his father, none."

"I had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Steiner."

"Oh, no. I remember you had not." I should not have mentioned this trivial talk, but that it was adverted to afterwards.

After dinner Hartwell proposed that we should take our wine in the garden. We retired thither.

"After all," said he, casting his eyes around, "although you are, I dare say, quite right in leaving this house of yours, what a pleasant place might be made of it. It is just the thing for a respectable family."

"A family has taken it," I remarked.

"For instance," pursued Hartwell, "you have let the garden run to waste sadly. You're not much of a florist, Gibson. Look there, at that disgraceful hole in the corner," and he pointed to the spot where I had buried Steiner ; "that'll be dug up, and replanted in less than a month, I'll be sworn. What say you, Master Frederick?" and he turned to the boy ; "shouldn't you like to have a hand in it?"

"Indeed I should," said the boy. "What ails you, uncle? you look ill."

"The air is chilly ; the wine has not agreed with me!" I stammered. "Let us go in."

How incredible it seems to me now, that I should never have thought of that. I almost felt grateful to Hartwell that he had unwittingly reminded me of it. It seemed as though some special Providence interfered in my behalf, and would not suffer me to meet detection. Suffice it to say, I effectually removed—a frightful employment!—all that could betray me.

I must now pass over several years ; merely touching upon one or two points, the omission of which would render this portion of my narrative unintelligible.

Frederick Steiner returned from India at the conclusion of the Burmese war, on a leave of absence for three years. He was grown a very fine young man, of impetuous temper, but of warm affections, and with a noble heart. During the period of his absence I had mixed much in society of a certain class,—of that class into which a man is almost necessarily thrown who can find no pleasure in domestic life. An intimacy—it cannot be termed friendship—had sub-

sisted all along between Hartwell and myself, founded upon and cemented by the similarity of our tastes and habits. Among other vices he had imbuéd me with a passion for gaming,—a passion which, like that of love, is often stimulated rather than destroyed by ill success. I was now in comparatively reduced circumstances; but I had done nothing hitherto to impair my credit, or to compromise my character. Sometimes, indeed, desperate with my bad fortune, I would unadvisedly throw out strange things, which were forgotten the next day by myself; but which, it would seem, had deeply impressed themselves upon Hartwell. They were nothing more than denunciations of human nature in the mass, and doubts as to the wisdom of permitting one's-self to be trammelled by moral obligations,—phrases which, I doubt not, every losing gamester relieves himself by uttering.

On Frederick's arrival in England, Hartwell attached himself to him with a closeness almost amounting to pertinacity. He had formerly been in the army; had seen a great deal of the world in all its various and shifting forms; his manners were prepossessing; and his conversation just such as easiest recommends itself to the attention of a young man of spirit and feeling, being free, without grossness; sometimes, although not often, grave, and never dull. I never could exactly account for the great pains Hartwell was at to secure this young man's friendship. He could not hope to gain much money from him; indeed, he never attempted it: could it be that he was the son of his former friend? No. Hartwell had himself often confessed to me that his intimacy with Steiner had been held together merely by a community of interest.

Be this as it may, I hardly wonder that Frederick should have preferred Hartwell's company to mine. There was little in me to attract to myself the time of a vivacious young man, whose sole pursuit was pleasure; and I had too much affection for him to wish to do so. I had, besides, so full a belief of his affection for me, that the notion of Hartwell's supplanting me was altogether out of the question. They grew, however, more intimate daily; and thus matters went on for some months.

One morning Hartwell called upon me, and solicited my attention to a business, as he called it, of very great importance.

"Have you a mind to make your fortune, Gibson?" said he, with a confident, and a confidential smile, that argued some proposition of a novel nature.

I answered in the affirmative.

"You are a man of the world," he resumed: "and, therefore, few words will suffice. I know, also, you are not over particular."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hartwell?" I replied.

"As to the means whereby—" he rejoined.

"So long as those means are—"

"Safe," cried Hartwell: "I understand. They are so."

He now opened to me a scheme of villany — a system of plunder, so well laid down, so exquisitely arranged; and entered into the *minutiæ*, the *pros.* and *cons.*, all that could be urged for and against, so earnestly, and, at the same time with so much coolness and deliberation, that I was unable, when he concluded, to consider him in jest.

I took the precaution, however, of putting that question to him.

"In jest? no!" cried Hartwell, in extreme astonishment. "Look ye, Gibson. You have lost large sums of late: you are crippled, I know. I put you in the way of retrieving yourself; and, instead of thanking me, as you ought—"

He paused, in perfect bewilderment at my prolonged gravity.

"You do not seem to understand me," he continued after a while. "Our accomplices—agents, I mean,—will manage the whole under my superintendence. You will have nothing to do but to furnish the cash, and that but for a short time."

"I do not know what you have hitherto mistaken me for, Mr. Hartwell," I said at length, "or what, in my recent conduct, has led you to infer that I could be brought into a conspiracy like this."

"How?" cried Hartwell.

"For instance," I resumed, "you yourself are under many pecuniary obligations to me, for which I have never troubled you, and which I now only mention to prove to you that money cannot tempt me to commit dishonourable actions."

Hartwell sat silent for some time, and bit his lips with vexation.

"You have betrayed me, Mr. Gibson," he said at length.

"How so? Rather, you have betrayed yourself, Mr. Hartwell."

"It's true, by G—! I have so;" and he arose. "But, who could have thought that you—I never would have spoken of it, but you compel me to do so,—that you, who have committed crimes that should have hanged you, could have sported a conscience, even in jest, or in your cups."

I was about to speak.

"Pshaw!" he continued in disgust. "Steiner told me,—and I know it,—that you—"

"Set fire to his house," said I, interrupting him. "It is well he could get one to believe that, not including himself. He could hardly expect that."

"What could he hardly expect?" retorted Hartwell; "to be murdered for it? Perhaps not. And his wife—that tale was well told, Mr. Gibson. Do not turn pale: blush now, and look white at the—elsewhere, I mean. Good morning, sir!"

I let him go in silence. These were empty threats, which he would repent in due time. He waited upon me again in the afternoon, and, expressing some regret for his former warmth, sounded me once more respecting his project. I resisted entertaining it, even more strongly than before.

Hartwell was wrought to a pitch of fury by my obstinacy, which appeared to him perfectly incomprehensible. He repeated the same charges, with the addition of others; one, for instance, involving a doubt of the paternity of young Steiner; and left me with threats, as before,—threats which I despised. He had now committed himself. I was assured he *knew* nothing, which his language of the morning, conveying so much truth, spoken at random, had for a moment led me to fear.

I was not mistaken when I foresaw that Hartwell would not dare to bring charges against me publicly which he had no means whatever of substantiating. I had not, however, conceived the possibility of his tampering,—of his disposition to do so I was well aware, but of his being permitted to tamper—with young Steiner. A few days, nevertheless, convinced me that he had done so; and a watch-

ful scrutiny of the manners and behaviour of the young man taught me to believe that he had done so successfully; that he had rendered him suspicious, distrustful of me; that, by means of an incongruous collection of charges — for they were so, and would so have appeared to the world at large, — he had made himself the too easy instrument of utterly alienating Frederick's affections from his friend, his guardian, and his benefactor.

I watched the young man closely, I have said, and I was confirmed in my suspicions. He knows but little of my nature who supposes I could bear that certainty with patience. His constraint in my presence became more and more manifest; I could see that he felt it more. He was uneasy, embarrassed in my company: I, on my part, was taciturn, gloomy, and morose. I had collected materials on which to act; it was now my purpose to put them into shape.

That he—the only being in the world for whom I cared a rush—against whom the whole world would have weighed as lightly,—that he, who had been indebted to me, as an infant, for his life; as a boy, for his maintenance and protection; as a man, for his station and prospects in the world; who owed me more affection than he could have repaid by gratitude, if he did not repay it, as I had hoped, with affection; that he should have turned against me—silently, without inquiry, without scruple: this was more than I could bear. It stung me; no, no—it maddened me! And yet, what was to be done? No more wild justice,—no more revenge. I could execute that no longer. I strove, for once in my life, to think and to act calmly and dispassionately, and to be directed by the result of sober reflection, and the result of my reflections was madness,—and yet I pondered deeply, too.

Hartwell I despised too much to hate: I contemned and forgave him. Steiner was yet very young. I had hitherto given him credit for generosity of nature: inexperienced as he was, the subtle plausibility of a villain might have misled him. I had suffered so much from falsehood heretofore, I would now see what effect truth might have,—the whole truth.

Frederick was too young when his father left England to remember him, and, consequently, he would not regret his loss. His mother had been dead many years. He should know all; the physical calamity that, when injured, converted me into a madman; the injuries I had endured; all—he should know all. If, after hearing, he hated me, could he respect Hartwell?—I had no longer a wish to live. If he was generous he would pity me; if otherwise, he might, if he so pleased, betray me. I made myself up for that, and I was pleased with it.

I met him early on the following morning. He entered the room hastily, looking wild and haggard.

"You were late last night, sir," I remarked.

"I did not come home," he answered vaguely.

"With Hartwell, I presume? He has told you something new respecting me."

"He will tell me no more," said he: "I have heard too much already."

"Not enough," I replied, smiling bitterly: "I also have something for your private ear. Sit down, sir!" and I seized him by the arm.

"Let me go!—I must not stay here!" he exclaimed, striving to break from me; but I held him fast.

"Nay, but, Frederick Steiner, you must stay. Promise me that you will hear me patiently: I will not detain you long."

He sat down, covering his face with his hands. "I obey you, sir."

"You must not interrupt me," I said.

Calmly,—for madness is sometimes calm,—and with a studied emphasis,—for I had rehearsed it on the previous night,—I confessed everything, and paused, awaiting his answer.

I noted well the gaze, the immoveable gaze, which was lifted up to me when I detailed the circumstances of my first crime; that gaze, which continued without intermission, without alteration, without meaning. I awaited his answer. Some minutes elapsed. I became alarmed; and, rising, took him by the shoulder.

He shook me from him as though I had been a reptile, and bounded to his feet.

"What have I done?" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself. "My great God! what have I done?—Come not near me! come not near me!"

I approached to pacify him. He seized me by the shoulders, and, dashing me violently to the ground, rushed from the room. I had scarcely risen from the floor when he returned, and, falling at my feet, clasped my knees.

"Oh, my benefactor, my friend, my father, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I knew not what I did! What a dreadful, miserable mistake is this! I see it all now. You suspected me of having listened to Hartwell, of having believed him, which I never did. I thought from your manner you felt aggrieved by his calumnies—for calumnies, yes, by Heaven, they were! I met him this morning."

There was a knocking at the door. "Rise! for God's sake, rise!" I exclaimed. "No one should see you thus!"

A young gentleman entered the room.

"Well, Harris?" cried Frederick, and he sprang towards him.

"You must fly!" cried the other. "Hartwell is dead!"

He staggered backward, and fell heavily to the earth.

"What does this mean?" said I wildly.

"Has not your nephew told you, sir," said Harris, raising his friend, "of the duel between Hartwell and himself this morning? The man is dead. Prevail upon your nephew to fly."

"Yes, I must fly!" cried Frederick, breaking from him; "I must fly; but whither, and from whom? Oh, sir!" and he cast an imploring gaze towards me, "I am a murderer—a murderer!"

I was affected. He perceived it, and fell upon my neck; and, taking my hands between his own, he raised and kissed them.

"Oh, my best, my only friend, forgive me! as I shall pray, as I do now pray—what did I say?—for forgiveness for you."

He said no more, but hastened up stairs.

"Is he not rather long gone, sir?" said Harris. "He need make no preparation under circumstances like these."

"Gone?—where?" said I. I had not been heeding the time.

A thought, almost a conviction, flashed across me.

"Run up stairs instantly!" I exclaimed, "or you will be too late."

The words were scarce spoken ere the report of a pistol was heard. Harris had come too late. He had shot himself through the heart! What followed I cannot tell. I knew not — I felt not that he was dead for months afterwards.

Need I add more? What I have been the reader will conclude. What I am it were needless and profitless to tell. What I feel—if I feel aught now—may be best expressed in the words of an obscure author, whose name I have forgotten, but whose lines I remember.

“ But we are strong, as we have need of strength,
 Even in our own default, and linger on,
 Enduring and forbearing, till, at length,
 The very staple of our griefs is gone,
 And we grow hard by custom—'t is all one.
 Our joys, deep laid in earth, our hopes above,
 Nor hope nor joy disturbs the heart's dull tone;
 One stirs it not, nor can the other move,
 While woe keeps tearless watch upon the grave of love.”

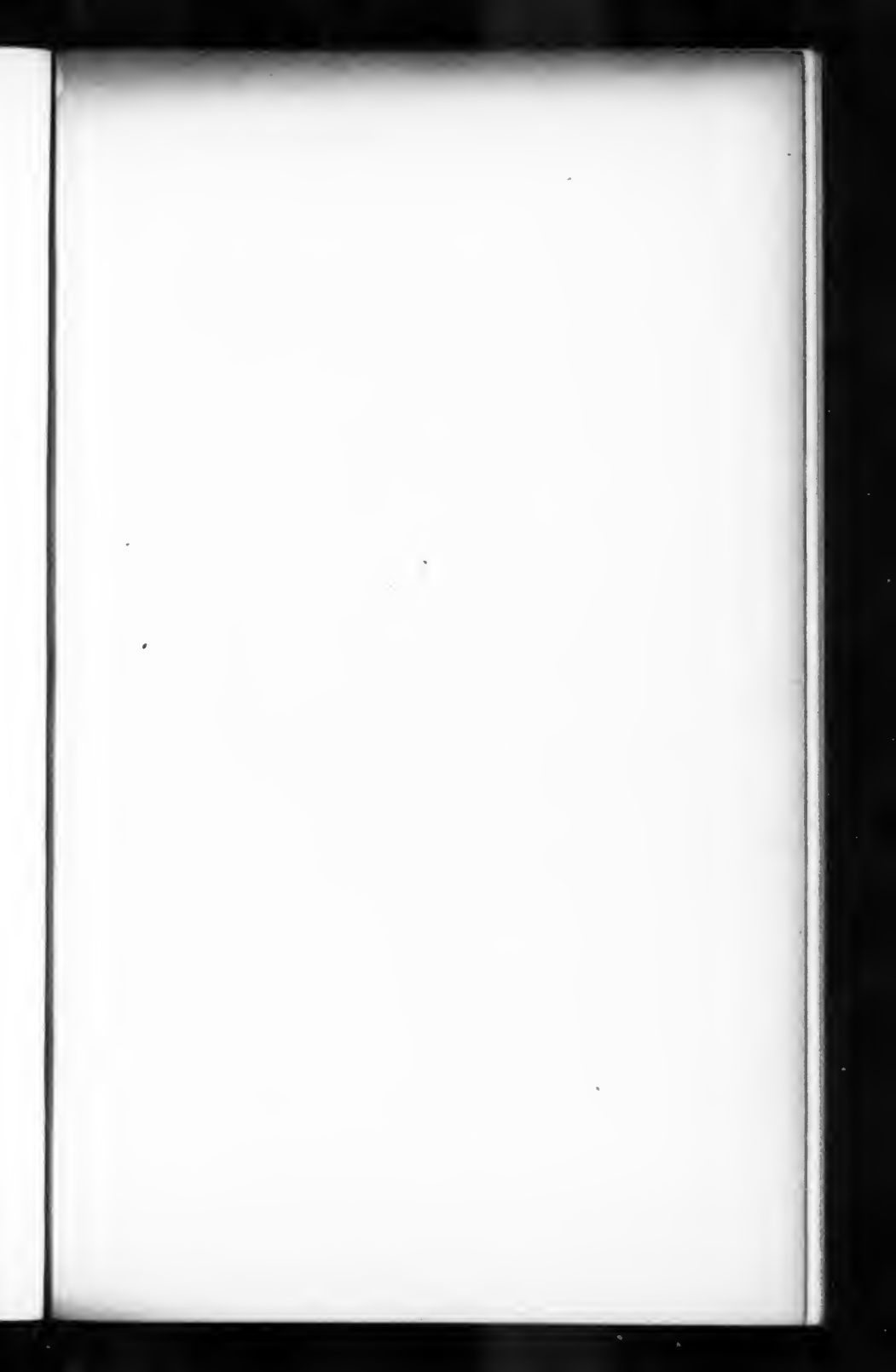
LINES WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

How gay is this scene! where the music is breathing,
 And light fairy footsteps re-echo the sound,
 Where Pleasure her exquisite garland is wreathing,
 And Flattery's soft-utter'd whisper is found;
 While the dance's wild measure so gaily is flowing,
 And Beauty her dearest attraction is showing,
 With blushes and smiles in their witchery glowing,
 And eyes which are glancing like starlight around.

Yet still, though the dance has such power in beguiling
 The long dreary silence of midnight away,
 And bright are those eyes which, unsettled and smiling,
 To all that behold them distribute their ray,—
 If even a world should unite to caress thee,
 And scatter its roses of pleasure to bless thee,
 Though no transient cloud should arise to distress thee,
 The joy of such feelings must early decay.

And sweeter it is when the night-flowers are weeping
 At midnight, in silence, their tears of perfume,
 To wander 'mid scenes where the moon-beams are sleeping
 Enamour'd, on beds of the hyacinth's bloom;
 And with one whose affections to thine are united,
 To whom thy young heart its devotion has plighted,
 To turn to the landscape so brilliantly lighted
 Those eyes, which the purest of feelings illumine;

And to know that the heart which beside thee is beating,
 For thee would the joy of existence resign,
 That the lover whose eloquent glance thou art meeting
 Can gaze on no beauty so cherish'd as thine.
 And thus with the bright stars glittering o'er thee,
 An Eden of Nature all smiling before thee,
 And one faithful heart which exists to adore thee,
 To find the deep stillness of midnight—divine.





MARCEL'S LAST MINUET.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

ANY person who was in the habit of passing through the Rue Richelieu in the year 1746, would be sure of witnessing a crowd of gay equipages drawn up before the gate of a rather handsome hotel. This line of carriages generally maintained its position from eleven in the morning until an hour after noon. Young noblemen *en chennille*, their hair half powdered, and carelessly turned up with the comb only, jumped out lightly from their elegant phaetons, while footmen in gorgeous liveries opened the carriage doors, and held out their arms respectfully to ladies attired in morning dresses, and who were all young, if they were not beautiful. The carriages succeeded one another with extraordinary rapidity, and but few of the visitors prolonged their stay beyond five minutes. If any stranger, who was surprised at this incessant but always regular bustle, inquired the reason, he would be told that the hotel belonged to Monsieur Marcel; or else his inquiry would be answered by a question, and he would be asked if he were a gentleman, or wished to be presented at court.

"If so," they would add, "all you have to do is to go up stairs; it will only cost you twelve francs." If the singularity of this piece of information induced the stranger to go through with the adventure, he crossed the threshold of the carriage-gate without being stopped by a Swiss's impertinent interrogatory of "Where are you going, sir?" The door was open to everybody; and on entering, you stood in a court neatly paved in mosaic, and surrounded by orange-trees in boxes, and a profusion of foreign shrubs. In the depth of winter a verdant and ever-smiling landscape might be seen on the walls, which were painted in that fashion. On the right hand, between two pillars, was a wide staircase, over which was spread a rich and thick carpet; and the angles of the landing-places were ornamented with pedestals, on which were placed nymphs, graces, and doves, in plaster, after the designs of Bouchardon.

This staircase led to the ante-room of the first floor. A half-opened door faced you, and seemed to invite you to enter. Through it there was a passage into a withdrawing-room, where two footmen received you with much ceremony, and took charge of your hat and cane. A respectful but expressive sign indicated your place to you, next to the person who had arrived last before you, on a low bench covered with red velvet, unless you preferred to stand, but always in the position assigned to you by priority of time; for, gentleman or lady alike, each individual was bound to maintain his post, and it was very rarely that gallantry prevailed against etiquette. What was most surprising was to notice the silence and decorum observed by the harebrained youths of fashion *en déshabillé*, and the bright-eyed and coquettishly-looking dames and damsels; the most lively only hazarded a few whispered words, which were answered by a slight smile. It seemed as if they were all apprehensive of disturbing the progress of some mystery or sacred rite.

In fact something extraordinary was actually transpiring in the

next apartment, the folding-doors of which opened every minute to give egress to one person, and to admit his successor. It was a spacious and magnificent saloon, lighted by three windows with red damask curtains trimmed with gold fringe. The walls were covered with hangings of blue silk, and, at intervals, lofty glasses, doubled by repetition, the glitter of the gilding which ornamented the rich *consoles* and the exquisitely sculptured tables. A copy of the *Hours* of Guido was painted on the ceiling, and the variety of colours harmonized well with a sky-blue ground. On the floor, which shone like a mirror, were traced two parallel lines in chalk, commencing at the entrance-door, and ending at a semicircular line in the form of a crescent.

At that spot, seated in a large arm-chair, like a divinity, at the centre of a table, was a grave-looking man, in a graceful, although somewhat theatrical attitude;—it was Marcel, the celebrated dancer. His undoubted talent, and, still more, his solemn enthusiasm for his art, had obtained him a reputation which, although it might appear absurd to some persons, was not the less widely extended on that account. He excelled more especially in the minuet; and that dance was his passion, his glory, his universe. "Ah! sir," said he to a stranger who expressed astonishment at his enthusiasm, "the minuet is the encyclopedia of every art, grace, and science." He had reason in his respect for it, for he had acquired thereby a considerable fortune. He had the *entrée* of the first society in France: no lady who pretended to refinement of manners, no gentleman of rank, elegance, or fashion, could presume to present himself or herself in the *beau-monde* without having taken lessons of Marcel how to carry the hat or fan properly, or to manage the hoop or sword gracefully.

At the period of which we are speaking, Marcel was about sixty years of age, and was in all the *éclat* of his renown. He was tall, and rather coarsely built, but his face was striking. Time had not robbed him of the uprightness of his figure, or diminished the elasticity of his movements; but he had discontinued his lessons in dancing, as the demands for his instruction were more than he could possibly attend to. All his thoughts were now devoted to a branch of his art, which he correctly deemed the most elevated and the most useful of all. He gave lessons in bowing, and in the whole class of salutations. And let it not be supposed that this science was a trivial and unimportant one. In those times of etiquette, when ranks and conditions were so strongly defined, the bow was a most important and integral feature in the proper, and necessary, and indispensable knowledge of life. Marcel reckoned in his category of bows and curtsies two hundred and thirty-six for each sex, each one of which expressed the station, and frequently the thoughts of the person who made it, modified by the position of the individual to whom it was addressed. There was the court bow, the city bow, the bow of the great nobleman to the financier, and that of the financier to the courtier; the bow of the latter when asking a favour of a minister, and that of a statesman when bowing out a suppliant; the bow of two rivals when disputing about precedence; the obeisance of a young lady to whom a suitor is introduced, with that of a flirt to a favoured lover, &c. The imagination would be lost in the labyrinth of bows and obeisances of which Marcel held the clue, without ever entangling it.

As it was not convenient, nor even practicable, for him to wait upon all the great personages who summoned him to their presence, he had established the custom of giving lessons in the saloon into which we have introduced the reader. It will be readily conceived that the company that attended there was a select one; the ceremonial, therefore, was the same for everybody. A lackey opened the door, and announced each arrival. The party on entering proceeded along the line chalked on the floor, which led to the front of Marcel's arm-chair. When this was reached, the visitor made the required bow, according to the professor's direction, after which he returned again to the door, and repeated the form. Then, making the accustomed bow of leave-taking, he walked down the parallel line to depart, taking care to deposit two crowns, of six francs each, in a silver urn placed for this purpose in a niche by the side of the door. In this manner people were taught to walk and bow, to enter and retire from an apartment, at twelve francs the lesson; and, as about forty francs' worth of lessons was generally sufficient, we can see how little it cost to give the last polish to a good education.

It is true that all the bows were not rated at the same tariff. Those which were entitled *presentation bows at court* cost twenty louis d'ors; but we must remember how many things were comprised in a lesson of this kind, and such a treasury of knowledge, with all its accessories, will not be considered exorbitant at six hundred livres. On these great occasions Marcel exhibited all the delicacy of his science without reserve. He bestowed the most rigid attention upon the minutest movement; he demonstrated all the suppleness necessary to make an inclination with grace and expression; how to recede two steps to make a second bow; and to step backward again to prepare for the third obeisance, in which the party bent himself within a short distance of the ground; after which he raised himself slowly, until, still almost forming the figure of a crescent, and stepping backwards, he mixed in the surrounding crowd. At these times Marcel represented the King, and he never failed to assume all the dignity suited to the character, in order, as he said, to train his pupils to meet without discomposure and embarrassment the imposing aspect of royal majesty.

The ladies were instructed with still greater care and solicitude; for they, he said, had still more need of all the assistance of his art than the other sex. In fact it was no easy task to give a graceful motion to these tall dolls, imprisoned in their long corsets of steel, surrounded by a circumvallation of immense hoops, and almost bending under the elaborate construction of a head-dress two feet high. These obstacles, while they inspired Marcel's genius, frequently put his patience to severe tests. On such occasions words of singular energy and strange idiom fell from his lips, and, as faithful narrators of the manners of the day, we are compelled to admit that the dialect of Marcel did not always correspond with the elegance of his pantomime. It was by no means uncommon for him to say to a duchess, "For heaven's sake, madame, hold yourself straight;—you waddle like a goose;"—"try and walk a little better than that, or you will be taken for a cook," with other similar compliments, which the great ladies took all in good part. His reputation, his age, and his familiarity with the nobility, made Marcel a privileged man, so that he could say what he pleased without giving

offence. When he overstepped the limits of decorum, no notice was taken of it, or the young courtiers contented themselves with replying, "There, there, Father Marcel! Will your majesty deign to forgive us?" and that ended all.

One unlucky day, evil chance would have it that the young Duke de Caraman, one of the most brilliant noblemen of the court, took it into his head to go and make his bow to Marcel. He set out from his *petite maison* in the Fauxbourg du Temple, with the Chevalier d'Origny, the Marquis d'Escar, and two of the mousquetaires, whose names are not recorded. Their morning had been passed in much hilarity; and although the fumes of champagne were somewhat dissipated by the fresh air, there still remained that degree of excitement which the young nobles of that day held to be a point of *bon ton*. We do not get drunk now-a-days; we only stupefy ourselves with cigars. Every generation has some anomaly, which it elevates into good manners.

The young gentlemen burst into the ante-room simultaneously, and walked into the saloon without announcing themselves: to the great scandal of Marcel's noble visitors, who had always hitherto scrupulously observed the programme of ceremony established by him. When Marcel saw them thus abruptly intrude into his sanctuary, he rose hastily from his arm-chair, filled with indignation, like a high priest of Isis when the mysteries are troubled by profane or uninitiated footsteps. Addressing himself to the duke, who was in advance of his noisy comrades, he said,

"Monsieur le Duc, you are not ignorant that it is the usage not to enter this apartment without being previously announced. I have the greatest respect for your rank, but, without withholding anything which is your due, I conceive myself entitled to remind you that I have frequently princes waiting their turn in my ante-chamber, and that the reign of equality is recognised in the temple of the arts."

"Do not be angry, father Jupiter," responded the duke, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder: "what you have just said is superbly true. I am conscious that I am obnoxious to the severity of your indignation; but your sacred majesty must learn that I do not come here to make my lowest reverence; and the urgency of the occasion has impelled me to omit the ceremonial of usage. The Princess de Guéménée gives a grand ball this evening, at which my friends here and myself are to be present: you have invented some new minuet steps, which are said to be requisite, and we are come to entreat you to oblige us with a short lesson."

"This is not the proper time and place, Monsieur le Duc," rejoined Marcel. "You must have perceived that there are several ladies and gentlemen in the next room; and——"

"The ladies and gentlemen can wait," interrupted the duke: "it will not occasion two minutes' delay. Besides, if you like, they can be invited in with us; they will be amused, and bear their detention with more good humour."

"Not so, Monsieur le Duc; I do not desire them to be witnesses of——"

"Then let us begin, for we are extremely hurried."

Marcel considered for a moment; then, with perfect calmness, but with a determined accent, he replied,

"I am anxious to meet your wishes, Monsieur le Duc; but the thing is altogether impossible."

"How, impossible!—You forget whom you are speaking to."

"You cannot dance without a violin, and there is none here."

"That's right," remarked one of the mousquetaires, as he drew a small pocket-violin, a child's toy, from beneath his cloak, and commenced tuning it with all the gravity imaginable. "It is indubitably correct that we can't get on without a violin; and, lo and behold! here is one. You see, kind and gracious master, that we have provided for everything. I am not a virtuoso, I admit, and you will perhaps soon find out that I have not the delicacy of Bordien's touch, nor the strength of Prevot; but we shall get on very well by ear, and by your assistance. If you don't approve of my violin, we can easily procure a trumpet, on which I play indifferently well. Come, Caraman, give your hand to Monsieur Marcel; D'Origny, you must act as cavalier to D'Escar. We will dance a minuets of two couples, so that the lesson will do for all. Take your places; sirs, to your places!"

Marcel was wild with rage; but what could he do? He perceived, by the rapid and vehement utterance and heightened colour of his visitors, that they were not in a condition to listen to reason. He thought, besides, that he owed it to his own dignity not to compromise himself with hot-headed young men, who were restrained by no considerations of self-respect, and that the only means of preventing the unpleasant results of such an adventure would be to smooth it over as quietly as possible. In consequence, he yielded; but, while he prepared to comply with their demand, he heaved a deep sigh, and raised his eyes as if to call heaven to witness the unworthy violence of which he was the victim.

The Duke de Caraman offered him his hand with unexceptionable elegance, and the lesson began.

We ought here to remark that the duke's figure was anything but a fine one, although he was colonel of a regiment *d'élite*, in which not one of the privates was less than six feet high. His legs were thin and weak, and, when he was closely examined, a slight protuberance might be perceived between his shoulders, which caused his head to protrude a little. The ladies of the court, by whom he was well received, spoke of his person as charming and *distingué*; while those to whom he had given offence called him a hump-back. With this exception, he was decidedly a handsome cavalier, witty, brilliant, and very brave, but vain, and exceedingly captious about any allusion to his figure, which he held in the highest esteem, or the antiquity of his family, for which he had the most religious veneration. Thus much premised, we will proceed with our narration.

Marcel began his forced lesson with a good grace, although it was easy to perceive, by his knit brow and the convulsive motion of his lips, that he was under the most rigid self-constraint. In his eyes it was an unheard-of atrocity, a sort of martyrdom, that he, Marcel, the god of the minuets, should be compelled to submit to the caprices of young coxcombs, who had no other merits than that of being born in such a position as to be thenceforward called dukes and marquises! The soul of the accomplished artist was agonized by the deepest mortification, and nothing but the consciousness of his utter helplessness prevented his breaking into open resistance, and

energetically speaking his sentiments. But it was out of the power of human nature to bear beyond a certain point. The discordant sounds of the vile fiddle, on which the mousquetaire scraped most outrageously, pierced through his ears to his heart; so that, after a minute or two, he called out impatiently:

"It is impossible to dance, sir, to such an awful *charivari!*"

"For all that," replied the mousquetaire, "I have taken lessons of Grosbois."

"And of little Mademoiselle Garsin of the opera," added the Marquis d'Escar, "who charged him a thousand francs each time."

"He paid dearly then," observed Marcel with a cynical smile, "for what every one else gets for nothing. But could not you contrive to play something like a minuet?"

"Why, what else am I doing?" asked the performer.

"What are you doing? *Mou Dieu!* you are crucifying *La belle Bourbonnaise.*"

"That's true!" they all exclaimed.

"Oh! oh! ho!" screamed one, "I thought it was the saraband of the *Nocos de Thetis et Pelée.*"

"And I," roared out another, "took it for Rameau's *Danse des Sauvages.*"

Here they all laughed so that they could scarcely stand. The other mousquetaire then took the violin from his comrade, and handed it to Marcel.

"You are drunk," said he; "let Marcel play."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Marcel. "Do you take me for a country dancing-master? Have the goodness to remember that Marcel has never touched a violin."

"He is right!" exclaimed the Chevalier d'Origny; "you insult him. It is just as if you should order a mousquetaire to mount a donkey. Monsieur Marcel, compose yourself; I will put all to rights. I flatter myself I have a good voice. I will sing your favourite minuet step, while these gentlemen go through the figure with you."

Again Marcel did violence to his feelings, impatient as he was to put an end to so scandalous a scene; but it was in vain that he exhibited all those demonstrations which were generally listened to with so much deference and respect. It was easy to perceive by the affected awkwardness and smothered laughter of the gentlemen that they had only come to amuse themselves. The old blood of the artist burned in his veins, and, soon forgetting the prudence he had hitherto exercised, he gave way to the impetuosity of his wrath, which on this occasion had something of burlesque in it; but it was all thrown away. His exasperated features, and the comparisons he adduced, which were frequently rude and gross enough, only increased the hilarity of his pupils, who seemed determined to take it all in good part.

The Duke de Caraman was the one who tried his patience the most severely. For upwards of five minutes Marcel had been doing his best, but without success, to make him hold his hat in a proper manner.

"Who ever before held a hat in that way?" asked Marcel. "You look as if you were asking for charity, and were ashamed of what you were doing. Turn out the great toe of your right foot, and

stretch your leg forward—that's right; it would be better if there were some calf to it. Keep yourself upright now—more, more. Hold your chest out, and your head well up."

So saying, he pushed up the duke's head, and pressed his shoulders forward. The duke, who did not like this rough tuition, called out,

"That's enough, Monsieur Marcel; that will do. You will dislocate my neck!"

"I am only making you straight," answered Marcel.

"You will never succeed in that," observed the Chevalier d'Origny, laughing heartily at the martyrdom of the little duke.

"You are right, Monsieur le Chevalier," added Marcel; "I quite forgot—no one can straighten a hump—"

He did not finish his sentence, or rather its conclusion was drowned in a loud burst of laughter from the duke's friends, who were delighted with the coarse pleasantry which seemed to have petrified their friend and leader.

In fact, the duke had been hit in his most vulnerable spot. He would willingly have borne any raillery upon the other members of his body, as he had too good an opinion of their beauty to dread any criticism thereupon; but to be attacked in his hump!—and before his friends too!—who would instantly go and circulate the remark through every saloon in Paris! This was too much for his pride and self-love. Trembling with rage, he put his hand to his sword; but a fresh shout of laughter made him pause, while it served to augment his indignation. He struck his sword's hilt violently, as he returned it half-drawn into its sheath, and, taking off one of his gloves, he said to Marcel, who was looking at him steadily and seriously,

"If you were a gentleman, I would answer you with this sword; but as you are only a low conceited fellow, this is the only notice I can take of you."

So saying, he struck each of his cheeks with his glove, which he then threw in his face.

This action, which passed with the rapidity of lightning, instantly put an end to the merriment of his friends. They admired Marcel as an accomplished artist, while they respected him as an excellent man, and they were hurt when they saw him treated in this manner.

"You have done wrong," said the Marquis d'Escar to the duke. "A joke should not be retorted by so cruel an insult, particularly to an old man."

"I have only chastised impertinence. If any one is displeased at it, he has only to say so, and I will give him immediate explanation."

"Then it must be to me," exclaimed each of his friends advancing upon him, while his rage was only increased by the disapprobation of his companions.

While this was passing, Marcel stood motionless, his eyes fixed, his lips pale, as if he had been stricken by a thunderbolt. His features underwent an entire change, and his silence indicated an inward grief that no language had power to express. Two large tears at length ran down his cheeks, and his head fell upon his breast.

The young noblemen came to him, and took him by the hand.

They said everything they could imagine to heal the wound his pride had suffered, and to soothe his feelings. But Marcel heard not a word; his bosom swelled as if with spasms, and his knees shook under him. They led him to his arm-chair, into which he fell exhausted, and worn out with emotion. His distress was so vehement, that even the duke was softened by it. He saw that he had gone too far, and, stepping towards Marcel with a mingled feeling of shame and regret, he tried to repair his wrong by confessing it.

"No, Monsieur le Duc," replied Marcel, in answer to his apologies, "the fault is with me alone in forgetting the immense distance which separates a man of your rank from a miserable creature like me. You have killed Marcel—but he has deserved his fate."

He remained a few minutes without making any reply to the kind and anxious observations of the youths who thronged around him; then rising with the air and manner of a person who has just come to an irrevocable decision, he stepped firmly to the folding-doors of his saloon, which he flung open, and invited all the company in the outer room to enter, and then ordered his musician to be sent for. When the latter made his appearance, Marcel bowed gracefully and respectfully to the youngest and handsomest lady of the circle, and requested she would do him the honour of dancing with him.

This unexpected proposition was received with a gratified murmur of applause; for it was a long time since any one had seen Marcel dance, and no one could guess the cause of this sudden caprice. The musician, by his direction, played the first bars of Rameau's famous minuet in *Les Indes Galantes*; Marcel made the grand salute to his partner with that grace which was peculiar to him alone, and the minuet commenced.

Never before had this celebrated dancer displayed such talent; never had the elegance of his attitudes and the elasticity of his movement excited such sincere admiration. His feet traced the most beautiful figures on the floor; the spectators held their breath, while their eyes devoured his steps, which were followed by a slight buzz of surprise and pleasure; for they feared to interrupt their enjoyment by giving utterance to it. It was not till the conclusion, when Marcel had made his last salute, that the hall rung with the most enthusiastic and heartfelt plaudits; they crowded round him, and almost suffocated him with the warmth of their congratulations. The great Condé, after the battle of Rocroy, was not surrounded with more homage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Marcel, when the first burst of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, "glory is a sweet sensation, and I wished to taste it once again. I was too happy, and too proud of my art; but my old age has been tarnished by disgrace—my career is now over. Adieu, ladies! gentlemen, adieu! Marcel has danced his last minuet!"

A week after this scene Marcel was no more!

AMERICAN LIONS.

SCARCITY invariably has the effect of enhancing the value of an article in the general market,—and thus it is as respects “lions” in the United States of America. No people under the sun have a stronger partiality for lions than the Americans have, which may be attributed, in some measure, to their scarcity. They have bears, panthers, (*painters*, as the Yankees call them,) and wolves in abundance; but these are all “tarnation little set by,” in comparison with their lions. To be sure there is a government bounty on the heads of wolves and panthers; and as government bounties are always paid in “hard,” or “Jackson” money, and as dollars are “getting considerable scarce in the settlements,” I presume that these “critters” will be rather more looked after, and better thought of, than they were formerly. As for bears,—why, honest Bruin cares very little about r’umptions in the currency, or the long faces pulled by the commercial gentlemen of Wall Street; for, so long as he can manage to get a dinner of nice young pork once a week during the summer, and a snug berth in a hollow pine-tree, with a fat paw to suck, during the winter, “I calculate” that he never bothers his head about Martin Buren, the present president;—but there is no accounting for the absence of family affection! Since the States first “toddled without leading strings,” they have never been wholly destitute of lions, although the individual number at any period has been but few, and their “locations” far between.

The first and most renowned of all their lions, and, politically speaking, the father of all the rest, was General Washington. He was more renowned in his day than any one that has inhabited the royal Tower of London for the last century (even including “Old Glory”); and although his admirers have not been so barbarous as to stuff his hide with straw, they have hung him up in effigy before the door of many a road-side “beer and cider house” in every section of the country. Though so long dead and gone, his exploits are fresh in the recollection of every patriotic American citizen; and when all the other lions that have appeared within the limits of the Union since its earliest existence shall be “gone and forgotten,” the name of Washington will remain to be honoured and revered by unborn generations. I hardly ever gazed upon the benign and placid countenance of this great hero, that I did not bethink me of the noble lion Nero that was exhibited through my own country; for who ever gazed upon a milder countenance than Nero’s? And yet there was a savageness in his nature when roused, that bespoke him a veritable lion! Washington, too, on peculiar occasions, showed similar symptoms. A single instance will suffice to illustrate this—the fate of poor Major André. But at that period Washington’s nature had been roused; he had been teased, taunted, foiled, and irritated,—and in the rage of the moment he pounced upon his victim. André was trying the experiment of other fool-hardy showmen. He thrust his head within the lion’s jaws, and got it “scrunched.”

There is scarcely another lion upon record, that is a fighting lion, among all the heroes of the Revolution; for even including Gates, McKean, Montgomery, Warren, Wayne, and several others, their

names already are nearly forgotten, except in the page of their country's history. A foreign cub of the revolutionary war grew up, and became a lion of the first magnitude: I refer to the French general Lafayette. Poor noble fellow! in his old age he became somewhat imbecile, and had an itching to visit his early haunts; and never, sure, was a fine old animal so pestered and annoyed by being dragged through the country, from one end of it to the other, to have his paw shaken, and to be "beslavered with fulsome praise," by wild unmannered hordes of raw republicans. They paraded him, and gave him public feeds in every town and city in the Union; and all this they modestly called "national gratitude to the general."

Half a century hence, and probably they may sport some naval lions; but these days of peace and quiet are unfavourable to such a growth. During the last little scratch America had with this country, they had a few burly cubs in their naval establishment, amongst which by far their greatest favourite was Decator. But one unlucky day he happened to quarrel with an older whelp than himself, and thereby got his quietus! Several of them fought like "blasted catamounts;" and Lawrence, who fought bravely, and fell, is considered a sort of martyr by the Yankees.

The Americans have on record a whole string of what they consider "regular lions," whose names are appended to an instrument of great national importance, called their "Declaration of Independence;" and although these may properly be termed historical lions, (since many of the names would have been buried in oblivion had it not been for this document,) yet it must be admitted there was something lionish in their characters, or they never would have dared to beard their lawful sovereign by putting their paws to such a rebellious paper. In the whole batch of "signers" there may be individual exceptions,—a few that stepped out from the mass; and first and foremost of these is that blunt old printer's devil, Benjamin Franklin. There can be little doubt respecting Ben's claim, living or dead, to the distinction of lion, although his outward man was not so sleek and polished as those that commonly belong to that noble genus; and I believe the Yankee folks themselves admit, that though he was sent abroad, he was of too rough a grain to take a "French polish." But Franklin, to do him justice, was no ordinary character; and I think that his nation very properly consider him the second lion of his day. He was a shrewd, home-spun genius, but withal a sensible fellow; and has left many wise "saws and sayings" behind him, for the use and benefit of those who are not "past improvement."

The next of the "Declarationists," who may be considered as having a claim to the honour of lionship, is the first of the American Adams. (I wonder if Old Father Adam was a lion in his day?) John cut some figure (not with his sword) in "the days that tried men's souls;" for he was one of the principal godfathers to the baby Republic. The expression which I have just quoted is a mighty favourite one amongst the Americans; but, to use another specimen of Yankee declamation, it seems to me to be "considerable inobvious what it was intended to inculcate." I am aware that it is thought "immortally sublime," which seems quite evident, from its being lugged in on all occasions, and by all classes and grades of speakers; while it is known to pass current in every section of the

Union, and always bears a premium in election contests. Well, John Adams,—that is *old* John,—for there has been and is a young John, who is, I believe, the only living specimen of regularly descended lionage (lineage?) in the country. John (the older), however, never did anything “immensely extra-ordinary,” except that he lived longer than any other American lion was ever known to do before his time,—and then died! But how did he die? Why, he closed his eyes upon all sublunary things while the cannon on the neighbouring heights were thunderingly proclaiming “the glorious anniversary of ’76,” or more popularly, “Yankee Independence.” It certainly is a remarkable fact that this patriarch was gathered to his kindred on the identical day of the identical month, (July 4th,) just half a century after he had put his name to that document which called into existence the Americans as a nation! He succeeded Washington in the presidency, and was “a full-blooded federalist.”

Thomas Jefferson’s is probably the only other name amongst the “signers” that can, with propriety, have lion attached to it. Not that Adams and he were superior in many respects to some of their contemporaries; but events occurred by which they were called into more prominent situations. They belonged not, however, to the same political party; for while Adams was closely allied with the federalists,—the more respectable and intelligent position of the community,—Jefferson leagued himself with ultra-democracy, and became the chosen of “the people.” He was a philosopher of the school of the French Revolution, and his religious principles have been suspected. He lived to a good old age; and the most wonderful act of his life was that of breathing his last (like Adams, as before narrated) on the day of the celebration of American Independence! Yes! strange it was indeed! that these two “signers of the Declaration,” old patriots of “the days that tried men’s souls,” and ex-presidents, should have been called to their final account on the great American anniversary.

I will now pass unnoticed whole swarms of mongrels, several jackals, and a few asses in lions’ skins; none of which, however, have the slightest claim to be enrolled in this brief chronicle of “American lions.”

The president’s chair was next filled by John Quincy Adams; a man, like our own William Pitt, educated as it were with an eye to the high and honourable situation that he was afterwards destined to fill. But of John Q. Adams I will only stop to observe, that in attempting to conciliate the good opinion of the ultra-democrats, he completely disgusted the party that had been mainly instrumental in raising him to power. He *was* the chief governor of the people of the United States,—he *is* now an insignificant unit of the lowest branch of their popular assembly. To gratify the ears of a democratic rabble, I heard him, many years ago, traduce and scandalize England in the most ribald and scurrilous manner. It must not be asserted that he is an ass in lion’s uniform; but it must be admitted that, although he was born a lion, he has occasionally practised the contemptible braying of an ass.

Some notice must now be taken of a “downright, full-blooded” Yankee lion, another ex-president, namely, Andrew Jackson, or, more popularly, “Old Hickory.” He, like unto him of Quincy, is a “living specimen.” But Old Hickory is none of your smooth-

haired, meek-visaged gentry, but as rough and grizzly as any Kentucky old bear, and in the heyday of his career was as stubborn and mulish as if he had been of asinine parentage. He is now somewhat old and infirm; but on state occasions he may be made to growl and roar in a most terrific manner. To be sure he is now kennelled ("finally, I guess") at his hermitage in Tennessee; but while he remained in Washington city, his ravings were of the most hideous and melancholy character. His constitution seemed to be so peculiarly formed, that the mere naming of certain State matters would affect him strangely. The bare mentioning of the United States' Bank was gall and wormwood to his soul; and if Nicholas Biddle's name happened therewith to be coupled, his paroxysms were of the most distressing nature. I have been favoured occasionally with these exhibitions of old Andrew, and I must honestly confess that he far outdid all that I had ever witnessed in his peculiar line of raving. But for a fortuitous circumstance, Old Hickory would have been permitted to remain in his utter obscurity and insignificance on the western side of the mountains. Some British regiments were so foolish as to post themselves upon a plain near to the town of New Orleans; and a parcel of militia from some of the neighbouring states, with Jackson as leader, happening to be in the town, which was defended with a wall of cotton bags,—these fellows (having no turkeys to practise at) kept poking and poaching away at "the British rig'lars" with their long rifles from behind the wall of cotton, for I know not how many days, during which the English troops appeared to have no other aim than that of showing their bravery, (just like as many young crows, that have not sense enough to retreat to their nests,) for there they stood for "illigant marks for the general's riflemen." This the Americans called an "impossible great victory;" and upon this incident hinged all the future popularity of plain Andrew Jackson; for the Americans, already frightened nearly out of their senses at the little scratches they had had with the British troops along the frontiers, were literally beside themselves with joy when they became acquainted with the result of the New Orleans affair. Jackson, who had previously been known in his own vicinity as a country attorney, and nowhere else by name or otherwise, henceforth became the tutelar "guardian of the West!"—the humble instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to snatch his country from the very brink of perdition! If Andrew had died in the blaze of his popularity, there can be little doubt but that his worshippers would have canonized him, and very probably his old wife Rachel into the bargain. In the convulsions of the monetary systems of America he has already lived to witness the disastrous consequences of some of his own obstinate measures; and, if it shall please Providence to spare him a few years longer, it is more than probable that he will have an opportunity of witnessing many more. In him has been demonstrated, to the conviction of every impartial observer, the dangerous and improper degree of power vested in the person of the executive chief magistrate. No sovereign potentate of Europe, whose authority is not unlimited and absolute, would have dared to act in open defiance to the will and opinions of his own councillors, and the constituent national assemblies. Veto, veto, veto! was Old Hickory's plan, whenever any legislative act did not chime in with his whims

and prejudices; and the rabble-rout hailed him as "a mighty considerable smart man," for acts for which he ought to have been impeached for treason before the senate of the United States. Never was that seemingly paradoxical aphorism, that extremes meet, more nearly proved than in Jackson and his supporters. While he was known to be as great a tyrant as ever sat on the throne of the Russian autocrats, he was raised to power solely by the ultra-democrats, the mobocracy of the country! Men of weak intellects, when elevated to situations of governing power, are apt to become tyrants; but, notwithstanding the many absurd, foolish, and arbitrary things done by General Jackson, it cannot be pleaded in his behalf that he is devoid of common understanding. It is discretion, and a control over his own impetuous temper, that he unfortunately lacks.

It must be exceedingly annoying to such characters as General Jackson to be completely thrown into the shade by greater lions than themselves. In one instance this occurred to him where I happened to be an eye-witness. Andrew's political party was likely to be put to a pinch at the approaching elections; so, in order to gain proselytes to the cause of *Jacksonism*, a plan was arranged by a few of the leaders, to exhibit "the Old General" gratis, to the wondering gaze of the people in the distant towns and villages. It may appear strange, since all men are born equal, (so says the Yankee Declaration of Independence,) that such a grizzly, porcupinish-looking personage as Andrew Jackson, Esquire, should have been considered worth going ten paces out of the direct path to look at by any staunch republican of the United States; and yet there was such a helter-skelter in many of the places to get a peep at him as I never elsewhere witnessed. This continued for some portion of "the Old General's tour of popularity,"—that is, until a greater lion than himself was brought into the arena. This was the notorious, Indian chief—Black Hawk! recently imported from the banks of the Upper Mississippi. But, no sooner had this rival competitor reached the civilized (so called) cities of the Union, than the vulgar curiosity of the admiring multitude was no longer bestowed upon "the General," but lavished upon the Indian. Their respective leaders paraded them through the streets of New York; but "the Old General" was left in a contemptible minority,—he was actually left all but without a tail! The consequence was that his keepers deemed it prudent to take him back to Washington until Black Hawk should either be hanged, or else loaded with presents, and sent back to his own tribe, (which was actually the case!) ready to take advantage of the amnesty granted to him. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster,—nay, Nicholas Biddle and the Monster Bank to boot,—might have all been cast into the scale together, and, against "Old Hickory," they would have been but as "dust in the balance;" but when Black Hawk and he were fairly pitted, the "Hero of New Orleans" was "forced to kick the beam!"

Two or three years ago the French tried one of their manœuvres upon the government of the United States, thus. France agreed to pay a certain sum in a certain time as an indemnity for losses sustained by American citizens during the continental war. The matter was long canvassed; but, finally it was diplomatically arranged and settled. When the first instalment became due, France, without even a pretext for doing so, refused to fulfil the

agreement. America received this intelligence in high dudgeon ; and old Jackson very properly (always give the devil his due) took steps, or rather threatened to make reprisals upon ships belonging to France; and spoke out very plainly, "that Jonathan was not going to be diddled by a parcel of darned Frenchmen."

I hardly know why, but I must confess that I never could bring myself to consider the present president, Martin Van Buren, as belonging to the family of lions. He is constitutionally too deep and calculating for that noble race; and I know that his own party looks for no great achievement at his hands. The ultra-republican party, which hoisted his predecessor into the chair of the executive, has, for want of a fitter leader, chosen him to rule over them. But it has long since been proved that fitness, or capacity, is wholly lost sight of in selecting candidates to fill high and responsible situations even in vaunting, republican America. Absolute monarchs frequently appoint tyrannical governors over the people; so do tyrannical democratic majorities appoint absolute rulers, as has been instanced in the case of ex-President Jackson and some others. One of the leading traits in the character of Van Buren is what his supporters have been pleased to call his *firmness*; but now that they have placed him for a period beyond their power or control, they are beginning to surmise that this virtue may, possibly, turn out—Dutch obstinacy!

Fulton, of steam-boat notoriety, is amongst the names consecrated in American history; but, how far he merits all which is claimed for him, is a matter I am not going to discuss. Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Patrick Henry, and Hamilton stand forth conspicuously in the pages referred to; the last of which was a name of high promise; but, unfortunately for his country, he fell in a duel with Colonel Burr. They are all gone to reap the reward of their mortal labours.

"I guess we have reason to be mighty considerably proud of our lengthy list of authors," said an American one day to me, and he proceeded to enumerate a long list of names that I had never heard of. I confessed my ignorance of more than nine-tenths of the names he mentioned, and begged to be enlightened upon the subject. He informed me that he had his information from the "Village Record," (the name of a provincial newspaper); and, although the editor was "a downright smart man," he certainly had omitted to say which of them (the authors) had made books, which had composed 4th of July orations, and which of them had written their two days' speeches, that they had subsequently read from their desks in the Hall of Congress. I think it probable that the list referred to had contained all those who had ever seen their names in print, whether appended to doggerel verses, or to prose run mad.

Positively, however, they have "lions" in literature too; the greatest of these are Washington Irving and J. Fenimore Cooper.

The great literary lion is Washington Irving; he is a favourite everywhere in America. Like Mr. Cooper, he has written a good deal about England and the English. He is much esteemed and valued by his countrymen, and most of all by those who have had the good fortune to make his personal acquaintance. At one period (I think it was in the summer of 1833) I anticipated that pleasure; but, unfortunately for both Washington Irving and myself (as will be hereafter ex-

plained), I was doomed to be disappointed. An American gentleman, a neighbour of mine,—a lover of literature, and one of the most gifted individuals I ever met with in America,—having spent a portion of the preceding winter in one of the cities, had had the good fortune to share frequently the society of the author of Knickerbocker. Pleas- ed with each other, my neighbour gave the author an invitation to spend a few days, or weeks, or months, during the summer, at his secluded but splendid residence in the back woods; and the lite- rary lion was pleased to accept the invitation. Soon after my neigh- bour's return home, I was made acquainted with the anticipated visit; and, at that early period, received an invitation "to meet the lion at dinner." I had previously known sundry governors, and ge- nerals, and rulers of the land, paying visits to my neighbour and acquaintance; but never on any previous occasion had I witnessed anything like the preparations which this expected visit called forth. Workmen of all orders and descriptions were employed for I know not how long; some in repairing old buildings, others in construct- ing new ones; some in mending roads, beautifying gardens and shrubberies; and others in cutting out winding paths and vistas through the wild forests. A new summer-pavilion was erected in a romantic situation, overhanging "the deep blue waters of the slum- bering lake;" while a beautiful turret was seen springing up amidst a grove of blooming acacias, which was intended for the visitor's study;—"for it was quite probable that he might be induced to write a romance during his sojourn in the wilderness." The new winding walk in the woods was named "Washington Labyrinth;" a pretty new shallow was launched upon the lake, and christened "The Irving;" and, when the turret was completed and beautified, it was dignified with the appellation of "Washington Irving's Tower." An antiquated chariot, which had been colonised by spi- ders during the many years it had remained shut up in the corner of a large old barn, was once more trundled into daylight, the springs rubbed and oiled, and the axletrees anointed with bear- grease; while the colony of spiders, like a tribe of aboriginal In- dians, were inhumanly driven from possessions that they had long considered their own, in order to make room for Washington Irving. Then there arose a consultation respecting which *two*, out of the fifty or sixty horses, that roamed about the large farm in a half-wild state, should be selected for the high honour of dragging the lumbbersome old carriage and the expected stranger. Old, and brown, and broken harness was looked up, and sent off to a distant country town, "to be blacked, and put in order;" and new equipments for a saddle-horse were also provided. Miss, and Miss E. (two marriageable daughters,) and mamma, all wrote post-haste to a city-acquaintance, praying and beseeching her that she would forthwith procure for them befit- ting and becoming dresses for the approaching grand occasion. The old jingling pianoforte would have been retuned, if anybody in the back woods had known how to manage it; while their whole stock of old tunes was replayed, until the performers laid all the blame upon the instrument for their succeeding no better. Mamma con- sulted and studied her cookery and receipt-book, and wondered if Washington Irving was fond of curds and home-made wines. The two young girls that waited at table were drilled and scolded; their bare feet were occasionally placed in confinement; and on Sun-

days they practised walking in shoes. The good lady, for the first time in her life, wished she had known something more of the History of England, in order that she might have been able to converse about that country with her expected guest, and of all the ladies and gentlemen whom he met at Bracebridge Hall. The young ladies conned incessantly everything that Washington Irving had published, and discovered new beauties in almost every sentence. The elder of the sisters—a pretty, laughing brunette—the younger, a sentimental and delicate blush-rose, thought, and pondered, and would have given worlds to discover the style of beauty the most likely to reach the heart of the literary bachelor. His age was canvassed by them; and they came to the conclusion that he must still be young—comparatively—his writings were so vigorous and lively. In their young hearts they were already determined rivals; but they endeavoured to keep this a secret from each other. Papa's library was ransacked for an old "Red Book," or "Court Calendar;" but, alas! it contained nothing to lead the young folks to become better acquainted with the titles of the English nobility. They had the temerity almost to wish that they had not been the daughters of a plain, republican American; and were sadly afraid that the author of the History of New York might have met with their equals elsewhere. In short, they were delighted with the thoughts of the approaching visit, and yet afraid lest it might not lead to the result they could have wished. In lieu of a Court Calendar they consulted a host of fashionable novels and romances; taking every high-sounding name and title which they found in the context of each as veritably belonging to the British aristocracy. But their knowledge in these matters was not tested, and therefore their ignorance was not doomed to be exposed.

But preparations were not exclusively confined to my neighbour's establishment. I had been invited to meet the lion on his arrival in the back woods; and, humble as my domestic condition was, I felt that it would be expected of me to invite my neighbours and their guest to return the visit. We accordingly amused ourselves with making some slight improvements around our wood-built cottage; and every little performance of this sort we jocularly attributed to the expected honour of a visit from Washington Irving.

Communications passed from time to time between my neighbour and the literary lion; and at length the day was finally fixed for his arrival, and I was invited to meet him "at the first dinner." However, before that day arrived, another letter brought the distressing intelligence that he, Washington Irving, having been travelling, in company with another gentleman in a Dearborn waggon, had had the misfortune to be overset; and, although not dangerously hurt, yet the injuries he had received were of such a nature that they would prevent him from fulfilling his anticipated visit to the back-woods for that season.

Alas! even in the back woods of America, mortals are born to suffer disappointments!

SONG OF THE BAYADERE.

PARIS, 1838.

THEY have borne me far from the distant strand,
 Where my God's bright fanes in the sun-light gleam,
 And the Ganges pours through the happy land
 The clear cool depths of its sacred stream—
 They have borne me here to this cloudy France,
 Where day is as dim as an Eastern night,
 And in cruel mockery bid me dance
 By the lamp's fierce glare in the stranger's sight.

I would I had been like the campack flower
 In the blessed gardens of Indra found,
 That withers and dies in a single hour,
 If its blossom but touches less holy ground !
 When the tinkling ring of my girdle-bells
 Keeps gentlest time to my footsteps' play,
 And the voice of applause around me swells,
 I could weep, and shrink from the crowd away.

For those golden bells were my joy and pride,
 And sweetly they sounded in Indra's shrine
 When dancing as priestess—the idol's bride !
 My homage honour'd the powers divine.
 When I bathed in the Ganges, I smiled to trace
 How bright was the image reflected there,
 And sprang like a flower from the wave's embrace,
 While the hot winds dried my musky hair.

We can sometimes beneath our Eastern skies
 Allure with the juice of the nutmeg tree
 To our cages the birds of paradise.—
 All the treasures of earth have tempted me
 In this stranger-land ! yet, oh ! could I fly
 With my happy wings o'er the troubled main,
 They should bear me far, till our sapphire sky
 And my own dear temple appear'd again.

The shafts in Camdeo's, our love-god's quiver,
 Are tipp'd with the petals of Indian flowers ;
 And I swore by the Ganges, our sacred river,
 Till I home return'd to my native bowers,
 No passion should over my heart have sway,
 No love-strains should trouble my bosom's peace,
 But think how I long for the blissful day
 That shall bid my vow and my exile cease !

M. T. H.

A CHAPTER ON SOME VERY CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

It is gratifying to be able to name those authors whose writings first taught us that "books are a substantial world, both pure and good, round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, our pastime and our happiness may grow:" but the names of some of the greatest, the most dearly cherished, the most deservedly popular, are totally unknown to us; and all the gratitude we can display towards their memories must be summed up in a pleasant recollection of their works, and of the impressions which these left upon our young minds. The names of Blind Harry, Cervantes, De Foe, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, we can easily associate with the productions of their separate minds; but who can tell us of the authors of the *Life and Death of Little Cock Robin*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Jack and the Bean-stalk*, *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Tom Thumb*, *Fortunatus*, *Wise Willie* and *Witty Eppie*, the *Merry Tricks of Leper the Tailor*, *Paddy from Cork*, and a hundred other imperishable productions, the perusal of which in boyhood lent a luxurious charm to that period of existence which we can never know again? What is fame, and what is authorship, when the names of these great benefactors of the human race are, and ever were, unknown?

Ample justice has no doubt been done to these anonymous masters by the voice of common fame: their works are familiar to our minds as household gods: but, strange to say, their unquestionable excellences have never yet been lectured upon in philosophical and literary institutions, and our periodical literature has hitherto left them to stand upon their own merit. There is a deep injustice in all this, which the growing intelligence of the age must speedily dispel.

Of these masters it is not too much to say that they were the fathers of circulating libraries, and of that multitudinous race of authors whose imagination is never obscured by the judgment. The productions of their imitators, however, are not to be compared, in any respect, with the things imitated. True, they both address themselves to our credulity, and our love of the marvellous; but the one attains its object, and something more, while the other falls short of it. There is a greater polish about the one, to the sacrifice of improbability; while there is a greater strength about the other, and a bold fearlessness, that displays true genius unfettered, untrammelled, uncontrolled. In short, we are inclined to claim for these great anonymous authors a high niche in the temple of fame, and we challenge the most rigid investigation of those pretensions which we mean to urge in their favour.

Our authors may be classified as tragic and comic, or pathetic and humorous, and biographical. To the first class belong the authors of *Little Red Riding Hood*, and the *Life and Death of Little Cock Robin*. *Riding Hood* has been the model of an entire school of literature by itself. We may trace some of our most popular novels and successful melodramas to this source. The story is unexceptionable; and the heroine is as perfect a creation of innocence and true charity as Pamela herself. As for the rascal who gobbles her up, it is a well-known fact that he is the bastard son of *Glo'ster*, in *King Lear*; and, although *Steevens* does not acknowledge this in his notes upon *Shakspeare*, he evidently suspects something of the sort. *Cock Robin*, again, has been the foundation of what is now called

the Thurtell and Weare school of literature. It is a tale of wilful, cold-blooded murder. The principal actor in this awful tragedy, with a truth to nature which could scarcely have been expected of him, boasts of his crime, and even mentions the weapons with which he accomplished his diabolical purpose, in language that conveys to the ear of the hearer a perfect picture of the innate depravity of the murderer's heart:—

“ ‘ Who killed Cock Robin?’

‘ I,’ says the Sparrow, ‘ with my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin.’ ”

We have nothing equal to this in the *Newgate Calendar*.

Cock Robin, indeed, is deeply calculated to rivet the attention, and to raise in the human mind a detestation of sanguinary and gratuitous crime. The whole affair, as Lord Brougham ably and justly remarks, “smells of blood.” Every circumstance connected with the murder is powerfully brought forward. The fly, with her little eye, saw Cock Robin die; the fish, with her little dish, caught Cock Robin's blood; the bull, who could pull, rung his passing bell; and he was carried to his grave amid weeping, and lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Such, indeed, has been the effect of this powerful production on the popular mind, that the sparrow has for centuries been regarded as another Cain: and, before we question the injustice of this, let us take into consideration the fact that Cock Robin was one of the most amiable and praiseworthy characters that we know of in history. He it was who “happed the bonnie babes wi' leaves frae head to feet;” and that is a circumstance that can never be erased from our most tender recollections.

Of the tragic or pathetic in our anonymous masters we are inclined to speak in terms of the highest praise. In them there is no overstraining for effect, no superfluous and merely wordy matter; nothing is introduced but what is absolutely necessary to be known. In them, too, there is a generous disdain of the probabilities, which makes them outstrip the romances of faëry land. Whatever is proper to be known they make us acquainted with; whatever ought to be observed, or kept in the background, gets no patronage from them. As artists, and as great artists, their delineations belong to the highest rank of art. There is no mistaking them. They work with a bold, broad pencil; and the effect produced is graphic and great. We see the fish with her little dish, and the fly with his little eye, and the bull with his mighty pull, staring vividly from the canvass, as if there were no other objects in nature. This is the true triumph of art.

We have been led insensibly to speak of the pictorial art, and this reminds us that these authors have filled the world with pictures. To them, unquestionably, we are indebted for that noble assemblage of portraits, the *Crooked Family*, better, and more endeared to our imaginations and our memories than any royal family in the world. They also brought under the burin Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy, and their whole progeny—worthy of their progenitors. *Riding Hood* is a stereotyped portrait in every modern exhibition, and Edwin Landseer thinks of immortalizing *Little Cock Robin* in the very next season.

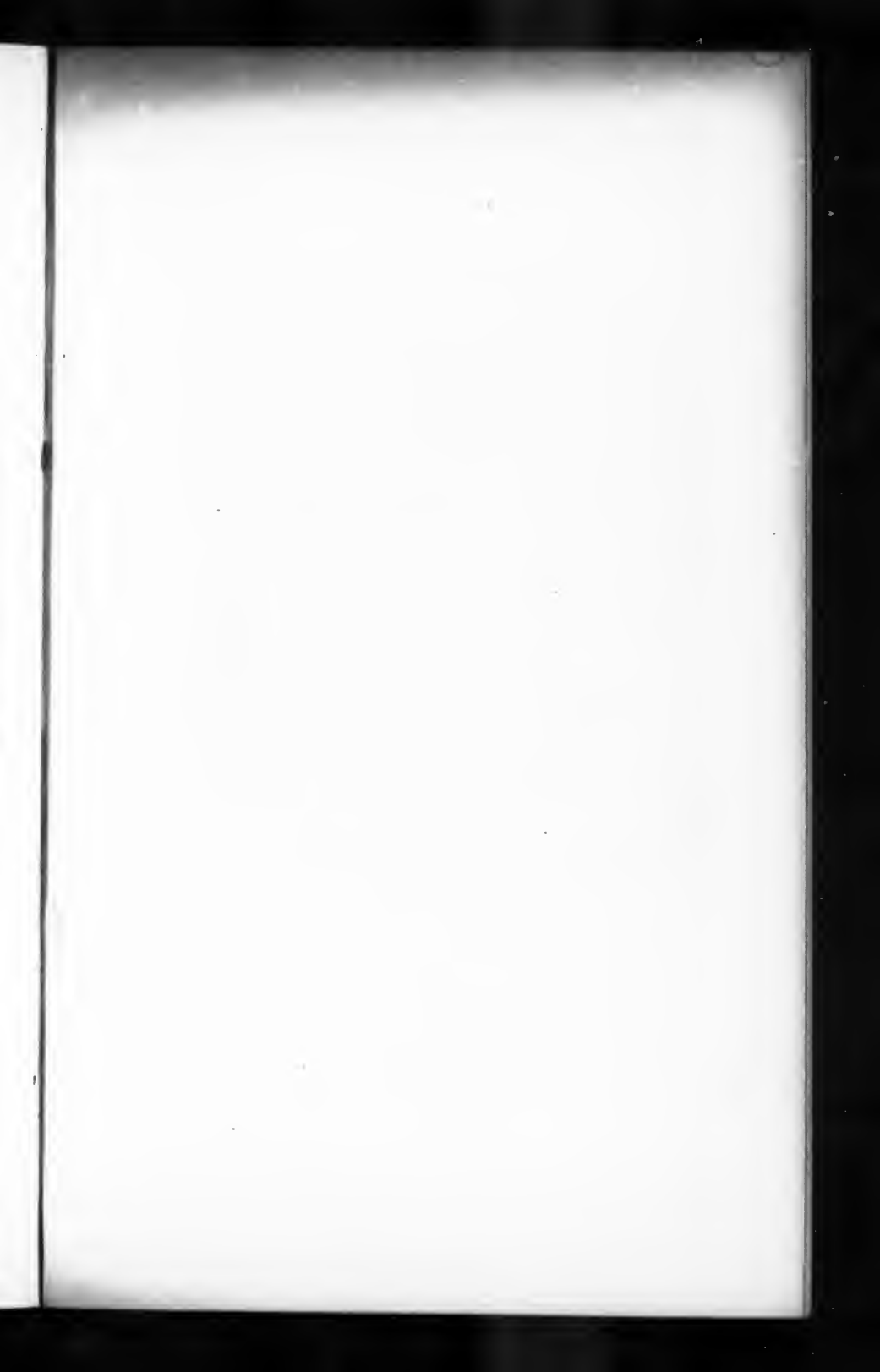
But genius does not always exhibit itself in gigantic efforts: Shakspeare enjoyed himself in a tavern, and Milton on a swing. So our authors condescended occasionally to be less than men—only that they might be more than men. The author of *Jack the Giant Killer* is supposed to have been a member of the *Anti-Duellist So-*

ciety; and the author of the *Merry Tricks of Leper the Tailor* amused his leisure hours by ringing a hand-bell, and announcing sales and losses at the cross of Glasgow. It is idle and useless to lament over the vagaries of genius, for, however absurd these may seem to the fastidious or the profane vulgar, they are only indices that the beings who practise them belong to our common humanity.

One feature that distinguishes these authors from all others is their creative power, as exhibited in their separate works. It was only necessary for them to conceive, to create and execute. Their imaginations were fertile even to pruriency. The finest example we have of this, perhaps, is *Jack and the Bean-stalk*. The hero plants his bean in the luxurious soil, and in a single night it grows up until it penetrates the clouds; and, as if this were not sufficient, it penetrates that precise spot of vapour in which is the commencement of a turnpike road leading to a goodly castle,—which, we presume, was one of those beautiful castles in the air which are sometimes sneeringly spoken of by the unbelieving and the incredulous. This piece is indeed a great effort of human genius, although it “seems like lies disdained in the reporting.” The author never pauses or hesitates in his romantic tale. His hero whisks in and out of a keyhole, and performs the most marvellous actions in the same spirit of breathless rapidity exhibited by the bean itself in its growth. This same spirit is amply displayed in the works of all these unknown masters. The classic reader will recal many instances for himself; but we may barely mention the seven league boots; the wishing-cap and purse of the thrice fortunate *Fortunatus*; and the coat of darkness, the shoes of swiftness, and the sword of sharpness of the valiant *Jack the Giant-Killer*.

We have hitherto spoken of these authors and of their works with that respect which has been inspired by a careful and critical consideration of their real merits; but we would be wanting in common gratitude could we close the subject without expressing somewhat of the pleasure we have enjoyed from the bare recollection of that period of our existence which was sweetened by the anxious perusal of such things. Well do we remember the time when we first got acquainted with *Cinderella* and her little glass-slippers; and we can yet fancy the dropping pearls from the lips of that young lady who, in graciously dispensing water to a disguised fairy at a well, was endowed with this miraculous and not unpleasing power, while her ill-natured sister was rewarded with a perpetual gush of toads and serpents. *Bluebeard* comes also across our imagination, and the fatal chamber we see in all its horrors. We still listen to that distressing and oft-repeated question, “*Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see anybody coming?*” we know its tone, and can recognize it above the rustling of the winds. *Aladdin*, with his wonderful lamp, carries us to the rich and gorgeous east; and that serves to recal to us the treasures contained in the *Arabian Nights’ Entertainments*.

The books of boyhood are the best dreams of life: they realize to our young imaginations all the happiness that *Don Quixote* ever enjoyed from his dream of knight-errantry,—from which it was a cruelty to attempt ever to awaken him. We have learned few better things since, for they made us walk as if in a world of bright imaginings, peopled with everything that could excite the mind to entertain high and romantic and generous and noble thoughts; they were the prompters to fine feelings, and to gallant deeds of daring.





Wm. B. Woodbury del.

The

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF OLIVER'S, EXHIBITING DECIDED MARKS OF GENIUS,
BECOMES A PUBLIC CHARACTER IN THE METROPOLIS.

UPON the very same night when Nancy, having lulled Mr. Sikes to sleep, hurried on her self-imposed mission to Rose Maylie, there advanced towards London by the Great North Road two persons, upon whom it is expedient that this history should bestow some attention.

They were a man and woman, or perhaps they would be better described as a male and female; for the former was one of those long-limbed, knock-kneed, shambling, bony figures, to whom it is difficult to assign any precise age,—looking as they do, when they are yet boys, like under-grown men, and when they are almost men, like overgrown boys. The woman was young, but of a robust and hardy make, as she need have been to bear the weight of the heavy bundle which was strapped to her back. Her companion was not encumbered with much luggage, as there merely dangled from a stick which he carried over his shoulder a small parcel wrapped in a common handkerchief, and apparently light enough. This circumstance, added to the length of his legs, which were of unusual extent, enabled him with much ease to keep some half dozen paces in advance of his companion, to whom he occasionally turned with an impatient jerk of the head, as if reproaching her tardiness, and urging her to greater exertion.

Thus they toiled along the dusty road, taking little heed of any object within sight, save when they stepped aside to allow a wider passage for the mail-coaches which were whirling out of town, until they passed through Highgate archway, when the foremost traveller stopped and called impatiently to his companion,

“Come on, can't yer?—What a lazybones yer are, Charlotte!”

“It's a heavy load, I can tell you,” said the female, coming up, almost breathless with fatigue.

“Heavy! What are yer talking about?—what are yer made for?” rejoined the male traveller, changing his own little bundle as he spoke to the other shoulder. “Oh! there yer are, resting again! Well, if you ain't enough to tire anybody's patience out, I don't know what is.”

“Is it much farther?” asked the woman, resting herself on a

bank, and looking up with the perspiration streaming from her face.

"Much farther!—Yer as good as there," said the long-legged trumper, pointing out before him. "Look there—those are the lights of London."

"They're a good two mile off at least," said the woman despondingly.

"Never mind whether they're two mile off or twenty," said Noah Claypole, for he it was; "but get up and come on, or I'll kick yer; and so I give yer notice."

As Noah's red nose grew redder with anger, and as he crossed the road while speaking, as if fully prepared to put his threat into execution, the woman rose without any farther remark, and trudged onwards by his side.

"Where do you mean to stop for the night, Noah?" she asked, after they had walked a few hundred yards.

"How should I know?" replied Noah, whose temper had been considerably impaired by walking.

"Near, I hope," said Charlotte.

"No, not near," replied Mr. Claypole; "there—not near; so don't think it."

"Why not?"

"When I tell yer that I don't mean to do a thing, that's enough, without any why, or because either," replied Mr. Claypole with dignity.

"Well, you needn't be so cross," said his companion.

"A pretty thing it would be, wouldn't it, to go and stop at the very first public house outside the town, so that Sowerberry, if he come up after us, might poke in his old nose, and have us taken back in a cart with handcuffs on," said Mr. Claypole in a jeering tone. "No. I shall go and lose myself among the narrowest streets I can find, and not stop till we come to the very out-of-the-wayest house I can set eyes on. 'Cod, you may thank your stars I've got a head on; for if we hadn't gone at first the wrong road on purpose, and come back across country, you'd have been locked up hard and fast a week ago, my lady, and serve you right for being a fool."

