



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Per. 2705-d. $\frac{388}{29}$









A. Mayors

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

*Engraved from the original painting by W. H. Jones in the collection of the
Smithsonian Institution, with the permission of the Secretary of the Institution.*

London: Richard Bentley & Co.

BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. XXIX.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1851.



LONDON:
Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.,
Rangor House, Shoe Lane.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
New Year's Day,	1
Science versus Sentiment,	14
The Curiosities of Eccentric Biography, } Mary Baker, or Caraboo; and Johanna } Southcott,	By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A. 180
Madrilenia; or, Truths and Tales of Spanish Life. By H. Drummond Wolff	22, 194, 308, 385
Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.—Bears.—Wolves.—Giraffes.—Humming-Birds. By the Author of "Lord Bacon in Adversity," &c.	30, 264, 469, 585
A Quarrel by Post,	43
A Poet's Love,	193
Oh! Let Me love Thee,	291
Oh! the Pleasant Days of Old!	384
A Tour through the Riesen-Gebirge, or Giant Mountains, of Bohemia and Silesia, in the Autumn of 1850,	44
The Ladder of Gold. An English Story, by Robert Bell, Author of "Wayside Pictures," &c.	75, 172
A Visit to a Very Great Man. By Horace Mayhew,	82
New Year's Hymn,	87
Raphael's Portrait, painted by Himself } A Trip from Bayonne across the French Frontier to Fuenterrabia. } By Lieut. L. G. F. March,	By Eta, 277
The Monoculus,	96
Dr. Layard and Nineveh. With a Portrait,	102
The Press of 1850	107
The Court of Francis I.,	109
Lyrics of the Heart. By Alaric A. Watts.	110
The Railway Mania,	111
The Baroness Von Beck's Memoirs,	113
Robert Southey. With a Portrait,	115
Pianist and Patriot. A Sketch,	131
Lucy Neal, Latinè Reddita. By Charles de la Pryme,	153
Emma and Eginard, a Story of the Days of Charlemagne,	154
A Strange Dish; or, A Midshipman in a "Mess." } Kidnapped for a Portrait.	By Robert Postans, 371
Recollections of Archangel,	203
Saint Philomele; or, The Two Popes,	207
Brinley Richards,	221
Ceylon and the Singhalese,	224
The Valley of Bunnoo, and the Siege of Mooltan, with a Portrait of Sir Henry Lawrence,	233
The Churchyard Bride. An Irish Legend,	248
"Turning out a Bagman." A Legend of Brighton Downs,	257
The Gipsy,	263
The Twin Sisters. A True Story,	278
A Pictorial Tour to St. George Bosherville,	493
An Extraordinary Honeymoon	292
The Trip of "The Dilettanti" to Göttingen,	293
The Wiggins's Musical Party,	300
Memoir of Queen Margaret of Scotland, Sister of Henry VIII.,	318
The Phenomena of the Universe,	329
Confessions of a Rejected Suitor,	330
Lord Gough's late Victories in India,	336
Her Majesty's Theatre, 1851,	337
The Wonders of the Heavens,	339

LITERATURE :

The Duchess,	109	Gillilan's Bards of the Bible,	449
Lyrics of the Heart,	110	Shepard's Francia. — Knight's Half	
Ladder of Gold,	111	Hours with the Best Authors,	451
Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon,	224	Olshausen's Biblical Commentary,	452
Edwardes' Year on the Punjab Frontier,	233	Lello: a Vision of Reality.—Smith's An-	
The Bridal and Bridle,	292	tiquities of Richborough,	563
Blunt's Beauty of the Heavens,	329	Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy	564
Thackwell's Second Sikh War,	335	Pique.—Sylvanus' Bye-Lanes,	566
Nichol's Planetary System,	339	Rambles beyond Railways. By W.	
Fergusson's Palaces of Nineveh and		Wilkie Collins,	668
Persepolis Restored.—Portrait of		Realities. A Tale. By Miss Lynn,	669
Louis Philippe and of the Queen of		Everard Tunstall. By T. Forester,	670
the French,	340	The Earthly Resting-place of the Just.	
Knox's Game Birds and Wild Fowl.—		By Rev. Erskine Neale,	671
Mrs. Hall's Pilgrimages to English		Wanderings of Mrs. Pipe,	672
Shrines.—Christmas with the Poets,	341	Revelations of Hungary. By Baron	
Titmarch's Kickleburys on the Rhine,	342	Prochazki,	672
Lord and Lady Harcourt,	424	Valetta,	673
Monk's Golden Horn,	445	Eve of the Deluge,	674
Yeast: a Problem,	447	The Wife's Sister,	674
Ellis and Acton Bell's Wuthering Heights		A Voyage to China. By Dr. Berncastle,	676
and Agnes Gray,	448		
Literary Men of the Last Half Century,	343		
My Volunteer Troop in Kafirland,	355		
The Spirit of the Ocean. A Fairy Legend,	361		
Judge Story, of the United States. By Charles Sumner,	376		
Rambles in Sussex. The Wealden,	398, 482, 628		
The Gathering of the Nations, Exhibition of 1851,	403		
Death of the Martyr, Balthazar Gerard,	404		
The Kaffirs and Kaffir Wars. By Lieut.-Colonel Napier,	408		
An Ice-hill Party in Russia,	416		
Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin. By the Author of "Paddiana,"	418		
Scottish Hospitalities at Christmas,	424		
The Blind Lovers of Chamouni,	428		
Dr. Achilli and the Inquisition—Dr. Townshend and the Pope,	439		
Latest Account of New Zealand,	443		
Sketches in Asia Minor, &c,	445		
Joanna Baillie. A Biographical Sketch. With a Portrait,	453		
Powers' Statue of California,	457		
Opening of the Opera Season,	458		
Original Letter of Washington Irving,	461		
The Jew at Fault,	462		
The Sporting Outlaw. } By W. H. Maxwell,	463		
Song from the Gaelic. }	627		
The Insolvent Debtor. By Loftus Bushe Fox,	487		
"Old Times." By Capt. Blue Anchor, R.N.	509		
Pope Joan. An Historical Inquiry,	513		
A Tour through the Black Forest,	523		
Red Hair. By the Author of the "Pipe of Repose,"	532		
Raleigh after Condemnation,	537		
The Baron of Hohenstein. A New Legend of the Lower Rhine,	538		
Recollections of a Settler at the Cape of Good Hope,	549		
Observations on Political Characters in 1797,	561		
The Unpronounceable Word,	562		
Horace Walpole and the Literary World of the Eighteenth Century,	567		
The Expedition to Chantemerle. By Miss Costello,	599		
War and Peace,	606		
The "Phenomenon" of the Cape of Good Hope	607		
The French Translator,	616		
The Exhibition of the Royal Academy,	617		
A Riddle,	633		
Inscriptions on the Rocks of Sinai,	634		
Château Ghismondi; or, The Apparition,	637		
A Pipe of Tobacco,	655		
The Devonshire-House Theatricals,	660		

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

EVERY day in the year, from the First of January to the Thirty First of December, yields its own budget of memorabilia. You might undertake the history of any one day throughout the whole Three Hundred and Sixty Five—one of the most obscure and least noted in those annals of the World, the Calendars and Almanacs—and find more than enough of work on hand to fill up the measure of your own days, were you to live twice as long as Old Parr, and could you run your words with as much speed over your paper as they fly along the wires of the Electric Telegraph. That is something to think of—a thousand times more wonderful than it seems on the first blush; the deeds that were done on that one day, the lives that flowered and perished, the enterprises begun and ended, the structures of brain and hand reared and destroyed, the crimes, glories and superstitions that date their birth or their doom within its limits.

But we have nothing to do at present with such wide-reaching speculations. We are on the threshold of New Year's Day, which, with less historical bustle in it than any other, (for, by the common consent of mankind, history is allowed a holiday on this occasion) is *the* day that attracts and concentrates more attention than any other day in the year, all the world over. The claim to this special distinction is obvious enough; and this is what we have mainly to talk about. It is a day on which people set their houses in order, as if they were only just married, and about to begin life over again (how often in a life-time we begin again with our hearts and heads, to say nothing of meaner beginnings!)—the birthday of new undertakings, social, literary, and commercial—a turning point in all men's careers, which brings some changes, for better or for worse—a day of reckoning and account, which cannot be passed over without striking a balance one way or the other—a halt on the great journey from whence we survey the perils we have escaped, and speculate on the perils to come—a day of finery and congratulations, of gifts and rejoicings, or, as it may be, of tears and regrets, according to the colour of the circumstances it discloses or recalls. It is one of the few days in the year, of the date of which nobody can pretend to be ignorant. It is rung in by the bells of the churches, as if the town was on fire; in most houses there are great preparations made to give it a suitable welcome: it is danced in and drank in, and the streets are wide awake with shouts and revelry just at that witching hour when all well-behaved streets ought to be fast asleep. Twelve o'clock on the night of the Thirty First of December is the liveliest hour in the whole round of the Twelvemonth. Everybody, gentle and simple, has a superstition about beginning the New Year well; and as good fellowship is popularly held to be the best of philosophies, so most people are for spanning the chimes that divide the old year from the new with mirth and jollity.

The universality of a festival increases the difficulty of finding anything new to say about it. An inexcusable waste of time would it be to tell you that this month of January takes its name from Ja-

nus, that celebrated personage who shows his head to such advantage on the tops of crab-sticks, and the handles of umbrellas, and whose double face is supposed to typify the backward and forward gaze into the past and future; that there are no less than two heathen saints who preside specially over the month, particularly in relation to dead nettles and hellebore; and that the custom of offerings and presents on New Year's Day had its origin in that well-known period of time which is usually described by historians as being lost in the mists of antiquity. Such information is patent in a thousand shapes; has been collected, without much judgment or learning, but in a most genial and industrious spirit by Hone, and will be found carefully chronicled by Brand, Ellis, and others, who dug deeply into the ruins of this description of lore. The Calendar groans with Saints who came to life on the first day, or during the first month of the year, and who are transmitted to glory accordingly. Unluckily, however, the Saints are not much in fashion at present, and unless a miracle happens to come recommended by some transcendent novelty it is really hardly worth recording. One of the New Year's Day Saints, for instance, seeing a company of priests arrested on their way by an impassable river, kindly floated them over on his mantle, which remained as dry as a bone all the time. There are ten thousand legends of that class, but they all come to the same thing in the end,—the suspension of the laws of nature in deference to a temporary exigency. He who believes in the power of Saints to stop the machinery of the universe on the meanest occasions, needs no accumulation of instances to confirm his faith; and he who does not, or will not, or cannot believe in it, is apt to be tempted into a scoffing humour (which is the worst tonic for the reasoning faculty) by having such instances unnecessarily pressed upon him. So we will relinquish the Saints, and even the Saxons, whose wolves used to howl so fearfully through this month of January, and turn to less recondite topics.

The first incident that announces to our Christian population the opening of a new year is the ringing of bells in the church steeples. It is as if all the bells in all the churches were trying to cry out to the people "A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!" The discord is at least loud and exulting, and distinguished by its frantic gaiety. And curious it is to mark the various voices in which the bells congratulate the public on this event. Elia says that bells are the music nearest to heaven: but sooth to say, their melody is not always of that soft and ecstatic character our poetical faith ascribes to the music of the spheres. Here comes a thin, wiry, cracked voice, swinging high up in a bellfry, very phthisicky, with a sharp intermittent cough, apparently getting out its proclamation with considerable difficulty; anon it is followed by a hoarse bellowing sound that threatens to crush the former in our ears at the first burst; then a full-toned monotonous tongue joins in, swaying backwards and forwards on two or three notes with invariable regularity and most melancholy cadence; then a tinkling voice, endeavouring to be wonderfully sprightly, practising a fragment of a tune which it is labouring hard to pick up bit by bit, but can only catch in broken phrases, some of which are carried off by the wind, while others sweep down upon us with exaggerated emphasis; then a great solemn cannonade, booming like distant thunder on the air, so terrible

in its vibrations that we tremble for the safety of the spires and casements in the neighbourhood of its iron roar; and, lastly, a fidgety screaming little bell in a mighty great fuss and fluster, galloping away as though it was afraid it was too late, and wanted to overtake the others, and was losing its breath in its eagerness to make up for lost time by showing extraordinary zeal and a fury beyond its capacity. When these divers voices become blended into a whole, fluctuating up and down as the currents chance to blow, with occasional lapses in their music, now broken and scattered, and now collected in an awful crash, the concert may be considered at its height; nor do we stand in need of the additional warning of the clocks striking the midnight hour in the midst of the uproar to assure us that we are standing, somewhat stunned and bewildered, on the threshold of the New Year.

It is at this moment of incantation, while the clocks are striking and the bells pealing at the top of their speed, that people leap up upon chairs and sofas, and dance with linked hands round supper tables, shouting out a chorus of leave-taking to the departing year (after which some of them, perchance, throw an old slipper for good luck) and a riotous welcome to the year coming in. As we commence the year so we are like to end it—should we live to see the end of it. And in obedience to this ancient saw, the true believer in the signs and superstitions of the season will be merry and wise, and having enjoyed the revel of the night with prudent hilarity, he will rise early in the morning, and go to his business for a while, whatever it may be, by way of making a good beginning, which is to influence his conduct for the ensuing twelvemonths.

“ With business is the year auspiciously begun ;
But every artist, soon as he has tried
To work a little, lays his work aside.”

This was an old Roman custom: but in some parts of the north of England no man is allowed to work on New Year's Day, which is given up exclusively to sports and pastimes. The Highlanders open the year in a suffocating cloud of smoke, which they generate in their chambers from piles of juniper bushes collected for the purpose the night before, and which they set on fire with closed doors and windows, so that no air shall be admitted until the pious household are nearly smothered. This ceremonious fumigation is regarded as a potent spell against witchcraft, and all other evils. The inmates have no sooner recovered from its effects upon their eyes and lungs than a struggle ensues amongst them in claiming from each other the Candlemas' bond, or new year's gift, he who is first in demanding it being entitled to a present from the individual upon whom he succeeds in fixing the obligation.

The practice of bestowing gifts on New Year's Day is as old as the day itself, and prevailed in the Pagan times before the present arrangement of the months existed. Good Mr. Brand, speaking of the transmission by Papal Rome of certain of the rites and ceremonies of the old heathen city, says that “the greater number of these flaunting externals which Infallibility has adopted by way of feathers to adorn the triple cap, have been stolen out of the wings of the dying eagle.” The observation is no less startling than true. Many customs which have grown up into Christian usages and anniversaries

ries had their spring in ages even more remote than the Romans. The yule-log, for instance, is a relic of the Druids, to whom also may be traced the New Year's Offering, it being a strict observance amongst them to cut the mistletoe with a golden knife in forests dedicated to the Gods, and distribute the sacred branches as New Year's Gifts. In fact, the history of ceremonials and superstitions of all kinds, local and universal, is simply a history of traditions whose origin for the most part are perfectly independent of their modern application, and utterly unknown to the millions who practise them from the mere force of habit, without knowing why or wherefore.

New Year's Gifts were commonly interchanged only a few centuries ago between kings and nobles, and were not unfrequently felt to be a severe taxation on the resources of the latter. Henry III. is said to have compelled expensive offerings from his subjects on this day; and the gorgeous wardrobe and toilet treasures of Queen Elizabeth are supposed to have been amassed by similar contributions. Sir Francis Drake's present to her Majesty on New Year's Day, 1589, is recorded to have been a "fanne of fethers, white and redde, the handle of golde, inamaled with a half-moon of mother-of-perles, within that a halfe moone garnished with sparks of dyamonds, and a few seede perles on the one side, having her Majestie's picture within it; and on the backside a device with a crowe over it."

This magnificent fan may be accepted as a sample of the gifts with which the personal vanity of Elizabeth was flattered by her courtiers; and some estimate of the extravagance with which they administered to her well-known foible may be formed from the rich stores of ornaments, gowns, jewellery and articles of value she left behind—such as perfumed bracelets,* necklaces and gloves (she had herself painted in a pair of perfumed gloves, trimmed with rose-coloured tufts, which were presented to her by the Earl of Oxford†), ear-rings, chains, tapestries, and jewelled ribands, counterpanes and coverlids lined with ermine, and blazing all over with gold and silver, musical instruments made of glass, coffers and cabinets without end, and a collection of no less than three thousand costly dresses. Nor were these presents limited to the wardrobe, or the nobility. Her Majesty condescended to receive donations in money from her temporal and spiritual lords; sweetmeats and preserves from her physicians, cooks and waiting-women; pictures, lute-strings and gloves from her artists and musicians; a meat-knife, with a "conceit" in the handle, from her cutler; and a modest gift of cambric from the royal dustman! For all these tokens of devotion and attachment to her person, she made, no doubt, suitable returns; but the balance, says Dr. Drake, was always in her own favour. This, however, was not to be wondered at. It would beggar even a queen to repay in full such a multitude of courtesies.‡

* Strange to say, these articles were sometimes presented by ladies to their gallants. Herrick has an inscription on a pomander bracelet bestowed upon him by Julia. He tells us that he kissed the beads,

—"But most loved her
That did perfume the pomander."

† This is said to have been the first pair of embroidered gloves ever seen in England. They were brought over from Italy by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, who presented them to the Queen.

‡ From a memorandum left by the Earl of Huntingdon, who presented a purse of gold to James I. in 1605, it appears that there was a heavy disproportion be-

In by-gone times, when science and art were young, and precious metals and precious workmanship were somewhat rarer than they are at present, gifts were held in high esteem which we should now regard with indifference or contempt. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that marks a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favour as new years' gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, which no effort of skill, no burnishing or embellishment could convert into a sightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money—an allowance which became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin-money." We still keep up the term, although, now that pins are as cheap as dust, it means everything or anything except that which it originally implied.

The abuse of terms by perversion or corruption is common to all languages, and abounds in our own. We retain phrases whose first uses are forgotten, and apply them to uses foreign to their original purport; or we corrupt them in their descent till they come to mean something totally different. In some cases we contrive, with remarkable ingenuity, to combine both these forms of verbal misdemeanour. Take, for example, the word kerchief. There is no doubt that this word was derived from the French *couvre chef*, and obviously meant a covering for the head. Brevity converted *couvre chef* into kerchief. This was well enough for colloquial purposes, and no great harm done. By degrees, however, having occasion to enlarge the application of the word for our convenience, we flung etymology to the winds, and coined the word handkerchief—which, broken up into its constituent parts, means literally a head-cover for the hand. The force of absurdity would seem to be incapable of going beyond this; but worse remains behind. Having reconciled our consciences to handkerchief, there was no difficulty in finding kerchiefs in like manner for all possible purposes; and accordingly we have manufactured a pocket-handkerchief, which means a head cover for the hand to go into the pocket, and a neck-handkerchief, or head cover for the hand to be tied round the neck!

The kerchief itself, when it was used in its original simplicity, attracted as much admiration as the minever cap,* which was made of velvet; or the ship-tire, an open flaunting head-dress, decorated with streamers; or the French hood, consisting of gauze or muslin, stretching from the back of the head to the forehead, and leaving the hair exposed; or those cauls or nets of gold thread which were

tween the gift and the acknowledgment in return. The memorandum describes the manner in which the gift was presented, and runs thus:

"You must buy a new purse of about *vs.* price; and put thereinto *xx* pieces of new gold of *xxs.* apiece, and go to the Presence Chamber, where the Court is upon new-yere's day, in the morning about 8 o'clock, and deliver the purse and the gold unto my Lord Chamberlain; then you must go down to the Jewell-house for a ticket to receive *xviii. vid.* Then go to the Jewell-house again, and make a piece of plate of *xxx* ounces weight, and marke it, and then, in the afternoone, you may go and fetch it away, and then give the gentleman who delivers it you *xl.* in gold, and give to the boy *ii.* and to the porter *vid.*"

* Minever, properly speaking, is the fur of a Russian animal of that name, and forms the white ground of the fur we call ermine, the black powdering being formed from the tip of the tail of the Armenian mouse. But the minever cap was always made of velvet.

brought into England in the time of Elizabeth, and, after a long interregnum, have been recently revived.* The kerchief had in some respects the advantage of all these, being capable of every variety of coquettish forms, and affording its wearer the choice of all possible combinations of colour.

By the way, talking of pins, a certain consideration connected with them has always struck us as suggesting a curious problem. Everybody uses pins—men, women, and children. Everybody buys them. Everybody bends them, breaks them, knocks off their heads, and loses them. They enter into every operation, from the drawing-room to the scullery. Go where you will, if you look sharp, you may calculate with certainty on picking up a pin—in the streets, in the cabs, on door-steps and mats, in halls and drawing-rooms, sticking in curtains and sofas and paper-hangings, in counting-houses and lawyers' offices, keeping together old receipts and bills and fragments of papers, in ladies' needlework, in shopkeepers' parcels, in books, bags, baskets, luggage—they are to be found everywhere, let them get them how they may, by accident or design. Their ubiquity is astounding—and their manufacture, being in proportion to it, must be something prodigious. There is no article of perpetual use with which we are so familiar; and out of this familiarity springs indifference, for there is no article about whose final destination we are so profoundly ignorant. We know well enough the end of things (not half so useful to us) that wear out in the course of time, or that are liable to be smashed, cracked, chipped, put out of order, or otherwise rendered unavailable for further service: but of the fate of this little article, so universal in its application, so indispensable in its utility, we know nothing whatever. Nobody ever thinks of asking, *WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS?* For our own parts,¹ we should be very glad to get an answer to that question, and should be very much obliged to any person who could furnish us with it.

The question is by no means an idle one. If we could get at the statistics of pins, we should have some tremendous revelations. The loss in pins, strayed, stolen and mislaid, is past all calculation. Millions of billions of pins must vanish—no woman alive can tell how or where—in the course of a year. Of the actual number fabricated, pointed, headed and papered up for sale from one year's end to another (remember they are to be found in every house, large and small, within the pale of civilization), we should be afraid to venture a conjecture; but judging from what we know of their invincible tendency to lose themselves, and our own inveterate careless in losing them, we apprehend that, could such a return be obtained, it would present an alarming result. Think of millions of billions of pins being in course of perpetual disappearance. And that this has been going on for centuries and centuries, and will continue to go on, probably, to the world's end. A grave matter to

* Herrick, the best of all chroniclers of the modes and customs of his time, chides his mistress for confining her hair in "golden toils and trammel nets," turning off the conceit, as usual, to the advantage of love.

"Set free thy tresses; let them flow
As airs do breathe, or winds do blow;
And let such curious net-works be
Less set for them, than spread for me."

contemplate, my masters! A pin, in its single integrity, is a trifle, atomic in comparison with other things that are lost and never found again. But reflect for a moment upon pins in the aggregate. The grand sum total of human life is made up of trifles—all large bodies are composed of minute particles. Years are made up of months, months of weeks, weeks of days, days of hours, hours of minutes, minutes of seconds; and, coming down to the seconds, and calling in the multiplication table to enlighten us, we shall find that there are considerably upwards of thirty-one millions of them in a year. Try a similar experiment with the pins. Assume any given quantity of loss in any given time, and calculate what it will come to in a cycle of centuries. Most people are afraid of looking into the future, and would not, if they could, acquire a knowledge of the destiny that lies before them. Pause, therefore, before you embark in this fearful calculation; for the chances are largely in favour of your arriving at this harrowing conclusion, that by the mere force of accumulation and the inevitable pressure of quantity, the great globe itself must, at no very distant period, become a vast shapeless mass of pins.

As yet we have no signs or tokens of this impending catastrophe, and are entirely in the dark about the process that is insidiously conducting us to it; and hence we ask, in solemn accents, **WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS?** Where do they go to? How do they get there? What are the attractive and repulsive forces to which they are subject after they drop from us? What are the laws that govern their wanderings? Do they dissolve and volatilize, and come back again into the air, so that we are breathing pins without knowing it? Do they melt into the earth, and go to the roots of vegetables, so that every day of our lives we are unconsciously dining on them? The inquiry baffles all scholarship; and we are forced to put up with the obscure satisfaction which Hamlet applies to the world of apparitions, that there are more pins in unknown places and unsuspected shapes upon the earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Therefore, let us resume our gossip where we left off.

The most peculiar article of dress belonging to the age of Elizabeth was the ruff, the pointed edges of which were called piccadillies.* It was generally composed of the finest lawn or cambric, and was of vast dimensions, standing up round the neck to the very top of the head, as we see it in pictures of the stately Queen erect in her red wig and a stomacher of brilliants. Stiffness was an indispensable quality in the ruff, and, with such delicate materials, the requisite tenacity was unattainable except by the agency of starch. This fact helps us to fix tolerably accurately the date about which the ruff came into vogue. Starch was brought into use in England by a Mrs. Dingen van Plesse in 1564; and it was considered an improvement of such importance in the laundry, that it was elevated at once into an "art," in which Mrs. Dingen van Plesse gave lessons at the enormous premium of five guineas. At first the starch was of the common dead white hue, but in process of time various glowing dyes were introduced so as to give increased effect to the ruff by the tints it was thus made to shed upon the face. This stage artifice excited the highest indignation amongst the puritans of the day, who

* There were formerly no houses in Piccadilly, only a shop for Spanish ruffs, which was called "the Piccadilly, or ruff shop."—LYSON'S *Environ.*

regarded patching, painting and masking as tricks and devices of harlotry. Stubbes (quoted by Dr. Drake) evidently considered starch to be nothing better than an invention of Satan himself. "One arch or pillar," he says, "wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call *starch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and dye their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances—of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like." There was a yellow dye discovered by the notorious Mrs. Turner, who was implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; but it was dismissed with abhorrence by the fashionable world, says Dr. Drake, when its ingenious inventor was executed at Tyburn in a ruff of her favourite tint.*

When such a variety of adornments were in vogue, there was little difficulty in selecting acceptable gifts for presentation on New Year's Day. A woman's wardrobe in those times presented an endless choice of articles; there was the long bodice, terminating in a point, with a tiny pocket in front for *billet-doux* or money—the Scotch fardingale, or petticoat of taffety, satin, silk, or cloth of a prodigious sweep all round, and producing, with the stuffed gown and standing ruff, a most formidable appearance †—the kirtle or mantle, of silk or velvet, bordered with lace, to throw over the head—the small-looking glass that hung from the girdle—the masks and mufflers which ladies wore when they rode abroad—the embroidered handkerchief (we use the word under protest)—the high-heeled shoes, modelled after the Venetian chopine, which was neither more nor less than a sort of stilt, frequently a foot in height—the gems that were slung on ribands round the neck—the artificial roses which, composed chiefly of ribands, were sometimes worn in the ears, but almost always clustered in the heart of the love-locks, or heart-breakers, as the poetasters fantastically called them—the open peascods for the hair with rows of pearls inside, the lawn caps frosted with silver to represent snow, the feather fans and the silk stockings, which last article, familiar as we are with it now, was at that period a novelty of high value, seeing that it was first worn by Queen Elizabeth in 1560, in which year her Majesty received a gift of a pair from Mrs. Montagu, her silk-woman. Here, then, was ample scope for the fancy and munificence of gallants who could afford to make love or pay compliments to fine women on New

* Starch, it seems, was sometimes applied to other purposes than that of making the ruff erect. Mrs. Thomas tells us, in her autobiography, that her great-grandfather, who lived in the reign of Charles I., used to starch his beard!

† Sometimes the petticoat was richly spangled, or embroidered with golden flowers. Thus Herrick, in his address to Julia's petticoat, which appears to have been azure sprinkled with gold, speaks of its expansion, as well as its brilliancy.

"Thy azure robe I did behold,
As airy as the leaves of gold,
Which erring here, and wandering there,
Pleas'd with transgression everywhere;
Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave;
But having got it, thereupon,
'Twould make a brave expansion;
And, pounced with stars, it show'd to me,
Like a celestial canopy."

Year's Day, favoured by the prevailing usage which freely admitted a gentleman to make his choice of the articles by which he hoped to propitiate the smiles of Venus. Alas! we have no such license in these degenerate days; the slides of the lantern have been changed, substituting Diana for Venus, and we must needs confine our gift-homage within more prudential limitations.

It was the custom, formerly, to wear such gifts as permitted of it—sometimes in the hat, but more frequently on the sleeve. Queen Elizabeth presented the Earl of Cumberland with a glove she had dropped, and which he picked up and handed to her. To testify his profound sense of the honour, he had it crusted over with jewels, and wore it in the front of his hat on tournament-days. Gloves, perfumed or embroidered, were commonly bestowed as a mark of personal favour. Dr. Glisson received from Elizabeth a pair of Spanish leather gloves, embossed and fringed with gold plate; and when Sir Thomas Pope founded Trinity College, Oxford, the University presented him and his lady with a pair of rich gloves, the cost of which is stated by Warton to have been 6*s.* 8*d.* Ladies' sleeves, as well as gloves, were often given as tokens of gallantry; and, in such cases, were usually pinned upon the sleeve of the receiver: hence the expression "I wear my heart upon my sleeve," and "pinning one's faith upon another's sleeve." In the time of Charles II. there was a particular style of glove called Martial gloves, frequently alluded to in the comedies of Molier, Sedley and Etherage, and so called after the maker, who lived in Paris. Gloves, like salt, have acted many parts in their time: thus, they are given away at weddings as a pledge of regard; hung up in churches as a public challenge; thrown down in the lists for a like purpose; sent round at the county assizes when the judge invites the justices to dinner, every person so invited dropping a shilling into the glove; employed to convey bribes, from whence a bribe is called a pair of gloves, or glove-money; and often sworn by in the old plays by all manner of people, in virtue, probably, of their multifarious uses and significations.

The cordialities of the season have been gradually falling into disuse year after year in the memory of the living generation. Gifts are now chiefly confined to children and servants. You must no longer hope to see a lady sitting in her drawing-room on New Year's Day to receive visitors and presents, the latter heaped about her, and displayed to the utmost advantage for the purpose of provoking the emulation of each new arrival. If you have any curiosity to see such customs in full operation, you must go to the Continent, particularly to Paris, where New Year's Day is still the day of *bon bons*, and where the streets may still be seen crowded with carriages packed cramm'd with jewellery and confectionary for the complimentary calls of *le jour d'etrennes*. There it is a day readily distinguished from all others by the flurry noticeable in the confectioner's shops, where they transact more business between sunrise and sunset on the 1st of January, than in any three months for the whole year round. The creation of *bonbons*, or rather of the devices that contain them, is a work of high art, exhibiting the triumphant application of extraordinary ingenuity to cobweb fancies that are destined to perish out of sight almost as soon as they are formed. These delicacies are all made of sugar, and embrace in the comprehensive range of their sweet skill, the likeness of everything in the

atmosphere above, or on the earth below, or in the waters under the earth, together with a vast number of things that are neither above nor below, and that are called into existence only by the fertile brains of their inventors. There is no shape you can imagine that is not drawn into the service of this Parisian "Paradise of dainty devices"—kettles and pots, trumpets and drums, balls and tops, sofas and tables, hats, bonnets, boots and shoes, lizards, birds of all species, cats, dogs, griffins, ploughs, balloons, billets, pen-wipers, tapers, castles, cottages, centaurs, inkstands, cauliflowers, shell-fish, frying-pans,—all coloured after the originals, or, more frequently, after the fantastical taste of the maker, with the *bon bons* adroitly concealed inside. The custom of giving *bon bons* is so universal that the confectioners reap an enormous harvest from it, and it has been conjectured that no less a sum than 20,000*l.* is expended in this way alone on New Year's Day in Paris.

But the *bon bons* form only an inferior item in the list of contributions. Every Parisian lady expects large tributes from the circle of her acquaintance, and remains at home in state all day to receive them. Jewellery and dresses and drawing-room ornaments, are lavishly laid at her feet—in proportion, of course, to her social influence and personal attractions; and in order to furnish the supplies of homage on this day of suit and service, many an estate is strained, and many a poor gentleman, desirous of showing more gallantry for once in the year than he can conveniently maintain in ordinary, is obliged to pinch his outlay and rusticate in obscurity for months afterwards.