"I know I an't as cunning as you are," replied Charlotte; "but don't put all the blame on me, and say *I* should have been locked up. You would have been if I had been, any way."

"Yer took the money from the till, yer know yer did," said Mr. Claypole.

"I took it for you, Noah, dear," rejoined Charlotte.

"Did I keep it?" asked Mr. Claypole.

"No; you trusted in me, and let me carry it like a dear, and so you are," said the lady, chucking him under the chin, and drawing her arm through his.

This was indeed the case; but, as it was not Mr. Claypole's

habit to repose a blind and foolish confidence in anybody, it should be observed, in justice to that gentleman, that he had trusted Charlotte to this extent, in order that, if they were pursued, the money might be found on her, which would leave him an opportunity of asserting his utter innocence of any theft, and greatly facilitate his chances of escape. Of course, he entered at this juncture into no explanation of his motives, and they walked on very lovingly together.

In pursuance of his cautious plan, Mr. Claypole went on without halting until he arrived at the Angel at Islington, where he wisely judged, from the crowd of passengers and number of vehicles, that London began in earnest. Just pausing to observe which appeared the most crowded streets, and consequently the most to be avoided, he crossed into Saint John's Road, and was soon deep in the obscurity of the intricate and dirty ways which, lying between Gray's Inn Lane and Smithfield, render that part of the town one of the lowest and worst that improvement has left in the midst of London.

Through these streets Noah Claypole walked, dragging Charlotte after him, now stepping into the kennel to embrace at a glance the whole external character of some small public house, and now jogging on again as some fancied appearance induced him to believe it too public for his purpose. At length he stopped in front of one more humble in appearance and more dirty than any he had yet seen; and having crossed over and surveyed it from the opposite pavement, graciously announced his intention of putting up there for the night.

"So give us the bundle," said Noah, unstrapping it from the woman's shoulders, and slinging it over his own; "and don't yer speak except when yer spoken to. What's the name of the house—t-h-r—three what?"

"Cripples," said Charlotte.

"Three Cripples," repeated Noah, "and a very good sign too. Now, then, keep close at my heels, and come along." With these injunctions, he pushed the rattling door with his shoulder, and entered the house, followed by his companion.

There was nobody in the bar but a young Jew, who, with his two elbows on the counter, was reading a dirty newspaper. He stared very hard at Noah, and Noah stared very hard at him.

If Noah had been attired in his charity-boy's dress, there might have been some reason for the Jew's opening his eyes so wide; but as he had discarded the coat and badge, and wore a short smock-frock over his leathers, there seemed no particular reason for his appearance exciting so much attention in a public house.

"Is this the Three Cripples?" asked Noah.

"That is the dabe of this house," replied the Jew.

"A gentleman we met on the road coming up from the country recommended us here," said Noah, nudging Charlotte, per-

haps to call her attention to this most ingenious device for attracting respect, and perhaps to warn her to betray no surprise. "We want to sleep here to-night."

"I'b dot certaid you cad," said Barney, who was the attendant sprite; "but I'll idquire."

"Show us the tap, and give us a bit of cold meat and a drop of beer, will yer inquiring, will yer?" said Noah.

Barney complied by ushering them into a small back-room, and setting the required viands before them; having done which, he informed the travellers that they could be lodged that night, and left the amiable couple to their refreshment.

Now, this back-room was immediately behind the bar, and some steps lower, so that any person connected with the house, undrawing a small curtain which concealed a single pane of glass fixed in the wall of the last-named apartment, about five feet from its flooring, could not only look down upon any guests in the back-room without any great hazard of being observed, (the glass being in a dark angle of the wall, between which and a large upright beam the observer had to thrust himself,) but could, by applying his ear to the partition, ascertain with tolerable distinctness, their subject of conversation. The landlord of the house had not withdrawn his eye from this place of espial for five minutes, and Barney had only just returned from making the communication above related, when Fagin, in the course of his evening's business, came into the bar to inquire after some of his young pupils.

"Hush!" said Barney: "stradegers id the next roob."

"Strangers!" repeated the old man in a whisper.

"Ah! ad rub uds too," added Barney. "Frob the cuttry, but subthig in your way, or I'b bistaked."

Fagin appeared to receive this communication with great interest, and, mounting on a stool, cautiously applied his eye to the pane of glass, from which secret post he could see Mr. Claypole taking cold beef from the dish, and porter from the pot, and administering homœopathic doses of both to Charlotte, who sat patiently by, eating and drinking at his pleasure.

"Aha!" whispered the Jew, looking round to Barney, "I like this fellow's looks. He'd be of use to us; he knows how to train the girl already. Don't make as much noise as a mouse, my dear, and let me hear 'em talk—let me hear 'em."

The Jew again applied his eye to the glass, and turning his ear to the partition, listened attentively, with a subtle and eager look upon his face that might have appertained to some old goblin.

"So I mean to be a gentleman," said Mr. Claypole, kicking out his legs, and continuing a conversation, the commencement of which Fagin had arrived too late to hear. "No more jolly old coffins, Charlotte, but a gentleman's life for me; and, if yer like, yer shall be a lady."

"I should like that well enough, dear," replied Charlotte; "but tills an't to be emptied every day, and people to get clear off after it."

"Tills be blowed!" said Mr. Claypole; "there 's more things besides tills to be emptied."

"What do you mean?" asked his companion.

"Pockets, women's ridicules, houses, mail-coaches, banks," said Mr. Claypole, rising with the porter.

"But you can't do all that, dear," said Charlotte.

"I shall look out to get into company with them as can," replied Noah. "They 'll be able to make us useful some way or another. Why, you yourself are worth fifty women; I never see such a precious sly and deceitful creetur as yer can be when I let yer."

"Lor, how nice it is to hear you say so," exclaimed Charlotte, imprinting a kiss upon his ugly face.

"There, that 'll do; don't yer be too affectionate, in case I'm cross with yer," said Noah, disengaging himself with great gravity. "I should like to be the captain of some band, and have the whopping of 'em, and follering 'em about, unbeknown to themselves. That would suit me, if there was good profit; and if we could only get in with some gentlemen of this sort, I say it would be cheap at that twenty-pound note you 've got,—especially as we don't very well know how to get rid of it ourselves."

After expressing this opinion, Mr. Claypole looked into the porter pot with an aspect of deep wisdom, and having well shaken its contents, nodded condescendingly to Charlotte, and took a draught, wherewith he appeared greatly refreshed. He was meditating another, when the sudden opening of the door and appearance of a stranger interrupted him.

The stranger was Mr. Fagin, and very amiable he looked, and a very low bow he made as he advanced, and, sitting himself down at the nearest table, ordered something to drink of the grinning Barney.

"A pleasant night, sir, but cool for the time of year," said Fagin, rubbing his hands. "From the country, I see, sir?"

"How do yer see that?" asked Noah Claypole.

"We have not so much dust as that in London," replied the Jew, pointing from Noah's shoes to those of his companion, and from them to the two bundles.

"Yer a sharp feller," said Noah. "Ha! ha!—only hear that, Charlotte!"

"Why, one need be sharp in this town, my dear," replied the Jew, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "and that's the truth."

The Jew followed up this remark by striking the side of his nose with his right fore-finger,—a gesture which Noah attempted to imitate, though not with complete success, in conse-

quence of his own nose not being large enough for the purpose. However, Mr. Fagin seemed to interpret the endeavour as expressing a perfect coincidence with his opinion, and put about the liquor which Barney re-appeared with, in a very friendly manner.

“Good stuff that,” observed Mr. Claypole, smacking his lips.

“Dear,” said Fagin. “A man need be always emptying a till, or a pocket, or a woman’s reticule, or a house, or a mail-coach, or a bank, if he drinks it regularly.”

Mr. Claypole no sooner heard this extract from his own remarks than he fell back in his chair, and looked from the Jew to Charlotte with a countenance of ashy paleness and excessive terror.

“Don’t mind me, my dear,” said Fagin, drawing his chair closer. “Ha! ha!—it was lucky it was only me that heard you by chance. It was very lucky it was only me.”

“I didn’t take it,” stammered Noah, no longer stretching out his legs like an independent gentleman, but coiling them up as well as he could under his chair; “it was all her doing; yer’ve got it now, Charlotte, yer know yer have.”

“No matter who’s got it, or who did it, my dear!” replied Fagin, glancing, nevertheless, with a hawk’s eye at the girl and the two bundles. “I’m in that way myself, and I like you for it.”

“In what way?” asked Mr. Claypole, a little recovering.

“In that way of business,” rejoined Fagin, “and so are the people of this house. You’ve hit the right nail upon the head, and are as safe here as you could be. There is not a safer place in all this town than is the Cripples; that is, when I like to make it so, and I’ve taken a fancy to you and the young woman; so I’ve said the word, and you may make your minds easy.”

Noah Claypole’s mind might have been at ease after this assurance, but his body certainly was not, for he shuffled and writhed about into various uncouth positions, eyeing his new friend meanwhile with mingled fear and suspicion.

“I’ll tell you more,” said the Jew, after he had re-assured the girl, by dint of friendly nods and muttered encouragements. “I have got a friend that I think can gratify your darling wish and put you in the right way, where you can take whatever department of the business you think will suit you best at first, and be taught all the others.”

“Yer speak as if yer were in earnest,” replied Noah.

“What advantage would it be to me to be anything else?” inquired the Jew, shrugging his shoulders. “Here. Let me have a word with you outside.”

“There’s no occasion to trouble ourselves to move,” said Noah, getting his legs by gradual degrees abroad again. “She’ll take the luggage up stairs the while. Char-lotte, see to them bundles.”

This mandate, which had been delivered with great majesty, was obeyed without the slightest demur; and Charlotte made the best of her way off with the packages, while Noah held the door open, and watched her out.

"She's kept tolerably well under, ain't she, sir?" he asked, as he resumed his seat, in the tone of a keeper who has tamed some wild animal.

"Quite perfect," rejoined Fagin, clapping him on the shoulder. "You're a genius, my dear."

"Why, I suppose if I wasn't, I shouldn't be here," replied Noah. "But, I say, she'll be back if yer lose time."

"Now, what do you think?" said the Jew. "If you was to like my friend, could you do better than join him?"

"Is he in a good way of business, that's where it is?" responded Noah, winking one of his little eyes.

"The top of the tree," said the Jew, "employs a power of hands, and has the very best society in the profession."

"Regular town-maders?" asked Mr. Claypole.

"Not a countryman among 'em; and I don't think he'd take you even on my recommendation if he didn't run rather short of assistants just now," replied the Jew.

"Should I have to hand over?" said Noah, slapping his breeches' pocket.

"It couldn't possibly be done without," replied Fagin, in a most decided manner.

"Twenty pound, though,—it's a lot of money!"

"Not when it's in a note you can't get rid of," retorted Fagin. "Number and date taken, I suppose; payment stopped at the Bank? Ah! It's not worth much to him; it'll have to go abroad, and he couldn't sell it for a great deal in the market."

"When could I see him?" asked Noah doubtfully.

"To-morrow morning," replied the Jew.

"Where?"

"Here."

"Um!" said Noah. "What's the wages?"

"Live like a gentleman,—board and lodging, pipes and spirits free,—half of all you earn, and half of all the young woman earns," replied Mr. Fagin.

Whether Noah Claypole, whose rapacity was none of the least comprehensive, would have acceded even to these glowing terms, had he been a perfectly free agent, is very doubtful; but as he recollected that, in the event of his refusal, it was in the power of his new acquaintance to give him up to justice immediately, (and more unlikely things had come to pass,) he gradually relented, and said he thought that would suit him.

"But, yer see," observed Noah, "as she will be able to do a good deal, I should like to take something very light."

"A little fancy-work?" suggested Fagin.

"Ah! something of that sort," replied Noah. "What do you think would suit me now? Something not too trying for the strength, and not very dangerous, you know;—that 's the sort of thing!"

"I heard you talk of something in the spy way upon the others, my dear?" said the Jew. "My friend wants somebody who would do that well very much."

"Why, I did mention that, and I shouldn't mind turning my hand to it sometimes," rejoined Mr. Claypole slowly; "but it wouldn't pay by itself, you know."

"That 's true!" observed the Jew, ruminating, or pretending to ruminate. "No, it might not."

"What do you think, then?" asked Noah, anxiously regarding him. "Something in the sneaking-way, where it was pretty sure work, and not much more risk than being at home."

"What do you think of the old ladies?" asked the Jew. "There 's a good deal of money made in snatching their bags and parcels, and running round the corner."

"Don't they holler out a good deal, and scratch sometimes?" asked Noah, shaking his head. "I don't think that would answer my purpose. Ain't there any other line open?"

"Stop," said the Jew, laying his hand on Noah's knee. "The kinchin lay."

"What 's that?" demanded Mr. Claypole.

"The kinchins, my dear," said the Jew, "is the young children that 's sent on errands by their mothers, with sixpences and shillings, and the lay is just to take their money away—they 've always got it ready in their hands,—and then knock 'em into the kennel, and walk off very slow, as if there was nothing else the matter but a child fallen down and hurt itself. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" roared Mr. Claypole, kicking up his legs in an ecstacy. "Lord, that 's the very thing!"

"To be sure it is," replied Fagin; "and you can have a few good beats chalked out in Camden-Town, and Battle-Bridge, and neighbourhoods like that, where they 're always going errands, and upset as many kinchins as you want, any hour in the day. Ha! ha! ha!" With this, Fagin poked Mr. Claypole in the side, and they joined in a burst of laughter both long and loud.

"Well, that 's all right!" said Noah when he had recovered himself, and Charlotte had returned. "What time to-morrow shall we say?"

"Will ten do?" asked the Jew, adding, as Mr. Claypole nodded assent, "What name shall I tell my good friend?"

"Mr. Bolter," replied Noah, who had prepared himself for such an emergency. "Mr. Morris Bolter. This is Mrs. Bolter."

"Mrs. Bolter's humble servant," said Fagin, bowing with

grotesque politeness. "I hope I shall know her better very shortly."

"Do you hear the gentleman, Char-lotte?" thundered Mr. Claypole.

"Yes, Noah, dear," replied Mrs. Bolter, extending her hand.

"She calls me Noah, as a sort of fond way of talking," said Mr. Morris Bolter, late Claypole, turning to the Jew. "You understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand,—perfectly," replied Fagin, telling the truth for once. "Good night! Good night!"

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

WHEREIN IS SHOWN HOW THE ARTFUL DODGER GOT INTO TROUBLE.

"AND so it was you that was your own friend, was it?" asked Mr. Claypole, otherwise Bolter, when, by virtue of the compact entered into between them, he had removed next day to the Jew's house. "'Cod, I thought as much last night!"

"Every man's his own friend," replied Fagin. "Some conjurers say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven. It's neither, my friend, neither. It's number one."

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Bolter. "Number one for ever!"

"In a little community like ours," said the Jew, who felt it necessary to qualify this position, "we have a general number one; that is, you can't consider yourself as number one without considering me too as the same, and all the other young people."

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Bolter.

"You see," pursued the Jew, affecting to disregard this interruption, "we are so mixed up together, and identified in our interests, that it must be so. For instance, it's your object to take care of number one—meaning yourself."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bolter. "Yer about right there."

"Well, you can't take care of yourself, number one, without taking care of me, number one."

"Number two, you mean," said Mr. Bolter, who was largely endowed with the quality of selfishness.

"No, I don't!" retorted the Jew. "I'm of the same importance to you as you are to yourself."

"I say," interrupted Mr. Bolter, "yer a very nice man, and I'm very fond of yer; but we ain't quite so thick together as all that comes to."

"Only think," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, and stretching out his hands, "only consider. You've done what's a very pretty thing, and what I love you for doing; but what at the same time would put the cravat round your throat that's so very easily tied, and so very difficult to unloosen,—in plain English, the halter!"

Mr. Bolter put his hand to his neckerchief, as if he felt it

inconveniently tight, and murmured an assent, qualified in tone, but not in substance.

"The gallows," continued Fagin, "the gallows, my dear, is an ugly finger-post, which points out a very short and sharp turning that has stopped many a bold fellow's career on the broad highway. To keep in the easy road, and keep it at a distance, is object number one with you."

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Bolter. "What do yer talk about such things for?"

"Only to show you my meaning clearly," said the Jew, raising his eyebrows. "To be able to do that, you depend upon me; to keep my little business all snug, I depend upon you. The first is your number one, the second my number one. The more you value your number one, the more careful you must be of mine; so we come at last to what I told you at first—that a regard for number one holds us all together, and must do so unless we would all go to pieces in company."

"That 's true," rejoined Mr. Bolter thoughtfully. "Oh! yer a cunning old codger!"

Mr. Fagin saw with delight that this tribute to his powers was no mere compliment, but that he had really impressed his recruit with a sense of his wily genius, which it was most important that he should entertain in the outset of their acquaintance. To strengthen an impression so desirable and useful, he followed up the blow by acquainting him in some detail with the magnitude and extent of his operations; blending truth and fiction together as best served his purpose, and bringing both to bear with so much art that Mr. Bolter's respect visibly increased, and became tempered, at the same time, with a degree of wholesome fear, which it was highly desirable to awaken.

"It's this mutual trust we have in each other that consoles me under heavy losses," said the Jew. "My best hand was taken from me yesterday morning."

"What, I suppose he was——"

"Wanted," interposed the Jew. "Yes, he was wanted."

"Very particular?" inquired Mr. Bolter.

"No," replied the Jew, "not very. He was charged with attempting to pick a pocket, and they found a silver snuff-box on him,—his own, my dear, his own, for he took snuff himself, and was very fond of it. They remanded him till to-day, for they thought they knew the owner. Ah! he was worth fifty boxes, and I'd give the price of as many to have him back. You should have known the Dodger, my dear; you should have known the Dodger."

"Well, but I shall know him I hope; don't yer think so?" said Mr. Bolter.

"I'm doubtful about it," replied the Jew, with a sigh. "If they don't get any fresh evidence it'll only be a summary conviction, and we shall have him back again after six weeks or so;

but, if they do, it's a case of lagging. They know what a clever lad he is; he'll be a lifer: they'll make the Artful nothing less than a lifer."

"What do yer mean by lagging and a lifer?" demanded Mr. Bolter. "What's the good of talking in that way to me; why don't yer speak so as I can understand yer?"

Fagin was about to translate these mysterious expressions into the vulgar tongue, and, being interpreted, Mr. Bolter would have been informed that they represented that combination of words, "transportation for life," when the dialogue was cut short by the entry of Master Bates with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and his face twisted into a look of semi-comical woe.

"It's all up, Fagin," said Charley, when he and his new companion had been made known to each other.

"What do you mean?" asked the Jew with trembling lips.

"They've found the gentleman as owns the box; two or three more's a coming to identify him, and the Artful's booked for a passage out," replied Master Bates. "I must have a full suit of mourning, Fagin, and a hatband, to visit him in, afore he sets out upon his travels. To think of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Dodger—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common twopenny-halfpenny sneeze-box! I never thought he'd ha' done it under a gold watch, chain, and seals, at the lowest. Oh! why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his walables, and go out as a gentleman, and not like a common prig, without no honour nor glory!"

With this expression of feeling for his unfortunate friend, Master Bates sat himself on the nearest chair with an aspect of chagrin and despondency.

"What do you talk about his having neither honour nor glory for!" exclaimed Fagin, darting an angry look at his pupil. "Wasn't he always top-sawyer among you all?—is there one of you that could touch him, or come near him, on any scent—eh?"

"Not one," replied Master Bates, in a voice rendered husky by regret,—“not one.”

"Then what do you talk of?" replied the Jew angrily; "what are you blubbering for?"

"Cause it isn't on the rec-ord, is it?" said Charley, chafed into perfect defiance of his venerable friend by the current of his regrets; "'cause it can't come out in the indictment; 'cause nobody will never know half of what he was. How will he stand in the Newgate Calendar? P'raps not be there at all. Oh, my eye, my eye, wot a blow it is!"

"Ha! ha!" cried the Jew, extending his right hand, and turning to Mr. Bolter in a fit of chuckling which shook him as though he had the palsy; "see what a pride they take in their profession, my dear. Isn't it beautiful?"

Mr. Bolter nodded assent; and the Jew, after contemplating

the grief of Charley Bates for some seconds with evident satisfaction, stepped up to that young gentleman, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Never mind, Charley," said Fagin soothingly; "it'll come out, it'll be sure to come out. They'll all know what a clever fellow he was; he'll show it himself, and not disgrace his old pals and teachers. Think how young he is too! What a distinction, Charley, to be lagged at his time of life!"

"Well, it is a honour,—that is!" said Charley, a little consoled.

"He shall have all he wants," continued the Jew. "He shall be kept in the Stone Jug, Charley, like a gentleman—like a gentleman, with his beer every day, and money in his pocket to pitch and toss with, if he can't spend it."

"No, shall he though?" cried Charley Bates.

"Ay, that he shall," replied the Jew, "and we'll have a big-wig, Charley,—one that's got the greatest gift of the gab,—to carry on his defence, and he shall make a speech for himself too, if he likes, and we'll read it all in the papers—'Artful Dodger—shrieks of laughter—here the court was convulsed'—eh, Charley, eh?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Master Bates, "what a lark that would be, wouldn't it, Fagin? I say, how the Artful would bother 'em, wouldn't he?"

"Would!" cried the Jew. "He shall—he will!"

"Ah, to be sure, so he will," repeated Charley, rubbing his hands.

"I think I see him now," cried the Jew, bending his eyes upon his pupil.

"So do I," cried Charley Bates—"ha! ha! ha!—so do I. I see it all afore me—upon my soul I do, Fagin. What a game! what a regular game! All the big-wigs trying to look solemn, and Jack Dawkins addressing of 'em as intimate and comfortable as if he was the judge's own son, making a speech arter dinner—ha! ha! ha!"

In fact, the Jew had so well humoured his young friend's eccentric disposition, that Master Bates, who had at first been disposed to consider the imprisoned Dodger rather in the light of a victim, now looked upon him as the chief actor in a scene of most uncommon and exquisite humour, and felt quite impatient for the arrival of the time when his old companion should have so favourable an opportunity of displaying his abilities.

"We must know how he gets on to-day by some handy means or other," said Fagin. "Let me think."

"Shall I go?" asked Charley.

"Not for the world," replied the Jew.

"That wouldn't quite fit," replied Fagin, shaking his head.

"Then why don't you send this new cove?" asked Master Bates, laying his hand on Noah's arm; "nobody knows him."

"Why, if he didn't mind," observed the Jew.

"Mind!" interposed Charley. "What should *he* have to mind?"

"Really nothing, my dear," said Fagin, turning to Mr. Bolter, "really nothing."

"Oh, I dare say about that, yer know," observed Noah, backing towards the door, and shaking his head with a kind of sober alarm. "No, no—none of that. It's not in my department, that isn't."

"Wot department has he got, Fagin?" inquired Master Bates, surveying Noah's lanky form with much disgust. "The cutting away when there's anything wrong, and the eating all the wittles when there's everything right; is that his branch?"

"Never mind," retorted Mr. Bolter; "and don't yer take liberties with yer superiors, little boy, or yer'll find yerself in the wrong shop."

Master Bates laughed so vehemently at this magnificent threat, that it was some time before Fagin could interpose and represent to Mr. Bolter that he incurred no possible danger in visiting the police-office; that, inasmuch as no account of the little affair in which he had been engaged, nor any description of his person, had yet been forwarded to the metropolis, it was very probable that he was not even suspected of having resorted to it for shelter; and that, if he were properly disguised, it would be as safe a spot for him to visit as any in London, inasmuch as it would be of all places the very last to which he could be supposed likely to resort of his own free will.

Persuaded, in part, by these representations, but overborne in a much greater degree by his fear of the Jew, Mr. Bolter at length consented, with a very bad grace, to undertake the expedition. By Fagin's directions he immediately substituted for his own attire a waggoner's frock, velveteen breeches, and leather leggings, all of which articles the Jew had at hand. He was likewise furnished with a felt hat, well garnished with turnpike tickets, and a carter's whip. Thus equipped, he was to saunter into the office as some country fellow from Covent Garden market might be supposed to do for the gratification of his curiosity; and as he was as awkward, ungainly, and raw-boned a fellow as need be, Mr. Fagin had no fear but that he would look the part to perfection.

These arrangements completed, he was informed of the necessary signs and tokens by which to recognise the artful Dodger, and conveyed by Master Bates through dark and winding ways to within a very short distance of Bow-street. Having described the precise situation of the office, and accompanied it with copious directions how he was to walk straight up the passage, and, when he got into the yard, take the door up the steps on the right-hand side, and pull off his hat as he went into the room, Charley Bates bade him hurry

on alone, and promised to bide his return on the spot of their parting.

Noah Claypole, or Morris Bolter, as the reader pleases, punctually followed the directions he had received, which—Master Bates being pretty well acquainted with the locality—were so exact that he was enabled to gain the magisterial presence without asking any question, or meeting with any interruption by the way. He found himself jostled among a crowd of people, chiefly women, who were huddled together in a dirty, frowsy room, at the upper end of which was a raised platform railed off from the rest, with a dock for the prisoners on the left hand against the wall, a box for the witnesses in the middle, and a desk for the magistrates on the right; the awful locality last-named being screened off by a partition which concealed the bench from the common gaze, and left the vulgar to imagine (if they could) the full majesty of justice.

There were only a couple of women in the dock, who were nodding to their admiring friends, while the clerk read some depositions to a couple of policemen and a man in plain clothes who leant over the table. A jailer stood reclining against the dock-rail, tapping his nose listlessly with a large key, except when he repressed an undue tendency to conversation among the idlers, by proclaiming silence, or looked sternly up to bid some woman "Take that baby out," when the gravity of justice was disturbed by feeble cries, half-smothered in the mother's shawl, from some meagre infant. The room smelt close and unwholesome; the walls were dirt-discoloured, and the ceiling blackened. There was an old smoky bust over the mantel-shelf, and a dusty clock above the dock—the only thing present that seemed to go on as it ought; for depravity, or poverty, or an habitual acquaintance with both, had left a taint on all the animate matter, hardly less unpleasant than the thick greasy scum on every inanimate object that frowned upon it.

Noah looked eagerly about him for the Dodger, but although there were several women who would have done very well for that distinguished character's mother or sister, and more than one man who might be supposed to bear a strong resemblance to his father, nobody at all answering the description given him of Mr. Dawkins was to be seen. He waited in a state of much suspense and uncertainty until the women, being committed for trial, went flaunting out, and then was quickly relieved by the appearance of another prisoner, whom he felt at once could be no other than the object of his visit.

It was indeed Mr. Dawkins, who, shuffling into the office with the big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket and his hat in his right, preceded the jailer with a rolling gait altogether indescribable, and taking his place in the dock requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that 'ere disgraceful situation for.

“Hold your tongue, will you?” said the jailer.

“I ’m an Englishman, an’t I?” rejoined the Dodger. “Where are my privileges?”

“You’ll get your privileges soon enough,” retorted the jailer, “and pepper with ’em.”

“We’ll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don’t,” replied Mr. Dawkins. “Now then, wot is this here business?—I shall thank the magistrates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper, for I’ve got an appointment with a gentleman in the city, and as I ’m a man of my word, and very punctual in business matters, he’ll go away if I ain’t there to my time, and then pr’aps there won’t be an action for damage against them as kept me away. Oh no, certainly not!”

At this point, the Dodger, with a show of being very particular with a view to proceedings to be had thereafter, desired the jailer to communicate “the names of them two old files as was on the bench,” which so tickled the spectators that they laughed almost as heartily as Master Bates could have done if he had heard the request.

“Silence there!” cried the jailer.

“What is this?” inquired one of the magistrates.

“A pick-pocketing case, your worship.”

“Has that boy ever been here before?”

“He ought to have been a many times,” replied the jailer.

“He has been pretty well everywhere else. I know him well, your worship.”

“Oh! you know me, do you?” cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. “Very good. That’s a case of deformation of character, any way.”

Here there was another laugh, and another cry of silence.

“Now then, where are the witnesses?” said the clerk.

“Ah! that’s right,” added the Dodger. “Where are they?—I should like to see ’em.”

This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief therefrom, which being a very old one, he deliberately put back again, after trying it on his own countenance. For this reason he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the said Dodger being searched had upon his person a silver snuff-box, with the owner’s name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been discovered on reference to the Court Guide, and being then and there present, swore that the snuff-box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the throng particularly active in making his way about, and that young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

"Have you anything to ask this witness, boy?" said the magistrate.

"I wouldn't abase myself by descending to hold any conversation with him," replied the Dodger.

"Have you anything to say at all?"

"Do you hear his worship ask if you've anything to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. "Did you address yourself to me, my man?"

"I never see such an out-and-out young wagabond, your worship," observed the officer with a grin. "Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver?"

"No," replied the Dodger, "not here, for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the Vice President of the House of Commons, but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance as'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footman to hang 'em up to their own hat-pegs 'fore they let 'em come out this morning to try it on upon me. I'll——"

"There, he's fully committed!" interposed the clerk. "Take him away."

"Come on," said the jailer.

"Oh, ah! I'll come on," replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. "Ah! (to the Bench) it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha'porth of it. *You'll* pay for this, my fine fellers; I wouldn't be you for something. I wouldn't go free now, if you wos to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison. Take me away."

With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar, threatening till he got into the yard to make a parliamentary business of it, and then grinning in the officer's face with great glee and self-approval.

Having seen him locked up by himself in a little cell, Noah made the best of his way back to where he had left Master Bates. After waiting here some time, he was joined by that young gentleman, who had prudently abstained from showing himself until he had looked carefully abroad from a snug retreat, and ascertained that his new friend had not been followed by any impertinent person.

The two hastened back together, to bear to Mr. Fagin the animating news that the Dodger was doing full justice to his bringing-up, and establishing for himself a glorious reputation.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRESS."

- " My child ! my child ! come down to rest !
 The day has long been past :
 Sleep in thy mother's blessing blest,
 The night is waning fast."
- " Dear mother, let us linger here,
 The moon shines forth so bright ;
 The starry sky is all so clear,
 It does not look like night ;
- " And all around the waveless sea
 In glassy smoothness lies,
 And on it flows so silently,
 It bids no murmur rise.
- " And as I bend me o'er the side,
 Methinks I trace below
 The ocean's depths, their jewel'd pride,
 A fair and goodly show ;
- " The beauties that the Mighty One
 Hath lavish'd there from old ;
 The treasures that from earth have gone,
 The diamond and the gold ;
- " The glitt'ring and the sighed-for things
 Man seeks 'mid care and strife,
 And ocean from him hardly wrings
 With wreck or loss of life ;
- " The silver fish that gently glide,
 Or glance in gladsome play,
 Filling with life the crystal tide,
 How fair and bright are they !
- " And see ! and see ! approaching now,
 A ship of pride and cost ;
 The weary crew asleep below,
 The helmsman at his post.
- " No rushing wind compels her course,
 No tempest raves around ;
 She moves as by some unseen force,
 Whilst all is still around.
- " She ruffles not the glassy tide,
 Bends not her stately mast,
 No fretful billows chafe her side,
 No foam is round her cast.
- " She leaves no track upon the sea,
 No furrow in her wake ;
 But on, and on unmurmuringly
 Her silent way doth take."
- " Come down to rest, my gentle child !
 Thou dost not see aright :
 Thy words are as a sleeper's wild ;
 There is no ship in sight."
- " Yes, yes, the stately ship is near,
 And all my words are true ;
 A child looks on her mother dear,
 As I look up at you.

“ And now I hear the soften'd tone,
 And gentle words of love ;
 And now they sound as though mine own,
 And now as thine they move.”

“ Hush ! hush, my child ! no ship is nigh,
 No voices canst thou hear :
 A shadowy cloud is in thine eye,
 The breeze is in thine ear.”

“ No shadowy cloud is in mine eye,
 No breeze is in mine ear ;
 The stately ship is passing by,
 And gentle tones I hear.

“ One walks the deck with weary pace,
 As though he sigh'd for sleep ;
 The steersman turns an anxious face
 Across the waveless deep.

“ And two beside the steersman stand,
 A mother and her child :
 One holds, as now, I hold your hand,
 One smiles as late you smiled.”

“ My child ! my child ! it cannot be !”
 Thus forth the mother broke ;
 And yet she answer'd shudd'ringly,
 And trembled as she spoke.

“ My child ! my child ! it cannot be :
 Vessel save ours is none.
 Look ! o'er the still unbounded sea
 We take our way alone.”

“ Her words are true,” the steersman said ;
 To youth it has been given
 To speak, without deceit or dread,
 The changeless will of Heav'n.

“ Your child the phantom ship hath seen !
 Ere set to-morrow's sun,
 No trace will rest where we have been,
 Our mortal course be run.”

Before the morrow's sun went down,
 There was nor trace nor mark,
 To show where o'er the sea had gone
 That strong and gallant bark.

No shatter'd spars, no riven mast
 Were floating o'er the waves :
 None knew when those from life had past,
 Who slept in wat'ry graves.

Yet all she bore across the waves
 Had pass'd from human sight,
 With none to weep above their graves,
 Or read the funeral rite.

NOTE.—The Phantom Ship, bearing an exact resemblance to the doomed vessel whose destruction its appearance foretells, is an ancient superstition among mariners.

ANECDOTES OF MILITARY SERVICE.*

THE OFFICER'S LADY.

WE received intelligence of the death of a fine gallant old veteran, Lieutenant John B——t, a lieutenant of 1796. He had been for some time on the half-pay of the 3rd Veteran Battalion, but had formerly belonged to the Slashers.† He was for many years Sergeant-major of our regiment, but in consequence of good conduct, and being an excellent soldier, was promoted to the rank of Ensign and Adjutant. The circumstances attending this promotion are somewhat ludicrous.

The moment honest John had received his commission, and stood forth in all the dignity of a new uniform with corresponding epaulette,—his arm unprofaned by crown and stripes, and his *sobriquet* of "Honest John" exchanged for the style and title of John B——t, Esq. of His Majesty's 28th Regiment,—the young officers, by whom he was very much respected, immediately went to his new quarters to congratulate him. Mr. B——t received them with all that embarrassment peculiar to one who finds himself suddenly upon an equality with his superiors of the day before. But the Ensign's lady, Mrs. B——t, was missing.

Now Mrs. B——t had been for many years in the regiment. She was, in fact, a "child" of the *corps*, though now grown old in its service, and during her whole life had made herself generally useful, by washing for the officers and attending upon their wives. By her good-humour and smart repartee she was a general favourite with all ranks, and few had wit enough to crack a joke with her. Her original name of Elizabeth had been, in the course of time, curtailed of its fair proportions, and she was then known by the less dignified but perhaps more endearing diminutive of Bet. Thus Bet had become a privileged person; she was on familiar terms with all, and addressed every one, from the colonel to the drummer-boy, by his Christian name. Colonel B——, who lately commanded the 28th, was then a lieutenant, and on paying his respects to the new officer, was the first to notice the strange absence of Mrs. B——t on so important an epoch in her husband's career.

"Well, but Mr. B——t, how is this?" asked the young officer; "where is Bet?—I beg pardon, Mrs. B——t, I mean."

This slip of the lieutenant, by the way, was not meant impertinently—it was the result of long habit.

"Really, sir," replied the newly-made officer, stammering, "really I don't know: I asked her to clean herself, and come and pay her respects to the officers, and she laughed in my face!"

"I see Mrs. B——t just now, sir," said a soldier who had just been made servant to Ensign B——t, and who was then busy in the barrack-room, "and I axed her why she did not do as Mr. B——t told her, and clean herself to pay her respects to the officers, and what does she do, sir, but bursts out in a laugh, and says, 'Me pay my respects to the like o' them!—don't you wish you may get it?'"

* By Lieutenant-colonel Cadell, late of the 28th regiment.

† The name by which the 28th is familiarly known in the army.

Them was the words, sir, of the officer's lady," added the fellow with a grin. A general laugh followed this piece of intelligence, in which the ensign heartily joined, for John B——t was one of the best-natured of men, and could laugh at a joke even at his own expense. The officers, however, were not to be foiled; away they went to seek the "officer's lady," for they were determined to make her do the honours; and at last, after a strict search, they found her in the kitchen, seated on a three-legged stool by the fire-side, and smoking a short black pipe, quite unconscious of the sensation she was creating. She had a soldier's jacket thrown across her shoulders, and her tattered straw bonnet was put on the "wrong side before."

"Why, Bet! — Mrs. B——, I mean," said Lieutenant B——, "we have been seeking for you everywhere: how is it on such a day as this that you are not receiving your husband's brother officers in the parlour?"

"And is that all you're troubling yourself about, Johnny?" asked Mrs. B——t of the lieutenant, taking the short pipe from her mouth, then closing one eye, and peeping forth at him most intelligently with the other.

"Why, of course it is," rejoined the officer: "I was anxious to see you do your duty on such an occasion."

"I knows my duty, Johnny, as well as ere a soldier in the rignint," returned Mrs. B——t, "but no duty o' the like as you say will cheat me out o' my pipe and chimbley corner, and I'll tell you what it is, old cock!" she added with the easy familiarity of friendship; "the King may make my Jack a gentleman if he likes, but I'm blessed if neither he, nor the Sultan of the Ingees, can make Bet a lady! So now, Johnny, you may trot; you've got *your* answer."

THE TWO MITCHELLS.

Our commanding officer was a little puzzled one day by the appearance of two young men from England, both calling themselves Robert Mitchell, and both claiming the same commission in our regiment. Of course the first claimant had possession, and Colonel Belson reported the circumstance to the Horse-Guards, when the second was immediately appointed to the regiment: one was a very handsome young man, and the other was directly the reverse, so that they were soon distinguished in the regiment by the *sobriquets* of Ugly Mitchell and Handsome Mitchell. The first time these two fine lads went into action was at the battle of Barrosa, where they carried the colours of the regiment, and vied with each other who should display the banners of the Slashers with the most gallantry. "Handsome Mitchell" was afterwards mortally wounded at the battle of Vittoria, and his namesake was severely hurt in the same conflict.

A NIGHT RIDE.

After our brigade had been a short time in Albuquerque under Colonel Wilson, 39th regiment, a large force of the enemy came out of Badajoz and manœuvred in our neighbourhood. The only place of defence that we possessed was an old ruined castle, without gates or parapets to the walls; but our gallant brigadier was determined to defend it until a report of our situation could be made to Sir Rowland Hill at Portalègre. As I happened to be extremely

well mounted at that period, I was entrusted with this important mission. The old campaigner in those parts will well remember the wide and dreary space which lies between Albuquerque and the Portuguese frontier, and can imagine my feelings as I set out on my dreary journey on the evening of a November day. I soon lost the road—indeed road there was none, for what, at the commencement, appeared to be the semblance of a road, soon dwindled by rapid degrees into a muddy, or rather a swampy track; on each side of which, for a great distance, extended a thick cover of the shrub called the gum-cistus. My good black Andalusian horse was obliged to pick his way slowly, and sometimes with great difficulty; but when a more favourable turn arrived, he seemed as anxious to gallop on as his master. I observed once or twice in the dusk the animal snorted and started; an unusual circumstance, as he was a remarkably bold horse. But as the night drew in I soon found what my good steed's superior sight and sagacity had already detected, that we were in a most perilous situation—a situation which, when I set out, none of us had the wit to foresee. The night was clear and starlight, so that I could plainly distinguish our road, and I could likewise see that which pleased me less,—the glaring eyes of famished wolves! They peeped from the thick cover on each side of my path, and crossed in my front and in my rear.

This was a climax to my adventures for which I was totally unprepared. To be torn to pieces by hungry wolves had never entered my speculation on the chances of war. If I was a little thrown off my equilibrium by my near contact with this new and unexpected enemy, it must not be wondered at. I knew well that in the event of a regular attack I could make but a feeble resistance. I had no weapons of defence but my holster-pistols; for my sword would be but of little service against such tough-jacketed foes. I thought, however, it would be as well to treat my attendants with an occasional discharge of fire-arms; for, luckily, I had some spare cartridges in my holsters, and, being a good shot, I was determined not to throw away a ball. Accordingly, the first fellow I saw deliberately cross my path within a convenient range, I levelled my pistol, took a steady aim, and fired. An appalling and prolonged howl followed my discharge. I had evidently marked my man, and his dreadful cry was taken up and echoed on all sides of me. The effect was really panic-striking. My gallant black horse dashed forward like a mad creature, and for miles, through thick and through thin, he sped like the wind, until I reined him up by force. Never did I experience greater relief than on reaching the station of a sergeant and party of the 34th regiment, placed there as a sort of half-way halt to Portalègre.

It was scarcely dawn when I alighted from my reeking steed, and, rapping at the door, announced myself. The sergeant received me, and was perfectly astounded when I told him that I had crossed the valley. The only reason he could give for my passing it safely at that hour was, that in the afternoon a flock of sheep had been scattered by these voracious foragers, and many of them devoured. This feast had, doubtless, taken off the edge of their appetites, or, doubtless, they would have made a supper of me and my black horse. I stayed with the sergeant no longer than was necessary to feed my horse, and then proceeded to Portalègre,

where I found Sir Rowland at breakfast ; of which, after delivering my despatches, I was not a little pleased to partake.

The 71st were immediately ordered to the support of Colonel Wilson, when the French, on the arrival of the reinforcement, retired to Badajoz.

ANOTHER WOLF ADVENTURE.

I remember another slight affair with wolves, though without the risk of my former adventure. It was at the time when our division was encamped at Talavera after our assault on Badajoz, about four miles distant, when Colonel Cadogan, Colonel Abercromby, and myself, took our dogs to seek some sport in coursing on the field of Albuera. We had ascended a rising ground, the better to survey our plan of operations, when what should we see but a troop of wolves boldly advancing from the forest-side at midday, evidently watching the movements of some asses which had been driven from a small neighbouring village to depasture in the plain. They were fine plump animals — for the Spanish peasant is very fond of his ass or mule ; and their grisly assailants, from their hungry and eager looks, appeared to entertain an equal partiality for the sleek-coated dapples. We let our dogs loose, which espying this novel game, most gallantly charged them ; but, on a nearer approach, as though aware of the customers they had to deal with, they very prudently hung upon their flanks at a respectful distance, and merely intimated their hostility by barking and yelping. The wolves, in no way discomposed by this skirmishing sort of attack, merely cast sidelong glances at their feeble assailants, and steadily advanced under cover of the bushes towards their prey. We now thought it time to interfere ; and, galloping down the declivity, by loud shouts succeeded in checking their forward movement, but not in utterly routing them, for they faced about, and showing their formidable teeth, snarled a sort of defiance, and then leisurely retreated ; looking back, however, alternately at the dogs and ourselves, as though it went sorely against them to leave such a field with empty stomachs. One fellow, of very large size, and superior daring to the others, brought up the rear. He loitered behind his companions considerably, and frequently faced about suddenly upon the dogs if they followed him up too closely. I was rather afraid that my terrier, a venturesome little rogue, would come within reach of his fangs ; therefore, by way of securing him from risk, I looked to the priming of my pistol, levelled, and fired. The ball went clean through the brute's shoulder, and he fell, howling and tearing the grass with his teeth and fangs. The report of the pistol quickened the speed of his companions, who soon hid themselves in the forest. By this time some peasants from the village made their appearance, who were profuse in their thanks to us for having saved their asses. They were not at all aware of the vicinity of such formidable neighbours ; for, though the wood contained stragglers, they did not remember to have seen so many together, nor did they ever recollect an attack being made so near the habitations of man in open day. The poor people would gladly have feasted us to the best of their means ; but we merely begged their assistance to beat up our game, which they readily did, and we returned to our quarters with three brace of hares.

MUTTON SERVING TWO PURPOSES. — To give some idea of the quality of the meat with which we poor fellows were occasionally

regaled, I remember seeing a pile of carcasses of small, half-starved sheep, at the commissary's bivouac in the Pyrenees. These were to be served out to the troops; and such was their extremity of leanness, that, at night, a candle placed inside of one of them, made an excellent lantern, for the skinny covering of the ribs offered no impediment to the light.

THE ACTION OF THE PYRENEES.

On the morning before we advanced, on going over the ground we had fought on the day before, we found a gallant old soldier, named Bartlet, who had been shot dead in the act of firing his piece. The firelock was still at the "present," and so firm was his dying grasp that it was with difficulty taken from his hands. I was much distressed to find lying near him a fine handsome boy, a drummer of my own grenadier company, named Lawler. He had taken the firelock of a wounded man, who was sent to the rear, and went out, (as I afterwards learnt he said,) to amuse himself with a bit of skirmishing. The brave boy's "amusement" ended fatally for him.

Neither difficulty, nor danger, nor privation, could check the ever-buoyant and indomitable spirits of Lieutenant Blakeny of our regiment. I heard him, poor fellow! half laughing and half crying, quizzing the doctor, who was carefully setting his shattered leg.

Captain Sherer of the 34th commanded the rock-picket on the morning of the action. It was a post of some consequence to check the enemy's advance. Sherer defended it most nobly. All his brave fellows were either killed or disabled, and he was left nearly alone. It was only then, that, finding himself surrounded by the enemy, he advanced towards the nearest French officer, and with a polite bow, worthy of the times of the *ancien regime*, surrendered his sword, and the post he had so gallantly defended, and was made prisoner.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A SPORTING TASTE. — When we were on the heights of Aldendes in November 1813, many of us were obliged to sleep under canvass. I was much better off than most of my comrades in that bitter time; my bed was a bear-skin stuffed with fern (the bear, I beg to state, was the victim of my own prowess); on each side of, and close to me, was a well-fed greyhound; a fat Spanish pointer crouched at my feet, and my little terrier was stowed away under the blanket. In this fashion I managed to live through a November night under a tent in the Pyrenees.

To be continued.

ANACREON MADE EASY.

Εγώ παρ' εν βοδωσι.

YOUNG Cupid one morn in a bower
A rose of great beauty had found;
He was stung by a bee in the flower,
And began to give tongue like a hound.
He flutter'd to Mammy in haste,
"Oh, look at my finger, Ma! see
How it's swell'd!—I've been stung by a baste,
The husbandmen call him a Bee!"
Says she, "Now be aisy, my jewel,
If the sting of a Bee gives such smart,
What pain must folks feel, Little Cruel,
When kilt by your merciless dart."

BULLER. JUN.

WALTER CHILDE.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZEN NOSE.

CANTO V.

I ONCE was guilty of a certain tract
 On verse-craft in a crack *Encyclopedie*,
 And therefore am more bound to be exact
 In all set rules, or people may be ready
 (That is, the three or four who know the fact,
 And may have read the thing,) to cry out, "Heyday!
 Preaching's not doing!" Well, then, in this crisis,
 Tell me, good Adam Smith, what your advice is.

"There's nought so stupid as two lovers, quite
 Prosperous, and by no tyrant fate debarr'd
 From toying, and expressing their delight
 In one another's company."^{*} That's hard,
 But true; the old fastidious Scot is right;
 For which good cause, ev'n that kind-hearted bard,
 Tom Campbell, my old favourite, doth not spare
 A squeeze of lemon in his capillaire.

Let's see.—"In visions of romantic youth,
 What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
 But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
 The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"[†]
 Thus Campbell; and what by and bye ensueth
 May follow the same rule, for aught I know;
 Not that I patronize Fate's wicked frolics,
 Save to avoid the charge of growing prolix.

Albeit, at present I may claim a smile
 Of sympathy from man, or maid, or wife,
 Our hero's bark hath touch'd at a green isle
 Chequering the troubled sea of human life;
 And summer weather doth the thought beguile
 Of his past course through waves of toil and strife,
 With little sea-stock but a dauntless heart,
 Truth at the helm, and Conscience for his chart.

In plain round prose, what man of twenty-eight,
 A first-rate horseman almost from his birth,
 Constrain'd to mortify his bones of late
 With the worst, cheapest stumbling hacks on earth,
 And feeling in his lonely bookworm state
 The "besoin d'aïmer," like a sense of dearth,
 Had not felt glorious as the gods above,
 Well horsed, and petted by his lady-love?

And such a love! her heart for years seal'd down,
 And stored, like a rich flask of bright champagne,
 For his own opening touch, and his alone;
 With birth and means, (which none at heart disdain,)
 A second self, adopting as her own
 His every crotchet, and divining plain
 Each thought that he had felt since he was born;
 As fond as Juliet, and as fair as morn.

* See Adam Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," vol. i. p. 66.

† See Gertrude of Wyoming, Part III. stanza 5.

Not that she quite engross'd his every thought ;
 Something was due unto the borrow'd steed,
 Whose full veins, starting from his glossy coat,
 And proud stag-eye, bespoke his generous breed ;
 The nostril red, and finely-chisell'd throat,
 Betokening wind and bottom good at need,
 With bone and power for any warlike weight,
 Say sixteen stone—our friend stood twelve stone eight.

No wonder if a spark of martial pride
 Inspired again the sober man of law,
 When on the lawn, his true-love by his side,
 He view'd this fiery charger snort and paw.
 He felt in mood to blazon far and wide
 Her beauty at sword-point, (but that he saw
 No modern warrant for the freak,) or stake
 His arm against a squadron for her sake.

“Sound boot and saddle ; let me lift you on—
 Now for black Rupert—perfect every joint—
 Soho, boy!—paces like a paragon—
 Now, Isolde, for your secret,—your grand point—
 No Paladin from Paynim ever won
 A nobler desert Arab ;—but aroynt,
 Ye visions in my leaguer days so dear ;
 Grave John o' the Scales must think of other gear.

“He minds me of my gallant Bevis so,
 Shot under me at Roundway.”—“That affair,”
 Said Isolde, “in detail I fain would know.”—
 “Why, we had fighting plenty, and to spare ;
 Battles are much alike.”—“So long ago,
 That you forget you took a standard there,
 And Wilmot, as a little bird reveal'd,
 Made you full-captain on the battle-field.”

“Why, who on earth could tell you ?”—“Our friend Forde,
 Your father confessor—he comes to-night.”—
 “Well, now for the grand secret which you stored.”—
 “Remember, sir, you put me in a fright :
 Think how at first Elizabeth abhorr'd
 Poor unknown Isolde : you shall glut my spite
 By seven hours' penance, ere the rest you learn.
 But now prepare for what doth most concern.

“I bought your father's land, and the old hall.”—
 “Good Heav'n ! the poor old tenants ! how sincere
 Their joy. So you're an heiress, after all !
 Dear thoughtful creature, more than ever dear !”—
 “Nay, hear ; my mother's fortune was too small
 To compass it unmortgaged ;—Catherine here
 Lent fifteen thousand. You must work and slave,
 And I retrench my costly tastes, and save.”

“Work ! save ! redeem it !—give me but employ,
 I could move mountains.—Rupert, sir, how now ?”—
 “You stuck the spurs too sharply in for joy :
 Well done ! that plunge was master'd, I'll allow,
 Most bravely ; he's no plaything for a boy.
 I well remember me at Basing, how
 Lord Winchester was wont to praise your seat :
 'Tis just like my dear father's, quite complete.

“ Did I e'er tell you he was disinherited
 For turning out a bitter cavalier
 Like you and me ?—'twas hard, perhaps unmerited ;
 But my aunt proved a faithful steward here.
 How well that dear horse goes ! so free and spirited !
 Walter, he must be yours ;—nay, never fear,
 The agency will prove no bad resource :
 He may be bought, and you will need a horse.

“ I'm in a maze of fairy land,” said he.
 “ How came the place into your hands, and when ? ”—
 “ It was for sale in my minority.
 My aunt, who had a business-head like men,
 Was tempted by a hint contrived by me
 To reach her—she was Catherine's guardian then,
 As well as mine : and, as 'twas cheaply sold,
 Vested our portions, as you have been told.”

“ Your hint ?—I shall believe Kate's laughing taunt
 Of the weird-woman.”—“ Recollect the chair
 In the old oaken parlour, where my aunt
 Sat sweetly dozing, as you pictured there
 To no unwilling ears each early haunt—
 The hazle copse, the downs so free and fair—
 Oh, Walter ! Basing levell'd with the ground !
 Think of it, and we prosperous, safe and sound ! ”

A shade of pensive feeling cross'd each face,
 And kept them silent ; but it soon was gone,
 Like a cloud passing in a moment's space.
 “ Walter, where went you when the wars were done ? ”—
 “ To Utrecht straight. I studied at the place
 For a whole year.”—“ Our letters said that none
 Bearing your name had ever made resort,
 So far as known, to Charles's exiled court.

“ Then, too, at Worcester,—sure you fought not ther ?
 Our cousin Blundell, of the heavy horse,
 Saw all the captured muster-rolls ; could swear
 Your name appear'd not in the royal force,
 A name to Cromwell known.”—“ They bid me fair
 In promised rank ; but I had fix'd my course :
 Forde, then my new-made friend, had changed my moo
 And taught me well to weigh the sin of blood.

“ I dwelt in town, wed to my new vocation,
 Rusting in utter bookworm solitude,
 And lack'd the means, still more the inclination,
 To play the fool with tavern-roisterers rude,
 Whom I had known in the more honour'd station
 Of comrades ; some of easier faith pursued
 The Prince's fortunes ; and among the last
 Were many of the true heroic cast.

“ The Wogans, ever last in the retreat,
 And first in onset (Vaughan was the real name) ;
 'No' is soon said to selfish wants, for sweet
 Is independence, and 'tis all the same
 Next morning : but when men like these entreat,
 Judgment must wage hard battle with false shame ;
 I own 'twas something to be call'd a trial.
 To give such friends a calm and firm denial.

" I held the Worcester enterprize a vain
 Waste of good blood against all hope; in truth
 My mind was settling in a different train;
 Quench'd was the martial fire of reckless youth,
 By study, thought, and poverty. 'Tis plain,
 As in good books of Tobit and of Ruth,
 Our treasured motto, Bess, has turn'd out true;
 'Tis mine henceforward—'Esperance en Dieu.'

They look'd on one another; words would baulk
 Th' expression of that feeling which possess'd
 Their hearts; then rein'd their horses to a walk.
 Catherine this time knew better than to jest,
 And was, besides, not much disposed to talk:
 She was arranging in her mind how best
 To make her pledged avowal of a part
 Which shamed not, in my mind, her head or heart.

" Now tell me more about your London life." —
 " In truth 'twas anything but the excess
 Of feasting and carousing, marrying wife
 Or wives, as in the days of foolishness,
 When honest Noah waged perpetual strife
 With those same jolly patriarchs, dearest Bess.
 But I paid all their own, made both ends meet,
 And in a rough way got enough to eat.

" A student's life's monotonous enough
 As matter to rehearse in prose or rhyme.
 I fenced and ran, to keep my sinews tough,
 And get most exercise in shortest time.
 So my health throve. I'm a hard bit of stuff,
 Not much the worse for London's smoky clime;
 But now I've recommenced the sylvan man,
 How I shall sing, ' Ban—Ban—Ca—Caliban!'

" A beggar you have found me; 'tis your will
 To set me upon horseback in each sense:
 I shame not that my sire had not the skill
 To lose our honour, and retain our pence.
 But how can I repay—it haunts me still—
 The affection, the solicitude intense,
 Which sought me fruitlessly from shore to shore?" —
 " Do justice to my aunt: I ask no more.

" Her early disappointment, though it sour'd
 Her outward manners, ne'er at heart unsex'd her;
 Catherine, on whom advantages were shower'd
 From childhood, often with wild glee perplex'd her
 Me she was pleased to call more staid and toward:
 I trust that wilfully I never vex'd her:
 And she gave way to me in the one thing
 In which she styled me obstinate,—your ring.

" Her heart was won by your attentions, shown
 In need; she learn'd your birth was not obscure,
 When to survey my purchase she went down,
 And heard your praises from the old and poor.
 Her faith in county blood was like my own:
 She saw my girlish constancy endure
 The test of womanhood; in fine, relented,
 And, by our rector's good advice, consented."

“How could I wrong her! would she were alive!”—
 “She died, regretting much our quest was vain.”—
 “And I was drudging in that murky hive,
 Unconscious of such kindness!—Could I gain
 A sight of this good pastor? May he thrive
 Here and hereafter!”—“Down yon shady lane
 His parsonage stands, adjoining the church tower:
 Anon we ’ll call; ’tis now his dinner-hour.

Now for our labourers.” You expect, confess
 Some scene of rustic gratitude and beauty,
 Like twaddle of the old Minerva press,
 Still current in Whitechapel’s regions sooty.
 You’d best run down to Dorsetshire, to guess
 From facts how right Wessexians do their duty;
 Near Blandford or More Critchell take a look;
 You may learn things that beat a printed book.

Thou,* too, of Itchin’s pure and bounteous wave,
 The kindred genius, prematurely lost,
 The mourn’d, the unforgett’n, to thy grave
 Follow’d by honest hearts, a countless host!
 Thy royal lineage, from the true and brave
 Of ancient days, in thee was no vain boast,
 By the right royal attributes sustain’d,
 Of mercy, fortitude, and truth unstain’d.

Pass we from this, and from the ardent schemes
 Which solaced greatly the new agent’s brain;
 A dish of rustic chit-chat brought the dreams
 Of earlier days distinctly back again.
 The rector was now visible, it seems,
 His plain and early dinner having ta’en
 Short space of time, and preparations small.
 They found him walking near his garden wall.

He was an aged man of portly figure,
 Who throve on water-drinking and content;
 His manners and his creed had lost the rigour
 Of younger days; not far enough he went
 To please the saints in power; but yet his vigour
 Of well-tried principle, which ne’er had bent
 When ins were outs, did in his cure protect him,
 And ev’n constrain’d Hugh Peters to respect him.

He walk’d and mused, as you or I might do
 With a cigar; but he preferr’d a pipe,
 And now and then gave a stray puff or two,
 To rid his peach-trees from the canker’ing gripe
 Of insects; then, immersed in thought anew,
 Conn’d o’er his notes to store up doctrine ripe,
 For his flock’s use. As his eye upward glanced,
 He saw them, and right cordially advanced.

* Anne Eliza, late Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos. Any note or explanation would be unnecessary, were the circulation of the Miscellany confined to Hampshire, where this lamented lady’s character was well known as a model of high principle and true Christian feeling in every relation of life. There are some few persons in the world to whom the brief and beautiful eulogium of Halleck, the American poet, is instinctively applied by all within the sphere of their influence, and acquainted with the passage:

“None knew thee but to love thee,
 Or named thee but to raise.”

“ The blessings of the promise on ye both,
 My dear young ladies, in abundance light !
 Now and at all times welcome, though I ’m loth
 To be discover’d in this homely plight.
 Celibacy, I fear me, doth breed sloth
 Of soul and body. Good now, am I right ?
 The young Tertullus, sure, of yesterday ;
 Present me, ladies, to your friend, I pray.

“ Childe ? how ?—but no ; my absent head doth dream.
 Young man, I honour you ; your speech applied
 Aptly, and not irreverently, I deem,
 Sound texts of power, by Holy Writ supplied.
 As aids to eloquence ; they touch’d the beam
 In Pharisaic eyes, and gall’d the pride
 Of bold, bad men, who warp our wholesome laws,
 To wrong the fatherless and widow’s cause.

“ ’Twas foul injustice, such as honest Prynne
 Endured in evil days for conscience sake ;—
 But change of time hath quell’d not perjury’s sin.”
 Isolde, whose ears had drunk in all he spake,
 For her own reasons, now at length broke in
 Upon the converse. “ He so wish’d to make
 His first respects to you, my dear old friend !
 ’Tis Walter, come our long suspense to end.”

“ Thou dost not say ’t ! Praise where all praise is due !
 The long-lost found again in happy day !
 And fresh from good deeds to rejoice in, too.
 ‘ Tam Marti, quam Mercurio,’ as we say.
 Why, from the head down to the sole o’ the shoe,
 Thou art a goodly fellow every way,
 Like Saul of old ; and, what is better far,
 Canst quit thee like a man in peace and war.

“ I have long felt a sort of yearning to thee.
 Hearing more of thee than perhaps thou know’st
 From honour’d friends now dead, who some time knew thee ;
 Ev’n when thou servedst in the Stuarts’ host,
 It seems that early nurture did imbue thee
 With Christian courtesy : ’twere some small boast
 To have gain’d o’er a lady, nice indeed
 Of choice, and hostile to thy cause and creed.”

To this parsonic prose, which had bored dead
 A hero more fastidious and select,
 Our friend, like a plain fellow country-bred,
 Answer’d with gratitude and due respect.
 Their further conversation somehow led,
 As possibly fair readers may suspect,
 To the main question of the marriage day,
 Which, consonant to rule, concludes my lay.

Now, all the best authorities pursuing,
 I find it thus distinctly sung and said ;
 The challenge was despatch’d, the lady wooing.
 Or, if you like it better, woo’d and wed
 Within twelve hours : what signifies undoing
 The legend’s well-authenticated thread ?
 ’Twas done, and can’t be help’d ;—in short, the pair
 Were actually married then and there.

It might be, the good man the following day
 Was summon'd to a conference of divines
 Held at Whitehall, or might jocosely say,
 "Best take her in the humour; form confines
 You to set usages, if you delay,
 Costly and troublesome,—cake, favours, wines,
 And equipage; 'twill take three months at least.
 Marry at once, and give the poor a feast."

Or possibly it might be, if you choose,
 That Kate, who, as I said, was pondering
 How to break matters by some harmless ruse
 Consistent with the truth, might wish to ring
 In Poyntz's ears at once the startling news,
 "Henry, here 's such an unexpected thing!
 Last night I dreamt not of it, on my life.
 What do you think?—our friends are man and wife."

Or it might be—but this may all be read
 With notes, republish'd from the old broad sheet,—
 The lady scorn'd all overtures to wed,
 Although in charms a paragon complete,
 Then threw her hand and fortune at the head
 Of one "of carriage and behaviour sweet."—
 He was a barrister, his name was Childe,
 And Kenrick hers, as in the notes they're styled.

Wilful she must have been, who thus departed
 From custom; "yet she bore a virtuous mind,"
 High-flown, high-spirited, yet single-hearted,
 It seems, and "not the least to pride inclined,"
 Though I should guess she seldom had been thwarted
 In her own way: let 's see—again we find
 In print, that "though she made a strong resistance,
 Vanquish'd she was by Cupid's kind assistance."

The challenge, which, conceiving it the act
 Of some proud foe, the fearless Childe awaited,
 The mask, the off-hand wedding—every fact
 Of moment I've adhered to, as I stated,
 Except that, having not at hand the tract
 When I commenced, I slightly ante-dated
 The actual time, and sifted the anilities
 Of the old version from real probabilities.

How these anilities arose, you'll see,
 When Lady Poyntz's guests arrive in state,
 And Mrs. Mayoress, throned on the settee,
 Dodges and cross-examines saucy Kate,
 Who, having broach'd the morning's mystery
 To her liege love, was joyously elate
 His cordial approbation to have won,
 And primed for any persiflage or fun.

But to resume, and not anticipate—
 Make your own reasons, if you don't think fit
 To take up those occurring to my pate;
 But after all I doubt if human wit
 A much more plain and natural cause could state,
 Than that they both were anxious to be quit
 With fate for past vexations and disasters,
 Both desperately in love, and their own masters.

'Tis most provoking that I can't have scope
 For getting up a Grandisonian wedding ;
 I would have sung in strains out-Poping Pope,
 'The glories of "The famous town of Reading,"'
 (See the broad sheet,) beat Seddon, ay, and Hope,*
 As to the state-room's furniture and bedding ;
 I would have given you all the gala dresses,
 And all the guests' fine speeches and caresses.

But truth constrains me ; truth, which I adore,
 I trust, in practice, and approve in rhyme,
 Whene'er it suits my turn. I own 'tis more
 Than the avouched facts, but if it chime
 With your own whim, your credence I implore
 To this, that Walter at his spousal-time
 Pronounced these words ; " I, Walter, until death,
 Take thee,—not Isolde, but—Elizabeth."

The bride, if her approving eyes did speak
 Her thoughts correctly, deem'd he meant to say,
 (Which haply was the English of this freak,)
 " My love is not the creature of a day."
 The old ring, too—there was not time to seek
 Another—served them ; and, in her odd way,
 Kate, who the wedding-scene as bride's-maid graced,
 Declared both notions were in true good taste.

Now, having thus achieved the grand event,
 Of course 'tis time to put the book away.
 —I don't know that ; it may be my intent
 To exercise the arbitrary sway
 Of fictionists, when truculently bent
 On some confounded unforeseen horse-play,
 As Hook, for instance, up and down doth chuck
 Poor Merton, like the foot-ball of ill-luck.

Read, madam, and remember that you stand
 By right in the responsible position
 Of Molière's housekeeper ; don't be trepann'd,
 By awe habitual, to a wrong decision.
 Be the last sixty stanzas read, and scann'd,
 And proved, and ponder'd o'er without omission,
 And if I see you once drop off to sleep,
 I will call monsters from the German deep.

Wehr-wolf and boar-wolf,† toad-monk and frog-bride,
 Bahr-geist, mantichora, and wolligrouter,
 (The last 's a maiden bugaboo untried,)
 The witch of Herne's old oak ; or, if you scout her,
 Arambomboborus himself shall stride
 Upon the scene, to make an out-and-outer
 Of this my tale—Well, child? " Papa, for shame!
 You 're making free with my poor donkey's name!"

* See the Essay on classical furniture, by the author of Anastasius.

There is a tale in print, translated, I believe, from the German, of which this compound monster is the hero. For the variety of the man-frog, see the " Haus- und-Kinder-Marchen." The mantichora, by some called man-tiger, was a pet among our old English monster-mongers, represented with a face exceedingly resembling Mathews as Puss in Boots, grafted on a sort of sphinx body, and endued with the powers of the basilisk.

That girl grows saucy. Well, you swallow it
 With perfect coolness, looking quite unmoved.
 Is 't better, then, to try some fetch of wit
 More probable, and commonly approved?
 Say, shall Dick Turpin for his likeness sit?
 Or Eugene Aram, by fair ladies loved,
 (The real man* was three-score,) familiar sounds,
 With which our Newgate Calendar abounds?

“Would not such men be what you call too bad?”

“Perhaps so; better those, who, as you know,
 (I heard it when a wonder-loving lad,)

Robb'd Warneford House a century ago.”

“Has Ainsworth got that tale?”—I wish he had:
 With a good spice of witchcraft, love, and woe,
 He could make much on 't in the Rookwood style:
 A clever lad, that,—would 'twere worth his while.

Twenty stout fellows bursting in abreast,
 Arm'd to the teeth, with sable-visor'd faces,
 Poor Lady Warneford in the diamonds drest
 Which she had worn that day at Burford races;
 Sir Edmund's recognition (he had best
 Not have proclaim'd it) of a man, the traces
 Of whose mark'd features he distinctly knew,
 And what in consequence did nigh ensue.

In fact they held debate to hang the knight,
 For greater safety, at his own hall-door;
 But one compunctious thief, not harden'd quite,
 Said, “Spare his life: we 've got a precious store
 Of jewels, plate, and money, blow me tight!
 'Twere better he should live to lay up more
 For us in future.”—“No!” another said,
 “Leave him unhung, and book yourselves for dead!

“He 's of that persevering, bull-dog turn,
 Never to leave us, if he gets a hold.”
 Sir Edmund, with apparent unconcern,
 Heard the discussion, though his blood ran cold.
 His life was in the upshot spared, we learn;
 He track'd the robbers over moor and wold,
 Unto the Isle of Man, by bloodhounds' scent,
 And hung them all, save him who did relent.

His butler was the ringleader; the tale
 His grandchild to my grandsire oft hath told.
 Or, if we wish to turn the nervous pale,
 What think you of the Wiltshire smugglers bold,
 The fly-by-nights of Wishford down and vale?
 The date of these is not so very old,
 For my great aunt, new-married, young and gay,
 Was rectoress of Wishford in that day.

* See Wanley's Wonders, &c. a book which a very talented modern work of fiction has probably rendered well known. The real Aram was certainly a strange anomaly; like Emerson of Hurworth, and other self-taught northern geniuses, of the highest order of powerful intellect, with little or no moral refinement. The murder of Clark, for which he suffered in the decline of life, after a long lapse of years, and the apparently sordid motives for the deed, seem wholly at variance with the temperate and studious habits of his middle age, and with the settled frame of mind and conscience with which such habits should seem to consist. A proof, among many others, how much more improbable truth is than fiction.

At dead of night, or in the grey of morn,
 The muffled tramp of hoofs on Salisbury Plain
 Stole oft on listening ears; then, nearer borne,
 Clatter'd adown the flinty road amain;
 Anon, full trot, as in law's open scorn,
 Came thundering past the church a loaded train
 Of swarthy horsemen, arm'd: none knew their name,
 None dared to question whence and why they came.

Hang Aram and Dick Turpin!—get a score
 Of these our own west country Dicks at call
 To start out from the arras on the floor,
 Bear off the bride, and plunder the old hall,
 Leaving our Childe for dead. You've heard before
 He was a practised swordsman, strong and tall,
 And a dead shot; 'twould be a piquant sight
 To see him, as you have not yet done, fight.

Or shall we try a ghost, then, after all?
 Bold Hampden Pye,* who walk'd without a head?
 The drumming devil † of old Tedworth Hall,
 By Addison's quaint drama chronicled?
 Or—but I interrupt you: let me call
 Attention to the stanzas which I said
 I doubted of, and when you reach the close,
 Tell me—By Jove! already in a doze!

I'll be revenged for 't with this very pen:
 Yes, gentle reader, I will do the deed;
 I'll come Hook over this my man of men,
 Although it militates against my creed,
 When people's lot seems prosperous, again
 To bring confusion. How shall I succeed?
 I have the thought, or rather "hab de dought,"
 As Handé! said whene'er his fancy wrought.

Reader, attend; go on, comparing this
 My promise with the final consummation
 Of this my story. At the height of bliss
 I'll place poor Wat secure in his vocation
 And acres—then the grand discovery—whiz!
 And, without one word more, in consternation
 I'll leave him staring, rooted like a post,
 Just like Macbeth on spying Banquo's ghost.

* The legend of Faringdon House, in the Vale of White Horse, formerly the property of Henry James Pye, Esq. late Poet Laureate, who, I believe, has made allusion to the history of his ancestor in his poem of Faringdon Hill.

† On whose chronicled feats, mentioned, I think, in Glanville's Witchcraft, Addison's farce of the Drummer was founded. The deception was curiously kept up, and never discovered. The ancient family of the Mompessons of Wiltshire, then in possession of the Tedworth estate, were ruined by keeping open house for the number of persons who flocked from all parts to ascertain the truth of the ghost or devil's freaks.

SONG OF THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

SWEET sister, draw thee near,
 Breathe o'er my weary brow thy silver dreams ;
 My flower-cups all are closed,—the night-dew's tear
 Weighs down their lids,—they crave thy lucid beams ;
 Sweet sister, draw thee near !

My giant forests spread
 Their sombre leaves, and, groaning 'neath the wind,
 Shriek in the blackness of their rayless dread ;
 Then bow their heads, howling in madness ;—blind
 My giant forests spread.

Midnight has shaded o'er
 My mountain tops, and my deep rivers rush
 Inky and cold, moaning with sullen roar ;
 And then my grandeur with an awful hush
 Midnight has shaded o'er.

Come forth and kiss me, sweet !
 Roll high, dear sister, in th' empyreal sky ;
 Laugh dimples on the sea,—my broad lakes greet ;
 Frost them with sprinkling silver ;—lovingly
 Come forth and kiss me, sweet !

Yes, thou art coming now,
 Philomel loudly welcomes thy return ;
 In strains ecstatic music from each bough
 Pours like a living stream ; thee they discern :
 Yes, thou art coming now !

Thy trembling pearly rays
 Quiver with music, and the fairies tread
 Their lightsome measures to the amorous lays
 'Midst flowers chalcedony ; in bliss they wed
 Thy trembling pearly rays.

Beneath thy magic eye
 Grey Ruin smiles, as though a second life
 Peep'd through the ribs of death : sterility,
 The moss-clad pillar, stands with beauty rife
 Beneath thy magic eye.

The wither'd branchless trunk
 That once had million'd emerald types of bloom,
 Crumbled by lightning, blasted, scorch'd, and shrunk,
 Beneath thy glory rises from its tomb ;—
 The wither'd, branchless trunk !

Upon thy clouds of snow,
 Like a fair conqueror, thou sailest on ;
 Whilst the warm fragrant zephyrs gently blow,
 In lovely majesty thou comest down
 Upon thy clouds of snow !

Joy !—Sister, thou art near !
 My heart is light, my face is joyous now ;
 My flower-cups ope their lips, as though in prayer.
 List, how my forests sing !—flood, lawn, and bough :
 Joy, sister, thou art near !

MOLIERE AND HIS WIFE.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

THERE were in Molière's theatrical company two sisters of the name of Bejart; the younger of whom, Armande, he married in 1662, when he was forty, and she seventeen. Almost all his biographers have described these ladies as mother and daughter. Even in his own time it was a current piece of scandal that he had married the natural daughter of his first mistress; and Montfleuri, a man of letters, made this the subject of a formal accusation, addressed to Louis the Fourteenth, in which he went so far as to insinuate that Molière had married his own daughter. The only answer which the king made to this piece of malignity was to stand godfather to the poet's first child; and its falsehood has been established by the recent discovery of the marriage contract between Molière and the younger of the sisters.

The marriage was unhappy. Molière, like many great masters of humour, was of a singularly sensitive disposition, serious to a degree approaching to melancholy, and, worst of all, more than double the age of his wife. She was witty and volatile, a great favourite of the public, and surrounded by a host of fashionable admirers. Very soon after their marriage, Molière seems to have become a prey to suspicion and jealousy, for which his wife's spirit of coquetry doubtless gave ample occasion, though there is no evidence of actual infidelity on her part. It is said that, in consequence of the reports of her intimacy with the celebrated M. de Lauzun, Molière found it necessary to come to an explanation with her; when, to change the course of his suspicions, she admitted a harmless flirtation with the Count de Guiche, and got herself out of the scrape, and succeeded in mollifying her husband, by tears and fainting fits. Be this as it may, it is certain that the pair soon came to live on such terms, that, though they never formally separated, they for a long time never saw each other except on the stage. Many years before, Molière had been attached to an actress, one Mademoiselle de Brie, who was still in his company, and with whom his matrimonial tribulations induced him to renew his *liaison*. His writings contain many allusions to his personal situation; and it has been supposed, apparently with reason, that the incident in the *Misanthrope*, in which Alceste is induced, by the slights he receives from Célimène, to return to Eliante, his first love, is one of these allusions. It is certain that, when the *Misanthrope* was first represented, Molière personated Alceste; Madame Molière, Célimène; and Mademoiselle de Brie, Eliante; and that this comedy appeared at a time when all domestic intercourse had ceased between the poet and his wife.

Molière had a country-house at the village of Auteuil, near Paris, where it appears he spent much of his time in brooding over his domestic unhappiness, and sometimes gave vent to his feelings to the friends who visited him in his retreat. As these friends were persons of literary distinction, some of these conversations have been recorded by contemporary memoir-writers. On one occasion his friend Chapelle (so celebrated for his wit and dissipated habits) found him walking in his garden in a state of more than usual depression. Chapelle urged him repeatedly to explain the cause of his melancholy; and Molière,

after much hesitation, as if he were ashamed of his weakness, at length relieved the fulness of his heart by confessing that the terms on which he lived with his wife made him wretched. Chapelle, talking in the style of a man of the world, rallied his friend on the absurdity of a man like him, who could so well discern the foibles of others, falling into one which he himself had so often ridiculed.