These customs do not prevail in England, and would be considered a violation of the reserve which is the chastening grace of our national manners. Even the old usage which was once common enough amongst us of addressing complimentary verses to friends and people in high station, has fallen into disrepute. Poets used to write new year's odes to their patrons (of which we have a charming specimen in the *Hesperides*); the Eton boys invariably presented verses to the provost and masters, and even to each other, on this anniversary; and Prince Henry, when he was only ten years old, presented a poem in Latin hexameters (written or corrected, no doubt, by his tutor) to James I. on New Year's Day 1604; but the age of versicles is gone, and the flights of youth are kept down closer to the earth. Books were given away in profusion; and the advertisements of New Year's Gift Books, which in the present day occupy so large a space in the columns of the newspapers, do not exceed in number or variety the volumes, with similar titles, which were published in England three hundred years ago, with this difference in their contents, that the latter were generally of a strictly religious or moral tendency, occasionally diversified by personal or political satire. Indeed it is doubtful whether we have not declined in this branch of our literature. The falling-off of late years in the English Annual and the German Taschenbüch affords evidence at least that it is taking other shapes.

The old usage of soliciting new year's gifts from house to house, and by the junior members of families from the elders, still survives in country places, and even in cities and the capital itself, where there are green spots for loving roots to stretch and flourish in. Through the north of Ireland, and most parts of Scotland, and we

know not where else, the merry begging of gifts, known by the name of *The Wisps*, is carried on with unflagging goodwill on all sides to the present hour. The manner of this custom is as follows. On *New Year's Eve*, little bundles of straw are collected by the peasantry, and formed into separate twists or wisps; and in the morning these are presented at the houses of the gentry, sometimes accompanied by bands of music, or songs, or such other demonstrations as the resources of the village can afford; and in return for every bundle or wisp so presented, a donation in money is given. In the houses of the gentry themselves, the wisp takes a more ornate and elaborate form. It is made up by the young people of neat parcels of split straw, prettily tied and garlanded with coloured ribands, gold and silver threads, and tinsel paper; and in the morning papa and mamma, seated at the drawing-table, upon which purses containing the *New Year's gifts* are laid out, await the arrival of the children and their friends, who come in a gay procession to present their offerings and receive largesse in return. The wisps are then arranged on the mantel-shelf, or the side-tables, and preserved till the next anniversary displaces them with fresh tributes.

Hoping that wherever there is money, or money's worth, there will also be found hearts and consciences to think of those who are destitute, and to discharge in a generous spirit the universal obligations of the season—that the wealthy will not turn the needy from their door—and that in all places where a reverence for ancient traditions shows itself in efforts to revive these loving relations between the rich and the poor, too much kept apart on other occasions by the necessities of our hard-working age, everybody will do his best to encourage kindness and concord,—we will dismiss the legends of past years, and look briefly, with veiled eyes, into the year to come.

The world is much changed: changed for the better in some things, and for the worse in others. It was doubtless always thought to be so on every *New Year's Day* since communities first shaped themselves into kingdoms, and luxury began to overgrow the primitive wants of mankind. People are never exactly satisfied. There is always something wrong, something to be hoped for, something to be amended or attained; we never find ourselves exactly in that condition which quite realises our desires.

“Man never is, but always to be, blessed.”

If science yields us, from year to year, new conquests over difficulties, increases the conveniences of transit, cheapens food, simplifies knowledge, and abbreviates labour, we are pretty sure, on the other hand, to pick a quarrel with *Political Economy*, or to turn up a social grievance that shall give ample occupation to that healthy discontent which is the inalienable privilege, the birth-right and inheritance of Englishmen, the vent through which they work off their foggy humours, and by which they are enabled to keep their moral atmosphere clear and bracing. There is no country in the world where the people are so clamorous or outspoken; there is no country in the world where the people are so free.

We forget, and are not particularly anxious to remember, what was the predominant public grievance on last *New Year's Day*; but a new one has sprung up of an unexpected character, and so likely.

to exercise a baneful influence (as the astrologers say) over the year of grace upon which we are entering that it would be the shallowest affectation to evade the notice it challenges. It is written up at every corner, on dead walls, and deserted houses, in shop windows, and stalls and gateways, in pictures, books, and journals; the streets are every where chalked over with staggering letters announcing as articulately as that mural caligraphy can articulate any intelligible purpose the one outburst of protest that at this moment engrosses the heart, brain, lungs, and hands of England, "No Pope!" "No Popery!" Whoever runs may read, and whoever reads may well stop running, and stand still to ponder upon this ominous denunciation. We have no intention of touching here upon the religious or constitutional question or questions it involves. We will not embroil our light pages with creeds or politics. We leave such matters to other organs. Our business lies with a different aspect of the subject.

A few months ago we were all very quiet and united. Our agreement amongst ourselves was wonderful, and full of hope and promise. No man ever dreamt of asking another man what religion he was of, or whether he was of any. Transubstantiation went upon 'Change, and shook hands with everybody all round, and everybody shook hands with Transubstantiation. Nothing could exceed the good will, and oblivion of differences that prevailed everywhere. The Swedenborgian, fresh from a conclave of Elders, who had just been enjoying a trip to "the starry threshold" of the Empyrean, walked about and chatted and laughed with the Independent, and the Independent with the Baptist, and the Baptist with the Wesleyan. The Millennium was come in earnest. The Lion was actually lying down with the Lamb.

All of a sudden in the midst of this repose—just like a stealthy shot fired into a covey of birds—a missive was discharged amongst us from Rome, and in an instant every sect in the country, of every known denomination, was up and out on the wing. The beacon fire, flying from hill to hill, by which the sleeping clans were wont to be summoned from their scattered homes in a single night, was not more magical in its effects than the Bull of Pio Nono.

The excited multitude, seizing upon a watchword, have no means of making known the thought that labours for utterance, except such as affords the readiest and shortest mode of expression. They cannot wait to disentangle sophistries, or investigate legal dilemmas; they cannot pause to reason or refine: they only feel, and cry aloud as best they may on the first impulse. Nothing more natural than that the walls should be scrawled over with "No Popery." It is the recorded judgment of the Million—the Written Speech of the Masses, more significant in its brevity than the most elaborate orations of the Vestry or the Forum.

But once recorded—enough is done. The People have spoken out in their own way, and all the chalk in the universe cannot give further strength or efficacy to their desires, while it might precipitate mischief in a direction and to an extent they never contemplated. There is this grave difference to be thought of between the political and the religious feud—that the one is temporary, the other perpetual. Wars for sceptres and territories end, and are forgotten, and leave no trace behind: but religious wars, being wars of opinion, *are endless*—the smoke may disappear for a time, but the embers

burn on for ever. The Houses of York and Lancaster are dust, and no man marks their place; but the stones of Smithfield still reek in the memory with tales of blood and fire. Who shall resuscitate the Red and White Roses? A breath would invoke from the tomb the spectres of Latimer and Ridley.

For this reason, alone, it would be well that the expression of popular feeling should abandon the walls, and trust itself to calmer and more deliberate channels. Let the people never cease their demands on the Throne and the Legislature until they shall have succeeded in vindicating the insulted rights of the Sovereign, and repelling the impudent assumption by a Foreign Prince of the privilege of conferring titular honours in this country. But there is a reason, having direct reference to the incoming year, why they should remove these undignified manifestos from our dead walls and deserted houses.

As the time for the Industrial Exhibition approaches, London will become thronged with strangers. The Croat from the banks of the Drave and the Unna, fierce and exclusive in his religious sentiments,—the Fleming from Brabant, and the Walloon from Luxembourg and Hainault, practically tolerant at home, but acutely sensitive to assaults upon their creed—the Prussian from Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces, where bigotry abounds, but proselytism and controversy are prohibited—the Austrian from a hundred regions, where Protestantism is barely permitted, stripped of all outward signs of vitality—the Italian, the Spaniard, and the Gaul, inflamed with zeal, and confident of spiritual power—men from every climate and from all points of the compass, who have never visited us before, and who know us only by the reputation of our freedom, of our conquests by sea and land, and our world-wide possessions upon which the sun never sets, will crowd our streets by day and night, filling our theatres and exhibitions, our bazaars and manufactories, and establishing in our thoroughfares for many months an open congress of all the civilized nations of the earth. Already upwards of twenty thousand berths have been taken in the American passenger vessels, and such is the expected pressure from the United States that arrangements are said to have been made for running a packet daily from New York. Of this tumultuous crush of human beings, by far the larger proportion will be Roman Catholics. These people will be our guests; let us act towards them with the dignity and decorum, the hospitality and frankness which become a great country, that sets the example of civil and religious liberty to the rest of the world, and that has undertaken on this occasion to discharge the responsible duty of host to the Arts and Industry represented in the persons of this vast gathering of strangers: let us not give a tongue to the dumb bricks to greet our invited guests with words of obloquy and reproach. This would be unworthy of England; it would be a stain on the national character, and an ill compliment to the Prince under whose enlightened auspices this assembly of foreigners has been convoked. Art is of no sect. It knows no distinctions of creed; and its Jubilee should be held on mutual ground. The Protestantism of England is scratched upon the walls, like the unsightly images of the Slavi; let us take it down and show it to better advantage in the practical assertion of its principles.

We touch on this point because it concerns the credit of the year to come, one of the most fruitful in speculations of all the

years in the experience of the living generation. We believe we shall get through it to the advantage and honour of our inventive and executive skill. We have challenged the constructive genius of the four quarters of the globe, and have no apprehension about the issue. For excellence in all things that can be achieved by perseverance—the solid and the useful—adopting hints of taste and fashion, dropt at right times and opportunities—and as ready as others, not so eagerly, perhaps, nor with so great a show of enthusiasm, to levy contributions on the beautiful—the English manufacturer, with “a clear stage and no favour” (which he is likely to have at the Palace of Glass), may fearlessly leap into the arena, and fling down his gauntlet to all comers.

One, two, three, four—twelve o'clock! and up from their slumbers in rusty towers and fretted steeples, from amidst huge beams and pulleys and cranks, buried in profound abysses, high up in the air spring the bells of the great metropolis. Clang—clang—bang—goes the thunder of a thousand metal bells upon the frozen wind, startling the bats and owls out of the darkness, rocking the firm gelatine of the swallow's nests under eaves and corbels, and smiting the brains of the passengers in the streets below. It is time to leave off gossiping, and go to supper; but first!—our duty to the season, and to all lovers of good old customs and genialities of all sorts, in a bumper to the New Year, and our next merry meeting.

SCIENCE *VERSUS* SENTIMENT.

At the trial of the Abbé Gothland and Madame Dussablon for poisoning the housekeeper of the former, which took place the first week in December 1850, at the assizes of La Charente, in Angoulême, a professional argument occurred between M. Lesueur, the celebrated chemist, and another medical witness, whether the poison had been administered in successive doses or otherwise; and, during the discussion, an allusion was made to a former victim, named Soufflard, by Dr. Gigon, the antagonist of Lesueur, who advanced some erroneous statement with regard to the results of the *post-mortem* examination, which was immediately refuted by Lesueur, who in his scientific enthusiasm exclaimed vehemently, “I ought to be able to decide the question, for I myself cooked him from head to foot!”

This melancholy facetiousness recalls irresistibly to memory an anecdote of Gall the phrenologist, who was one day lecturing upon the organ of Tune. “Gentlemen,” said the veteran professor, exhibiting at the same time a superbly-formed skull; “here is the head of my excellent friend Colonel Hartmann, one of the finest musicians in the Austrian empire.”

“Give us its history!—give us its history!” cried a score of his listeners.

“It is a very simple one,” said the German, with a smile of grave self-gratulation; “I lately received intelligence of the death of my excellent friend, which had just taken place at Vienna, and you may imagine my delight on learning that the musical development was most extraordinary. I hastened to possess myself of so valuable a testimony to the truth of the immortal science of phrenology—and here it is. Gentlemen, pass round the head of Colonel Hartmann!”

THE CURIOSITIES OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

TALKS of marvellous adventure, narratives of remarkable lives and actions, the peculiarities of eccentricity, the daring of successful imposture—in short the thousand-and-one adventures which prove “truth stranger than fiction,” go toward completing the fascination which volumes devoted to “remarkable characters” invariably possess. A few pages may here be agreeably devoted to a brief review of some “celebrities,” who in their day were notorious; and who may be safely taken as “fair samples” of the large “genus” included in “eccentric biography.”

Let us begin with an old Scottish traveller, who possessed all that inherent love of wandering for which his countrymen are famous. Lithgow has told his own interesting story in the rare volume of travels he printed first in 1614, and secondly in 1640, under the title of “The totall Discourse of the rare Adventures, and painefull Peregrinations of longe Nineteene Yeares Travailes from Scotland to the most famous kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfited by three deare bought voyages, in surveying of forty-eight kingdomes ancient and modern; twenty-one rei-publicks, ten absolute principalities, with two hundred Ilands. Wherin is contayned an exact relation of the Lawes, Religions, Policies and Governments of all their Princes, Potentates, and People. Together with the grievous tortures he suffered by the Inquisition of Malaga in Spaine; his miraculous discovery and delivery. And of his last and late return from the Northern Isles, and other places adjacent.”

Lithgow's book is as curious as his adventures. It is written in a strong spirit of self-reliance, that spirit which must have enabled him to persevere through much difficulty and danger; but which gives rather too bombastical a tone to his diction; and perhaps shows too good an opinion of himself. It would be impossible to guess what a critic of the present day would say of a traveller who ended his preface with such words as these: “And now, referring the well-set reader to the History itselfe, where satisfaction lyeth ready to receive him, and expectation desirous of deserved thanks; I come to talke with the scelerate (rascally) companion; if thou beest a villain, a ruffian, a Momus, a knave, a carper, a *critick*, a buffoon, a stupid ass, and a gnawing worme, with envious lips, I bequeath thee to a *carnificiall* reward, where a hempen rope will soon dispatch thy snarling slander, and free my toilsome travailes, and now painfull labours, from the deadly poison of thy sharp-edged calumnies, and so go hang thyself; for I neither will respect thy love, nor regard thy malice, and shall ever and always remaine, to the courteous still observant, and to the *critical knave* as he deserveth.”

Our traveller, according to his own account, was one of those gay young gentlemen who occasionally find absence from their ordinary haunts a matter of convenience or necessity; he was subject, too, to what he quaintly calls “a quotidian ocular inspection” of himself and his affairs, which his warm temper could not brook; and so he says—“I choosed rather to seclude myself from my soil, and exclude my relenting sorrows to be entertained with strangers,” accordingly he

sketch
type
manuscript

made voyages to the Orcades and Zetland ; and then into Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries ; and ultimately visited Paris, where he resided for ten months before he started on one of his principal tours.

He left Paris in company with some of his countrymen, on the 7th of March 1609, reaching Rome in forty days afterwards ; a curious instance of the little speed with which journeys were made in those days under ordinary circumstances. Here he affirms that some Scottish priests, connected with the Inquisition, endangered his life, and determined to arrest him, perhaps for using as free language in Rome, about "that anti-Christian courtezan," the Pope, as he does in his book. But he was sheltered by the old Earl of Tyrone, and ultimately made his escape by leaping the walls of the city at night.

After rambling in Italy, he sailed for Venice. Thence he travelled to Lombardy and Dalmatia. While sailing among the Greek islands, his vessel was nearly taken by Turkish pirates ; and his description of the commencement of the engagement with them is no bad specimen of the grandiloquent style of his entire narrative. He says—"In a furious spleene, the first *hola* of their courtesies, was the progress of a martiall conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of gally-roaring pieces. And we, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding echo of fiery flying shots ; which made an equinox to the clouds, rebounding backwards in our perturbed breasts, the ambiguous sounds of fear and hope." Escaped from this danger, he risked his life and liberty in Crete, to effect the deliverance of a young Frenchman who had been condemned for life to the galleys, for a fatal affray in Venice occasioned by a quarrel with a courtezan. After travelling on foot more than four hundred miles, he again took boat for Milo, and beating about in the islands of the Mediterranean, on one occasion narrowly escaped a fatal shipwreck. "There was nothing saved but my *coffin*," says Lithgow, "which I kept always in my arms, partly that it might have brought my dead body to some creek, where being found, it might have been by the Greeks buried ; and partly I held it fast also, that, saving my life, I might save it too ; it was made of reeds, and would not easily sink, notwithstanding it was full of my papers and linen, which I carried in it ; for the which safety of my things the Greeks were in admiration."