"For my part," said Chapelle, "if I had the misfortune to be so situated, and were persuaded that the object of my attachment granted favours to others, my contempt for her would soon cure me of my senseless passion."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Molière, "I suspect you have never been in love."

"Yes, I have," said Chapelle; "I have been in love like a man of sense; but love never could have made me guilty of such weakness, and want of resolution to do what was necessary to my honour, as you are exhibiting."

"I see very well," Molière rejoined, "that you know nothing about the matter, and that what you thought love was mere imagination. As to my knowledge of human nature which you talk of, and my pictures of human follies, I admit that I have studied mankind very carefully; but if my knowledge has taught me that danger may be fled from, my own experience has shown me that there is no keeping out of its way. I was born with a tender heart; and, when I married, I hoped that my affection would inspire my wife with a similar feeling. As she was very young, I did not see her faults, and thought myself more fortunate than many who contract a similar engagement. Marriage did not lessen my attentions; but I found her so cold and indifferent, that I perceived that all my anxiety had been thrown away, and that her feelings for me were very far from sufficient for my happiness. I tried to persuade myself that her conduct proceeded more from a careless temper than from any want of affection for me; but I was soon convinced of my mistake, and her foolish passion for the Count de Guiche made too much noise to allow me even the semblance of quiet. When it came to my knowledge, I made every effort to conquer my own weakness. I summoned all my strength of mind, and every topic of consolation. I looked upon her as a person whose whole merit had consisted in her innocence, and who, in losing that, had lost every claim to my regard. I resolved from thenceforth to live with her as an honourable man should who has a faithless wife, and is convinced, whatever may be thought to the contrary, that his reputation does not depend on her conduct; but I had the unhappiness to find that a woman by no means remarkable for beauty, and whose mental gifts consist in the slight education which she has received from me, was able in a moment to overturn all my philosophy. Her presence made me forget my resolutions; and the first words she uttered in her defence so completely convinced me of the groundlessness of my suspicions, that I begged her pardon for my credulity. My indulgence has made no impression on her, and I have come to the resolution to live no longer with her as my wife; but you would pity me if you knew what this resolution has cost me. My love for her grows upon me, and never ceases to enlist my compassion in her behalf; and when I consider how impossible it is for me to overcome my feelings for her, I say to myself at the same time that she has no less difficulty in conquering her natural disposition to coquetry, and then I feel myself more in-

clined to pity than to blame her. You will tell me, no doubt, that none but a poet would love in this manner; but, for my part, I think there is only one sort of love which deserves the name, and that those who have not felt with this delicacy have never known what real love is. Her image is mingled in my heart with everything which surrounds me. Even when absent, nothing can divert my mind from it even for a moment; and, when I see her, it is with an indescribable emotion which wholly deprives me of the power of reflection. My eyes are closed against her faults; and all that I can see is, that she is amiable. Now, do you not think all this the very extremity of folly? and do you not wonder that I should be so thoroughly sensible of my weakness, and yet so utterly incapable of overcoming it?"

Chapelle, struck with this affecting communication, could only express his sympathy, and his hope in the soothing influence of time; and, finding that Molière had relapsed into the abstraction from which he had roused him, he retired, leaving his friend to pursue his solitary walk and melancholy musings.

In various passages of Molière's comedies there are allusions to his own state of mind, and sentiments similar to those which he so feelingly expressed to Chapelle. The character of Alceste, in the *Misanthrope*, is known to contain many traits of Molière's own character, and allusions (as has been already remarked) to his own circumstances. The first scene of that play,—the dialogue between Alceste and his confidential friend,—has in one place a remarkable resemblance to the conversation with Chapelle.

Among the frequenters of Molière's theatre there was a young gentleman of the name of De Lorny. He belonged to a good family in the south of France; and, as next to "*l'épée*," "*la robe*" was looked upon as the most gentlemanly profession for young men of family and fortune, he had obtained by purchase the office of a judge in one of the provincial parliaments; the ability to pay a certain sum of money was considered a sufficient qualification for the exercise of the judicial functions; and M. de Lorny probably filled his seat on the bench as creditably as the bulk of his brethren. Being thus comfortably settled in life, he bethought him of a visit to Paris to rub off the rust of the country, and partake of the pleasures and gaieties of the metropolis. To be constantly seen at the theatres, lounging behind the scenes, gossiping with the actors, and flirting with the actresses, was then essential to the character of a Parisian "man of wit and pleasure about town." The most distinguished fashionables thought it an additional distinction to be on a footing of familiarity with Molière; and his wife was constantly surrounded by a swarm of these exquisites, eager to show off their attractions before her, and to obtain from her some trifling notice, which might serve them to boast of, as a mark of favour or preference from the idol of the day. She captivated her admirers by her beauty, her wit, and the grace of her manners, but she appears to have always kept them at a distance; and though she acquired the reputation of a finished coquette, and plagued her husband's heart out, her conduct does not seem to have afforded room for serious imputations against her character.

De Lorny was immediately smitten with the charms of the fascinating actress. But, country-bred as he was, and unhackneyed in the ways of the town, his feelings assumed a character too serious for a man of fashion, and he was foolish enough to fall in sober sadness over

head and ears in love with her; while his rustic bashfulness and nervous tremors kept him at a distance, and prevented him from contending for her smiles, or mingling in the lively badinage of her circle. He had not courage enough to attract her particular attention, or even, it would seem, to make her aware who he was. Finding himself unable to obtain her notice in the midst of her fashionable admirers, he endeavoured to become acquainted with her husband, and to get himself introduced as a visitor at her house; but this he soon found to be impossible. Molière, entirely occupied with his incessant labours as a dramatist, manager, and actor, and fretted and annoyed by the freedom of his wife's behaviour, lived in great retirement, and repulsed with very little ceremony the advances of those whom he knew, or supposed to be, her admirers.

Infatuated by his passion, and imagining that a woman so famous for her gallantries might be won, if he only knew how to set about it, De Lorny resolved to have recourse to the assistance of a certain Madame Ledoux, a good lady of whose valuable services he had heard much among his companions. This convenient personage he made the confidante of his passion, beseeching her to exert herself in his behalf, and assuring her that he was willing to make any sacrifice to obtain the object of his wishes. The wily procuress undertook the task, which, however, she represented as surrounded with difficulties; and contrived to persuade him to put a thousand louis into her hands, by way of secret service-money, in order to insure the success of the enterprise.

Having obtained so large a sum, Madame Ledoux's only care was to find the means of appropriating it to herself, and she soon devised a scheme for that purpose.

Among the numerous females of the class which furnished Madame Ledoux with instruments and confederates, there was a girl of the name of La Tourelle, who had been much remarked for her extraordinary resemblance to Madame Molière. She was not only like her in features, figure, and gait, but was able to assume the expression of her countenance, her disdainful smile, and the very sound of her voice. As this girl was accustomed to mimic the favourite actress of the day, this habit became by degrees a second nature; and she became without effort, and almost involuntarily, a perfect copy of her model. To this girl Ledoux communicated her intended trick; and La Tourelle undertook to personate Madame Molière, so as to deceive M. de Lorny, so long as his liberality should make it worth her while to continue the deception.

In the mean time the amorous swain was impatiently waiting the result of Madame Ledoux's negotiations. She made her appearance from time to time to report progress, and dexterously contrived to inflame his eagerness, sometimes by dwelling upon obstacles and difficulties, and sometimes by giving hopes of success. One day the lady was represented as disdainful and indignant at the idea of an attempt on her virtue; another day she had given indications of a disposition to favour so ardent and devoted a lover. One day all access to her presence was barred by the suspicions of a jealous husband; another day she had shown an inclination to yield, by contriving the means of an interview with her lover's ambassadors, notwithstanding her husband's precautions. Poor De Lorny swallowed these stories with im-

plicit faith, and was all the while in a state of violent excitement, tossed to and fro between hope and disappointment.

In this manner some weeks had elapsed, when one day the go-between made her appearance in high spirits, with the news of her success. She had contrived, she said, to overcome the fair actress's scruples; and Madame Molière, moved at last by the warmth and fidelity of his passion, had agreed to meet him at a house where there was no danger of discovery. De Lorny, transported with joy, liberally rewarded his ambassadress.

Next day he hastened to the place of rendezvous; and the lady soon made her appearance, carefully muffled up, and affecting great trepidation on account of her imprudent step, and the utmost anxiety for concealment. She played her part to admiration, imitating Madame Molière even to her slightest peculiarities,—the sound of her voice, her short cough in speaking, her little affectations and consequential airs,—talking of her excessive fatigue from constantly playing the character of Circe, then in vogue,—and dwelling on her condescension in having, from regard to him, ventured to risk the most degrading suspicions. Her acting, in short, might have deceived an older hand than poor De Lorny, who listened with perfect belief, poured out the warmest protestations of fidelity, and pressed her to accept some token of his affection. The adventuress assumed the air of a person of wealth and consequence; declared that the value of a gift was nothing to her, and that she could only accept from him some mark of his respect on condition of its being in itself a mere trifle. After much pressing, she agreed to go and choose some bagatelle at Monot's, the fashionable jeweller on the Quai des Orfèvres; and De Lorny thought himself too happy to be permitted to pay eight thousand francs for a diamond necklace on which she had set her fancy.

From that time the lovers continued to meet regularly: but the lady requested her fortunate admirer to abstain from ever speaking to her or noticing her at the theatre; it being necessary, she said, to avoid exciting the watchful suspicions of Molière, or the envy of her companions, who were already jealous of her success on the stage. De Lorny continued to frequent the theatre punctually; but was content to worship his idol at a distance, applaud her performances, and glory in the public homage paid to one who had chosen him as the object of her secret preference.

For a couple of months De Lorny's happiness was without a cloud; but the lady, who had other pigeons to pluck, at length became irregular in keeping her appointments. She was frequently late, and tried her admirer's patience by making him wait. One day she did not come at all; and De Lorny, who had waited for several hours with impatience and uneasiness, at length got provoked and out of humour, and determined to go to the theatre, which by this time was open, in order to see what was become of his false fair one, in spite of all that Madame Ledoux (in whose house they used to meet) could say to prevent him.

The play was begun when De Lorny reached the theatre. At that time there were benches on the stage for the fashionables who chose to occupy them. A place was vacant in the front row; and, as De Lorny took possession of it, the first person he saw before him was Madame Molière, in the rich and elegant costume of Circe. Never had she appeared to him so charming. He had come to upbraid her; but

when, crossing the stage, she passed close by him, he could only find words to say softly, "You are more adorable than ever, and sufficient to turn my head to-night, even if you had not done so before." Accustomed to speeches of this sort, Madame Molière paid no attention, but passed on. De Lorny tried to attract her notice by tender looks, gestures, and signs; but could not draw the slightest token of recognition from the disdainful actress.

This contemptuous treatment, after the slight he had already met with, was not to be borne. At the end of the play, Madame Molière had retired to her dressing-room, where she was sitting with her maid, when, to her amazement, the door was violently thrown open, and a man entirely unknown to her rushed in with a wild and agitated air, and threw himself into a seat without uttering a word. Madame Molière's haughty spirit was roused. She hastily rose, and intimated her desire by a commanding gesture that he should withdraw; while her attendant opened the door, and stood ready to call for assistance. De Lorny's indignation, so long suppressed, now burst out without control, and found vent in a torrent of exclamations and reproaches. At first she took him for some madman who had escaped from his keepers; but his air of profound grief, the sincerity of his manner, the tears which rolled down his cheeks, made her suspect that he was under the influence of some strange delusion, and she therefore spoke to him calmly, telling him that he could not possibly know her, or have had any appointment with her, for she was very certain she had never spoken to him in her life. This cool denial of him rendered De Lorny furious. He lost all regard to appearances or consequences, became outrageous in his complaints and upbraids, referred to the times and places of their meetings, and wildly called on the whole of the company to come and witness the infamous treachery of the woman for whom he had made such sacrifices. While he thus raved, his eye rested on the diamond necklace she wore; and, thinking it was the one he had given her, he flew at it and tore it from her neck. At this moment the guards of the theatre rushed in; and De Lorny, now in a state of absolute frenzy, was seized and carried to prison.

Proceedings against him were instituted by Madame Molière. Molière himself was a party to them; and heavy damages were claimed from De Lorny in reparation of his insulting and outrageous conduct.

The cause was tried in the Châtelet. Madame Molière's envious companions gave circulation to the most scandalous reports, which for a time gained credit; especially as the jeweller who had furnished the false Madame Molière with the necklace, affirmed that it was Madame Molière who had chosen it,—a mistake into which he was led by the singular resemblance already mentioned. Fortunately, however, the procuress Ledoux, who had concealed herself, was discovered and arrested, and on her first interrogatory she confessed the whole transaction. The impostor herself, who had so skilfully played her part, was also arrested, and all the particulars of the affair being brought to light, Ledoux, and her instrument La Tourelle, were put in the pillory in front of the theatre; while poor De Lorny hastened to bury his shame and mortification in the country, and never repeated his visit to Paris.*

* The circumstances of this extraordinary affair are taken from the proceedings of the trial, given in an interesting and valuable work published a few months ago in Paris, entitled "Les Chroniques du Palais de Justice," by M. Horace Raison.

Molière lived for ten years in a state of estrangement from his wife, without having ever ceased to love her, or having been able to obtain happiness without her. At length, a few months before his death, a reconciliation took place between them, through the mediation of mutual friends. She tended him affectionately in his last illness, and appears to have sincerely lamented his loss. The circumstances attending his funeral give a lamentable picture of the bigotry of the age. The curate of St. Eustache refused him the rites of burial, his profession having placed him without the pale of the church. His widow presented a petition to the archbishop of Paris, and, accompanied by the curate of Auteuil, (Molière's country residence,) hastened to Versailles to throw herself at the feet of the king. But the good curate had made this errand a pretext to obtain access to the king, to whom he wished to defend himself from a charge of Jansenism. The king ordered him to hold his tongue, and dismissed them both abruptly. Molière was now dead, and could no longer amuse this selfish monarch, who cared nothing for benefits which could not be repeated, or services which could not be continued. In consequence, however, of the importunities of Molière's friends, it was decided that his remains should be admitted into consecrated ground, but without the usual ceremonies of the church; and accordingly, on the 21st of February 1673, he was buried, "with naimed rites," in the cemetery of St. Joseph, in the Rue Montmartre. The people were as fanatical as the church. On the day of the funeral a tumultuous crowd gathered before the door of Molière's house. Madame Molière, terrified by their cries, was advised by her friends to appease them by throwing money among them from the windows; which she did, beseeching at the same time their prayers for her dead husband in such affecting language, that the riotous multitude went calmly and devoutly away. Madame Molière, indignant at the outrage offered to her husband's remains, uttered the memorable exclamation, "What! does France refuse the rites of sepulture to a man to whom Greece would have erected altars?"

NUTMEGS FOR NIGHTINGALES.

BY DICK DISTICH.

No. V. — WATERLOO.

AND was it not the proudest day in Britain's annals bright?
 And was he not a gallant chief who fought the gallant fight?
 Who broke the neck of tyranny, and left no more to do?—
 That chief was Arthur Wellington! that fight was Waterloo!

The quailing croakers prophesied when first he went to Spain,
 The French his troops and him would soon drive back into the main:
 Their patriotic prophecies as Slipton's were as sooth;
 For Arthur kept as far from sea as they did from the truth.

O, when on bleak Corunna's heights he rear'd his banner high,
 Britannia wept her gallant Moore; her scatter'd armies fly—
 To raise her glory to the stars, and kindle hearts of flame,
 The mighty victor gave the word, the master-spirit came.

Poor Soult, like Pistol with his leek! he soon compell'd to yield;
 And then a glorious wreath he gain'd on Talavera's field.
 See! quick as lightning, flash by flash! another deed is done—
 And Marmont has a battle lost, and Salamanca's won.

The shout was next "Vittoria!"—all Europe join'd the strain.
Ne'er such a fight was fought before, and ne'er will be again!
Quoth Arthur, "With 'th' Invincibles' another bout I'll try;
And show you when 'the Captain' comes a better by and by!"

But, lest his sword should rusty grow for want of daily use,
He gave the twice-drubb'd Soult again a settler at Toulouse.
His Marshals having beaten all, and laid upon the shelf,
He waits to see "the Captain" come, and take a turn himself.

Now Arthur is a gentleman, and always keeps his word;
And on the eighteenth day of June the cannons loud were heard;
The flow'r of England's chivalry their conquerer rallied round;
A sturdy staff to cudgel well "the Captain" off the ground!

"Come on, ye fighting vagabonds!" amidst a show'r of balls,
A shout is heard; the voice obey'd—the noble Picton falls!
On valour's crimson bed behold the bleeding Howard lies—
Oh! the heart beats the muffled drum when such a hero dies!

The cuirassiers they gallop forth in polish'd coats of mail;
A show'r of shot comes pouring in, and rattles on like hail!
A furious charge both man and horse soon prostrates and repels,
And all the cuirassiers are crack'd like lobsters in their shells!

Where hottest is the fearful fight, and fire and flame illumine
The darkest cloud, the dunnest smoke, there dances Arthur's plume!
That living wall of British hearts, that hollow square, in vain
You mow it down—see! Frenchmen, see! the phalanx forms again.

The meteor-plume in majesty still floats along the plain—
Brave, bonny Scots! ye fight the field of Bannockburn again!
The Gallic lines send forth a cheer; its feeble echoes die—
The British squadrons rend the air—and "Victory!" is their cry.

'T was helter-skelter, devil take the hindmost, *sauve qui peut*,
With "Captain" and "Invincibles" that day at Waterloo!
O how the Belges show'd their backs! but not a Briton stirr'd—
His warriors kept the battle-field, and Arthur kept his word.

No. VI.—I MET HER IN THE OMNIBUS.

I MET her in the omnibus (a maiden free and frank)
That carries you from Brixton Mill for sixpence to the Bank;
"Where are you going, all a-blowing, on a day so fine?"
"I'm going to the Bricklayers' Arms," said I, "pray come to mine!"
She blush'd just like the red, red rose, and gave me such a look,
And from her silken reticule her lily-white she took;
Then hid her face with modest grace, and wiped away a tear—
"What is your name, my pretty maid?" She simper'd "Shillibeer!"
"My dad's conductor vow'd to have, our last Whit-Monday spree,
Except his twenty, in and out, no other fair but me:
Alas! for my Cad-waller true, that holds so cheap his dear,
And plays his shilly-shally with his Charlotte Shillibeer!"
"A glass of ale, Miss Shillibeer, if I may be allow'd
To ask if you would sip with me?"—"Kind sir, you do me proud!"
Then as I pointed to the inn, and help'd the lady out,
"I'll take," she sigh'd, "on second thoughts, a drop of cold without."
She took a drop of cold without to keep out cold within:
"In bitters here's to you, my sweet, until we meet ag'in!"
Within the glass the loving lass left little to discuss;
And we both exchanged at parting, at the omnibus, a buss.

GIANNI, OR, A NIGHT-SCENE.

BY VIATOR.

HAVE you ever been at Naples, gentle reader?—I suppose myself addressing a lady, of course.—If you have been there, you have probably heard many such a tale as that I am about to tell; and whether you have or not, you may listen patiently at least to one. I intended to introduce you formally to its narrator, my friend Maria V. But the story is rather long, my limits are brief, and therefore I shall give it you in the colloquial and unambitious style of my friend, without the gratification and advantage of any exordium of my own.

My sister Chiarina, on approaching her sixteenth year, began to exhibit symptoms of that sad malady, decline; common, I am told in your country, but happily rare in ours, though looked upon, with what wisdom I know not, as eminently infectious and dangerous. So deeply rooted is this feeling or this fear, that when the disease is sufficiently advanced to be easily recognised, it is difficult to get the sufferer received in any family above the tyranny of pecuniary motives; so attentive are my countrymen to suspicious appearances of this sort, so uncompromising in the precautions they take for their security.

My sister being ordered to try a change of air, it was resolved to send her to Eboli, where we had some relations, who consented to run the risk of lodging her for a time; and a good easy carriage being provided, I was deputed to escort her on the road, and provide for her safety and accommodation.

After what I have said, it will be understood why we determined to proceed leisurely, and stop one night on the way, as it was clearly desirable that no avoidable fatigue should be incurred. We should have had some difficulty, perhaps, in finding a lodging at Salerno; but in this respect fortune favoured us, for an intimate friend of our family, a young captain, between whom and my sister a growing attachment, much desired by their respective families, was supposed to exist, had promised to see us hospitably entertained during our short stay in that city, in which he had been for several months stationed.

Our departure was delayed for more than a fortnight by the various unforeseen obstacles that do commonly embarrass and retard departures of that kind; but at last we set off, and we proceeded without any accident as far as the beautiful valley of Nocera de Pagani. We stopped for an hour or two at this pretty town, and then ordering fresh horses, (having sent our own back to Naples,) we prepared to continue our little journey during the cool evening hours of a summer's day.

A difficulty occurred when we were prepared to start. On inquiry, we learned that the only *vetturino*, or driver, then to be found in the town, was ill,—very ill, indeed, if his oaths were to be believed. They were certainly belied by his looks; but he assured us his fever was very “hypocritical,” and that, in spite of appearances, he was really only fit to be in bed, though he granted that,

out of bravado, he had been all day at the *asteria*, or public house, playing at *la morra*,* and drinking his share of all the wine thereby won and lost.

A commissary of police, who was applied to on the occasion, gave Gianni unanswerable reasons to prove that the excursion would be beneficial to his health and to his respectability; whereupon, though with several appeals to his red cheeks as evidence of ill health, he agreed to conduct us to Salerno; and somewhat late, on account of this delay, we departed for that once renowned seat of learning.

So many accidents happened to us, that they far exceeded the common measure, and retarded our progress so effectually, that night overtook us on the long descent that leads from the venerable and antiquated city of La Cava down again to the shores of the tideless Tyrrhenian sea. In vain I besought Gianni to urge on his refractory jades of Calabrian mares; he refused, and something unusually rude in his replies made me suspect he had other motives for delay than the weariness of his cattle, though I could not conjecture what they might be.

We had reached Vietri, and already the evening star was faintly visible, and the moon, preparing for her journey through the night, had traced a long path of radiance on the slumbering waters of the Gulf of Salerno. Here and there a tardy fisher's boat was seen hastening on its solitary way, its white triangular sail filled with the treasure of the evening breeze, and wafting to Amalfi, or some other coast-town, the frugal reward with which the unproductive waters of the bay acknowledged the industry of the belated seaman.

Behind us, on the left, lay the road we had ascended amid clumps of beeches and chestnuts, or patches of olives and vines, chequered here and there by clusters of whitewashed cottages, a few tall umbrella pines, or one of the slender towers where the slingers await the coming of the African pigeons, which their comrades with nets are waylaying below, and which they allure to descend by casting white stones, a rude imitation of butterflies, far into the green and wooded valley. As we looked, the road seemed to turn back unwillingly, and wind its way down from shade to shade, till it was lost amid the dark and heavy masses of foliage that hid from view the pretty town where we had rested during the heat of the day, its churches, its ruins, and even its rocky hills, with their castled summits. To complete the features of evening, the bell now tolled solemnly from the celebrated old convent of La Trinita, and bade man waft the last petition of that day, the vesper prayer, on the wings of the rising wind to the vault of heaven.

Gianni, on pretence of the call to religious duties, stopped, alighted, and began to mutter his accustomed orison. As he stood bareheaded in the full light of the moon, I read in his disturbed countenance more danger than I thought fit to confide to my poor sister, who complaining of the cold, and coughing sadly, wrapped herself up more and more in shawl, and kerchief, and cloak.

Calling Gianni to me, I told him with as much coolness as I could muster that my sister was suffering from the night air, and that if he did not immediately go forward on his journey, I should

* A curious game played on the fingers, and a great favourite with the people.

myself take his place and proceed alone. I must confess that, while speaking, I rather ostentatiously displayed a brace of pistols, that he might understand I was prepared for the worst chances of travelling. He eyed me a while in silence, and then approaching close to where I stood, said almost in a whisper,

"Let me speak to you one moment, where we can't be overheard."

I walked with him to a little distance from the carriage, and there putting his mouth to my ear, he said, in a low distinct voice,

"I am trying to save your lives!—Don't hurry me, and perhaps I shall succeed. I have taken a dreadful oath, and can tell you no more; but by the blood of San Gennaro, by the sorrows of the Virgin, by all that man can swear by, and perish if he is forsworn, I mean you nothing but good. Look here." He pulled out of his breast something that was fastened to his neck by a small chain. "Can you see this?" said he.

"Not very well; but it seems the image of a saint."

"It is so, of the most beautiful and most bountiful saint in heaven. She has been the patron and protectress of my family for—ever, I think; and she is such an exact likeness of your sister, that I would rather die than injure her or you. But do take my advice, and throw your pistols into the hedge for the present; or, at least, if we are surrounded by people, try to forget the use of such foolish things, or, at any rate, don't make a show of them, as you did just now; it would ruin us at once. Above all, let us have no fighting and no talking, for neither will do any good."

Having said this, he again left me, and returned to the side of the carriage, but manifested no intention of proceeding.

I was silent, for I knew not what to do; but at length, fearing that a long stay here would prejudice my sister's health, I added my entreaties to hers that Gianni would either go on or return. The driver resisted a good while, but at last he resumed his seat, saying to me apart, "I don't know that there's a pin to choose between going on and going back: 'tis all a lottery: but remember, 'tis no fault of mine. I am almost sure we are either too early or too late; but if you will go, you must."

Thus saying, he whipped his horses with such vigour and perseverance, that in due time they absolutely attained to a sort of gallop; a pace that, from the imperfect way in which they executed it, I thought they must have renounced for years.

We had hardly proceeded half an hour on our way, when before, and behind, and around us, stern voices began to shout, "*Ferma! ferma!* (stop!)" and various persons appeared suddenly to people the solitude: some sprang from the road-side where they had been lying, others bounded from the fields or plantations that bordered it, and all of them appeared armed and prepared for violence. The driver stopped, my sister shrieked and crouched down in the carriage, which in an instant was surrounded by many men, who uttered vociferously the usual bandit's command, "*Faccia a terra,*"* though they had very little the looks of robbers, but muffled up in their large dark cloaks, and concealing their faces as much as was

* Literally "*face to earth.*" It implies that the traveller must throw himself prone on the ground; a position which makes it impossible for him to observe what is passing.

possible, they exhibited to view nothing differing from the ordinary appearance of respectable country people, except the *arma bianca*, or stiletto, which each bore naked in his hand, and which, as they moved hastily about, glittered in the cold moonlight. Resistance was out of the question: I assisted Chiarina to alight, and, mentioning her ill health, I entreated they would use her gently, offering to be myself security, by remaining in their hands, for any recompence they might demand in return for their indulgence.

"We are not robbers," answered a tall stern man, whose hat, having fallen off in his hurried advance, had left him open to observation. "*Faccia a terra* this instant, or you die: we want not money, but we want security." Then, turning to his companions, among whom he seemed to hold the rank of leader, he added, "A sick girl and a silly boy must not endanger the hand of Justice when it is guiding the steps of death to the betrayers of a country." He again turned to us, and exclaimed vehemently, "Down, I say, for a time, or for ever, which you please." As he spoke I was suddenly seized behind, forced to the ground, and a cloak being thrown over my head, I was searched, my pistols were taken away, and my hands tied.

In this situation, though I could see nothing, I heard very well everything that was said; indeed no precautions were taken to prevent this; it seemed as though they had made up their minds to destroy us if we stood in their way, and that they therefore thought concealment superfluous.

Gianni now underwent an interrogatory, from which I learned that though he knew some desperate business was in hand, and was to be despatched that night on the road between Nocera de Pagani and Salerno, he did not know what it was, nor where was the scene of action, and, moreover, he was altogether unacquainted with our assailants. He had a relative, it seemed, who was one of their number, and on the very Sunday following he was to marry the daughter of this relation, who therefore, out of respect for his safety, knowing that he often accompanied travellers from Nocera to Salerno, had given him sundry intelligible hints on this matter, and had besides hazarded an opinion that it would or might be advantageous to his health to stay at home that night. He ventured to conjecture also that the tongue which should repeat these hints, or talk about this suggestion, might perhaps never talk about anything else in the world; and Gianni further added, that all this conversation passed under the seal and bond of an oath.

This communication was received with so little benignity by his hearers, or rather with such unequivocal demonstrations of unamiable intentions, that Gianni, raising his voice, thought fit to add, "Gentlemen, I could not declare the real reason of my desire to stay this evening at home, and therefore I was forced to come; but I ought, perhaps, to observe that before I set out, as I love to travel with a light conscience, I just told my father (under oath, of course,) all that I knew myself; and my firm opinion is, that if anything goes wrong with me or my fare, it will be the cause of a great deal of trouble to you all—I really think so. Now, I hope, gentlemen, you'll take this into consideration."

And they did take it into consideration; and after some secret deliberation, Chiarina and I were placed again in the carriage,

Gianni was sent forward and guarded by two men. One of the strangers leading the horses, we set out, at a moderate pace, on the descent to Salerno.

We had gone on again about half an hour, when my attention was drawn away from the care and consolation I was bestowing upon my sister by a broad and lurid glare that shot up almost instantaneously from behind a dark mass of trees and rocks which lay on the left of the road, about a quarter of a mile distant. Our conductors stopped, and, huddling together, cried, "Look! look!—they are at it!" The pernicious old villain will never more preach, or pray, or betray now!"

"Are they all to be killed?" inquired one.

"They are all to be executed," (*giustiziati*) said the tall, stern man, stopping and turning round to face the last speaker. "What! would you keep up the breed? For myself, I am not curious in such matters. Giambattista has been a traitor to the generous band that stood forward as the forlorn hope of this degraded nation. His nephews and nieces, as courtesy calls them,—his sons and daughters, as is probably the truer reading—may or may not have shared his guilt;—I trust they have, that there may be no regret for what we do;—but at any rate they must share his fate, that they may not live to be our accusers. We have the means of striking one villain that has done this, and the punishment will fall on all. My sword should pass through the hearts of twenty innocent creatures to reach such an enormous offender, and let loose such an avenging fear." He paused, and no one replied. "Come," resumed he, "let us push on: there is no one here, I presume, who would wish to be absent when the victim is bound to the altar."

We advanced rapidly after this, and the light increased fast, while an indistinct noise of distant shouts and shrieks began to be heard. It increased as we proceeded, and soon we even heard voices in loud debate, while flames became distinctly visible through openings in the trees. In a short time we reached the strange and fearful scene.

A narrow glen, opening on the left among piles of shattered rocks, and rising with a gentle acclivity to the dim mountains behind, presented a sequestered spot of small extent, apparently only a few acres of ground, but so well cultivated, that it would have appeared a garden, had not olives and vines, fig-trees and pomegranates, with a rich and various undergrowth of many kinds of pulse and vegetables, denoted that it was a small farm, cultivated according to the usual fashion of the country.

The rocks that constituted the foreground on the right and left were rude and craggy, tapestried in some places with weeds which descended almost from top to base, and with their abundant leaves and many-coloured flowerets adorned the strength to which they clung for support. At other places the rocks were bare, and looked out, still, and tawny, and rugged, amid the bright and moving foliage before them. Just where we halted, these masses were widely separated; but converging fast as they went farther back, they probably met at no great distance. The whole suggested the idea that some violence had in ancient times disrupted the hill, and that the space or bottom thus produced had been covered and enriched by alluvial soil washed down from the higher grounds, and detained

there by some accident of position, or by the labours of persevering industry.

On the left again, and partly built upon projecting ledges of the living rock, was a small and modest edifice, that might be a farmhouse of the better sort, or a gentleman's country residence of rather humble pretensions. One circumstance, though, led me to suppose it was the poor, but comparatively comfortable and respectable, dwelling of the *peevano*, or priest of the district; this was, that at a very short distance, and almost entirely embowered in trees, stood another building, which, from the little that could be seen of it, particularly by the bell suspended between two isolated supports of masonry, I had no doubt was a rustic chapel.

Little time was given for the examination of the spot, or for conjectures as to the nature of the two buildings. The first, whatever it might be, was now on the eve of destruction, the whole of its lower story being on fire, and continually supplied with faggots of dried vine stalks, logs of fir, and other active combustibles; so that, though the conflagration had begun but recently, yet, from the care taken to favour its progress, it was evident that if the destruction of the humble mansion was the purpose in view, that labour would soon be accomplished.

The combustibles had been taken from a stack that stood in the yard, and this, from inattention or design, had been also kindled. It shot up long wavering flames from different parts, and the whole promised to be speedily one mass of fire.

Where we were placed we could not see the main front of the building, which seemed the most attractive point; for there were congregated the greater numbers of these nocturnal aggressors, and thence proceeded screams, and prayers, and expostulations, and curses, and derision.

My sister and I were bound to a tree, that our guards might join their more active companions; and not long after, our driver Gianni was brought near to the same spot, and also secured.

"I know what matter they have in hand now," said he, when we were left alone; "and had I known it a little sooner, neither you, nor I, nor your poor dear young lady, would be here at this hour of night. But 'tis my fault—all my fault. I ought not to have sworn to tell nobody."

"But you have told somebody," said I—"your father?"

"Not a word; I durst not, after the oath I had taken. I said I had, to be sure, because I thought it might frighten them; and so it did, but nothing could do us any good. They'll make clean work of all this before they've done. God forgive me that I should say so, and your sister there listening; but she must know it, she must know it; for if anybody can save us, 'tis she. For charity's sake, *mia bella padroncina*, (my beautiful little mistress,) pray to Santa Lucia; she can't refuse *you* anything; you're her image on earth."

"Cannot your relation protect us?" said I softly to Gianni.

"I think he has entirely lost his senses since he discovered what they are going to do. I am sure he knew nothing of it before this hour, or he would never have meddled with it. Of course he knew it must be bad enough, and the old villain ought to have told me so. For that matter, I must own he did; but I never dreamt of anything so horrid!"

"What, in Heaven's name, are they going to do, then?"

"To burn Giambattista the priest and all his family."

"They can't be such incarnate fiends!"

"I don't know," said Gianni, "but that's what they are going to do. They say he has betrayed them; and some of their friends, their relations, or their benefactors, have died the death of traitors for what they did during the 'ninety days,' that is the revolution."

"Do you think he did betray them?"

"Oh, very likely, very likely; though I don't know. He has always been a good man to friends and foes, only desperately loyal. The old fool!—And I was to be married next Sunday! But hush, hush!—here they come!"

From the front of the house a crowd of persons advanced as he spoke; they separated near us, and made an open space exactly opposite the wood-stack, which was now the pedestal of a huge column of fire, adorned with a thousand fluttering banners of flame, which threw a red glare over the scene, while from its interior there came a low, menacing, and continuous roar. The chapel, the trees, the rocks, the busy groups of men assumed a sinister appearance in the strong but partial light, thrown out in unsteady flashes by the double conflagration of the house and the pile of hoarded fuel.

Thrilling and repeated shrieks, rising fearfully distinct above a loud contention of voices, and occasionally followed by the thunder of masculine execration, were the choral accompaniments of the tragedy about to be enacted.

As the main group drew near me, I first distinguished three men dragging a dark body along the ground, which, when the crowd separated more and more, I discovered to be that of a man completely inanimate, disfigured with wounds, and covered with blood. The corpse passed close by my feet; the garments were literally torn to rags; the naked body might be seen in many places; the head moved from side to side as it met with unevennesses in the ground. At one moment the face was turned towards me,—it was that of a young man; the eyes were open, and, although they had no "speculation" in them, I could almost fancy that they looked at me appealingly. My sister saw it likewise; she shuddered violently. I think she exclaimed "Jesu Maria!" but, on looking at her again a moment afterwards, I saw she had covered her face with her little white hands, and she was silent, though her bosom rose and fell with the motion of stormy waters.

Gianni's knees bent under him as the body went by: he groaned heavily once or twice; but then recovering a little, he turned to me and said,

"Be ready, sir: I think there is no hope!"

The wretched victim of unexpected outrage was deposited as near the burning pile as it was possible to approach it. Attempts were then made with poles and other instruments to pull some of the flaming materials down upon the body; and so incautious or so desperate were their endeavours, that a great part of the entire mass at length gave way, and a shower of burning brands entirely covered the corpse, and considerably injured some of the assistants, who for a few moments stood in danger of undergoing the fiery death they came to inflict.

Another group now came towards us, forcing forward a grey-

haired priest; and farther behind, some other men were compelling two young women to advance in the same direction. These latter were sometimes urged by blows, sometimes thrust on violently, and sometimes dragged towards their destination by muscular hands, that grasped their clothes, or were wound into their dark dishevelled hair. The poor creatures clung to each other's embrace, in the vain hope of there finding the wonted protection or comfort, and, as despair grew stronger and stronger in their desolate bosoms, they uttered those shrieks that were the crowning horror of the time. They were both handsome; but in their faces fear had changed all that could please the eye into all that could shock the heart, and convert its lightest or sternest purposes to grief or pity. Such was my impression then; but the many interests of the moment were too absorbing to allow of a critical analysis of what I saw or of what I felt.

The priest was a short spare man, with a dark complexion, and some appearance of decrepitude, his black cassock, rent in various places, and exhibiting the whiteness beneath, looked unsightly and strange. His thin white hair was here and there marked by ominous stains; but, notwithstanding this, and the horrors that surrounded and the death that threatened him, he uttered no sound. His bright eyes, deep sunk within their ample orbits, glared wildly and earnestly around, but, after a moment's inspection, seemed to shrink away from every object, as though they everywhere encountered things that they beheld with hate or with fear. On turning, he stood almost face to face with the unhappy women who had been brought up behind him. He did not become pale,—perhaps the swarthy hue of his countenance made that impossible,—but, as he gazed on their ungovernable agony, the muscles around his mouth seemed slightly affected by spasms, his eyes were more rolling and restless, and a cadaverous hue stole gradually over his features. Recovering his self-possession almost immediately, he exclaimed in a loud, solemn, and unagitated voice,—

“Men of blood! take care! You are miserably deceived. You are not here in secret nor in security, as you think. What you are doing is seen,—what you have done is known. You are yourselves in danger, for God is here! Beware, then!—look up! You see nothing,—but His invisible arm is raised over you! Think again!” There was a pause, and he continued. “What you are doing is as wicked as it is ignorant; but wickedness is ignorance. You falsely say I have betrayed you: my whole life is an answer to the unfounded charge. I have been silent about you to every creature on earth: bid me live, that I may not have to accuse you in heaven! I am innocent—I swear it!”

“Listen no longer to this hoary traitor,” said the stern tall man, breaking into the circle that had now formed, and confronting the priest; “this is not a work that gives us time to lose. Die as thou hast lived, old man, with a lie upon thy lips! I know thou art a traitor; my headless son has come to tell me so in dreams. Fear nothing, my friends! Heaven will not take the part of a dying liar. Fear not this false priest then, but push him on. This is your sworn task;—will you wait till soldiers come to interrupt you?”

This last argument produced a strong effect.

"Man!" cried the priest as his enemies again pressed closely round him, "thou art a false witness, and by thee I die; yet save my unoffending children, and I forgive thee. Remember thy hour will come at last, and then wilt thou need——"

"Away, old dotard! I will take its chances when it comes. Push him on, there. Make haste!—Your children, are they, old sinner?—You shall not be separated. Push him on!"

"Not in the flesh, not in the flesh!" screamed the old man, as the increasing uproar made it difficult to be heard, and as his voice was more and more interrupted by the effort he instinctively made in the struggle to avoid death, while the ruthless murderers pushed him nearer and nearer to the burning pile. "They are my—children—my brother's children. Spare me, spare them—spare!"

The outcries, the curses, and the confusion that followed, cannot be described. It increased as a crowd of men pressed round the objects of their hate, and hurried them towards the pile. I could neither see nor hear anything more distinctly, but a burst of unintelligible clamour, announced the consummation of this labour of vengeance.

This shout had hardly wakened the mountain echoes, when another noise, formidable and unexpected, came to the ear like the summons of death; it was a sharp and sustained peal of musket-shots from the road. For a few moments nothing else was heard; the conspirators were daunted by the attack, but soon recovering, they shouted out the name of their leader, who, however, could not be found; and after a hurried consultation, they rushed to repel the military by whom, there was now no doubt, they had been surprised.

The sound of clashing swords was soon added to the report of fire-arms, and the spot whercon we stood became comparatively solitary and quiet. I looked towards my sister; she had fainted, and was kept from falling by the cords that fastened her to the tree. I struggled to burst my bonds; it was impossible; the effort made them cut into my flesh, but did not loosen them. I gave up the attempt, grinding my teeth with sullen but silent rage, and strove to look away from Chiarina. In doing so, I beheld a man standing near Gianni; he raised a stiletto in the air and struck several times with it. I could bear no more, and shutting my eyes I kept them firmly closed, till new sounds and circumstances compelled me to open them. When I did so Gianni was no longer there. Had he also been consigned to the fire? I looked towards it shuddering; it had sunk into a heap of embers, only now and then enlivened by a low brief flame, as, *stirred by some internal motion*, the mass heaved a little, and then subsided into a volume still denser than before.

I continued to gaze abstractedly on the red and sinking pile till my eye was caught by a moving figure which, almost entirely concealed by a large chesnut tree, still appeared at intervals, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

I could not see it distinctly on account of our relative positions, and because it was never stationary for an instant. At length it glided suddenly from its shelter, and crouched down behind the masonry of a well. A scream then first made me notice two human beings lying on the ground not far from me; they half raised themselves slowly, and sank down again; but I had seen enough to know

they were Giambattista's nieces, who had for the moment escaped from destruction. The unknown figure rushed from the well and threw itself on the ground beside them: it looked like the old priest; but could he be risen from the dead?

I saw it indeed but for an instant, and the face wore an expression that I would never look upon again; it was ghastly, it was hideous; but whether hope or fear, rage or despair, predominated, the momentary glance did not enable me to decide.

The noise of strife now began to draw nearer, and our enemies came back by ones and twos in the hurry of flight; their numbers soon increased, and soldiers also began to appear; these latter in a short time occupied the whole place, and distant and dropping shot told plainly that the combat had become a victory on their side. Some prisoners having been made, a rude military commission proceeded to try and condemn them very summarily in a neighbouring barn. My sister and I had now been released, and we were conducted to this spot. On entering, the first objects I could observe in the gloom, were the priest and his two female relations, who all stood near the only light in the place, a torch stuck in the ground; and a little on one side, but near this group, was Gianni, his arms bound tightly behind him, and a stupid unspeakable horror in his countenance.

What I learnt at a somewhat later period, had better be told now. Gianni had been released from confinement by his relative, who cut his bonds during the brief struggle with the military, and who seemed to have been somehow instrumental in bringing them there, but whether ignorantly or intentionally, I could never learn. As soon as Gianni was free he endeavoured to escape, but confused by fear, by the partial lights, and the hurry and din of the mortal combat, he had failed, and was made a prisoner. The priest had indeed been thrown upon the fire, but being unbound he had, during the alarm that instantly followed, descended from it alive, though in a frightful condition from the injuries he had received. He gave his evidence passionately, I fear I must say vindictively, against the offenders; yet he bore a blameless character till that hour.

Little was said; each prisoner was brought forward and confronted with the priest; he was not allowed to speak, or not heeded if he spoke. He was brought there not to be heard, but seen; and this done, he was taken away. A single word identified him with the assailants, and if that word was pronounced, a sort of secretary inscribed his name and sentence with startling brevity in a note-book, and copied the record on a scrap of paper, which, delivered to any assistant at hand, became a warrant for execution or a temporary reprieve, and, if the first, it was acted on immediately.

When we were brought near this fearful tribunal, I recognised in the judge our intimate acquaintance, the supposed lover of my sister, the friend who was to have paid us the dues of hospitality at Salerno. Our entrance, therefore, made a great sensation. "Good heavens!—do I meet you amid such horrors as these? And your sister!—how will she support the scenes of this night? How is she? Give her a little wine. Stefano, where's my flask? There!—take some yourself too. This is work that tries us all; but we shall soon have done, at least I hope so. How many more are there, sir?"

"Six."

"Well, who was the last?"

"Gianni."

"Gianni!" exclaimed I; "do you mean the man who was just now taken hence?"

"The same, I believe."

"What is his sentence?"

"I believe he is to be . . . I've forgotten what. You can look at the book. Don't let us have any unnecessary delay. Call the next and make haste, sir."

I looked at the list; my eye ran down to the bottom, and I there read the fatal words "*Gianni fucilato*," (shot.) The secretary was writing out the words on a slip of paper, which a soldier was waiting to receive. I turned to the judge. "Here's a dreadful error, my dear friend!" cried I; "this man came with me from Nocera. I wanted a driver, and he was sent by the police against his own inclinations. Upon the honour of a gentleman," added I, seeing he listened incredulously, "upon the faith of a man and a Christian, he is as innocent as I am. For Heaven's sake, consider this! You are committing a murder!" My friend looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then slowly shaking his head, said, "I am sorry you think so. The man has been identified by Giambattista, who saw him conversing with others near him. My orders are quite positive."

"I tell you he was bound to a tree near me."

"A strange illusion! He was taken hard by, endeavouring to make good his escape."

"This is horrible! You will not risk committing a crime, I trust. Wait at least for evidence; there can be no harm in that."

"No harm!—you are not aware that an extensive conspiracy has been discovered at Salerno, and that we are perhaps on the eve of another revolution."

"However that may be, it does not affect the question of this man's guilt or innocence. Spare his life till to-morrow. Before all things, it is our duty to be just. Chiarina, my dear sister, speak to Saverio. You can bear witness, too, that Gianni was with us a prisoner. He intended to save our lives—let us save his."

My sister came forward; she was pale and cold. In spite of all we could do to prevent her, she insisted upon sinking on her knees before her lover and judge. "This is not a time for pride," said the poor girl; "I think and hope I am dying, and by my trust in a better life than this, I believe Gianni is innocent. Pardon him before I die, my—my—dear—Saverio." She was silent, and her head fell on her breast. The judge yielded. "Secretary," cried he, "in the case of Gianni, write *detenuto* for *fucilato*, and give the corresponding order."

The scribe prepared to obey. I seated my sister on a heap of straw, and gave her some water. She recovered a little, and I told her Gianni was saved. I then made my way through a throng of soldiers and prisoners, and approaching the secretary, I asked if the order had been sent.

"There it is," said he, "but there is nobody to take it yet."

"Give it me," said I, and receiving it from his hands, I rushed from the shed, and directed my steps to a spot where a few lighted

pine branches marked the place of death. Gianni was standing near about a dozen bodies, probably those that had been recently executed. In front of him, at about twelve paces distant, were some riflemen with shouldered firelocks, ranged in line.

Hurrying towards them, I stumbled over a corpse, and fell. As I was endeavouring to rise, a cold clammy hand laid hold of mine. I looked up; it was my sister. She had crawled out of the hut, and revived a little by the fresh air, or stimulated by intense anxiety, had mustered strength enough to follow me.

We turned to look at the body over which I had fallen: it was that of the tall stern man that had made us prisoners, and had condemned Giambattista. He was lying on his back near the still glowing embers of the wood-stack, from which a red and fiery light was thrown upon his face. A streak of blood, beginning in the middle of the forehead, descended on one side, and—or the fitful light deceived me—the sanguine tide still welled slowly from his wound.

I dragged my sister away, for she was hanging over him in stupified amaze, and we reached the soldiers. Here lowered bayonets forbade any further advance. I demanded to speak with the officer; he came to me, took the order I brought, and withdrew. I then turned to Chiarina, and, taking her in my arms, I pressed a kiss on her cold cheek and spoke cheerfully to her. A rattle of musket-shot at that moment shook the air; my sister fell from my arms. I turned round with a start,—Gianni lay dead on the ground, and the soldiers were reloading their muskets. I was speechless with astonishment. At the very moment a sergeant arrived, and delivered a paper to the officer.

“The man has just been shot,” said he on reading it: “how’s this, sergeant?”

“The order for his execution,” answered the soldier, “was changed to one for imprisonment. I put it into my pocket as soon as it was written, and for fear of accidents, I brought it myself. I have not been five minutes coming.”

“There has been some mistake, then,” resumed the officer; “but ’tis no great matter. Somebody has made more haste than you, and has brought me the wrong paper. That’s all!”

TO A COUGH.

ON BEING ORDERED BY PHYSICIANS TO PASS THE ENSUING WINTER AT BORDEAUX OR MADEIRA, IN CONSEQUENCE OF A SEVERE COUGH.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

“Ma’am, that is a *very bad* cough of yours.
Sir, I regret to say it is the *very best* I have.”

Do cease, hollow sound! you alarm e’en the merry,—
You banish all *spirit* away from “*pale Sheri*,”
Strange! that *Sheri*, in order with colour to glow,
Must change to *Madeira* or else to *Bordeaux*.
But since a long voyage seems the only resort,
When at sea how *the Sheri* will long for the PORT!

Oct. 14th, 1838.

THE GHOST-RIDERS.

A LEGEND OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

Away! away! My breath was gone,
 I saw not where he hurried on!
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foam'd—Away! away!
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane;
 But snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career.

Mazeppa.

THE hunters of the far West who trap for beaver among the defiles of the Oregon Mountains, regard no part of their long journey, from the borders to their savage hunting grounds, where the fur-bearing animals are still found in the greatest profusion, with more aversion than that which leads over the great desert where the tributaries of the Padouca, the Konzas, and the Arkansaw rivers, are half absorbed by the arid sand. Lewis and Clarke, Major Long, and other scientific explorers of this desolate region, suffered much from the want of water while passing through it on their way to the Rocky Mountains; and they often mention the disheartening effect it had upon their followers, when, after traversing the scorching plain for weeks, it still lay stretched in unbroken and monotonous vastness before them. This portion of country, which extends along the base of the Rocky Mountains, as far as we have any acquaintance with their range, is said to have an average width of six hundred miles. In the north the surface is occasionally characterized by water-worn pebbles and hard gravel, but the predominant characteristic is sand, which, in many instances, prevails to the entire exclusion of vegetable mould. At the south the arid plains are profusely covered with loose fragments of volcanic rocks, amid whose barren bosom no genial plant has birth: and, indeed, throughout the whole region, large tracts are often to be met with, which exhibit scarcely a trace of vegetation. In some few instances sandy hillocks and ridges make their appearance, thickly covered with red cedar of a dwarfish growth; but, in general, nothing of vegetation appears upon the uplands, but rigid grass of spare and stunted growth, prickly pears profusely covering extensive tracts, and weeds of a few varieties, which, like the prickly pears, seem to thrive the best in the most arid and sterile soils.

The Indians, who inhabit this extensive region, are composed of several roving tribes, who, unlike the nations of the east and west, have no permanent villages, nor hunting grounds, which they claim as peculiarly their own. They hunt the buffalo and antelope, and, dwelling only in tents of leather, migrate from place to place in pursuit of the herds of those animals; and so extensive is their range, that while they exchange their skins for blankets and strouding with the British traders on the Cheyenne river of the north, they also trade their mules and horses, for vermilion and silver ornaments, with the Spaniards of Mexico, on the Colorado of the south. The Arapahoes, Kaskaias, Kiaways, and Tetans, which are the chief of the desert hordes, are ferocious and predatory in their habits, and are con-

tinually at war with various tribes of the Missouri Indians, who inhabit the fertile countries which lie between them and our western frontier. The grizzly bear, the king of the American wilds, shares these dreary domains with savages hardly less ferocious than himself, and roams the west in quest of living prey. Here, too, the illusive mirage of the desert cheats the parched traveller with its refreshing promise, and the wanderers in these solitudes often tell of those monstrous shapes and unnatural forms, which, like the spectre of the Brocken, reflected on the heated and tremulous vapour, are magnified and distorted to the eye of the appalled and awe-stricken traveller.* Strange fires, too, are said to shoot along the baked and cracking earth, and the herds of wild horses that can be seen trooping along the horizon, seem at times to be goaded on by gigantic and unearthly riders, whose paths are enveloped in wreaths of flame.†

The scientific explorer readily calls philosophy to his aid in examining these strange appearances: while learning explains the phenomena, of which he is himself a witness, and reason rejects the preternatural images, which he only knows from the representations of others. But the nomadic tribes, who make their dwelling upon the desert, or the uneducated adventurer, who wanders thither from some more smiling region, are differently affected. The monstrous shapes and unearthly appearances that present themselves to his excited vision, are regarded through the medium of superstitious awe. The wild imagination of the Indian, and the credulous fancy of the Creole and Canadian hunter, people these mysterious solitudes with actual beings; while the grotesque figures drawn upon the mocking mirage, after presenting themselves frequently to the eye, assume at length an individuality and a name; and it is said that the Indian and Canadian wanderers become at last so familiar with the images represented, as even to pretend to recognise the features, and swear to the identity of shapes which are continually changing, and which probably never present themselves more than once to the same person. Among those most often mentioned, there are none whose identity has been more

* "As the day advanced, and the heat of the sun began to be felt, such quantities of vapour were seen to ascend from every part of the plain, that all objects, at a little distance, appeared magnified and variously distorted. Three elks, which were the first that we had seen, crossed our path at some distance before us. The effect of the mirage, with our indefinite idea of the distance, magnified those animals to the most prodigious size. For a moment we thought we saw the mastadon of America moving in those vast plains which seem to have been created for his dwelling-place."—*Major Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.*

† Luminous appearances, like those mentioned in the text, are also said to be common in some of the mining districts west of the Mississippi. Dr. Edwin James of the army, the accomplished naturalist and traveller, received several accounts of them from the residents in that region, though neither he nor any of his party witnessed any such phenomena. A settler told them "of two itinerant preachers who had encountered an indescribable phenomenon, at a place about nine miles east of Loutre Lick. As they were riding side by side at a late hour in the evening, one of them requested the other to observe a ball of fire attached to the end of his whip. No sooner was his attention directed to this object, than a similar one began to appear on the other end of the whip; in a moment afterwards, their horses and all objects near them were enveloped in a wreath of flame. By this time the minds of the itinerant preachers were so much confounded, that they were no longer capable of observation, and could, therefore, give no further account of what happened. He also stated a fact, authenticated by the most credible witnesses, that a very considerable tract of land near by had been seen to send up vast columns of smoke, which rose through the light and porous soil like the covering of a coal-pit."

completely established, and whose names are whispered with deeper awe, than those of the GHOST-RIDERS. The Canadian Engagé always crosses himself when he utters the name, and the Otto, or Omaw-whaw warrior, who may have skirted the desert in a war party against the Cheyennes, or the Pawnee-Loup who has crossed it in his battles with the Crow and Kiawa Indians, invariably places his hand upon his Metawaiïann, or repository of his personal manitto, when he speaks of these fearful apparitions.

Those who affect to have seen these strange dwellers of the desert, describe them as two gigantic figures, representing a man and woman locked in each other's arms, and both mounted on one horse, which is of the same unearthly make as themselves. Some pretend to have been near enough to discover their features, and these assert that the countenance of the man, though emaciated and ghastly, and writhed with the most fearful contortions by an expression of shrinking horror, can plainly be identified as the face of a white man; while the features of the woman, though collapsed and corpse-like, are evidently those of an Indian female. Others insist that no one can ever have been near enough to the phantoms to remark these peculiarities; for the Ghost-Riders, say they, are for ever in motion, and they scour the desert with such preternatural impetuosity, as to mock the scrutiny of human eyes. They appear to be goaded on for ever by some invisible hand, while the phantom charger that bears them, overleaps every obstacle, as he flies on his mysterious and apparently aimless career.

There is a tradition among the Indians, accounting for the origin of these fearful apparitions, to which universal credence is given. It is a story of love and vengeance—of gentle affections won by gallant deeds, and Eden-like happiness blasted by unholy passion—of black-hearted treachery and ruthless violence, that met with a punishment more horrible even than itself.

And thus the story runs.

Upon the western borders of the Great Desert already described, and somewhere about the head-waters of the Padouca and Arkansas rivers, where they approach each other among those broken sand-stone ledges, which lift their gray parapets, and isolated columnar rocks of snowy whiteness, from copses of hazle and shrubby oaks,—there stood, many years since, the lodge of Ta-in-ga-ro; (*"The-first-thunder-that-falls."*) The hunter, though no one knew whence he came, appeared to be upon friendly terms with all the allied tribes of the Desert, and he was said to have recommended himself to them on his appearance in those wilds, by bringing a dozen scalps of different tribes of the Missouri Indians at his saddle-bow, when he first presented himself in the skin-tents of the roving Kaskaiaas. So rich an offering would have placed the chief at the head of an independent band of his own, had he wished to become a "partisan" or leader of warriors; but the habits of Ta-in-ga-ro were unsocial and secluded, and the only object that claimed the solicitude, or shared the sympathies of the bold stranger, was a beautiful female—the sole companion of his exile.

The name of the hunter was evidently of Omaw-whaw origin, but there was nothing about his person to mark him as belonging to that distant nation, and it was equally difficult to identify the partner of his wandering with any neighbouring tribe. Some, from the fairness of her complexion, insisted that she must belong to the Rice-eaters,

(*Menomontés*.) or, White Indians of the north, who dwell near the country of the Long-knives; others, that she must be a *Boisbrulé*, or daughter of a Sioux mother, by some Sakindasha (British) trader: but no one, after a while, troubled themselves about the origin of Zecana, or *The Bird*, as she was called. Indeed the lonely couple lived so completely by themselves, in a spot but seldom visited, that they were soon forgotten among a people so scattered as the dwellers of the Desert. The only object of Ta-in-ga-ro appeared to have been, to find a home where he could place his wife in safety; and the broken mounds, and hillocks, and angular tables of sand-stone, now heaped upon the soil, like the plates of ice often piled upon each other in the eddies, and along the banks of rivers, and now raising themselves in solitary pyramids and obelisks along the grassy vales in which he sought an asylum, made this the country, of all others, wherein the outlaw might find a secure fastness, especially when the whole breadth of the Desert lay between him and his people. Secure amid these wild and picturesque retreats, the sole care of the exile was to keep a few wild horses in training near his lodge, and to hunt the game that was necessary for the subsistence of his small household. The soul of Ta-in-ga-ro appeared to be completely wrapt up in the being who had united her fate with his. He seldom allowed her to go out of his sight, and when the disappearance of the buffalo and antelope from his immediate neighbourhood extended the range of the chase, Zecana always accompanied him on his more distant expeditions. Indeed, the love which the hunter bore to his wife was not like the ordinary affection of an Indian to his squaw; it resembled more the devotion which distinguishes those who, in some tribes, are coupled out as friends, to be nearer to each other than children of the same father, in all the concerns that mark the pathway of life. It was like the mystic tie which unites together the fated brothers of "The Band of the Brave."*

The genial months of summer had passed away, and the first moon of Autumn still found the exile and his bride dwelling in their sequestered valley. His success in the chase had enabled Ta-in-ga-ro to exchange a pack of skins for a few simple comforts with a Spanish trader on the Mexican border, and by merely shifting his lodge to the mountain recesses near, when the winter called for a more sheltered situation, he was easily enabled to strike the wild goats of the Oregon Highlands, and by trapping for beaver among the adjacent glens, supply all the wants of himself and Zecana. It was necessary, however, in disposing of the latter, to be frequently brought in contact with the Spaniard; and his unwillingness to leave his wife unprotected, induced Ta-in-ga-ro often to take her with him on his visits to the trading-post. The consequences were such as are continually occurring on our own frontier, in the intercourse between the licentious whites, who are bound by no ties except those of interest and passion, and the confiding and simple-hearted Indians.

The Spaniard, whose cabin was already shared with two wives taken from the adjacent tribes with whom he traded, soon conceived a

* *Navpashene*—The Dauntless—or "those who never retreat." The different members of this singular and romantic association are generally coupled out in pairs; and incredible instances are told of the exclusive devotion to each other of the friends thus united—a devotion that extends even to death when made terrible by all the horrors of Indian torture.

partiality for the fairer features of the northern girl: and, with that disregard of moral obligations which is but too characteristic of his order when the welfare of one of the Aborigines is concerned, he determined that she should become the victim of his unbridled passions. His advances were received by Zecana with indignation and scorn; but notwithstanding the disgust which his persevering in them awakened, she feared to tell her husband of the insults she received, lest his impetuous disposition should embroil him with all the renegado whites, villanous half-bloods, and degraded Indians, that usually hang around a trading post, and become the pliant creatures of its master. The return of spring, too, was near, and Zecana thought that its earliest blossoms would find her once more alone with her lover, enjoying the sequestered privacy of their summer retreat together; and confident in her own purity and strength, she contented herself with repelling the advances of the trader in silence. But the wily and profligate Spaniard was not to be cheated so easily of his victim; and after meditating a variety of designs, he at last brought both cunning and force to the accomplishment of his purpose. He succeeded in luring the unsuspecting Indian into an agreement, by which a pack of skins was to be delivered within a certain period; and, in order that Ta-in-ga-ro might be completely unshackled in his efforts to procure them, and rove as far as possible in his dangerous quest, the trader prevailed upon him to leave his wife in his guardianship, while her husband went upon an expedition into the inmost recesses of the Rocky Mountains. The hunter, according to the custom of the Indians, departed upon his errand, without giving Zecana the slightest intimation of his distant mission, or of the arrangements which he had made for her care during his absence.

In one of the most romantic valleys on the eastern side of the mountains, at the foot of that snow-capped peak, which is called after the first white man that ever planted his foot on the summit,* there is a large and beautiful fountain, whose transparent water, highly aerated with exhilarating gas, has procured it the name of "The Boiling Spring," from the white hunters who trap for beaver in this lonely region. This fountain is the first you meet with after crossing the Great Desert, and its grateful beverage, not less than its singular situation, causes it to be regarded with deep veneration by the roving natives of the mountain and the plain. The Indian hunter, when he drinks from this rocky basin, invariably leaves an offering in the refreshing bowl; and the clean bottom is paved with the beads and other ornaments which the Aborigines have left there as sacrifices or presents to the spring.

By the side of this fountain, one sultry April noontide, reposed the form of an Indian hunter. His mantle of blue and scarlet cloth, beaded with white wampum, was evidently of Spanish manufacture, and indicated perhaps the gay and predatory rover of the south-west; but the long-plaited and riband-twined locks of the Tetan, or Kaskaia, were wanting; and the knotted tuft on his crown, with the war-eagle's feather as its only ornament, characterised more truly the stern and less volatile native of the north: while the towering form and prominent aquiline nose were combined with other features and proportions, which more particularly distinguished the Pawnees and other tribes of the Missouri Indians. It was, in fact, impossible to say to

* Edwin James's U. S. A.

what nation the hunter belonged. The best blood of the noblest band might channel unmingled with any baser current in his veins, but whatever might be his tribe, it was evident that he now held himself identified with no particular clan, and was, perhaps, indeed an outlaw from his people. The expression of dauntless resolution that dwelt around his firmly-cut mouth, and the air of high command discoverable in his piercing eye, revealed, however, that the hunter was no common man—that, in fact, whatever might now be his pursuits, he was once a warrior and a chieftain.

Weary with the chase, and exhausted by the noontide heat, Ta-in-ga-ro was reposing upon the rich greensward which carpeted this spot. He had thrown off his gay Mexican blanket, or cloth mantle, as it might rather be called, and was occupied in stripping the beads from the woven garters of his metasses, for an offering to the divinity of the place. One after another the bits of wampum were dropped by him into the bubbling well, over which he leaned; but each, as it struck the bottom, was thrown again to the surface by some boiling eddy, and after dancing for a moment on the brim, it toppled over the lips of the fountain, and disappeared in the stream which swept down the valley. The heart of an Indian is the abode of a thousand superstitions; and Ta-in-ga-ro, though more enlightened than most of his race, was still, so far as fancy was concerned, a genuine child of the wilderness. The sudden onset of a score of Blackfeet he had met without dismay, and their charging yell would have been flung back with his own whoop of defiance; but the soul of the intrepid savage sank within him as he beheld the strange reception of his reverential rite.

Danger and death he feared not for himself, but there was another whose existence was wound up in his own; and misgiving thoughts of her condition floated wildly through his brain at this moment. A strange mist svam before his dizzied sight, and he saw, or deemed that he saw, the reproachful countenance of Zecana reflected in the mysterious pool. The appalled lover sprang like lightning to his feet, and riveted his piercing gaze intently upon the fountain. But the apparition was gone. The wampum-strewed bottom was all that met his eye within the sacred bowl, and he knew not whether the mocking semblance just presented on its surface was distorted by pain, or whether the motion of the unstable mirror changed those lineaments from their wonted sweetness. A startling train had been given to his ideas, however, which fancy rudely followed up, without the aid of new images to quicken her power. A sudden resolve and instant execution was the result. The call of the chieftain brought his horse in a moment to his side; another served to re-adjust his few equipments, and leaping into his seat, he at once bade adieu to the scenes where he had hardly yet commenced his new employment, leaving his fur-traps and all they might contain to the first fortunate hunter that should chance to light upon them.

Ta-in-ga-ro had a journey of some length before him along the base of the mountains, but at last the "Spanish Peaks" hove near, and the impatient voyager soon after appeared before the trading-post of the Spaniard. He found it occupied by a small force of provincial soldiers, who had been ordered thither on account of some hostile movements of the neighbouring Cumanches; and a good-natured Mexican, who was one of the sentinels on duty, apprised him that Zecana was there

no longer, and warned him that imprisonment and death would be the certain consequence should he present himself before the commandant. The anxious husband waited not to learn whether the trader was still at the station ; but thinking that Zecana might have sought a refuge in his own home during the existing difficulties upon the border, he struck the spurs into his jaded horse, and wheeling from the inhospitable gate, his lessening form soon disappeared over the rolling prairie.

Never had the road seemed so long to the retreat where he had known so many happy hours, and where, in spite of some misgivings at his heart, he still hoped to realize many more. After winding his way for some time among the singular pieces of table-land which rise in such formal mounds from those plains, he descended at last into the little vale where his lodge was situated. All looked as still and sheltered as when he last left it ; and his heart rose to his lips when, reclining beneath the dwarf willows which bent over the stream near his door, he saw the loved form of his Zecana. There was something unpleasant to him, however, in the singular listlessness of her appearance. The tramp of his horse appeared not to startle her ; and when at last his figure met her eye, she looked at him as carelessly as if wholly unconscious of his presence. She appeared to be busied in watching the ingenious labours of a group of prairie-dogs, one of whose neat villages was clustered round a small mound near the spot where she sat ; and as the little animals would move in and out of their burrows, and sport in the warm sunshine, she sang to them snatches of strange airs, such as had either originated among her own people, or been caught in other days from some wandering Mexican or Canadian trader. The chieftain threw himself from his horse, and stood over the insane female in agonized horror ; the wild words that she murmured appeared to have no allusion to him ; and though in her fallen and emaciated features he could still recognise the face of her whom he had loved, yet the being before him could hardly be identified with his own Zecana. But the strange superstitions of his race, in relation to those afflicted with the loss of reason, began soon to influence his mind, and dropping on one knee before the maniac, he listened as solemnly to her ravings as if he had the art of the wizard to interpret them. They were incoherent and wandering, but they seemed ever and anon to hover near some revelation too horrible even to pass the lips of insanity. The Indian sprang from the ground as if a bullet had pierced his heart, when the conviction of their import first flashed upon his brain, while the soul-piercing cry he uttered summoned back for a moment the reason of the desolated woman before him. But the gleam of the mind was instantly lost in a darker eclipse than that from which the voice of her lover had evoked it. She gave him a look of anguish more piteous even than the ravings of her previous distraction, and then, while her lips seemed convulsed with the effort, she shrieked forth the name of the Spaniard, in the same instant that a knife, which she clutched from her husband's belt, laid her a gory corpse at his feet.

It would be impossible to describe the emotions of Ta-in-ga-ro at the spectacle which had just passed, like some dreadful vision, before his eyes. The very soul within seemed blasted with horror and dismay, at the frightful desolation that had overtaken his happy home. The casket in which he had garnered up his hopes, the being in whom he had merged his existence, lay an irretrievable ruin, a desecrated

corpse before him! And he who had wrought this stupendous injury—he the author of this fiendish destruction, was the trusted friend of his bosom, the appointed guardian and protector of all it prized on earth or in heaven.

The lapse of hours found the wretched husband still standing in mute stupefaction, where the knowledge of his calamity had first burst upon his agonized senses. But some new feeling seemed now to be at work within him; a wild and sudden impulse gleamed fearfully over his fixed and haggard countenance. He became an altered being—changed on the instant—changed in heart, soul, and character, as if the spell of an enchanter had passed through his brain. Till now he had been either more or less than an Indian. The plastic hand of love had moulded him into a different creature from the stern and immoveable children of his race. The outlawed warrior had loved Zecana, he had loved her, not as the sons of pleasure, the slaves of sordid toil,—not as men enervated by the luxuries, and fettered by the interests, the prejudices, the soul-shackling bonds of civilization—not as the artificial creature of society can only love. He loved with a soul that knew no dividing cares, that was filled with no hollow dreams of pomp or power. He loved with a heart that was tenanted by one only passion. He worshipped her with a mind that bowed to no image beneath the sun, save that which was graven in his own bosom. Nor was Zecana unworthy such a passion. Gentle as the antelope that skimmed the green savannas near, she was still a being, fond, warm, and doting: and the deepest passions of her woman's nature had been called into action by the wild devotion of her lover. The flower of her young affections had budded and matured to life, like the quickly-blowing blossoms of an arctic spring, while the fruits it bore were rich, and full, and glowing, as those which a tropic summer warms into existence. And though no conflicting feeling had ever come athwart the fulness of their love, think not that the ties of association were wanting to knit the memory of every look and word of hers to the heartstrings of Ta-in-ga-ro. The radiant face of nature speaks ever to the Indian of the being that on earth he most adores. Her sigh will whisper from the leafy forest; her smile will brighten on the blossom-tufted prairie; the voice that murmurs in the running stream, syllables her name in tuneful eloquence for ever. And they were happy. The brook that sang beneath the willows near their lodge—the flowers that kissed its current—the bird that warbled on the spray above them, were all the world to them—those lonely lovers. And now this bower of bliss was blasted—this home of peace and simple joys was desolated, ruined, and desecrated, as if the malice-breathing fiat of some unhallowed and fabled monster had gone forth against the happiness of its owner. The pulse of no living being beat with sympathy for the master of that lonely wreck; but the soul of Ta-in-ga-ro was sufficient to itself. The indomitable pride of an Indian chief filled its inmost recesses with new resources for battling with his fate. Love and sorrow, like the snow-drift which smooths the rocky casing of a volcano, melted in a moment before the fires that glowed within his flinty bosom, and his original nature asserted itself in every fibre of his frame. His mien and his heart alike were altered. His features petrified into the immobility of a savage, while his brain burned with a thirst for vengeance, which only

gave no outward token, because its fiendish cravings were unutterable through any human organ.

Calmly, now, as if nothing had occurred to ruffle the wonted placidity of his disposition, Ta-in-ga-ro proceeded to occupy himself, for the rest of the day, in the few concerns that required his attention. The still warm body of Zecana, after being carefully wrapped in a buffalo-skin, was disposed of for the time in the receptacle wherein his few valuables were usually kept, and, after carefully adjusting everything to insure its concealment, he occupied himself in taking care of his favourite horse, which after the late arduous journey required both attention and refreshment. When these necessary duties were fulfilled, the solitary, at the approach of evening, tranquilly lighted his pipe, and passing several hours under its soothing influence, with as much equanimity as if nothing had occurred to interrupt his customary enjoyment, he at last wrapped himself in his wolf-skin robe, and was soon sleeping as soundly as if no dream of human ill had ever thrown a shadow over his slumbers.

It was two nights after this that the Spanish trader lay securely asleep within the guarded walls of his station. His repose was apparently as unmolested as that which has just been ascribed to Ta-in-ga-ro; and at the foot of his bed sat the dusky form of the Indian warrior, watching the sleep of his enemy with as mild an eye as if he were hanging upon the downy slumbers of an infant. All was as quiet as the tenantless lodge of the lonely watcher. The chamber, or cabin, stood on the ground-floor, in an angle of the blockhouse. It was guarded by sentries, both within and without the station; and how this strange visitant had penetrated within the walls, no human being has ever known; but there, by the flickering light of a low fire, could be seen the wily and daring savage, sitting as calm, cool, and collected, as if patience were all that was required to effect the purpose that had brought him thither.

The tramp of armed men was now audible near the gate of the fort, while the customary relief of sentinels was taking place. The slight commotion incident to the occasion soon ceased, and all around the post became again perfectly silent.

A considerable space of time elapsed, and the Indian still maintained his statue-like position; at last he sank noiselessly from the couch to the floor, and placing his ear to the ground, listened for a while, as if assuring himself that all was as he wished. His measures were then instantly taken; he first loosed the wampum belt from his person, and possessed himself of a long cord or *lariat*, which he had either brought with him or found in the chamber of the Spaniard; placing now his scalping-knife in his teeth, he glided like a shadow to the head of the bed, and at the same moment that the noose of the *lariat* was adroitly thrown over the neck of the sleeping trader with one hand, the belt of beaded woollen was forced into his mouth with the other, and his waking cries effectually stifled. The ill-starred Spaniard made but a short struggle for release, for the arms of the sinewy savage pinioned him so closely, that he saw in a moment his efforts were in vain, and the threatening motion of his determined foe, in tightening the noose, when his struggles were more vigorous, intimidated him into deferring the attempt to escape to some more promising opportunity. He submitted to be bound in silence; and the Indian swathed his limbs together, till he lay utterly

helpless, an inanimate log upon the couch whereon he had been reposing.

Having thus secured his prize, Ta-in-ga-ro went to work with the same imperturbability, to place it beyond the danger of recapture. He first displaced a portion of the bark roof of the rude chamber, and lifting his unresisting captive through the aperture, carefully placed his burden beside the wooden chimney of the primitive structure, where it projected above the timber-built walls of the station, and threw its shadows far over the area of the fort. Returning then to the room, from which he had just emerged, he took an arrow thickly feathered from the combustible pods of the wild cotton-tree, which grows profusely along the river bottoms of this region, and lighting it by the dying embers before him, he swung himself once more above the rafters, and, standing in the shadow of the chimney, launched the flaming shaft far within the window of a cabin, which opened upon the central square of the station immediately opposite to the shantie of the trader. The fiery missile performed its errand with speed and fidelity, the sleeping apartment of the commandant was instantly in a blaze, and the ill-disciplined sentinels, eager to make up for their want of vigilance by present officiousness, rushed from their posts to shield their officer from the danger which had so suddenly beset him. The exulting savage availed himself of the commotion, and the fettered trader was lowered instantaneously on the outside of the fort. One dozing sentry only, who had hitherto been unobserved in the deep shadow of the wall, witnessed the daring act, and he started aghast at the inanimate form which was placed so abruptly at his feet: but the Indian dropt like a falcon on his prey beside it, and a half-uttered cry of astonishment died away in a death-groan, as the knife of the descending savage buried itself in the chest of the unfortunate soldier. The disappearance of the trader was not observed amid the pressing concern of the moment. The fire spread rapidly among the inflammable buildings, and the incendiary, who had a couple of horses waiting for him in a slight ravine which traversed the prairie, mounted by the light of the blazing cabins, and was far on his journey before the flames which had been kindled from his captive's chamber were extinguished.

Arriving at his own lodge by several short turns through the broken country, known only to himself, Ta-in-ga-ro unbound the trader from his horse, and keeping his hands still tied behind him, attentively ministered to his wants, while refusing to reply to a single question, or to heed the pleadings of the anxious Spaniard for liberty. At length, being fully refreshed, the Indian left him for a few moments to his reflections, while he went to select a large and powerful charger from a herd of half-domesticated horses that were grazing near. The animal was soon caught, and tethered by the door of the cabin. Ta-in-ga-ro then proceeded to strip his captive, and compelling him to mount the horse, he secured him to the wooden saddle by thongs of elk-skin, attached to the broad surcingle which girt it in its place. The wretched man trembled with apprehension, and, with a choking voice, offered all he was worth in the world to be redeemed from the fate to which he now believed he was to be devoted. But the doomed profligate had not yet begun to conceive the nature of the punishment to which he was destined, or his pleadings for immediate death would have been as earnest as his prayers for life were now energetic.

"Slave of a Pale-face!" thundered the Indian, while the only words that had yet passed his lips betrayed a momentary impatience at the craven cries of the other. "Think not that I am about to commit *thee alone* to the desert!"

A murmur of thanks escaped the faltering tongue of the Spaniard; but died away in a cry of horror, as the Indian placed a gory and disfigured corpse astride the horse before him.

When he recovered from the swoon into which the recognition of Zecana's features had thrown him, the unhappy trader found himself bound to the stark and grim effigy of her who was once so soft and beautiful. So closely, too, was he bound, that the very effort to free himself only rendered closer the hideous compact. Trunk for trunk, and limb for limb, was he lashed to his horrible companion. His inveterate foe man stood ready mounted beside him, and waited only to feast his eyes with the first expression of shrinking horror evinced by the trader, when he should regain his consciousness. A blow from his tomahawk then severed the halter by which the horse of the Spaniard was tethered; and the enfranchised animal, tossing his mane in fury as he snuffed the tainted burden, bounded off in full career, followed by the fleet courser of the vindictive savage.

Instinct taught him to make at once for the Great Desert, on whose borders lay the little prairie from which he had started; and on he went with the speed of an antelope. The dreary waste of sand was soon gained, and the limbs of the steed seemed to gather new vigour as they touched once more his native plains. But not so with his hapless rider. The fierce sunbeams, unmitigated by shade or vapour, fell with scorching heat on the disrobed person of the Spaniard, while the moisture that rolled from his naked body seemed to mould him more intimately into the embraces of the corpse to which he was bound. Night, with its blistering dews, brought no relief, and seemed only to hasten the corruption to which he was linked in such frightful compact. The cessation of motion at this time, when the horse, now accustomed to his burden, was recruiting upon the rough grasses which form the subsistence of his hardy breed, seemed even more horrible than the flight by day. The gore that oozed from the limbs of the trader stiffened around the cords which bound him, while his struggles to release himself, when the Indian was no longer by his side, served only, by further excoriating his skin, to pollute the surface beneath it with the festering limbs which were twined around him. Sleep was allowed to bring no intermission of his sufferings. His head would indeed droop with languor and exhaustion, and his eyes would close for a moment in grateful forgetfulness of his situation; but the next moment, his untiring and ever vigilant enemy was before him. A cry like the curses of a damned spirit pealed in his dreaming ears; the startled charger bounded off in affright, and the break of dawn still found the remorseless pursuer howling on his track.

And day succeeded to day, and still those ill-matched riders speeded on their goalless journey. At length the pangs of hunger, which were soon added to the other tortures of the fated Spaniard, became too excruciating for endurance. His thirst being always, with ingenious cruelty, quenched by the proffered cup of the savage, when their horses stopped to drink, the vitality of the system was still as exacting as ever. The gnawing torments to which his body was now subjected surpassed even those with which its more delicate senses

were agonized. In vain did he strive to stifle the cruel longing that consumed him, in vain did he turn with loathing and abhorrence from the only subsistence within his reach. An impulse stronger than that of mere preservation wrought within his frenzied bosom; an agony more unendurable than that which affected his revolting senses, consumed his vitals. A horrid appetite corroded every feeling and perception, that might have stayed the vulture-like eagerness with which he came at last to gloat upon the hideous banquet before him. A demoniac craving, like that of the fabled Ghouls of eastern story, impelled him to—.

But why protract these harrowing details of superhuman suffering! The awful vengeance exacted from the foul-hearted and treacherous trader, like all things mortal, had its end. But the implacable Indian still hovered near, and feasted his eyes with the maddening anguish of his victim, until his last idiotic cry told that reason and nature were alike subdued—that brain and body were alike consumed by the ceaseless and lingering tortures which ate them away by inches.

The subsequent fate of Ta-in-ga-ro has never been known. Some say that he still dwells, a harmless old man, in the wandering tents of the Cheyennes; others that he leads a predatory band of the ferocious and untameable Blackfeet; but there are those who insist that he has long since gone to the land of spirits—and these aver that when the GHOST-RIDERS are abroad, the grim phantom of the savage warrior may be seen chasing them over the interminable wastes of the GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

SUMMER has fled! yet many a lingering flower

Amid this fading scene may still be found,

Unwilling to desert its native bower,

And shedding sweet, though dying, fragrance round.

Faint is the sunbeam o'er the distant hill

To those gay hues our summer twilight wove;

Yet 'mid the changing woods the redbreast still,

Breaking alone the silence of the grove,

Breathes on the chilling gale its melody of love.

The flower that smiles, now all beside have flown,

Though the harsh winds have marr'd it in its bloom,

The bird that wakes the desolate woods alone,

The yellow sunlight struggling 'mid the gloom,—

Are they not most like those fond hopes that dwell

Ling'ring amid the ruins of the heart,

Too pale and rare the coldness to dispel,

Yet dearer in the solace they impart

Than all those summer joys that with our youth depart?

Too soon the bird will hush its gentle lay,

That now comes softly on the moaning wind;

The flower will fade, the sunbeam melt away,

Nor leave one sparkle of its light behind;

And Winter, like a spectre from the grave,

Shrouded in white, all ghastly will appear;

While the rude winds that 'mid the forest rave

Will howl the dirge of the departed year,

And scatter the dead leaves in mockery on its bier.

M. TORRE HOLME.

PLUTO AND PROSERPINE.

A FABLE.

ON Enna's height,¹ where now 'twere vain
 To seek the marks of Ceres' reign,
 Whence ages of oppressive sway
 Have swept her glories all away,
 That goddess placed her ancient throne,
 And cast protecting looks around
 On realms she proudly called her own,
 Trinacria's fair and fertile ground.²
 'Twas on that height that Proserpine,
 Her daughter, scarcely less divine,
 In youthful frolic often strayed,
 And seem'd the mildest, simplest maid
 That ever pass'd her guileless hours
 In the sweet task of culling flowers.

As thus she was engaged one day,
 Old Pluto, passing by that way,
 Towards Etna, the establish'd road
 To his still bachelor abode,
 Became enamour'd of her charms,

And (lest all gentler means should fail,
 To hell³ convey'd her in his arms,

Leaving her maids to tell the tale.
 I have not leisure to relate
 How Ceres mourn'd her doubtful fate ;
 For all the trembling maids could tell

Was, "that a horrible old fright"—
 (They knew not 'twas the King of Hell,)—
 "Had snatch'd their lady from their sight !"

The goddess long was doom'd to range,⁴
 In useless search, o'er regions strange ;
 But I have seen and know the route,
 By which King Pluto mock'd pursuit,
 And will at once attend the daughter
 To where her mother should have sought her.

Behold her, then, a wife and queen !
 And mark how alter'd is her mien !
 She wields her sceptre with an air
 Which bids each subject ghost "beware ;"
 Demands a more than equal sway ;⁵
 And, when her Pluto dares say "nay,"
 Has learn'd in such a strain to scold him,
 As makes his hell too hot to hold him !

"It seems to me extremely odd,"
 (Exclaim'd one day the hen-peck'd god,)
 "That you, who, when your beauties first
 On my enchanted vision burst,
 Appear'd, in ev'ry placid feature,
 A most delightful-temper'd creature,
 Should now do nought but storm and rant,
 And prove a very termagant."

"It is not odd at all," replied
 Poor Pluto's ready-witted bride.

“Think not that to a lover’s gaze
 A maiden, like her charms, displays
 Her qualities of heart and mind !
 No, no ; she keeps *them* all confined,
 Lock’d in a breast of snow, which oft
 Proves hard *within*, although ‘tis soft
 And fair to look upon *without*.
 Then pri’thee make not such a rout,
 For all that pride—that wish to rule,
 Which now annoys you, doting fool,
 (Were I a maid on Enna’s plain,)
 Conceal’d, or dormant might remain ;
 But you, by making me your wife,
 Yourself have called it into life.”

Our modern wedlock proves too well
 How truly spake the Queen of Hell ;
 For many a wretch, whom love beguiles
 To trust to artificial smiles,
 That knot once tied, is doom’d to see
 His Proserpine turn Hecate !”

NOTE 1. “*On Enna’s height, &c.*”—The plain of Enna, so celebrated in mythology, is the flat summit of a mountain situated nearly in the centre of Sicily. It is melancholy, when looking from this height, to see the once fertile land which supplied the granaries of imperial Rome depopulated and almost void of culture. Here (in the modern town of Castro Giovanni) a considerable body of British troops was stationed during the last war. Had England been as well able to cope with her allies in diplomacy as she was to contend with her enemies in war, Ceres, under our auspices, might have resumed her ancient sway in Sicily.

NOTE 2.—*Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in æquor ;
 Trinacris, à positu nomen adepta loci,
 Grata domus Cereri, multas ibi possidet urbes,
 In quibus est culto fertillis Henna solo.*—OVID.

NOTE 3. “*To hell, &c.*”—“*Pæne simul visa est, dilectaque, raptaque Diti.*” The rape of Proserpine was therefore, according to Ovid, a very summary proceeding ; and the story is so well known, that I should not have ventured on it but for the sake of the moral. Observe that Ovid, in direct terms, alludes to the virgin simplicity of the future Queen of Hell.

“*Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis.*”

NOTE 4. “*The goddess long was doomed, &c.*”—The long and fruitless search of Ceres for her daughter reflects greater credit on her maternal affection than on her penetration. As she looked into so many odd holes and corners, it is strange that she never thought of exploring the aperture which is still shown on Enna’s side to the curious traveller, as the route by which Pluto made a short cut to his infernal dominions.

NOTE 5. “*Demands a more than equal sway.*”—We may conclude that Hecate had more than equal sway in the government of hell, since it appears that the patronage was entirely in her hands. It was she, and not Pluto, who appointed the Cumæan Sibyl to the “woods and forests” of Avernus. “*Sed me cum lucis Hecate præfixit Avernis,*” says the Sibyl to Æneas, *Virg. Æn. vi.*

NOTE 6. “*His Proserpine turn Hecate.*”—Although, as is frequently the case in mythology, there is some confusion of accounts respecting the parentage of the Queen of Hell, it is generally supposed that Proserpine and Hecate were one and the same person. Polygamy was not allowed by the Greeks and Romans even to their gods, and both names are given by them to the wife of Pluto. When, however, particular allusion was made to her “infernal” qualities, it was more usual with them to employ the name of Hecate, which was not bestowed on the daughter of Ceres until after her marriage. She was called Proserpine in the days of her virgin simplicity, whilst culling flowers on the plains of Enna.

A PALATABLE PILGRIMAGE TO THE EATING-HOUSES IN PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

If there be some delicious eating in Paris, there is a vast deal which is not so. For every five persons who dine richly, there are fifty who dine well, one hundred and fifty who dine poorly, and five hundred who dine wretchedly. Vidocq, and he is pretty good authority, says that eighty thousand Parisians arise each morning without knowing, not merely where, but how they are to eat before night. In my wanderings about Paris, I have often seen the wretched diners. I do not pass them by without observation. Believing, as I do, that all revolutions in Europe should be for ameliorating the condition, not only of the middle, but also of the lower classes, I wish to know what the revolutions in France have done for these latter. Have they bettered their habitations, their raiment, their food? Doubtless in these three physical spheres, to say nothing of the intellectual and moral, they have achieved much. In the article of food, however, much remains to be done. Death by starvation often takes place in this metropolis, and suffering from miserable diet is a matter of still more frequent occurrence.

The lowest forms of Parisian eating may be found in certain streets of the Fauxbourgs, and in the market-places. Visit the Marche des Innocens at any hour of the day,—you will see around its fountain some score of old women couched in the open air, by the side of their little tin cooking apparatus. Around each are a dozen men, women, and children, some standing, some sitting, and all devouring the bowls of steaming, parti-coloured soup, which have just, for eight liards or two sous each, been ladled forth. The dishes smell of garlic, and, judging from signs in faces, cannot be very relishable. The multifarious ingredients that surround the compounders of this broth,

"The eyes of newt, and toes of frog,
The lizard's legs, and owl's wings,"

remind you of that "gruel thick and slab" manufactured by the witches in Macbeth. This is but the type of many other scenes, and thus banquet thousands of the Parisians.

Walk into the large meat market. At one corner are a half dozen stalls; in each sits a mutton-complexioned woman; around her are twenty white platters, heaped up with second-hand, and third, and even fourth-hand remnants: they are remnants from the great restaurants. And now here comes a ragged man, bearing upon his shoulders a dirty bag. Bargaining for its contents with the woman of a stall, he pours out a bushel of half-stripped bones and half-munched crusts of bread. The heap looks repulsive enough, and you pronounce it without nourishment, and unpalatable. Your dog merely smells at it as he passes by. Yet on such forbidding food thousands of the Parisians are nourished. Here are some sad facts, about which your gourmand at the Rocher, prating of luxury in Parisian banquets, never dreams. There are wide contrasts in Paris, and none more wide than those in eating. The scenes just visited have some degree of mournful interest. Amidst them commenced that cry

for bread in the former Revolution,—that cry which was not silenced till the royal family were dragged by a starving multitude from the palace at Versailles to their prison in the Tuileries.

The next highest form of Parisian eating may be found at the *Magazins de Vin*. Of these establishments there are seven thousand in the capital. They are the nearest approach I have seen here to the gin-palaces of England and the grog-shops of the United States. They may be seen in every quarter of Paris, and chiefly in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Look into one of them, if you would know, among other things, how a Frenchman behaves when in hiccoughs (*his-cups*). At the entrance, the flavours of marron-roasting may generally be inhaled. Within is a female well-dressed, and seated behind a counter whereon stand queerly-fashioned bottles, glasses, and flasks. She sells bread at a price fixed for every fifteen days by the authorities, wine at six or ten sous per bottle, and beer and cider at four. This beverage, and bread, with occasional cheese, are conveyed into a small back apartment, containing several cloth-covered tables, to be enjoyed. The conversation and manners of those apartments you will find abundantly in some novels of Paul de Kock. Good bread, good cheese, and wine at six sous the bottle, make no unimportant portion of the subsistence of multitudes of Parisian operatives. It is just one step *above* the diet of the classes before mentioned, and just one step *below* that of restaurants, whose dinners cost sixteen sous. A restaurant of sixteen sous!—nay, of fifteen, if you at once purchase fifteen tickets; and of fourteen, if you forswear wine. The *Rocher de Cancale* is the highest restaurant in Paris; the *Au Bon Potage*, in the Rue Jannison, is the lowest: they are at the extremities of the restaurant banqueting scale. Between them range some dozen varieties. Among the fixed-priced restaurants are those of eighteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-eight, thirty-two, and finally of forty sous. Passing beyond the forty-sous dinners, you sail through a widening channel into a broad ocean of charges, whose counter winds and cross currents so engulf and collapse the purse, that you almost wish your appetite anchored back amidst the tranquillity of *fixed prices*.

Your restaurant of sixteen sous, though entertaining its customers with rather questionable soups, yet serves itself with pretty pompous titles. For instance, it inscribes over its door, *Au Bon Potage*, or *A La Renommée des Pieds de Mouton*. Sometimes it calls itself *Le Petit Very*, sometimes the *Restaurant de l'Univers*, and then again *Au Petit Rocher*. An establishment having lately assumed this latter designation, was prosecuted in consequence by the proprietor of the veritable *Rocher de Cancale*. He deemed the assumption unwarrantable, and calculated to jeopardize and depreciate the reputation of his famed resort. The complaint was by a criminal tribunal pronounced well-based, and the title of *Au Petit Rocher* joined the *has beens*.

The sixteen-sous restaurant generally announces a “salon superbe et magnifique!” with one hundred or more covers. Its napkins are always wonderfully clean, and its plate of rarest workmanship. The service is of most quick despatch, and its advertisement winningly says, “on-y-lit le journal.” For sixteen sous it will give you this dinner, to wit:—a soup; two dishes of meat very strong (*très forts*), and garnished with vegetables selected from the *carte* by yourself;

a carafon, or little decanter of good Macon, bread always à discrétion, and a very fine (très beau) dessert corresponding to the season, or a petit verre of brandy. The generous feature about this bill of fare is evidently the *pain à discrétion*. At every other restaurant you must pay five sous for each additional roll. Hence do you see the *habitué* of a sixteen-sous establishment, nibbling away at roll after roll, until he has managed to secure an extraordinary quantity of nourishment for his money. Among its frequenters is comprehended a very large, though not wealthy class. Many students at law and medicine frequent it, reading professional treatises in the intervals between the dishes. You will, however, sometimes see there, the darkly-moustached individual, whom in the afternoon you had admired for most exquisite bearing among the promenaders in the gardens of the Tuileries. It is an equally significant proof of breeding to find fault at a sixteen-sous restaurant as at the Grand Vatel, and consequently even there you may often hear drawn forth aristocratical reproaches of "quel diner, garçon, quel ex-é-cra-ble diner!"

I hardly think it worth while to tarry much as we journey onwards to the thirty-two sous, and other restaurants, until we arrive at those of forty. They unquestionably differ from each other. There is a difference, for instance, between the restaurant of twenty and that of twenty-two sous; but the distinction is delicate, and seldom appreciable, except by the garçon and a practised habitué. They each have their single soup, their two dishes of meat, their carafon of wine, their bread at discretion, and their dessert; they each, moreover, have their peculiar *clientèle*, or frequenters. It is not until you get up to a thirty-two-sous restaurant that the prospect begins to widen, and you find yourself entitled to *three* dishes of meat, and a *half* bottle of Macon or Chablis. Gaucher keeps a very good restaurant of this description behind the Palais Royal. He gives you one dinner for thirty-two sous, or fifteen dinners for twenty-two and a half francs. The dishes at Gaucher's are thoroughly cooked; the lady at the counter has big white hands, and the garçons move about with the rapidity of lightning. If you know how to order, you may manage there very well. Gaucher's argenterie, however, is altogether *too* second-hand; the forks have their prongs half eaten up by use, the spoons are extremely worn, and the knives look lean and dangerous. The company at Gaucher's comes under the head of "shabbily genteel." I have before me a caricature of this establishment: eight diners have just discovered in their bowl of soup a small shoe. Calling the garçon, they reproach him,—not for the presence of the shoe, but for the absence of the soup which that shoe displaced. Gaucher's is patronized chiefly by those gentlemen who are little anxious about the distinction between a cat and a rabbit.

Leaving Gaucher's, we come at once to the restaurants of forty sous. There are half a dozen in the Palais Royal. On the western side, Follet's is to be spoken of; and on the eastern, Yon's and Richard's. At Follet's may you meet respectable-looking refugees, Italian, Spanish, and Polish. At Richard's presides a dame-du-comptoir, more magnificent than any I have yet seen in similar establishments. These restaurants, however, lack in essential points. Follet's kitchen is altogether too near the salon, so that its fumes

reek through your atmosphere. At Richard's and Yon's, the floors fail in cleanliness, and the garçons move over them in heavy shoes, instead of noiseless pumps. At all of them the conversation is much too loud;—there is, moreover, much blowing of noses, and they *spit*. I know of no two-francs restaurant containing less exceptionable features than the *Colbert*, in the Galerie Colbert. The ceiling is lofty, the ventilation good, and magnificent mirrors surround the rooms. There are forty tables, for about one hundred and fifty covers. The company around you is composed of ladies and gentlemen, speaking every European language. The company is rather genteel; the conversation is maintained in subdued tones. The ladies break bread in nice blue kid gloves, and powdered-haired gentlemen tap their golden snuff-boxes at the end of the second course. The garçons, though too often in fidgety haste, every now and then exhibit some of that characteristic tranquillity which adorns the best garçons of Vefour's and Grignon's. At the Colbert you are perfectly at your ease, and may dine democratically *with your hat on*.*

The dinner served at Au Grand Colbert for forty sous is as follows: a roll of bread, a half bottle of Macon or Chablis, a soup, three dishes, and a dessert. Your soup may be selected from *nine* different descriptions. You may choose your *three dishes* from eighteen kinds of fish, six forms of fowl, eight kinds of game, twenty-one forms of beef, twenty-five forms of veal, thirteen forms of mutton, and from thirty kinds and forms of vegetables. Finally, for your dessert, you have a choice among thirty-six different delicacies. Now this is all extremely liberal, and the business of selection may seem very easy; but I think you will hardly find it so. Much knowledge and skill are indispensable. Your great governing principle should be this,—never select very compounded dishes. No cooks compound alimentary elements so much as the French.

* So far as *management of the hat* is concerned, very little hut contradiction can be inferred respecting European civility. The Frenchman oftentimes dines, not only at restaurants, but at tables d'hôte, and in the company of ladies too, with his hat on. Stopping, as he travels by public conveyance, to dine, he never does, as is always the case with Englishmen, take off hat or cap. At theatres, both English and French keep their hats on while the curtain is down;—the English oftentimes while the curtain is up. On entering cafés, restaurants, reading-rooms, &c. the custom of slightly raising the hat in civility to the general company, is universal in France, and also in Italy. The Englishman does no such thing. The French Chambers legislate with hats off. The English Houses of Parliament—Lords, as well as Commons—do business with hats on, taking off the same on rising to speak. The Germans, whom I am happy to note down as the most civil and polite people in Europe, make a great deal of the hat. When passing friends in the streets they take the hat entirely off: sometimes letting it fall, in extremest feeling of courtesy, to the very arm's length. This act of civility is also frequently extended to solitary strangers, and *always* if in company with a friend who chances to know, and who salutes those strangers. A German, unlike an Englishman, would certainly make an effort to save a drowning man, although he might perchance have never been introduced to him. The King of Bavaria thus recognises everybody, and never leaves his Pinakothek, without raising his hat to the seven-foot high porter there stationed at the door. The Emperor of Austria,—the "Good Ferdinand," the paternal despot,—when alone promenading in the Prater, is continually taking off his hat to any and every one that does the same to him, resolved not to be outrivalled in this form of politeness. At Munich no one is permitted to put on his hat in the theatre whether the curtain be up or down. I was rather amused one evening at the growl of an Englishman, at whom, as he put on his hat when rising

Nine dishes out of ten are described by one or the other of these terms of art, *à la*, or *sauté*,—that is to say, *got up*. Your veal is *à la chîcorée*, and your beef is *sauté aux champignons*, or *sauté au Madère*,—that is to say, *got up* with mushrooms or Madeira wine. The *à la* and the *sauté* are often carried to terrible extremes. I have, in several instances, known the original central substance completely lost in them; as sometimes you may have failed to recognise a simple, long familiar air, amidst the *appoggiaturas* and flourishes with which a professional executor surrounds it. The consequences in a two-francs-restaurant may be terrible. You cannot be sure of what you are dining on. A cat *à la* or *sauté*, may, with ease, be substituted for a chevreuil *à la* or *sauté*. Very little experience will inform you on this point. Nay, on reading over the carte of a Parisian restaurant, you may, before you are aware of it, find your hand struck down with conviction upon the table, and your tongue declaring that you believe these French, even out of wasted chair-bottoms, or old leather, could get up a very palatable dish.

The above reflections will serve to guide us in the application of our general principle, and consequently we may subject it to this rule—exercise *great* caution in selecting the *à las*, and the *sautés*. We have thus narrowed our sphere of choice, and can proceed with some security. We find that, as in the renowned restaurants, our chief effort is to hit upon the best dishes, so at the Au Grand Colbert, the great task is to avoid those which are bad. For my part, I adopt a most un-epicurean simplicity. I prefer the Doric of a two-francs-restaurant to its Corinthian. I feel always safe in the bread. *That*, thank God! was baked at a boulangerie. But, when I come to the soup, I have not the same confidence. There are nine different kinds. Choose the simplest; but beware, oh! beware, of the *Crouton à la purée*. I then usually call for a simple fried sole, and then,—as the knives and forks are never changed,—for a mere

at the close of the performance to leave the house, a huge, black-moustached, brazen-armed German gen-d'armes, first softly sent, and, not being regarded, afterwards hoarsely *hurled* a horrid mass of native phraseology, signifying “*off with that hat!*” The Englishman deemed remaining uncovered exceeding humbug, saying it was not expected in England, &c. As to German reading-rooms, (to be found at Munich;—Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Berlin have them not. In these cities European periodicals can be found *only* at the Cafés) and public galleries of Art, (I am speaking of the heart of Germany,) every one takes off his hat on entering, and puts it not on till he departs. Go into a circulating library, you are expected to doff your hat. Visit any shop, you must dis-cover;—nay, you should dis-crown on entering each dirtiest Eilwagen-office to engage a seat for your next pausing-place in travel; you *should* do so, for you perceive every German about you so doing. Your Allemand, who thus makes so much of his hat that a *picture of German civility* would be almost coincident with a *daily history of German hats*, does not, however, make much of the *glove*. He does not keep the hand of a friend, just returned after long absence, patiently extended, as if for alms, until he can go through the hard process of pulling off a tight-embracing glove, in order that the coming shake of naked palms may be a warm one. The wise traveller, however, never quarrels with *forms* of civility. If through such forms the *thing* be visible—enough. A flexible man will soon be bended to the form. Of manners, as of morality and religion, there is no unexceptionable standard in the form; as there certainly seems to be in forms embodying beauty, or sublimity, or utility. Whoever wanders much and observingly over Europe, may perhaps, not after long time, hear his voice, Pyrho-like, exclaiming that in most of these minor matters, as in many more serious affairs,

“All that we know is, nothing can be known.”

cutlet of mutton. By this time the *garçon* begins to perceive that he is dealing with a man who perfectly understands him. You look up into his face with the confidence of one who feels that he has not been gulled,—that he has not ordered one dish, and been served with another. For the third and last course merely bespeak potatoes simply boiled. As for the dessert, I think you can never, with Byron, dream of wishing it your “dwelling-place.” Though the map, or *carte* before you, be studded with marmelades and *compotes*, distrust them, and satisfy yourself with a dry *biscuit*. I have sometimes ventured into a *meringue à la crème*, but that rarely. The *à la* was there, and that *à la* enshrouds mysteries. If the mastication of the *meringue* sound like the mastication of newly-fallen snow, you may go on with security. If, however, its substance adhere tenaciously to the teeth, you had better generously abandon it to be fabricated up into another *meringue* for some future dessert-lover, and betake yourself at once to discharging your bill. Having got out of the Procrustean bed of two francs, the only question remaining is, what shall be presented to the *garçon* for his services. At a sixteen-sous-restaurant the *garçon* expects two sous, and at that of thirty-two sous, he will not thank you unless you leave him four. At Colbert’s do not go beyond five. If you do, the *garçon*, to be sure, will thank you, and that profoundly; but inwardly he will pronounce you a flat. As you have merely tasted the half-bottle of sour Macon or Chablis, the best thing you can do after quitting Colbert’s, and shaking the dust from your feet, is to repair at once to Veron’s for your coffee. A two-francs-restaurant is called cheap. Certain persons wonder how their dinners can be served at that price.

A two-franc-restaurant will, moreover, serve you a *déjeuner*, or breakfast, at the fixed price of twenty-five sous. For this sum you have bread, a half bottle of white or red wine, and two dishes chosen as at dinner. If you please, you may substitute a third dish for your wine. The French like substantial wine breakfasts. A light *déjeuner* is what they do not dream of; and, considering this meal with their dinner at five, you may fairly pronounce them the greatest eaters in Europe, always excepting the Austrians.

Next to the two-francs restaurants are several thousand Parisian *tables d’hôte*, of about equal cheapness. You may find them at the third and fourth rate hotels, and in private halls. These are democratically French, as are the aristocratically separated tables of the restaurants. Around them gather strangers and friends to talk literature, business, or politics. They furnish pleasant pictures of French vivacity, and *laissez-aller*. Here is one at the *Hôtel Violet*. It is kept by Monsieur and Madame Swager. Its *prix-fixe* is three francs, wine included. In rainy weather I have dined at this table rather for the sake of Monsieur Swager’s company than for his soup. Monsieur Swager’s soup is bad; not bad for one franc, but bad, *exceedingly* bad, for three. Moreover you have not at his table, as at a restaurant, the opportunity of regulating the succession of your dishes. This is also bad. Next to ill-cooked dishes is the evil of their injudicious succession. Only your epicure may fitly appreciate this truth. A *plea in abatement* after a *plea in bar*, no new matter having arisen, would not more shock the professional palate of a common law judge, than would a *galantine à la gelée*, after a

soufflé à la vanille, shock the professional palate of a Parisian epicure. There is necessary sequence in the latter as in the former. The complaint of not having enjoyed one's dinner, is less often attributable to the quality of the dishes than to unskilfulness in their order of succession.* Hence your epicure very properly indulges a sort of contempt for all tables d'hôte, and particularly that at the Hôtel Violet. I have often applauded Monsieur Swager's entrées, never his entremets. His *bouilli*, being a universal French dish, is always palatable. His *aspergès à la sauce* is, without exception, the worst I have ever tasted. At this class of tables d'hôte is collected each day no insignificant portion of the wit, intelligence, and manners of the metropolis. It is characteristic, and thoroughly French. Go there if you would see the complaisant freedom of French intercourse, and the charming vivacity of French conversation. The English have no tables d'hôte; the Americans have no restaurants. The French are more comprehensive. They embrace both. They have restaurants and tables d'hôte.

We may now look into the restaurants of the second class, the first-rate tables d'hôte, and finally into those seven renowned establishments which constitute, as it were, the summit of the Parisian banqueting pyramid.

Those intellectual gentlemen who deem the pleasures of eating unworthy of speech, and perhaps of thought, will hardly sympathize with the facts and reflections here collected. Aware of this, I feel distrustful of their companionship, and almost request them to ab-

* I dined last July at a genteelly-thronged table d'hôte in Toeplitz, the renowned watering-place of Bohemia. For my two swanzigers I had presented to me the following dishes in the following order. First, came a bean soup. Secondly, a sort of indescribable pie. Thirdly, a boiled dish merged in gravy. Fourthly, sausages and green beans in the pod. Fifthly, sponge-cake with cream. Sixthly, lamb and salad, with preserved cherries. Seventhly, cheese, and some butter. Eighthly, a quantity of very light thin cake. I partook of all these courses, but with little or no satisfaction. Their confusion perplexed me. No distinct, positive impressions remained. Their effects upon as elegant a company as I have ever seen at good tables d'hôte in Germany were various. Immediately after eating of the boiled dish so much merged in gravy, one very fat gentleman, who sat nearly opposite me, fell fast asleep, his head lolling back over his chair, and his mouth open. The *kellner*, or *garçon*, on presenting the "sausages and green beans in pod," was constrained to make one or two efforts to arouse him. Another gentleman, just after partaking of the lamb, salad, &c., thrust his big *table-knife* into his mouth for the purposes of a tooth-pick. This, however, I had often witnessed before, at Munich and at Vienna, and by persons so well-bred in other respects that the practice was gradually shifting in my estimation from a very vulgar into a rather genteel one. Several persons sulkily read newspapers in the long interval between the courses. Between cheese and the light thin cake more than one individual rose, strolled restlessly twice or thrice through the hall, and then resumed his seat. The tumult of many in conversation and laughter was extremely discomposing. I may remark also that the ladies, whose bonnets, when not upon their heads, hung over the backs of their chairs, and who lounged about lazily upon their elbows like the gentlemen, seemed not at all disgusted at the quantity of spitting. I did not here see any one dining in his *shirt-sleeves*; a spectacle I once beheld on rather a warm day in July, in the public room of *Zum Goldenen Lamm*, the finest hotel in Vienna. The Germans appear to me to be the kindest, most courteous people in Europe, but their tables d'hôte are intolerable; and an Englishman, judging of their manners on these occasions by the stubborn standards he invariably brings from home, will pronounce such manners exceedingly strange, to say the least of them. One of their features is rather pleasant. No German gentleman or German lady sits down at, or rises from, a German table d'hôte, without first offering the civility of a smile and bow to the acquaintance and the strangers in his or her vicinity.

stain from walking with me through the renowned restaurants of Paris. Those gentlemen, on the other hand, who reckon the pleasures of eating among the commendable pleasures of life—who can distinguish between Spartan black broth and *creci au clair de la lune*—who esteem a good dinner as worthy, first of anticipation, then of enjoyment, and afterwards of remembrance, and who finally behold in the cookery of a people one type of their progress in civilization,—such gentlemen, I trust, may not look with frowning eyes upon these cogitations. Into *their* hands I may venture to intrust myself. It is *their* sympathies and footsteps which, with some confidence, I solicit for the ensuing wanderings.

Paris contains five hundred restaurants of the second class. I place them, for one reason, in the second class, because, though capable of providing very expensive dinners, they usually provide comparatively cheap ones. These restaurants are distributed all over the metropolis. In the Palais Royal, Prevot's has great merit. Prevot's apartment, in the magnificence of its chandeliers, columns, and mirrors, is next to Very's. Seated at one table, you may multiply yourself, enjoying *pets de nonne*, at least seven times. The spaciousness of this hall requires at its farther extremity an additional desk for an extra *dame-du-comptoir*.

Not far from Prevot's, and to be ranked on the same level with it, stands the Perigord. Its interior is not so spacious, but it is very tastefully adorned, and the chief window exhibits treasures in the way of game, fish, fruit, and fowl, not unlike those at a Comestibles. I know of nothing more stimulating to an appetite than the spectacle in this window. Retiring once from the restaurant with a friend, after a hearty meal, and pausing a moment to contemplate this scene, he declared that he felt as strong a disposition to dine, as when one hour before he commenced his *potage à la julienne*. It is amusing to watch the countenances of the multitudes who, promenading there, stop for an instant to devour these luxuries with their eyes. Would to heaven that thus cheaply they might gratify their palates! If the Perigord's window feast the visual, the flavours from the Perigord's *cuisine* feast the nasal organs. They reek up through an aperture on the other side of the building. Around this aperture you may often see crouched some half dozen ragged Savoyards, apparently not more for the purpose of watching the mysteries going on in the laboratory below, than for inhaling the fumes and ascending savours. A hungry man of vigorous fancy lingering there for a moment, and thrusting, as he walks slowly round the corner, a toothpick into his mouth, might almost imagine that he had dined.

On the Boulevards, Hardy's may be named as a quiet, comfortable dining house. Many, however, prefer the Café Anglais, directly opposite. The Café Anglais has a questionable name. The English corrupt three things:—the dishes—the *laisser-aller*—and the garçons. A *vol-au-vent de turbot à la Marengo*, for instance, cooked at a purely French-frequented restaurant, is a dish quite different from that got up under the same name at a restaurant much patronized by Englishmen. The delightful Parisian *laisser-aller* is contaminated by English silence, and stiffness of deportment. The garçons are corrupted by too great presents. An Englishman gives twenty sous, where a French gentleman has been accustomed to give ten.

Hence arise exorbitant expectations in garçons, much restlessness, indifferent service to all save eaters with big red faces; and vague dreamings after gold. Thus does the garçon grow up into an epitome of those hotels most frequented by English travellers in Italy. Such garçon and his restaurant are to be avoided. They become members of the same class with certain Parisian shops, on whose doors are written "English spoken here," which is, being interpreted, "English taken in here."

Doux keeps a respectable restaurant over the passage to the Opera. One of his garçons is extremely amiable, and rather intelligent, with a fancy, brilliant as his polished hair. Ask him to name his best dishes. With what significant upturnings of the eye, as if in recollection, does he not go on with announcements of "we have this *sauté*," and "we have that *à la*!" His words address not only the ear and eye, but likewise the olfactories. He so describes a dish that you fancy you can smell it. The last time I dined with Doux he charged thirteen sous for a pear, and one franc for *fire*. This last charge looked rather singular; and a German gentleman at the next table declared, with a *bei Gott*, that he would not pay it, never having called for that dish, and swearing that the room was as cold as the Hartz in the midst of winter. The dame-du-comptoir politely insisted, and the German was about to stop his dues to the garçon, when the resistless *manner* of that garçon quite overcame him.

Near the Boulevards, in the Rue Vivienne, is the Omnibus-Restaurant. It has but recently been opened. At its head is the Vicomte de Botherel. Titled gentlemen open restaurants in Paris, as titled gentlemen drive stage-coaches in England. The Viscount's establishment is based on a capital of two hundred thousand francs, whose shares are seven hundred and fifty francs each. Capitalists are pleased thus to invest money, and receive their due dividends. The rooms of this restaurant are exceedingly brilliant, and in its *clientèle* predominate the sex. It is the only establishment of this kind wherein I have seen respectable ladies dining without the presence of a gentleman.

The Boulevards abound in second-rate restaurants. They do not, however, monopolize them. The faubourgs are likewise thronged. The hungry stranger is surprised to find in many of those unfashionable sections such excellent eating. It was not until lately that I made some very valuable discoveries. The Rocher, itself located in a very obscure street, first gave me the hint. So recently as yesterday, walking in the Faubourg-Poissonière, I read the word "Restaurant," in very small and dirty letters. As the hour of five had arrived, I suggested to my companion that, for curiosity's sake, we should dine there. Entering through a narrow avenue, and ascending a narrower flight of stairs, we found ourselves in a small room containing half a dozen tables. At one was a national guard, in full uniform, seated opposite a rather old lady. At another was a fine-looking old gentleman, reading the *Journal des Debats*. At a third were four gentlemen conversing with vivacity; and scattered among whose words I frequently heard the names of Guizot and Molé. The garçon, in light pumps, and with a pocket full of spoons, pointed us to a vacant seat, placed a *carte* within reach, gave us each a bread roll, and at once asked what wine we desired. I

found his *carte* extremely rich. It seemed to me equal to that of Vervy in the number and complexity of its dishes; and, then, the cookery was admirable. The *apartment* and *furniture* were indeed ordinary; the *courses* were delicious. There was no parade, hardly a mirror, not a curtain, not even a *dame-du-comptoir*, and but one very poor chandelier. But there *was* the glory of a French cuisine. Nothing fed the eye, all was for the palate: and, before the *patisserie* was half concluded, my companion exclaimed, "The pleasures of eating are intense!" Eight francs were paid for a dinner, which at the *Café de Paris* would have absorbed sixteen. Here was harmony between the thing given and the thing received. At the *Rocher* there is too often discord. I dined there about three weeks since, with a party of five. A twenty-five francs dinner each had been ordered;—the bill, including wine, amounted to one hundred and ninety-two francs. Having dined at some forty different Parisian restaurants, I was satisfied of the gross exorbitancy of that charge. Such impositions are practised daily. There was not correspondence, nor slightest harmony, between the *garçon's* bill of fare and his bill of expense, and no lover of concords could have been otherwise than offended. The world has not an eating-house, the dinners at which, in their *tout-ensemble*, equal those that may be given at the *Rocher de Cancale*; and it has none whose charges for an ordinary dinner are so high. Wonders exist in this metropolis, whereof the traveller, sojourning briefly, never dreams. I am assured of the existence of restaurants, whose *single* dishes, *not* courses, come quite up to any of the *Rocher*, at but one-third of their expense. Certain ancient French epicures know their locality;—and they have regard enough for their palates and purses to keep such knowledge to themselves.

Among the tables *d'hôte* of the first class are chiefly to be mentioned Meurice's, and that at the *Hôtel des Princes*. I first dined at Meurice's on the second day of my arrival in Paris. I was charmed by the brilliancy of the table, adorned as it was from the beginning to the end of the banquet with vases of flowers and fruit. I was amazed and bewildered by the multitudinous succession that passed before me, of unheard-of dishes. Meurice's table will accommodate thirty persons. Madame Meurice has, however, been known to crowd about it thirty-five, and even forty. It then becomes a miserable residence for an epicure. The most inviting dish produces little impression on him whose elbows are pinned to his loins, like the wings of a skewered *becassine*. Hence an objection. Intending to dine at Meurice's, ascertain beforehand if the company will probably be numerous. If not, you may reasonably reckon among your day's pleasures the prospect of enjoying a very magnificent banquet at five o'clock. From *twenty-seven* different dishes you may select, for combination, the elements of your meal; and when informed that the sum of only four francs responds to such luxury, your surprise amounts to astonishment. Here seems a discord violent as that at the *Rocher*, but it is one whereof you have little right, and less disposition, to complain. The four francs, however, will bring forth no wine. You may select that in whole bottles, or half bottles, from the proper *carte*. The objection to tables *d'hôte*, on the ground of not being able to regulate the succession of your dishes, is greatly reduced at Meurice's by the multitude of courses. There

is a probability, amounting to moral certainty, that among the twenty-seven dishes you will be able to combine in their due order those which will most harmoniously correspond with your past habitudes and gustatory organization. The company at Meurice's is chiefly English. Green English come gradually to a sense of the mysteries of Meurice's banquet. At once some of them ignorantly satiate their appetite on the four first dishes. Twenty-three untasted delicacies that follow, teach them an important lesson for the next banquet. Two hours at table are sufficient to discover, first, the untravelled English boor; secondly, the would-be English puppy; and finally, the thorough-bred Englishman, — whom you will afterwards recall as one of the most finished and graceful models in your memory. Meurice's is pronounced the finest table d'hôte in the world. It is perhaps the most abundant and various for the simple charge of four francs. I do not, however, prefer it to that at the Hotel des Princes. The latter has a quiet, and a certain delightful air of French self-possession about it, which you may search for in vain at Meurice's. Its dinners are admirable for five francs, its wines very superior, and its service is extremely *comme-il-faut*.

There is another form of Parisian eating that ought to be mentioned. It is furnished by a *Traiteur*. Families sojourning here for a few months find this plan particularly convenient. The usual custom is to engage, by the week or month, a *traiteur* to furnish breakfasts and dinners at a fixed price, and according to a regulated bill of fare. Thus you may often live extremely cheap, and extremely well. Sometimes, perhaps, you had better leave the bill of fare discretionary with the *traiteur*. Only say to him amiably, "Furnish to me and my family of four, at five o'clock each day, as good a dinner as you can for five francs per palate." Such confidence on your part often begets very pleasing results. You throw, as it were, a part of your happiness into the *traiteur's* power; and if he be *Batiste*, near the Palais Royal, your generosity will not be abused. Though the *traiteur* may cook far from your apartments, his dishes are always in the proper temperature. He serves them before you with as much finished regularity as they are served at a table d'hôte, or restaurant. I doubt not you will often be gratified and startled by his ingenuity in choosing and regulating the order of your dishes. You fancy yourself reading therein his knowledge of your character. You, moreover, often experience the joy of doubtful anticipation, followed by an agreeable surprise. There is perhaps no moment in the life of a *gourmand* more interesting than the interval between the consumption of one dish and the arrival of its unknown successor. Hope, fear, confidence, doubt, — these are the contending emotions of that interregnum. The mere deposit by the *traiteur* of his dish before him does not put those emotions to flight; no, nor even the removal of the silver cover, for the combination is mysteriously French. It is not until the proper question is asked; — "Eh bien, mon ami, quel morceau piquant avez vous là?" that tranquillity is restored. Happy he if the *traiteur* smilingly respond, "*Vol-au-vent à la financière, monsieur.*" It is, however, only the *gourmand* who descends to the ignorant pleasure of surprise in unexpected dishes. Your accomplished epicure writes out his palate's programme beforehand, and he eats his first course with harmonious reference to those which are to follow.

THE COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY A DISTINGUISHED AIDE-DE-CAMP OF A MOST DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY.

WHAT strange folks those Englishmen are,—in nothing more opposite to ourselves, than in their domestic management of the fair sex ! In pity towards the helplessness of their condition, and feebleness of their faculties, it is our custom in France to seclude young and tender females in the bosom of their families, under the guidance of those by whom their principles are to be perfected, till some fitting alliance presents itself, enabling them to make their appearance in society under the protection of a husband. Selected by the prudence of affectionate parents, the spouse to whom their future happiness is entrusted, enjoys the felicity of witnessing their girlish delight when inaugurated into the recreations and diversions of the great world, of suggesting their friendships, and instigating their intimacies ; of ministering to the nascent vanities of their sex, and indicating elegant enjoyments, with which the fine arts and literature are destined to fill up their happy leisure. They enter a ball-room for the first time on the arm of their husband. Their first opera is heard, their first ballet witnessed, by the side of their husband. Their first cachemire, first diamond necklace, first costly album, first well-stored book-case, is presented by their husband ; and the smile with which “ *mon ami* ” is thanked for these trivial but not worthless adjuncts to the pleasures of life, is not without its charm in the category of matrimonial satisfactions.

All the impulses of a Frenchwoman's after-life are necessarily copartite with those of the first individual who has shared her intimacy or diverted her attention from the lessons and *emuis* of girlhood. Uninfluenced by previously conceived opinions or projects, she sees with the eyes of one close at whose side she has been launched upon the career of life. Her husband's friends, views, and expectations are exclusively hers. She has no leisure to look about and sigh after other modes of existence. From the moment of her competence to act, she was thrown into the movement and business of life. At eighteen she becomes a mother, and the mistress of a family, surrounded by duties and pleasures ; familiarized with the schemes and cares of her partner, participating in all his recreations, and already framing with him projects of future domestic happiness for the little creatures born to be their careful comfort. Their son will be a rich landowner ; the pretty little daughter of their worthy neighbours, Monsieur and Madame so and so, will make him a suitable wife. Their daughter, sharing equally in their inheritance, will have a fortune of twenty thousand pounds ; the son of their relative, the Marquis de —, will (should he turn out according to his early promise, and the high reputation of his family,) make her a suitable husband. At a more advanced period, proposals to this effect are made to the two families. It is agreed that, should the young people evince no disinclination, the *prétender* is to make personal advances on attaining the age of twenty-one. After a sufficient intimacy to

admit of mutual examination of temper and disposition, the project is to be abandoned, or the marriage concluded. A line of inheritance is thus secured; and the happiness of a happy *ménage* rendered still happier by cheering the maturer period of domestic life with the sports and beauties of a new generation. Such are the results of that prudent and precautionary measure, a *marriage de convenance*!

An English father, on the contrary, seems to bestow less care upon the training and comfort of his daughters than upon those of his dogs. Instead of living in easy familiarity with their parents, the daughters of an English family of rank are confined in the school-room till an advanced period of girlhood, then suddenly snatched from the seclusion where they have been devoting four hours per diem to music, and as many more to accomplishments equally superficial, and plunged into the bustle of society to steer their way as they may. The moment of their introduction is intimated to the world by their presentation at court; after which, it is tacitly understood that they are to get married as soon and as advantageously as they can. No more reserve, no modest silence, no diffident retirement! They are to dress, dance, sing, play, ride, chatter, with a view to the grand object of drawing some gentleman of a condition superior to their own, into making an offer of his hand. At their father's country-seat, they are at liberty to play billiards, stroll in the shrubberies, ride in green lanes, and join in tender duets with young fellows, strangers to them the preceding week, and entertaining no more intention of becoming their husbands, than of suing for the hand of one of the Princesses of China. Indeed it may generally be observed that the "agreeable young men," invited to assist in enlivening the dulness of an English country-house, are younger brothers, debarred by their social position from entering into the holy estate of matrimony. Yet should the result of these strollings and duetings be a mutual attachment, the young people who have been flung into each other's arms, are reviled by their parents as rebellious, presumptuous, unprincipled, and unfeeling. The young lady is made a mark for the scorn of her wiser sisters, and the sermons of the village pastor; while the young gentleman is dismissed the house as ignominiously as a footman detected in purloining the family plate.

In London, the English young lady is exposed to still more alarming trials. Every night she accompanies her lady-mamma to one or two brilliant assemblies or balls; and is under the necessity of dancing with any coxcomb presented to her by any lady of her acquaintance. Let it not be supposed that a *contredanse* or waltz is the same silent ceremony as in Paris. During the dance, the gentleman is permitted, nay, *expected*, to pour into her ears a farrago of nonsense, known in English society under the vague title of "flirting." When it concludes, she accepts (not the hand, but) the *arm* of the enterprising stranger; and, closely pressed to his side in the throng, proceeds to the refreshment-room, often on another floor; where, separated from her chaperon by a crowded staircase, she passes an hour in the most familiar intercourse with a jackanapes, whose conduct, station, and views, are perhaps wholly unknown to her family. These hazards are nightly renewed for the space of three months. The favourite partner presents himself, after a slight introduction, as a morning visitor, and is probably received by the young ladies of the family. Every day, in the public promenades of Hyde Park, dandies may be seen "flirt-

ing" with young ladies in the most familiar and disrespectful attitudes, through carriage windows, the mammas (overcome by the fatigue of supervising the romping of the cotillon till six in the morning,) being asleep in the opposite corner. At exhibitions, at the Zoological Gardens, at *déjeuners*, at *prônes*, they become their escort, and grow familiar with them as their glove. Admitted to enjoy their society without reserve, they are not tempted to incur the hazard of matrimony, for the sake of obtaining their companionship. They wait, they deliberate, till a newer face attracts them elsewhere; and the same game is played over again, season after season, with *débutante* after *débutante*, creating in England a race of discontented old maids and dissipated "men about town."

The father, mean while, looks listlessly on, when the claims of clubs and divisions will permit. Should his lady wife acquaint him that "Sir Robert or Captain Brown is making up to Sophy," he invites Sir Robert or Captain Brown to dinner; and if, after a season's dangling, the young gentleman does not propose, most likely asks him down to his country-seat for a week's shooting or hunting, an archery-meeting, or a race-ball. If even these baits fail to obtain a bite, some more promising pretendant is invited in Sir Robert's place. It is considered *infra dig*, to give him the slightest hint that his alliance would be agreeable to the family. It is thought more honourable to angle for him, to tickle the trout or attempt to entangle him by a bold cast of the matrimonial net, than to come honestly to the point, saying: "You seem to prefer my daughter. Your position in life satisfies the expectations of her family. Her fortune is so much. Is such a marriage likely to promote your happiness?"

After half a dozen successive seasons, the young lady becomes as accessible to the acquaintance of all sorts and conditions of men as her lady mamma. You see her at Almack's shaking hands with five-and-twenty in succession; or nodding to them in the ring, as she ambles on horseback by the side of my lord her father, who is squabbling politics with some greybeard companion. She has little scruple in despatching notes to her male friends concerning the arrangements of a water-party, or the loan of a new work; to solicit their votes for a favourite candidate, or force them to buy tickets for the benefit of a favourite artist. Her face is as well known to the loungers in the Park as the statue of Achilles; she has been a fixture at the Opera and Ancient Concerts year after year. The charm of her countenance is familiar to every eye, the sallies of her gaiety to every ear.

Is such a girl likely to be sought as a timid bride? as a pure being trembling to confide the secrets of her gentle mind even to him whom, at the altar, she has sworn to honour and obey?

Nevertheless, the force of habit so blinds the refined gentlemen of the most refined nation of Europe to the coarseness of such practices, that they often seek in wedlock women of their own condition in life, whom, for ten previous years, they have seen exposed to the corrupting influence of all this publicity! The cruel prevalence of the law of primogeniture, by reducing daughters and younger sons to beggary in order to pamper the head of the family, often defers till a late period of life the independence which, obtained by professional exertions, enables the Englishman to support a wife. Many, under such circumstances, recur to the preferences or fulfil the engagements of former days. But these, and the damsels promoted by unusual at-

tractions, or unusual good fortune to an early marriage with men of superior circumstances and merit, form happy exceptions. The abuses and miseries arising from so faulty a system are far more general.

In the first place, what greater calamity for a family than what the parlance of the country requires me to call a love-match! Some soft-hearted girl of seventeen, released, after ten years' incarceration in the schoolroom, from Herz's exercises, backboards, boiled mutton, and rice-pudding, is transplanted, as if by magic, into her mother's brilliant drawing-room, the tables of which are covered with new novels and the sentimentality of Keepsakes and Books of Beauty, all intimating the omniscience and ecstasy of the tender passion. At her first ball, she dances with a handsome cornet, the younger son of a younger brother, who falls in love with her ringlets and blonde lace, and whispers the secret in her ear, in the course of a week or two. At first she treats the matter as a jest; but before the close of the season he becomes so pressing, and has contrived to establish himself so familiarly in her father's house, that she considers it proper to disclose the matter to her parents. Mamma is in a state of frenzy. To think that her daughter should have been listening, night after night for months, to the protestations of a fellow—without a guinea in his pocket! The young gentleman is warned off the premises; while the young lady, instead of being praised for her discretion, is informed that the offence could not have occurred without encouragement on her part. Vexed with herself for not having frowned away the poor young man without exposing herself and him to such an *éclat*, she determines to be more cautious next time; and, accordingly, Lionel Percy, who succeeds the cornet as her escort in the Park and partner in the waltz, is allowed to make himself as agreeable as he pleases without a word of complaint to mamma, who has taken it into her head that Lionel, a man of first-rate connexions, must also be a man of fortune. At all events, it is a creditable thing for her daughter to have a partner at command so current in the fashionable circles; and Lionel and the young lady are accordingly permitted to flirt through the season, till the young girl's affections become seriously engaged.

At length, she entitles her young admirer to make proposals for her hand. "Your fortune, sir?"—"Ten thousand pounds."—"Your prospects?"—"A blank." Instead of granting his petition, papa shows him the door, forbids all correspondence with Miss Emily; and the young people who for months past have scarcely spent an hour apart, are condemned to see each other no more. A letter is at length furtively addressed to poor Emily by her lover, and furtively answered. A discovery follows; and papa, who during the first five years of his marriage was a rigid locker up of his wife, now takes to locking up his daughter. Irritated rather than subdued by this violence, Emily contrives to receive further solicitations from one who, enamoured of her pretty face, and knowing little of her temper and disposition, is eager only to show the old folks how little he values their authority. They elope. The papers paragraph, the parents are inconsolable, the world laughs in its sleeve, and Lionel Percy's club proclaims that he is a bold man. The father, whose commands have been thus cruelly disobeyed, is of course justified in giving no fortune to his rebellious daughter. But Lionel has his ten thousand pounds, or rather the four hundred and fifty pounds per annum,

which he receives as interest for the same; and is not an income of four hundred and fifty pounds per annum an ample competence for "Love in a Cottage?"

In such terms, at least, Emily writes to her young friends; whose answers to her letters, either through care for her pocket, which they will not attack by expense of postage, or because they fear that her poverty may become burthensome to themselves, wax few and far between. Nevertheless, she is not discouraged. Lionel, still the most adoring of men, takes care (unshackled by a marriage settlement,) to supply from his principal all deficiencies of income, that the idol of his soul may continue to eat mutton-cutlets instead of mutton-chops, and enjoy the pony-chaise, (the legitimate car of Cupid whenever he assumes the character of "Love in a Cottage.") It is not till four years of married life have enriched the Percys with two squalling children and the immediate prospect of a third, that Emily is reluctantly informed by her husband that their hitherto inadequate income is diminished to two hundred and fifty pounds!

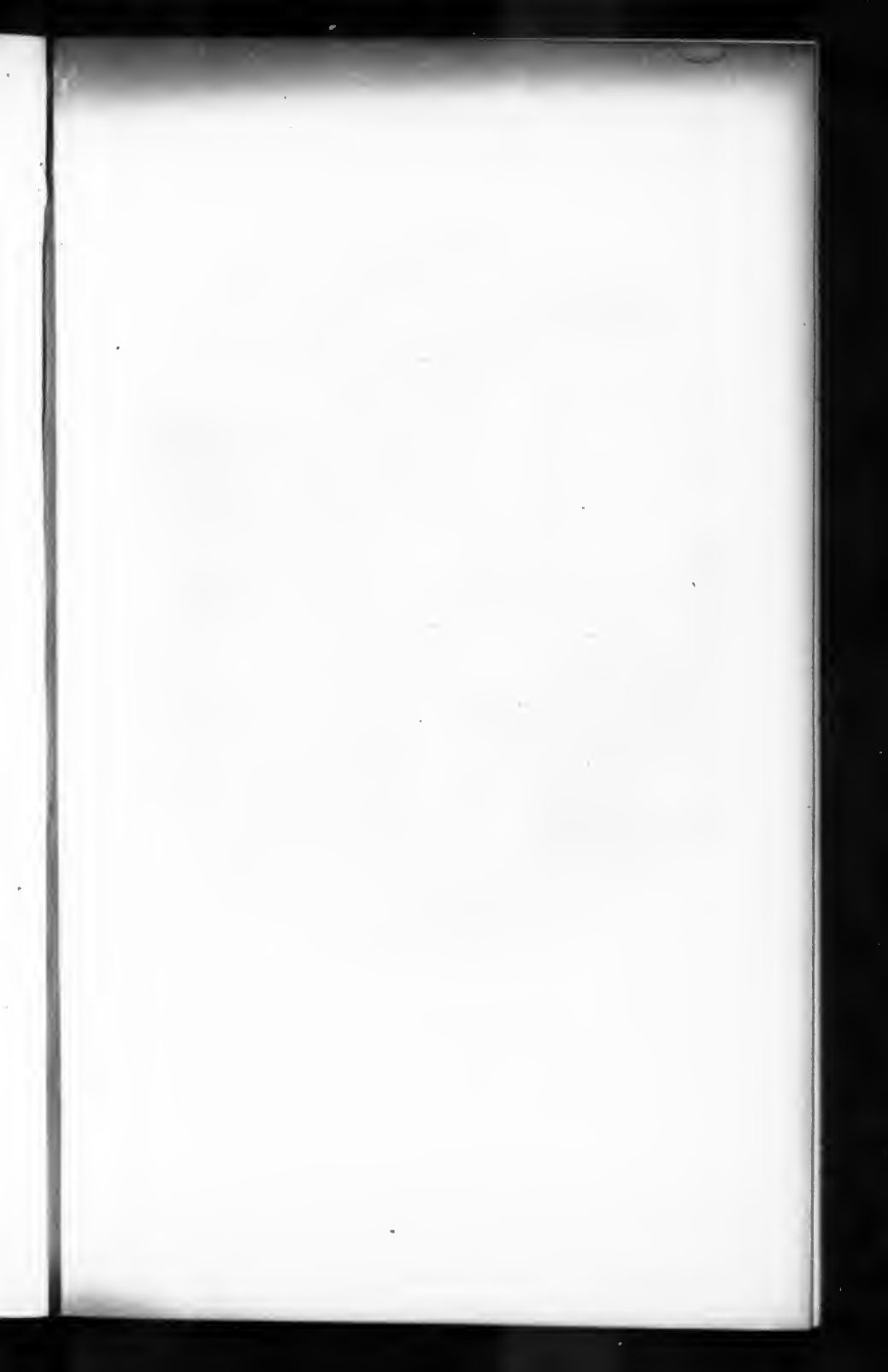
"Love in a Cottage," now assumes the less euphonous denomination of "Love in Lodgings." The pony-chaise is exchanged for an occasional hackney-coach; the washing is done at home, the wages of the sulky maid-of-all-work are often in arrear; and all the miseries of a necessitous household pour down upon the despairing couple. Emily, hitherto a dawdle, is fretted into a scold; and Lionel, heretofore a blockhead, becomes a brute. The evils which would have been foreseen by French parents, ere they admitted a handsome young man to uncontrolled intimacy with their daughter, are fully realized; and poor Emily, worn down by privation and trouble, and discarded by her friends, droops in premature old age and dies broken-hearted; accusing her own folly in place of the erroneous system which was its origin! Such are the results of that imprudent and incautious measure,—*"A LOVE MATCH."*

Reader! the counterfeit presentment of two national blunders lies before you. Be it your task to establish a *juste milieu*, an intermediary stage, which, without leaving too much scope for the vagaries of youthful fancy, or the wilfulness of an inexperienced mind, allows some latitude of choice. Love is the child of leisure. The French, by the precocity of their marriages, insure its being born in wedlock; while the English bachelors and spinsters, "people this whole realm" with illegitimate Cupids. Whenever a more equal distribution of family property shall enable our fellow-countrymen to marry at an age propitious to the growth and cherishing of their offspring, and the prospect of making marriage the paradise of their maturity, rather than the mere solace of their declining years, it is to be hoped that parliament, which is beginning to legislate for the sticking of pins into our pin-cushions, and the sticks into our peas, will establish a national medium between the *Marriage de Convenance* and the *LOVE MATCH*.

Q. E. D.

EXTRA-ORDINARY!

TOM says, and may be Tom is right,
That "Amburgh" tames his beasts with *fright*—
Would Tom but try, the brutes must rue it;
I'm sure Tom has "the *face* to do it!"





Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, in cursive script.

FAMILY STORIES. No. X.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

GRANDPAPA'S STORY—THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

[Scene, the "Snuggery" at Tappington.—Grandpapa in a high-backed, cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotatory motion described by lexicographers as "tiddling."—The "Hope of the family" astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork moustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Roused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

COME hither, come hither, my little hoy, Ned!
 Comé hither unto my knee—
 I cannot away with that horrible din,
 That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.
 Oh, better to wander frank and free
 Through the Fair of good Saint Bartlemy,
 Than list to such awful minstrelsie.
 Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,
 And I'll rede ye a lay of Grammary.

[Grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophizeth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Grey Ruin,
 I joy thy form to see,
 Though rest of all;
 Cell, cloister, and hall,
 Nothing is left save a tottering wall,
 That, awfully grand and darkly dull,
 Threaten'd to fall and demolish my skull,
 As, ages ago, I wander'd along
 Careless thy grass-grown courts among,
 In sky-blue jacket and trowsers laced,
 The latter uncommonly short in the waist.
 Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin grey,
 Than the Squire's verandah over the way,
 And fairer, I ween,
 The ivy sheen
 That thy mouldering turret binds,
 Than the Alderman's house about half a mile off,
 With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,
 In many a bygone day,
 Of darksome deeds, which of old befell
 In thee, thou Ruin grey!
 And I the readiest ear would lend,
 And stare like frighten'd pig;
 While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up an end,
 Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread—
 Now lithe and listen, my little boy, Ned!

Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,
 Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,
 In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
 Of a gentleman called King James,
 In quilted doublet, and great trunk breeches,
 Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches.

Well,—in King James's golden days,—
 For the days were golden then,—
 They could not be less, for good Queen Bess
 Had died aged threescore and ten,
 And her days, we know,
 Were all of them so ;
 While the Court poets sung, and the Court gallants swore
 That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,
 Who historical points would unsettle,
 Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt
 Of the genuine ring of the metal ;
 But who can believe to a monarch so wise
 People would dare tell a parcel of lies ?

—Well, then, in good King James's days,
 Golden or not does not matter a jot,
 Yon ruin a sort of a roof had got ;
 For, though repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking
 Since Harry the Eighth sent its friars a-packing.

Though joists and floors,
 And windows and doors,
 Had all disappear'd, yet pillars by scores
 Remain'd, and still propp'd up a ceiling or two ;
 While the belfry was almost as good as new ;
 You are not to suppose matters look'd just so
 In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in that farthermost angle, where
 You see the remains of a winding stair,
 One turret especially high in air
 Uprear'd its tall gaunt form,
 As if defying the power of Fate, or
 The hand of " Time the Innovator ;"
 And though to the pitiless storm
 Its weaker brethren all around
 Bowing, in ruin had strew'd the ground,
 Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strew'd,
 Like a four-bottle man in a company " screw'd,"
 Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in Sixteen hundred and six—
 I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,—
 The month was May,
 Though I can't well say
 At this distance of time the particular day—
 But oh ! that night, that horrible night !
 Folks e'er afterwards said with affright
 That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fiery red,
 And if that evening he laid his head
 In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
 He must have scalded the goddess's knees.

He left behind him a lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black,
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside, and around,
Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree!
So that some people thought old Beelzebub must
Have been lock'd out of doors, and was blowing the dust
From the pipe of his street-door key.
And then a hollow moaning blast
Came sounding more dismally still than the last,
And the lightning flash'd, and the thunder growl'd,
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin "was a citizen;"
But, though of some "renown,"
Of no great "credit" in his own,
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,
For ever in the alehouse boozing,
Or romping, which is quite as bad,
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,
An assignation with Miss Slade,—
Their trysting-place this same grey Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid,
And to keep her appointment unwilling,
When she spied the rain on her window-pane
In drops as big as a shilling;
She put off her hat and her mantle again,—
"He'll never expect me in all this rain!"

But little he recked of the fears of the sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be.
He had stood there a good half hour
Ere yet commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree.

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,
But he sees not her whom he loves the best;
Robin looks up, and Robin looks down,
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last, loud roar'd the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast;
The tempest grew, and the straggling yew,
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through.
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,
When he spies in the ruins a twinkling light—
A hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,
By one, by two, by three:

Two were an old, ill-favour'd pair ;
 But the third was young, and passing fair,
 With laughing eyes and with coal-black hair,
 A daintie quean was she.
 Rob would have given his ears to sip
 But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,
 In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,
 On each one's head was a steeple-crown'd hat,
 On each one's knee was a coal-black cat ;
 Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—
 It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

“ Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,
 What foot unhallow'd wends this way ?
 Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me a right,
 Who roams the old ruins this drearysome night ! ”

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,
 And she spake both loud and clear :
 “ Oh, be it for weal or be it for woe,
 Enter friend, or enter foe,
 Rob Gilpin is welcome here !

“ Now tread we a measure ! a hall ! a hall !
 Now tread we a measure,” quoth she—
 The heart of Robin
 Beat thick and throbbing—

“ Roving Rob, tread a measure with me ? ”—
 “ Aye, lassie ! ” quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,
 “ Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes ! ”

Now around they go, and around, and around,
 With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,
 Such sailing and gliding,
 Such sinking and sliding,
 Such lofty curvetting,
 And grand pirouetting ;

Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Albert
 And Miss Taglioni were capering there !

And oh ! such awful music !—ne'er
 Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear.
 There were the tones of a dying man's groans,
 Mix'd with the rattling of dead men's bones :
 Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals, and the squeaks,
 You'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,
 Heel to heel, and toe to toe,
 Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,
 Toe to toe, and heel to heel.

“ 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,
 To dance thus beneath the nightshade bough ! ”—

“ Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
 Where may we sup this frolicsome night ? ”—
 “ Mine Host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal !
 The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon, and teal ;
 But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,
 A pasty made of the good red deer,

A huge grouse pie, and a fine Florentine,
 A fat roast goose, and a turkey and chine."
 "Madge Gray, Madge Gray,
 Now tell me, I pray,
 Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay?"

"—There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,
 But the Squire* is a churl, and his drink is small;
 Mine host of the Dragon
 Hath many a flaggon
 Of double ale, lamb's-wool, and *eau de vie*,
 But Sir Thopas, the Vicar,
 Hath costlier liquor,—
 A butt of the choicest *Malvoisie*.
 He doth not lack
 Canary or Sack;
 And a good pint stoup of Clary wine
 Smacks merrily off with a Turkey and Chine!"

"Now away! and away! without delay,
 Hey *Cockalorum!* my Broomstick gay,
 We must be back ere the dawn of the day:
 Hey up the chimney! away! away!"
 Old Goody Price
 Mounts in a trice,
 In showing her legs she is not over nice;
 Old Goody Jones,
 All skin and bones,
 Follows "like winking." Away go the crones,
 Knees and nose in a line with the toes,
 Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows;
 Latest and last
 The damsel past,
 One glance of her coal-black eye she cast;
 She laugh'd with glee loud laughters three,
 "Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me!"
 Oh, never might man unscath'd espy
 One single glance from that coal-black eye.
 —Away she flew!—
 Without more ado
 Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,
 "Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey after you!"
 It's a very fine thing on a fine day in June
 To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon;
 But you'll find very soon, if you aim at the Moon
 In a carriage like that you're a bit of a "Spoon,"
 For the largest can't fly
 Above twenty miles high,
 And you're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh;
 While no man alive
 Could ever contrive,
 Mr. Green said last month, to get higher than five.
 And the soundest Philosophers hold that, perhaps,
 If you reach'd twenty miles your balloon would collapse,

* Stephen Ingoldsby, surnamed "The Niggard," second cousin and successor to "The Bad Sir Giles." (Visitation of Kent, 1666.) For an account of his murder by burglars, and their subsequent execution, see Dodsley's "Remarkable Trials, &c." Lond. 1776, vol. ii. p. 264, and Bentley's Miscellany, vol. iii. page 299, Art. "Hand of Glory."

Or pass by such action
 The sphere of attraction,
 Getting into the track of some comet—Good-lack !
 'T is a thousand to one that you'd never come back ;
 And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,
 And be cautious of getting beyond our own atmosphere.
 No, no ; when I try
 A trip to the sky,
 I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,
 Though Messieurs Monk Mason, and Spencer, and Beazly,
 All join in saying it travels so easily.
 No, there's nothing so good
 As a pony of wood—
 Not like that which of late they stuck up on the gate
 At the end of the Park, which caus'd so much debate,
 And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,
 But a regular Broomstick—you'll find that the favourite
 Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.
 —Stay—really I dread
 I am losing the thread
 Of my tale ; and it's time you should be in your bed,
 So lithe now, and listen, my little boy Ned !

* * * * *

The Vicarage walls are lofty and thick,
 And the copings are stone, and the sides are brick,
 The casements are narrow, and bolted and barr'd,
 And the stout oak door is heavy and hard ;
 Moreover, by way of additional guard,
 A great big dog runs loose in the yard,
 And a horse-shoe is nail'd on the threshold sill,
 To keep out aught that savours of ill,—
 But, alack ! the chimney-pot's open still !

That great big dog begins to quail,
 Between his hind-legs he drops his tail,
 Crouch'd on the ground, the terrified hound
 Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound ;
 It is not a bark, loud, open, and free,
 As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be ;
 It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,
 But a something between a whine and a howl ;
 And, hark ! a sound from the window high
 Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry :
 It is not a moan,
 It is not a groan ;
 It comes from a nose ; but is not what a nose
 Produces in healthy and sound repose.
 Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,
 And his respirations are heavy and deep.

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more
 As he's aye been accustom'd to snore before,
 And as men of his kidney are wont to snore ;—
 (Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four ;)
 He draws his breath like a man distress'd
 By pain or grief, or like one oppress'd
 By some ugly old Incubus perch'd on his breast.
 A something seems
 To disturb his dreams,

And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear,
Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near
In still small accents, faint and few,
"Hey down the chimney-pot! Hey after you!"

Throughout the Viearage, near and far,
There is no lack of bolt or of bar,

Plenty of locks

To closet and box,

Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar!
And the little low door, through which you must go,
Down some half-dozen steps, to the cellar below,
Is also unfasten'd, though no one may know,
By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so,

For wicket and door,

The evening before,

Were both of them lock'd, and the key safely plac'd
On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's waist.

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view

In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew:

Old Goody Price

Had got something nice,

A turkey-poult larded with bacon and spic'e;

Old Goody Jones

Would touch nought that had bones,—

She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.

Goody Jones in sooth hath got never a tooth,

And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums

Is the dish of all others that suiteth her gums.

Madge Gray was picking

The breast of a chicken,

Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,

Was fix'd on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by

With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie;

Grouse pie, with hare

In the middle, is fare

Which, duly concocted with science and care,

Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;

And a tenderer leveret

Robin had never ate;

So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

"Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health! a health!

Sweet are the pleasures obtain'd by stealth!

Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup

Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!

Here's to thee, Goody Price! Goody Jones, to thee!

To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me!

Many a sip, never a slip

Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

The cups pass quick,

The toasts fly thick,

Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,

But hears the words "Scratch," and "Old Bogey," and "Nick."

More familiar grown,

Now he stands up alone,

Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.

"A bumper of wine!

Fill thine! Fill mine!

Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!"

Oh then what sneezing,
 What coughing and wheezing,
 Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing !
 Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,
 All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke
 Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,
 As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,
 Every soul in the house at that instant awoke !
 And, hearing the din from barrel and bin,
 Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.

Up jump'd the Cook and caught hold of her spit ;
 Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit ;
 Up jump'd the Gardener and shoulder'd his spade ;
 Up jump'd the Scullion, the Footman, the Maid ;
 (The two last, by the way, occasion'd some scandal,
 By appearing together with only one candle,
 Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle ;)
 Up jump'd the Swineherd, and up jump'd the big boy,
 A nondescript under him acting as pig boy ;
 Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top
 Everybody jump'd up without parley or stop,
 With the weapon which first in their way chanced to drop,—
 Whip, warming-pan, wig-block, mug, musket, and mop.

Last of all doth appear,
 With some symptoms of fear,
 Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,
 In a mix'd kind of costume, half *Pontificalibus*,
 Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*,
 Nay, the truth to express,
 As you 'll easily guess,
 They have none of them time to attend much to dress ;
 But He or She,
 As the case may be,
 He or She seizes what He or She pleases,
 Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises.
 And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,
 Muster at once in the Vicarage hall,
 With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shorten'd breath,
 Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,
 When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.

And hark ! what accents clear and strong,
 To the listening throng come floating along !
 'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—
 " Very good song ! very well sung !
 Jolly companions every one !"

On, on to the cellar ! away ! away !
 On, on, to the cellar without more delay !
 The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array.
 Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
 Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray,
 When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied
 Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide,
 And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside !—
 " Boot and saddle 's the word ! mount, Cummers, and ride !"
 Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenus
 By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house,

Quick from the view
 Away they all flew,
 With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo,
 "Hey up the chimney! Hey after you!"
 The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy
 From Corioli, "flutter'd like doves" by Macready.
 They are gone, save one,
 Robin alone!
 Robin, whose high state of civilization
 Precludes all idea of aërostation,
 And who now has no notion
 Of more locomotion
 Than suffices to kick with much zeal and devotion
 Right and left at the party who pounc'd on their victim,
 And maul'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and prick'd him,
 As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,
 And believing it all but a part of the fun,
 Hic—hiccoughing out the same strain he'd begun,
 "Jol—jolly companions, every one!"

Morning grey
 Scarce bursts into day
 Ere at Tappington Hall there 's the deuce to pay,
 The tables and chairs are all placed in array
 In the old oak-parlour, and in and out
 Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,
 Are walking, and whispering, and standing about,
 And the Squire is there
 In his large arm-chair,
 Leaning back with a grave magisterial air;
 In the front of his seat a
 Huge volume, called Fleta,
 And Bracton, both tomes of an old-fashion'd look,
 And Coke upon Lyttleton, then a new book;
 And he moistens his lips
 With occasional sips
 From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard
 Close by on a side-table—not that he drank hard,
 But because at that day
 I hardly need say
 The Hong Merchants had not yet invented How Qua,
 Nor as yet would you see Souchong or Bohea
 At the tables of persons of any degree:
 How our ancestors managed to do without tea
 I must fairly confess is a myst'ry to me;
 Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers
 Had no cups and saucers;
 Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,
 Was a sort of a *dejeuner a la fourchette*.
 Instead of our slops
 They had cutlets and chops,
 And sack-possets and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots,
 And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and schalots.
 Now the Squire lifts his hand
 With an air of command,
 And gives them a sign which they all understand,
 To bring in the culprit; and straightway the carter
 And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,
 Still kicking and crying, "Come,—what are you arter?"