After much of travelling, with but ordinary incident therein, our author at last starts for Turkey, and gives a curious wood-cut of himself, which is here copied, saying:—"Loe, here is mine effigie affixed, with my Turkish habit, my walking staff, and my turbant upon my head, even as I travelled in the bounds of Troy, and so through all Turkey." He now returned into Asia Minor ; and at Aleppo joined a caravan of twelve hundred persons who were journeying to Jerusalem.

Our traveller was always a loyal man, and on making an excursion

to the River Jordan, brought away a memorial for King James I., which nearly cost him his life; at Jerusalem he also obtained for the Queen some relics which savour more of Popery than such strict Protestantism as he professed would seem to tolerate. His true courtier-like love for King James peeps forth in his account of his final adventure in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. All the pilgrims with whom he travelled were marked in the arm (apparently in the way sailors now do such things) with the sacred monogram; "but," says Lithgow, "I decyphered and subjoined below mine, the foure incorporate crowns of King James, with this inscription in the lower circle of the crown *Vivat Jacobus Rex* — and heere is the modell thereof," adds he, giving the cut we here re-copy. All this greatly exasperated the infidels, we are told, until he began "to recite the heroick virtues of our matchless monarch" when "their fury fell," and they were miraculously tolerant of the "British Solomon," all of which was related for his edification by Lithgow at an interview with him on his return. At Geneva he felt perfectly at home, and apostrophizes the place in an alliterative couplet, quite characteristic of the taste of his times—

"Glance, glorious Geneva; gospell-guiding gem;
Great God governe good Geneve's ghostly game."

Lithgow's restless spirit and uneven temper breaks forth in the apology with which he commences his second narrative of travel:—"Whether discontent or curiosity drove me to this second perambulation, is best reserved to my own knowledge; as for the opinion of others, I little care either for their sweetest temper, or their sourest censure." He journeyed to Ostend; and then he says, "I measured all the Netherlands with my feet, in two months space;" and thence, after many adventures, to Algiers, where he had an interview with the famous English pirate, Captain Ward; "who, in spite of his denied acceptance in England, had turned Turke, and built there a faire pallace, beautified with rich marble and alabaster stones, with whom I found, domestic, some fiftene circumcised English runagates, whose lives and countenances were both alike, even as desperate as disdainfull." The readers of our old ballad poetry will remember the song upon "the battle" between Captain Ward and the Rainbow. "Yet," says Lithgow, "he was placable, and joynd me safely with a passing land-conduct to Algiers; yea, and divers times in my ten days staying there, I dynd and supped with him," but with commendable prudence he slept "aboard the French ship."

From thence he journeyed to Barbary; and remained some time at Fez, in Morocco, on the beauty of which he expatiates largely. He then goes into the desert, where he sees some real marvels, for he declares—"among these Arabe tents I saw smiths work, out of cold iron, horse shoes and nails, which are only mollified by the vigorous heate and rays of the sun, and the hard hammering of hands upon



the anvil. So have I seen it heated also in Asia. I could be more particular here, but time, paper, printing, and charges will not suffer mee."

He now returned back to Tunis, where he again remained with "generous Ward," the pirate; and from thence to Malta; staying in Sicily some time, and ascending Etna, "whose terrible flames and cracking smoke is monstrous fearfull to behold." Arriving at Messina, he relates an adventure there, which is curiously characteristic of the varied fortunes which the gay gallants of the day occasionally encountered:—"There, in Messina, I found the (sometime) great English gallant, Sir Francis Varney, lying sick in an hospitall, who, after many misfortunes in exhausting his large patrimony, abandoning his country, and turning Turk in Tunis, was taken at sea by the Sicilian galleys, in one of which he was two years a slave, when he was redeemed by an English Jesuit, upon the promise of his conversion to the Christian faith, when set at liberty. He turned common soldier, and here, in the extreamest calamity of extreme miseries, contracted death—whose dead corps I charitably interred." What a history is told in these few words of one who had "fluttered in pomp and folly" at the court of Elizabeth.

From hence he visited Rome and Vienna; travelled down the Danube to Buda, and thence into Moldavia, where "for a welcome" he was robbed and bound to a tree, but fortunately discovered in time to save his life, and he then goes to Poland—"a mother and nurse for the youths and younglings of Scotland, who are yearley sent hither in great numbers, besides thirty thousand Scots families that live incorporate in her bowells. And certainly Poland may be termed in this kind to be the mother of our commons, and the first commencement of all our best merchants wealth, or at least, the most part of them."

Sickness induces his return homeward, but his natural restlessness again conquered him, and he commenced his third and most unfortunate journey, which, as he says, had a "meritorious designe," but a "miserable effect." The meritorious part of it was, however, but his own ambition to complete his visit to entire Europe, which he had now travelled over, "except Ireland and the halfe of Spain." Being therefore provided with letters of safe conduct, he went first to Ireland.

Embarking at Youghal, he goes to St. Malo, thence to Paris, leaving it with as bad a character as he gives to Ireland; and thence into Spain. At Malaga he was staying in 1620, when the English fleet anchored there, which were sent against the pirates in Algiers; and now, he says, "came ashore hundreds of my speciall freends, and old familiars, Londoners and courtiers, with whom desirously met, we were joviall together," and going on board his Majesty's ship, the Lion, the general Sir Robert Maunsell, wished our traveller to accompany them to Algiers; but his property being on land "unhappily came I ashore in a fisher-boat, to my deare-bought destruction;" for he was seized, accused of being an English spy, and some papers being found in his possession, involving doctrinal points and attacks on the Pope, with confutations of the miracles of the Lady of Loretta, he gets into the dungeon of the Inquisition. His long detail of his tortures there may be spared the reader. After cruel suffering, he obtained release through the accidental communi-

cation of his wrongs to an English merchant, who obtained him a safe passage to England. He was taken to the king, and recounted his wrongs, and the famous Gondomar, being ambassador at that time from Spain, promised him all due restitution and satisfaction. But Gondomar's promises were never kept; he put off the day of redress from time to time, until he being about to leave England, "seeing his policy too strong for mine oppressed patience," says Lithgow, "I told him flatly to his face what he was, and what he went about; which afterwards proved true." But the court was no place for the enunciation of truths. They were both at this time in the presence-chamber, before many courtiers, and the pride of the Spaniard and the temper of the ill-used Scotsman clashed; when, says Lithgow, "he rashly adventured the credit of heaven in a single combat against me, a retorted plaintiff." He struck Lithgow, who returned the blow, and the unfortunate traveller, although generally commended for his spirited behaviour, was imprisoned for nine weeks in the Marshalsea, in Southwark; "whence I returned," says he, "with more credit than he left England with honesty, being both vanquish'd and victor."

He now applied for redress through the English Privy Council, but the death of King James I. constrained him to prefer a bill of grievance to the House of Lords: and here, after seventeen weeks' delay, he obtained an order for the consideration of his suit; but the Parliament at that time being suddenly dissolved by Charles I., and no Parliament having been called for some years, his case was unconsidered and unrelieved.

Meantime he had recovered "the health and use" of his body again; "and finally," he says, "merit being masked, with the darkness of ingratitude, and the morning spring tide of 1627 come, I set face from court to Scotland, suiting my discontents, with a pedestriall progress, and my feet with the palludiate way, I fixed mine eyes on Edinburgh." But the ruling passion of Lithgow was still at work unsubdued by previous perils and cruelties; he rambled again, but not out of the British dominions. He travelled over his own land, and compiled the results he tells us in a goodly tome, entitled "Lithgow's Survey of Scotland," but which does not appear to have been printed. His account of his travels was, however, not his sole work in the field of literature,—previous to his departure from Scotland in 1618—he published "The Pilgrim's Farewell to his Native Country;" "A Discourse on the Siege of Breda," was printed in 1637; "Scotland's Welcome to King Charles" upon the accession of that monarch; "The Gushing Tears of Godly Sorrow" at Edinburgh in 1640. "The present Survey of London and England's State," 1643, and an "Exact relation of the Siege of Newcastle," including a commentary on the Battle of Marston Moor.

Lithgow's career is altogether peculiar. His travels were lonely—his life the same—he appears to have been of an irritable temper, restless in his habits, "sudden and quick to quarrel." Life was, indeed, to him but "one long painful pilgrimage" ever wandering; never satisfied; his only rest—the grave!

He is a good type of the earnest and energetic old travellers—men of iron frame and undaunted nerve, who faced all dangers and triumphed over all. The difficulties which beset their paths have

now vanished in a great degree before modern civilization,—we have less of “hair-breadth ‘scapes” in going over the ground he traversed, but there is less of romance in the deed. It is only in the record of their adventures that we know what were the chances encountered in the olden time, and can contrast the changes wrought in the world since then.

From one who saw and did much let us turn our attention to one who did much though seeing nothing.

Of the many blind men whose actions have been recorded there is none, perhaps, more remarkable than John Metcalf, known in



his day as “blind Jack of Knaresborough.” It is less surprising to find a man bereft of the faculty of sight and devoted to the study of an art or an acquirement, after secluding himself in abstruse speculation, becoming a proficient in that to which he has consecrated himself; than to see a man like Metcalf occupying his place in the world like other men, and acting through life with the same amount of freedom and intelligence, pursuing his avocation or his pleasures, and following occupations which it would appear that his bereavement had totally unfitted him for—such as building bridges or constructing high-roads in very unpropitious

places; yet all this and more did Metcalf effectually accomplish during a long, an active and a useful life. What a lesson is the life of such a man for the indolent!

John Metcalf was born in 1717, at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. At the age of four years, his parents, who were labouring people, put him to school, where he continued two years, when he was seized with the small-pox, which deprived him of his sight notwithstanding all the means that were employed for its preservation.

About six months after this attack he was able to go from his father’s house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and in about three years he could find his way alone to any part of Knaresborough.

He became very expert in swimming, and on one occasion saved the lives of some companions. As he grew older he took to hunting, and was soon a great proficient in the sport; he could find his way well over the country, “looked after” his flock and herds, nay, carried persons through “short cuts” and fords in the river with no difficulty, and is even recorded to have had some wonderful adventures with travellers whose guide he became, leading them quite safely through the night in most dangerous roads to the point of their destination, they being totally unconscious of his want of vision. He is reported to have walked between London and Berwick as quickly as the parliamentary member did in his coach. But his most remarkable occupation was road-making.

Among the numerous roads which Metcalf contracted to make

MADRILENIA ;

OR,

TRUTHS AND TALES OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

“ Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas. • • • • •

Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.”

HORACE.

“ GREAT qualities are insufficient in themselves to command success if skill be wanting to direct them.” To this effect speaks Rochefoucauld, and many authorities, both ancient and modern, can be cited in support of his assertion ; therefore, *a fortiori*, force, however immense, is useless, unless aided by science of some kind.

Thus of old, Atlas, a man of great strength, is reported to have sustained the world on his shoulders—but Archimedes, an individual of not half the muscle, volunteered to move it on a few rollers. Hercules would never have cleansed the stables of Augeas had he not rendered his surprising power subservient to some knowledge he possessed in civil engineering ; and Xerxes, with all his hosts, was nearly frustrated in his invasion of Greece, by Leonidas and his three hundred clever natives. But more modern instances can be cited to bear out the truth of this old saw. We have seen the valiant Napier with a few well disciplined troops, rout thousands of irregular heathens, and (for nothing is so harmless as a little national pride) in most of our contests with the French and others, we have seen our arms, though in a numerical minority, conquer by force of head. Armies have been stemmed by a few omnibuses upset in a masterly manner ; and I have heard of a steam-engine being capsized by a small stone methodically placed on the rails. A big bully at school is often baffled by the fistic science of some junior champion, as a turkey-cock cries craven before the expertness of a spruce bantam. I have never beheld, however, a more complete proof of the superiority of skill to force, and of man, as the aristocrat of nature, than in the final contest between him and his taurine antagonist ; and my feelings were not singular, all present held the same. As the human advances to the brute a dead silence pervades the whole assembly. Even the most frivolous are hushed by the apparent philosophy of the scene. The most callous feels that it is not a mere struggle between the “ Chiclanero ” and the bull Bonito, but that it is a combat between reason and vacuity, between speech and dumbness, of soul against body, of man against brute. The thunderer, the bull, whose strength alone could hurl a dozen human beings into eternity, is powerless before a little man of deep skill. The bull but lately taken from his wilds, dashes in honest fierceness against his foe, and expects fearlessly a similar attack ; but it is not blow for blow he finds, but insidious weapons and glittering points that he has not conceived. The signal given, Jose Redondo, called the Chiclanero, as he is a native of the city

of Chiclana, whence also his uncle Montes derives his origin, throws away his cap as though for joy, and waving in his left hand his muleta, a crimson cloth attached to a stick, and in his right a glittering Toledan blade, he advances to the bull. Good gracious! my friend before me is now in no need of anything to lean against. Look at her. She stands up, and deserting me, her tried ally, she places her lily hands on the shoulders of a man in front, equally with me a stranger to her, and pantingly watches the issue of the contest. But the fight is too exciting even for her ingratitude to move me, and rising, I too am absorbed in the show. Scornfully Redondo stands before the beast, curls his lip and waves his flag as he awaits the onset. Little does the actual fight excite his practised feelings; suspense has no effect on him. He already knows the *dénouement*; he can tell you from the bull's eye even the plan of his attack. He perhaps has some emulation to perform some new marvel of intrepidity; perhaps he has promised some bright-eyed beauty to do so, and to lay at her feet the bull's shoulder-knot, the trophy of the day. Yet he is assured of his triumph, and his success palls on him. Again he waves the blood-red flag, and the bull uttering a mighty roar, charges at him *ventre à terre*. The expert little man lifts his muleta and allows him to pass underneath. Again he walks boldly to the bull's front, but this time stands a few feet further on; shaking the rag before him with an irritating swing, he prepares to draw down applause: again the powerful beast renews the onslaught, and thinking but of vengeance, dashes on his foe, his nose nearly touching the earth. The Madrid Chick, as my friend R. irreverently called him, lifting his stalwart leg and placing his foot on the bull's broad front, stepped on the other side.

Oh, for inspiration to describe the joy, the enthusiasm of that moment! The Chiclanero could during that lightning space have been proclaimed King of Spain had he wished it—but he stood unmoved. One simultaneous roar showed the delight of the populace; my lady friend threw herself in entrancement against my unfortunate legs, and nearly swooned; she gasped from emotion; I thought the force of applause could no further go, and should have participated in the entire feeling, had not a pin from the Madrilenia's dress affixed itself in my shin, and as my civility precluded my interrupting the indulgence of her feelings, my attention was absorbed in the pain. Luckily, however, this was not to be endured long. In less than five seconds after Chiclanero's first feat, he performed the final one. The shouts had not subsided ere Bonito had again returned to the attack, and the ready Redondo, whom nothing could distract, extending his hand between the horns, plunged the cold steel six inches into his neck, where the spine bone joins the skull. The fleshy mass fell heavy to the ground.

“ Incidit ictus

Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite *Taurus*.

Consurgunt gemita *Hispani*, totusque remugit

Mons circum, et vocem late nemora alta remittunt.”

La Madrilenia actually shed tears.