The charge is prepared, and the evidence clear,
 "He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer!
 And came there, there's very great reason to fear,
 With companions, to say but the least of them, queer;
 Such as Witches, and creatures
 With horrible features,
 And horrible grins,
 And hook'd noses and chins,
 Who 'd been playing the deuce with his Rev'rence's binns."

The face of his worship grows graver and graver,
 As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour;
 Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,
 Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,
 With all proper diction,
 And due "legal fiction;"
 Viz: "That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,
 Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,
 With divers, that is to say, two thousand, people,
 In two thousand hats, each hat peak'd like a steeple,
 With force and with arms,
 And with sorcery and charms,
 Upon two thousand brooms
 Enter'd four thousand rooms;
 To wit, two thousand pantries and two thousand cellars,
 Put in bodily fear twenty thousand indwellers,
 And with sundry, that is to say, two thousand, forks,
 Drew divers, that is to say, ten thousand, corks,
 And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand throttles,
 Emptied various, that is to say, ten thousand, bottles;
 All in breach of the peace, moved by Satan's malignity,
 And in spite of King James, and his Crown and his Dignity."

At words so profound
 Rob gazes around,
 But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
 No glance, did I say?
 Yes, one!—Madge Gray!—
 She is there in the midst of the crowd standing by,
 And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,
 One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear,—
 (That's a line which I've stolen from Sir Walter, I fear.)—
 While nobody near
 Seems to see her or hear;
 As his worship takes up, and surveys with a strict eye
 The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,
 Ere his fingers can clasp,
 It is snatch'd from his grasp,
 The end poked in his chest with a force makes him gasp,
 And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,
 His worship 's upset, and so too is his jorun;
 And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.
 "Hocus Pocus! Quick, Presto! and Hey Cockalorum!
 Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!—
 Hey up the chimney-pot! hey after you!"

Through the mystified group,
 With a halloo and whoop,
 Madge on the pommel, and Robin *en croupe*,
 The pair through the air ride as if in a chair,
 While the party below stand mouth open and stare,

“Clean bumbaized” and amazed, and fix’d, all in the room stick,
 “Oh! what’s gone with Robin, and Madge, and the broomstick?”
 Ay, “what’s gone” indeed, Ned?—of what befell
 Madge Gray and the broomstick I never heard tell;
 But Robin was found that morn, on the ground,
 In yon old grey ruin again, safe and sound,
 Except that at first he complain’d much of thirst,
 And a shocking bad head-ache, of all ills the worst,
 And close by his knee
 A flask you might see,
 But an empty one smelling of *cau de vie*.

Rob from this hour is an alter’d man;
 He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can,
 Sticks to his trade,
 Marries Miss Slade,
 Becomes a Te-totaller—that is the same
 As Te-totallers now, one in all but the name;
 Grows fond of Small-beer, which is always a steady sign,
 Never drinks spirits except as a medicine;
 Learns to despise
 Coal-black eyes,
 Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys;
 Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies!

Now my little boy Ned,
 Brush off to your bed,
 Tie your night-cap on safe, or a napkin instead,
 Or these November nights you’ll catch cold in your head;
 And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,
 Which you’ll find much the same as what Solomon preaches.
 Don’t flirt with young ladies! don’t practise soft speeches;
 Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose, and knee-breeches;
 Frequent not grey ruins, shun riot and revelry,
 Hocus Pocus, and Conj’ring, and all sorts of devilry;
 Don’t meddle with broomsticks,—they’re Beelzebub’s switches;
 Of cellars keep clear,—they’re the devil’s own ditches;
 And beware of balls, banquettings, brandy, and—witches!
 Don’t run after black eyes, above all!—if you do,
 Depend on’t you’ll find what I say will come true,
 Old Nick, some fine morning, will “hey after you!”

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

WILL-ING MOURNERS.

’Tis rich old Hunks’s burial day,
 And friends have round him swarm’d—
 How joyfully his heirs will play
 At “Funerals perform’d!”
 For they’ve no fears of fond hearts breaking
 At such “a pleasant UNDERTAKING!”

TOUJOURS GAI.

THE FRENCH OR ENGLISH.

"If they have a fault, it is that they are too serious," so says Sterne of the French; though he does not give us, or the Count, in his *Sentimental Journey*, the promised explanation of his meaning; but it is curious, with the received and vulgar opinion that the French are a gay and frivolous people, that we should have the recorded judgment of so many celebrated men that they have been in all times a serious nation. The Roman Emperor Julian, long a resident at the primitive Paris, and by nature sad, declared the gravity of the inhabitants of his dear Lutetia pleased him; the essayist, Jouy, and the traveller, Kotzebue, have remarked this spirit of melancholy in the French.

It is the more curious that this gaiety and frivolity is always spoken of in contrast with the dulness and sobriety of their neighbours, the English; yet when the manners and habits of the respective people are observed, it is difficult to say why this should have become so common an assertion. It is indeed difficult to say what are characteristics of a nation; what makes gaiety, frivolity, and their contraries, melancholy, seriousness, dulness, and gravity, when so many of the latter qualities appear to belong to the French: so many of the former to the English. The two nations are, nevertheless, classed almost without exception under the opposite categories.

Perhaps the character of a people cannot be better taken than from their public amusements, and this especially applies to the French, who devote so much of their time to them. Sir Walter Scott says it is remarkable that the French, thought to be a gay and lively people, should have a drama, which no other nation can bear for its dulness, the tedium of its dialogue, and the slowness of its plot. Dryden makes the same observation on the French Theatre; but the classic drama which Walter Scott and Dryden allude to has ceased to be in vogue. The performances of *Thespis* are now based upon a much broader foundation, and the new school of the romanticists, in opposition to the classics, has established itself. The French, however, still attend the heaviest representations at the *Theatre Français*, conversations, called comedies, and tragedies which progress in rhyme, and end *à l'etiquette*. They still admire the mellowness of their verse, which takes away from the force of the sentiment, and from all power and nature in the acting. Given up to the licence of the romanticists, they delight in an assemblage of horrors, and in a voluptuous excess of guilt. Everybody has either heard of, read, or seen, *La Tour de Nesle*, and *Lucrece Borgia*. Pieces of this description are constantly succeeding, though no longer so well written. *Clotilde*, a tragedy, in which *Mademoiselle Mars* performed at the *Theatre Français*, was equal to any of the productions of the *Porte St. Martin*; and the tone given by these two play-houses for so long a period has pervaded all the minor and *Vaudeville* theatres. The time has been when it was not possible to choose an entertainment without tragedy; and sometimes the theatre devoted to farces would play all sad and affecting pieces: the *Vaudeville*, "*Le duel sous le Cardinal Richelieu*," and "*Un de plus*;" the *Ambigue*, "*Fils de l'Empereur*;" the *Theatre de la*

Gaiete, notwithstanding its name, "Le bal et la mort;" at the Varieties there was no other variety; and at the Gymnastiques they were in the same practice. Dance and song alike join in this general conspiracy. All the performances are of a pathetic nature in the Academie, as, for example, "Masaniello," "Gustavus," "The Jewess," and the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The dead dance in their burial clothes in "Robert le Diable;" whilst devils waltz, and angels sing, in "La Tentation."

Many nations have their interludes to dissipate the sadness of tragedy, or the monotony of the same performance. The Romans listened to some satire after a gloomy representation, which sent them away in a livelier humour. The Italians have dancing, or other entertainments, between the acts. But the French, giving a unity of thought to every piece, assign to different theatres separate performances. Our theatres are indiscriminately devoted to all the purposes of the drama, if their shows and pageants can be classed under this title; nor is seriousness, or any continuity or similarity of entertainment, ever allowed to reign long. When John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons acted in *Macbeth*, we were relieved by some broad farce; and in the winter season *Mother Goose*, clown, and pantaloons, completely effaced all previous lugubrious recollections. Happy people, who can pass so quietly from one sensation to another, from tragedy to farce, from comedy to buffoonery!

But, with us, still more odd associations enter into the more serious business of life,—a ball used to terminate the sessions; and, when the victims of the law were dangling on the gallows, the judges, lawyers, sheriffs, chaplains, and the tender sex, were practising the light fantastic toe. I have danced at an English gaol during the race-week, where the clanking of chains might have added to the sounds of the orchestra. Our report of crimes is the subject matter of daily mirth, and forms an annual comic budget, wherein many may inquire with Miss Martineau, which are the most criminal, the reporters and their readers, or the reported. The British public stand by like an audience of grinning schoolboys, by nature equally inclined to roguery, to enjoy the laugh at the expense of the unfortunate scapegoats who are offered up as victims to the offended majesty of the laws. The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, the most successful journal in Paris, is chiefly occupied by a study of the morale and statistics of guilt rather than in relating the *facetiæ* of crime; of the grave matters of the law as well as the mere affairs of police,—the former of which is thought inadmissible in general English society, and engrossed by readers of black letter, smellers of musty parchment, and tyers of red tape.

In the light effusions of the French *vaudeville* there are many pieces of intellectual interest, wherein some nicety of manners, or something of a domestic nature, is portrayed, that would never come up to the point of exaggeration necessary for an English audience. Our five-act comedies are but five-act farces: but, if this difference is observable in the drama, and on the stage, nowhere is it more marked than in the audiences. The great attention of the French may be contrasted with the noisy interference of the English; and, though it may be alleged to be owing entirely to the fear of the military, yet it is worthy of remark, that the French people of their own accord range themselves in long lines, two by two,

previously to the opening of the doors, and on their entrance to the theatres.

It may be said that the French show a frivolity in the passion they display for music and the dance; but the latter they copy from the Italians, where it is essentially and generally a serious performance. An ancient stoic wept to see a ballet; and well might tears be excited by the pathos and poetry of Taglioni.

Music alone is the object of attraction at the Italiennes at Paris. There is no dance, and the decorations and the *mise en scene* are miserable; but there, and also at the Academie, with what deep attention do the people listen! The imperative command to silence in their *chut, chut!* strikes everybody dumb. But with us the opera is rather a fashionable *passé temps*, and place of visiting and conversation, though there is more variety on the stage in dance and song, more splendid decorations, than in Paris, and more frequent change of representations and performers than in any Italian Opera in Europe.

We are perhaps the most particular people in the world, after the Americans, in our conversation; but we have always allowed great freedom and *grossièretés* on the stage, which argues an inconsistency of character. The French are in the opposite way the most remarkable for their freedom of speech: however, I have heard some of them hiss Molière, and the sweet organ of Mademoiselle Mars in the Femmes Savantes, where the dialogue is a little too plain; while we let pass much grosser indecencies of language in Othello.

But our pantomimes, which are the universal farce of Christmas, strongly mark the fun and frolic of the English character, in opposition to the French. In Shakspeare, we have the constant introduction of clowns; they constitute the whole histrionic effort in our Fairs; and the pantomime is the national drama of England. The French have no such comic originality on their stage; nor did I ever see anything of the kind in their country fêtes. The rustics still stick to the mysteries, and, instead of clowns, harlequins, and columbines, you have representations out of the New Testament. The more frequent dancing in France is often mentioned, as a proof of the greater gaiety and vivacity of the French. But on the stage it is a science; in the feet of Taglioni a fine art; and without her, says the *Journal des Débats*, speaking of the Bayaderes, the ballet is insufferably tedious. I have too often heard it said that the French would jump up and dance at the sound of music, whilst we remained deaf to the animating strains of the waltz and quadrille. Now, I have been to a masked ball at the opera, so advertised in all the announcements, where no other music was of course played, and from eleven o'clock to three in the morning, all parties and both sexes (the men with their hats on their heads) did nothing but walk arm-in-arm, and by couples up and down the room. Every other piece of music in the Concert, Musard, and the Champs Élysées certainly relates to the dance; but I never perceived it produce a movement to that effect.

All other nations have some national dances, which represent the hilarity of the meeting and the extravagant emotions of their minds. The sentimental Italian, the saltarello; the grave Spaniard, the fandango; and we, with the Irish and Scotch, the jig, country dance, the hop, the reel, the hornpipe, &c.; but I never heard the French had anything corresponding. They all seem reduced to the formal monotony of the quadrille.

Much has been said of a Parisian Sunday. Certainly it is an allowed day of recreation. But in London we begin our Sabbath on the Saturday night, and do no business on the morrow; it does the heart good to see the steam-omnibus full passing under the bridges; and on Monday the population, still bent on pleasure, pour forth in waggon and boat-loads. On the contrary, in Paris there are very few shops which now shut up on Sunday, and you see the artisan and the mechanic still at work. He now never uses the day, or prefers some other. This is very much, I think, occasioned by the omnibus and other vehicles doubling their fares on Sunday; and therefore another occasion of festivity is attended with less trouble and less expense; but their pleasures are of a sober and serious description. I have heard a lecture on mathematics delivered by Dupin. The crowd at the doors made it difficult to obtain a place; the rest are dispersed through the galleries, the museums, which are all opened, and all are thus occupied with the sciences or the fine arts. Certainly the theatres are crowded in the evening; but the people flock to see the gloomy dramas we have mentioned, or performances which partake of the nature of sciences or of the fine arts; and in the summer they go to the fêtes in the environs of the metropolis. But the shows are of a most serious description, and the amusements all sober; while our fairs have been pronounced by a Frenchman, M. Jouy, "une folie," an insane frenzy; and this distinction between the sober discretion of the French and the intoxicated conduct of the English is nowhere more palpable than in the often-made remark of the Vandalism exercised by us in all public exhibitions, and the preservation of public monuments by them.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, during the last celebration of the Three Days of July, contrasted the seriousness of the French on that occasion with the *gaiete de cœur* displayed by the English during the Coronation, and in the fair of Hyde Park. Many pass the day in a cemetery in the company of those whom, once shut up in a vault, we never more think of, and our fastidious ears never more like to hear mentioned. The omnibuses from the Place des Victoires to Père la Chaise are as numerous as those from Paddington to the Bank; and relations, as numerous as the passengers of the latter, on days sacred to the departed, flock to this dead-weight, and share their dividends of affection. In the streets of Paris, in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries' gardens, in the hours of public appearance, there is no air of *insouciant* gaiety. The men are employed in studying the newspapers. Mrs. Trollope has graphically described the different parties. The Carlist with his souvenirs passed, and hopes dead, and indifference and disdain of the present; the *juste-milieu*, busy, unquiet, in the midst of enemies; and the republican, proud, savage, bloody *à la Robespierre*. The rest hold family conversations; they scarcely seem to have left their apartments; none wear the holiday air we see in England. Follow them into their cafés and restaurateurs,—the book and the newspaper divide attention with the table, and no animated conversation breaks the universal silence. The Bourse is the only place where the general stillness is interrupted,—that melancholy buzz, the *auri sacra fames*,—and there it is an obligation, because business is carried on by criers. The gambling houses are the essence of gravity, and the fixedness of black and unalterable pur-

poses. You take a cabriolet,—if the driver is not asleep, he is making the best use of his time, and is deep in some work of wisdom. The coachman and footman at the door commence their literary labours whenever they set down their masters. Not a song escapes the lips of the workman or the shopman as they pass on, or are engaged in their labours; no whistling of airs, no caterwauling of foreigners, and grinding of a thousand organs, as in London; nor at night does Bacchus break forth in any boisterous joy, when darkness conceals excess. No Toms and Jerrys parade the streets. Should any joyous *convives* join in a chorus, they sing the Marseillaise or Parisienne. A political catch is the highest effort of festive enthusiasm.

But what is it which keeps all the population in reading, as if fresh ordonnances were issued every day, and life depended upon knowledge. The size of the papers confines them to strict utility; no broad sheets with departures, arrivals, fashionable parties, *ou dits*, and scandal, but lugubrious articles on politics. Each party indulges in the most lamentable pictures and predictions, and nearly every journal is in opposition to the existing state of things. Literary and scientific essays make up the rest of the daily information. Some others have in their hands a new system of society; or if it is what is called light reading, it would sit heavy on an English digestion:—the romances of Victor Hugo, Balzac, Sand, with all the horrors of their school; the Sorrows of Werter; the novels of Richardson, which are voted dull and prosy by English readers; the deep, prolonged, and perhaps monotonous sentiment of the Nouvelle Eloise; the classic and tragic interest of Corinne; the profound contemplation of Young's Night Thoughts; the despair of soul in Oberman; the meditations and reveries of Lamartine; the melancholy reflections of Chateaubriand.

The old French school of painting is famous for horrors, the melancholy triumph of art; their sobriety of purpose and submission to the authority of the past have given no room to work out efforts at originality, such as the caprice of a Turner and a Constable, and the more reasonable eccentricities of a Martin. But there is another species of drawing, which unites the fine arts with the humour and situation of the drama, in which we excel all other nations, and wherein the French fail,—namely, the caricature. That of the French is dull, and mixed with too savage a feeling; ours is the essence of fun, so that all parties must laugh, even the victims.*

Paris, in architectural appearance, is no longer the gay and laughing city of the middle ages which Victor Hugo speaks of, with its three hundred and fifty churches, their bells simultaneously chiming, but sad in look as in souvenirs. The muddy Seine flows by the long and sombre line of the Louvre and Tuileries, and the reflective promenade is filled with bloody recollections of the Tour de Nesle, the Morgue, and the Temple, prison of kings, and the deserted cathedral of a defunct religion.

There is a sobriety and uniformity in the modern architecture of Paris which wearies by its monotony. From the Regent's Park to St. James's, on each side we have all the orders, and all the possible combinations of architecture, with the contrast of country in our parks, squares, &c. While the French have employed centuries on

* We are very strongly disposed to doubt the accuracy of this and other positions of our author, but we give the paper as it reached us.—Ed.

the same building, we finish in a few years whole towns, streets, and palaces. Our streets and public places are named generally after insignificant persons, eternal Charlottes and Georges; the French from grand epochs and characters,—The Quai Voltaire, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysées, &c. &c.

But of what a melancholy character are the objects which the citizen of Paris or the stranger goes to see as the wonders and curiosities of a great capital! The Morgue, with its daily victims; the cabinet of M. Dupont, with the representations in wax of horrible diseases; the Catacombs, skulls, ribs, and cross bones ranged together; the Pantheon, to bury their great men,—one would suppose from “the country in gratitude to her great men” without, and the contents within, that either there were very few great men or great ingratitude in France. Though the Madeleine is now a church, it was originally a temple to Glory, destined to bury the generals of Napoleon. However, the people have chosen their own burial-ground; and Père la Chaise is now the grand attraction for the citizens and strangers. By all parties, and in all times, death seems to have been fêted in Paris.

We occupy a great deal of time in eating and drinking, and sit hours at table, while the French rise directly nature is satisfied, and proceed to their employment. The two sexes separate with us, but the French men and women at all times, and on all subjects alike, discourse together. No women have shown so much character, been so little given to fritter away their time, as the French. They instituted the order of the Sœurs de la Charité; Madame Roland de la Tour founded an order of Recluses, who shut themselves up all their lives in a cave to lament some irreparable affliction. The Maid of Orleans, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland of the revolution, are instances of heroism, profound melancholy, and political enthusiasm; Madame Dacier, Marquise Chatelet, Madame De Stael, show a depth of scientific learning, almost confined to the industry of men. If you read some of the writings of the authoresses of the present day, like Madame Dudevant, you would never believe they were the productions of a female, so masculine is their character. The females exercise all the occupations, and gain the emoluments of men; they keep the accounts; they are at the bourse, and even at the gaming-table; they are behind every counter; they act as clerks and negociants; and often in manufacturing towns get their thousand francs a month; even the common women make a provision out of their prostitution to settle themselves in life. But our ladies must talk scandal, our farmers' daughters leave the dairy, read the last new novel, and play the piano. “But,” say we, “the French are a trifling nation, because they think seriously about trifles, which make up the sum of life.” Says an English author, “they have advanced everything to the rank of a science, or an art,—whether cutting your hair, tying your cravat, or cooking your dinner; they have manuals and instructions for everything, and everything worth doing at all, they would do well, or, to use their own term, they would have *perfectionne*.”

The French, of all nations, are an occupied and busy people,—they must be doing something; but we show a disposition to trifle away our lives, or risk them in trifles,—cock-fights, boxing-matches,

and steeple-chases. We praise ourselves as being a very charitable people. What did we subscribe for the family of Walter Scott?—less than ten thousand pounds; the French more than forty thousand pounds for Foy, and the most splendid monument in Père la Chaise.

The English are scattered all over the Continent, unable to fix their thoughts, or their feet, running over everything, considering nothing, and instanced for their levity; but the French can stay in their own country and find amusement among themselves, unbitten by our mania of locomotion. Their journeys are generally undertaken for business, private and public, or for education, or to make researches. They are pensioned by government, or they are exiles; or they are on a tour of propagandism, risking their lives in aid of their own parties or opinions, and in the contentions of foreigners. The French show respect to people of genius and learning in society, whilst we treat them with comparative indifference, so that a great astronomer of our country said, that he never knew he was anybody till he went abroad; and the way we treat the lions of one season and forget them the next, certainly proves a levity and puerile trifling in our character. We must, however, except the anniversaries of the Scientific Association, when all the lions are paraded about the country like other shows, and so well fed, that, like the animals in the menageries, the best time for seeing them is their feeding-time.

The language of the French has not changed so much in words or expressions as our own; we use a great variety of different significations; the French have one standard, and an academy, and their language being more fixed and certain, is in more general use, perhaps on that account. The most eminent preachers and defenders of the Roman Catholic faith, are Frenchmen; the Sorbonne was the most brilliant school of their theology, and La Trappe founded the severest order in monasticism; they have been the most zealous in the cause of missions, while our exertions are but incipient; St. Louis was their king, and the latter days of Louis the Fourteenth were those of a modern saint: they have kept to their faith with much greater constancy than we to ours; the catalogue of our sects enrolls the most marvellous of human absurdities, the most comic associations of sanctity and profaneness; the French have gone from religion to infidelity, but this requires serious thought, and it was the work of philosophers, read and considered by the people. When a nation is led away by such men as Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Rousseau, &c., they must be a thoughtful and a serious people. You must not talk reason to our Island—you must provoke its fanaticism. The French, in their history, have ever displayed a more gloomy sternness of disposition than ourselves; they are almost the only instance of success in persecutions. Charlemagne, the most successful apostle of the sword, showed his nation and successors on the throne the way to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which certainly extinguished protestantism for ever in France, when the *two* parties were nicely balanced, and all the rest of Europe were looking on to see which religious side would triumph. The one led by the King cut off the other, as the Sultan of Turkey the Janissaries, and the Pacha of Egypt the Mamelukes; and the protestant soldiery were, like them, a band of profligate tyrants, who, apart from religious considerations, it was the interest of a nation to get rid off: they had given the

whole world evidence of their ferocity and love of plunder in the sack of Rome under the Constable Bourbon. Perhaps this success in mowing down opposition, adopted by one of their kings, induced the people in the revolution to cut off the heads of all who were supposed to be the enemies of liberty, and to a certain extent this general massacre answered their expectations. There is a French royalist historian, Lacroix I think is his name, who approves of the policy of the St. Bartholomew's massacre; and there are those of the opposite faction who would, if they had the upper hand, from their admiration of Robespierre, &c. and the slaughters *à la Fieschi*, of the innocent, the guilty, and their own instruments, again establish the system of universal execution. Indeed, but the other day, a female revolutionist, Mademoiselle Gronvelle, recommended it. Perhaps no nation in Europe has assassinated so many of their kings and princes, and this not from conspiracies of nobles, but from personal feelings, as in Russia and elsewhere. We are wont to accuse the French of political inconstancy and frivolity; but we hurried from a republic to despotism quicker than they, and made fewer struggles for our liberty. We voluntarily accepted the restoration—it was not forced upon us: the feelings of the French, modified by circumstances, continued the same; but we shifted from fanaticism, the cause of our revolution, to the opposite extreme of impiety and moral profligacy. We have the anecdote of a Cromwell who, when sentencing a king to death, spirted the ink in the face of a colleague. The three days of July are unprecedented, when a metropolis let loose respected everything, reclaimed their liberty, which had been stolen from them, and took nothing else. The only contemporary event we have, are the Bristol riots—and what a difference! The French are soon roused to revolt, and will easily sacrifice their lives for their liberties, and show by their conduct that they care for nothing else. Is not that some proof of a reflective, deep-thinking people? They feel the dignity of citizens. The soldier would not allow himself to be classed with felons, and submit to stripes. But this seriousness of purpose, this *tenax propositi*, has been, perhaps, the misfortune of the French, and the key to the whole of their character. Sterne says it is the defect of their politeness. It is the same with their politics, history, manners, their fine arts, music, painting, architecture, drama, and even fashions. Whatever they take up, they do too much. In what is original and peculiar to them, in whatever they imitate—the good they would make perfect, till, from the sublime, it has dropped to the ridiculous. No nation ever copied more; and imitation, says Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is generally the excessive of the original, and therefore ludicrous; and this tendency to excess has, in the imitation of the Greeks, Romans, English, only produced unnatural and extravagant resemblances—made them exhibit the opposites of extreme loyalty and hatred of kings—alternate monarchy and republicanism. According to events, they reach the heights of joy, or descend to the blackest abyss of despondency. It was at such a crisis when Julian remarked their melancholy. They had just suffered from long wars, and the Emperor had relieved them. We see the same general expression at present, from their ineffectual endeavours to enlarge the sphere of their liberties. It is to be hoped that the sun of their political horizon, which has so often sunk in blood, may one day rise in a brighter hemisphere, and succeed to midday splendour.

THE BLAST OF WINTER.

CALLED FORTH BY MRS. HEMANS' "VOICE OF SPRING."

I come, I come, from the icy North,
 From my alpine palace I issue forth;
 I come from the caves of the blue glacier,
 My voice in the whirlwind's roar ye may hear,
 My car swiftly glides o'er the watery waste,
 Its course through the snow-drift may now be traced.

As I traverse the West, my nitrous breath
 Dooms plants, and herbs, and flowers to death;
 E'en amaranths fade on the young beauty's grave,
 And laurels now droop o'er the dust of the brave.
 O well is it fitting this season of gloom,
 To speak of destruction, and point to the tomb!

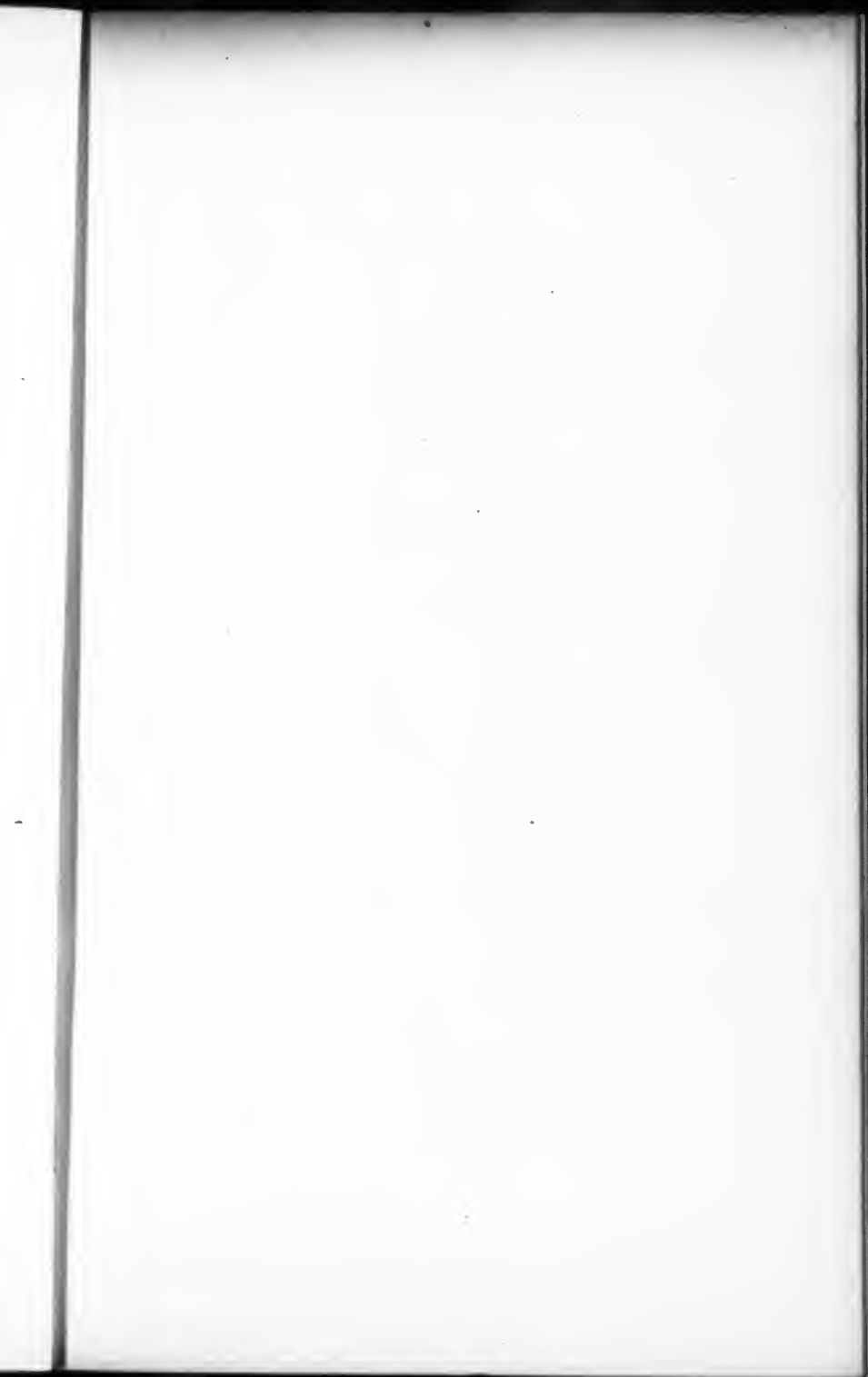
My spirits rush forward on racks of the North,
 They shiver the pines in their eddying wrath,
 The larches they strip, the gnarl'd oak feels their blow,
 The cedar branch snaps with the weight of the snow,
 The surge into mountains is lash'd by their blast,
 The sea-boy is wash'd from the slippery mast.

All mute are the groves, not a chorister heard,
 As in the soft prime when bird caroll'd to bird;
 But the barnacle flocks, as they soar on high,
 And wing their far flight for a milder sky,
 Scream forth their harsh notes, and in wedge-like form
 The mid air they cleave, surmounting the storm.

The fountains lie bound in their dark, deep source,
 No more chafe the brooks in their pebbly course;
 My sceptre I've waived o'er the mountain drear,
 And the cataract halts in its proud career;
 While masses of ice down the blue Rhone sweep,
 As wave chases wave, rushing on to the deep.

Though stern is my form, in my train I bring
 Sweet joys and bright hours outrivalling spring;
 The song and the dance in gay halls resound,
 The feast it is spread, the wine-cup goes round;
 While Charity lightens the prisoner's chain,
 And gladdens the hearts of the desolate train.

But Christmas has vanish'd, Saint Valentine's come,
 The songsters are mated, the first flowers bloom,
 I wrestle with Spring, we by turns rule the hour;
 But, aided by Phœbus, she baffles my power.
 Here my empire's dissolved, my throne melts away—
 To realms then I hasten still owning my sway!





George B. Southwell

the Meeting





The

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE TIME ARRIVES FOR NANCY TO REDEEM HER PLEDGE TO ROSE MAYLIE. SHE FAILS. NOAH CLAYPOLE IS EMPLOYED BY FAGIN ON A SECRET MISSION.

ADEPT as she was in all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, the girl Nancy could not wholly conceal the effect which the knowledge of the step she had taken, worked upon her mind. She remembered that both the crafty Jew and the brutal Sikes had confided to her schemes, which had been hidden from all others, in the full confidence that she was trustworthy, and beyond the reach of their suspicion; and vile as those schemes were, desperate as were their originators, and bitter as were her feelings towards the Jew, who had led her step by step deeper and deeper down into an abyss of crime and misery, whence was no escape, still there were times when even towards him she felt some relenting, lest her disclosure should bring him within the iron grasp he had so long eluded, and he should fall at last—richly as he merited such a fate—by her hand.

But these were the mere wanderings of a mind unable wholly to detach itself from old companions and associations, though enabled to fix itself steadily on one object, and resolved not to be turned aside by any consideration. Her fears for Sikes would have been more powerful inducements to recoil while there was yet time; but she had stipulated that her secret should be rigidly kept—she had dropped no clue which could lead to his discovery—she had refused, even for his sake, a refuge from all the guilt and wretchedness that encompassed her—and what more could she do? She was resolved.

Though every mental struggle terminated in this conclusion, they forced themselves upon her again and again, and left their traces too. She grew pale and thin even within a few days. At times she took no heed of what was passing before her, or no part in conversations where once she would have been the loudest. At others she laughed without merriment, and was noisy without cause or meaning. At others—often within a moment afterwards—she sat silent and dejected, brooding with her head upon her hands, while the very effort by which she roused herself told more forcibly than even these indications that she was ill at ease, and that her thoughts were occupied with matters very different and distant from those in course of discussion by her companions.

It was Sunday night, and the bell of the nearest church

struck the hour. Sikes and the Jew were talking, but they paused to listen. The girl looked up from the low seat on which she crouched, and listened too, intently. Eleven.

"An hour this side of midnight," said Sikes, raising the blind to look out, and returning to his seat. "Dark and heavy it is too. A good night for business this."

"Ah!" replied the Jew. "What a pity, Bill, my dear, that there's none quite ready to be done."

"You're right for once," replied Sikes gruffly. "It is a pity, for I'm in the humour too."

The Jew sighed and shook his head despondingly.

"We must make up for lost time when we've got things into a good train; that's all I know," said Sikes.

"That's the way to talk, my dear," replied the Jew, venturing to pat him on the shoulder. "It does me good to hear you."

"Does you good, does it!" cried Sikes. "Well, so be it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Jew, as if he were relieved by even this concession. "You're like yourself to-night, Bill—quite like yourself."

"I don't feel like myself when you lay that withered old claw on my shoulder, so take it away," said Sikes, casting off the Jew's hand.

"It makes you nervous, Bill,—reminds you of being nabbed, does it?" said the Jew, determined not to be offended.

"Reminds me of being nabbed by the devil," returned Sikes, "not by a trap. There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose *he* is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old'un without any father at all betwixt you, which I shouldn't wonder at a bit."

Fagin offered no reply to this compliment; but, pulling Sikes by the sleeve, pointed his finger towards Nancy, who had taken advantage of the foregoing conversation to put on her bonnet, and was now leaving the room.

"Hallo!" cried Sikes. "Nance. Where's the gal going at this time of night?"

"Not far."

"What answer's that!" returned Sikes. "Where are you going?"

"I say, not far."

"And I say where?" retorted Sikes in a loud voice. "Do you hear me?"

"I don't know where," replied the girl.

"Then I do," said Sikes, more in the spirit of obstinacy than because he had any real objection to the girl going where she listed. "Nowhere. Sit down."

"I'm not well. I told you that before," rejoined the girl. "I want a breath of air."

"Put your head out of the winder, and take it there," replied Sikes.

"There's not enough there," said the girl. "I want it in the street."

"Then you won't have it," replied Sikes; with which assurance he rose, locked the door, took the key out, and, pulling her bonnet from her head, flung it up to the top of an old press. "There," said the robber. "Now stop quietly where you are, will you?"

"It's not such a matter as a bonnet would keep me," said the girl, turning very pale. "What do you mean, Bill? Do you know what you're doing?"

"Know what I'm—Oh!" cried Sikes, turning to Fagin, "she's out of her senses, you know, or she daren't talk to me in that way."

"You'll drive me on to something desperate," muttered the girl, placing both hands upon her breast, as though to keep down by force some violent outbreak. "Let me go, will you,—this minute—this instant—"

"No!" roared Sikes.

"Tell him to let me go, Fagin. He had better. It'll be better for him. Do you hear me?" cried Nancy, stamping her foot upon the ground.

"Hear you!" repeated Sikes, turning round in his chair to confront her. "Ay, and if I hear you for half a minute longer, the dog shall have such a grip on your throat as 'll tear some of that screaming voice out. Wot has come over you, you jade—wot is it?"

"Let me go," said the girl with great earnestness; then, sitting herself down on the floor before the door, she said,—“Bill, let me go; you don't know what you're doing—you don't, indeed. For only one hour—do—do!”

"Cut my limbs off one by one!" cried Sikes, seizing her roughly by the arm—"if I don't think the gal's stark raving mad. Get up!"

"Not till you let me go—not till you let me go.—Never—never!" screamed the girl. Sikes looked on for a minute, watching his opportunity, and, suddenly pinioning her hands, dragged her, struggling and wrestling with him by the way, into a small room adjoining, where he sat himself on a bench, and thrusting her into a chair, held her down by force. She struggled and implored by turns until twelve o'clock had struck, and then, wearied and exhausted, ceased to contest the point any further. With a caution, backed by many oaths, to make no more efforts to go out that night, Sikes left her to recover at leisure, and rejoined the Jew.

"Phew!" said the housebreaker, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Wot a precious strange gal that is!"

"You may say that, Bill," replied the Jew thoughtfully. "You may say that."

"Wot did she take it into her head to go out to-night for, do you think?" asked Sikes. "Come; you should know her better than me—wot does it mean?"

"Obstinacy—woman's obstinacy, I suppose, my dear," replied the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, I suppose it is," growled Sikes. "I thought I had tamed her, but she's as bad as ever."

"Worse," said the Jew thoughtfully. "I never knew her like this, for such a little cause."

"Nor I," said Sikes. "I think she's got a touch of that fever in her blood yet, and it won't come out—eh?"

"Like enough," replied the Jew.

"I'll let her a little blood without troubling the doctor, if she's took that way again," said Sikes.

The Jew nodded an expressive approval of this mode of treatment.

"She was hanging about me all day and night too when I was stretched on my back; and you, like a black-hearted wolf as you are, kept yourself aloof," said Sikes. "We was very poor too all the time, and I think one way or other it's worried and fretted her, and that being shut up here so long has made her restless—eh?"

"That's it, my dear," replied the Jew in a whisper.—"Hush!"

As he uttered these words, the girl herself appeared and resumed her former seat. Her eyes were swollen and red; she rocked herself to and fro, tossed her head, and after a little time burst out laughing.

"Why, now she's on the other tack!" exclaimed Sikes, turning a look of excessive surprise upon his companion:

The Jew nodded to him to take no further notice just then, and in a few minutes the girl subsided into her accustomed demeanour. Whispering Sikes that there was no fear of her relapsing, Fagin took up his hat and bade him good-night. He paused when he reached the door, and looking round, asked if somebody would light him down the dark stairs.

"Light him down," said Sikes, who was filling his pipe. "It's a pity he should break his neck himself, and disappoint the sight-seers. There; show him a light."

Nancy followed the old man down stairs with the candle. When they reached the passage he laid his finger on his lip, and drawing close to the girl, said in a whisper,

"What is it, Nancy, dear?"

"What do you mean?" replied the girl in the same tone.

"The reason of all this," replied Fagin. "If *he*"—he pointed with his skinny fore-finger up the stairs—"is so hard with you, (he's a brute, Nance, a brute-beast) why dont you——"

"Well!" said the girl, as Fagin paused, with his mouth almost touching her ear, and his eyes looking into hers.

"No matter just now," said the Jew; "we'll talk of this again. You have a friend in me, Nance; a staunch friend. I have the means at hand, quiet and close. If you want revenge on those that treat you like a dog—like a dog! worse than his dog, for he humours him sometimes—come to me. I say, come to me. He is the mere hound of a day; but you know me of old, Nance—of old."

"I know you well," replied the girl, without manifesting the least emotion. "Good night."

She shrunk back as Fagin offered to lay his hand on hers, but said good night again in a steady voice, and, answering his parting look with a nod of intelligence, closed the door between them.

Fagin walked towards his own home, intent upon the thoughts that were working within his brain. He had conceived the idea—not from what had just passed, though that had tended to confirm him, but slowly and by degrees—that Nancy, wearied of the housebreaker's brutality, had conceived an attachment for some new friend. Her altered manner, her repeated absences from home alone, her comparative indifference to the interests of the gang for which she had once been so zealous, and, added to these, her desperate impatience to leave home that night at a particular hour, all favoured the supposition, and rendered it, to him at least, almost a matter of certainty. The object of this new liking was not among his myrmidons. He would be a valuable acquisition with such an assistant as Nancy, and must (thus Fagin argued) be secured without delay.

There was another and a darker object to be gained. Sikes knew too much, and his ruffian taunts had not galled the Jew the less because the wounds were hidden. The girl must know well that if she shook him off, she could never be safe from his fury, and that it would be surely wreaked—to the maiming of limbs, or perhaps the loss of life—on the object of her more recent fancy. "With a little persuasion," thought Fagin, "what more likely than that she would consent to poison him? Women have done such things, and worse, to secure the same object before now. There would be the dangerous villain—the man I hate—gone; another secured in his place; and my influence over the girl, with the knowledge of this crime to back it, unlimited."

These things passed through the mind of Fagin during the short time he sat alone in the housebreaker's room; and with them uppermost in his thoughts, he had taken the opportunity afterwards afforded him of sounding the girl in the broken hints he threw out at parting. There was no expression of surprise, no assumption of an inability to understand his meaning. The girl clearly comprehended it. Her glance at parting showed *that*.

But perhaps she would recoil from a plot to take the life of Sikes, and that was one of the chief ends to be attained. "How," thought the Jew, as he crept homewards, "can I increase my influence with her? what new power can I acquire?"

Such brains are fertile in expedients. If, without extracting a confession from herself, he laid a watch, discovered the object of her altered regard, and threatened to reveal the whole history to Sikes (of whom she stood in no common fear) unless she entered into his designs, could he not secure her compliance?

"I can," said Fagin almost aloud. "She durst not refuse me then—not for her life, not for her life! I have it all. The means are ready, and shall be set to work. I shall have you yet."

He cast back a dark look and a threatening motion of the hand towards the spot where he had left the bolder villain, and went on his way, busying his bony hands in the folds of his tattered garment, which he wrenched tightly in his grasp as though there were a hated enemy crushed with every motion of his fingers.

He rose betimes next morning, and waited impatiently for the appearance of his new associate, who, after a delay which seemed interminable, at length presented himself, and commenced a voracious assault upon the breakfast.

"Bolter," said the Jew, drawing up a chair and seating himself opposite to him.

"Well, here I am," returned Noah. "What's the matter? Don't yer ask me to do anything till I have done eating. That's a great fault in this place. Yer never get time enough over yer meals."

"You can talk as you eat, can't you?" said Fagin, cursing his dear young friend's greediness from the very bottom of his heart.

"Oh yes, I can talk; I get on better when I talk," said Noah, cutting a monstrous slice of bread. "Where's Charlotte?"

"Out," said Fagin. "I sent her out this morning with the other young woman, because I wanted us to be alone."

"Oh!" said Noah, "I wish yer'd ordered her to make some buttered toast first. Well. Talk away. Yer won't interrupt me."

There seemed indeed no great fear of anything interrupting him, as he had evidently sat down with a determination to do a great deal of business.

"You did well yesterday, my dear," said the Jew, "beautiful! Six shillings and ninepence halfpenny on the very first day! The kinchin lay will be a fortune to you."

"Don't yer forget to add three pint-pots and a milk-can," said Mr. Bolter.

"No, no, my dear," replied the Jew. "The pint-pots were great strokes of genius, but the milk-can was a perfect masterpiece."

"Pretty well, I think, for a beginner," remarked Mr. Bolter complacently. "The pots I took off airy railings, and the milk-can was standing by itself outside a public-house, so I thought it might get rusty with the rain, or catch cold, yer know. Ha! ha! ha!"

The Jew affected to laugh very heartily; and Mr. Bolter, having had his laugh out, took a series of large bites which finished his first hunk of bread and butter, and assisted himself to a second.

"I want you, Bolter," said Fagin, leaning over the table, "to do a piece of work for me, my dear, that needs great care and caution."

"I say," rejoined Bolter, "don't yer go shoving me into danger, or sending me to any more police-offices. That don't suit me, that don't; and so I tell yer."

"There's not the smallest danger in it — not the very smallest," said the Jew; "it's only to dodge a woman."

"An old woman?" demanded Mr. Bolter.

"A young one," replied Fagin.

"I can do that pretty well, I know," said Bolter. "I was a regular cunning sneak when I was at school. What am I to dodge her for? not to——"

"Not to do anything," interrupted the Jew, "but to tell me where she goes to, who she sees, and, if possible, what she says; to remember the street, if it is a street, or the house, if it is a house, and to bring me back all the information you can."

"What'll yer give me?" asked Noah, setting down his cup, and looking his employer eagerly in the face.

"If you do it well, a pound, my dear—one pound," said Fagin, wishing to interest him in the scent as much as possible. "And that's what I never gave yet for any job of work where there wasn't valuable consideration to be gained."

"Who is she?" inquired Noah.

"One of us."

"Oh Lor!" cried Noah, curling up his nose. "Yer doubtful of her, are yer?"

"She has found out some new friends, my dear, and I must know who they are," replied the Jew.

"I see," said Noah. "Just to have the pleasure of knowing them, if they're respectable people, eh?—Ha! ha! ha! I'm your man."

"I knew you would be," cried Fagin, elated by the success of his proposal.

"Of course, of course," replied Noah. "Where is she? Where am I to wait for her? When am I to go?"

"All that, my dear, you shall hear from me. I'll point her out at the proper time," said Fagin. "You keep ready, and leave the rest to me."

That night, and the next, and the next again, the spy sat booted and equipped in his carter's dress, ready to turn out at a word from Fagin. Six nights passed,—six long weary nights,—and on each Fagin came home with a disappointed face, and briefly intimated that it was not yet time. On the seventh he returned earlier, and with an exultation he could not conceal. It was Sunday.

"She goes abroad to-night," said Fagin, "and on the right errand, I'm sure; for she has been alone all day, and the man she is afraid of will not be back much before daybreak. Come with me. Quick."

Noah started up without saying a word, for the Jew was in a state of such intense excitement that it infected him. They left the house stealthily, and, hurrying through a labyrinth of streets, arrived at length before a public-house, which Noah recognised as the same in which he had slept on the night of his arrival in London.

It was past eleven o'clock, and the door was closed. It opened softly on its hinges as the Jew gave a low whistle. They entered without noise, and the door was closed behind them.

Scarcely venturing to whisper, but substituting dumb show for words, Fagin and the young Jew who had admitted them pointed out the pane of glass to Noah, and signed to him to climb up and observe the person in the adjoining room.

"Is that the woman?" he asked, scarcely above his breath.

The Jew nodded yes.

"I can't see her face well," whispered Noah. "She is looking down, and the candle is behind her."

"Stay there," whispered Fagin. He signed to Barney, who withdrew. In an instant the lad entered the room adjoining, and, under pretence of snuffing the candle, moved it into the required position, and, speaking to the girl, caused her to raise her face.

"I see her now," cried the spy.

"Plainly?" asked the Jew.

"I should know her among a thousand."

He hastily descended as the room-door opened, and the girl came out. Fagin drew him behind a small partition which was curtained off, and they held their breaths as she passed within a few feet of their place of concealment, and emerged by the door at which they had entered.

"Hist!" cried the lad who held the door. "Now."

Noah exchanged a look with Fagin, and darted out.

"To the left," whispered the lad; "take the left hand, and keep on the other side."

He did so, and by the light of the lamps saw the girl's re-treating figure already at some distance before him. He advanced as near as he considered prudent, and kept on the opposite side of the street, the better to observe her motions. She looked nervously round twice or thrice, and once stopped to let two men, who were following close behind her, pass on. She seemed to gather courage as she advanced, and to walk with a steadier and firmer step. The spy preserved the same relative distance between them, and followed with his eye upon her.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE APPOINTMENT KEPT.

The church clocks chimed three quarters past eleven as two figures emerged on London Bridge. One, which advanced with a swift and rapid step, was that of a woman, who looked eagerly about her as though in quest of some expected object; the other figure was that of a man, who slunk along in the deepest shadow he could find, and at some distance, accommodated his pace to hers, stopping when she stopped, and, as she moved again, creeping stealthily on, but never allowing himself, in the ardour of his pursuit, to gain upon her footsteps. Thus they crossed the bridge from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, when the woman, apparently disappointed in her anxious scrutiny of the foot-passengers, turned back. The movement was sudden, but he who watched her was not thrown off his guard by it, for shrinking into one of the recesses which surmount the piers of the bridge, and leaning over the parapet the better to conceal his figure, he suffered her to pass by on the opposite pavement, and when she was about the same distance in advance as she had been before, he slipped quietly down and followed her again. At nearly the centre of the bridge she stopped. The man stopped too.

It was a very dark night. The day had been unfavourable, and at that hour and place there were few people stirring. Such as there were hurried quickly past, very possibly without seeing, but certainly without noticing, either the woman or the man who kept her in view. Their appearance was not calculated to attract the importunate regards of such of London's destitute population as chanced to take their way over the bridge that night in search of some cold arch or doorless hovel wherein to lay their heads; they stood there in silence, neither speaking nor spoken to by any one who passed.

A mist hung over the river, deepening the red glare of the fires that burnt upon the small craft moored off the different wharfs, and rendering darker and more indistinct the mirky buildings on the banks. The old smoked-stained store-houses on either side rose heavy and dull from the dense mass of roofs and gables, and frowned sternly upon water too black

to reflect even their lumbering shapes. The tower of old Saint Saviour's church, and the spire of Saint Magnus, so long the giant-warders of the ancient bridge, were visible in the gloom ; but the forest of shipping below bridge, and the thickly scattered spires of churches above, were nearly all hidden from the sight.

The girl had taken a few restless turns to and fro—closely watched meanwhile by her hidden observer—when the heavy bell of St. Paul's tolled for the death of another day. Midnight had come upon the crowded city. The palace, the night-cellar, the jail, the madhouse ; the chambers of birth and death, of health and sickness ; the rigid face of the corpse and the calm sleep of the child—midnight was upon them all.

The hour had not struck two minutes, when a young lady, accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, alighted from a hackney-carriage within a short distance of the bridge, and, having dismissed the vehicle, walked straight towards it. They had scarcely set foot upon its pavement when the girl started, and immediately made towards them.

They walked onwards, looking about them with the air of persons who entertained some very slight expectation which had little chance of being realised, when they were suddenly joined by this new associate. They halted with an exclamation of surprise, but suppressed it immediately, for a man in the garments of a countryman came close up—brushed against them, indeed—at the precise moment.

"Not here," said Nancy hurriedly. "I am afraid to speak to you here. Come away—out of the public road—down the steps yonder."

As she uttered these words, and indicated with her hand the direction in which she wished them to proceed, the countryman looked round, and roughly asking what they took up the whole pavement for, passed on.

The steps to which the girl had pointed were those which, on the Surrey bank, and on the same side of the bridge as Saint Saviour's church, form a landing-stairs from the river. To this spot the man bearing the appearance of a countryman hastened unobserved ; and after a moment's survey of the place, he began to descend.

The stairs are a part of the bridge ; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pier or pedestal facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen, so that a person turning that angle of the wall is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step. The countryman looked hastily round when he reached this point, and as there seemed no better place of concealment, and the tide being out there was plenty of room, he slipped aside, with his back to the pier, and there waited,

pretty certain that they would come no lower, and that even if he could not hear what was said, he could follow them again with safety.

So tardily stole the time in this lonely place, and so eager was the spy to penetrate the motives of an interview so different from what he had been led to expect, that he more than once gave the matter up for lost, and persuaded himself either that they had stopped far above, or resorted to some entirely different spot to hold their mysterious conversation. He was on the very point of emerging from his hiding-place, and regaining the road above, when he heard the sound of footsteps, and directly afterwards of voices, almost close at his ear.

He drew himself straight upright against the wall, and, scarcely breathing, listened attentively.

"This is far enough," said a voice, which was evidently that of the gentleman. "I will not suffer this young lady to go any further. Many people would have distrusted you too much to have come even so far, but you see I am willing to humour you."

"To humour me!" cried the voice of the girl whom he had followed. "You're considerate, indeed, sir. To humour me! Well, well, it's no matter."

"Why, for what," said the gentleman in a kinder tone, "for what purpose can you have brought us to this strange place? Why not have let me speak to you above there, where it is light, and there is something stirring, instead of bringing us to this dark and dismal hole?"

"I told you before," replied Nancy, "that I was afraid to speak to you there. I don't know why it is," said the girl, shuddering, "but I have such a fear and dread upon me to-night that I can hardly stand."

"A fear of what?" asked the gentleman, who seemed to pity her.

"I scarcely know of what," replied the girl. "I wish I did. Horrible thoughts of death, and shrouds with blood upon them, and a fear that has made me burn as if I were on fire, have been upon me all day. I was reading a book to-night to wile the time away, and the same things came into the print."

"Imagination," said the gentleman, soothing her.

"No imagination," replied the girl in a hoarse voice. "I'll swear I saw 'coffin' written in every page of the book in large black letters,—ay, and they carried one close to me in the streets to-night."

"There is nothing unusual in that," said the gentleman. "They have passed me often."

"*Real ones*," rejoined the girl. "This was not."

There was something so uncommon in her manner that the flesh of the concealed listener crept as he heard the girl utter these words, and the blood chilled within him. He had never

experienced a greater relief than hearing the sweet voice of the young lady as she begged her to be calm, and not allow herself to become the prey of such fearful fancies.

"Speak to her kindly," said the young lady to her companion. "Poor creature! She seems to need it."

"Your haughty religious people would have held their heads up to see me as I am to-night, and preached of flames and vengeance," cried the girl. "Oh, dear lady, why ar'n't those, who claim to be God's own folks, as gentle and as kind to us poor wretches as you, who, having youth and beauty and all that they have lost, might be a little proud, instead of so much humbler!"

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "a Turk turns his face, after washing it well, to the East when he says his prayers; these good people, after giving their faces such a rub with the World as takes the smiles off, turn with no less regularity to the darkest side of Heaven. Between the Mussulman and the Pharisee, commend me to the first."

These words appeared to be addressed to the young lady, and were perhaps uttered with the view of affording Nancy time to recover herself. The gentleman shortly afterwards addressed himself to her.

"You were not here last Sunday night," he said.

"I couldn't come," replied Nancy; "I was kept by force."

"By whom?"

"Bill—him that I told the young lady of before."

"You were not suspected of holding any communication with anybody on the subject which has brought us here to-night, I hope?" asked the old gentleman anxiously.

"No," replied the girl, shaking her head. "It's not very easy for me to leave him unless he knows why; I couldn't have seen the lady when I did, but that I gave him a drink of laudanum before I came away."

"Did he awake before you returned?" inquired the gentleman.

"No; and neither he nor any of them suspect me."

"Good," said the gentleman. "Now listen to me."

"I am ready," replied the girl, as he paused for a moment.

"This young lady," the gentleman began, "has communicated to me and some other friends who can be safely trusted, what you told her nearly a fortnight since. I confess to you that I had doubts at first whether you were to be implicitly relied upon, but now I firmly believe you are."

"I am," said the girl earnestly.

"I repeat that I firmly believe it. To prove to you that I am disposed to trust you, I tell you without reserve, that we propose to extort the secret, whatever it may be, from the fears of this man Monks. But if—if—" said the gentleman, "he cannot be secured, or, if secured, cannot be acted upon as we wish, you must deliver up the Jew."

"Fagin!" cried the girl, recoiling.

"That man must be delivered up by you," said the gentleman.

"I will not do it—I will never do it," replied the girl. "Devil that he is, and worse than devil as he has been to me, I will never do that."

"You will not?" said the gentleman, who seemed fully prepared for this answer.

"Never!" returned the girl.

"Tell me why?"

"For one reason," rejoined the girl firmly, "for one reason, that the lady knows and will stand by me in, I know she will, for I have her promise; and for this other reason besides, that, bad life as he has led, I have led a bad life too; there are many of us who have kept the same courses together, and I'll not turn upon them, who might—any of them—have turned upon me, but didn't, bad as they are."

"Then," said the gentleman quickly, as if this had been the point he had been aiming to attain—"put Monks into my hands, and leave him to me to deal with."

"What if he turns against the others?"

"I promise you that in that case, if the truth is forced from him, there the matter will rest; there must be circumstances in Oliver's little history which it would be painful to drag before the public eye, and if the truth is once elicited, they shall go scot free."

"And if it is not?" suggested the girl.

"Then," pursued the gentleman, "this Jew shall not be brought to justice without your consent. In such a case I could show you reasons, I think, which would induce you to yield it."

"Have I the lady's promise for that?" asked the girl eagerly.

"You have," replied Rose. "My true and faithful pledge."

"Monks would never learn how you knew what you do?" said the girl, after a short pause.

"Never," replied the gentleman. "The intelligence should be so brought to bear upon him, that he could never even guess."

"I have been a liar, and among liars, from a little child," said the girl after another interval of silence, "but I will take your words."

After receiving an assurance from both that she might safely do so, she proceeded in a voice so low that it was often difficult for the listener to discover even the purport of what she said, to describe by name and situation the public-house whence she had been followed that night. From the manner in which she occasionally paused, it appeared as if the gentleman were making some hasty notes of the information she communicated. When she had thoroughly explained the localities of the place, the

best position from which to watch it without exciting observation, and the night and hour on which Monks was most in the habit of frequenting it, she seemed to consider a few moments for the purpose of recalling his features and appearance more forcibly to her recollection.

"He is tall," said the girl, "and a strongly made man, but not stout; he has a lurking walk, and as he walks, constantly looks over his shoulder, first on one side and then on the other. Don't forget that, for his eyes are sunk in his head so much deeper than any other man's, that you might almost tell him by that alone. His face is dark, like his hair and eyes, but, although he can't be more than six or eight and twenty, withered and haggard. His lips are often discoloured and disfigured with the marks of teeth, for he has desperate fits, and sometimes even bites his hands and covers them with wounds—why did you start?" said the girl, stopping suddenly.

The gentleman replied in a hurried manner that he was not conscious of having done so, and begged her to proceed.

"Part of this," said the girl, "I've drawn out from other people at the house I tell you of, for I have only seen him twice, and both times he was covered up in a large cloak. I think that's all I can give you to know him by. Stay though," she added. "Upon his throat, so high that you can see a part of it below his neckerchief when he turns his face, there is—"

"A broad red mark, like a burn or scald," cried the gentleman.

"How's this!" said the girl. "You know him!"

The young lady uttered a cry of extreme surprise, and for a few moments they were so still that the listener could distinctly hear them breathe.

"I think I do," said the gentleman, breaking silence. "I should, by your description. We shall see. Many people are singularly like each other though,—it may not be the same."

As he expressed himself to this effect with assumed carelessness, he took a step or two nearer the concealed spy, as the latter could tell from the distinctness with which he heard him mutter, "It must be he!"

"Now," he said, returning, so it seemed by the sound, to the spot where he had stood before, "you have given us most valuable assistance, young woman, and I wish you to be the better for it. What can I do to serve you?"

"Nothing," replied Nancy.

"You will not persist in saying that," rejoined the gentleman with a voice and emphasis of kindness that might have touched a much harder and more obdurate heart. "Think now. Tell me."

"Nothing, sir," rejoined the girl, weeping. "You can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope, indeed."

"You put yourself beyond its pale," said the gentleman:

“the past has been a dreary waste with you, of youthful energies mis-spent, and such priceless treasures lavished as the Creator bestows but once, and never grants again, but for the future you may hope. I do not say that it is in our power to offer you peace of heart and mind, for that must come as you seek it; but a quiet asylum, either in England, or, if you fear to remain here, in some foreign country, it is not only within the compass of our ability but our most anxious wish to secure to you. Before the dawn of morning, before this river wakes to the first glimpse of daylight, you shall be placed as entirely beyond the reach of your former associates, and leave as utter an absence of all traces behind you, as if you were to disappear from the earth this moment. Come. I would not have you go back to exchange one word with any old companion, or take one look at any old haunt, or breathe the very air which is pestilence and death to you. Quit them all, while there is time and opportunity.

“She will be persuaded now,” cried the young lady. “She hesitates, I am sure.”

“I fear not, my dear,” said the gentleman.

“No, sir, I do not,” replied the girl after a short struggle. “I am chained to my old life. I loathe and hate it now, but I cannot leave it. I must have gone too far to turn back,—and yet I don’t know, for if you had spoken to me so, some time ago, I should have laughed it off. But,” she said, looking hastily round, “this fear comes over me again. I must go home.”

“Home!” repeated the young lady, with great stress upon the word.

“Home, lady,” rejoined the girl. “To such a home as I have raised for myself with the work of my whole life. Let us part. I shall be watched or seen. Go, go. If I have done you any service, all I ask is, that you leave me and let me go my way alone.”

“It is useless,” said the gentleman with a sigh. “We compromise her safety perhaps by staying here. We may have detained her longer than she expected already.”

“Yes, yes,” urged the girl. “You have.”

“What,” cried the young lady, “can be the end of this poor creature’s life!”

“What!” repeated the girl. “Look before you, lady. Look at that dark water. How many times do you read of such as me who spring into the tide, and leave no living thing to care for or bewail them. It may be years hence, or it may be only months, but I shall come to that at last.”

“Do not speak thus, pray,” returned the young lady, sobbing.

“It will never reach your ears, dear lady, and God forbid such horrors should—” replied the girl. “Good night, good night.”

The gentleman turned away.

"This purse," cried the young lady. "Take it for my sake, that you may have some resource in an hour of need and trouble."

"No, no," replied the girl. "I have not done this for money. Let me have that to think of. And yet—give me something that you have worn: I should like to have something—no, no, not a ring—your gloves or handkerchief—anything that I can keep as having belonged to you, sweet lady. There. Bless you—God bless you! Good night, good night!"

The violent agitation of the girl, and the apprehension of some discovery which would subject her to ill-usage and violence, seemed to determine the gentleman to leave her as she requested. The sound of retreating footsteps was audible, and the voices ceased.

The two figures of the young lady and her companion soon afterwards appeared upon the bridge. They stopped at the summit of the stairs.

"Hark!" cried the young lady, listening. "Did she call! I thought I heard her voice."

"No, my love," replied Mr. Brownlow, looking sadly back. "She has not moved, and will not till we are gone."

Rose Maylie lingered, but the old gentleman drew her arm through his, and led her with gentle force away. As they disappeared, the girl sunk down nearly at her full length upon one of the stone stairs, and vented the anguish of her heart in bitter tears.

After a time she rose, and with feeble and tottering steps ascended to the street. The astonished listener remained motionless on his post for some minutes afterwards, and having ascertained with many cautious glances round him that he was again alone, crept slowly from his hiding-place, and returned, stealthily and in the shade of the wall, in the same manner as he had descended.

Peeping out more than once when he reached the top, to make sure that he was unobserved, Noah Claypole darted away at his utmost speed, and made for the Jew's house as fast as his legs would carry him.

A QUESTION.

To ask me "how I do," you won't!
Then let me ask you "*how* you don't?"

ANSWERED.

Why, sure, that you're an arrant cheat;
And having once been *done* by you,
'Twere really useless when we meet
For me to ask you "*how* you do."

JOYCE JOCUND.

WALTER CHILDE.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZEN NOSE.

CANTO VI.

MEANTIME, suppose them safely housed and drest
 For Lady Poyntz's entertainment grand,
 Whereto at this set time were bid the best
 And choicest company of Berkshire land.
 Poor Walter had, though for time sorely press'd,
 Ten thousand interrogatories to stand
 From good Dame Alice, which his speed delay'd,
 And took him full ten minutes to evade.

Scarce was he usher'd, when a friendly gripe
 Took his hand captive. "My good fellow Wat!
 Delighted—got your note. So all was ripe
 For near ten years, till Catherine Seymour's plot
 Brought it to bear? Your visage is a type
 Of your supreme good fortune, which is not
 More than I wish'd, Heav'n knows! but past my hope.
 You're one of us now—'Gad, you'll have full scope.

"And such a creature! all you could desire—
 A little termagant till six years old:
 I knew the chit; all Spanish dash and fire,
 But well brought up; a heart of first-rate mould:
 Not that she'd suit a common-place esquire;
 But for a man of mettle, true and bold
 Of word and action, she'd face fire and water—
 Just what you'd look for in a soldier's daughter.

"None know on't but my mother, Forde, and I.
 I put Jack Shirley on another scent.
 There's dancing here, and so forth, by and by;
 And our coach, by the time your things are sent,
 Will take you home whene'er you wish to try
 A change from all this county botherment.
 We dine with you to-morrow; Forde, a cousin
 Or two, and our three selves; just half a dozen.

"How d'ye like Catherine?—quite off-hand and arch;
 Don't mind her nonsense—she is sound at heart.
 And so she told you all?—you stole a march
 On us, Sir Benedict:—decisive, smart,
 As in your o'er-sea project (devil starch
 Th' old fellow's hide who drove you to that start,
 And tan his hide for pettifogger's vellum!
 He dines no more at our house, I can tell him.)

"Forde is a gentleman; and, by the by,
 He's here, on the qui vive, to wish you joy;
 Oh! and about your client. Forde and I
 Had settled to remove Webb's cause, my boy,
 Up to the London courts, that you might try
 Your hand again—'twould have ensured employ.
 But that you want not now. I wrote you word,
 But you had started. How betimes you stirr'd!

“ Now for my mother ; it is nearly three,
 And we are starving. Dinner quickly, John.
 Oh, there she is besieged ; e'en let her be.
 That fool the mayor !—Shirley and I push'd on
 To warn you, for poor Alice Ward, you see,
 Ran frantic to his office, and the son
 Of an old owl—There, don't you see him now ?
 What do you think of his bedizen'd frow ?

“ You don't mind meeting Barebone here, poor devil ?
 He got most terribly set down to-day
 By th' foreman, so I wish'd to make the civil
 For once ; the fellow 's harmless in his way ;
 The old man is a pest, a public evil ;
 But he can scarce last long : the son, they say,
 Has his good points, though weak. Forde, here 's your man ;
 Now ask him how he likes his back-wood plan.

“ Don't wring his hand off. So it seems we both
 Fought upon different sides at Roundway Down ?
 I knew it not last night, I'll take my oath.
 Forde, you kept snug our friend's by-gone renown.
 Our standard, too—I well remember, troth,
 That desperate mêlée,—I with a crack'd crown
 Was left for—Dinner ! truce to our debate :
 Forde hands your wife, my boy ; look you for Kate.”

What Walter's answers were, I quite forget ;
 And, if I recollected, time slips fast.
 There was old armour and a buhl beauffet
 In the great dining-hall to which they pass'd ;
 But how the party look'd, or what they ate,
 Things of the knife-and-fork-and-needle cast,
 The milliners and cooks could tell, no doubt,
 Who drest the dinner and the diners-out.

The ladies gone, and drank with cordial cheer.
 Up rose Sir Henry Poyntz. “ John, more Bordeaux.
 Mr. High Sheriff, friends and gentles dear,
 And comrades whom I served with years ago,
 Charge glasses ;—I won't say, when emptied clear,
 Discharge them o'er your heads ; none here, I know,
 Are roysterers, and in mercy we must spare
 Poor Lady Poyntz's curious Venice ware.

“ Pledge me, I pray, as neighbours, to the health
 Of my friend Counsellor and Captain Childe.
 He was (I smuggle no one here by stealth.)
 A tough King Charles's man ; but these his wild
 And fighting days are over, and by wealth
 And station we may find him reconciled
 To the existing state of matters, such
 As Heaven decrees—they have not served us much.

“ Some may think otherwise ; whoe'er they be,
 They 'll find a right good neighbour in my friend.
 His health, then, and I thank your courtesy,
 That hath borne this my prosing to an end.”
 The toast was echo'd as we hear and see
 When men in social intercourse unbend
 With wine and chat :—thought Walter, “ Oh, ye powers !
 Now ! and this same time four-and-twenty hours !”

No time for thought, though; there not often is,
 When summon'd by the tacit requisition
 Of silence. Reader, whether sage or quiz,
 If you stood never yet in this position,
 I pity you in prospect;—what a whiz
 Of crude ideas, all struggling for admission,
 Rush to your pate, defying all arrangement!
 Bolt something out you must, to 'scape derangement.

But he, well-grounded in forensic art,
 And feeling his own self-esteem touch'd nearly,
 Spoke, as he always acted, from his heart,
 And said his short say manfully and clearly.
 He added, "It is now my bounden part,
 As on due thought I purposed most sincerely,
 To make one person reparation due.
 Sir," (turning to poor Barebone,) "it is you.

"I fancied it my duty yesterday
 To state what roused your spirit as a son;
 What I say now, I was prepared to say
 When, last night's converse hardly yet begun,
 Some other subject drew your thoughts away;
 In fact a first brief, whether lost or won,
 Tempts lawyers to o'erstep the strict propriety
 Which should prevail in business and society.

"Observe, however, for I'll not deny it,
 I hold your father, jury, judge, and all,
 Clean wrong in law, and mean, please God, to try it
 With all good speed, in Westminster's old hall.
 But that's no cause, at least I can't espy it.
 That need occasion—I'll not say a brawl
 Between us, but a single angry thought.
 I beg your pardon, for I feel I ought."

I need not give the bravos which ensued
 From guests, mayor, sheriff, host; nor need I say
 Hands were exchanged. Poor Barebone, who had stew'd
 And fretted with vexation half the day,
 Mumbled acknowledgment and gratitude,
 And really felt most anxious to repay
 The generous tact which colour'd his own case,
 And brought him off with unexpected grace.

Anon he clear'd his throat, and pledged his word,
 Both in his own and in his father's name,
 The case and costs should be forthwith refer'd
 To any two friends there,—'twas all the same.
 This tit-for-tat proceeding, simply stirr'd
 By impulse, and a sense of honest shame,
 Gain'd him, he quickly found, much estimation,
 And turn'd out worth his whole past education

The tables were removed a whit perchance
 Earlier than usual in that jovial day,
 As the great hall was wanted for the dance;
 And on the bowling-green the gentles stray
 By twos and threes; the time did now advance
 To six, and Walter long'd to get away
 To—not his own home, surely; yet the force
 Of Poyntz's words implied it so, of course.

A tap aroused him. "Childe, you made that youth
 Respectable for life by one white lie?"—
 "Why, Forde, what would you?—Not a viper's tooth
 Is sharper than the stings of raillery
 I saw him suffer at the ball; in truth,
 I care not for my p's and q's, not I,
 In helping out a youngster; 'twere but reason
 To show fair play by an odd word in season.

"I'll tell you what, Forde, I assume no merit,
 For if my birth and parentage be known—
 Come, there's a brag!—my character will bear it."
 "Perhaps so: ere I found you here alone,
 I met the general, a known man of spirit,
 Conversing with our host in his bluff tone.
 'Z—ds! Harry Poyntz!' said he, 'my heart is won;
 I'll wager that's old Lutzen's fighting son.'

"Your father's *nom-de-guerre*;—not know it, boy?
 Thou art not a wise child in that one sense.
 'Name me to him,' he said; 'I should enjoy
 His friendship;'—he's a don of consequence
 In this your district, and in high employ.
 Cromwell, who cannot prudently dispense
 With his tried parts, still calls him a seceder,
 And talks of Meshech and the tents of Kedar.

"Wait for the introduction, which our friend
 Much wishes; then you both may steal away
 Without adieux; the carriage shall attend:
 This Lady Poyntz commissions me to say.
 Now to our lady-loves; they recommend
 We should taste this new-fangled drink, which may
 Prove a good hit; coffee I think they style it,
 And promise me the true receipt to boil it.

"Stay; one more turn,—we've time for 't. Walter Childe,
 You used th' old cynic scurvily, I trow,—
 Much worse than when, bit by some crotchet wild,
 You would decline my loan a year ago.
 I hoped to get you stuff'd, and reconciled
 To reason, at my breakfast. Don't you know
 I wrote a note you should have got by eight?
 But you were gone; my clerk arrived too late.

"Well, Walter, as you know, I am right sparing
 Of words, which my vocation is to sell;
 Advice to hair-brain'd youngsters is past bearing,
 And in most cases stinks, they say: too well
 Th' unsavory adage paints such proffer'd fairing,
 As most didactic volunteers can tell.
 Now you're a county man—thank God for that!—
 And have to think for others—*Verbum sat*."

"My good true friend."—"Nay, come, I bear no spite:
 You've borne ill fortune well; now you have shown
 You can bear good. Friend Wat, you acted right
 In that poor boy's affair; I liked your tone
 And manner; persevere; so use your might
 Of mind and body, that before Heaven's throne
 You may stand straight, when Death shall drop the curtain;
 Remember, man, like fortune, is uncertain.

“ Now, come along ; give a lame man your arm,—
 A special strong one : but the days are past,
 I hope, for using it in mortal harm ;
 And now, my lad, you ’ve put in bail at last
 For good behaviour—’faith, your bride would charm
 An old Diogenes of my rough cast :—
 (Well, here we are)—what must she be to you ?
 You ’ve won her, Wat, and you deserve her too.

“ Now go and fight your old campaigns anew ;
 Poyntz and the general both have caught your eye.
 Well, Lady Poyntz, and how is it with you ?”—
 “ Oh, Mr. Forde, so happy ! you know why—
 And then again I see my Henry too
 Do himself justice in the county’s eye :
 He always was a person to be loved,
 But really he ’s to-night so much improved !”

“ I like your son ; I always did, good madam :
 I think he likes me too, though old and bluff.
 If not the humblest of the sons of Adam,
 He has a head and heart of sterling stuff.
 Half of his real pretensions, if they had ’em,
 Would make one half his censurers vain enough,
 Which Poyntz is not ; and prouder far than he
 Was, or I think, is ever like to be.

“ Friendship has drawn him out to-night, I see.
 The liking he first took to Walter Childe
 Was a good trait, not thrown away on me.
 And now his friend’s success has driven him wild
 With spirits ; he must watch his natural glee,
 Or he may one of these days be beguiled
 By what has been my own bane all along.
 His sense of the ridiculous is strong.”—

“ You would not think it ; he ’s extremely shy
 By nature ; but habitual self-command
 Conceals it well. He is call’d cold and dry,
 Laconic,—in their phrase ‘ a coolish hand,’—
 By men he ne’er could tolerate, who die
 To cut up those they cannot understand.
 But mothers have no right to talk you dead—
 You told those dear young people what I said ?”

The coach and four was under weigh at last,
 And rumbling soothingly five miles an hour ;
 Annette rode Bodkin, being of high caste,
 And a great favourite ; conversation’s power
 Had therefore no great scope ; the bride had past
 A sleepless night ; frown not, ye critics sour,
 To learn she dropt into a gentle doze,
 To wake up like a dew-recruited rose.

I fear this indecorum ’s of a piece
 With her past talk of agencies and aunts,
 But would describe how people, who in ease
 And quiet dwell in Berks, or Wilts, or Hants,
 Dorset, or Somerset,—not Rome and Greece,
 For that ’s beyond me,—cater for the wants
 And future views of friends whom they love dearly,
 And speak of matters which affect them nearly.