This was the right method of killing the bull, luckily for the killer; for should he not give the last stroke properly, *i. e.* expose himself sufficiently to danger, he is immediately cast into prison, and there detained until public outcry is satisfied. The Chiclanero had carried out the theory in the most approved manner. The bull scarcely staggered ere he fell,

did not bleed, and performed his part to perfection. As the horses trotted in to drag off the slain, the victor, bowing to the deafening shouts that greeted him, marched round the circle, amidst a shower of cigars. In old days broad pieces of red gold were the guerdon of the conqueror. As he passed to our quarter, we felt in our pockets, and found the Vittoria cigars before-mentioned, which we had not been able to smoke. Off went first one, then another like balls from a steam-gun. The presents of the two *Inglese*s nearly equalled those of the whole assembly. Loud cheers applauded our generosity ; and as the fair one near us turned to reward us with a bright beam from her eyes, I felt most criminal ; guilty in any court of obtaining smiles under false pretences. Another burst of trumpets announces another blatant hero ; but as I am unwilling to bore the reader with seven other recitals similar to the foregoing, let us imagine the amusement over, and leave the arena to see the final destination of some of the chief performers. Behind the *plaza* lie the bodies of the dead horses, which are to be taken in the night to the plains beyond Madrid. If you go thither next morning you will see nothing but gnawed bones and skeletons, for the vultures, the sewers of undrained lands, carry off the flesh during the night. We then went to see the bulls dismembered, which is done in a yard close by. The flesh is sold to the poor at low prices ; and the proceeds, as well as those of the entrance charges, are appropriated to the use of the Royal Hospital. The expenses, however, are very great ; Montes himself, who is the manager, receiving from forty to sixty pounds for each fight, while the *espadas* and inferior *toreros* earn proportionally high remuneration. Meeting here with our Irish friend, we marched down to the inn with an infantry regiment, which had been on guard ; and while its band played a gay tune, he narrated us a few anecdotes of *taurumachia*. He told us that we had been lucky to escape a "*blando*," or calm bull ; for whenever the bull is tame, or gentlemanlike, and will not attack his persecutors, the clamour of the mob is very intense. The opprobrium poured upon the poor beast is incredible, and the popular excitement runs so high, that nothing can pacify it but the *banderillas de fuego*. These are the darts I have already mentioned, adorned with light paper streamers, which on being set on fire, and stuck in pairs, rouse him to a proper sense of what is due to society.

Society of all grades takes great interest in the amusement, and a short tale our friend related to us serves to show that all chivalric feeling is not yet extinct, in the land which erst was its nursery. A year or two ago, a grand bull fight took place at Madrid, which no less a personage than immortal Majesty honoured with her presence. Montes, who is now fast descending in the vale of years, performed some feat unparalleled even in his palmiest days. Royalty all but fainted from her feelings, and with the rolling emphasis of old Castile, she offered to the gallant knight aught he might require, even to the half of her kingdom. What did he answer?—Did he ask for wealth, decorations, titles, or place, or more?—For the promise might have been accepted in its fullest sense, and in Spain such promises mean a great deal. No. Kneeling humbly before the Royal canopy, with the same words that a Ruy Diaz, or Gonsalvo would have used, "Great Queen," he asked, "deign to pardon one more sinned against than sinning, who, ere another sun hath set, will forfeit to man, that life which God hath given him."

The prayer was granted.

In 1849, he also informed us, there had been a fight between a bull and a tiger, in which the bull had come off conqueror. The tiger sprang bravely at his antagonist, but from having been confined since its birth in a showman's booth, his muscles failed him, and falling on the bull's horns, he became an easy victim. The Spaniards, however, look on their champion with almost adoration, for as the tiger was the property of a Frenchman, their national honour was concerned, and "Señorito's" victory in their eyes was equal to another St. Quentin or Pavia.

This story and my dinner again convinced me of the connection of the Spaniards with the East. The devotion of an Iberian is like unto that of an ancient Egyptian; they both adore bulls and garlic.

As the sun advanced to the west, we bent our steps to the Prado, that resort, of whose name no one is ignorant, the focus of intrigue, immortalised by *Le Sage*. A long walk, bordering on the gardens of the *Buen Retiro*, of which more hereafter, answers the purposes of the Ring in Hyde Park, or the Champs Elysées; each end is adorned with a gorgeous fountain, pouring out limpid crystal, even unmixed, a delicious beverage; and on either side, hundreds of chairs offer repose to the lazy, or to those tired of pedestrianism. Mantilla'd ladies parade the walks, shaking their fans, and smoking bucks and *pollos* essay to make themselves agreeable. It was delightful, as a spectator, to see the presumption of the poor boys and the scorn of their goddesses; to behold some unhappy youth, sighing piteously to a lovely girl, who all the while was looking after some more favoured, for more bearded swain.

The drive itself showed, however, the most delightful incongruities. You would see first a carriage, with good horses, in which sat ladies wearing bonnets gracefully; these evidently belonged to the *corps diplomatique*. Next in the rank would appear the equipage of some pompous grandee, wishing to be fine, a gay Parisian barouche, drawn by mules, and transporting two or three ugly daughters, who affect bonnets, in which their frightfulness appears most prominent. Afterwards you will perceive some noble, who having been a few weeks in Paris, inclines to the Gallo-British sporting style. Accoutred in a hunting cap or hat, which occasionally even bears a cockade, I am told, a tight buttoned up bastard shooting jacket, and top boots, he sits with a friend similarly attired on the box of a britzka or barouche, driving two frightful bony brutes he evidently mistakes for horses.

In the interior, where he himself should be, you see two ill-dressed grooms, whom he would call *jocquets*. And thus he thinks he is, to use a vulgar phraseology, doing it. Having heard that in England gentlemen are occasionally in the habit of driving themselves, he had evidently rushed headlong to some ready-made coachmakers and horse-dealers, procured the turn out, and now leads the fashion.

I should be loth to try to turn into ridicule the established customs of any nation; but when I see a bad imitation of the bad usages of foreign countries, criticism is perfectly allowable.

Now some well-built vehicle, drawn by Spanish horses, whose arched necks and long manes and tails betoken their blood, bring on some Spanish ladies dressed in black, according to ancient fashion, and wearing mantillas. Not ashamed of their birth and high descent, they stick to their national habits, and are consequently most pleasing to a stranger eye. Evidently these are persons most sought after. Crowds of dandies surround their carriage. French *attachés* try to exhibit

their horsemanship by turning out their toes on battered hacks, and young Spaniards by some secret spur urge their steeds to perform manœuvres to which they have been trained, and which give their riders an appearance of temerity, without the slightest danger. A sudden pause in the drive, and in a large open barouche drawn by eight cream-coloured Andalusian horses, and accompanied by the Camerara Mayor, the Duchess of —, our eyes are gladdened by the sight of Her Most Catholic Majesty.

After her, in another carriage, similarly equipped, is the King Consort and his father, Don Francisco de Paula; a silent greeting and removal of hats is returned by a bow, and ere we can scan and comprehend their features they are borne away. The stream again flows on, and the love-making, momentarily interrupted, again commences. Love-making in Spain is thoroughly understood. I speak from the authority of *connoisseurs*, both Spanish and foreign, who will bear me out in my statements, though I be not one of their body. In the first place let me preface my remarks by informing young Englishmen that they must not be astonished if, on their arrival in Spain, they be not at once assailed by pink notes appointing meetings. For this fact I give two reasons; first, if a Spanish woman, even a lady, can write at all, she seldom does so with ease,—secondly, Spanish ladies will no more drop at your feet like ripe mulberries than will the ladies of any other country. Those *Españolas*, who would yield at the first assault, are of about the same stamp as any other lady of any other nation who jump at any offer — who yield for the sake of yielding.

And having given these hints, let me tell a story describing the process of the art of love-making as practised in Spain, but be it understood that this love-making is of that nature that leads to matrimony, and that the whole history was related to us by one of the principal performers.

At the theatre at Seville, in the spring of 1845, the Duquesa de — appeared in her box, accompanied by a remarkably handsome young man, who, though a Spaniard, was very fair, and wore a profusion of light brown ringlets. He was a relative of the Duquesa, and had but just returned to his native country, having been for some years attached to various diplomatic missions in foreign parts. The place was therefore comparatively new to him, and having looked round for faces of old acquaintances, and finding but few, he turned his attention to a well-known actor, whom his companion had often seen before.

On the conclusion of the act, finding the Duchess engaged in conversation, he resumed his first occupation of face-searching, and after a moment's wandering his eye rested on a face well worthy the pause.

Here I must explain that at the Seville theatre under the boxes and round the pit, runs a kind of undivided box, into which no one but ladies are admitted, and that gentlemen lounging in what we should call the fop's alley, talk over the barrier to their fair friends within. The face appeared in this box at the opposite bend of the theatre, and was that of a girl of about fourteen, in Spain a marriageable woman. An Andalusian, tall, dark and fully developed, her face, figure, and arm were conspicuous even amidst the faultless forms and countenances around her. Never in his own land, at Russian palaces, French drawing-rooms, or British pic-nics, the young Spaniard thought had he seen her peer. As he looked at her a second time, her eye caught his,

and he fancied he perceived a faint blush mantle in her clear olive cheek.

The next evening the Duquesa arrived at the theatre similarly escorted, and the bright *Andaluza* again occupied the same place.

"How now, Manuelito," said the Duquesa; "what charm have you brought with you from your travels? The second night of your arrival at Seville, and you have already effected a conquest! That *niña* opposite has done nothing but look at you the whole evening."

"Lolita," he whispered, bending to his cousin; "I love her!"

His look sufficiently showed his cousin that he was in earnest; and a Spaniard herself, she understood a sudden passion, so she simply answered: "Go and speak to her."

He left the box, and stationed himself near her seat: already she returned his love, and soon therefore gave him an opportunity of speaking, by dropping her fan over the front of the box. He picked it up and gave it her.

"Muchisimas gracias, Caballero!"

"Lo hago por las lindos ojos de usted."

"Many thanks!"—"I do it for the sake of your bright eyes," was sufficient to form their acquaintance, and for the rest of the evening they conversed.

The next evening a ball took place under a cork grove: all the society of Seville flocked thither—high and low, rich and poor; the workman danced with the countess, the duke with the peasant's wife. Manuel danced with Concha the whole night. They parted betrothed. All Seville talked of their loves; both, in a short time, had made themselves favourites in the place, and every living being identified him or herself, heart and soul, in the issue of their fate; when, suddenly one morning, it was announced that Concha's father, an ex-minister, had departed for Madrid, and had taken his family with him. The story ran, that the old senator had learnt that Manuelito had run through the little fortune he had ever possessed; that not being prepared to give his daughter any dowry, he had taken the *coupé* of the diligence—the universal conveyance for prince and peasant in Spain—and had carried away his daughter. I know not how this part of the story stands; but the *mayoral* of the diligence often relates that every night during that journey to Madrid, Don José was to be seen sound asleep in the *coupé* alone, while a large cloak enveloped a young couple in the *banquette*. Certainly Manuel had disappeared from Seville.

Four years had elapsed, and in the beginning of 1849 the two lovers, constant to each other, had not been united. The old father was inexorable, and though Manuelito had succeeded in obtaining a rather lucrative government appointment, and had scraped together a sum large enough to support himself and a wife in moderate comfort, parental authority had declared it to be insufficient. The lovers had given up remonstrance, but now when they met, looked so mysterious, that an acute observer might have discovered that there was something out of the common in preparation.

Caramanchel, an extra-mural suburb of Madrid, was destined to be the scene of the *dénouement*. A curious law of Spain was to be put in force: what that law is will be shown. One morning early, Concha, dressed in black, the festive colour in Spain, was seen to leave her father's house, and to betake herself to the village church. Having

performed her morning devotions, her friends traced her back to her home, radiant as though some happy hope was soon to be accomplished. She sat down with her father, who, as he sipped his chocolate, smoked his *cigarrito*, and perused one of his own works, had no leisure to perceive that there was something unusual in his daughter's manner. Once only he seemed slightly struck, when, on asking her if they were likely to see her lover that day, she answered with a careless expression of archness, under the *mantilla*, which she had not laid aside—"I think we shall!"

The last crumb of his roll had scarce lapped up the last drop of his chocolate, when the door opened, and Manuel appeared, accompanied by an officer of justice.

The latter, stepping forward, with a courteous bow, said to the bride—for such she was shortly to become—"Señorita, will you prepare yourself to accompany me?"

Concha obeyed with an alacrity which astonished her father, who could not at first gather his senses together sufficiently to comprehend why his daughter was arrested, or why she seemed so delighted to meet justice. But he was soon made *au fait* of the real facts of the case. "Whither take ye my daughter?" he inquired of the *alguazil*.

"To the house of the Duquesa —; there to remain till she be espoused to Don Manuel here."

The truth now flashed upon his mind. By the statute law of Spain, if a young couple love each other, and are prevented from marrying by the parents of the lady, on an application made to a judge, an *alguazil* is sent to the fair one's house, by whom she is taken to the residence of some lady fixed upon by the judge to act as her guardian, who is not to allow her to leave the premises except to the hymeneal altar. The only objection that can be raised by the parents to be valid, is the accusation of gipsy blood in the *esposo*. Don José in this case, of course, had not the slightest ground for raising this obstacle. He thought of it, I am told, at first, in the hope of delaying the proceedings; but seeing the folly of offering the most deadly of insults to a man who forcibly insisted on being his son-in-law, he yielded with a sigh, and his daughter was married in a few days subsequently to the man of her choice—the Duquesa acting as mamma.

My tale is not yet told. Six months afterwards, the young couple went to a party; their means did not allow them to keep any equipage, and, in walking home from a heated room, the fierce blast from the cold mountains of Castile blew chilly on them. Manuel divested himself of his warm cloak to envelope his wife, who expected, ere many months had elapsed, to become a mother. As they walked to their home in a distant part of the city, and as they talked of future plans and hopes of domestic felicity, he felt no cold; and the wind, unheeded, dashed against him. But the dread edict had gone forth, and his self-devotion cost him his life.

The next morning he was laid prostrate by an inflammation of the lungs, and ere another month had sped its course, his agonies had brought him to his grave. Day and night, despite the weakness of health consequent on her situation, the fond wife tended him and watched by his bedside, and the morning on which he was borne to his long last home made her a mother. Oh, how she clung to her sickly child; how she loved it! Her husband, for whom she had lived for

years, had been torn away after a few months of happiness, and her babe had not seen the light a week, when the destroyer took it from the world. Not nineteen, she was a widow, and a childless mother.

Eight months only had passed since these awful occurrences when I met her at a country house. After we had become more intimately acquainted, she told me the story of her life. She said she knew it to be her duty to affect a cheerfulness she did not feel, as she wished not her existence to be the burden to her friends that it was to herself. Sometimes a peal of laughter would burst from her, that to a stranger might have seemed to proceed from cheerfulness of the heart, but which to me had a strange wailing sound, convincing me it was some unaccountable effect of misery. Often walking with her and others in the bright starlight, I have seen her weep amidst our gladness, and perceived her striving to repress her tears that she might not cast a gloom on her companions' joy; and ever as the evening bell bade those bereft of friends pray for their eternal peace, I have beheld her in a dark corner of a balcony, beneath the leaves and flowers of the winding jasmines, looking, with eyes not less bright, to the brilliant stars, in which she thought she could perceive the two loved beings who had been taken from her; and as the clear vibrations of the toll, floating through the soft air, seemed to carry with them to the sky the prayers of those who mourned, I have heard her through her sobs praise God even for her misery, and glorifying his name, pray that his "will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

In narrating this "over true tale," I have diverged from the trunk line of the Prado; and during my essay on love, the dark mantle of night has been drawing itself over it, and begins to veil its beauties from our eyes.

I had been leaning against some railings, after the approved fashion, and while looking at the animated crew had lost sight of my companions. The twilight, so short in Spain, had quickly disappeared, and nought was to be seen but dark bodies moving to and fro; my eyes had not become so acclimatized as to be able to pierce the gloom like a cat's; a faculty which I suppose a Spaniard enjoys, for I could occasionally perceive a black substance raised in the air, while another and larger black substance bent, by which I concluded a salutation was implied.

"Unnumber'd shades upon the margin stand."

The whole place seemed to me as though phantom forms were passing in review before me; my thoughts were far away, and seemed to have absorbed my power of hearing, for as I gazed on the misty shapes chasing each other in fast succession, no sound revealed to me that they were living beings. They were to me empty visions, such as those summoned in ancient times to scare the senses and prove the courage of a Rosicrucian candidate,—or as the gloomy spirits of the Stygian shore, who flocked in crowds around the pious offspring of Anchises. Soon, however, "fit that spectral throng away," and as I am aroused from my mooning by the hand of R— applied heavily on my shoulder, let us leave some of them at the *café*, while we ourselves prepare to follow the rest to the *tertulia*, to which we are bidden guests.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY," ETC.

No. II.—BEARS.