But, if required, I'll mend it with a cento
 From Caravita, the great opera-poet ;—
 Bel idol mio! dov'è 'l crudel sparento?
 Nel con non piu lo sento!—bravo! go it!—
 Dolce contento caccia il rio tormento!—
 For travell'd ladies say, and doubtless know it,
 That Tuscan speech embodies love suhlime
 Better than accents of our colder clime.

Meantime 'twill haply edify us more
 To leave the staid and silent trio—true,
 Silent, because the lady did not snore,
 As I've heard ladies in their siestas do,
 And in the festive hall, now flowing o'er
 With revellers, just trace a cause or two
 Of the prevailing tale, that our true knight
 Was, like a Sabine damsel, won in fight.

THE SUPPER OF BACCHUS.

VENUS and Bacchus of a night
 Sat *tête-à-tête* to sup together,
 The fire beside them blazing bright—
 'Twas in December's chilly weather.
 Love chanced just then to pass with Mirth,
 Two friends as true as Tom and Jerry,
 Whose motto from their very birth
 Was, "Hang old Care, and let's be merry."
 And when they saw the light above—
 I give their very words, like Flaccus,
 "Ho! Mirth, my gay old boy!" cried Love,
 "Let's stop and have a glass with Bacchus."
 "By Jove!" said Mirth, "I'm rather *dry*,
 And this vile rain is deuced unpleasant;
 His wine's superb—and you and I
 Could relish it, I guess, at present."
 They call'd, and Bacchus ope'd the door,
 And when they enter'd, lock'd it after:
 Mirth set them soon in such a roar,
 That Venus nearly died from laughter.
 They sang and joked the goblet o'er,
 And ne'er more fun the veil of night hid;
 For never yet assembled four
 Whom song and frolic more delighted.
 Old Care, towards morning, loudly knock'd—
 He heard their sport, and thought to mar it;
 But Bacchus, who was then half cock'd,
 Upset him in a butt of claret.
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the crimson tide,
 In vain he sought for help around him—
 "Come drink, old fellow!" Bacchus cried,
 And in the rosy nectar drown'd him.
 And since that hour the sons of Care,
 Remembering their sire's immersion,
 A lasting grudge to Bacchus bear,
 And hold his wine in like aversion.
 But let them drain their watery draught—
 In vain the fools will strive to wean us
 From nectar glorious Bacchus quaff'd,
 With laughing Mirth, and Love, and Venus!

B. J. M.

THE PARISIAN CAFÉS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

THE traveller may search Europe over, and he will find nothing to correspond throughout with the estaminets, the restaurants, and the cafés of Paris. The general distinctions between them are these:—an estaminet is a place where tobacco is smoked, various sorts of beverages are drunk, and generally cards and billiards played. A restaurant is one where breakfasts and dinners are eaten. A café is another, where breakfasts are taken, dominos played, and where coffee, ices, and all refreshing drinks may, at any hour, be enjoyed.

In Paris there are more than four hundred cafés. Of these the most ancient is the Café Procope, which may still be seen in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was established by an Italian named Zoppa. Opposite to it once stood the Comédie Française. This theatre gave place to the studio of Gros, the famous painter; that studio vanished, and now a paper magazine is on its site. The Café Procope still survives. It has, however, somewhat changed in the character of its frequenters. Formerly the resort of Rousseau, Freron, Voltaire, and the epigrammatic Piron, it is now chiefly patronized by students of law, medicine, and literature. There do they assemble in their lofty, sugar-loafed hats, republican locks hanging over their shoulders, unwashed beards, and negligent attire, to chat with the dame-du-comptoir, joke about the Pandects, and play at dominos. For this last sport they seem to have a perfect passion. The custom is to play for breakfasts. The losers then play among themselves, and it is not unusual for him who at ten o'clock entered, and merely called for his *petit pain*, and *café au lait*, to retire at the hour of four, having first deposited some fifty francs with the divinity of the place, or at least obtained from her a *tick* for that small sum. This is the genuine frequenter of the Café Procope. Sometimes, however, you will there see authors and artists, as Gustave Planche, Gigoux, the young painter, Henri Fournier, Eugene Renduel, and others, but no dramatists. The theatre has abandoned St. Germain-des-Prés. The other noted cafés on this side the Seine, are the Voltaire, the Moliere, and lastly the Desmares, an aristocratical resort, where silent and stern deputies from the *extreme droit* often congregate.

But if you would see the Parisian cafés in all their peculiarities and magnificence, go over the Seine into the vicinity of the Palais Royal, or walk along the Boulevards. There is a café,—peculiar, though not very magnificent,—in a little dark street near the Halle au blé, I mean the Café Touchard. At a certain season of the year, all the provincial actors and actresses, who, coming up to this wide theatre of human exhibition, desire to engage their professional abilities for the winter, assemble at this café. It is then a sort of *foire aux comédiens*. The directors of operas and theatres, in huge white cravats folded consequentially about their chins and mouths, here meet, and converse with them in significant and majestic mode. They scan them up and down, listen attentively to their pronunciation, read over their recommendations, and, if the adventurer be a female, scrutinize carefully her teeth, gait, and smile. If in these

last three items she be unexceptionable, you will see her, a fortnight hence, at the Variétés. If she have a strong arm, a stentorian voice, and can look the termagant, the director of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin is sealing an engagement with her. If she have a *spirituel* face, and a polished, lady-like bearing, she stands a chance for a place among the third and fourth-rate artists at the Théâtre Français.

In the Place du Palais Royal is the Café de la Régence. This is the great resort of chess-players. Formerly it was much frequented by Jean Jacques, and other distinguished men. Here was likewise the scene of Philidor's triumphs. The garçon, if you ask, will show you the very spot where that world-renowned player was wont to sit, and marshal kings, bishops, and knights. Enter the café at mid-day—there are some fifteen or twenty matches playing. What universal silence!—what intent expression! The automaton of Maelzel himself could not look more gravely or ponderingly. Observe that venerable man in the corner, his bald head protected by a black day-cap; his face reposes between his two hands, resting on his elbows. There does not seem to be much significance in his gaze upon the board before him. He is indeed a picture of abstraction; he has actually forgotten with whom he is playing. In vain the garçon reminds him of the *bavaroise* he ordered. Before his fleshly eye is that small battle-ground, with those stationary armies; but in his mental vision these ranks are all in motion. Look—those pawns have now been swept from the field. That knight is in possession of yonder castle. The queen, dashing to the right and to the left, has cried havoc; and those fearless old bishops with a single pawn have checked and then checkmated the king. His design now springs into the hand of the player, and quick as a flash it is embodied in his move. There are still good players at the Café de la Régence, but its grand players have passed away; and, with many a once-famed but now deserted favourite in Paris, may it exclaim, in the words of Charles V. at his convent,—“ Ah, mes beaux jours, où êtes vous ? ”

At one end of the Palais Royal is the Café des Aveugles et du Sauvage. It is subterranean. You descend, too, in more senses than one, when you visit it. Its name is derived from the fact that its orchestra is composed of half a dozen blind men, thither every evening led from the Hôpital des Quinze-Vingts, to accompany with their instruments a man costumed like a savage, while, rolling horribly his eyes, and still horribly grinning, he plays the battle of Wagram on a *drum*. This is evidently a low resort. Nothing is demanded for admission; but when you have entered, you are expected to take something, and, on paying for it, you find your coffee costing twenty sous, instead of eight. The scene of youths, and even old men, with arms in loving proximity to certain necks, may not be strictly evangelical; but yet you who wish to study every phase of Parisian life, will hardly pass under the Arch of the Columns without for a few moments dropping in to see the blind musicians, and hear the battle of Wagram.

In the Place de la Bourse, and immediately behind the Exchange, is the little Café du Report. It is the Exchange for women. From the grand Bourse they are excluded by a decree of the Tribunal of Commerce. Their passion for speculation, however, is not to be thus quenched. They gamble away fortunes, sipping *orgeat* in the

Café du Report. Mademoiselle Mars has furnished one sad chapter in the history of that little room. It is now three o'clock in the afternoon. Let us walk into it. Pretending to read the Cours Authentique, you may hear this conversation:—"Tiens, bonjour, ma'me Fricard, comment que ça vous va?"—"Pas trop bien, ma'me Chaffarou. Mes Espagnols me donnent bien du tintouin. Vingt-et-un et demie, moi, qu'avais acheté à trente-trois! It appears that Don Gomes has gone into the Asturias. The rascal, he has ruined me."—"C'est bien fait, ma'me Fricard, pourquoi que vous n'avez pas des ducats. J'ai revendu à bénéfice, maintenant je vais acheter de l'Haiti, c'est fini. Je ne prends plus de cinq,—vous ne savez, ma chere, on va le rembourser le cinq, on donnera du trois."—"Le rembourser! quelle horreur! ma'me Chaffarou. Comme si l'on ne ferait pas mieux de rembourser les assignats. J'en ai encore pour six cent mille francs, dans mon secrétaire. V'la bien les gouvernements." A third woman now rushes in, all business-like. "Don't you know, ladies, Don Carlos has just gained a battle over the *Christinos*,—has killed thirty thousand men and taken one cannon. Telegraphic despatch—the Cortes are going into just nothing at all."—"What a simple thing you are, Madame Potard, for an old midwife," interrupts the Chaffarou; "don't you see it's all a *trick*. Gardez vos coupons. Il-y-aura hausse fin courant,—le report ira bien—demandez plutôt à Monsieur Auguste." M. Auguste, a sort of *courtier de marrons* of the place, has just come in. "Que voulez vous, mesdames, des *differés*, ou des *perpétuelles*;—des *Belges*, ou des *Romains*. Il-y-a long temps que nous n'avons rien fait ensemble. Oserai-je vous offrir un petit verre de Kerch?"—"Oh, c'est trop fort, Monsieur Auguste, du *doux* s'il vous plait."—"Garçon," says Auguste, "trois verres d'huile de rose."—Madame Potard changing her mind, shouts out, "Garçon, décidément, j'aimerais mieux du cognac." There would be much to amuse in this, were it not for the disastrous impoverishments to which such chat is often but the prologue.

A few steps from the Café du Report bring you to where *was*, until lately, the Café Mozart, for a short time one of the most magnificent and best-frequented in all Paris. It had the great disadvantage of being in the second story. No Frenchman wishes to ascend stairs in search of coffee. It had, however, this advantage,—its *dame-du-comptoir* was a heroine. It was Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, who so gracefully bowed to every gentleman as he entered or left the room. While she presided, that café was in high glory. Thousands on thousands flocked thither, first, to look at her; secondly, to talk with her; and thirdly, to enjoy moka in her presence. Nina sustained her fame with noble self-possession. A little circumstance, however, quite beyond her control, required an absence of *nine* days into what we should call *the country*. Alas! she never returned; and the Café Mozart, with its mirrors and music, joined the past.

Every theatre has in its vicinity a café. At these cafés, and likewise those of the Boulevard du Temple, the actors, the actresses, and the dramatic authors of the time principally congregate. You may see them most frequently between ten and twelve at night. There they gather, some to discuss the performances, and some to estimate the applause of the evening. Those who have received the latter

call importantly for kirch or eau-de-vie. Those who have not, merely sip sugared water, and vent their disappointment in repetitions of "*quel public!—sacré!*" The authors sometimes mingle with them, and sometimes sit apart; there they ruminate and combine. That gentleman, with eye resting on vacancy, and who but rarely tastes his cool *sorbet*, is conceiving a dramatic plot. You perceive that he has now called for a *bavaroise*; he sips it gently. Be assured he has advanced to intrigues and tenderest colloquies. Has he at length taken to *Café noir*? 'Tis no small proof that his plot is growing thick and romantic,—that he wants the inspiration of its aroma, and the images which its strength and hues may perchance call up. Has he finally become restless, and demanded a *carafe of cognac*? You are safe in the remark, that he is at last dealing with the darker passions, that he is composing for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, and that a catastrophe of revenge and blood is on the eve of development. The *dame-du-comptoir* notices nothing of all this. She little dreams that, before one week shall have elapsed, she may be applauding or condemning the very work of art, the elements of which have just now been half derived out of dispensations from her own unconscious hand.

The literary patronage of cafés is not always their only one: many are distinguished for their political frequenters. The *Café Valois* and the *Café de Foy* have been renowned resorts for men of the Restoration, as the *Café Lemblin* has been frequented peculiarly by the Liberals; but it must be acknowledged that these distinctions are not now very strongly maintained. Legitimists, Doctrinaires, and Republicans, the Dynastiques, and the Anti-dynastiques, may find themselves on any evening glancing at each other from different tables of the same café. Merchants and stock-jobbers meet in great numbers, between twelve and two, before Tortoni's; and in the evening, as you lounge in to melt an ice, you will frequently observe individuals conversing in a style, conclusive to any but the superficial, that their theme is ducats. One of the first steps in Parisian business is decidedly to strut daily up and down before Tortoni's. If you would have the earliest intelligence from any part of the earth, go to Tortoni's. Moreover, if you would enjoy chocolate and ices, such as no other parts of the earth can equal, go likewise to Tortoni's. Tortoni's ices are as far beyond all other ices as Taglioni's dancing is beyond all other dancing. Taking your seat, the *garçon* presents you a little *carte*, in the two columns of which, under the words "*crème*" and "*fruits*," you read, among other things, *citron*, *vanille*, *framboise*. You select a *framboise*; in a few moments the *garçon* deposits before you a silver plate, whereon stands a goblet holding a spoon, a glass bottle miraculously half filled with frozen water, a little basket of wafer cake, and the *framboise*, ascending, cone-like, six inches above the glass which sustains it. Different persons have different modes of taking an ice. At Tortoni's, I know of no one in particular preferable to any other. If you be not advanced, however, it may perhaps be well to secure such a position that, while each gelid *morceau* is vanishing away upon the palate, your eye may rest upon one of the fairest *dames-du-comptoir* near the Boulevards. Tortoni's ices, moreover, should be taken with extreme slowness, and with little or no conversation. Nothing should be permitted to interfere with the legitimate delight

which these delicious combinations are intended to create. For a framboise you pay one franc, likewise leaving two sous on the table for the garçon. Nothing can surpass the brilliancy, and beauty, and vivacity of the scene around Tortoni's on a pleasant summer's evening.

Of the magnificent cafés there are eight or ten, between which I know not how to choose. At the Café de Foy one never hears the clatter of dominos; the game is there forbidden. At the Café du Caveau and the Café d'Orleans the finest moka in the metropolis may be enjoyed. At the Café of the Opera Comique, you drink it from cups of greatest magnitude and weight. At the Café Vivienne it is placed before you on tables of the most beautiful white marble. At the Café des Variétés it is served up in the midst of Oriental splendour, and also at Veron's. Suppose we walk into Veron's; you pronounce it instantly more richly ornamented than any other mere café in Paris. The gilding of various parts is in a gorgeous profusion, that recalls whatever you may have read of the golden house of Nero. The ceiling and walls are wrought here and there into the most lovely frescoes of birds and flowers; fauns, nymphs, graces, and images in every fantastic form; four immense and gilded chandeliers hang from the ceiling; a tall candelabra rises in the centre of the room, and two beautiful lamps stand on the comptoir. These lights illuminating these colours and this gilding, make the scene brilliant beyond all description. Then the mirrors, so disposed as to double and redouble, nay, twenty times to reflect what has been described. Here is not merely *one* Café Veron to dazzle and enchant, but a *score* of them. There is not a café, nor hardly anything else in Paris, which is not abundantly supplied with looking-glasses. The French of Louis Philippe can no more live without them than could the French of Louis XIV. They are not indeed now, as formerly, carried about by ladies as they promenade the streets; but walking through any street or any passage, you may, if you please, pause at every moment to adjust your locks in a mirror. There are mirrors in every street, mirrors walling the rooms of every dwelling-house, mirrors multiplying every boutique; there are mirrors in the diligences, and mirrors in the omnibuses; there is no place too high nor none too low for them; they line the Hall of Diana in the Tuilleries, and reflect the boot-black half a dozen times, as he polishes your nether-self beneath the sign of "On cire les bottes." Paris itself is one of the largest cities of Europe; but Paris in all its mirrors is twenty times larger than the largest city in the world. "It cometh often to pass," says Bacon, "that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover small." If I were now on those themes, I might detect in their mirrors, not merely ungenerous evidences of their vanity, but one vast school wherein the polished manners of the French have been educated. But here comes the *café noir*.

Coffee is to the Frenchman what tea is to the Englishman, beer to the German, eau-de-vie to the Russian, opium to the Turk, or chocolate to the Spaniard. Men, women, and children, of all grades and professions, drink coffee in Paris. In the morning, it is served up under the aromatic name of *café au lait*; in the evening, it is universally taken as *café noir*. After one of Vefour's magnificent repasts, it enters your stomach in the character of a *settler*. It leaves

you volatile, nimble, and quick; and over it might be justly poured those pleasant compliments which Falstaff bestowed on sherris sack. The garçon, at your call for a *demi-tasse*, has placed before you a snowy cup and saucer, three lumps of sugar, and a *petit verre*. He ventured the *petit verre*, inferring from your ruddy English face that you liked *liqueur*. Another garçon now appears; in his right hand is a huge silver pot covered, and in his left another of the same material, uncovered: the former contains coffee, the latter cream. You reject cream, and thereupon the garçon pours out of the former in strange abundance, until your cup, ay, and almost the saucer, actually overflow. There is hardly space for the three lumps; and yet you must contrive somehow to insert them, or that *café noir*—*black* it may indeed be called—will in its concentrated strength be quite unmanageable; but, when thus sweetly tempered, it becomes the finest beverage in the whole world. It agreeably affects several senses. Its liquid pleases all the gustatory nerves, its savour ascends to rejoice the olfactory, and even your eye is delighted with those dark, transparent, and sparkling hues, through which your silver spoon perpetually shines. You pronounce French coffee the only coffee. In a few moments its miracles begin to be wrought; you feel *spirituel*, amiable, and conversational. Delille's fine lines rush into your memory:—

“ Et je crois du génie éprouvant le reveil,
Boire dans chaque goutte, un rayon du soleil.”

You almost express aloud your gratitude to the garçon. In his sphere he seems to you a beau-ideal. His hair is polished into ebon. His face has a balmy expression, that enchants you. His cravat is of intensest white. His shirt-bosom is equally elegant. His round-about is neat and significant. Upon his left arm hangs a clean napkin, and his lower extremities are quite wrapped about in a snowy apron. His stockings are white, and he glides about in noiseless pumps. At your slightest intimation he is at your elbow. He is a physiognomist of the quickest perception. He now marks the entrance of yonder aged gentleman with a cane. Calmly he moves for a *demi-tasse*. That aged gentleman is an *habitué*. He glances his eye at the titles of half-a-dozen Gazettes, and having found that which he desired, lays it aside, carefully, upon his table. Having divested himself of gloves and hat, he sits down to *café noir*, and the gazette. That man patronizes only Veron's. He is not its *habitué* of ten or twenty years, but of forty. It has changed proprietors five times; but, even as Mademoiselle Mars has performed under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution, and is still fresh, and true to her vocation, so has this *habitué* survived those five proprietary regimes; still continuing true to Veron's. With several others he is now considered, as it were, a part of the establishment, and when it exchanges hands its inventory is made out somewhat thus:—

12 marble tables	400 francs.
24 stools, nearly new	125 ”
7 <i>habitués</i> , nearly used up, but capable of enduring, say five years	600 ”

That individual has no physical or moral type out of Paris.

Tapping your cup with a five-franc piece, the *garçon* approaches, and, taking the coin, advances with it towards the *dame-du-comptoir*, saying at the same time, "huit—cent." The *dame-du-comptoir*—

And where out of France will you find a *dame-du-comptoir*? Some of our cockney travellers sometimes call her by the blowsy name of barmaid. But there is a wide ocean rolling between that graceful, elegantly dressed, and universally-recognising divinity, and her to whom that abominable name may be applied,—a name reeking with exhalations from mugs, and beer-bottles, and stable-boys. This lady sits stately behind her *comptoir*. Two large silver vases stand in front of her, filled with spoons. At her right hand are several elegant decanters, and at her left a score of silver cups piled up with sugar. There is moreover a little bell within reach to summon the *garçon*, and wide open before her are the treasury-boxes of the café. Her business is to superintend the *garçons*, and receive the money. Her influence is, by her graceful presence, to refine the whole scene.

You may remark that such public vocation is out of woman's sphere. I can hardly coincide with you. I must say, however, that after some European travel, my ideas with regard to what *is* woman's legitimate sphere, have become somewhat confounded.

In every country, from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all in civilized and woman-adoring France, I have seen her, in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given, womanly nature seemed to me totally incompatible.

That the age of chivalry has passed from Europe needs not the meagre evidence that no thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to save the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Travel over Europe, the proofs shall stare you in the face wherever you go. In Munich a woman does the work of printer's devil. In Vienna I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars, and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnessed with a man, nay with a dog, and once with even a jackass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most public streets of the metropolis. In Dresden she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little waggon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the market, in a huge barrow. In all these places, in France and Italy, may you note her with basket and scraper, hastening to monopolize the filth just fallen upon the public routes.

In France females do vastly more degrading and out-of-door work than in England, and in Paris they are in as great request as the mirrors themselves. A woman harnesses diligence horses. A woman cleans your boots as you rest them on her little stand at the Pont Neuf. At the theatres it is a woman who sells you your ticket, and other women who take charge of the boxes. At many mere business-offices it is a woman who does the business. Would you bargain at a *Chantier* for a load of wood, you bargain with a woman. Would you be conveyed publicly to the south of France, you receive your right to a place in the *Coupée* from a woman. There is no shop, of whatever description, in which a woman is not concerned. There is indeed hardly a department in which she does not seem to be *chief*

manager. The greatest hotel in Paris is kept by a woman. You see women superintending everywhere;— in the reading-rooms, in the restaurants, in the estaminets, in the Cafés;— selling tobacco in the thronged Tabacs; tending *cabinets inodoriques* on the Boulevard Montmartre; lending newspapers in the Palais Royal, and writing out accounts in the Rue de la Paix;—and when, alas! her vocation must needs render her form invisible, you shall still on canvass see her image, large as life, in fifty streets of Paris, under these pregnant words;—“À la Maternité. Madame Messenger,—sage-femme, 9 jours, l'accouchement compris. 50 francs et au dessus.”

One might infer from most of these instances that woman had changed occupations with the other sex. So far as cooking is concerned this is the fact. But I know not if the remark can be extended farther. While the women are thus active, the men are too generally lounging. Ten thousand brilliant shops in Paris are each day and evening presided over by ten thousand brilliant women. Here is certainly no unattractive spectacle. Therein is revealed the ingenuity of the French; since many a green one, and many a knowing one, is thus beguiled into jewellery and kid-gloves, to say no worse, merely because it is pleasant to higggle about their price with such gentle cheaters. As to the beauty of these divinities, you shall hear many a sigh from ancient veterans of the Consulate and the Empire. They will tell you that the young loveliness of those times has vanished. The present is an old and ugly generation. So far as specimens in Cafés are concerned, the remark may be true. I have been surprised to find with so much grace, and so much courtliness, and so much gentleness, so little personal beauty combined. I hardly know an example that may be safely recommended, and yet he who should often walk through the Palais Royal, without ever looking into the Café Corazza, might be justly charged, in traveller's phrase, with “having seen nothing.”

Returning from this episode, I go on to say that as soon as the garçon cries “huit—cent,” and deposits the coin before her, the dame-du-comptoir abstracts *eight* sous from the *hundred*. The garçon, returning your change, invariably looks forward to a small *pour-boire* for himself. If you leave *one* sous, he merely inclines his head. If you leave *two*, he adds to the inclination a “*mercie*.” Finally, if you generously abandon *three*, he not only bows profoundly, whispering *mercie*, but respectfully opens the door to you on departing. As you leave you will always look at the lady, and raise your hat. The quiet self-possession with which she responds to your civility informs you that she has bowed to half the coffee-drinkers of Europe.

Having taken our *demi-tasse*, suppose that to vary the scene we visit an estaminet. Guided by the words: “Estaminet, 4 billiards, on joue le”—“for “poule” you see the figure of a *chicken*,—let us ascend these stairs behind the Italian Opera. At the top of these a door is opened; what is the prospect? Dimly through dense tobacco-clouds are seen groups of smokers and drinkers, chatting at their stands,—billiard-tables, and men in shirt-sleeves flourishing *queues*, garçons gliding here and there, some with bundles of pipes, some with bottles of Strasburgh beer, and some with eau-de-vie. In the corner you discover a white-capped dame-du-comptoir, looming up through the fog, her left flanked by pipes of every length, and her right by jugs and bottles without number. A garçon,—alas!

not the clean and polished beau-ideal of the Café Veron, — advances and looks into your face with so emphatic an expression, that you are constrained to call for a cigar and a petit-verre. On observing more closely, you now perceive in one wall of the room a large case half filled with ordinary pipes, and in another still another case with pipes of rarest make from the rarest material, the veritable *écume-de-mer*. Among the thirty or forty persons here assembled there is a great deal of motion, and a great deal of talk; and, before half an hour has passed, you recognise four or five different languages. In the midst of the variety there is one thing common,—smoke is rolling from every mouth. Here are five gentlemen, of whom two are in uniform of the National Guard. They have called for cards. A little green square, with cards, is placed upon the marble table before them. They sip coffee, smoke ordinary pipes, and play at vingt-et-un. They are Frenchmen. Yonder dark individual, in those warlike moustaches, which extend and twine about his ears, and who smokes that delicate lady's finger, as with folded arms he seriously observes the players, is a Spaniard. You observe the old gentleman sitting near him. Upon his table is a large bottle of Strasburg. His right hand half embraces a goblet of the beverage, his left is around the huge bowl of his pipe, and as with half-closed eyes he puffs those careless volumes from his mouth, you cannot mistake the German. The players at one of the billiard-tables you discover from their language to be Italians. Those at the other are Frenchmen, and he with the short pipe is Eugene, the finest player in Paris.

That Eugene does nothing but play billiards. He is autocrat of the *queue*. Professor of his art, he will tell you that he has just come from giving lessons to the Marquis of A. or the Baron B. For such as take any interest in this elegant game, the play of Eugene is a source of much delight. Indeed parties and engagements are frequently made for the express purpose of witnessing his style. He plays the French game of three balls, counting *carams* and *doubled-pocketings*. Mark his elegant and easy position. With what graceful freedom does he manage his queue; and as its elastic point salutes the ball, the sound is half musical! How complicated are his combinations, and with what swiftness are they conceived! He has unquestionably a genius for the game; some natural capacities that way, to himself mysterious, and for which he claims no praise. You deem those balls in an unaccountable position. Eugene hardly surveys the table. Swiftly his thought passes out through his queue into the *white*; the white takes the *red*, and cushioning, spins for an instant, and then starts off in a miraculous curve towards the left, tapping gently the *blue*. The red has been doubled into the middle pocket. There is from every observer an exclamation of delight. Eugene notices it not. What to them was mystery is to him the simplest intellectual combination. He has moreover left the balls in the best possible position. He almost always leaves them so. Hence, when he gets the run he is a very dangerous competitor. With him the question is not so much how he shall count, as how, after counting, he shall leave the balls. Nothing I know of in its way is more charming than to watch the various developments of Eugene's design. There is not a single direction of the balls whereof, previously to his stroke, Eugene is not aware. Of course Eugene never

scratches. Those providential interferences which aimless players call far-seeing of their own are not within his scope. The idea of *being in luck* is an abstraction whereof he never dreams. Fortune is never for him nor against him. *Pocketing himself* would be a phenomenon. He never makes a *miss-queue*. There is, moreover, no *kissing* in his play. His strokes are firm and gentle, and graceful, and full of thought. His *spread* is the most magnificent thing I have ever seen, and his *straight-hazards* are, beyond all expression, marvellous. The style of Eugene is far beyond all other styles, as the style of Paganini is beyond all other styles. Not that Eugene never misses. But Eugene's *miss* is finer than the *count* of any other player; and as Boswell preferred the being *cut* by Johnson to a heartiest recognition by any other Englishman, so might you more plume yourself on a miss like that of Eugene than on the best count of the best individual who is yonder playing with him. Until this evening I had had no just conception of how intensely intellectual is the genuine game of billiards. Until now I had been accustomed to derive my pleasure therein, chiefly from the sight of polished balls noiselessly coursing over a plain of green, or darting off in angles of mathematical regularity: — from listening to the sharp, quick click of their hit, or the tinkle of bells announcing them pocketed; — and more than all, from that extremely agreeable nervous sensation along the arm, which attends the contact of queue with ball. I now felt that I was all wrong, and that this game, like chess, was to be appreciated in proportion as it embodied thought, and that random shots in the one should be held in the same degradation as random moves in the other.

But, what's here? Music has arisen. Through the thick smoke-clouds we dimly see two figures, male and female. They have each a violin. Let us drop them each a sous, and so conclude our ramblings and cogitations among the cafés and estaminets of Paris.

 LINES.

I WATCH'D the morn break on thy natal day,
 But could not check a deep, unpitied sigh.
 Though thou art gone, still Mem'ry calls to light
 Past happy days, and sunny hours gone by.
 And when I saw the sunbeams softly play
 O'er the calm river, on whose banks we met,
 Ah! none can tell the anguish that I felt
 In thinking that thou should'st so soon forget.

Forget, and seem to break all friendship's ties,
 Those ties which once seem'd never to be broken;
 But, like sweet summer flowers, they now are dead,
 And leave but sorrow as their only token.
 But though long years may pass ere we may meet,
 Those early vows will still most sacred be;
 Or though on earth we're doom'd to meet no more,
 Still shall I feel a sister's love for thee.

M. C. II.

GONELLO

THE JESTER.

THERE lived in Florence, centuries ago,
 A merry citizen, by name Gonello,
 Whose wit was ceaselessly upon the flow,
 Especially when wine had made him mellow,
 And o'er his visage spread an honest glow :
 He was, in truth, a very pleasant fellow,
 And could not ope his mouth but out there flew,
 Extemporaneously, a jest or two.

But sometimes 'tis a crime to be too witty ;
 And having ridiculed some dunce of rank,
 He was without delay expell'd the city—
 (A hard return for such a harmless prank !)—
 Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,
 And all his friends look'd very cool and blank
 When he came near to ask them for assistance :—
 Telling him civilly to keep his distance.

He turn'd away in loneliness of heart,
 Bestowing many a bitter gibe on those
 Who drove him houseless from his native mart,
 To seek elsewhere a haven of repose ;
 Compell'd from all endearments to depart,
 By faithless friends and miserable foes.
 It was indeed a cruel thing to jester
 With banishment so capital a jester.

Gonello shook the dust from off his shoes,
 And made a virtue of necessity,
 Resolving, spite of Fortune, not to lose
 The mirth that buoy'd him on Life's changing sea ;
 "The world was all before him where to choose"—
 Soon he determined what his course should be ;
 The Marquis of Ferrara, said report,
 Wanted a fool to entertain his court.

Gonello went to seek the situation,
 And back'd his prayers with such a comic face,
 That he was duly made, by installation,
 Prime fool and jester to his noble grace ;
 And having taken up this occupation,
 He put on motley, as became his place,
 And thenceforth pass'd his precious time in joking,
 Punning and quizzing, revelling and smoking.

His jests were all both laughable and new,
 Possessing a most rare and sparkling flavour ;
 And being witty and kind-hearted too,
 He soon arose to universal favour,
 And from all quarters loud applauses drew,
 Which did not in the least of envy savour ;
 The marquis was delighted with his choice,
 And hung with rapture on his jester's voice.

In every public question or debate

His highness made Gonello a partaker,
 And when the laws were broken in the state,
 Gonello always could relieve the breaker.
 'Twas an odd combination of his fate,
 That of a jurispudent and pun-maker !
 But still he was a very good adviser,
 And there was no one in the council wiser.

And so his days flew by, undimm'd by care.

His wit broke forth like bubbles fast ascending
 From some deep fountain to the sunny air,
 Their lucid flash with rainbow colours blending.
 But all is evanescent that is fair,
 And grief on joy is evermore attending.
 The Marquis of Ferrara grew unwell,
 And poor Gonello's happy spirits fell.

His grace's illness was a quartan ague,

Which the physicians said they could not cure ;
 I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you ;
 Doubtless 'tis quite unpleasant to endure.
 (If this digression be a little vague, you
 Will see how hard it is a rhyme to lure,
 And pardon me, remembering that "sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.")

There was one remedy, which no one dare

Apply through terror of the patient's wrath !
 It was, to seize him wholly unaware
 And throw him in the sea, by way of bath,
 A thing they thought he would by no means bear,
 But strangle the first one who cross'd his path.
 Since the physicians would not then apply it,
 Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

He had no great respect for wealth or rank ;

So, promenading with his grace one day
 Along the quay upon the river's bank,
 He plunged the marquis headlong in the spray ;
 Then, seeing him drawn out before he sank,
 Took to his heels and ran with speed away ;
 Presuming that unless he quickly vanish'd,
 He would most probably be whipp'd and banish'd.

His highness was pull'd out all wet and dripping,

Enraged at having been so coolly treated ;
 Albeit his health was mended by the dipping,
 And his recovery almost completed.
 He swore the jester should receive a whipping.
 In this he quickly found himself defeated ;
 For then they told him he had just decamp'd—
 At which the marquis bit his lips and stamp'd.

The courtiers were all fill'd with indignation

Against the graceless and audacious prater,
 And the next day went forth a proclamation
 Denouncing poor Gonello for a traitor.
 The edict fill'd him with much perturbation—
 But his chagrin and misery were greater
 On learning that he would be killed "if found
 Ever again upon Ferrara ground."

He fled the town, and, lonely, pined awhile ;
 But as he conn'd one day his doom of woe,
 A bright thought lit his face into a smile,
 And, starting, he exclaim'd, " It shall be so !
 No longer will I stay a single mile
 From court, but, fearless, once more thither go :
 For it is only ' on Ferrara ground'
 That I incur the penalty, ' if found.' "

So he resolved, in spite of the decree,
 Again to visit the forbidden place,
 Believing that his presence could not be
 But welcome, and agreeable to his grace :
 He would, at least, go for himself and see.
 So, with a lightsome heart and merry face,
 He enter'd old Ferrara, full of mirth,
 Perch'd high upon a cart of *Paduan* earth.

By this device he hoped to have evaded
 The myrmidons and bloodhounds of the law.
 But, ah ! he did not view the thing as they did,
 Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw ;
 But pull'd him down, unpitied and unaided,
 And cast him in a prison's ponderous maw ;
 Then rudely told him, for his consolation,
 The axe and platform were in preparation.

A priest came shortly after to his cell,
 To shrive his soul and give him absolution ;
 And lower yet Gonello's spirits fell
 When he beheld this reverend intrusion.
 But then the turret's melancholy bell
 Gave out the signal of his execution ;
 And he was led forth to the public square,
 The cowl'd monk whispering at his side, " prepare ! "

The crowd is gather'd, and the accursed block
 Stands thirsting for the awe-struck victim's blood.
 Whose neck, uncover'd, waits the impending shock
 Which shall unseal the hot and crimson flood.
 An interval succeeds, that seems to mock
 The horror of the gasping multitude,
 When, lo ! the grinning minister of slaughter
 On the bared throat dashes—a pail of water !

Shouts in the air and thunderous applauses !
 " Long live the marquis, and Gonello long !
 Joy to the ransom'd, and to him who causes
 Right only to assume the mask of wrong ! "
 Hats toss'd on high fill up the joyous pauses,
 And all is mirth amid the assembled throng,
 While boisterous Laughter, with successive peals,
 Treads close on Sorrow's swift-receding heels.

But soft !—the jester—why does he remain
 Motionless on the uncrimson'd platform still ?
 Has agonizing terror stunn'd his brain,
 Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill ?
 Faints he from rapture or excess of pain ?
 His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—
 Light from his eyes, heat from his limbs has fled—
 Jesu Maria ! he is dead—is dead !

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

Alas, poor Yorick ! 'twas a cruel jest—
 A tragic ending to thy life of fun,
 To be so driven, by a mock behest,
 From the bright glances of the blessed sun,
 To the dark chambers of the place of rest !
 Tripp'd up before thy natural course was run ;
 And finally extinguish'd by a hoax,
 Made of the remnants of thy cast-off jokes !

'Tis said the marquis was an alter'd man,
 And very sad and gloomy for a while ;
 Losing all relish for the flowing can,
 And frequenting the chapel's sombre aisle.
 His countenance grew miserably wan,
 And some aver he ne'er was seen to smile
 After Gonello thus destroy'd his jest,
 And play'd, himself, his last one and his best !

E. SARGENT.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

I am not now the maid you saw me last,—
 That favour soon is vanished and past :—
 The rosie blush, once lapt in lily vale,
 Is now with morphew overgrown and pale !

DRAYTON.

Go—go—thou 'rt like the bird and bee,
 That only play their music when
 Their wings are on the light wind free ;
 If once they cower
 In nest or flower,
 Their melody is silent then,
 As thine is now to me !

Go—go—I 've been the nest or flower
 That stopp'd thee in thy tuneful flight ;—
 But I 'd not have thee droop one hour :
 Again take wing ;—
 To hear thee sing,
 Though not for me, will some delight
 To this sad bosom bring !

Go—go—I caged thee, as I thought,
 To be sole minstrel of my heart ;
 But, since the pris'ner that I caught
 Hath weary proved
 Of her he loved,
 Let him be free again to part,
 And seek as he hath sought !

Yes !—go—and if my memory
 Should ever wail upon thine ear,
 Send back its discord all to me !
 I love thee so,
 The slightest woe
 Should never come thy fancy near.—
 Forgive—forget this tear !

J. A. WADE.

NIGHTS AT SEA;

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

No. XI.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

LORD C—FORD AND THE PIRATE.

"I SLEPT soundly that night, (continued his lordship), and the next morning, having equipped myself in my uniform, I endeavoured to obtain an interview with the beautiful Julia, who had taken such strong hold of all my mental faculties. I gave my guard the most solemn assurances that I would not attempt to escape if he would allow me to quit my room. I also presented him with a doubloon, and the request was complied with. But Susette was on the watch, and, as I passed along the gallery, she fell on her knees and clung to me with desperate energy, at the same time pouring out the most passionate exclamations of grief. Her swollen eyes and pale cheeks plainly evinced the manner in which she had passed the hours of the night, and the evidences of her agony were too palpable to excite the smallest suspicion of deception. I raised her up, talked to her, tried to soothe her mind, and endeavoured to rally her out of the attachment she professed to have for me, at the same time pointing out the utter impossibility of its meeting with a suitable return.

"'You have deluded me, monsieur,' said she, as a fresh burst of anguish, mingled with resentment, convulsed her features, 'basely deluded me!'

"'No, no, Susette,' I emphatically pronounced; 'you have deceived yourself. But come, come, do not be a simpleton, and indulge thus in useless regrets. I leave you to-day, and perhaps we may never meet again.'

"'You know but little of my heart if you can think so meanly of me,' she quickly replied. 'Who is to visit you in prison if I do not? Who will attend to your necessities, and administer to your comforts, if I refrain? No, monsieur; though you have betrayed me in your lighter mirth,—though you love me not, yet it shall never be said that *my* affections—the affections of the lowly Susette—withered beneath the blast of your adversity.'

"There was an heroic fervour in the poor girl's manner that powerfully interested me, and pleaded strongly in her favour.

"'But, Susette,' said I in a tone of reasoning, 'they will not allow you to enter the gaol; and if they would, I ought not, under all circumstances, to give my sanction to it. No, no, Susette, you must not run any risk for me. It will not be long before I shall be exchanged or at liberty.' The thought rushed upon my mind that, being deprived of my parole, I could make use of her assistance to effect my escape; but the remembrance of Julia banished the idea. 'You may, however, materially serve me, Susette,' said I.

"'How?—in what?' inquired she, eagerly catching hold of my

arm, and gazing in my face, whilst her looks manifested the keenest desire to comply with my wishes. 'Ask my life, and it is yours!'

" 'May I confide in you, Susette?' I solemnly asked; 'will you not betray me?—will not jealousy—revenge—'

" 'Ha!' uttered the sorrowing girl as she drew a convulsive respiration, 'jealousy!—revenge? Is it even so? Am I scorned, contemned, loathed, abandoned for another? Yet what am I, that I should aspire to happiness? An outcast thrown upon the world as the receptacle for its contempt!'

" 'Susette,' remonstrated I, 'why should you imagine such unaccountable things? But I see you will not be my friend, and therefore we will part.'

" 'I would be more than your friend,' returned she with energy, 'I would be your devoted worshipper, your abject slave. What is there in Susette's power that she would not readily undertake to prove her love. You may, you must confide in me. I will perish rather than betray you—I will die with your name upon my lips!' and she burst into tears.

" Time was getting very precious to me—I had no other chance of gaining access to Julia; and, observing that Susette was more placid, I said, 'Well, then, I will put trust in you; and, though the task may be painful, yet I am certain you will not shrink—Ma'm'selle Julia—'

" 'Ha!' shrieked the unhappy girl, as she drew herself rigidly up, and her countenance assumed a livid whiteness. She pressed her hands upon her forehead, and her look was wild despair—the next instant she darted upon me like an adder from its coil—a poniard gleamed for a moment in the air—it descended erringly and harmlessly, and Susette fell prostrate without animation or sensibility on the floor. The shriek and the noise alarmed several of the household, and both Monsieur Leffler and his daughter hastened to the spot. I endeavoured to make it appear that I had been drawn thither by a similar impulse; but Julia looked incredulous, and the poor girl was carried away to her own apartment. Leffler, with the *politesse* of his nation, could do no other than introduce me to the beautiful girl before me; and, as accident had thus brought us together, I endeavoured to improve the opportunity by conversation. I could see that my voice was familiar to her ear, by the sudden starts which she gave when I addressed her, and the abrupt earnestness with which she frequently gazed at my features. There was a restlessness in her mind which could not, however, dispel the clouds of mystery that hung around her remembrances. The voice was that of Henri, but the person was that of the English prisoner.

" We breakfasted together, and Leffler seemed to be really grieved at the prospect of my leaving him, though I certainly did not give him much credit for sincerity; but Julia warmly expressed her regret, and importuned her father to use his endeavours to avert it. He shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and then slowly whispered,

" 'Monsieur is too generous to expect me to sacrifice all I am worth, perhaps my very life, to entreat so small a service, and which no doubt would at once be promptly refused.'

" I readily acquiesced in his views, and spoke lightly of their

apprehensions, expressing a conviction that my incarceration would not be of long duration, as the interval of aberration of intellect, when proved by the medical men, must exonerate me. My guard reminded me that the hour for departure had arrived; but I entreated a little longer delay, which was purchased by another piece of gold. The conversation turned upon the events of the preceding day, and, whilst Julia was speaking in high terms of her defender, Monsieur Leffler was called out on business, and we were left alone.

“ ‘Your defender, Miss Leffler, has been captured,’ said I. ‘He came here early this very morning to seek you, and fell into the hands of his enemies.’

“ ‘Pauvre Henri!’ uttered Julia in great agitation, as the tears rushed to her eyes; ‘he deserved a better fate.’

“ ‘And can one so surpassingly lovely,’ said I, with something like reproach in my manner, ‘can one so beautiful as Miss Leffler bestow her affections on a negro?’

“ ‘Your question is most unmanly and insulting, sir,’ uttered she in anger, whilst her dear little heart was ready to burst with grief and vexation. She rose from her seat to quit the room; but the only passage was close by my side, and as she essayed to go by, I held up the token.

“ ‘Do ladies present rings,’ said I, ‘without attaching any meaning to the gift? You will pardon me, Miss Leffler, for being thus abrupt, but the moments are precious.’ She eyed the token with evident astonishment, then sank in a chair by my side. ‘Your negro friend entreated me to place this bauble in your sight, and your pledge was given to try and save him. He also made me acquainted with his claims—’

“ ‘His claims?’ repeated Julia in an inquiring tone of contempt and surprise. ‘Pray, what claims, sir, did he urge? He is a negro, sir,—kind, brave, and generous, it is true, ay, even to shame many a whiter skin; but he has no claim except upon my gratitude, and that will prompt me to struggle for his rescue. You, I am sure, will not despise a gallant and intrepid spirit because it may be covered by a dark skin.’

“ ‘You have rightly judged me, lady,’ rejoined I emphatically; ‘and though I would not have you love—’ Her eye flashed with impatience.

“ ‘It is folly, sheer folly, to cherish such a preposterous thought,’ said she, ‘and I must insist that my ears are not again outraged by so horrible an idea. Yet, sir, that man twice saved me from destruction—he snatched me from a dreadful fate—he has—in short, he merits all my best exertions in his behalf; and I must also demand your assistance in my endeavours to obtain his freedom.’

“ ‘Oh that I were the happy man!’ exclaimed I in a tone of tenderness that made Julia start, and fix her eyes steadily upon me. Had I been your deliverer, lady, could you—’ I lowered my voice to deep pathos—‘would you have loved me?’

“ ‘That is a prompt question, monsieur,’ returned she, smiling through the gloom of sorrow that hung upon her brow: ‘perhaps Susette could best afford you a reply,’ and she rose to depart.

“ ‘Stay—one moment stay, Miss Leffler,’ said I, as I caught her hand with ardour. ‘Susette is no more to me than Henri is to you.’ She gently tried to disengage herself. ‘Nay, nay,’ continued I, ‘my

honour, my oath shall convince you of the truth of my assertion. My very soul adores you ;—every faculty and feeling of my mind is yours, for I am——’ Her father’s footstep was heard at the door, and the intended announcement was instantly silenced as Julia, trembling with emotion, immediately withdrew.

“ ‘Monsieur must depart,’ said my guard ; ‘I cannot admit of longer delay, and shall be reprehended for that I have already allowed.’

“ ‘I am prepared,’ replied I proudly ; and, bidding farewell to my worthy host, I accompanied the man to the place of incarceration, and in another quarter of an hour was securely immured within the walls of the jail. A few hours afterwards, and I was called before an officer, who questioned me as to the cause of my absence. I refused to state particulars, but briefly pleaded brain fever, and complained of dreadful palpitation of the heart, and again demanded my parole.

“ ‘Does monsieur know nothing of an English fleet upon the coast?’ inquired the interrogator.

“ ‘On my honour, nothing whatever,’ answered I ; ‘but I sincerely hope it is true, and that they will blow the place about your ears, so that I may once more swing in my cot.’

“ ‘A thousand thanks, monsieur,’ returned the officer, smiling with bitterness ; ‘mais, you must take care you are not blown up with us.’

“ ‘I’ll run my chance,’ said I carelessly : ‘but the presence of my countrymen is no reason that I should be denied my parole.’

“ ‘*Vous avez raison, monsieur,*’ rejoined the officer ; ‘you have given us the slip once, and, without meaning any personal offence, you probably would not hesitate to do it again. You have been very intimate, and quite at home with Monsieur Leffler.’

“ ‘Undoubtedly,’ returned I with warmth ; ‘he has behaved with great hospitality and kindness, and I shall always respect him for his generous conduct to an unfortunate prisoner. Would to Heaven I could find all his countrymen equally as well inclined.’

“ ‘*Vous avez raison,*’ again repeated he, with a look of malicious contempt ; ‘we should soon see the ensign of St. George on the flag-staff of the tri-colour, and perhaps Monsieur Leffler would profit by the exchange.’

“ ‘You do him gross injustice,’ exclaimed I : ‘he has ever acted with honour as it respects myself. But I suppose there is some petty pique, some rancorous dislike in your breast against him ; and malignity in power has but to hurl the stone——’

“ ‘He shrugged his shoulders. ‘I am too humble an individual to place myself in juxta-position with Monsieur Leffler,—his keen eye was bent intently, peeringly upon me as he added, ‘his daughter is courted by the general’s aid-de-camp, and,’ he curled his upper lip in scorn, ‘*ils s’aiment beaucoup.*’

“ ‘Happily I saw his drift was to throw me off my guard, and therefore I answered with an air of indifference, ‘Settle that with your countryman ; but if you are only in an inferior station, what right have you to question me?’

“ ‘Monsieur is angry,’ said he smiling, and endeavouring to assume composure. ‘*Vous les connaissez tous les deux ?*’

“‘I shall make no reply,’ returned I, folding my arms in defiance, ‘until I know who my examiner is.’

“‘*Pardonnez moi, monsieur,*’ said he somewhat obsequiously, though evidently in mockery; ‘shall I refresh your memory? Answer or not as you please—remember, silence gives consent. Was not your absence connected with negotiations from Leffler to the royalists?—your malady all affected?—the attack upon Mademoiselle Julia of your planning?’

“‘For myself,’ said I proudly, ‘I would scorn to answer; but for a worthy and honourable man like Monsieur Leffler, I cannot refrain from speaking. And, first of all, you are a withered, sapless, ignorant old fool,—he bowed—‘for imagining such things; and, secondly, I have never in a single instance conversed with Leffler on national concerns. I am a British officer, and demand to be treated as such.’

“‘So you shall—so you shall,’ quickly returned he; ‘but you must also prove yourself worthy of the character.’

“‘*Eh bien!*’ exclaimed I, walking leisurely towards him, and taking his nose between my thumb and finger, gave it a screw that made the gristle chatter, ‘there is a return for your insult in daring to suppose me capable of treachery.’

“‘*Mou Dieu—diable—peste!*’ shouted he, as he plucked his sword from the scabbard, and made a lunge, which I dexterously parried with my bare hand, for I was always a tolerable swordsman, Hawser. But the affair was becoming serious. ‘*Sa—sa—sa!*’ he continued with every thrust, till a favourable opportunity occurring, after a slight scratch or two I knocked him down.

“‘*Chaque pays a ses usages,*’ said I as he fell, ‘and that’s a taste of English fashion when a dastardly coward uses his sword upon an unarmed man.’

“The whole place was soon filled with ‘*Sacres!*’ from the jailer and his attendants, who ran in on hearing the noise; and, seeing the officer stretched upon the ground, one of them exclaimed, ‘*Mou Dieu! le général est mort!*’

“‘I’m in for it,’ thought I, for I had heard of the brutal character of this man, though I had never seen him before. However, I carelessly leaned against the wall as they gathered him up, and was almost immediately, by his orders, conducted back to solitary confinement in a wretched dungeon, where scarcely a ray of light entered, and the heat was perfectly intolerable. A scanty portion of bread and water was my only fare, and no human voice except my own did I hear for a whole fortnight. At the expiration of that time I was removed to a more comfortable berth; but my anxiety on Julia’s account was too great to allow me to be mindful of increased enjoyment. In a day or two subsequent I was again summoned to appear before the general. At first I determined to refuse, but a desire to witness the manner in which he would receive me overcame my repugnance, and after a little preparation I accompanied the messenger. I entered the apartment, assuming a bold and determined look: but oh! what a sudden change came over my heart when, standing before the general, and loaded with heavy fetters, I saw the generous-minded Leffler. He had been arrested on a charge of holding intercourse with the royalists of Jeremie, who

were strongly suspected of encouraging the English to make a landing, and I was supposed to have aided in his designs. Such was the trumped-up allegation against us; but, as far as Leffler was concerned, it achieved its end. I approached my unhappy friend,—his woe-begone countenance displayed the inward workings of alarm,—and offered him my hand. He took it, bowed politely, but said nothing, and the general directed him to be removed to another part of the room.

“A military tribunal was assembled, composed of the creatures of the commander-in-chief, and poor Leffler was placed upon his trial. And who do you think were the principal evidences against him? The vilest of the creation—suborned witnesses—even the very negroes I had followed to Bellevue were called to give false testimony. I was interrogated, and for his sake answered every question. I denied the existence of any communication between myself and the prisoner relative to the royalists or my countrymen. I charged the negroes with attempting to rob his premises; I spoke with fervour in his defence, but I saw it was all useless;—his condemnation had been previously agreed upon, and there was only the mockery of judicial proceedings:—he was sentenced to die. He heard his fate with calmness, arising from conscious innocence, and his only apprehensions were for his daughter.

“He was conducted back to prison and his confessor, and in the evening, as an *especial favour*, I was allowed to visit him in his cell to take my last leave. The object of the *kindness*, however, was to place spies upon our actions, and listeners to our conversation. I found him in a cell whose blackened walls had indeed a funereal gloom, reminding the inmate of that sepulchre to which he was shortly to be consigned. He was seated at a small table, on which stood an emblem of the crucifixion, his daughter knelt before him with her head resting on his knees, and prostrate by her side laid Susette. The confessor stood a short distance apart, but I could trace very little in his countenance of that sympathy or commiseration which the spectacle was calculated to excite. Leffler’s left hand covered his face, his right was on Julia’s shoulder, and the only sound within that gloomy darkness was sobs and groans. I remained just inside the door for several minutes before I advanced. The scene in a great measure unmanned me. At length I approached Leffler, who instantly looked up and extended his hand, which I grasped with fervour. Julia, too, raised her head and stared wildly in my face, but not a word was uttered for some time,—the hearts of all were too full, too much overwhelmed to find immediate utterance.

“After several minutes had elapsed, Leffler himself was the first to break the silence. ‘You have come to bid me farewell,’ said he, with a smile that reminded one of the grinning of a skull. ‘I am prepared for the change, my friend. *Nul ne sait s’il est juste devant Dieu*; but I do not remember any very great crime to charge myself with, and God is merciful. Yet, *Monsieur Anglais*, it is hard to leave those we love, and to leave them unprotected amongst ravening wolves,—he paused for a moment, looked down at his daughter, and then continued, ‘But it is better to suffer than deserve—’

“‘Oh, my father!’ exclaimed Julia, as she gazed eagerly in his face, ‘who has wrought this heavy calamity?—what means have

been used to overwhelm us with destruction? Alas! alas! can nothing be done to save you? Monsieur,' she continued, addressing me, 'have you no influence, no power with the commissioners? I have knelt before them, implored them with bursts of anguish and with tears wrung from the heart by agony. Oh God! they have mocked my woe by offers which my soul spurns, but will not save my father.'

"At this moment an officer entered, in the splendid full-dress of an aide-de-camp; he was a mulatto, but very dark, and the noise of his spurs and sabre as they clattered on the ground attracted attention towards him. Julia rose up; and, standing by her father's side, leant, sobbing, on his shoulder. Susette for the first time raised her head, and fixed her eyes on me; whilst Leffler, still clinging fondly to the love of life, sat with breathless attention to hear the expected communication. But the officer remained silent; he approached Julia, took her delicate white hand between his, and expressively shook his head. 'Enough!' said Leffler, a pallid hue spreading over every feature; 'they are not content with robbery, but must add murder to their crimes!'

"Julia withdrew her hand, and turned away. Susette arose, and implored me to save her master. Alas, poor girl! she had so exalted the English prisoner in her own estimation that she believed him capable of performing anything.

"'Can I see the commissioners?' demanded I.

"'Monsieur has greatly offended,' returned he, 'and I fear his application would be rejected.'

"'Can I see them?' repeated I. 'What their decision may be is another thing. May I solicit the favour of your good offices in obtaining me an interview?'

"He shook his head as if afraid to speak. 'I fear it will be of no avail,' said he, looking towards Julia, whose countenance betrayed a scowl of contempt as she returned his glance;—it had its effect. 'I will endeavour to ascertain,' added he, turning round, and giving indications of his departure by the jingling of his paraphernalia.

"'Monsieur Leffler,' said I, with deep feeling, 'I am now a prisoner of war, and unable to render much assistance either to yourself or daughter. If I can see these commissioners, I will plead with them; and, if they will not grant my request, will Miss Leffler—will Julia believe that she has a friend who will peril life itself to secure her safety?' I approached, and took her hand, whilst Susette looked on in stupified amazement, but she did not speak. 'I trust I shall not always be powerless,' continued I; 'and my every effort shall be used to promote the well-being of your daughter.'

"'I am grateful—very grateful, my friend,' returned he, with much emotion; 'but Julia must return to France. She has relations there; and perhaps justice may be done to my memory when the winds of the Atlantic are sweeping over my grave.' The poor girl sobbed hysterically. 'Come, come, Julia,' continued he, 'the young Englishman means you well; suppress this agony, and try—' his voice was tremulous and mournful,—'try, my love, to be calm.'

"'I do not doubt Monsieur's generosity,' said Julia, looking towards me as I still retained her hand; 'it is not unknown to me,—and I felt a gentle pressure, which at once informed me my incognito had been discovered;—but, oh, my heart will break! I can-

not — cannot be tranquil, and you, my father, to be taken from me for ever! Oh! God support me in this hour of trial!

After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour the mulatto aide-de-camp returned, and a suspicion that he was the individual who aspired to the hand of Julia caused me to take greater notice of him. He was about two-and-twenty years of age, superbly dressed, rather below the middle stature, slender in figure, and with a face, if not absolutely ugly, yet far from prepossessing; but his eyes were particularly keen and piercing; in fact, they were scarcely ever quiescent, and his look had a strange effect upon those who came beneath his glances. His entrance aroused the attention of Leffler and his daughter, who immediately raised their heads in breathless stillness, whilst eager, agonising attention appeared upon the countenance of both. The officer remained silent for a minute or two, and fixed his impatient sight on Julia, who shrunk from his penetrating gaze.

“Will the commissioners grant me an interview?” inquired I.

“No, Monsieur,” returned he stiffly; “and I am directed to send you forthwith to your own place of confinement.”

“Must you, too, be taken from me!” exclaimed Julia in tones of deep affliction. “Am I to be left without one friend—one protector? But I know their cruel minds and purposes,” she spoke with more firmness, “yet they shall not succeed.”

“Never shall I forget the fierce glare of that black fellow’s eyes as Julia uttered this; but, softening their expression, he mildly answered, ‘Can Ma’amselle Leffler doubt the affection or friendship of her devoted admirer?’

“Peace, Jean Pierre!” exclaimed the high-minded girl in a voice of command; “this is no time to talk of such affairs. Save my father, and I will make any sacrifice that honour may command,” and she shuddered at her own proposition. The mulatto shook his head. “You cannot—I am well aware you cannot—for they deceive you, as well as every one else. Do your errand, then, Jean Pierre, as you would to an utter stranger.”

“First, I must send away this Englishman,” said he with contemptuous menace, that fired my spirit, “your friend, Ma’mselle Leffler—and then— Here, soldiers, do your duty!”

“Boyer,*” pronounced Julia with emphasis, and the aide-de-camp stood motionless as if bound by a spell, “have you not one spark of generosity in your nature?”

“I despise his generosity, Miss Leffler,” said I; “my domestics are of his colour, yet I would not treat them ill. He, perhaps, has been a slave.”

“Never!” returned he with vehemence. “I was always free from my birth! Who can impeach my father’s character?”

“But your mother *was* a slave!” exclaimed Susette, who had hitherto remained silent; “and your father was a tailor!†”

“Nothing could exceed the silly exasperation of the mulatto at this declaration, which, if true, entailed no disgrace upon him. He gnashed his teeth, shook his clenched fist in the poor girl’s face, and seemed half inclined to sacrifice her on the spot by his grasping his

* This man was afterwards President of the Republic of Hayti, and bore an implacable animosity to the English.

† This is a fact. Boyer’s father was a tailor in Port-au-Prince, and his mother a negress from the Congo country, and a slave in the neighbourhood of the city.

sword-handle, and impulsively pulling it partly out of the scabbard. 'Guards, remove your prisoner!' shouted he; and the men advanced to force me away. I took Leffler's hand, pressed it eagerly, gave an approving and kind look to Susette as she caught my hand, bade Julia farewell, and accompanied the soldiers to my miserable place of confinement.

"Hawser, it is impossible to describe the restless state of disquietude in which I passed that night. I was well aware that the fellow I had prostrated was either Santhonax or Polverel,—the commissioners sent out by the French Directory to govern the island,—but which of them I could not tell. I also knew that they were appropriate emissaries from the school of Robespierre, and both bore a detestable character in the colony for ruthless infamy: for the former, whilst professing the warmest solicitude for the preservation of the whites, was yet secretly encouraging the people of colour and the negroes to revolt; and by having a mulatto for his aide, (for each assumed the rank of a general officer,) I conjectured it was he that had felt the weight of my foot; and reports represented him as of a most sanguinary and ferocious disposition, cherishing above all things a deadly hatred to my countrymen.

"The jailer was a man who studied his own interests; and as I did not want for means to gratify his avarice, I was something of a favourite. My poor fellows had mentioned to me the frequent solicitations of a man (who was admitted in the prison apparently for the express purpose) to enter for the French marine, and I was particularly desirous of seeing this fellow, who dared to tamper with the honest feelings of Englishmen. One of my men, an Italian by birth, had acceded to his propositions, and been released from prison; but my sturdy Britons resisted every tempting offer. It happened that this agent made his appearance on the morning after my parting with Leffler, and by some means,—whether by accident or design, I cannot now tell,—we came in contact. I was in the jail-yard, and noticed an individual who seemed to be watching me with more than usual interest; but it was done so indirectly as not to excite the attention of others. He was a robust, well-made man, about five-and-thirty years of age, of handsome features, and with a cast of benevolence on his countenance; his dress was studiously neat, with a cut of the seaman about it, that could not be mistaken. At length he approached me somewhat cautiously, and whispered, 'Monsieur wishes to be free!' The very thoughts he had excited by this brief appeal brought a rush of blood to my face, but more so that which followed. 'He is too generous to go alone. Can I assist him?'

"Suspicious of treachery instantly arose in my mind, and I felt an inclination to spurn the fellow; but he contrived, by offering something to my notice, to evade the looks of the other prisoners, and to hold me in conversation.

"'I do not understand you,' said I. 'Liberty must be dear to every one—it is peculiarly so to me; but who are you who thus address me?'

"'Look at this, Monsieur,' answered he, presenting to my view the ring which had been given to me by Miss Leffler, and which I had missed the previous evening immediately on my return to my dungeon,—for I can call it nothing better.

“‘It is mine,’ said I, endeavouring to possess myself of the bauble. ‘How came you by it? I lost it somewhat mysteriously last night.’

“‘Retire to your room,’ replied he, still retaining the ring; ‘the jailer is my intimate friend,’ and he smiled scornfully; ‘we can converse more at our ease alone.’

“‘Still strongly suspecting the motives of the man, curiosity prompted me to accede to his request, and shortly after entering my cell he joined me. His quick eye glanced round the dismal and detestable place, and then reverted to me, with a seeming look of compassion. ‘This is but poor accommodation for a British officer,’ said he mildly.

“‘I have acquiesced in your desire,’ said I; ‘but before we enter into conversation, I must be informed as to who and what you are.’

“‘As I really wish to serve you,’ replied he complacently, ‘I shall use no deception. I am an agent for procuring seamen for the French marine, but they are not always shipped under the tricolour flag.’

“‘Are you the person, then,’ exclaimed I harshly, ‘who has been tampering with my men? You are a villain and a scoundrel, and I will hold no more communication with you.’

“‘He shrugged his shoulders, looked rather deprecatingly, and showed the ring: I was tranquil in a moment. ‘Monsieur must hear before he condemns,’ said he; ‘I have not acted with concealment, nor will I, for I have something at stake as well as himself. Are you content to hear me?’

“‘How came you by that ring?’ inquired I hastily, my mind still nourishing suspicions.

“‘The occurrence forms part of my narrative, Monsieur,’ returned he mildly, ‘and you must hear none or all.’

“‘Go on, then,’ said I imperatively. ‘If gold can purchase the truth, it shall be yours—if you practise deception, I shall find you out. But stop! What is the fate of Monsieur Leffler?’

“‘You shall know everything,’ answered he mournfully, ‘nor shall you find your confidence abused. You love his daughter’—I felt my cheeks tingle, but his look was directed another way—‘she is in danger, and you wish to save her. There is one carefully watching over the welfare of both, and it is on her account that I have solemnly undertaken to rescue you from your present perilous situation. She it was that drew from your finger this ring last night at parting.’

“‘Susette?’ exclaimed I with astonishment, interrupting him in his discourse.

“‘The same,’ replied he, ‘but attend—business, no matter of what nature, often took me to the residence of our friend Monsieur Leffler; there I saw his lovely daughter, and there I became acquainted with the interesting Susette. For the latter I conceived the strongest regards, but met with only slights that induced me to suppose another had possession of her heart.’

“‘I looked intently at him to ascertain whether he meant the allusion to be personal, but he took no further notice, and went on.

“‘Latterly, however, she has been more favourably disposed,

and has promised to accompany me in the flight I have arranged for you and Miss Leffler.'

"'Flight!' uttered I inquiringly, for knowing the closeness of my confinement, suspicion was again excited that there was an intention to entrap me.

"'Yes, Monsieur, flight,' rejoined he with calmness. 'I have a small vessel lying in the harbour; Jeronimo (the jailer) is my very good friend, and—but leave all that to me. Monsieur does not fear to run some risk for liberty?'

"'Not in the least,' returned I with confidence; 'indeed I meant to try and slip my moorings, but the position of Miss Leffler kept my mind wavering. But you must enter into further explanations before I place full reliance on your word. Julia will not leave her father whilst he lives.'

"'That will not be very long,' replied he, 'for Polverel has one eye upon Leffler's property, and the other upon his daughter—the first, though condemned to confiscation, will be divided between the commissioners, the other he means to appropriate to himself. Unlimited power can soon remove obstacles.'

"'But who is the aid-de-camp, the mulatto?' inquired I, a tinge of jealousy and disgust crossing my mind; 'the individual, I believe, who pesters Miss Leffler with his offers.'

"'I know whom you mean,' answered he, whilst a strange and fierce expression passed across his countenance; 'it is Boyer—the tool, the instrument of Santhonax with his dark-skinned brethren, styled a secretary, but assuming the dress of an aid-de-camp. He presumed to solicit the hand of Miss Leffler for having rendered her father some service when the city was attacked, but she refused him—at first respectfully, till finding he was not to be easily repulsed, she became more firm in her denial; still he persevered and endeavoured to draw Susette in to aid him in his schemes for the purpose of entrapping Miss Leffler, but she spurned his proposals with contempt. He next made a futile attempt to carry her off by means of some revolted negroes, but this also was defeated, and the fellow next impeached the father, whose condemnation was certain; but he hoped, through his influence with Santhonax, to obtain a commutation of sentence, if not a pardon, and thus work upon the daughter's gratitude—in fact, to purchase the daughter's hand by saving the father's life. Polverel, however, had different views, and to him Boyer was referred; for Santhonax, though he professes to befriend the mulattoes, and holds secret meetings with them, yet is he a bitter enemy at heart. Polverel rejected the application in a manner that left Jean Pierre no hope, and the fellow has but the heart of a goose. He has now another card to play; he cannot stay the execution, but ignorant of Polverel's designs, he meditates on other plans as soon as Miss Leffler is deprived of her only friends,—for it is of no use concealing the fact, your existence is to be assailed by means of deadly drugs, when the father is numbered with the dead; he hopes by some fortunate circumstance arising from her want of protection to bring the lady to his own terms. Never!' uttered he with vehemence, grinding his teeth with ill-suppressed rage; 'Julia has one who will defend her:' he moderated his passion, and bowing to me, added, 'Monsieur Anglais must be her guardian.'

“There was something about the man I did not altogether like ; his mildness and complacency were evidently constrained, and yet there was nothing tangible which could empower me to utter doubts of his veracity. ‘You have been extremely communicative,’ said I, ‘and I thank you for your information. But may I be allowed to ask why you, who profess to be an agent for the French marine, should thus throw yourself within my power? Is there no treachery? Can you wish me to escape, or is it a snare?’

“‘Monsieur forgets my unbounded attachment to Susette,’ replied he, whilst a peculiar expression passed over his features.

“‘You have enticed my men to desert their allegiance for the service of an enemy. Ought I to trust you?’ inquired I with some degree of sternness.

“He smiled. ‘Monsieur shall know all,’ said he with an air of humility and candour ; ‘I am not a Frenchman, but a Spaniard ; I am not an agent for the French marine, but—’ he fixed his eyes keenly upon my countenance, and lowered his voice to an audible whisper—‘but a dealer in contrabands. It is to man my crafts that I seek hands, and Jeronimo profits by my trade. After all, I save many a poor devil from execution.’

“‘Have you no apprehensions in making me a confidante?’ inquired I, intently watching his looks.

“‘None, monsieur—none whatever,’ answered he, with much of self-complacency, ‘for I should have a ready means of stopping unnecessary babbling: besides, how far would your evidence go against me? The case stands thus: you love Julia,—a bitter feeling of degradation rushed upon my soul at hearing my attachment thus carelessly and disrespectfully noticed, but I was silent from motives of policy,—‘and you want to escape from certain destruction; but, Englishman-like, you will not leave the object of your affection to an uncertain fate. Think of a mulatto, Monsieur, an ugly mulatto, holding that beautiful creature in his arms, sharing the same pillow, and—’

“‘D—tion!’ shouted I, as the fellow artfully drew the picture, which was so well calculated to arouse passions, that it was no easy matter to allay, ‘you torture me by the very thought.’

“‘Vous avez raison, Monsieur,’ said he, glancing a sinister look of triumph in my face. ‘You are, I understand, rich and noble, I am poor and in love, alive to all the enjoyments and delights of life, yet wanting money for the smallest indulgence,—with a heart full of fervid affections, yet unable to share them with one I worship. I must have your bill for a hundred onzas, and then, heigh presto for the British cruisers!’

“‘Is there any fleet in the neighbourhood?’ asked I, affecting a degree of indifference I was very far from feeling.

“‘There is an armament preparing to land at Jeremie by invitation of the inhabitants,’ answered he. ‘Mais, monsieur, we are losing time; your bill must be turned into cash in Port au Prince, and then my schooner is at your service.’

“Well, Hawser, after some further conversation our bargain was made. I gave him my bill for the required amount, and that very night, by the connivance of Jeronimo, I was outside the bars of that detestable prison, disguised in the habit of an ecclesiastic. The streets at Port-au-Prince are, as you must well remember, perfectly

straight, and crossing each other at right angles, and I was sufficiently acquainted with them to avoid every place where there was the smallest probability of meeting with obstruction. Near to the building which they have designated a cathedral, I was accosted by a lad in a sailor's dress, and the preconcerted signal being given, we moved quickly onwards.

“‘Monsieur must hasten,’ said my companion in an audible whisper; ‘ma’msselle Julia is waiting.’

“‘And Susette,’ inquired I, ‘does she not accompany us?’

“A noise, half sob, half laughter, convinced me that it was none other than Susette by my side, and as no other response was made, I forbore questioning. In a few minutes we were on the quay, where I found Julia and the man who had promoted my escape. He had been urging the mourner (for her father had suffered that day, and his property confiscated,) to embark, but she peremptorily refused until my arrival; and though the fellow’s manner excited strong suspicions, we had gone too far to recede; the boat was waiting, we entered it, and got on board the schooner, but it was not until we had reached the deck that we discovered Susette had been left behind. How this happened I never could tell, although I conjecture it was so arranged by the scoundrel who had entrapped us, and who had professed such devoted regard for the poor girl. To save appearances, however, he pretended to return to the quay, but just before daylight he again came on board, and in a well-acted paroxysm declared his wretchedness at being compelled to get underway directly.

“From my heart, Hawser, I believed the fellow lied, but what could I do? I was actually more powerless than when on shore; and in less than an hour we were clear of the land. It was then the villain’s scheme became fully apparent; it was Julia on whom his inordinate desires had been fixed, and confining me below he pestered her with his addresses, which were scornfully rejected. I need not tell you that I did not tamely submit, and perhaps the scoundrel would have at once taken my life, but that he entertained hopes of obtaining a ransom, and the fear of falling in with the British cruisers; whilst the same thing, or some cause or other, prevented his proceeding to extremities with the unhappy Julia. Suf-
fice it, Hawser, to say, the schooner was no other than the Thundercloud which was chased into Cuba by the Clinkem, and the fellow who had entrapped us was the celebrated pirate, known in those seas by the name of Blueblazes—old Andy did for him. Thus, Hawser, you have the story.

“‘But the lady,’ inquired I with eagerness, ‘what became of the lady?’

“A mournful expression passed over his fine features as he uttered solemnly, ‘Dead! Hawser, dead! the painful events she had undergone, the loss of her father, and perhaps—’ he strode hastily along, there was a wildness in his manner, his whole frame seemed agitated, and I urged him no further on the subject.”

ANECDOTES OF MILITARY SERVICE.

RECIPT FOR MAKING A BOWL OF PUNCH.

FOR two or three days after our sharp action in the Pyrenées on the 13th of December 1813, our regiment was moved from its quarters in a village to occupy two farm-houses close to the position we had fought in. This was to guard against any surprise from the enemy in the night or early morning. The men were posted below and in the out-houses, and the officers took up their quarters above. Our excellent commissary had just received a supply of Irish cattle at St. Jean de Luz. He was determined we should not starve on our night-watch, and so sent us plenty of good beef. We had beef in all shapes—roast and stewed, steaks and soups, and “Bradly fries;”* but after our feast it was a circumstance of universal lamentation that we had no “good stuff” to wash it down with. Now, your old campaigner is monstrous choice in the drop of spirit which he takes care to be provided with, and which he always carries about him. It is the only thing he is a little bit selfish about, for the comfort of a mouthful while outlying on a cold night is unspeakable. Not one of us therefore acknowledged to the possession of a drop, and we were seated round a blazing fire without anything to cheer us besides its sparks. “I’ll tell you what, gentlemen,” said I at length, “I think I know a place where some spirits are to be had, and if you will all promise me to keep your places, and not follow me, I will return with as much as will serve us the evening.” My proposal was received rapturously. They all promised a rigid observance of my injunctions, and a large bowl was furnished me, and a comrade to assist, they little doubting but that I had some plundering excursion in my mind. We carried our spirits in horns, which were more convenient than canteens, and which we always carried by our sides, suspended by a cord slung over the shoulder. Of these things we always disembarrassed ourselves on our arrival at quarters, and stowed them away under cloaks and baggage. These little manœuvres no one was better aware of than myself; therefore, by way of commencing fairly, I took down my own horn, which was hanging from a nail, with my cloak, sword, &c. over it, and, shaking it loudly, to let them hear its contents, I poured a good pint of brandy into the bosom of the capacious bowl. I pursued my search, and emptied every horn in the room, amidst the laughter and cheers of my comrades, who were little prepared for this mode of raising a bowl of punch. By the time I had concluded my domiciliary visit, my bowl was brimming full. It was curious to see the countenance of some who thought their drop of comfort would escape the eye of the old soldier; but no; not one did I leave untouched,—all contributed something to the general stock. A merry time of it we had that night, and I’ll engage that many who laid down, felt the boards much softer than usual.

CURTALMENT OF LUXURIES.—The mess of the grenadiers just now

* A piece of meat toasted over the fire on a stick or ramrod, called “Bradly’s fry,” from the circumstance of a soldier’s wife of that name cooking her supper in that primitive fashion.

suffered a serious deprivation by the loss of their standing dish, "hare soup." My beautiful little terrier, Fury, was seized with the blind madness by having eaten part of a human limb. She was chained in the loft of a house, part of which was occupied by myself and the officers of my company, Irwin and Carruthers. We had spread our soldiers' beds one evening, and had just taken possession of them, when, to our astonishment, I may almost say dismay, in rushed the terrier amongst us. She had broken her chain. She sprung first upon my bed, but I jumped up and held the clothes between us as a defence. She then made a rush, and nearly succeeded in getting beneath the blankets which Irwin had covered himself with. In the mean time, however, Carruthers had drawn a sabre, and before the poor creature had succeeded upon Irwin's position she was cut down. All my dogs were bitten and destroyed except one greyhound. It was a day of bitter lamentation for us.

THE VETERAN'S DEATH-BED.

Before we advanced on the 16th February 1813, I went to take a last farewell of our old brother officer, Captain Gale. He had been mortally wounded in the fight the day before, and he still lay with life, but without hope. I found him in the corner of an old ruined house; the doors were off their hinges, and the windows stuffed with straw and paper to exclude the air. He was stretched upon his old camp bed, covered with his cloak and blankets, and in the hands of the dying veteran was a Bible, from which he slowly raised his eyes as I entered.

"Ah! Cadell," said he languidly, "so you are come to see the old soldier die! I take it kindly of you."

"You have done your duty, Gale," I said, much moved, and taking my poor friend's hand. "I trust we may all render as good an account as you can when it comes to our turn."

"I trust I *have* done my duty," he replied. "From the days of Abercrombie and Egypt to the present moment I have followed the banners of the Slashers through fair and foul, and now—" a tear filled the old soldier's eye—"I have seen them for the last time!"

"It is the will of God!"

"I know it, and I do not repine," he continued; "and it is a mercy to me that my pain is light, and my conscience free from stain."

My poor friend was obliged to pause once or twice in consequence of the loud cries of a Portuguese officer who occupied another corner of the large desolate apartment. He was in the same situation as poor Gale, but the conduct of the two men was widely different. The Portuguese was loudly bewailing the absence of a confessor, and begging those around to save him, who could render him no help; and then followed a fit of convulsive sobbing and tears. In the interval of one of these paroxysms Gale raised his feeble voice.

"Are you not ashamed," he said in Portuguese, "are you not ashamed, as a soldier, to lie there screaming like a sick woman? You Portuguese have often followed the example of British soldiers in the field; now learn how a British soldier can die—one who has faithfully served his God, his king, and his country."

At this moment our bugles sounded for the advance.

"There—they are going—the brave boys!" uttered my dying comrade, whose strength was ebbing fast. "For the first time they march without me. Farewell, my gallant comrades! I shall see you no more. You will remember your old captain, Cadell," he added in a faint but earnest tone. "Do you think you could raise me to yonder window?"

With his servant's assistance I bore him to the window, and from thence he gazed at the troops then on their march. He watched them without speaking till the last gleam of their bayonets disappeared, and then, as if exhausted, fell back in my arms. I strove to raise him—it was of no avail. The old soldier was dead!

DEATH OF THE CORPORAL.

We had a man in our regiment named Tank. He was of herculean powers. No man in the regiment could cope with him; but he was an excellent, kind-hearted fellow, and never took any advantage of his bodily superiority. He was indeed a universal favourite. Tank had performed some extraordinary feats in the Peninsula, and had particularly distinguished himself in the battle of the Pyrenées. Had the gallant fellow lived to the close of the war, he would have retired on a snug pension for wounds and service. But it was destined to be otherwise. After escaping the chances of years of hard service, he met his fate where thousands of veterans found their graves—on the bloody field of Waterloo.

Poor Tank belonged to No. 4 company. He was a corporal, and was left hand man to Ensign Mountsteven, who carried the king's colour. On the 16th the regiment was deployed in line on the high road, and Tank was showing the young soldier how to display the colours of the Slashers, and animating the raw recruits about him who were in action for the first time, when he was struck in the face by a musket ball. He instantly fell, and died immediately. Thus ended the career of this splendid old campaigner, who was truly an honour to his country.

Ensign Mountsteven was severely wounded on the 18th. Sergeant Watts, belonging to the ensign's company, on the morning of that slaughtering day showed him a fowl which he had in reserve. "Sir," said he, "if you have no objection, I intend this for our dinner *when the fight is done!*"

By the time the fight was done, however, poor Mountsteven had little appetite for the sergeant's fowl. The colour-staff was broken twice in his hands, and at last he was hit himself. Sergeant Watts was obliged to seek another guest.

FRANKING LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—On my return from Corfu in 1827, I passed through Bodmin, and called on Mountsteven's mother. I found the old lady in high spirits, from the following interesting cause. She had two fine young sons who had lately left her,—one a soldier to the East, the other a sailor to the West. Much about the same time they had written letters to her, and, putting them into a bottle, sealed and launched them into the ocean. One was cast ashore on the west coast of France, and the other on the west coast of England; both were picked up by well-disposed people, and the letters put into the post, and they reached her within a day of each other.

PARTING WITH OLD FRIENDS.

In 1816 a new regulation pack came out for the whole army. The 28th were very sorry to part with their old packs of brown calf-skin. They lasted a long time, and the poor soldier, when lying out, had always a warm pillow to place his head upon. The grenadiers, known for many years as Charlie Cadell's babes, always picked out a soft one for their captain. The attachment of these brave fellows to their officers was quite delightful to experience. When anything was picked up foraging, they had always an ample share, and when the meat was served out, the best was invariably saved for the officers.

I was most gratified to find they still retained their fine old feeling, although on a most unexpected occasion. In 1834 I was living quite retired in the Edgeware Road, and, walking leisurely along one day, I met a regiment on the march. It proved to be my old regiment on their route to Chatham. I was soon recognized by some of the old ones, when the regiment at once halted, and gave their old captain three cheers.

When our regiment was quartered in the Ionian Islands in 1822, the Greek war of independence was raging with the greatest violence. We were daily and hourly shocked by the account of cold-blooded butcheries on the one side, and sanguinary reprisals on the other. At length an appalling report reached us early in the summer of 1822, that the Greeks had captured the Turkish fortress of Navarino, and made prisoners of the garrison and the entire population, amounting to four hundred individuals. In the centre of the celebrated bay of Navarino is a barren island, about a mile and a half in circumference. On this barren island, according to the report, did the Greek conquerors, with a refinement of cruelty only known to barbarians,—on this desolate place did they land men and unoffending women and children, without food, water, or shelter of any kind, and leave them on that burning rock to perish by thirst and famine!

The Redpole, gun-brig, commanded by Captain Anderson, was then lying at Corfu. She was immediately ordered down to inquire into the truth of this most heart-rending statement. I was an old friend of Captain Anderson, and he kindly asked me to accompany him. We were not long in reaching the bay of Navarino; and as our beautiful little craft glided along shore, we fired a gun, and hoisted British colours. The gig was then lowered, and I accompanied the captain on shore to demand an explanation of the governor. We were conducted with the utmost respect to the best habitation in the ruined and desolate place, and shortly after a young man of most gentlemanlike appearance and manner introduced himself to us as the governor of the fortress. He was unaccompanied, and wore a blue British uniform of the most unexceptionable cut and quality. He addressed us very politely, through the medium of an interpreter, and begged to know in what he could have the honour of serving us. Captain Anderson speedily made known to him the object of our visit, and asked him if the report were true. The Greek shook his head. "It is indeed but too true," he replied. "I have been here but a short time, and, thank God, had nothing to do with that shocking affair."

"It was a barbarous act indeed," said Anderson.

“And yet how can we avoid these atrocities,” said the Greek officer. Remember what our poor people have suffered from the Turks, who have always been the first to commence these barbarities. They remember their own wives and families wantonly butchered—their brave companions lingering for days in the horrors of impalement. These are things, sir, not to be forgotten; and when their barbarous masters are in their power, the wild passions of men will predominate, and revenge is considered a virtue. God forbid it should be thought that I advocate such atrocities; I merely speak of them as the effect of the unbridled passions of human nature.” There was an air of great feeling and sincerity about the Greek as he spoke, which prepossessed us much in his favour, and truly we had but little reply to make to his remarks.

“But,” he added, “you had better go to the island, and there you will see too good reason to carry back the report as true. It is now two months since this lamentable occurrence.”

The governor then politely accompanied us over his dilapidated fortress, to which nothing had been done since it had been stormed and taken, except plastering over some of the more decayed portions with mud, to make an outside appearance of strength. I think I could have carried the place with my grenadiers in ten minutes.

We returned on board the brig, and then manned our boats for the island. I went with the captain in his gig; and as many of the officers as could be spared, followed in the first cutter. We arrived first, and I scrambled up the rocks to make way into the island, when in my haste I nearly fell over a heap of human bodies! They were huddled together upon a small platform of rock. I instantly called to Anderson: poor fellow! the ghastly sight was too much for the kind-hearted sailor; he returned to his boat. By this time the officers arrived, and we began systematically to explore the island for the purpose of framing a report upon it. It was with difficulty we could make our way, for the hemlock plant grew to the height of five and six feet, and was very strong. But at every step the sight was appalling. There the poor creatures lay, singly, and in groups; whole families, clasped in each other's arms, had died together. Stretched upon the burning rock, they were dried to mummies, and presented a hideous and ghastly spectacle. It was evident that the Greeks had not plundered their victims, for many of the attenuated corpses were still attired in their costly robes, making death look still more hideous!

We found many bodies among the rocks with knives near them, with which they had evidently endeavoured to scoop out the shell-fish from the fissures, in the vain hope of prolonging their lives. Others again we discovered with their mouths still applied to the crevices in the rock to suck out what moisture might have collected from the dews of heaven! Having made our distressing survey, and counted the bodies, whose number nearly agreed with the account we had received, we left this island of death, and returned shuddering to our boats.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

"WELL, after all," I exclaimed, "there are few things so comfortable as snug quarters in a good inn;" and, so saying, I drew up my chair a foot or so nearer the fire, and manifested the exuberance of my satisfaction and the soundness of the poker by reducing a superincumbent mass of the best Walls-end to minute fragments. A ride of some eighty miles outside the mail in a biting November day had thrown me into that state of delicious languor, which disposes one to regard everything in the best light, and I had abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the pleasurable, so far as it was to be obtained in the best parlour of the head inn in the provincial town of Nibblington. A neat repast had feasted me "light and choice," and a second tumbler of brandy and water, "warm with," stood exhaling its fragrance at my elbow. The fire was in fine spirits, and went laughing and crackling merrily up the chimney; it took part in the satisfaction it afforded—we were sworn friends.

"What a glorious thing it is," I muttered to myself, as I rested my heels upon the fender, and stretched myself backwards into my chair,—“what a glorious thing it is this taking one's ease in one's inn! It hath a relish almost too fine for earth—it smacks of Elysium! You have cheated fate for once, given business the go-by, and left the anxieties that dog your footsteps daily, in the lurch. Here you are 'yourself alone,'—none to thwart, to fret, to frown upon you,—with a few sovereigns in your pocket, you are yourself a king. How respectful is mine host!—he is your chancellor, and holds you tenderly in his keeping, as royal consciences are kept. The waiters, how obsequious!—'like angels, ever eager-eyed,'—these be your ministers, watchful to do your will all the more that the prospect of the *gratillity* to be secured thereby is ever vividly present to their imagination. The chambermaids, your maids of honour, and honoured as maids,—lighting you to dreams of love and bliss, like second Heros, with warming-pan and bed-room candlestick of brass. Your bed—but, ecod! I never thought of that,—and I started up and tugged the bell in considerable trepidation.

My call was answered by the appearance of one of those smirking animals, that go about inns with towels over their left arms.

"Have you secured a bed for me?"

"Yezzir." I resolved the dog should have an additional half-crown for his attention. "Sorry, sir, could not let you have a room to yourself, sir."

"Eh, what!" I exclaimed, and my contemplated generosity sunk at once below zero.

"Single bedrooms all engaged, sir."

"The devil!"

"Yezzir,—full of lawyers, sir. Assizes this week—crowded—not a corner to cram a cat in."

"And where am I to be stowed away, pray?"

"Excellent apartment, sir—third story behind—two capital beds, well-aired. Other gin'l'm'n very quiet, sir."

"Who or what is he?"

"Don' know, sir. Came here a week ago, sir—breakfasts at ten minutes to eight precisely—cup of coffee, sir, and half a roll—goes out, and comes home at eleven every night. Mute as a mouse—tried myself to draw him out—wouldn't work, sir. Strange man, sir—neither speaks nor eats—how he lives, can't tell—what he does, ditto—where he goes, a mystery as dark, as dark as *Omnibus*, sir."

"Hum! Queer fish, seemingly."

"Yezzir, singular man, sir—indeed I may say, a very singular man, sir. Seems in rather low spirits, sir.—Any more brandy and water, sir?"

I ordered a fresh supply of this terrestrial nectar, and flung myself into my chair with the air of a man who feels himself a victim to untoward destiny.

That this should have happened to me, of all men in the world!—to me, who never could tolerate bedfellows in my life!—slept with locked door and window fast, and not a soul within half a dozen rooms of me—me, whose chief motive for remaining single—my Marion was certainly a very, *very* charming creature!—I do half incline to believe, was the horror of having my old habit of loneliness invaded! Possibly the wretch snores. Oh, horrible! most horrible! Well, if I do strangle him, no enlightened jury *can* bring in a worse verdict against me than that of "justifiable homicide." Looks melancholy, too? Oh, your melancholy men have a trick of speaking in their sleep; and I shall be kept shuddering all night at his incoherent *ohs!* and *ahs!* It is positively too bad! And again I dashed the poker into the bowels of the fire, and stirred it fiercely. The exercise only threw my brain into a livelier state of activity, and my fancies assumed a darker hue. To be shut up in an out-o'-the way room in a confounded old rambling wilderness of an inn, with a fellow whom nobody knows anything about!—to have your valise and breeches-pockets ransacked, their "*silver* lining turned out upon the night," while you are wooing the caresses of the drowsy god,—or, possibly, like the Irish member, to wake in the morning and find your throat cut! A cold line seemed to be drawn across my seasand at the thought, and I groaned inwardly. Seizing my brandy and water, I whipped it off at a gulp; but it had lost its flavour,—was cold, vapid, ineffectual stuff, and left no relish on the palate. I sank into a reverie, a dull and quasi-collapse state of misery, on starting from which I found that the fire had sunk down to a few cinders and the ghost of a flame, which looked up for a moment, as if to reproach me for my neglect, and quietly went out. Conjuring up a smile at my fears,—a very hectic sort of an affair, indeed,—I called for a light, and, following the pilotage of the "*cham'maid*," was heralded along a succession of passages, and up a labyrinth of staircases, until I reached the room that had been selected as my dormitory.

Its dimensions were something of the smallest. Two beds, placed directly opposite each other, engrossed three-fourths of the apartment. They were divided by an alley of some four feet in breadth, at the end of which, in the window recess, stood a table with the usual appurtenances of mirror and caraffes, and the window itself looked out upon Cimmerian darkness, and the devil knows what. The other furnishings consisted of certain cane chairs, whose appearance

was anything but calculated to inspire confidence in their trustworthiness. "The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire," stood shivering in the yawning fireplace, above which a cloudy mezzotint, conveying the faintest possible intimation of a blasted heath, with a gibbet in perspective, decorated a wall, which time and damp had reduced from its primitive shade of green to the most miscellaneous diversity of tints. Here was an appearance of things, not certainly the most favourable for dissipating the unpleasant feelings that had for some time been fretting my lesser intestines to the tenuity of fiddlestrings; but I put a bold face upon the matter, and, after a leisurely survey of the apartment, deposited myself in bed. Sleep, however, was not to be thought of till the arrival of the person who was to share the apartment with me, and I lay forming all sorts of speculations as to his probable appearance. At length, towards midnight, a heavy step sounded on the staircase, and I heard some one advancing with a stately tread to the room in which I lay. Now, then, for a solution of my uncertainty! I half raised myself on my elbow to examine the person that should enter. The door opened leisurely, and a figure advanced into the room, that increased rather than abated my perplexity. It was that of a tall, powerfully-built man, dressed all in black, with a cloak of the same colour about his shoulders, and as he held the candle before him as though he held it not, its light fell upon features of a character singularly impressive, but pale and blasted, as it were, with untold woe. His long raven hair fell away in masses from his forehead, like blackening pines upon a lightning-scathed mountain summit, and his eyes burned with a dull, moveless glare. He appeared to be utterly unconscious of my presence, notwithstanding my endeavours to excite his attention by sundry admonitory coughs and hems. Finding these of no avail, I resolved to attack him more directly, and, in as indifferent a tone as I could muster, exclaimed,

"Good night, sir!"—no answer—"Good night, sir!" with a stronger emphasis—still not a word; and it was not till I had repeated the salutation several times that he turned his eyes upon me. And, oh! what an inward hell did that look reveal!—in words that dropped like minute-guns from his lips, he said,

"I wish you *may* have a good night, sir."

This was enough; I was thoroughly relieved of any desire for farther converse with a gentleman of this kidney; so he relapsed into his abstraction, and I into my pillow and my speculations.

I was fatigued, and would fain have slept, but this I soon found to be impossible. In vain I turned from left side to right, from right to left, and then in despair threw myself on my face, and dug my head into the pillow. I tried to think of discourses on political economy, of sermons on temperance, of all the most sovereign narcotics I could recall. I repeated the alphabet letter by letter, and then groped my way through the multiplication-table; but it was of no use. Sleep was not to be so cajoled. The gentleman in black had betaken himself to bed. The room was as dark as midnight could make it, and I heard a sigh, and the curtains drawn closely round in front of where he lay. Strange precaution, I thought. What can he mean? Has he the same doubts of me that are haunting me with regard to him, and so wishes to place even the slight barrier of a piece of dimity between us? Or per-

haps the gentleman is conscious of sleeping in rather an ungainly style,—tosses the bed-clothes off him perhaps, or lies with his mouth agape, like a fish in the death-pang,—and may not wish the morning light to disclose his weakness? But this comfortable view of the matter soon faded away as the remembrance of his appearance pressed upon my vision. Those features so pale and rigid; that massive figure, trained in no ordinary toils; those eyes dead to all outward objects, and lighted up with fires, that seemed inwardly consuming him, stared vividly before me. I saw him as he entered the room, and went through all the operation of undressing, with a motion merely mechanical. What could so have palsied the senses and the will? Was it remorse for some unutterable guilt that preyed upon his heart, or was he even then meditating some act of inexpiable crime? I was lying there alone, in darkness, with a felon, perhaps a murderer! And then his answer to my friendly salutation, “I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!” came back upon my ear. *May* have a good night! There was, then, a doubt, which even he confessed. I stirred in bed with as much noise as possible, coughing at the same time, to see if I could elicit any corresponding sound from my opposite neighbour. But all was hushed. I could not even catch his breathing. Oh, I thought, he must have gone to sleep. He, at least, takes the matter easy. But still his words — “I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!” — haunted me. What was there to prevent my having a good night, but something of which he himself was alone conscious? The night was a quiet one, and our room too much out of the way to be visited by any of the usual sleep-dispelling noises of an inn. Would to Heaven it had been less so! Again I thought of the curtains drawn so carefully in front of his bed. Might he not behind them be preparing the knife, with which he was to spring upon my secure slumbers? I coughed louder than before, to assure him that I was still wakeful. This horrible fancy now took entire possession of my mind. His sepulchral “I wish you *may* have a good night!” pealed a perpetual alarum in my ears. It was an intimation to settle accounts with the world.

He would not kill my unprepared spirit. Not he! He was a sentimental murderer, an amateur assassin, and Fate had kindly quoited me into his grasp. I lay riveted to my couch, expecting every moment to hear the curtains torn apart, and to feel his fingers at my throat. Every nerve and faculty were strained to the utmost pitch, till even the suspense grew more fearful than the reality itself could have been. A deathlike stillness filled the chamber. Its “very hush and creeping” grew oppressive. The stirring of a mouse would have been worth worlds to me.

Worn out with this excitement, I fell into a perturbed and gasping slumber, and, on starting from it, my ear seemed to catch the expiring echo of a groan. It might, however, have only been the wind striking a favourite note in the crannies of the chimney. Day had by this time begun to break, and the gladsome light gave me courage to look out between my curtains. Those of the opposite bed were still down, and its inmate seemed locked in profound repose. I turned my eyes towards the window to strengthen myself by the sight of some cheering object against the anxieties that still hung about my mind, and found that it looked

out upon a desolate court, commanding a prospect at the same time of which the leading features were some crazy old chimney-stacks. The sky was wet and weltering, and no sound of life was audible, except the occasional rattle of a cart, blended with the driver's whoop, rousing the echoes of the slumbering streets. The whole feeling of the time and place was as cheerless as possible; and, to complete my discomfort, a superannuated raven, a creature worn with the throes of luckless prophecy, settled upon a chimney right before my eyes, and began croaking its monotonous chaunt of woe. Oh, how that eternal "caw! caw!" did chafe me, "mingling strangely with my fears," and presaging the coming on of some unknown horror! It threw my thoughts back into their old channel. Alarm, however, had now given place to curiosity, and I determined at all hazards to know more of the mysterious man who had occasioned me such a night of torture. I lay intent to catch the minutest sound, but in vain. Fine-ear himself, that hears the grass grow in the fairy-tale, could not have detected the shadow of a breath. This, I thought, is the most unaccountable man I ever met with. He comes nobody knows whence, goes nobody knows where, eats nothing, drinks nothing, and says nothing, — and sleeps like no other mortal beneath the sun. I must, and will sound the heart of this mystery.

Here was I, with fevered pulse and throbbing brow, after a night of agony, while the cause of my uneasiness was taking deep draughts of that "tired Nature's sweet restorer," of which his singular appearance and ominous words had effectually robbed me. It was not more strange than provoking. I could bear this state of things no longer, and discharged a volley of tearing coughs, as if all the pulmonary complaints of the town had taken refuge in my individual chest. Still there was not a movement to indicate the slightest disturbance on the part of my tormentor. I sprang out of bed, and paced up and down the room, making as much noise as possible by pushing the chairs about, and hitching the dressing-table along the floor. Still my enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire-place, and rattled the shovel and poker against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought; and I listened in the expectation of hearing him start. Still the same deathlike silence continued. I caught up the fire-irons, and hurled them together against the grate. They fell with a crash that might have startled the Seven Sleepers, — and I waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result which I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to indicate the presence of any living thing. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body already greatly fatigued, had left me in a fever of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread, curiosity, and suspense. One way or another this torture must be ended. I rushed towards the bed; upsetting the dressing-table in my agitation. I tore open the curtains, and there, oh God! lay the cause of all my agony — a suicide — weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot slip in something moist and slimy. Oh Heaven, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forwards on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavouring to rouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim. How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof-conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow-men. For months I was the tenant of a dungeon. "It passed, it passed, a weary time;" but at length my trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth with an untainted name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through life; and I evermore execrate the wretch who first projected the idea of A DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

BON GAULTIER.

FROM ANACREON.

ODE III.

ONCE about the hour of midnight,
 When at Boötes' hand, the Bear
 Is now wheeling, and poor mortals
 Sleep, oppress'd by toil and care;
 Cupid, coming to my cottage,
 Rattled at the door. Says I,
 "Who knocks there so loudly, bidding
 All my pleasing visions fly?"
 Cupid answers, "Open, prythee,
 'Tis a child,—so do not fear,—
 And I'm dripping: through the moonless
 Night I've wander'd far and near!"
 Hearing this sad tale, I pitied,
 Lit my lamp,—the door threw wide,
 When I see a winged urchin,
 Bow and quiver at his side!
 By the blazing hearth I seat him,
 And his little fingers press
 In my own, and the dank moisture
 Wring from every streaming tress.
 When the numbness well had left him,
 "Come," he says, "come, let us see
 If my bow has from this soaking
 Suffer'd any injury."
 Straight he draws, and like a gad-fly
 Strikes me—to the very heart!
 Then up springing, shouts with laughter,
 "In my joy, my friend, take part;
 For my bow is quite uninjured,
 As you'll find it—to your smart!"

W. BENNETT.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSES.

THE inmates of a boarding-house in which I "fixed" myself in New York were, the keeper of a hardware store (a merchant), ditto "dry goods," ditto saltery, ditto jewellery, and ditto grocery; a clergyman of the "ecclesiastical" church, who had been brought up in Uncle Sam's navy, but who, previous to entering the church, had been in the legal profession; in the "military" (volunteers), and in a mercantile speculation in the "far West;" and a German citizen, who had lost "dree dousand ponds in Inkland, and only dree dousand dullars in dis Yankee, but liked Inkland best cos de sentiment more free in Inkland." There were also Colonel Islap Otis, of the Franklin Stationary Store, three or four merchants and bankers' clerks, a teacher of the pianoforte, and a lady who "embroidered for a repository,"—a very respectable way of gaining a living in the States. All these were very comfortable people, who eat their dinner at two o'clock, if they could find time, and put the affair off until supper-time (seven o'clock), if they were too busy to dine at the "regular meal-hour."

Perhaps a better view of the peculiarities of American conversation among those who may be called, as they are in England, the middle class of society, may be obtained by the mimicry of dialogue, than by any description which would avoid the first and second personals. So we will e'en call in the actors themselves at Mrs. Caius Miggs's Boarding-house, and hold the mirror up to nature with true dramatic propriety. The unities shall be preserved, for we will have but one set scene,—the dining-room—and the time shall be the 20th July, from five minutes before until twenty minutes after two o'clock; during which the boarders must be let in at the street-door, the dinner served up and eaten, and the dessert disposed of.

THE DINING-ROOM.

MRS. CAIUS MIGGS, and WILBERFORCE HOWARD (*a nigger*), *setting the table in order.*

MRS. MIGGS. There now! Put down three more knives and forks, and fetch a spare napkin to catch the gravy which will be spilled round the mutton dish; then tell Miss Kate not to be slow in serving up, and mind your p's and q's when you wait at table, Will.

WILL. Yas, marm.

MRS. MIGGS. Put the 'coon* at the top, and the barn-door he-biddy† at the bottom; let the terrapins‡ be in the middle, the mush, sweet potatoes, and indine corn at each corner, the mutton near the 'coon, and let every one have two plates, so that he can help himself when he wants a clean one.

WILL. Yas, marm. An' shull I pup four pieces bread for Culnel Otis, marm?

MRS. MIGGS. What for, Will?

* Racoon.

† A fowl of the masculine gender.

‡ Small tortoises.

WILL. 'Cos he bery fond ob bread, marm, and bery fond ob calling out for bread jist as I doing someat else, marm. But, marm, wull you call me Wulberforce, and not Wull, as if I wus one ob dem niggers just caught. Much more genteeler, marm. Wull bery wulgar name.

Mrs. MIGGS. No, I will not call you, or any other nigger, Wilberforce, or any such tedious name. Will is a good name enough for a nigger in *my* establishment. If you want a better name, you must go and take your ugliness to one of those fine marble houses in Lafayette-place, or Waverley-square, and pay me back the wages I advanced when you went to the last nasty nigger ball. And don't be standing there like the wooden Jim Crow at the blacking maker's store, but dish up the dinner, and see you ring the bell at two o'clock exactly. Yesterday the dinner was not over till near half-past, on account of your not attending when the clock struck.

Exit Mrs. Miggs.

WILL. (*solus.*) Highty tighty! What a debil ob a rage ole ooman's in! I'll look out for anoder place. Too much wark here. Twenty boarders; eight in one room, six in anoder, an' de new Englisher in de little room. Den dere's two in one attic, two in de oder, and Miss in de back room, all snug and comfortable, while I'm up in de cock-loft, whare de mosquitoes come when de 're full-grown, and bite hardest. Den in winter time Missus Miggs bery sparing ob blankets: onny seben on my bed, so I has to borrow de rug ebery night to keep ma foot warm.

(Street-door bell rings.)

Here come some ob de fellers to dinner: I wish 'em all had latch-key. Sassy fellers. Em no respec' for niggers. Toder day Culnul Otis ses to me, ses he, Wull, ses he, dib you eber try bear's grease, ses he, to make de hair grow? No, ses I, cos I has plenty. You 're telling a powerful tarnation thumper, ses he, cos all your hair is wool, ses he. *(Street-door bell rings.)* Rot ye! open de door yerself.

Mrs. MIGGS. (*below.*) Will!

WILL. Yas, marm. (*Sassy ooman.*)

Mrs. MIGGS. (*below.*) Will, I say, you lazy nigger!

WILL. Coming, marm, no ways slow.

(Exit Will.)

Re-enter Will with Englishman.

WILL. An Englisher! New border. Plenty ob dullars. Not keep 'em long. One or two for maself aa hope. (*aside.*) Hab de honor to show war oo sit, sa. Bery fond ob English. Do any ting for 'em (*grins violently*). Not so proud as 'Mericans, sa; no ways.

ENGLISHMAN. What time will dinner be ready?

WILL. Dibn't Missus Miggs tell oo, sa?

ENGLISHMAN. She said about two o'clock.

WILL. Yas, sa; 'bout two. Just as de clock strike.

Will puts the dinner on the table. Street-door bell rings. Exit Will.

ENGLISHMAN. (*solus.*) Will it ever be cooler! What's the use of eating or drinking in this infernal heat, when the mosquitoes won't let a man sleep? One hundred in the shade! Egad, I wonder where they find the shade. In the anti-Jackson ice-house, or the sepulchre of the twenty-third church of the Dutch Reformed Association in Caucus-street, *I calculate*. Nice word that for the heat.

Re-enter Will with a large bell, and looks up at the clock.

WILL. Him bery slow to strike!

ENGLISHMAN. What are you about?

WILL. Keeping watch ober de clock, sa. When em toll de 'larum aam told to toll dis, to tell de borders to dine. Bery nice dinner if 'em eat it hot.

(All the knockers in the street in action. The large dinner-bells in Major Raminhorn's music-store, Captain Botts', and Mrs. Washington Souza's houses are rung. At last Mrs. Miggs's clock strikes, and Will goes to the dining-room door, and rings a peal of fifty vibrations. Instanter enters Mrs. Miggs, who bows to the Englishman, and takes her seat. Mr. Cains Miggs, the Reverend Monroe Stubbings, Colonel Islap Otis, and Messrs. Adams Lagrange, Hiram Dodds, Jefferson Piper, Stuyvesant Van Dickerbotham, &c. enter, take their places, and begin to help themselves. Some put the vegetables on their plates, and then hand them for "notions" of meat; others take the meat first. Free and easy, but each looking out for a dig from his neighbour's elbow.)

MR. MIGGS. Considerable warm, sir, to-day.

ENGLISHMAN. One hundred in the shade, I believe.

MR. MIGGS. Yes, I expect it is. Warmest day we've had yet. Very trying to an Englishman, I expect. I guess it's fine autumn weather now in England.

ENGLISHMAN. Oh no: this is the warmest time of the year there.

MR. MIGGS. Possible! Considerable like America, I calculate, in every thing.

REV. MONROE STUBBINGS. I have been in England. It is as like America as a small place can well be like a large one.

MR. MIGGS. No wonder. The cotton trade, and the hardware and dry goods trades, link the two nations in friendly relations, and our packets sail so frequently for Liverpool and London, that the latest improvements and American inventions are carried to England as soon as to the far West. You have heard of the Fulton spade, sir, and the Manhattan plough?

ENGLISHMAN. Not in my recollection.

MR. MIGGS. Ah! You will be in haste, I expect, to visit Washington. Several thousand inventions there all in one room; and they come in so fast, that Congress is going to build an extra. The progress of the American people in the arts and sciences renders the present century the most extraordinary since the golden age of the Romans. I calculate I'm right in saying so, sir. (To the Rev. Monroe Stubbings, the naval, legal, commercial, military clergyman.)

REV. MONROE. Considerable. Hardware, crockery, and cotton, with all the other requirements of commercial barter, form a powerful influence on the money means of improvement; but we must never forget that we owe everything under heaven to the genius of our countrymen, particularly those of the eastern states; the true spirit of our institutions, both federal and local, and the glory of our naval and military establishments, which cause the American name to be respected and feared as the most powerful in the world wherever our flag is hoisted from the mizen-top.

COLONEL OTIS. You have obtained rank in the navy, sir, I expect?

REV. MONROE. Yes, sir; I was senior lieutenant of the corpse of

sharp-shooting midshipmen on board Uncle Sam's frigate Constitution, when a boy. But I have since been in the military; the Bunker's Hill dragoons, a very fine volunteer company,—uniform, grey, turned up with green. I was captain one year, but they outvoted me the next because I went the whole anti-Jackson ticket. There were only two bankites* besides myself in the regiment—sixty-five strong; all the rest were democratic Whigs.

COL. OTIS. I hold with them, sir. I am Jackson every possible way, and never shall be slow in showing it. My motto is, "Jackson, Van Buren, and remember New Orleans." Old Hickory† for ever, and may aristocracy be drummed out of the country, the band playing Yankee Doodle backwards, the last note first, to show that the true lovers of republicanism are determined to enjoy the institutions of this country any way they like best, first or last, free and equal. *That is my opinion, sir; but no offence to your clerical character. I'm a true-born American, I am; that's a fact. Feel it all over me, waking or sleeping.—Will, you have run away with my cheese-plate, you nigger.*

REV. MONROE. My profession, sir, teaches me never to be offended, and I hold politics to be only of second-rate interest; but yet I feel bound by every tie to carry the bank through, and uphold the internal improvements.‡

COL. OTIS. Aristocracy and tyranny! I go entirely with the anti-internal improvement. Downright robbery! What would the original federalists have thought of this internal improvement vote? And where will the pay for the pews be, if the currency is not made right slick and fair?

VAN DICKERBOTHAM. De currency iz not so goot as may be: dat's a fac'. Currency in Inkland goot; cos vy? Inkland ritch and uphold credit, put down de banks vot hov no capitol. No bank issue nots onder vive ponds, vive and twendy dullars. Vot's a fac' here? Ve issue von dullar nots ven ve a'nt vorth vive zents. Ve svindles 'em vot takes 'em, and Inkland stops de svindle. I loze dree dousand ponds in Inkland. Vot of dat? I lose it vidout svindle. I loze dree dousand dullars in dis New Yark vid svindle. Dey comb to me and zay, I hov von dousand acres in de vest vor vive hundred dullars. I buy 'em vair and get svindle, cos the hingsins vont clar out of de acres.

COL. OTIS. We will exterminate the In-dines, sir, shortly.—A notion of melon before it is gone, if you please.—The military, or, if not, the regulars, will exterminate, I calculate, or I know nothing of my profession.

REV. MONROE. It is a pity they cannot be converted.

MR. MIGGS. Well, sir, (to the Englishman,) how do our Yankee dinners agree with you? Have you progressed in the melons yet? I have often expected to hear of their being taken over to England.

* Partisans of the United States bank, or "Monster."

† General Jackson.

‡ On the subject of internal improvements, a great question is raised in the States, one party being in favour of carrying on improvements by means of state loans and general taxation, the other party opposing this plan, on the ground of its producing state patronage and loan-mongering in the paper currency. And, as much of the real capital invested in the state loans is raised in England, some go so far as to call the "internal improvement vote" *treason*, "selling the country to foreigners," &c.

ENGLISHMAN. We have melons there.

MR. MIGGS. Possible! Cobbett took over corn, but I never heard of our melons being tried there. Major Noah should have written on that subject in his "Evening Star." But perhaps the fact was never properly reported. There seems to be a great fault in your newspapers, particularly the London ones. They don't enlarge upon internal improvements as ours do.

COL. OTIS. Quite right. They are the destruction of any constitution.

MR. MIGGS. Would it not be a good spec for one of our editors to go out to England, and establish a newspaper in London on the American plan? Though I expect there would be a great national prejudice against him.

ENGLISHMAN. Allow me to say that the English are nearly free from national prejudice; and with respect to Americans, the English certainly have no prejudice against *them*.

REV. MONROE. Then, sir, I will ask how came Mrs. Trollope's book on the United States to be believed in England? Had Captain Hall Basil, or Basil Hall, no national prejudice? Can we imagine people writing such libels who have no national prejudice?

COL. OTIS. As to Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope, there is no doubt, I expect, that they were paid by the House of Lords for writing what they did. Mere spies, sir, sent over here on purpose to write against our freedom and independence. There an't six words in either of their books downright true, and most of the remarks is considerable ungrammarlike and slick nonsense. We've done all we can to make friends with the British since last war; but it's of no use, no ways. New Orleans battle chokes 'em, and they can't see straight when they think of it. Do you recollect, sir, when the news arrived in England? Is it true they took down all the church bells that they toll on celebration days, when they heard of it? It must have been a powerful thunder-clap, I guess.

MR. MIGGS. That's a fact. Awful!

ENGLISHMAN. I never heard of their taking any bells down. They pealed merrily after the battle of Waterloo.

REV. MONROE. Ah! that was a wonderful interposition in favour of the British. Their allies prevented their total destruction just in time.

MR. MIGGS. You may say *that*.

COL. OTIS. Considerable smart. But look what a host they had to back them; all the finest military in Europe,—except the French. And then their numbers being double the French.

ENGLISHMAN. Not quite, colonel.

COL. OTIS. Sufficiently near to swear to it, sir, I guess.

ENGLISHMAN. Ha! ha! Well!

COL. OTIS. You may laugh, sir, but there's no mistake. We are unprejudiced in favour either of the French or British, and we compare the accounts given by both parties, which convinces us that the French account must be correct. For my own part, if I have a preference for Europeans, it is in favour of the British, particularly the Welsh, or ancient British. But at the same time I think they boast a leetle too much, and are a very prejudiced, ignorant set of people, compared with more polished nations.

MR. MIGGS. What! Are you going, sir? You can't get rid of the

John Bull feeling yet, I expect. But you have not been here long enough to compare *us* with the British. In a month or two—

ENGLISHMAN. Gentlemen, I have been long enough in America to see that it is a great pity the Americans, in reflecting on their European origin, do not understand that their greatest pride should be to boast that they are an English race, being under a different climate to their European forefathers, with a government of their own choice, but copied from the government their forefathers chose; and that while free and independent as a nation, they are bound by the most enduring ties,—the ties of religion, laws, and language,—to the English. When the Americans really forget to respect, and do not, as at present, merely *pretend* to have a disrespect for Great Britain, they must previously have lost all respect for themselves. It is impossible for either to be at a great premium while the other is at a discount.

* * * * *

The persons introduced in the following dialogue are the inmates of Mr. Timothy Tibb's roadside tavern and village boarding-house—a smart Connecticut, quiet and religious; a “sling” drinking, bullying braggadocia from the “old dominion”—(Virginia or Kentucky;)—an Irishman, very fond of the Mouangahela whisky-bottle; a broken-down Englishman who had emigrated to Canada, and was now engaged in obtaining partners and a charter for establishing a bank and the creation of paper dollars; and a mad Englishman, who believed that Napoleon and Washington had left him pensions, the payment of which he could not obtain either from Andrew Jackson, the anti-democratic Whig, anti-bankite, anti-internal improvement general, and Federal President; or from Nicholas Biddle, the aristocratic Tory, democratic Whig, internal improvement president of the “Monster,” or U. S. Bank.

OLD KENTUCK. I like to commence the evening in a lively manner. Major, let me have a leetle sling, but make it strong as thunder, and tarnation sweet. I have a mighty particular tooth, *I* have. All of us are very niceish in the old dominion. (*Sings.*)

In old Kentuck, in the afternoon,
We sweep the kitchen with a bran-new broom,
And after that we form a ring,
And this is the tune we always sing.
Toodle, toodle,
Old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tire!

CONNECTICUT. Really we have that song every night. I'm quite tired of it.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. It's a good tune on the light. It contains Proxy's converse with the folks, and none of the bucket and belt operation, for which I claim two dollars a minute.

CONNECTICUT. What curious phrases some of you Englishers have, I guess. We should not understand you in New England, I expect.

SPECULATOR. Nor in Old England either. Mr. Coleby Cobb speaks after a fashion of his own.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Yes, on the light. But you want to know, perhaps, what the bucket and belt operation means. I'll tell you. After I had tried all means to recover the five millions left me by

Napoleon and George Washington, I went before one of the rascally squires* in New York, who, after hearing Proxy's converse in Equity's order on the light, ordered some of his people to put a belt round me and tie me to the wall. There they left me to howl to the grimy bricks and speared windows; and some niggers in the cock-loft, seeing I could not move, poured twenty or thirty buckets of the North River on me, pretending that their feet slipped, and they could not help it, though I saw them all the time taking aim.

CONNECTICUT. Kind of Bedlam! Were you there long or short, neighbour?

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Centuries, sir! The cruel hounds! To frighten me out of asking for my own, my ten millions!

CONNECTICUT. You said *five* millions.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. No, sir; ten or fifteen millions, as declared by Proxy's converse with the folks, in Equity's order, on the light.

CONNECTICUT. I guess that 's a curious phrase of yours—Proxy's converse with the folks! Who is Proxy?

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Do you see that looking-glass? That is a proxy. Suppose I have a serpent winding round me, or a monkey on my back, grinning and biting: if I go to the proxy I see what's the matter. Then I hold converse with the Proxy in Equity's order, because the perfect proxy never speaks but the truth. When they kept me belted in Golgotha every morning, before the sun was up, they let in upon me a score or two of boa constrictors, monsters with talons, and a hundred biting monkeys and hedgehogs.

OLD KENTUCK. That was considerable smart on the whole hog principle.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. For this infernal treatment, sir, I claim two dollars a minute, though Proxy says if I claim fifty dollars a minute it is not too much, on the light.

OLD KENTUCK. I can't see this new light at all. Take some Monongahela, and set your wits in order. (*Sings.*)

A jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
He look'd at me, and I wink'd at him;
I took up a stone, and I hit him on the shin;
Says he, don't you do that *agin*.
Toodle, toodle,
Old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tire!

IRISHMAN. Be the powers, but that ould Virginy, with his cock eye, must be a quare man never to tire.

CONNECTICUT. *I'm* quite tired of the song. It's only fit for a nigger to sing. If we are to have singing, let us have "Major Silas Sloane's hymns of Joy," or the "*Indine* preacher."

OLD KENTUCK. Major Silas didn't live in the South, where the sun is hot, and where music and poetry come natural. "Old Virginy" is the finest song on the 'tarnal. Yankee doodle ought not to be played on the same drum. I should like to see the man (that wasn't a friend) dare to say it isn't a good tune: he should crawl out of the house like a 'coon. The ladies in the old dominion sing it morning, noon, and night. Who dare say my sister ever sang a tune that isn't first-rate, and no mistake? Show me the man. I'll make him eat fire, swallow a knife, or jump the Delaware, no ways

* Police Magistrates.

slow. I'm full of the spirit of '76, and a true-born American. My father killed three-and-twenty Englishers with his own rifle, and I was born soon after. I'm full of gunpowder, I am. Major, some sling. I can drink till the world gets too old to move. While another man rows up Salt River, I'm only putting the fire out in the forest.*

(Sings) Yankee doodle, doodle dandy,
 Corn stalks, rum and gin sling handy,
 An *Indine* pudding, and a green peach pie—
 O laws! how we made the British fly!

CONNECTICUT. Pray, let us have some conversation respecting the Old World. This gentleman will favour us with some information, I expect. Pray, sir, what do you calculate the Duke of Wellington's income at?

SPECULATOR. I cannot say for certain; but it may be two hundred thousand dollars per annum. But some of our noblemen are much richer: some of them have from three to five thousand dollars a-day, or twice as much as the salary allowed the King.

CONNECTICUT. What do you mean by the salary allowed the King? He takes as much money as he pleases, I guess.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Equity's principle of justice!

SPECULATOR. Oh no! he is paid quarterly, like any other great officer of state! independently of having a life-interest in three national palaces, in which he resides, receives company, or transacts the formal business of state, as the master of the national ceremonies.

CONNECTICUT. Why, you don't mean to say the King is of any use?

SPECULATOR. Yes, assuredly; and respected much more by his fellow-countrymen than any of your presidents have been, not excepting Washington. Your presidents are only chosen by a *majority* of the people, and there is therefore always a *minority* averse from the person, politics, and conduct of the executive, which in some instances, as at present in the instance of Jackson, does not attempt to disguise its hatred of the man so elevated. The almost unanimous wish of the people of England is, that they may not be troubled to choose their chief magistrate as the Americans are troubled.

OLD KENTUCK. Ah! we expect the British would not be capable of living under free institutions.

CONNECTICUT. London must be a wonderful place. Do give us some account of it. I expect it is a size or two larger than New York.

SPECULATOR. Imagine New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Washington placed together, and you may then conceive a place about *half* the size of London. Add fifty buildings as grand as the City Hall, New York, twenty as large as the Capitol at Washington, one hundred like the State House, Philadelphia,—imagine fifty streets as handsome as Broadway or Market Street, some with five hundred carriages in them at a time,—imagine twenty palaces, each large enough to accommodate a thousand

* *Rowing up Salt River* is a slang term for getting intoxicated; and *putting the fire out in the forest* signifies quenching the thirst, or internal fire, caused by previous sling drinking.

people, some of these palaces occupied by royalty, some by nobility, and two by the worn-out veterans of the army and navy,—conceive five bridges, each of which cost from three to five millions of dollars, and two cathedrals, which, with the public monuments in them, have cost more than would suffice to rebuild the “monumental city,” Baltimore,*—conceive that in some of the streets there are more valuable paintings and sculpture than could be found in the entire American continent,—think of the docks, and the river literally covered for twenty miles with shipping, the sight of which would be enough, if it could be seen at a single glance, to make a New Yorker's hair stand on end.

CONNECTICUT. Possible! But tell me something respecting the King and the Duke of Wellington.

SPECULATOR. The Duke of Wellington, sir, lives in a comparatively poor style. He keeps only twenty footmen, and his house is only a small stone building with a hundred windows.

CONNECTICUT. A poor style! That beats all natur! But the King—

SPECULATOR. The King, sir, is only a private gentleman, except when he appears in state. He then rides in a carriage nearly as handsome as the carriage of the Lord Mayor of London. It is carved and gilded, and is drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, each worth two thousand dollars, and is accompanied by his suite in ten carriages, with six horses each, worth together a hundred thousand dollars, and is preceded and followed by life-guards in steel armour with gold ornaments; and by beefeaters.

OLD KENTUCK. Go a-head, Uncle Sam! Beefeaters, I guess, then, are scarce in England, and are only to be seen on extraordinary occasions.

SPECULATOR. The King's presence is proclaimed by the clangour of silver trumpets and the discharge of artillery; and his regal crown is worth as much as the Capitol at Washington.

CONNECTICUT. This must be very imposing.

OLD KENTUCK. Dead swindling you mean.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Equity's order, on the light!

SPECULATOR. Very imposing, indeed, sir, to a simple republican people like the English. But it is found necessary in distant parts of the empire to surround the representative of the sovereign with much greater splendour. In India, where there are one hundred and twenty millions of British subjects, the governor-general exhibits the majesty of his authority in a more glaring and costly manner. When on a progress through the country, he rides on an elephant caparisoned with gold and jewels, and is accompanied by tributary rajahs mounted on elephants, camels, and Arabian horses, heading armies, and followed by Circassian beauties in moving pagodas, loaded with treasures purposely exhibited to dazzle the beholders!

CONNECTICUT. Well, I expect the British are an extraordinary people! Strange we should have beaten them so easily! We took them all ways; by sea and land—

MAD ENGLISHMAN. On the light!

SPECULATOR. Indeed!

CONNECTICUT. We Yankees—

* So called from the circumstance of possessing a monument to Washington.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Proxy's converse with the folks!

SPECULATOR. Evidently!

CONNECTICUT. Republican courage—

SPECULATOR. Certainly!

CONNECTICUT. Beat the British—

SPECULATOR. Exactly!

OLD KENTUCK. Yes, with the help of the Kentuck and Virginy volunteers. We are the critturs, the real ky-an alligator breed, strong as a steam-en-jine, and nothing but iron right up and down. Major, a sling. We can swim harder, dive deeper, run faster, gun surer, cut slicker, fight, gouge, and drink better than all the world. There is no mistake in us, there isn't. Our blood is purple, full of gunpowder, and stronger than brandy; the entire whole of the tarnal earth can't go a-head of us at anything. Talk to us of the British!—pshaw!

(Sings) A bull-frog, dressed in soldier's clothes,
I took up a knife, and I hit him on the nose,
I made his nose look rather flat,
And Bull, says I, how like you that?
Toodle, toodle,
Old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tire.

THREE WEEKS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh! ask me not which is the light I prize
In the changeable round of the playful skies;—
I care for no light but the light of *your* eyes—
So turn it sweetly on me,
Fanny!
Turn it sweetly on me!

Oh! ask me not which is the flower I seek
As I roam through the woodland from week to week:—
I care for no flower but the rose of *your* cheek—
So turn it softly to me,
Fanny!
Turn it softly to me!

Oh! ask me not which is my fondest choice
'Mid the sounds that the fancy can most rejoice:—
I care for no sound but the sound of *your* voice—
So breathe it gently to me,
Fanny!
Breathe it gently to me!

Oh! ask me not what in this world of strife
Would be the excess of all joy:—my life!
'Twould be a kind, modest, and lovely wife—
So be that dear thing to me,
Fanny!
Be that dear thing to me!

J. A. WADE.

THE CLAQUEUR SYSTEM.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

WITHOUT entering into any speculations as to the causes of the decline of the stage, we may safely set down the increasing prevalence of the *Claqueur* system as one of them; and the check which it has received from Mr. Macready, in his high-minded management of Covent Garden, is not one of the smallest benefits which that gentleman is conferring on the drama.

The practice of supporting dramatic pieces by the plaudits of persons hired for that purpose, appears to be in a great measure of modern date. It is not to be supposed that there ever was a time when the applauses or the hisses of theatres, were altogether unbiassed and disinterested. Dramatic authors have always had their friends as well as enemies; and we see from the history of the stage in all countries that both friends and enemies have chosen the theatre for the display of their kindness or hostility. Friends of the author have mustered to support his play, and enemies to damn it; and violent collisions have sometimes arisen between the contending parties. But such scenes in former days were only occasional, wholly unconnected with the management of theatres, and no part of a system which now threatens the very extinction of dramatic criticism.*

It was by a band of claqueurs that *She Stoops to Conquer* was supported on the first night of its performance. There was a strong prejudice against this charming comedy before it came out. Colman, as manager, at first refused to receive it; and many of Goldsmith's friends gave their verdict against it, so much were they startled by its apparent eccentricity and extravagance. Johnson, however, stood forth as the champion of the piece; and, being then in the height of his literary power, insisted on its having a fair trial. He overruled almost by main force the scruples of Colman; and *She Stoops to Conquer* was at length brought out at Covent Garden, and supported by a body of *volunteer* claqueurs, under the command of the veteran, Johnson. Cumberland's account of this memorable evening† is exceedingly graphic.

"We were not," he says in his *Memoirs*, "over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author. We accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakspeare Tavern, in a considerable body, for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps. The poet took post silently by his side, with the Burkes,

* It may be observed, however, that something resembling the modern claqueur system seems to have existed in the most corrupt period of Roman manners. Plautus tell us that in his time people were stationed in the theatre to applaud bad actors. He attacks this abuse in the prologue to one of his comedies, and makes Mercury, by order of Jupiter, prohibit so shameful a manœuvre. Actors, he says, ought, like other eminent men, to triumph through their own merit, and not by the influence of cabal and intrigue;—

"Eadem histrioni sit lex, quæ summo viro:
Virtute ambire oportet, non favoribus."

† The 15th of March, 1773.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious friend was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty; and though we had a better comedy going on, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon, in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had among us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by Nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in the front row of a side-box, and when he laughed, everybody thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time, my friend Drummond followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author. But, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal, where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost everything that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more mal-a-propos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

It was thus that one of the most delightful of our comedies was saved from precipitate condemnation, and preserved to the stage, by the preconcerted applauses of a party of the author's friends. But it was because there was real merit in the piece that this support was effectual. Every observer of human nature has remarked the excitability of a multitude, and the effect of the slightest spark thrown among them in producing an explosion of feeling. The Athenian orator "wielded at will the fierce democracy," because they were exposed in great and compact masses to the electrical shock of his "resistless eloquence." The vehement exhortations,—the ardent appeals,—which kindled into enthusiasm the whole multitude, would have "slept in the dull ear" of perhaps every indivi-

dual present, had he been insulated from the general body. Even now we can witness the effects of the eloquence, such as it is, of the demagogues of the day, when addressed to assembled crowds. On such occasions it may be observed that the amount of popular excitement is in the direct ratio of the numbers present; and the contagious character of the influence exerted is evinced by the fact that it operates pretty strongly even on those who are out of earshot of the orator. But, in order that eloquence, or any other power, may act thus strongly upon a multitude, there must be, in every separate individual, a *tendency* to be acted upon by it. No number of minds could be roused by mutual sympathy to violent excitement, if the stimulus applied to the whole was not calculated to produce *some* effect (however feeble) on every mind, taken singly. The mutual sympathy pervading a numerous assemblage will heighten what, in the breast of a single person, would be a mere opinion or sentiment, into a strong emotion, — will raise simple approbation into enthusiasm, or inflame simple disapproval into fierce animosity; but such emotions will not be excited by this cause unless the opinion or sentiment on which they are founded already in some degree exists. Even in a multitude, however, this mutual sympathy may remain dormant for a time. Every individual in a crowd may feel as calmly and coldly as when alone, so long as everybody listens in silence, and keeps his feelings to himself; but the first expression of feeling, however slight and partial, originates a movement which spreads and augments till the growing fermentation pervades the whole mass.

There is no place in which these phenomena are more apparent than in a crowded theatre. Merits, or defects, which, in any individual of the audience, would excite moderate satisfaction or disapprobation, frequently through the action of mutual sympathy, awakened by some slight and partial expression, become the objects of rapturous applause or violent condemnation. In the case of *She Stoops to Conquer*, the audience could not be insensible to the admirable humour of the characters, and the exquisite drollery of the scene; but neither could they be insensible to the extravagance of the plot, and the improbability—nay, impossibility—of some of the most prominent incidents: and this conflict of opposite impressions, however critically just, might have really done lamentable injustice to the comedy, had it not been for the skilful applause and laughter of Dr. Johnson and his troops, which, because it was skilful and well-applied, carried with it the applause and laughter of the whole audience. It is easy to imagine that a party of enemies similarly organised, and hooting, with equal tact, the faulty passages of the play, would, with the same audience, have produced its total damnation.

A curious illustration of the susceptibility of audiences to the influence of example, is afforded by the celebrated *Trunkmaker* of Queen Anne's time, who regulated the applauses of the theatre by the blows of his cudgel. Addison bestows an amusing paper in the *Spectator* on this remarkable personage. He frequented the upper gallery, and, when he was pleased with anything that was acted upon the stage, expressed his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which could be heard over the whole theatre, and became at length a signal, rarely disobeyed, for

the applause of the house. "The trunkmaker," says Addison, "is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant, with great attention to everything which passes on the stage. He is never seen to smile; but, upon hearing anything that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it on the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence; after which he composes himself in his former posture till such time as something new sets him again at work. It has been observed his blow is so well-timed that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed by the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him he smites a second time; and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause, ratifies it with a single thwack. He is of so great use to the playhouse, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered: but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend, the Trunkmaker."

Addison bears testimony to the usefulness of this manual critic: "It is certain," he says, "that the Trunkmaker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of." And he concludes his paper with a playful proposal that the Trunkmaker's office should be rendered perpetual at the public expense: "and, to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and could not upon occasion either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's art of poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the Trunkmaker may not be missed by our posterity."

This susceptibility of people in a crowd to yield to impulses which would have no effect on any individual taken singly, though it may be attended with good consequences, yet is exceedingly liable to abuses; and one of these is the system of mercenary applause, which has become the prevailing nuisance of theatres. It has long existed in France, from whence we have imported it; but, bad as it is with us, we have no notion of the height to which it is carried by the Parisians,—a height which is one among many proofs that we are still behind our neighbours on the other side of the Channel in "the high civilization" of modern society.

Without endeavouring to trace the steps by which the claqueur system in France has risen to its present high and palmy state, we shall mention a few particulars which will show what that state actually is.

It is not enough to say that this kind of support is invariably resorted to when a new piece, a new actor, or a new singer, appears

at any of the theatres of Paris: this is very much the case among ourselves. But the system has acquired a degree of organization, and is conducted with a business-like regularity and method, as yet unknown in London. "*La Claque*," as it is called, is a separate estate in the theatrical kingdom, more powerful than the press, or even than the public.

The Parisian claqueurs are a body as regularly organised as the police. They are under the control of a Director-General, who has an office called the "*Bureau de la Claque*," the business of which is carried on by an establishment consisting of a deputy-director and clerks. The managers of the theatres have treaties of alliance with the potentate of the *Claque*; and hardly an author dares to bring forward a new piece, nor does an actor venture to hazard a debut, without purchasing his assistance. If the dramatist or performer is so ill-advised as to trust to his own merit and the unbiassed judgment of the public, he is sure to rue his indiscretion, for he never fails to find himself exposed to a hostility so inveterate that hardly any degree of merit is able to resist its influence. The tribute exacted by the "*Directeur-General de la Claque*" is something like the *Black Mail* demanded of old by a freebooting Highland Chieftain from his Lowland neighbours. If they paid it, he not only respected their property himself, but protected it from the depredations of others; but any resistance to the exaction was sure to be followed by some notable disaster.

The *Directeur-General* is a personage of dignity and importance. If an author presents himself at the bureau, and announces that his business relates to a tragedy at the *Théâtre Français*, or a grand opera at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, the great man himself vouchsafes an audience. The author of a comedy is admitted to the presence of the sub-director; but writers of vaudevilles, melodramas, and farces, are turned over to a clerk. The same etiquette regulates the intercourse of the bureau with the different classes of performers. The author or actor bargains for the attendance of so many claqueurs at the general rate of a franc and a half a-head, of which a franc goes to the claqueur, and the remainder to the establishment. The passages to be applauded are marked on a copy of the piece, and the transaction is regularly entered in the register of the bureau. In the afternoon the claqueurs muster at the bureau, where they receive their instructions, and their admissions to the different theatres, to which they march off in detachments. They are tall, broad-shouldered fellows with brazen lungs, and heavy hands; and most of them have acquired the accomplishment of whistling with piercing shrillness through their fingers. On their arrival at the theatre they find their officers, by whom they are marshalled and distributed in different parts of the house. Their principal place is the centre of the pit, under the chandelier, whence they are called "*Chevaliers du Lustre*." From the courage which it is often necessary for them to exhibit in the performance of their functions, they have also acquired the *sobriquet* of "*Romains*," or *Romans*, by which they are very generally known, and alluded to in the light French literature of the day.

As to the managers of the theatres, they have been in the habit of entering into permanent contracts with the *Bureau de la Claque*, by which, for certain considerations, the *Bureau* undertook a general

guarantee of the success of the performances. The validity of one of these contracts, a few weeks ago, became the subject of a trial before one of the principal courts of justice, (the *Tribunal de premiere instance de la Seine*,) the proceedings in which, as fully reported in the Paris law-journals, throw a curious light on this subject.

The success of the claqueur system appears to have extended its operation, and given rise to several rival establishments of the nature already described. In the year 1836, M. Mennequier, the directeur of one of them, entered into a treaty, or contract, with M. de Cès-Caupenne, the manager of the Ambigu-Comique, by which the manager conceded to Mennequier, who is designated as an "Entrepreneur de succès dramatiques," the exclusive privilege of insuring the "succès dramatiques" at the Ambigu-Comique, on the condition of his supporting and applauding *all* the pieces represented at that theatre during the period of the contract, which was to be from the 1st of November 1836 to the 1st of April 1845. Mennequier was bound to pay the manager annually the sum of five thousand francs, and, on the other hand, he was to have a right every evening to thirty-five pit-places, (fifteen of which were to be used by the claqueurs,) six places in the boxes, and two in the second gallery, and he was authorized to turn the admissions thus placed at his disposal to the best possible account.

M. de Cès-Caupenne turned the theatre of the Ambigu-Comique into a joint-stock company, into which he transferred all the contracts and engagements entered into by himself. He continued for some time in the management of this new concern, but was afterwards obliged to retire from it, and was succeeded by Messrs. Common and Cournot.

The first piece brought out by the new managers was *Caspar Hauser*, the success of which, by the assistance of M. Mennequier, was remarkable. Things went on smoothly for a while; but some rival *Directeur de la Claque* offered to "undertake the success" of this theatre on lower terms, and the managers sought a pretext for getting rid of the contract with Mennequier. "Where there is a will there is a way," it is said; and a pretext was not long wanting. On the 30th of June last a new piece was brought out, called *Raphael, ou Les Mauvais Conseils*, the joint production of the two managers. Mennequier, having occasion to be absent from the first representation, mentioned this to the managers the day before, and obtained leave to send his son in his stead, at the head of his forces. The success of the piece was incomplete; and its partial failure being ascribed by the angry authors to the bad generalship of young Mennequier, his father immediately received his dismissal, couched in the following curious epistle:—

"The *service* of *Caspar Hauser* was very ill conducted on your part, and we were obliged to obtain support for it from two different quarters. We took no other step, however, than merely communicating to you the subjects of complaint we had against you. *Raphael* being about to be produced, we wished to see how you would conduct yourself in regard to it; and it was with no small surprise that we found you had gone out of town, abandoning the *service* to an inexperienced boy. Before the performance, we sent for the

young man who, as we understood, was to be your substitute, and pointed out to him the course he was to pursue, especially forbidding him to make use of loud applause. He did precisely what was prohibited, and so scandalised the public as to produce a quantity of hisses, which marred what would otherwise have been a brilliant success. Authors consequently have complained to us that they dare no longer confide their pieces to our theatre. The performers have been equally loud in their complaints; and their dissatisfaction, joined to our own, has induced us to adopt the resolution of no longer intrusting to you, after to-morrow, the *service* of the theatre."

Mennecier, not choosing to submit to this summary dismissal, brought an action for fulfilment of his contract, and the cause was tried on the 30th of August.

The plaintiff's counsel, after maintaining that the contract, originally made with a former manager of the theatre, was binding on his successors, proceeded to vindicate the conduct of his client. Mennecier, he said, had for twenty years exercised the profession of *chef de claue*, and during his long career had obtained the most honourable testimonials of satisfaction from authors and managers. Among these was the following attestation from the former manager, M. de Cès-Caupenne:—

"I hereby certify that for these six years past, under my management at the *Ambigu*, and also for several months at the *Gaité*, M. Mennecier has performed the functions of conductor of the *claue*; and that during this period, the management, the authors, the performers, and the public have the highest reason to congratulate themselves on their relations with him, and on the regularity of his conduct on all occasions."

But this was not all. The approbation of the defendants themselves appeared from their correspondence with the plaintiff. In one note, M. Cormon wrote him thus:—"To insure the success of the piece, and satisfy you as much as possible, we shall let you have two pit places till its last representation; and I hope, on the other hand, that you will take good care of us." In another note he said, "I send you six places; you see that I always keep you in mind. Let us make a strong stand to-night." And in another, "My dear Mennecier, I am anxious that you should be satisfied with me; I send you four pit places for to-night. You see we take care of you; do you, in your turn, take care of the piece."

As to the imputation that Mennecier had absented himself without permission, and had devolved his duty upon an inexperienced boy, whose incapacity had compromised the success of *Raphael*, it was sufficient to say, that this brief substitution had been consented to by the managers; that this inexperienced boy was one-and-thirty, and was the son of Mennecier, who had spared no pains in his education, so that he might worthily inherit his father's reputation.

M. Cournol appeared to plead his own cause and that of his fellow-defendant, and gave a magnificent account of the important and responsible functions of a *claqueur*. The *claue*, he said, like other arts, has had its infancy. In its earlier period, applause was all that was required from a *claqueur*. In those days, large and sonorous

hands were all that was wanted ; but the public are not now to be taken in with clapping—they know too well where it comes from. We must now, therefore, have people who can not only clap their hands, but who can laugh, sob, and weep in the proper places, and whose gaiety and sensibility can excite the sympathetic feelings of the audience. They require to be carefully formed for the profession by education and discipline ; and the claqueurs have rehearsals as regularly as the actors. “ This, gentlemen,” said M. Cournol, “ is divulging the secrets of the green-room ; but I am constrained to do so, in order to make you comprehend why Mennecier, and people of his school, will not do for us. They have neither the will nor the ability to deviate from their old-fashioned routine ; but we must have persons capable of performing their duties with a degree of skill and refinement suited to the present wants of the stage.”

The court annulled the contract as being *contra bonos mores*. “ Seeing,” says the sentence, “ that such a contract is essentially based on falsehood and corruption ; that its object is the obligation to employ subordinate agents, who undertake for hire to make feigned manifestations and play concerted tricks to deceive the public, and that consequently it is derogatory to the principles and laws which relate to public morals ; seeing, moreover, that such agreements are contrary to public order, as these fictitious and purchased manifestations create disturbance in the theatres, and destroy freedom of judgment on the part of the public who pay ; for these reasons, the court declares the contract in question to be null, as being illicit,” &c.

This judgment, by defeating this impudent attempt to enforce by the authority of the law the fulfilment of one of these precious contracts, has of course put an end to permanent transactions of this nature. But it seems to have had little or no effect in abating the nuisance ; the claqueurs in the Parisian theatres are as industrious, as noisy, and as insufferable as ever. Opposite parties of them often come into collision, and a row is not unfrequently the consequence. Within these few weeks, a violent disturbance took place at the Grand Opera, occasioned by the great success which attended the appearance of Fanny Elssler in one of Taglioni's principal parts. The partisans of the latter divinity were alarmed at the prospect of her being superseded by her more youthful rival, who, on her next appearance, was hissed by a band of claqueurs in the Taglioni interest. This produced, on the following evening, a detachment of Elsslerites, and a regular battle was fought in the pit, commencing with hissing, hooting, clapping, and shouting, and ending with kicks and cuffs, amid the screams, oaths, execrations, and other mellifluous noises so abundantly used by French combatants. The fray was ended by the police, who carried off the ringleaders ; but not till the ladies had begun to make their escape out of the house, and the entertainment of the evening was effectually marred. The enjoyment of the audience at the same theatre has of late been repeatedly interrupted by squabbles between the hired supporters of Duprez, the admirable tenor-singer now the rage in Paris, and those of Nourrit, whose laurels have been somewhat withered by the success of his competitor. Even in the temple of the classical drama, the

Théâtre Français, similar collisions take place between the partisans of the still charming, though antiquated Thalia of the French stage, Mademoiselle Mars, and those of the young Melpomene, Mademoiselle Rachel. This actress, though a girl of seventeen, has burst upon the public in all the brightness of matured excellence, and has revived in their ancient splendour the long-forgotten masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Whenever she appears, the doors are besieged by enthusiastic crowds, while poor Mademoiselle Mars (for the Parisians will not worship more than one idol at a time) has been on alternate nights performing her most exquisite parts to empty benches. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The strange trial and the other circumstances we have mentioned, have of late drawn the attention of the Parisians to this gross nuisance; and public opinion, it is to be hoped, may have some influence in putting it down. *Le Temps*, a journal of distinguished ability and influence, speaking of the trial, makes the following remarks:—

“Here is a case in which a manager of a theatre publicly avows that it is customary for himself and his brethren to employ claqueurs, —to train his theatrical vermin, multiply them, and class them under different species;—that it is usual for them to attend rehearsals, and take notes of the places at which they are to laugh or cry, sob or clap their hands! We could not have conceived it possible that any one could have had the courage to proclaim his participation in such disgusting manœuvres. What are we henceforth to think of authors who have had recourse to this kind of support, and of theatrical managements which resort to it in the regular course of business? The judges and king’s counsel did not perceive or point out all the abominations of the *claque*. They did not know that these mercenary bands are accustomed to attack, insult, and beat the spectator who wishes to judge for himself; they did not know that every impartial spectator is actually in danger on the first night of a new piece; they did not know that there are bullies ready to fall upon any spectator who ventures to *disturb* the performance by a hiss, however well merited; they did not know that the assistance of the police has been procured to arrest the inmates of a box who chose to be of a different opinion from the claqueurs; they did not know that the *claque* is a traffic highly profitable to wealthy managers and authors, at the expense of the poor, the conscientious, and the public. Can we be any longer at a loss for the causes of the degradation of dramatic art, and the ruin of the stage?”

Another journal, *La Presse*, speaking of the feud between the partisans of the rival dancers, Taglioni and Elssler, enters upon a sarcastic vindication of the claqueurs against the attacks of its contemporaries.

“All these eloquent invectives,” it says, “against the ‘*Romains du lustre*’ seem to be unreasonable and unjust. There is nothing personally disagreeable in the claqueur, and he is serviceable to the public as well as to the theatre. He is a man of letters, quite *au fait* as to the taste of the day, and full of dramatic erudition. He knows the strong and the weak points of a piece; and though he never withholds from the *marked* passages the number of rounds of applause that have been bargained for, yet he can admire or disap-

prove for himself, and is by no means the dupe of the noise which, like other persons in higher stations, he himself contributes to make. If it is true that the stage *castigat ridendo mores*, nobody ought to have manners more chastened than the claqueur; for nobody frequents the theatres so assiduously as he does in the way of his business. If he sometimes protects mediocrity, he often supports originality and merit, decides the hesitating opinion of the public, and silences malignity and envy. He gives spirit and vivacity to representations which, without him, would be dull and cold; he gives courage to the young actress, trembling when she first appears before the public; his applauses are balm for the wounded self-love of an author, who, while they are music in his ears, easily forgets that he paid for them in the morning. In short, the claqueur is an accommodation furnished by the manager to the public, who are too fine and too fashionable to commit the vulgarism of clapping their own hands. The smallest gesture, the least symptom of feeling, being proscribed in good society, and everybody believing himself to be good society, the theatres, but for the enlivening sounds of the claqueurs, would be the abodes of silence as dismal and funereal as that which reigns in the catacombs of Egypt. If the claqueurs were suppressed, they would be loudly called for by the public before a week was over; and the proof of their being indispensable is, that we have always had them. *Le claqueur, n'est, du reste, qu'une nature admirative un peu exagérée.**

Such is the claqueur system in the French metropolis. Among ourselves it has not attained the matured state of organisation to which it has been brought by our neighbours. We are not aware of there as yet being in London a *bureau de la claque*, conducted with all the regularity of a public office, from which managers and authors can be provided with troops ready disciplined and trained for their purposes; yet every frequenter of our theatres knows that in all of them, save one, the nuisance is already great, daily increasing, and likely soon to become intolerable. A dramatic author will always have his friends, who will come to see his new play for the purpose of supporting it; and their endeavours can never do much harm, while they may really do some good. If they applaud through thick and thin, without judgment or discrimination, they will be treated by the audience as "babbling" hounds are treated by the rest of the pack; while, on the other hand, their previous knowledge of the play may enable them, if they have tact, to direct the attention of the audience to beauties which otherwise might have been overlooked. But this is a very different thing from a house packed by managerial effrontery full of hirelings, for the purpose of brow-beating the audience, and stifling by noise and clamour the voice of criticism. Such practices, in place of being, as at present, tamely acquiesced in, ought to be visited with the strongest manifestations of public displeasure.

* This very expressive phrase is quite untranslatable.

THE STAGE-COACHMAN ABROAD.

"——— Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

SHAKSPEARE.

WE were lately travelling from Cheltenham to town, and a change of position at Oxford placed us on the box beside the coachman whose task it was to pilot us from Alma Mater to the metropolis. Though a young man, he had all the distinctive signs of an experienced whip, and was in form and hue a perfect Jehu. Bulky in figure, rubicund in complexion, and knowing in physiognomy, he lacked no "complement externe" that Nature could bestow, and art had not been appealed to in vain. A green cut-away,—blue bird's-eye neckerchief,—spotted waistcoat, cord breeches, and boots with drab-cloth tops; a broad-brimmed white hat, a pink in his button-hole, and a thick gold ring on the little finger of his whip-hand, assimilated the outer with the inner man, and made all in perfect keeping. His "haviour" on the box was, in his own language, "*undeniable*." As soon as we were well clear of the city, and fairly started on the Henley road, we fell into conversation. The discourse, at first general, and chiefly allusive to "hosses" and the weather, shortly became quite confidential. We gradually fell into discourse on matters intimate, and we found that our friend had not limited his peregrinations to the space that lies between the Angel at Oxford and the Bell in Holborn. He had seen more of the world, and was willing to impart his knowledge. The first remark that bore upon the subject was a question which he put in a somewhat abrupt transition from the high price of corn, which he had just been lamenting.—"Are you fond of the sea, sir?"—"Why, yes," we answered, "in spite of having crossed the Atlantic some five or six times." "Ah," he replied, I've never been on *that 'ere* hocean; but I went across the sea too, last summer as ever wos;—Be quiet, will you? What is that mare about?"

Heedless of the interjection, we inquired on what occasion.

"Why, you see, sir, I'll tell you. I got tired last summer o' drivin' a hempty cutch up and down, and wanted to have a bit of a spurt, jest to make things a little lively. So says I to some friends of mine as drives on the Porchmouth and Suthanton roads, suppose we takes a start in the steamer, and goes to Hantwerp. You knows Hantwerp, I suppose, sir? Well, they was all agreeable, so off we trundled, first to Ramsgate, where we picked up a few more good'uns, and then off we sets. When we was aboard, them as warn't sick talked a good deal about what they meant to do and say, and was mighty strong with the French then; but I reckon it was a different thing when we got there; damme, if a man on'em could speak no more French than that 'ere near leader!"

"How many were there of you?"

"Why, eighteen on us."

"Any ladies of the party?"

"Never a one, sir; we was all gen.'I'm'n as drives,—some one road, some another. As it was a'most dark when we left Ramsgate, we wasn't long a-turnin' in; and when we got up in the mornin' quite

early, there we saw Hantwerp before us,—least ways the spire o' the cathedral, and we a-steamin' it up the Skilt, like a team of thorough-bred 'uns. We soon left Walkerin' behind us, and got alongside of them Dutch forts as protects the Polders,—I think they calls 'em; though what there is to protect I'm blessed if I could see; there warn't as much grass on 'em as ud feed a donkey,—let alone a good hoss. Hous'ever, it was a fine summer's mornin', and there we was safe enough in Hantwerp very little arter six o'clock. We hadn't much luggage; most on us had got wot we had tied up in a hankercher, or in our great coat pockets; so the Downers (as they calls their Custom-house officers, in consequence of their being down upon you so un-common quick) hadn't nothing to say to us, though the Johnny-darms did take us to be searched."

"Well, what was the first thing you did when you got ashore?"

Why, the steward o' the wessel had pinte out to us the street as we was to go down to get to the market-place where the hō-tel wos. He called it the Place Wert, or some such name, and said we'd better go to the Grand Lubberer. Thinks I, I wonder who he is, this 'ere Lubberer when he's at home. Hous'ever, off we sets, and sure enough we did get into the Place Wert. Now, Wert, they says, means green in the French; but we see nothin' green there but ourselves; for not speaking the langige, as I said, we didn't know which way to turn to go to this 'ere hō-tel. So there we was a-walkin' up and down, looking furst at the steeple and then at the barricaded winders, and then at the faces as peeped thro' 'em to look at us, until we was rayther tired and rayther peckish,—for we wanted to get some place where we could have our wittles dressed as we'd brought over."

"Brought over!—what, did you take provisions with you?"