Slender. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now! I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed,—but women, indeed cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured, rough things.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THOSE who ramble amidst the beautiful scenery of Torquay, who gaze with admiration on the bold outlines of the Cheddar Cliffs, or survey the fertile fen district of Cambridgeshire, will find it difficult to believe that in former ages these spots were ravaged by bears surpassing in size the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, or the polar bear of the arctic regions; yet the abundant remains found in Kent Hole Torquay, and the Banwell Caves, together with those preserved in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge, incontestibly prove that such was the case. Grand indeed was the Fauna of the British isles in those early days! Lions—the true old British Lions—as large again as the biggest African species, lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants, of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now exist in Africa or Ceylon, roamed here in herds; at least two species of rhinoceros forced their way through the primæval forests; the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami as bulky and with as great tusks as those of Africa. These statements are not the offspring of imagination, but are founded on the countless remains of these creatures which are continually being brought to light, proving from their numbers and variety of size, that generation after generation had been born, and lived, and died in Great Britain.*

It is matter of history, that the brown bear was plentiful here in the time of the Romans, and was conveyed in considerable numbers to Rome, to make sport in the arena. In Wales they were common beasts of chase; and in the history of the Gordons, it is stated that one of that clan, so late as 1057, was directed by his sovereign to carry three bears' heads on his banner, as a reward for his valour in killing a fierce bear in Scotland.

In 1252, the sheriffs of London were commanded by the king to pay fourpence a day for "our white bear in the Tower of London and his keeper;" and in the following year they were directed to provide "unum musellum et unam catenam ferream"—*Anglicè*, a muzzle and an iron chain, to hold him when out of the water, and a long and strong rope to hold him when fishing in the Thames. This piscatorial bear must have had a pleasant time of it, as compared to many of

* See "A History of British Fossil Mammals," by our great Zoologist Professor Owen.

his species, for the barbarous amusement of baiting was most popular with our ancestors. The household book of the Earl of Northumberland contains the following characteristic entry:—"Item, my Lorde usith and accustomed to gyfe yearly when hys Lordshipe is att home to his barward, when hee comyth to my Lorde at Cristmas with his Lordshippes beests, for making his Lordschip pastyme the said xij days xxs."

In Bridgeward Without there was a district called Paris Garden; this, and the celebrated Hockley in the Hole, were in the sixteenth century the great resorts of the amateurs in bear-baiting and other cruel sports, which cast a stain upon the society of that period—a society in a transition state, but recently emerged from barbarism, and with all the tastes of a semi-barbarous people. Sunday was the grand day for these displays, until a frightful occurrence which took place in 1582. A more than usually exciting bait had been announced, and a prodigious concourse of people assembled. When the sport was at its highest, and the air rung with blasphemy, the whole of the scaffolding on which the people stood gave way, crushing many to death, and wounding many more. This was considered as a judgment of the Almighty on these Sabbath-breakers, and gave rise to a general prohibition of profane pastime on the Sabbath.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, she gave a splendid banquet to the French ambassadors, who were afterwards entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears (May 25, 1559). The day following, the ambassadors went by water to Paris Garden, where they patronised another performance of the same kind. Hentzer, after describing from observation a very spirited and bloody baiting, adds, "To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape because of his chain. He defends himself with all his strength and skill, throwing down all that come within his reach and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing their whips out of their hands and breaking them." Laneham, in his account of the reception of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, in 1575, gives a very graphic account of the "righte royalle pastimes." "It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear, with his pink eyes learing after his enemies' approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid his assaults. If he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he were taken once, then by what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing and tumbling he would work and wind himself from them, and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver hanging about his physiognomy."

These barbarities continued until a comparatively recent period, but are now, it is to be hoped, exploded for ever. Instead of ministering to the worst passions of mankind, the animal creation now contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to the expansion of the mind and the development of the nobler feelings. Zoological collections have taken the place of the Southwark Gardens and other brutal haunts of vice, and we are glad to say, often prove a stronger focus of attraction than the skittle ground and its debasing society. By them, laudable curiosity is awakened, and the impression, especially on the fervent

and plastic minds of young people, is deep and lasting. The immense number of persons* of the lower orders, who visited the London Gardens during the past season, prove the interest excited. The love of natural history is inherent in the human mind, and now for the first time the humbler classes are enabled to see to advantage, and to appreciate the beauties of animals of whose existence they were in utter ignorance, or if known, so tintured with the marvellous, as to cause them to be regarded mainly as objects of wonder and of dread.

California is hardly less remarkable for its bears than for its gold. The Grizzly Bear, expressively named *Ursus Ferox* and *U. Horribilis*, reigns despotic throughout those vast wilds which comprise the Rocky Mountains and the planes east of them, to latitude 61°. In size it is gigantic, often weighing 800 pounds; and we ourselves have measured a skin eight feet and a half in length. Governor Clinton received an account of one fourteen feet long, but there might have been some stretching of this skin. The claws are of great length, and cut like a chisel when the animal strikes a blow with them. The tail is so small as not to be visible; and it is a standing joke with the Indians (who with all their gravity are great wags), to desire one unacquainted with the grizzly bear to take hold of its tail. The strength of this animal may be estimated from its having been known to drag easily to a considerable distance, the carcass of a bison, weighing upwards of a thousand pounds. Mr. Dougherty, an experienced hunter, had killed a very large bison, and having marked the spot, left the carcass for the purpose of obtaining assistance to skin and cut it up. On his return, the bison had disappeared! What had become of it he could not divine; but at length, after much search, discovered it in a deep pit which had been dug for it at some distance by a grizzly bear, who had carried it off and buried it during Mr. Dougherty's absence. The following incident is related by Sir John Richardson:—"A party of voyagers, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by a fire, and were busy preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprang over their canoe that was tilted behind them, and seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of a Metif, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear as it was retreating leisurely with his prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear, but the man entreated him to fire immediately, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this he took a deliberate aim, and discharged his piece into the body of the bear, which instantly dropped his prey to follow Bourasso, who however escaped with difficulty, and the bear retreated to a thicket, where it is supposed to have died." The same writer mentions a bear having sprung out of a thicket, and with one blow of his paw completely scalped a man, laying bare the skull, and bringing the skin down over the eyes. Assistance coming up, the bear made off without doing him further injury; but the scalp, not being replaced, the poor man lost his sight, though it is stated the eyes were uninjured.

Grizzly bears do not hug, but strike their prey with their terrific paws. We have been informed by a gentleman who has seen much of these creatures (having indeed killed five with his own hand) that

* The number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, during the past year was very nearly 400,000.

when a grizzly bear sees an object, he stands up on his hind legs, and gazes at it intently for some minutes. He then, if it be a man or a beast, goes straight on, utterly regardless of numbers, and will seize it in the midst of a regiment of soldiers. One thing only scares these creatures, and that is the *smell* of man. If in their charge they should cross a scent of this sort, they will turn and fly.

Our informant was on one occasion standing near a thicket, looking at his servant cleaning a gun. He had just dismounted, and the bridle of the thorough-bred horse was twisted round his arm. Whilst thus engaged, a very large grizzly bear rushed out of the thicket, and made at the servant, who fled. The bear then turned short upon this gentleman, in whose hand was a rifle, carrying a small ball, forty to the pound; and as the bear rose on his hind legs to make a stroke, he was fortunate enough to shoot him through the heart. Had the horse moved in the slightest at the critical moment, and jerked his master's arm, nothing could have saved him; but the noble animal stood like a rock. On another occasion, a large bear was shot mortally. The animal rushed up a steep ascent, and fell back, turning a complete somerset ere he reached the ground. The same gentleman told us two curious facts, for which he could vouch; namely that these bears have the power of moving their claws independently. For instance, they will take up a clod of earth which excites their curiosity, and crumble it to pieces by moving their claws one on the other; and that wolves, however famished, will never touch a carcase which has been buried by a grizzly bear, though they will greedily devour all other dead bodies. The instinct of burying bodies is so strong with these bears, that instances are recorded where they have covered hunters who have fallen into their power and feigned death, with bark, grass, and leaves. If the men attempted to move, the bear would again put them down, and cover them as before, finally leaving them comparatively unhurt.

The grizzly bears have their caves, to which they retire when the cold of winter renders them torpid; and this condition is taken advantage of by the most intrepid of the hunters. Having satisfied themselves about the cave, these men prepare a candle from wax taken from the comb of wild bees, and softened by the grease of the bear. It has a large wick, and burns with a brilliant flame. Carrying this before him, with his rifle in a convenient position, the hunter enters the cave. Having reached its recesses, he fixes the candle on the ground, lights it, and the cavern is soon illuminated with a vivid light. The hunter now lies down on his face, having the candle between the back part of the cave where the bear is, and himself. In this position, with the muzzle of the rifle full in front of him, he patiently awaits his victim. Bruin is soon roused by the light, yawns and stretches himself, like a person awaking from a deep sleep. The hunter now cocks his rifle, and watches the bear turn his head, and with slow and waddling steps approach the candle. This is a trying moment, as the extraordinary tenacity of life of the grizzly bear renders an unerring shot essential. The monster reaches the candle, and either raises his paw to strike, or his nose to smell at it. The hunter steadily raises his piece; the loud report of the rifle reverberates through the cavern; and the bear falls with a heavy crash, pierced through the eye, one of the few vulnerable spots through which he can be destroyed.

The Zoological Society have at various times possessed five specimens

of the grizzly bear. The first was Old Martin, for many years a well known inhabitant of the Tower Managerie. We remember him well as an enormous brute, quite blind from cataract, and generally to be seen standing on his hind legs with open mouth, ready to receive any tit-bit a compassionate visitor might bestow. Notwithstanding the length of time he was in confinement (more than twenty years), all attempts at conciliation failed, and to the last he would not permit of the slightest familiarity, even from the keeper who constantly fed him. Some idea may be formed of his size, when we say that his skull (which we recently measured) exceeds in length by two inches the largest lion's skull in the Osteological Collection, although several must have belonged to magnificent animals.

After the death of Old Martin, the Society received two fine young bears from Mr. Catlin, but they soon died. Their loss, however, has been amply replaced by the three very thriving young animals which have been recently added to the Collection. These come from the Sierra Nevada, about 800 miles from San Francisco, and were brought to this country by Mr. Pacton. They were transported with infinite trouble across the Isthmus of Panama, in a box carried on men's shoulders, and are certainly the first of their race who have performed the overland journey. The price asked was 600*l.*, but they were obtained at a much less sum; since their sojourn in this country, they have greatly increased in size, and enjoy excellent health. An additional interest attaches to these animals from two of them having undergone the operation for cataract.

Bears are extremely subject to this disease, and of course are thereby rendered blind. Their strength and ferocity forbade anything being done for their relief, until a short time ago, when, by the aid of that wonderful agent, chloroform, it was demonstrated that they are as amenable to curative measures as the human subject.

On the 5th of last November, the first operation of the sort was performed on one of these grizzly bears, which was blind in both eyes. As this detracted materially from his value, it was decided to endeavour to restore him to sight; and Mr. White Cooper having consented to operate, the proceedings were as follow:—A strong leathern collar, to which a chain was attached, was firmly buckled around the patient's neck, and the chain having been passed round one of the bars in front of the cage, two powerful men endeavoured to pull him up, in order that a sponge containing chloroform should be applied to his muzzle by Dr. Snow. The resistance offered by the bear was as surprising as unexpected. The utmost efforts of these men were unavailing; and, after a struggle of ten minutes, two others were called to their aid. By their united efforts, Master Bruin was at length brought up, and the sponge fairly tied round his muzzle. Meanwhile the cries and roarings of the patient were echoed in full chorus by his two brothers, who had been confined to the sleeping den, and who scratched and tore at the door to get to the assistance of their distressed relative. In a den on one side was the Cheetah, whose leg was amputated under chloroform some months ago, and who was greatly excited by the smell of the fluid and uproar. The large sloth bear in a cage on the other side, joined heartily in the chorus, and the Isabella bear just beyond, wrung her paws in an agony of woe. Leopards snarled in sympathy, and laughing hyænas swelled the chorus with their hysterical sobs. The octobasso growling of the polar bears, and

roaring of the lions on the other side of the building, completed as remarkable a diapason as could well be heard.

The first evidence of the action of the chloroform on the bear, was a diminution in his struggles; first one paw dropped, then the other. The sponge was now removed from his face, the door of the den opened, and his head laid upon a plank outside. The cataracts were speedily broken up, and the bear was drawn into the cage again. For nearly five minutes he remained, as was remarked by a keeper, without knowledge, sense, or understanding, till at length one leg gave a kick, then another, and presently he attempted to stand. The essay was a failure, but he soon tried to make his way to his cage. It was Garrick, if we remember right, who affirmed that Talma was an indifferent representative of inebriation, for he was not drunk in his legs. The bear, however, acted the part to perfection, and the way in which (like Commodore Truncheon on his way to church) he tacked, during his route to his den, was ludicrous in the extreme. At length he blundered into it, and was left quiet for a time. He soon revived, and in the afternoon ate heartily. The following morning, on the door being opened, he came out, staring about him, caring nothing for the light, and began humming, as he licked his paws, with much the air of a musical amateur sitting down to a sonata on his violoncello.

A group might have been dimly seen through the fog which covered the garden, on the morning of the 15th November, standing on the spot where the proceedings above narrated took place ten days previously. This group comprised Professor Owen, Mr. Yarrell, the President of the Society, Count Nesselrode, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Pickersgill, R.A., Captain Stanley, R.N., and two or three other gentlemen. They were assembled to witness the restoration to sight of another of the grizzly bears. The bear this time was brought out of the den, and his chain passed round the rail in front of it. Diluted chloroform was used, and the operation was rendered more difficult by the animal not being perfectly under its influence. He recovered immediately after the couching needle had been withdrawn from the second eye, and walked pretty steadily to his sleeping apartment, where he received the condolences of his brethren, rather ungraciously it must be confessed, but his head was far from clear, and his temper ruffled. When the cataracts have been absorbed the animals will have sight.

The wooded districts of the American continent were tenanted, before civilisation had made such gigantic strides, by large numbers of the well known black bear, *Ursus Americanus*. Some years ago, black bears' skins were greatly in vogue for carriage hammer-cloths, &c.; and an idea of the animals destroyed, may be formed from the fact, that in 1783, 10,500 skins were imported, and the numbers gradually rose to 25,000 in 1803, since which time there has been a gradual decline. In those days, a fine skin was worth from twenty to forty guineas, but may now be obtained for five guineas.

The chase of this bear is the most solemn action of the Laplander; and the successful hunter may be known by the number of tufts of bears' hair he wears in his bonnet. When the retreat of a bear is discovered, the ablest sorcerer of the tribe beats the *runic* drum to discover the event of the chase, and on which side the animal ought to be assailed. During the attack, the hunters join in a prescribed chorus, and beg earnestly of the bear that he will do them no mischief. When dead, the body is carried *home on a sledge*, and the rein-deer

employed to draw it, is exempt from labour during the remainder of the year. A new hut is constructed for the express purpose of cooking the flesh, and the huntsmen, joined by their wives, sing again their songs of joy and of gratitude to the animal, for permitting them to return in safety. They never presume to speak of the bear with levity, but always allude to him with profound respect, as "the old man in the fur cloak." The Indians, too, treat him with much deference. An old Indian, named Keskarrah, was seated at the door of his tent, by a small stream, not far from Fort Enterprise, when a large bear came to the opposite bank, and remained for some time apparently surveying him. Keskarrah, considering himself to be in great danger, and having no one to assist him but his aged wife, made a solemn speech, to the following effect:—"Oh, bear! I never did you any harm; I have always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity. Pray, go away, good bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you." The bear (probably regarding the old gentleman as rather a tough morsel) walked off, and the old man, fancying that he owed his safety to his eloquence, favoured Sir John Richardson with his speech at length. The bear in question, however, was of a different species to, and more sanguinary than, the black bear, so that the escape of the old couple was regarded as remarkable.

The *Ursus Americanus* almost invariably hibernates; and about a thousand skins have been annually imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, from these black bears destroyed in their winter retreats. A spot under a fallen tree is selected for its den, and having scratched away a portion of the soil, the bear retires thither at the commencement of a snow-storm, and the snow soon furnishes a close warm covering. When taken young, these bears are easily tamed; and the following incident occurred to a gentleman of our acquaintance:—A fine young bear had been brought up by him with an antelope of the elegant species called *Furcifer*, the two feeding out of the same dish, and being often seen eating the same cabbage. He was in the habit of taking these pets out with him, leading the bear by a string. On one occasion he was thus proceeding, a friend leading the antelope, when a large fierce dog flew at the latter. The gentleman, embarrassed by his charge, called out for assistance to my informant, who ran hastily up, and in doing so accidentally let the bear loose. He seemed to be perfectly aware that his little companion was in difficulty, and rushing forward, knocked the dog over and over with a blow of his paw, and sent him off howling. The same bear would also play for hours with a Bison calf, and when tired with his romps, jumped into a tub to rest; having recovered, he would spring out and resume his gambols with his boisterous playfellow, who seemed to rejoice when the bear was out of breath, and could be taken at a disadvantage, at which time he was sure to be pressed doubly hard. There was a fine bear of this description in the old Tower Menagerie, which long shared his den with a hyæna, with whom he was on good terms except at mealtimes, when they would quarrel in a very ludicrous manner, for a piece of beef, or whatever else might happen to form a bone of contention between them. The hyæna, though by far the smaller, was generally master, and the bear would moan most piteously in a tone resembling the bleating of a sheep, while the hyæna quietly consumed the remainder of the dinner.

The following is an account of an adventure which occurred to Frank Forester, in America. A large bear was traced to a cavern in the Round Mountain, and every effort made for three days without success to smoke or burn him out. At length a bold hunter, familiar with the spot, volunteered to beard the bear in his den. The well-like aperture, which, alone could be seen from without, descended for about eight feet, then turned sharp off at right angles, running nearly horizontally for about six feet, beyond which it opened into a small circular chamber, where the bear had taken up his quarters. The man determined to descend, to worm himself, feet forward, on his back, and to shoot at the eyes of the bear, as they would be visible in the dark. Two narrow laths of pine wood were accordingly procured, and pierced with holes, in which candles were placed and lighted. A rope was next made fast about his chest, a butcher's knife disposed in readiness for his grasp, and his musket loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wrapped in greased buckskin. Gradually he disappeared, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the musket ready cocked in his hand. A few anxious moments—a low stifled growl was heard—then a loud, bellowing, crashing report, followed by a wild and fearful howl, half anguish, half furious rage. The men above wildly and eagerly hauled up the rope, and the sturdy hunter was whirled into the air uninjured, and retaining in his grasp his good weapon; while the fierce brute rushed tearing after him even to the cavern's mouth. As soon as the man had entered the small chamber, he perceived the glaring eyeballs of the bear, had taken steady aim at them, and had, he believed, lodged his bullets fairly. Painful moanings were soon heard from within, and then all was still! Again the bold man determined to seek the monster; again he vanished, and his musket shot roared from the recesses of the rock. Up he was whirled; but this time, the bear, streaming with gore, and furious with pain, rushed after him, and with a mighty bound, cleared the confines of the cavern! A hasty and harmless volley was fired, whilst the bear glared round as if undecided upon which of the group to wreak his vengeance. Tom, the hunter, coolly raised his piece, but snap! no spark followed the blow of the hammer! With a curse Tom threw down the musket, and drawing his knife, rushed forward to encounter the bear single handed. What would have been his fate had the bear folded him in his deadly hug, we may be pretty sure; but ere this could happen, the four bullets did their work, and he fell; a convulsive shudder passed through his frame, and all was still. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh, and great were the rejoicings at his destruction.

The wild pine forests of Scandinavia yet contain bears in considerable numbers. The general colour of these European bears is dark brown, and to a great degree they are vegetable feeders, although exceedingly fond of ants and honey. Their favourite food is berries and succulent plants; and in autumn, when the berries are ripe, they become exceedingly fat. Towards the end of November the bear retires to his den, and passes the winter months in profound repose. About the middle of April he leaves his den, and roams about the forest ravenous for food. These bears attain a large size, often weighing above four hundred pounds; and an instance is on record of one having weighed nearly seven hundred and fifty pounds. The best information relative to the habits and pursuits of these Scandinavia bears is to be found

in Mr. Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe," from which entertaining work we shall draw largely.

When a district in Sweden is infested with bears, public notice is given from the pulpit during divine service, that a skäll or battue is to take place, and specifying the number of people required, the time and place of rendezvous, and other particulars. Sometimes as many as 1500 men are employed, and these are regularly organised in parties and divisions. They then extend themselves in such a manner that a cordon is formed, embracing a large district, and all simultaneously move forward. By this means the wild animals are gradually driven into a limited space, and destroyed as circumstances admit. These skälls are always highly exciting, and it not unfrequently happens that accidents arise, from the bears turning upon and attacking their pursuers. A bear which had been badly wounded, and was hard pressed, rushed upon a peasant whose gun had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his forepaws. The peasant, for his part, grasped the bear's ears. Twice did they fall, and twice get up, without loosening their holds, during which time the bear had bitten through the sinews of both arms, from the wrists upwards, and was approaching the exhausted peasant's throat, when Mr. Falk, "öfwer jäg mästare," or head ranger of the Wermeland forests, arrived, and with one shot ended the fearful conflict.

Jan Svenson was a Dalecarlian hunter of great repute, having been accessory to the death of sixty or seventy bears, most of which he had himself killed. On one occasion he had the following desperate encounter:—Having, with several other peasants, surrounded a very large bear, he advanced with his dog to rouse him from his lair; the dog dashed towards the bear, who was immediately after fired at and wounded by one of the peasants. This man was prostrated by the infuriated animal, and severely lacerated. The beast now retraced his steps, and came full on Jan Svenson, a shot from whose rifle knocked him over. Svenson, thinking the bear was killed, coolly commenced reloading his rifle. He had only poured in the powder, when the bear sprung up and seized him by the arm. The dog, seeing the jeopardy in which his master was placed, gallantly fixed on the bear's hind quarters. To get rid of this annoyance, the bear threw himself on his back, making with one paw a blow at the dog, with the other holding Svenson fast in his embraces. This he repeated three several times, handling the man as a cat would a mouse, and in the intervals he was biting him in different parts of the body, or standing still as if stupified. In this dreadful situation Svenson remained nearly half an hour; and during all this time the noble dog never ceased for a moment his attacks on the bear. At last the brute quitted his hold, and moving slowly to a small tree at a few paces' distance, seized it with his teeth; he was in his last agonies, and presently fell dead to the ground. On this occasion Svenson was wounded in thirty-one different places, principally in the arms and legs. This forest monster had, in the early part of the winter, mortally wounded another man, who was pursuing him, and from his great size was an object of general dread.

Lieutenant Oldenburg, when in Torp in Norrland, saw a chasseur brought down from the forest, who had been desperately mangled by a bear. The man was some distance in advance of his party, and wounded the animal with a ball. The bear immediately turned on

a few days afterwards by the hunters. The wolves, however, had made so free with his fur, that his skin was of little value. On another occasion, a drove of wolves attacked a bear, who, posting himself with his back against a tree, defended himself for some time with success; but at length his opponents contrived to get under the tree, and wounded him desperately in the flank. Just then some men coming up, the wolves retreated, and the wounded bear became an easy prey.

It occasionally happens that cattle are attacked by bears, but the latter are not always victorious. A powerful bull was charged in the forest by a bear, when, striking his horns into his assailant, he pinned him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead,—the bull from starvation, the bear from wounds. So says the author above quoted.

The hybernation of bears gives rise to a curious confusion of cause and effect in the minds of the Swiss peasantry. They believe that bears which have passed the winter in the mountain caverns, always come out to reconnoitre on the 2nd of February; and that they, if the weather be then cold and winterly, return, like the dove to the ark, for another fortnight; at the end of which time they find the season sufficiently advanced to enable them to quit their quarters without inconvenience; but that, if the weather be fine and warm on the 2nd, they sally forth, thinking the winter past. But on the cold returning after sunset, they discover their mistake, and return in a most sulky state of mind, without making a second attempt until after the expiration of six weeks, during which time man is doomed to suffer all the inclemencies, consequent on their want of urbanity. Thus, instead of attributing the retirement of the bears to the effects of the cold, the myth makes the cold to depend on the seclusion of the bears!

The fat of bears has, from time immemorial, enjoyed a high reputation for promoting the growth of hair; but not a thousandth part of the bear's grease sold in shops comes from the animal whose name it carries. In Scandinavia, the only part used for the hair is the fat found about the intestines. The great bulk of the fat, which in a large bear may weigh from sixty to eighty pounds, is used for culinary purposes. Bears' hams, when smoked, are great delicacies, as are also the paws; and the flesh of bears is not inferior to excellent beef.

On a certain memorable day, in 1847, a large hamper reached Oxford, per Great Western Railway, and was in due time delivered according to its direction, at Christchurch, consigned to Francis Buckland, Esq., a gentleman well known in the University for his fondness for natural history. He opened the hamper, and the moment the lid was removed out jumped a creature about the size of an English sheep dog, covered with long shaggy hair, of a brownish colour. This was a young bear, born on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, a few months before, who had now arrived to receive his education at our learned University. The moment that he was released from his irksome attitude in the hamper, he made the most of his liberty, and the door of the room being open, he rushed off down the cloisters. Service was going on in the chapel, and, attracted by the pealing organ, or some other motive, he made at once for the chapel. Just as he arrived at the door, the stout verger happened to come thither from within, and the moment he saw the impish looking creature that was rushing into his domain, he made a tremendous flourish with his silver wand, and, darting into the chapel, ensconced himself in a tall pew, the door of which he bolted. Tig-

by his little tormentor. However, these two animals established a truce, became excellent friends, and would sit for half-an-hour together confronting each other, apparently holding a conversation. At the commencement of the long vacation, Tig, with the other members of the University, retired into the country, and was daily taken out for a walk round the village, to the great astonishment of the bumpkins. There was a little shop, kept by an old dame who sold whipcord, sugar-candy, and other matters, and here, on one occasion, Tig was treated to sugar-candy. Soon afterwards he got loose, and at once made off for the shop, into which he burst to the unutterable terror of the spectacled and high capped old lady, who was knitting stockings behind the counter;—the moment she saw his shaggy head and heard the appalling clatter of his chain, she rushed up stairs in a delirium of terror. When assistance arrived the offender was discovered, seated on the counter, helping himself most liberally to brown sugar; and it was with some difficulty, and after much resistance, that he was dragged away.

Mr. Buckland had made a promise that Tig should pay a visit to a village about six miles distant, and determined that he should proceed thither on horseback. As the horse shied whenever the bear came near him, there was some difficulty in getting him mounted; but at last his master managed to pull him up by the chain while the horse was held quiet. Tig at first took up his position in front, but soon walked round and stood up on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on his master's shoulders. To him this was exceedingly pleasant, but not so to the horse, who not being accustomed to carry two, and feeling Tig's claws, kicked and plunged to rid himself of the extra passenger. Tig held on like grim death, and stuck in his claws most successfully; for in spite of all the efforts of the horse he was not thrown. In this way the journey was performed, the country folks opening their eyes at the apparition.

This reminds us of an anecdote mentioned by Mr. Lloyd: A peasant had reared a bear which became so tame that he used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the bear kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing Bruin off his equilibrium. This went on for some time, till the animal became so irritated that he gave his master, who was in front of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw, which frightened the man so much that he caused the bear to be killed immediately; this as he richly deserved the thump, was a shabby retaliation.

When term recommenced, Tiglath-pe-lezer returned to the University, much altered in appearance, for being of the family of silver bears of Syria, his coat had become almost white; he was much bigger and stronger, and his teeth had made their appearance, so that he was rather more difficult to manage; the only way to restrain him when in a rage, was to hold him by the ears; but on one occasion having lost his temper, he tore his cap and gown to pieces. About this time the British Association paid a visit to Oxford, and Tig was an object of much interest. The writer was present on several occasions when he was introduced to breakfast parties of eminent savants, and much amusement was created by his tricks, albeit they were a little rough.

In more than one instance he made sad havoc with book-muslins and other fragile articles of female attire ; on the whole, however, he conducted himself with great propriety, especially at an evening meeting at Dr. Daubeny's, where he was much noticed, to his evident pleasure.

Still, however, the authorities at Christchurch, not being zoologists, had peculiar notions respecting bears ; and at length, after numerous threats and pecuniary penalties, the fatal day arrived, and Tig's master was informed that either " he or the bear must leave Oxford the next morning." There was no resisting this, and poor dear Tig was, accordingly, put into a box—a much larger one than that in which he had arrived—and sent off to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park ; here he was placed in a comfortable den by himself ; but, alas ! he missed the society to which he had been accustomed, the excitement of a college life, and the numerous charms by which the University was endeared to him ; he refused his food ; he ran perpetually up and down his den in the vain hope to escape, and was one morning found dead, a victim to a broken heart !

A QUARREL BY POST.

MR. CODDEN and Peace Deputations
 Cry down quarrelling on a large scale,
 While against childhood's fierce altercations
 Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Watts rail ;
 But the worst kind of quarrel of any,
 Is one overlooked for the most ;
 Though the foes to disputes are so many,
 None have mentioned a quarrel by post.

It is true in a quarrel by letter,
 We don't fear an immediate retort,
 But the face to face plan is much better,
 The disputes although sharper, are short.
 But when, of your hot indignation
 There remains in your breast not a ghost,
 What so fit to revive irritation
 As an angry rejoinder by post ?

When you 're speaking, a hasty expression
 The ear it is meant for may miss,
 Or even if heard, the impression
 Is effaced by a smile or a kiss ;
 But if once those same angry terms tracing
 In plain black and white—oh ! a host
 Of kind words won't succeed in effacing
 One syllable sent by the post !

In conning such letters well over,
 Every sentence we twist and we turn,
 Till in each careless word we discover
 Hidden meanings to make our wrath burn.
 Very few in these days, it is ceded,
 The temper of angels can boast ;
 Yet you 'll own that such tempers are needed
 When concerned in a quarrel by post !

M. A. B.

A TOUR THROUGH THE RIESEN-GEIRGE, OR GIANT MOUNTAINS,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1850.

AMONGST the mountain ranges in Europe north of the Alps, there are, perhaps, none more worthy of a visit than that portion of the Sudetes, known from its great altitude in comparison with all the neighbouring German Highlands, and more especially with the lands lying to the northward—as the “Riesen-gebirge,” or giant range of hills. This district is, however, so little visited by Englishmen, that, perhaps, some brief notes of a tour made in the present autumn (1850) may prove not altogether unacceptable.

The Sudetes form, as will be recollected, the connecting link between the mountain ranges of Central Germany—the Erz-gebirge, near Tœplitz and Carlsbad; the Meissner Hochland, or Saxon Switzerland, &c.; and the still loftier peaks of the Carpathians, or great Hungarian Highlands in the East.

The Sudetes divide themselves naturally into two portions—the Riesen-gebirge to the north and west, and the Glatzner Highlands to the south and east. The former of these, with which alone we are at present concerned, lie pretty nearly about the centre of a triangle formed by Dresden, Breslau, and Prague; partly within the Prussian province of Silesia, partly within the northern boundary of Bohemia; and are so limited in extent, that a good walker whose only object was to get over space, might with great ease go from one end of them to the other within three or four days.

On the 19th of September, my old mountain-longings having come irresistibly upon me, I turned my face to the eastward, and leaving my family and other heavy baggage behind me in Dresden, took with me merely a change of clothes thrust in haste into an extemporised knapsack, consisting of an old Mackintosh spatterdash, with the ends folded skilfully over, and retained in contact by a long leather strap, which served likewise to sling the light package over the shoulder, and embraced within its grip a second pair of shoes enclosed in India-rubber galoshes, so as to ensure dry feet for occasional railway and carriage travelling. I booked by rail for Görlitz, meaning thence to proceed at once by the Prussian train to Bunzlau, the point by which Murray, in his invaluable “Red Book,” recommends the tourist to approach these mountains. But on nearing this latter town I was so strongly advised by a German gentleman from M——, who had the same tour in view, and who had been up the Landskrom hill in the morning, and there formed a very unfavourable opinion of the weather, not to think of entering the mountain district till the horizon should clear up—that I resolved at once to follow his example and advice, and book myself at the next station out and out for Breslau. To the tourist rain and mist in a town is a much more tolerable calamity than when occurring in the midst of a picturesque country, and in the celebrated old city of Breslau, however thick the atmosphere, there would be enough to interest and occupy one till the weather reformed itself. Such an extension of my original plan, though nearly doubling my intended distance from Dresden, was not likely to add very much to the expense of my trip, for railway travelling here is extremely moderate where one has no luggage; and, especially, if one can condescend to a third-class carriage, which is in every respect equal to a second-class in England, and, at all events, is quite good enough for a shabby pedestrian with his wallet. The company is, of course, very mixed, but thus one has more variety and sees life under new aspects; but if one must needs be both fastidious and economical at the

the town are crooked and dirty, as in most cities which have been once cramped in by a ring of fortifications, the new portion lying to the south-west, and bounded by the two great railway stations, would not do discredit to any capital in Europe—the handsome Tauenzien street and square, called after Frederick's gallant general, whose likeness is in high relief, ornaments the centre of the latter—the Palace with its lateral arcade—"The Stände Haus," or provincial House of Parliament—the Government House—the Theatre—the extensive, admirably built, and not unsightly, Penitentiary, planned on what they call here the American system, with all the buildings containing the cells radiating from a central chamber of observation.