"In course we did; we wasn't a-goin' to be sarved out with frogs and snails and sitch as that; no soup meagre for us, I promise you. We'd as prime a piece of roasting beef, about sixteen pound weight, as ever was seen on Mr. Giblett's counter, a leg of mutton for b'iling, and as pretty a hand of pork, with some greens and tatars, as ever you'd wish to partake. This, and a bit of double Gloster, and a few bottles of Guinness's stout, was all we brought with us, for we know'd that brandy and gin was to be had for the askin'——"

"Well, how did you manage?"

"Why, as I was a-sayin', we was a-gettin' tired o' dawdlin' about doin' nothin',—and wanted to ask our way if we could have seen anybody as could speak to be understood,—for I'm bless'd if we could make out one word as them Flemings said. As for *their* talk, it seemed for all the world like a pig tryin' to parly-voo. At last Jem Worrirt,—him as driv the Manchester Defiance, spy'd a gen'l'm'n a-comin', as he said he was sure was an Englishman and no mistake, for he'd got a hat on his head and no mous-tayshoes on his face; all them Belgians is whiskered up like so many wild cats, and wears foragin' caps and ribbons in their button-holes, 'specially ever since they ran away from the Dutch. So when he cum'd nigher we made him werry purlite bows all round, and Jem Worrirt, as see him fust, he was spokesman, and says he: 'We asks your pardon, sir, but are you an English gen'l'm'n?'—and so says he, 'Yes, I am; what do you want with me?'—'Why, sir,' says Jem,

'here we are, eighteen on us, as come by the steamer this mornin', and wants to know were our Hō-tel is,—the Grand Lubberer,—where we can get our wittles cooked,—for we can't speak a word o' this 'ere langige.' The gen'l'man larfed a little, and looked fust at one and then at another, and at last he says: 'Why, I don't think the Lubberer is quite the place for you to go to. You'd better by half go to one of the Cabberies down there by the Hō-tel de Wheel,—and you can have your things done all to yourselves without any trouble.' So, says I to Jem, 'I think we had better go to the Hō-tel de Wheel itself instead of a cab-house,—it's more respectable, 'specially in a foreign country,'—for you know, sir, we was all on us coachmen. Hows'ever, the gen'l'man explained that the Hō-tel de Wheel meant the Mansion-house, and the Cabberies was places where there was smokin' and drinkin', and such like, always a-goin' on; but whether for cabs or coaches it made no odds. So the gen'l'man he werry kindly walked afore us, and we foller'd him, two and two, across the Place Wert, past them toysthops as is dovetailed into the side of the cathedral. On the way the gen'l'man,—a werry nice man he *wos*,—name was Smith, sir,—Smith of the Borough, p'raps you knows him,—he p'inted out to us a iron pump as was built by a blacksmith named Squintin' Bat'seyes,* as afterwards became a great painter, cos he fell in love with a gal who wouldn't have him as a blacksmith at any price,—so the gen'l'man told us, and I suppose he knew. Did you ever hear tell on it, sir?"

"Oh, yes,—you haven't got his name quite right, or the story either; but the place is very well known. Go on."

"Well, hows'ever the story may be, there we *wos*, and there we see the pump; and a little way further on, across a sort of a market, the gen'l'man lie stops *opposite* a house with the sign of a Bull's-head over the door, carved in wood, with a pair of horns as long as my arm. Underneath this head was a board and a writin' to say, 'Oh, grand Buff!—here you may lodge on horseback or a-foot!'—so Mr. Smith translated it to us; and then something in Dutch about drinkin' and good beer and brandy, and a bit of a paintin' of a bottle of stout going off into two glasses like a jet-dō, as the French call it. We liked the look of this 'ere place, and as soon as Mr. Smith had parlywood with a man in a red nightcap as stood at the door as smokin' his pipe,—he told us it was all right, so in we toddled,—and set down at a long table and called for a glass of brandy and water a-piece, j'est to wash the dust out of our throats. As soon as we'd made ourselves all straight, and took a mouthful o' bread and cheese, Mr. Smith said he must be goin', and promised to send us a Commissione, or Lackey de Place, to act as our interpreter and show us all over the town. So presently in comes a chap with a hairy cap on as wolunteered his sarvices, and glad enough we *wos* to have him. He called himself Jack† somethin', and offered to pilot the whole lot on us for a frong a head and his wittles. The fust thing we set him to, was to order our dinner to be got ready at one o'clock *pre-cisely*, and then off we set to see the lions."

"And were you much entertained?"

"You shall hear, sir. Fust aud foremost we went into the cathedral; it was what they called a Fate-day,—a sort of red-letter-day,

* Query,—Quintin Matsys.

† Probably Jaques.

you know,—and there we see the Wirgin Mary, in a gold petticoat; bein' carried up the hill under a canopy, and the priests a-ringin' o' bells, and little boys in long pinafores swingin' their senses about,—and then down they all drops on their knees, and one of the priests, in a long black sugarloaf cap, says somethin' in French about 'cock-alorum,' and up they all gets again and begins a-singin' and chantin' with all their might, and the orgin' a-playin' most uncommon loud. Jack whispered to us that this was a high mass in honour of the Wirgin, whose birth-day they was a-keepin'. Well, we waited till it was all over, and then we walked round the buildin' to look at the pictures,—and oncommon fine they wos,—leastways I never seed sich a hoss as was painted there,—and Long Joe, as drives the Norwich Union, he said the same, and there isn't a better judge of a hoss nowheres than Long Joe. Jack told us it was painted by Mr. Roobins, as wos werry famous for hannimals. As soon as we'd done with the inside of the cathedral we went out at the door at the foot of the tower where Squintin' Bat'seyes is berried, and there we see a sort of a toll-keeper, and we giv' him a mutter o' three or four frogs to show us up the tower. Well, up we goes, and a tremendous lot of steps we mounted. Two or three of our companions, as wos rayther touched in the wind, they cried off at the fust landin'-place, but the most of us held on till we got to the top, and a most onaccountable fine view we had. There wos Lillyhock* and Larfinstock, them two forts opposite each other on the Skilt, lying jest beneath us, and there was the river a-runnin' away all down to Flushing, like a bright yaller ribbin a-shinin' in the sun; and beyond that was the sea and the ships on it, as plain as we see them 'ere crows in that field. Then o' the other side was the rail-road to Brussels, and the spires of the cathedrals of Maylines and Gong, and I don't know how many places, all spread out beneath like a pocket'ankechar. It wos most surprisin' fine,—and bless'd if ever I see sich a lot of jackdors as there wos congregated at the top of the tower, and sich a wind a-blowin',—fit to blow your eyes right out of your head. Well, we wosn't werry sorry when we found ourselves at the bottom ag'in, though we had a precious larf at them as stopped in the belfry, for while they wos there, wot should begin to play up but the chimes,—the carrylong as they calls it,—and bless'd if it didn't stun 'em all pretty nigh deaf. They thought the tower was a-comin' down, and we heard 'em a-holloring louder than the bells, though onaccountable loud they said they wos."

"What place did you go to next?"

"Why, ever sich a lot more churches,—some bigger and some littler than others, but all on 'em chock full o' picters. I think there must be as many churches in Hantwerp as there is colleges in Oxford;—can't say, hows'ever, that I remember their names, seeing 'em, you know, for the first and last time, as I may say. But the rummest sight of all was the church of Saint Jack,† with a himitation of Jeroos'lem in the berryin'-ground outside. They calls it a Calv'ry, and I never see nothin' like it in *my* life. There wos rocks and mount'ins and stattoos and painted figgers,—and all the 'Postles and Moses, and ev'ry thing as ever you hear tell on. And at the end o'

* Lilienhock and Liefenshock.

† St. Jaques.

this 'ere place, p'raps you'll hardly believe wot I'm a-goin' to tell you if you hav'n't seen it,—there's a sort of a cave with what they call a grill, and a precious kind of a grill here is a-goin' on inside. Why, sir, there's the iron bars as you pokes your head through, and what do you think you sees?—Why, ever so many naked people a-burnin', all cut out of wood and painted like human creeturs all a-blazin'; the most profanest, impious thing as ever I clapp'd my eyes on. It makes one's flesh crawl, it do. Bill Rogers, of the Suthanton Tellygraph, he larfed and said, there was more wimmen than men in purgiterry,—and so there was; but, any ways, I think it ought to be put down. Well, sir, by this-time it was gittin' pretty nigh our dinner hour, and most on us was rayther peckish, so we thought we'd seen enough now for one while, and back ag'in we steered for the Grand Buff, congratlatin' ourselves on the prospect of a good English dinner. When we got there, Jack he sung out for a feller as he called the Shave,—which means head cook in their langige,—and asked him if dinner was pray [prêt.] 'Wee, mounseer,' said a wiry-looking chap in a white nightcap, with a thunderin' pair of black whiskers,—'wee, mounseer, too sweet,' says he,—which Jack said meant 'directly,'—so we bundled up stairs to a long room, as looked out on the place facing the Oysterlings,* where they sells the small oysters, I fancy. There was the table all set out quite nice, with silver forks and black bottles and napkins,—a regular swell concern,—and ever so many loaves of bread, pretty nigh as long as the pole o' this 'ere cútch, but nothin' else to eat as we could see. Hows'ever, we wosn't long a-waitin', for presently up comes a chap with a large tooren of pottage, as they calls their soup, and sets it down in the middle of the table, and begins sarving it out right and left, with a 'vooly-voo' to every one on us. We all partook in coorse, but it was poor thin stuff,—no more like oxtail or mock-turtle than a greyhound's like a cart-hoss,—and sich an apology for pepper-castors, little chaney saucers with no tops to 'em, like snuff-boxes with the lids off. Then came in a large white dish with little square slices of b'iled beef, as Jack said was 'bully,'—and well he might say so, for there was nothin' of the real sort in it. I suppose if Dutch courage means a glass of gin, Belgian bully means beef with the strength b'iled out on it. As soon as we'd got rid of this we begins to look about us, and I says to Jack, 'I hopes they're not goin' to forgit *our* beef as we brought over.'—'Oh, no,' says he, 'that's the roty; they'll bring that by and by.' Arter this come in a lot o' things,—bless'd if I remember the names of half on 'em; there was a stoo'd cod-fish swimmin' in hile, wot the Dutchmen calls cobble-jaws, and a fricandy made o' weal stuck all over with bits o' pork fat like a young hedgehog; it warn't so bad that dish, only there warn't half enough on it. Then there wos our leg o' mutton as they'd stoo'd up with carrits and turmits instead of roasting on it as we wanted;—they'd gived it a name too as we couldn't understand, a jiggo de something, which Jack said meant seven hours, tho' we told him it was prime three-year old wether mutton. As for what you call made dishes there was no end on 'em, what with giblets, and sassageuts in slices, and poollies and water-cresses, and filly de buff with

* Osterlings—the Hall of Commerce.

tommytoe sauce and sich like. It was most on it d—d nonsense, but we ate on it, 'cause it was there to be eat. At last says I to Jack, 'I say, old feller, if they don't send in our roast beef, I'm bless'd if I shan't lose my happytite, as the halderman said after eatin' the turbit.' Well, Jack he says to the garsong—(that is the waiter, garsong means boy, sich another as a post-boy)—'Garsong, porty lee rotty.' What *he* said none on us could make out, but Jack he turns round and says, 'Why, there ain't no rotty.'—'I don't know what you calls rotty,' says I, 'but if there warn't as prime a bit o' beef for ro'stin' in our hamper as ever wos, why, then, damme, I'll eat a hoss; so I'll thank you to translate that 'ere to this 'ere sniggering' Dutchman.' Well, then, Jack he sets to jabberin' ag'in; and this time he says 'roast beef' plain enough; and the garsong, he pints to the dishes, and jabbers in his turn, as much as to say, 'they've had it;' and away he cuts; and presently back he comes with a beef-bone in his hand, shaved quite smooth, and claps it down on the table, and begins a-p'intin' and jabberin' ag'in. So then Jack says to us, 'It's o' no use tawking; they've dressed your beef another way.'—'Which way?' says we; 'for we han't a-had none on it, nor seen none on it nayther.'—'Why,' says he, 'that 'ere was it, a-p'intin' to a hempty dish as stood opposite to where Long Joe was a-settin'. And what do you think they'd a-done?—blessed if it warn't the croo'llest thing as ever happen'd to a piece of roasin' beef!—why, they'd cut it up into collops, and called it filly de buff, and *dis*-guised it with tommytoes; and Long Joe and Jem Worritt, and one or two more, had finished it, and never know'd wot it wos they wos a-eatin'. I *wos* vexed, and that's the truth on it. Hôws-ever, there warn't no help for it; and, as we *had* done pretty well, we made it out on the cold pork as they hadn't touched."

"But did you get nothing to drink all this time?"

"Let us alone for that; there was vang de pay, and Mosle, and a few bottles o' Shampain, as we resolved for to have, to do the thing *gen*-teelly; and then for beer there was summut as they call'd 'lamp-black,* or some sich name; tho' it warn't half so black or so strong as our porter; and brandy and Ginever, and sich like, all in coorse. Well, sir, tho' we'd comed over merely a-pleasurin', we warn't a-goin' to be settin' a-eatin' and drinkin' all day; so, about three o'clock, out we sallies ag'in to see wot else there was in this 'ere town. We'd heard talk a good deal about the siegc of Hantwerp, where the Dutch, under General Chass, was bumbadeered by the French and the young Dook of Arlines; so we thought we'd go and see the sitty-dell. So two on us, Bill Rogers and I, got a hold on Jack's arm, and the rest follered; and away we marches up a long street, full of old buildin's, as was half in ruins, and kivered with the marks of the shot and shells as was fired into the town. We seed one o' them 'ere shells in the mornin' as hit the werry cathedral itself, wot old General Chass threaten'd to knock down if they didn't leave off spyin' into his camp. At last we gits up to a drorbridge and crosses a ditch, and there we wos stopp'd under a harchway by a sentry, who call'd for his hoffer; and then out *he* comes, a civil-spoken chap enough, with

* "Limbeck."

a pair of moustayshes as long as that hoss's mane. As soon as he'd read the paper—a permee they said it was,—he took off his hat and made us a bow; and in coorse we did the same; and there we stood a-bowin' and scrapin' for five minutes together, till we thought he'd never a-done tellygraffin' with his elber. Hows'ever, it did end somehow, and through the harchway we walked; and didn't the sogers stare at us, that's all. What there was to stare at, none of us could see, for we wos only dress'd jest as usual, 'cept Long Joe; he'd got his holiday-flower in the bussom of his weskit—a nice sun-flower, as he pick'd up in the Marshy-o-floor (wot they calls their Common Garden): but I suppose they thought we eighteen fellers was a-goin' to take the sittydell ag'in. However, they let us pass, and then up comes the keeper of the place as shows it,—a sarjent he wos, as help'd to make the sittydell surrender, and he took us all over it. Perhaps you knows wot miluntary works and fortifications is, but for our parts, we'd never seed none afore. I should hardly have believ'd that this 'ere wos the place as they made sich a piece of work about: why, no part on it warn't higher than that 'ere bank, and it seem'd to me to be sloped quite easy to help anybody as wanted to get in; and I said so: but the sarjent he only shook his head and grinned, and told Jack that they forty thousand Frenchmen was pretty nigh a month afore they could git into the innimy's breeches, which, considerin' as Dutchmen has got tolerably large ones, and the Frenchmen is generally nothin' but skinny ribs, we thought wos onaccountable strange. The sarjent he sacked a good deal, and Jack said it was quite true; so I suppose it wos. Arter we'd walked round the ramperts and parrypets, and seen the demnyloons and the kivered ways, wot han't got no kiverin' to 'em at all, we went down to the cabbery, or canteen, as stands in the middle of the fortification, and had a 'snaps' with the sarjent, whose perqu'site it is to sell liquors;—a 'snaps,' you know, is Dutch for 'summut short,' 'cause it's snapped up in no time, for the glasses warn't bigger nor thimbles. Then he took us to see the bum-proof, where General Chass lived durin' the siege, when the red-hot balls used to rattle about his head mornin', noon, and night. It warn't so big as a two-stall stable; but he must have been oncommon fond of n'ise and smoke to have stayed there as long as he did. They say he'd have stayed till now if the powder magazine hadn't been blowed up; but when his ammyntion wos gone, why, he couldn't do no otherwise than give in. Some people says he was a obstinate old dog; but wot's the use o' givin' orders if they're not to be obeyed? It's like my keepin' my time; I *could* stop at Henley or Maidenhead longer than I do, both up and down; but wot does my orders say? 'there's your time, and there you must be.'

"You're quite right, and General Chassé acted, no doubt, on the principle."

"Most like he did; and so does we. Well, sir, when we'd seen the sittydell, we held a sort of counsel of war as to where we should go next; so Jack he said there wos a fair a-bein' held a little ways outside the town, if we wos agreeable to go,—a Queer Mess he said it was. So back we goes to the Place Wert, and there we hires three carriages, and crams ourselves into 'em. Jem Worritt he wanted to drive one on 'em; but we perswaded him not to bcmean hisself by

drivin' sich things as they wos; so inside we went, like gen'l'men all right. We warn't long a-goin', though the cattle *wos* rum uns to look at; but after rayther more joltin' than was good for the springs, we got to the garden where this 'ere Queer Mess was to be. They made us pay two frongs a-piece for admission, and in we walked, and lots of music, and dancin', and singin' there wos surely. The Hantwerp ladies is nice creeturs, sir; werry plump and round built, with plenty of forehand and good goers: they gits over the ground oncommon quick, and then they dresses so neat, with nice shoes and stockin's, and black wales, and werry clean made they are."

"And did you dance?"

"Why no, sir, we warn't altogether in dancin' trim, and waltzin' didn't agree with most on us; so we amooosed ourselves with lookin' on and larfin' at the gals as did n't understand wot we said. And rare good fun we had, specially in the booths, where they wos a servin' out the 'loving beer' as they gives on these occasions. It made Jem Worritt a leetle too loving; for he'd had quite enough shampain at dinner, and he could n't help putting his arms round a young lady's waist as came dancin' up ag'in him as she was a-goin' the round a-waltzin'. Her partner, a tall whiskered chap, he looks werry black at Jem, and sackers at him, and says, 'God dam,' and somethin' about John Bull. So Jem he ups with his fist, and was jest a-goin' to let drive in a way as would have spilt his beauty for a week of Sundays, when some on us interferences and lugs Jem away, and perswades him to keep hisself quiet, for we did n't go there for to misbehave ourselves; and so we told him."

"And did you remain late?"

"We stopped till the fireworks was all over, and then, when the most *genteelest* of the company went away, we went too; for we could n't afford to be out all night, as we wos a-goin' away ag'in the next mornin' by the same steamer as brought us. So about ten o'clock we gits back to the Grand Buff and has some supper,—not werry onsimilar to our dinner; and arter a glass or two o' brandy and water, we wos a-thinkin' o' turnin' in, and told Jack to ask where our beds wos. And what do you think? Why, them Cabberies ain't a-got no beds in 'em,—leastways for so many as we wos."

"What did you do then? how did you manage?"

"Why, sir, you know there 's a sayin' about 'needs must;' so, as we could n't git any beds, we resolved to do without 'em, and make a night on it for once and away. So we told Jack to order us in lots of brandy, and gin, and cigars, and there we sat, singin' 'Rule Brit-tany' and 'God save the Queen' all the blessed night, and drinkin' the healths of Ginerel Chass, and Mr. Roobins, and the governor, and the pretty gals of Hantwerp, till all was bloo. I'm bless'd if they ever had sich a time of it at the Grand Buff afore, and p'rhaps it'll be long enough afore they have ag'in. But I say, this 'ere rain won't do, sir; we change osses directly, and then I should recom-mend you to go inside, for it's likely to be a wet night."

D. C.

MR. PETER PUNCTILIO,
THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

BY HENRY MAYHEW,

AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERING MINSTREL," "BUT, HOWEVER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

At the window of a private sitting-room in the Bell Hotel, Cheltenham, stood a young couple, so immediately contiguous, that it was plain to see they were *attached* to one another.

Suddenly the fair one started from the pleasant bondage of her swain, exclaiming, "See! yonder comes my guardian, as I live! Quick! Hide yourself, for Heaven's sake!"

"Hide myself!" replied the cavalier, retreating from the window. "Egad, if your old governor catch me here, he'll hide me, I'm thinking!"

"Ay!" said the lady, "that he will, with a vengeance!"

"With a stick, more likely!" retorted the gent, who never lost an opportunity for a joke.

"There! there!—don't stand trifling now!" returned his lady-love, "but find some place of concealment, do!"

"That's all very fine, but there's no lodging here," said he. "Where shall I dispose myself?"

"Stay!—I have it!—behind this board!" exclaimed she, removing that which stood before the chimney. "You'll never be discovered there."

"Behind that?" cried the gent, "why, damme! but that will be lodging and board too! and, egad, when I come out, I suspect you'll have to provide me with washing into the bargain."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated his innamorata; "in with you, and mind you keep yourself quiet, or you'll spoil all," and she showed him the way to his dingy domicile.

"Never fear," replied the swain, entering the sooty recess; "I'll be as silent as an oyster with ——" And the fair damsel cut short the gentleman's simile by replacing the board before the chimney. She then hastened towards her piano, and commenced singing the following little canzonet, the words of which it is but justice to state had been written for her, to one of her favourite airs, by the gentleman in the chimney.

"Cupid's blind! How came he so?
List, sweet maid, and you shall know.

Constancy and he, one day,
Went a-sailing, so they say.
All was harm'ny for awhile;
Well it serv'd time to beguile;
But, at length, young Love grew tired,
And to change the course desired.
'I say, Con,' cried restless Cupid,
'This plain sailing's devilish stupid,
I'm for turning t' other way;
Come, my girl, now what d'ye say?
Constancy, who ruled the stern,
Vow'd that round they ne'er should turn.

Nay, she told the little rover,
 Sooner than round, they should turn over.
 Whereupon high words arose,
 And from words they got to blows.
 Soon, though Love was made to quail
 'Neath the maiden's finger nail,—
 For, like maidens in a passion,
 Constancy fought clawing fashion,—
 And so maul'd poor Love about,
That she tore his eyes both out ;
 Since which time, the story ends,
Never have those two been friends.
 Now, Venus, hearing from above
 The sad sobs of little Love,
 And, perceiving that his cries
 Arose from having lost his eyes,
 Gather'd up those orbs of blue,
 And at last gave them *to you !*"

The young lady had but just finished the canzonet, when Mr. Solid her guardian entered.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed; "bravo, Cecilia!" (for that was the name of his ward). "In high spirits—eh, merry one? Come, this is as it should be! I have something important to communicate to you."

"Something important," repeated Cecilia. "Oh, do let me hear it, sir!"

"Well, then," said Mr. S. "first tell me candidly, how should you like to make your debut in the pleasant little comedy of '*Matrimony*,' eh?"

"Why, truly, sir," she replied with *naïveté*, "I should have no objection to throw up the part of '*The Country Girl*,' and appear in the character of '*The Wife*,' provided I felt convinced that my performance would meet with approbation. It must be either a *hit* or a *Miss* with me, sir."

"Indeed!" cried Solid; "then, to be serious, I have found a person who I have no doubt will be perfectly to your taste; none of your wild, harum-scarum, racketty fellows of the present day, but a steady, rich, middle-aged gentleman. There's a chance for you! What d'ye say to that?"

"Why, sir," returned Cecilia, "that the darts of Cupid must be feathered with affection, and not merely tipped with gold, in order to penetrate my bosom. No!" she added archly, "the only arrows that can find their way to my heart are those which spring from my own *beau*."

"From your own *beau*!" echoed Mr. Solid. "And, pray, Miss, who may this *beau* of yours be?"

"If your steady, rich, middle-aged gentleman were here, do you know what answer I should make?" inquired Cecilia.

"A saucy one, I'll be bound," returned her guardian.

"I should say to him," she added, "my *beau*, sir, unlike those of old, is not *yew*."

"Very pretty indeed, Miss!" exclaimed Mr. Solid. "Very pretty! But, perhaps, you will be obliging enough to tell me the name of this most favoured swain of yours."

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied the young lady; "Mr. Frank Forage."

"So! Mr. Frank Forage is it, Miss?" coolly exclaimed Mr. Solid.

"And, maybe, you will now further inform me what are that gentleman's means of living, for, damme, if I could ever find them out."

"He says he is a man of private property, sir," replied Miss C.

"Private property!" repeated her guardian. "Yes; so especially private, that nobody as yet ever saw anything of it. Egad! he's an independent gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, for he certainly is a gentleman that has nothing to depend upon."

"But surely you do not intend to say, sir," remonstrated Cecilia, "he has no fortune at all?"

"I don't mean to say any such thing," returned Mr. Solid. "On the contrary, I think his fortune very good, for I verily believe the poor devil has nothing *but his good fortune* to trust to for a dinner every day."

Mr. Solid was right. Mr. Frank Forage, the gentleman in question, and in the chimney, was a professed wit, a being who lived upon his brains, one of those visionaries, who, like the alchemists of old, endeavoured to transmute the base metal of their cerebra into precious gold.

"Let me hear no more of this jackanapes, I beg," said Mr. S. "I want to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns you."

"Well, sir, proceed. I am all attention."

"You are well aware that it was ever the wish of your late father that you should marry into the family of the Punctilios," said Solid.

Cecilia confessed that she had understood such to be the case.

"Then I have to inform you that I have received by this morning's post," he continued gravely, "a letter from Mr. Peter Punctilio, a gentleman of whom report speaks most highly, a thorough man of business, the pattern of precision, indeed, a perfect human chronometer; as you will perceive when I tell you that he promises to be with me this day exactly at three-and-twenty minutes past four, P. M. There's punctuality for you!"

"It will be indeed!" replied Cecilia, laughing; "*if* (and she laid a strong stress upon the hypothetical monosyllable) he only perform what he promises."

"*If*!" echoed Solid, with an equally forcible emphasis. "What, do you doubt it, then? Ah, had you heard but one half what I have respecting his precision, you would not be very sceptical upon the point. Why, he's as regular as the trade-winds!"

"But, la, sir!" said his ward, "there are so many little circumstances that may happen to prevent any one keeping an appointment to the minute; for instance, the wheel of the coach might come off."

"Well, then he would take a post-chaise, and come on," replied Solid.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Cecilia, "one of the horses might turn restive, and throw the post-chaise over."

"No matter!" exclaimed her imperturbable guardian, "it might throw the post-chaise over, but still it couldn't throw him over his time."

"But, dear me!" cried Cecilia, "there are fifty things. He might break his leg by the accident."

"He might break his leg, to be sure," replied Solid; "but, nevertheless, he wouldn't break his appointment into the bargain. In short, so convinced am I, from the accounts I have had of his character, that he will be here to the very moment he has named, that, hang me! if I wouldn't stake my existence upon it."

Cecilia saw directly that this positiveness on the part of her guardian might be turned to advantage.

"Well, sir!" she said, "since you are so thoroughly convinced of Mr. Punctilio's infallibility, perhaps you will promise to consent to my marriage with Mr. Frank Forage, provided Mr. P. be not in these apartments one half hour after the time he has specified."

"Consent to your marriage with Mr. Frank Forage! Ay!" exclaimed the confident old gentleman, "or with the chimney-sweep at the corner of the next street, if you like, on such a condition."

"You will remember then, sir," returned Cecilia, "if Mr. Peter Punctilio be half an hour behind his appointment, I have your permission to choose a husband for myself."

"Half an hour behind his appointment! Ay!" he exclaimed, "even if he be a quarter. But don't be deluding yourself with the vain hope of Mr. Punctilio's breaking his word. The thing is utterly impossible, I tell you. You might, with just as much reason, expect the sun to oversleep himself to-morrow morning, and not make his appearance above the horizon until noonday." And, so saying, he dashed out of the room in no slight passion to find his ward so incredulous upon a point which he believed as strongly as Holy Writ.

Cecilia no sooner heard the outer door of their apartments closed, than she flew to liberate her poor prisoner.

"Come out, Frank," she said as she removed the board from the chimney. "You may quit your dingy quarters now without fear."

"Quarters do you call them!" exclaimed the jocular Mr. Forage; "hang me if it isn't a complete *hole*! But, how do I look? Not particularly grimy, am I, eh?"

"You're as unsullied as a wedding-gown," was the laconic reply of his lady-love. "But tell me," she continued, "you overheard our conversation, did you not?"

"I did, my love, but it was with no little difficulty,—for, not being endowed with the property of ubiquity, it was naturally no very easy task for you to make me *hear* when I was *there*, you know. Ha! ha! not so bad that, I flatter myself."

Mr. Frank Forage had a strange way of laughing at, and complimenting himself upon his own jokes.

"It is a *hit*, I must allow," said Cecilia approvingly.

"That is, you mean to say, it isn't a *miss*. Come, I've heard worse than that, too, in my time."

"What, still at your puns, eh, Frank?"

"Ah! your old guardian may rail as he pleases at your professed wits, but let me tell you punning is decidedly economical."

"Economical!" echoed the astonished Cecilia. "How so, I prithee?"

"Why, not only is it an economy of language—making one word convey two meanings," replied the wit; "but it is also very economical in a financial point of view, saving one the expense of sundry breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers."

"What! a pun save you the expense of a meal?" exclaimed his lady-love, more surprised than before.

"Ay!" returned Frank. "You won't believe it, perhaps: but I existed the whole of yesterday upon one *bon-mot*, two conundrums, and a theatrical anecdote; made my *dejeuné* off the *bon-mot*, dined heartily upon the theatrical anecdote, and had a nice light supper

with the two conundrums. Few persons have any idea of the pickings of a smart *jeu d'esprit*. You recollect that joke of mine upon a linendraper affixing "WARRANTED FAST COLOURS" to some cheap printed cottons in his window, that the colours were doubtless so *fast* that they'd *run!* and a very good one it is, too, though I say it. Now, you'd hardly believe it, but that very joke has been, I assure you, a matter of no less than two breakfasts, five dinners, and several suppers to me."

"Two breakfasts, five dinners, and several suppers!" exclaimed Cecilia. "Pray explain yourself."

"Why, by getting me the reputation of being a smart, clever fellow, and so obtaining for me sundry invitations out. But I will give you a case in point," continued the loquacious Frank. "The other morning I was breakfasting with a party of jolly fellows at Sir Harry Hardup's, when our worthy host was thrown into a state of great trepidation by a very suspicious and bailiff-like ring at the bell. 'Who the devil can that be?' cried he.—'Some beggar or t' other, depend upon it,' I replied.—'How do you know?' he inquired.—'Because,' said I, 'he came with a *ring*, and, consequently, must be a fellow without a *rap!*'—None so dusty that, I think. Well, the joke took like wildfire. I was declared a damned amusing fellow. Sir Harry begged I would stop to dinner. One of his friends requested I would honour him with my company to supper; another pressed me to come and take wine with him; a third presented me with his card, and assured me he should be happy to see me at any time; in fact, there was not a single person present from whom I did not receive some invitation or other."

"A very ingenious mode of living, truly," responded the young lady. "But what, in the name of Momus, could have made you adopt so strange a mode of getting your bread?"

"A circumstance which happened to me at school," replied Frank, "and which, proving to me, as it did, the power of a pun, was, I believe, the prime cause of my embracing my present profession. I was studying the art of penmanship, — an art, by-the-by, in which I did anything but *flourish*; — come, *that* isn't so very bad, either; — and had perpetrated a most miserable phalanx of pot-hooks, when my tutor came behind me, and, perceiving the rudeness of my attempt, raised the little round bit of mahogany appertaining to masters of the craft, in order to give me a knock on the sconce. I saw his intention, and, arresting his arm, exclaimed, 'Don't strike me, sir! I'm a republican.' — 'A republican!' responded he. 'What do you mean by that?' — 'Why, sir,' I replied, 'I have a *great objection to have a ruler over my head!*' — Excellent, was it not? It had the desired effect. He laughed heartily at my joke, and for the smartness of my tongue overlooked the awkwardness of my fingers. This made a great impression upon me; so much so, that when my father kicked the bucket — that is, went out of the *pale* of society, — that will do, I think, — and left me nothing but my wits to depend upon, I thought that, since a pun had stood my friend in one instance, I saw no just cause or impediment why it should not in another; and, as punning for a dinner seemed preferable to whistling for one, although by the latter expedient one would have been sure of a good *blow-out*, — rather brilliant, *that*, for an off-hander, — I determined to turn regular punster; and so here I am, Frank Forage, dealer in bon-mots, anecdotes, double-en-

tendres, and other facetiæ! and a very pretty thing I make of it, I can assure you."

"Drive a good trade, I've no doubt?" said Cecilia.

"Indeed I may say, a *roaring* one,—I've said worse things than that before now. There is not a subject that can be touched upon in conversation upon which I have not something smart to say. As for the weather, I am equally at home, be it fair, or be it foul, *whether* or no. If it rain heavily, I talk of the absurdity of laundresses attempting to catch *soft* water when it's raining *hard*. If it only drizzle, I declare the weather reminds me of the battle of Culloden, because they'd some of the *Scotch mist there*. Then, as for dinner, bless you! there is not a good thing that can be put upon table but I have some equally good thing to apply to it. In fact, let the conversation take whatever turn it may, or even, let it grow dull, and flag for awhile, I am sure to throw in something *sal* and so *make it smart again*,—and that's very tolerable, I flatter myself."

"You are a funny fellow, Frank," said Cecilia, smiling at the recital of his history. "But, while you are chattering here, you forget that you've a rival who threatens to be with us very shortly."

"That is, my dear," responded the inveterate punster, "you mean to say that I've a rival *whose arrival* I ought to look to, — that's pretty fair, too, I believe. I understand you, my love; you want me to make the old noodle, that's coming after you, come after his time instead; and, never fear but he shall be in this instance as slow, and as decidedly the late Mr. Punctilio, as if he was one of the dead, instead of the *quick*. But, egad! I must lose no time," added the vivacious Mr. Forage, "for I've got a few little levities here, which I must take to the Cheltenham Chronicle before I attend to the old gentleman. Here is an epigram for you.

‘ON A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

What wonder that Dolt has more children than any,
You know the old proverb, that—one fool makes many.’

What do you think of that? And here's a Cockney conundrum, 'Why was our dry nurse like Adonis?' D'ye give it up? 'Because she was engaged to *Wean-us!*'—Ha! ha! ha! Devilish funny, isn't it, eh? But, adieu! adieu, dearest!" and so saying he vanished, with a kiss of his hand to his lady-love, in pursuit of his rival.

CHAPTER II.

PUNCTUALLY as the clock was striking four the Highflyer fast coach drew up at the Bell Hotel, and deposited at the door a particularly prim and porsy little gentleman, habited in a new suit of black. There was a peculiar precision in his air, a starch spruceness about his white cravat, and a fastidious formality displayed in the tie thereof, coupled with a feverish anxiety respecting the safe delivery of the sundry articles which constituted his luggage, which would have indicated to any one in the least acquainted with the character of Mr. Peter Punctilio, that this was no less a person than that gentleman himself.

At length he entered the hotel, and, looking at the clock over the mantel-piece of the coffee-room, exclaimed, "Seven minutes and a half past four, eh? That will do! It wants, then, exactly one quarter of an hour and thirty seconds to the time of my appointment with Mr. Solid. Fifteen minutes and a half. Let me see! that will just allow

me five minutes to open my parcels ; seven do. to smarten myself up a bit ; and the remaining three and the odd seconds to find my way to the apartments of Mr. S. But, let me have a peep at myself, and see how I look in my new suit of black."

Mr. Punctilio went towards the glass, and began admiring himself with evident self-satisfaction.

"Ha!" continued he, elevating his shirt collars, and resuscitating his brutus. "Most sedate and respectable, I flatter myself. Black certainly does become me amazingly—gives such a pensive and interesting tone to the features. Yes; not particularly handsome, but irresistibly pleasing."

Leaving Mr. Peter Punctilio thus pleasantly engaged in the contemplation of his charms, we will take the opportunity of saying a few words relative to the history of the black suit, which appeared to give him so much inward delight.

To a man of Mr. Peter Punctilio's regular habits a love-affair was a most important business ; and he naturally wished to appear before the lady to whom he was about to plight his troth, to the very best possible advantage ; consequently he sent for his tailor in order to consult him as to the best means of so doing. He told him he was about to pay his addresses to a beautiful and delicate-minded damsel, and desired such habiliments as would be likely to make the lady look with favour upon his *suit*. The taste, however, of the artist and our hero did anything but coincide. Snip, of course, was for decking him out in all the colours of the rainbow ; but Peter Punctilio, as that gentleman himself said, wasn't the man to allow himself to be made a harlequin of. No ; he preferred something sedate and respectable, and so decided upon having a genteel and sober suit of black.

Whether Mr. Peter Punctilio did right or not the sequel will show.

Now it so happened that a few minutes before the arrival of the above gentleman in black, a lady of the name of Hollyhock had been thrown out of her phaeton and her senses at one and the same time, a short distance from the Bell, and had consequently been brought to that hotel until such time as she could be removed to her own house, which was situate about a mile out of Cheltenham. A messenger had of course been instantly despatched to the nearest surgeon for his immediate attendance, but as yet he had not made his appearance.

Such was the state of affairs, when the landlady, not a little alarmed at the dilatoriness of the doctor, rang the bell, and ordered the chambermaid to go below, and see if Mr. Potion had arrived.

The lady of the bedchamber, who rejoiced in the name of Sally, went about the bidding, grumbling that she wished they would take their sick people to any place but there, for they never give one nothing but a great deal of trouble ; and that if they did happen to give up the ghost, why, drat 'em ! they never thought about remembering the chambermaid.

Thus went Sally growling about the house, until she reached the coffee-room, where the figure of Mr. Peter Punctilio, dressed all in black, no sooner caught her eye, than she exclaimed, "A gentleman in black. Oh, this must be the doctor, surely. I'm blest if he doesn't look just like one of his own black doses animated ! — I beg your pardon, sir," said she, addressing that gentleman, "but I believe you're come to see a lady in this hotel?"

"Most certainly, my dear," responded Mr. P. ; "that is the interesting object of my visit."

"Ah, sir!" returned Sally, "the poor thing has been anxiously expecting you."

"She has, has she?" exclaimed he, not a little delighted at the impatience on the part of one whom he believed to be his destined bride. "No doubt," he added in an under tone, "she has heard of my amiable qualities from some quarter or other."

"The dear creatur' has been dreadfully upset, I can assure you, sir," continued Sally, alluding to the capsize of Miss Hollyhock.

"Dreadfully upset, has she?" repeated Mr. Punctilio. "Ah!" subjoined he in a low voice; "it's the way with all the women; they always are upset directly they hear anything about me. Completely thrown out, I dare say, now," continued he, addressing himself to Sally.

"You may say that, too," replied the maid. "Regularly head over heels, and no mistake!"

"Amiable susceptibility," thought Mr. Punctilio. "But," said he, "she won't be the first fair damsel I've cut up, by a great many."

"Cut up!" exclaimed the horror-stricken Sally. "What, you intends to operate upon the poor thing, then?"

"Operate upon her?" responded the gentleman in black. "Of course I do; upon her heart."

"Intends to operate upon her heart!" ejaculated the maid, "Did I ever hear the likes? Oh, she's booked, I see. But you don't mean to say you'll ever have the conscience to do it?"

"Conscience!" echoed Mr. P. "Bless you, her's won't be the first fair bosom I've penetrated in my time!"

"He's a-going to penetrate her bosom, too. The inhuman wretch!"

"I've made some havoc among the members of the fair sex before now, I can tell you."

"The members! He means the arms and legs! The nasty beast! I declare I'm all of a tremble while I remain near the horrid brute!"

"Although, I dare say, you wouldn't think it, to look at me?" said our hero.

"Indeed, but I would, though. I never saw such a slaughtering countenance in all my born days afore!"

"It is *rather* a killing one, I believe," said the self-satisfied Mr. Punctilio.

"You looks lancets, that you does!"

"Why, truly, I have always been allowed to have a regular piercing eye of my own."

"But, while you're a-running on here, you forget all about the sufferings of the poor young lady you've come to see, sir."

"Sufferings! You surely do not mean to say she is so far gone as all that?"

"But I does, though! La! bless you! the dear creature's in a state of perfect agony!"

"Charming anxiety!" said he to himself. "But, come, let me haste to relieve the poor thing's torments!"

"Ah, do, sir!" replied Sally; "you'll find her eagerly expecting you upstairs in bed."

"Find her where?" blurted out the astonished Mr. Punctilio.

"Why, in bed, to be sure! Where else did you expect to find her, I should like to know?"

"Anywhere else but there, certainly! Egad!" added Mr. P.

aside, "a pretty wife she'll make me if she's in the habit of receiving the first visits of gentlemen in bed."

"Well, hang me!" said Sally, "if you a'n't the rummest doctor I ever seed, if you object to visiting a lady in bed!"

"Doctor!" cried the gentleman in black. "What do you mean by that? Don't doctor me, if you please!"

"What! do you intend to say you haven't come here to physic poor Miss Hollyhock?"

"Confound Miss Hollyhock!" ejaculated the irate Mr. Punctilio; "what's Miss Hollyhock to me? No! I came here to pay my attentions to a beautiful young lady residing in this hotel."

"Well, here is a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed Sally. "Howsoever, it was quite nat'ral, you know; for seeing you dressed all in black, I in course took you for one of them physicianers."

"Took me for the devil!" cried the enraged Mr. Punctilio. "But, come, show me at once to the apartments of Mr. Solid."

"What, then, you've come here to marry the ward of that gentleman, I suppose, sir? Well, here's a precious discovery!" added Sally aside: "I'm blest if he a'n't come after the very young lady as Mr. Frank Forage is a-keeping company with. I'll play a trick with him—I'll send him up to Mr. Forage's room, and he'll soon settle his business with a vengeance. If you goes up to No. 42, on the third landing, sir," she continued, addressing herself to Mr. Punctilio, "you'll meet with some one who'll give you every information about the party you want."

"No. 42, on the third landing, eh? Sure you're right, are you? And, egad, I must make the best of my way, for I have no time to spare, I see," said he, looking at his watch. "Mistake me for a doctor—a doctor, indeed!—a fellow that always dresses in black, to be continually in mourning for the number of people he sends to their graves."

And so saying, Mr. Peter Punctilio bounced out of the room, not a little annoyed to think that his new suit of black had met with so bad a reception.

"Ah, there you goes, old gentleman," said Sally, when she had lost sight of the skirts of his coat, "and a precious game Mr. Forage will have when he finds out who he's got hold on. Oh, he's a fine funny fellow, Mr. Frank Forage, that he is! Not that he's exactly the kind of young man, though, that I should like for a husband. No. Whenever I marry, what a love of a fellow, as the song says, I will have, to be sure!"

And she bent her way back to the apartment of Miss Hollyhock, singing as she went

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Whenever I marry, the man that has me,
 What a love of a fellow, od's hobs! he shall be!
 In the first place, the darling shall have, I declare,
 A head of the loveliest curling black hair;
 And as for his eyes, goodness! shan't they be bright!—
 Yes! just like two stars on a midsummer's night:
 And his nose—let me see—Oh! his nose shall resemble
 The fine-looking aquiline one of John Kemble;
 While his lips—ay, his lips! that important sweet part,
 So red, shall seem tinged with the warmth of his heart;

And through them, whenever a smile makes them curl,
 Shall gleam two white rows of the choicest of pearl.
 Nay! he shall be form'd on Adonis's plan,
 And, to sum up the whole, quite a love of a man!

And now, having told you the form of my beau,
 Suppose I just take a glance round ere I go,
 And see if I can in this circle discover
 The handsome young fellow I'd like for a lover.
 Ah! yonder some curling black hair I descry—
 But then, mercy me! he's a cast in the eye.
 But see! there are eyes! Oh, an't *they* a fine pair!—
 But then, lackaday! he's got carroty hair.
 Look, though—there's hair and eyes, with a nose well enough—
 But then, la! that horrible fellow takes snuff.
 See there!—but what teeth! Oh, you'll never do—
 Nor you, sir—nor you, sir—nor you, sir—nor you!
 In fact, I'm afraid, let me do all I can,
 I must wait a long time for my love of a man.

CHAPTER III.

LET us now return to our friend Frank Forage. On leaving the apartment of his lady-love, the sprightly punster made the best of his way to the office of the Cheltenham Chronicle, and having deposited his mite of mirth in the editorial box of that journal, returned with all speed to his attic in the Bell Hotel, when what was his surprise to find a letter bearing his address lying upon his table, and containing a small slip of paper commencing, "Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, to Frank Forage, greeting—" Need we inform the learned reader it was a—write!

Egad!" said the incorrigible Frank, "it's astonishing how formidable an instrument can be concocted out of such simple materials as the quill of the goose and the skin of the sheep. Here I am, poor devil! served with what these rascally attorneys call a *mesne* process, —and a particularly mean process it is most assuredly."

However, set a thief to catch a thief, says the old adage, and, in conformity with the reverend maxim, our jocose friend despatched an envoy for the immediate attendance of one of the profession, to consult him as to the best means of resisting (or rather putting off until such time as he could arrange his marriage with the fair Cecilia) this most courteous and Duval-like attack on your money or your liberty.

Our lively friend Frank was anxiously expecting a visit from his legal adviser, when Mr. Peter Punctilio, following the roguish directions of Miss Sally, tapped at the door of Mr. Forage's apartment. Frank no sooner saw the sombre suit of Mr. Punctilio than he inwardly exclaimed,

"A gentleman in black—this must be the very man.—I believe, sir," said he to Mr. Punctilio, "you have come about this suit."

Now, unfortunately for Mr. Peter Punctilio, the term used by Mr. Frank Forage was a very ambiguous one, so that while our lively friend was alluding to one kind of suit, our sombre friend naturally imagined his interrogation to refer to another, and accordingly grew rather poetical, and said,

"Certainly, sir, as Othello says, you know, 'It is the cause—upon my soul, it is the cause.'"

"True," replied Frank, taking the word cause in a legal sense, of

course; "but the worst is, these d—d causes are so intimately connected with your effects, the one is sure to go with the other—ha! ha! ha! Not so coarse that, I'm thinking, eh, old fellow?"

Mr. Peter Punctilio was astonished; he could not understand the joke, and muttered to himself, "Very strange! What can he mean, I wonder?"

"But you are tired, sir, no doubt; pray be seated," said Frank, offering the gentleman in black a chair, of which he had no sooner availed himself than the eternal punster added, "case of a-rest, as they say in the law. Come, I've heard worse than that in my time."

The supposed limb of that profession laughed—not at the joke, but because his companion did.

"Touching the present business," continued the facetious Mr. Forage, "I believe you are aware how far matters have gone already."

"Why, if I mistake not," returned Mr. Punctilio, "there is an attachment at present existing."

"Ah! he means the writ of attachment," returned Frank in an under tone.—"Perfectly right, sir. Now, I presume, the first step you intend to take will be to enter an appearance."

"Enter an appearance!—that is, make my debut before the lady," said the gentleman in black aside.—"Certainly, sir," he added, addressing the punster, "the first thing I shall do will be to enter an appearance,—and," thought he, as he took a glance at his habiliments, "a very imposing appearance I shall make when I do enter."

"Ay," responded Frank, "and then, I suppose, will come the declaration."

Mr. Punctilio intimated by a nod of the head that such was the course he intended to adopt.

"And after the declaration," continued Mr. Forage, "I presume you will then go on to plead; but for that," added he, "I suppose you will require some counsel."

"Sir," replied Mr. Punctilio, "I am always happy to have counsel upon any subject. Have you any to offer?"

"Why, sir, I think now it would materially assist the case, if you could manage to get Wilde."

"Get wild! Oh, he means throw in a bit of passion," thought Mr. Punctilio. "Truly, sir," said he, "that, I have no doubt, would be a grand point."

"But that rests entirely with you. And then, sir, having pleaded, I suppose, if there be no demurrer, you will proceed to join."

"Such is certainly my intention."

"And having joined, the issue will come as a matter of course."

"The issue!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Punctilio, shocked at the mere mention of such a subject.

"And about what time," continued Mr. Forage, "after joining, will it be before we shall have the issue, do you imagine?"

"Why, the usual time, I suppose," replied the perplexed Mr. Punctilio.

"The usual time!—ay; but, unfortunately, I am so ignorant upon these matters, that, hang me! if I know what is the usual time in such cases."

"Then, sir, all that I can say is," replied the gentleman in black rather warmly, "that you are one of the most innocent beings for your time of life that I ever met with."

"That may be, sir; but you see I want particularly to know the exact time—some few weeks, I believe, is it not?"

"Some few weeks!" blurted out the bewildered gentleman. "Well, d—me, if he isn't the veriest nincompoop I ever heard of! Some few weeks, indeed!—months you mean."

"Months!" exclaimed the equally astonished Mr. Forage; "you surely must be mistaken, sir, or there must be a great alteration in the law."

"You must be well aware, sir, that is a law which no one can alter."

"Well, sir, I submit to your superior judgment," said Frank; "you, of course, must know more about these matters than I—you must have had some hundreds of issues in your time."

"I had some hundreds of issues! What the devil do you take me for?"

"Take you?" replied Frank; "why, a lawyer, to be sure."

"A lawyer!—nonsense. I'm no lawyer—no, nor doctor either."

"The deuce you're not! Egad! then I've made a slight mistake, I suppose. However, it was natural: for, seeing you dressed all in black, I of course mistook you for a limb of the law."

"Mistook me for the devil!" exclaimed the enraged Mr. Punctilio.

"No, pardon me, sir," replied Frank, "only for one of the family. However, sir, since you are no lawyer, who are you, and what is your business here?"

"I, sir, am Mr. Peter Punctilio, of Change Alley, Cornhill, and the cause of my visit was to gain some information respecting Mr. Solid's ward, to whom I am about to have the pleasure of being united."

"The deuce you are!" thought Frank. "So!—my rival, eh?" said he to himself. "Egad! this is better luck than I anticipated—this is some of Cecilia's doing, to a certainty. Now, if I can only send him on some fool's errand, that will occupy him half an hour or so, the maid is mine beyond a doubt. I have it, by Jupiter! I'll pack him off to Miss Hollyhock's, the lady who was pitched out of her phaeton this morning;—she's just been removed to her own house, and that's a good mile and a half from here at the least." The idea had no sooner entered the head of our facetious friend than, turning towards Mr. Punctilio, he said, "It was perfectly right, sir. Mr. Solid and his ward were stopping in this hotel until within a few days back; but they have now removed a short distance out of the town. You will find them residing at Miss Hollyhock's, Hollyhock Hall, about three quarters of a mile on the Bath road."

"Thank you, sir—Miss Dollymop's, Dollymop Hall, I think you said?"

"No, sir, pardon me—Hollyhock, Hollyhock Hall. Any person will put you in the way to it."

"Hollyhock—I shall remember—three quarters of a mile on the Bath road. Egad! I must lose no time, or I shall break an appointment for the first time in my life. I have now only to thank you for your politeness, and to wish you a very good morning.—A stupid puppy," he muttered, as he made a profound bow to the gentleman and quitted the room, "to take me for a lawyer—a lawyer, indeed!—a fellow whose black suit is but the livery of the infernal master he serves."

Frank Forage burst into a violent fit of laughter directly his precise rival had taken his leave, and having cut one joke at the old gentle-

man's expense, hastened to claim the fulfilment of Mr. Solid's engagement.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us now take a peep at the interior of the house to which Mr. Punctilio was hastily directing his steps.

The evening was fast drawing on,—for it was at the latter end of October last, that the events here narrated occurred,—and Hodge, Miss Hollyhock's man, as he was rather equivocally styled by the neighbours, was in the hall busily engaged in preparing the lamp for its night's duty.

"Well, dang it," said Hodge, providing the burner with a fresh cotton, and ruminating upon his mistress's accident, "but this be a deadly awkward job, surely. Who'd a' thought on old blind Bess running away wi' onything now, let alone missus, and she be no feather; but I suppose it be these Chelt'n'um waters, for they'll be devils to set one working, so they be. I shouldn't wonder, now that missus be so nation discomfolidated, we shall have this 'ere place beset with all them folks what gets their living by other people a-dying. Why, dang it, but this 'ere Chelt'n'um town, where your invalids do come and drink themselves to death for the benefit of their health, be a reg'lar colony of doctors and undertakers, and sitch like deadly-lively kind of people. And they do tell I, that as soon as a poor body be taken dangerously ill, the undertakers do come in a swarm, and makes up to us poor sarvints to get their cards stuck in the chimney-piece, so as to have the job. I should like to catch one of them fellows, now, a-trying any of his tricks upon Hodge. 'Od rabbit 'un, wouldn't I sarve un' out! I'd send 'un off quicker than one of his own return yeares." (Rat-tat-tat went the knocker.) "Zookers!" continued Hodge, "if there ben't a knock at the door. I shouldn't wonder but that be some on 'em come already."

Hodge opened the door, and Mr. Peter Punctilio entered, whose sable suit no sooner caught the eye of the servant than he said to himself, "A gentleman in black, eh? He be an undertaker, beyond a doubt."

"This is the house of Miss Hollyhock, I presume?" said Mr. Punctilio.

"Why, to be sure it be," replied Hodge; "and I guess I know what you be come about, too, old gentleman."

"Oh, you do, do you?" he returned; "then, thank Heaven, I'm all right at last."

"You be come about miss, to be sure—I'm up to snuff," and Hodge gave him a rather unceremonious nudge of the elbow.

"Indeed!—rather strange that they should make their servants acquainted with these matters. Then you have been expecting me?"

"To be sure I have—you, and a dozen more on ye."

"A dozen more! Invited some friends to meet me, I dare say," thought Mr. Punctilio. "What! you are going to have a party here, are you?"

"Ees, so I suppose. There generally be rather a strong party, you know, in these cases—eh, old chap!"

"Oh, certainly; it is the usual custom.—He has a very unpleasant manner this fellow," added Mr. Punctilio aside.

"Ay, and so you determined to come early, eh? and try and get

the promise afore the other folks arrived. Oh, you 're a deep old file, that you be!"

"Get the promise of marriage, I presume he means."

"Now, wouldn't thee like the performing on the ceremony—eh, old chap?"

Mr. Punctilio imagined this to allude to the nuptials, of course, and replied "Certainly; that is the object of all my wishes."

"Devil doubt thee," returned Hodge with a familiar poke in the ribs; "thee 'd get a pretty penny by it, now, wouldn't thee?"

The gentleman in black thought it like his impertinence, and merely replied that he supposed he should be no loser by the affair.

"I'll be bound thee wouldn't," cried Hodge; "thee ben't the man to work for nothing, I know."

"Work for nothing!" muttered Mr. Punctilio. "This fellow's impudence is past bearing; but I'll put an end to this." And so saying, he took his card-case from his coat-pocket, and tendering one of his cards to Hodge, said, "There is my card, sir, and be pleased take it up stairs."

Hodge grinned knowingly at his visitor, and, without offering to lay a finger on the small bit of pasteboard extended to him, exclaimed, "I thought it 'ud come to that. So! that be your card, be it?—and ye wants I to take it up stairs, do 'ee? I'll tell thee what, now, old gentleman, I'll see thee d—d first."

"See me d—d first!" cried Mr. Punctilio; "do you know whom you're speaking to?"

"Ees, to be sure I do; and I tell thee what, old fellow, if thee doesn't take thyself off without any more bother, I'll make thee want an undertaker thyself afore I've done with thee." And Hodge threw himself into an attitude which seemed to forebode a breach of the peace.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded Mr. Punctilio, somewhat alarmed at the hostile appearance of his companion.

"Why, that a man of thy years ought to be ashamed on himself, so he ought, to come here for such a purpose as thee hast."

"What is my purpose to you, sir? There is my card, with my name and address upon it—will you take it or not?"

"I told thee afore I'd see thee d—d first—I don't want nothing to do with your card; I knows what's on it well enough—Nicholas Cannibal, or some sitch name, coffin-maker and undertaker—funerals performed on the most reasonable terms."

"Nicholas Cannibal, coffin-maker and undertaker! What does the booby mean?"

"What! do thee mean to have the face to tell I that thee didn't come here to try and bury miss, eh?"

"Bury miss! I came here," exclaimed the bewildered Punctilio, "to bury no miss, but to marry one."

"What! and thee be'st not one of them undertaking rascals really?"

"Devil an undertaker am I."

"Well, dang it, but this be a pretty mistake o' thine, Hodge," said that person to himself. "Hows'ever, it were quite nat'ral, you know, master; for seeing you dressed all in black, I in course took you for an undertaker."

"An undertaker! First to be mistaken for a doctor, then a lawyer, and then an undertaker, and all because I happened to be dressed in black—devil take the black, I say!"

"Well, I ax your pardon, sir, for the mistake; but, la bless ye, thee did look so deadly like one of them death-hunters, thee can't blame I for it. Besides, who 'd a' thought thee'd have come a love-making to a lady who's more like to want a winding-sheet than a wedding-gown?"

"Gracious heavens!—what, then, is the ward of Mr. Solid dangerously ill?"

"No, but Miss Hollyhock be."

"The devil take Miss Hollyhock!" roared out the enraged Mr. Punctilio; "what's Miss Hollyhock to me? Was there ever such a blundering booby as this! I tell you I came here to pay my addresses to the ward of Mr. Solid—can I see the lady?"

"Miss Hollyhock do live here, sir."

"I tell you I've got nothing, and want nothing to do with your Miss Hollyhock. Does not Mr. Solid live here?—answer me that."

"La! bless your innocent heart," replied Hodge, "no. Mr. Solid do live at No. 10, the Bell Hotel, down in the town, to be sure; and I do know, coz missus was took there after the haxident."

"A pretty fool, then, that puppy has made of me, most assuredly,—and made me break my appointment into the bargain. It 'ud serve him right if I was to break his head in return.—No. 10, I think you said?"

"Ees, that be it, sure enough. Hows'ever, I'll come with thee, and show thee the very place, if thee likes, for I've got to call at Dr. Potion's close by."

"Ah, that will prevent the possibility of any farther mistake. Only show me to Mr. Solid's, and I will make you a present of a guinea."

"No! will thee, now? Come along, then; for money do make the mare to go surely."

"Do you lead the way," said Mr. Punctilio. "The stupid dolt!—to mistake me for an undertaker—a fellow that puts on black clothes as a pall wherein to bury the joy he feels at other people's woe."

Leaving Mr. Punctilio to retrace his steps under the guidance of Hodge to the Bell Hotel, let us now return to the apartments of Mr. Solid.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK FORAGE, immediately after he had despatched the gentleman in black on the errand above narrated, sped to the fair Cecilia, and acquainted her with the success that had attended their plans.

The tender couple waited until it was a full quarter past the time appointed by the precise Mr. Punctilio, and then hastened to demand from Mr. Solid the fulfilment of his engagement.

"Well, well," replied that gentleman, "I must acknowledge I am fairly beaten,—and I must keep my word, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," returned the vivacious Frank, "you had better keep your word in this instance, in case you should want to give it to any one on a future occasion. That will do, I think, for an *extempore*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Cecilia, "I thought my good guardian would not hesitate to fulfil his promise. You will give your countenance to our union now, won't you, sir?"

"Yes, you will of course give your countenance to our union," said

Mr. Forage, "and so put a good face on the matter. Come, that isn't so bad either."

"You are a strange fellow," replied Mr. Solid, smiling at the jocular compliment, "and I think your heart is in the right place."

"Right place!" returned Frank; "I fancy it is too, since my dear little Cecilia has the possession of it."

Cecilia blushed beautiful, of course.

"There, say no more about it," said Mr. Solid. "Give me your hand, sir—Cecilia, yours. Take her," he added, joining their palms, "and mind and treat her kindly. And now, the sooner this affair is settled, the better," remarked Mr. Solid; "so run you, Mr. Forage, and send Mr. Splice, the clergyman, to me. You know where he lives—only a few doors down the street, and I will arrange the wedding-day with him; and you, Cecilia, can, if you like, put on your bonnet and accompany Mr. Forage; for it would be a pity to separate you at this moment."

"Come, then, Cecilia," cried Mr. F. "for I am as anxious for the performance of the bridal ceremony as your guardian himself. The bridal ceremony! Yes! a *bridal* ceremony it is most assuredly, for it generally puts a *curb* upon one for the rest of one's days. That will do to go out with, I flatter myself;" and Cecilia, having slipped on her *chapeau de paille*, Mr. Forage and she hastened towards the priest of Hymen, and left Mr. Solid to his thoughts.

"Well," he said, turning the affair over in his mind, "I am fairly caught in my own trap; but, what could have detained Mr. Punctilio I am utterly at a loss to conceive. However, that's his business, and not mine—thought better of it, maybe; and perhaps it is all for the best; for, although I believe Mr. Punctilio to be the more eligible match of the two, yet, as the girl's affections are centred on this rattle-brained but good-humoured flame of hers, I have no doubt her union with Forage will turn out well, and I shall have done my duty to her; and so the sooner the knot is tied, the better. The clergyman will soon be here, and I hope, with his assistance, to be quickly released from the very ungrateful office of catering for the happiness of a giddy, wayward girl.

A tap at the door cut short Mr. Solid's ruminations.

"Come in!" cried Solid.

Mr. Peter Punctilio entered.

"A gentleman in black!" inwardly exclaimed Mr. Solid. "Oh, this is the parson beyond a doubt."

"I presume," said Mr. Punctilio, "I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Solid.

"I am Mr. Solid, sir," replied that gentleman. "And, if I am not mistaken, the object of your visit is respecting the marriage of my ward?"

"That certainly is," responded Mr. Punctilio, "the interesting cause of my presence here. Well, thank Heaven!" he added aside, "there can be no mistake now."

"What I particularly wished to consult you upon was the fixing the day for the ceremony."

"Fixing the day for the ceremony! He's in a precious hurry about it!" said Mr. Punctilio in an under tone. "Then, if I understand you rightly, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Solid, "the lady is perfectly agreeable."

"Oh, certainly, quite infatuated! The object of all her wishes."
 "Oh, indeed! Well, really this is particularly gratifying. She certainly must have seen or heard of me somewhere or other. The dear creature!" The latter part of this speech was, of course, delivered aside.

"To be sure," continued the guardian, "there was another suitor; but, as he was old enough to be her grandfather, and the girl didn't care two buttons about him—"

"How could she do otherwise?" remarked the unconscious Mr. Punctilio.

—"Why, of course I thought it my duty to accede to her wishes. Do you think I did right, sir?"

"Oh, perfectly right, sir,—perfectly right; the vain old fool! What could he expect had he married the girl, but that by the time his honeymoon began to wane the horns would be making their appearance?"

"The horns! How very strange for a man of his cloth!" muttered the astonished Mr. Solid. "However, sir, I am glad you approve of my conduct."

"Why, sir, I do not exactly see how I could have done otherwise."

"You do me honour, sir."

"Touching, however, the celebration of the ceremony, understand me, sir," continued Mr. Solid, "although I have no wish that there should be any indecent haste in the affair, yet I do not want it delayed any longer than absolutely necessary. Now, sir, what day would you fix upon? Your experience in these matters far surpasses mine, of course. It must be some time since you first took orders?"

"Why, yes; I've been in business many a year now," replied Mr. Punctilio, thinking Mr. Solid alluded to very different kinds of orders to clerical ones.

"Ay! and you must have married not a few in your time, no doubt?"

"I married not a few!"

"Certainly; and had many a child to baptize, of course?"

"I had many a child! What can he mean?" muttered the bewildered Mr. Punctilio.

"And buried some hundreds, I'll be bound!"

"What the devil is he talking about? I never married any one yet."

"The deuce you haven't!"

"No, sir; nor have I ever had a child by anybody, sir."

"You never had a child, sir! Why, I never said you had."

"You did, sir! You said that I had had many a one."

"Yes; but I meant only to baptize."

"Sir, I don't think you know what you mean!"

"What did you say, sir?"

"I said, sir, that I'll be d—d if I think you know what you mean!"

"Then, sir, all I have to say is, that a man of your profession ought to be ashamed of himself to make use of such an expression!"

"My profession, sir! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, that Piety seems only your profession, and not your practice! A person like you, who is in the habit of preaching—"

"Habit of preaching!"

"Yes, sir, I repeat it, in the habit of preaching, and then to give vent to such horrible discourse, must be a sanctified old hypocrite."

"A sanctified old hypocrite! You're a pudding-headed old fool."

"Well, I'd rather be a pudding-headed old fool than a pious old rascal!"

"A pious old rascal!" roared the exasperated Mr. Punctilio, who was just about to raise his cane, and inflict summary punishment upon Mr. Solid for the expression, when the door suddenly opened, and in rushed Frank Forage, exclaiming, "Here, Mr. Solid,—here is the parson!"

"The parson!" ejaculated Mr. Solid, staring at the two gentlemen in black. "What, then, isn't this gentleman (pointing to Mr. Punctilio) the parson?"

"Parson!" cried Mr. Punctilio. "No, I'm no parson,—nor lawyer,—nor doctor,—nor undertaker neither!"

"Then, upon my word, I have to beg you a million pardons for my conduct. But, you see, being dressed all in black, I naturally mistook you for one of the clergy."

"D—" Mr. Solid imagined what was coming, and put his hand before the speaker's mouth.

Then came the explanation. Mr. Solid was very sorry, but his ward was betrothed to Mr. Frank Forage. Mr. Frank Forage tendered his humble apologies for the trick he had played Mr. Peter Punctilio, but all was fair in love. And Mr. Peter Punctilio vowed he would return to his counting-house in 'Change Alley, and never again appear as the Gentleman in Black.

N B. To prevent "collision" the author of the above bagatelle begs to inform all adapters for the stage that he is at present dramatising it himself.

CHARLES DIBDIN, AND NATIONAL SONG.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

It is not the intention of the author of the present notice to write a biography of the distinguished personage whose name and portrait are prefixed; an attempt only will be made to vindicate his pretensions to a high rank in the two sister arts, of which he has been at once the ornament and national pride—Music and Poetry.

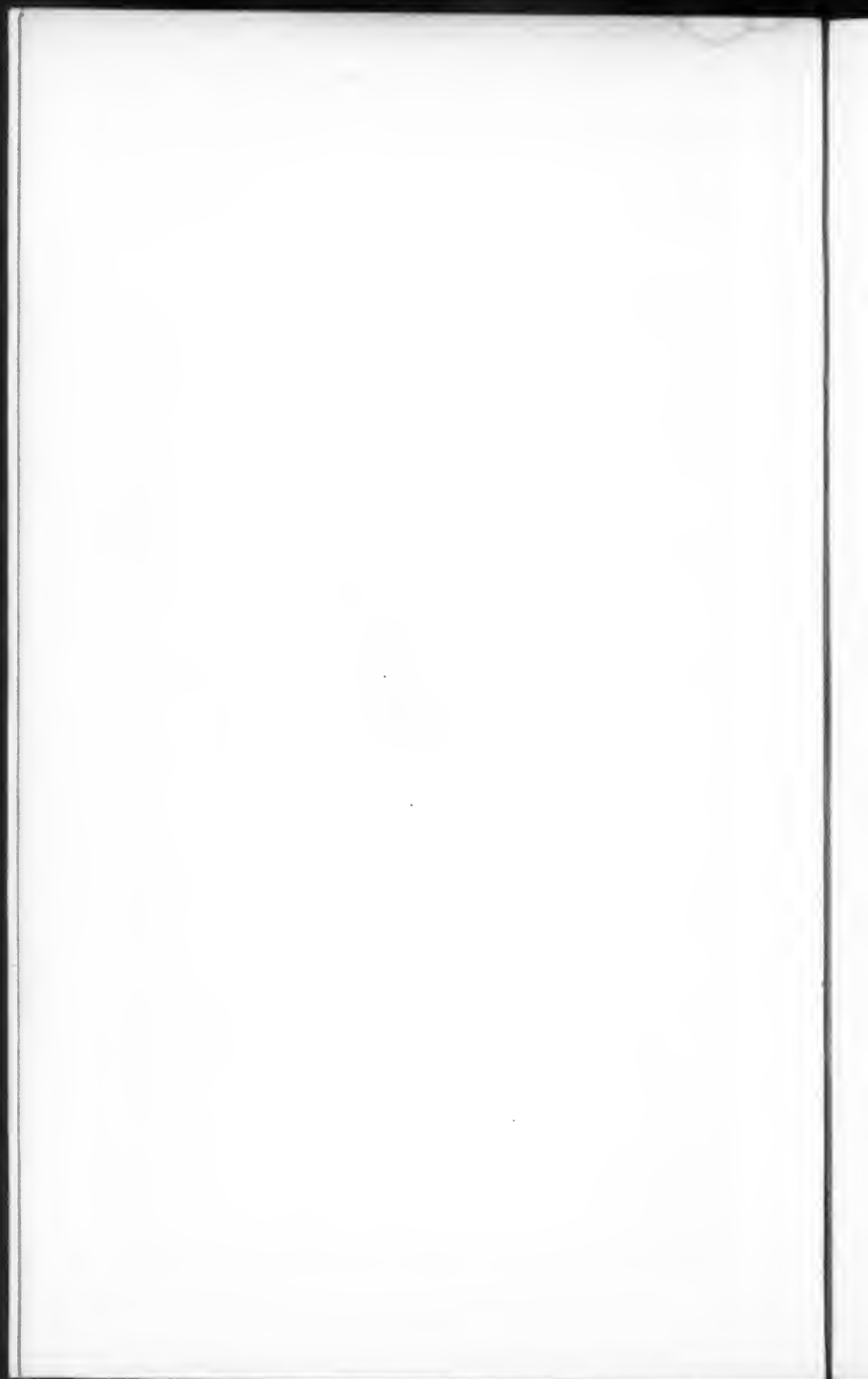
It has been the custom to underrate every claim made (but, alas! too faintly,) by Englishmen, to the possession of an original NATIONAL SONG. Every other country is allowed to boast not only of the excellence, but of the antiquity of their music:—England alone, up to the present day, has been neglectful and indifferent on the subject. A work recently published,* however, has sufficiently proved the "popular fallacy" that the soul of song dwells not among us, which has had no other foundation than an apathy to home, and an overweening fondness to everything foreign. There was a time when the guitar held the place of the newspaper in the barber's shop, and music was looked upon as an indispensable part of a gentleman's education. Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the great astronomer,

* Chappel's Collection of English National Music.



JOHN B. HARRIS, Esq.

Engraved by J. G. Smith



bears testimony to the superiority not only of the English instruments, but the music written for them, over all others.

Now, how can we account for Music not keeping pace with her sister Poetry? It is a question very difficult to answer. Perhaps the best way to resolve it is by repeating Pope's reproachful lines in his prologue to Cato :

" Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song,
DARE TO HAVE SENSE YOURSELVES !"

Translation, particularly from an inferior language, is destructive of all native talent. *Importation* and *adaptation* also are enemies to the home growth of intellect and invention. And what else have we been dosed with for the last twenty years, or more?—Nothing—if we except, in the dramatic line, Knowles, Bulwer, and a very few more ; but, after all, such exceptions, only "*probant regulam.*"

But, to return to music, the more immediate subject of these pages. *Italian song* has within a few years become such a fashionable importation that very few home-bred musicians have *dared to have sense themselves*. The native growth, it is to be regretted, has been discouraged in the very quarters where it would most fondly look for support. Those who have written at all have abandoned their national style, (once the envy of our neighbours,) and contented themselves with "*longum intervallum*" imitations of a "*manner of music*" totally foreign to their native land and sentiment. Let us define what true music is.—But, hold !

Definitions, say the mathematicians, are dangerous things. So they are generally, but most particularly with reference to the present subject,—Music. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is an adage of such undoubted standing that he would be justly styled a caviller who attempted to deny it : yet locality possesses a wonderful power to reconcile every condiment, mental or otherwise, to the appetites of those resident in its "whereabouts." A Highlander cannot for the life of him find out the meaning of the Italian Opera: he sees no reason why a hero should make his exit from this "working-day world" like a swan, singing in death with all the muscular exertion for which a perfect state of bodily health is requisite ; or why a man should acquaint an audience that he was not able to speak a word, although, at the same time, he puts his lungs to an exercise far more difficult than if he delivered an oration as long and as tiresome as any member of parliament's ! He prefers the "pibroch of the north" to the mandolin of the south ; and thinks the bagpipes of every "*lilting chiel*" worth all the fiddles ever played upon by Paganini ! Yet this opinion has for its ground-work a love of music ! What, it may be asked, would be the use of a "definition" here ? None whatever. The truth is, we find a music of some kind wherever we go ; but, as for seeking an abstract or standard excellence of the art, we might as well look for a permanent creed in religion or politics. Those countries which possess few or no traditional airs have attained the highest perfection in what may be called *scholastic* ingenuity, or the science of making music unintelligible. The professors of this school think that there is nothing in or out of Nature which may not be represented or expressed by the imitative powers of music ! Hence we have storms, battles, earthquakes, murmuring of waters, singing of birds, humming of bees, and a thousand other things introduced into the works

of these classical composers. There is nothing which they will not undertake to describe from Genesis down to the present time. The ludicrous lines of a satirical pastoral, written about a century ago, running thus—

“What sound was that which dawn'd a bleating hue,
And blush'd a sigh?”

would present no difficulty to their *melo-graphic* capabilities. There can be nothing more absurd than to attempt a description by music of anything which in itself bears no harmonious affinity to the “concord of sweet sounds.” Music has no prototype: it is coeval with the laws of Nature, pervading her in her grandest moods; and, although Madame de Stael said there was a “glorious inutility” in it, a greater philosopher than the Baroness has asserted that

“The man who has not music in his soul
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;”

thereby, it would appear, representing it as a *Πνευμα ἁγιον* which presided over the asperities of mortality, and sweetened away its crudities with the honey of its breath.

Now let us turn to the melodist, Dibdin, and see what he has done for the true art.

Charles Dibdin was born in Winchester, and was originally intended for the church; but his love of music prevailed over the spiritual call of his friends; he preferred songs to sermons, and inculcated in them as pure doctrines of Christian charity and benevolence as may be found in the more orthodox productions of the pulpit. His musical knowledge was very great: no man understood better the simple and graceful counterpoint of his day. His melodies abound with pathos and true English sentiment: witness his songs in the “Quaker,” “The Waterman,” and “Lionel and Clarissa,” not to mention his twelve hundred songs, written for his own unassisted entertainments. In short, Dibdin was an honour to English minstrelsy, for he wrote, composed, and sang his own productions, with all the inspiration and enthusiasm of the bards of olden time. It has been the fashion to decry him for making *Jack* a puling, love-sick driveller; but the government of his day thought otherwise, and gave him a pension, which he enjoyed until his zeal carried him too far in some people's eyes in the cause of unpromoted merit. However, “Time, the avenger of the dead,” as Byron beautifully says, has handed him down to us, hallowed by age; for the “Lads of the Village,” and “Farewell, my trim-built wherry,” are hailed by even modern corrupted ears with delight and enthusiasm still, and will continue to be received with pleasure as long as melody and sentiment hold a place in an English heart. He had two sons, Charles and Thomas, who in a great degree inherited their father's genius. The latter is still living, and, though advanced in years, has all the fertile fancy and originality of his younger days. Dibdin, like Shakspeare, never attained a great reputation as an actor; but, as it has been said “that one subject only with one genius fits,” he achieved so much fame in his mono-logue capacity, exhibiting so many coruscations of his own intellect and varied genius, that we can hardly regret to know he failed to express the brilliancy of the thoughts of others. “Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!”

J. A. WADE.

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