The Town-hall, in the more antiquated part of the city, is a very picturesque and peculiar old building; and in the neighbouring square stands the clever and animated statue of "Marshal Forwards," as the Prussians here love to call old Blücher, whose estate was in the neighbourhood of Breslau, and who now lies buried near the highway by his own house under a massive block of granite from the Zoptenberg. The market, which is held here and in the adjoining streets, was crowded with countrymen and countrywomen in their many-coloured dresses, offering for sale, amidst much bustle, a very varied and abundant supply of country produce.

Our time being limited to a few hours, we could visit but a small number of the many very interesting old churches for which Breslau is celebrated. The Cathedral, which stands on an island in a remote quarter, is about seven hundred years old, and though of brick, is by no means unsightly, even as seen from without: it contains many treasures of art, mural monuments in excellent style, and several gorgeously ornamented chapels, in which, however, gilding has been lavished with too profuse a hand. The church of the Holy Cross, with its subterranean church or crypt, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, is also well worthy of a visit, as is likewise the church of Mary Magdalene, with its two lofty towers connected by a slight boldly springing bridge high in air—the Siamese twins of architecture.

What was once the College of the Jesuits, a stately highly ornamented pile, and like all the structures they left behind them, admirably built, is now the University, with above six hundred students, and a library almost as large as that of Dresden. It is very unhappily placed, however, with some of the meanest and most filthy streets in its immediate proximity.

But a description of Breslau is not the proper business of these pages, nor would my very limited stay there entitle me to attempt it. I shall dismiss the subject by warning those of my countrymen who may come after me in this route, against "The White Horse" (*Weisse Ross*), a very inferior third-rate inn, which we were induced to go to, through the very high praise bestowed upon it for comfort and moderate charges by a wretched guide-book purchased in Dresden. "The White Eagle" (*Weisse Adler*), on the contrary, to which I went on my return, is one of the best hotels I have seen in any part of Germany; and the proprietor, who speaks English, is most assiduous in his attentions to his guests. "The Zedlitz Hotel," which I tried also on a subsequent occasion, seemed likewise a very good one, excellently situated in the new part of the town, near the theatre, and is a well-built, cheerful, spacious house, though the service was scarcely so good as in the White Eagle.

The expense of the first-rate hotels in Breslau, which is reckoned a dear place by the Germans, is about seven shillings a day,—pretty much the same as in the best ones on the Rhine; and they have adopted the comfortable practice recently of including the charge for servants in the bill—generally six groschen, or about seven-pence of our money, a day—and in country inns about four groschen. That important personage, the "Hausknecht," or "Boots," is not, however, understood to be included therein, and is paid separately, and in proportion to the amount of service required of him, in respect to messages, the carriage of heavy luggage, early awakenings, &c.

After having seen some of the most interesting objects in the old town

the free way for the plough—I found the change a very agreeable one. The house was spacious, and had once been quite surrounded by a deep wood of which a portion still remained. A green scum mantled over the surface and thickly planted trees overhung its surface—a combination of circumstances which with us would be reckoned anything but favourable to health, though in Germany, where the practical makes such slow advances, such things are looked upon without the slightest suspicion.

One who has from childhood up thought of Breslau, in the far east, the Ultima Thule of German civilization, it gives a feeling akin to surprise immediately after passing through a miserable out-of-the-way village, to find himself all at once in a handsome drawing-room, with all the comforts and elegancies of English life. A warm welcome from one whom we had not seen for many years throws a bright light over all his surroundings and I had the great pleasure to find that the estimate I had formed of him in my earlier days was only enhanced by his renewed presence. What he was still the same heartily good and unaffectedly amiable and polished person I had known elsewhere ten years ago. Refinement of manners, joined to an innate, unsophisticated goodness, and a high degree of moral and intellectual cultivation, forms a most attractive combination in Germany, in days of bustling selfishness—a combination which is perhaps even more amongst Germans than in our own country—a fact which is, doubtless, in great measure attributable to the differences of social rank being more sharply defined on the Continent than with us, and to the greater influence of the upper and most polished classes, the nobles being more frequently very much more circumscribed, inasmuch as they associate more familiarly, in the intimacy of private life, only rarely and in exceptional cases with the middle classes, and still more rarely intermarry with them. In consequence of their exclusiveness, they allege the utter incompatibility of their tastes and manners, and consequent impossibility of mingling together socially, and with mutual satisfaction, in the social stream; and after the few opportunities of observing and judging for myself, I believe it is in a great degree to this cause, and not by any means solely to the arrogant pride on the part of the old privileged class, that this separation is attributable.

The men of the middle class—the learned professions and nearly all “the gentry” inclusive—with more of intellectual cultivation than could be met perhaps in any other country in Europe, have but rarely that high breeding and fine tact which give the highest zest to social life; but the women in this same rank are very seldom indeed in their tastes.

social fabric. The want of some such bond of union, of some adequate cement of common interests and sympathies between the nobles and the middle classes in Germany, was lamentably evident in their recent revolutionary movements. The nobility stood almost universally, throughout the contest, in an insulated position, at first inactive and, as it were, paralysed; but subsequently—(by the time the democratic party had exhausted itself in ill-regulated struggles for indefinite or impracticable objects, attempting the total subversion of the present state of society ere any suitable materials were available for the building up of a new structure)—these same nobles, shaking off their torpor, and striving to regain their hereditary influence, threw their weight unconditionally into the scale of arbitrary power, and strained every nerve for the reestablishment of the ancient state of things, the old forms, the antiquated errors.

No such class of politicians as our Whig aristocracy, or our modern enlightened Tories—for they are now almost identical—is even conceivable in Germany. Reckless innovators, and the very narrowest of exclusionists—such are the architects by whom this luckless country is to have its political fabric renovated or reconstructed; and how little durable any structure, raised under the influence of such jarring agencies, will prove, requires no great powers of prophecy to predict.

Another very unpromising element in the German mind at present, and which alone sufficiently indicates the absence of a matured practical judgment, is the extreme tendency to superstition in some of its most lamentable forms. I speak not of the politico-religious efforts which are at present going on—to revive the expiring glories of Romanism in the Southern or Roman Catholic States, on the one hand; and to raise up and turn to account a hollow spirit of pietism in the Northern and Protestant ones on the other—the form of these fading modes of faith without their reality—but of the gross belief in witchcraft or sorcery, the power of fortune-telling, the reading of character through the handwriting, the detection of the nature of a disease in a distant patient by the mere inspection of a lock of his hair! Such gross national credulity has ever been correspondent with the failure of true faith in all its higher and nobler departments—faith in all that is of good and great in the best examples of humanity—faith in the real ground-work of religious hope. Before the great French Revolution the coincident progress of reckless infidelity and of unbounded and childish credulity is matter of history.

In “the Red Land” of Westphalia, the belief in “*Ahnfrauen*,” “White Women,” or “Bahnshees” and an innumerable brood of supernaturalisms in connection with the destinies of certain noble families, are as rife at this moment as in the darkest of the dark ages, and most intensely exemplified in the very highest classes. It would almost seem as if they considered the honour of their houses bound up with the verity of these legends, and with the perpetual recurrence of the apparitions of the most guilty and most notorious of their ancestors. A man of distinguished rank, and of high political connection, informed me recently very gravely, that, having long laboured under a state of ill-health for which the resources of medicine had been exhausted almost in vain, he at length in despair applied for aid to a sorceress of repute in his neighbourhood—that she had requested and obtained from him a small lock of his hair, a portion of the cutting of the nails of his toes and fingers, with a minute quantity of his blood drawn from a small incision made on purpose; and having inclosed them all in a hole bored in a tree she had subjected them to her incantations, and that the result was the immediate relief of his illness—a severe asthmatic affection; but that ever since, an indefinable sense of languor and debility had been creeping upon him, and had now grown to such a pitch that he feared for the ultimate result, and already half repented him of ever having had recourse to so questionable though potent an agency. He concluded by saying that he had a great wish to try the efficacy of “the Water Cure” in restoring his strength—as he had many years ago employed it with benefit to his general health, and believed that now it was the only thing that could invigorate him; yet he hesitated to venture on it, as the sorceress had prohibited it in the most decided terms,

and under severe penalties! And all this he uttered with the most serious countenance, and in the best faith imaginable; and that, too, without being either a native, or even an inhabitant, of the region of the holy "Vehm," with all its hereditary facility of conviction.

The following story, which I heard a few weeks ago, told by a German nobleman of distinguished talents, to a small and select society of his country-people, by whom it was received with every appearance of implicit conviction, was given on the authority of an Englishman, who was said to have it direct from the person to whom the incident occurred: it has, however, much more the air of a German origin.

In an antiquated parish church, in a remote part of England, an old woman happened to fall asleep during a very long and not particularly lively sermon, and, being overlooked by the sexton, she was locked up in that condition at the end of the service, and thus left all alone in the church. Towards dusk she awoke, and as soon as she had aroused herself enough to recollect where she was, she walked to the church door to see if it were possible to get out and return home; but finding the door fast locked, and being quite unable to spring back the bolt, she returned to her pew, and determined to make herself as comfortable as she could for the night, not doubting but that the sexton would be there by times in the morning, and restore her to liberty. She soon nodded over again on the pile of cushions she had accumulated, but was roused just as the clock struck twelve, by a brilliant light filling the whole church. She was soon wide awake, and observed, with some surprise, that all the lamps were burning—and saw immediately thereafter the figure of a Romish priest, in full canonicals, walk slowly up to the altar, when he read the first verse of the Catholic service in a deep solemn voice, and, after waiting for some instants as if in a listening attitude, he withdrew with the same solemn pace as he had entered—the lights instantly went out, and all was total darkness as before. The old dame was naturally a good deal astonished at the circumstance, and felt a little "queerish," but seeing, as she afterwards said, nothing indubitably supernatural in it, she was not by any means so overcome by terror as to be unable, after a little reflection, and a hearty prayer or two, to recompose herself for the night. On being set free the following morning she talked of the matter to her gossips, and it thus eventually reached the ears of the nobleman on whose estate the church stood. He was a good deal struck by it, and, sending for the old woman questioned her closely as to what she had seen; and her replies were made in so calm, clear, and circumstantial a manner as left him fully convinced she was telling what she believed to be the truth. Being resolved to sift the business to the bottom, he determined that he would himself pass a night in the church alone, and see if anything of the kind again presented itself.

Precisely at midnight the church became inexplicably illuminated as before—the same priestly figure was seen gliding from the vestry; and taking his station at the altar, uttered, in an impressive voice, the first sentence of the Roman Catholic Liturgy. The bold layman, who was himself of that faith, instantly made the response in a clear firm tone; the priest went on to the subsequent paragraph, and was met by the appropriate response as before; and so the whole service was gone through from beginning to end by the two without stopping. At the conclusion, when the blessing had been given in the usual form, the mysterious figure was in the act of retreating. At this moment the nobleman, who was noted for his nerve and coolness, walked with perfect self-possession right up to the reverend personage, and demanded of him respectfully, but firmly, why he appeared there in that singular manner, and at that strange hour! The priestly figure, with one of the saddest expressions of countenance he had ever seen, replied in hollow melancholy accents, that he had been, long ages ago, in Catholic times, the parish priest of the place, but that for the irregularities of his life, and irreverent discharge of his clerical duties, he had, after his death, been condemned to return nightly to the scene of his former unwilling labours, and ever to recommence that same service which he had so often scandalously slurred over during his earthly existence—and that this was to be repeated.

on and on, till some one should casually be present who would voluntarily go through the whole office with him. That this having now and for the first time occurred, he was thenceforth released; that his body might now return permanently to the grave and rest there in peace till the last day. Having thus said, he again moved slowly away and disappeared within the vestry-door, upon which all became instantly dark. The spectator of this strange scene left the church with graver feelings, and more intense convictions of futurity, than he had ever before experienced. Others afterwards, in a mingled spirit of curiosity and scepticism, visited the church, at the same dead hour of night; but the apparition was as good as its word, and was never again seen.

One fact more, indicative of the superstitious tendency of the German mind, after all its rationalistic flounderings, and the so general rejection, by the present generation, of the faith of their forefathers. There exists, at the present moment, in the enlightened city of Dresden, and in a most public and fashionable quarter of the town, a fortune-teller, who lives some stories up, in a tower near the Zwinger, and a well-known tower too, in the recent revolutions, as several soldiers were shot down by the rifles of the Freischärlers from its windows. The sage who signs himself in his printed advertisement, posted on each side of the gate, "Magical and Physiognomical Artist," undertakes from the mere inspection of the features to tell the future fate of his dupes, their success in life, love, &c., nay, their very capacities and tempers, and in a measure direct their future course!

But to return from this long digression on the lamentable political and social weaknesses of existing Germany. On regaining the city, I found that my fellow-traveller, in disgust with "the White Horse," thirsting for the country, and despairing of my returning in time for the evening train, had that moment left for the Freiburg Railway, having desired the waiter to say that he would await my arrival, by the early train, at the further terminus. This, the shortest of the three railways starting from Breslau, brings us just within the verge of the hilly district at Freiburg, a distance of thirty-eight miles. It forks near its termination, the other branch leading to the ancient town of Schweidnitz, now a Prussian fortress.

Whilst speaking of railways, I may mention that that towards the south, the "Niederschlesische," or "Lower Silesian," as it is called here, is already in connection with the Vienna, the Warsaw, and the Prague lines. Indeed, one can travel now all the way from London to Trieste on the Adriatic, by steam, with the exception of a break of a few miles at Glocksnitz, about twenty leagues south of Vienna, and another and still larger chasm in the mountain district, leading from Laibach to Trieste.

Hurrying off at once to the station-house with my very light baggage, I found there was still ample time for going by the evening train, as it started an hour later than we had been led to expect. My fellow-traveller was in deep converse, under the portico, with a young Prussian officer, discussing the dulness of Breslau quarters, and the merits of Hainau, the flogger and the flogged. The military men denied most positively, and as he asserted, on the very best Austrian authority, that there was any truth in his having had ladies punished in this brutal fashion, however well founded his unpopularity might be on other grounds. The "lynching" inflicted on him in London seems to have given exquisite pleasure to all of the middle class, officials included, to judge from the expressions of the numbers whom I have spoken with on the subject; but the aristocracy and military, on the other hand, as invariably denounce it in the most unsparing terms, as a scandalous breach of the laws of hospitality, and a piece of unparalleled savagery. The privileged classes having no hopes of being maintained in what they consider their rights, or even of permanent safety for their persons and property, but in the army, are naturally jealous of anything which tends to destroy its *prestige*, and resent, almost as a personal injury to themselves, any insult to one who wielded that force with such tremendous energy and effect in the recent most difficult times.

The steps of the railway station were crowded with poor children of from

two to three years of age and upwards, who were carefully protected with blankets, and in the act of being supplied with gigantic slices of "Butterbrod" by a respectable-looking matron who accompanied them, and who cut the bread in the air, and spread it on the palm of her large hand with admirable adroitness and rapidity; a crowd of peasant women were hovering around the scene and gazing upon the children with eager interest. Upon inquiry, I found that these were some of the four thousand children who had been made orphans by the dreadful "Famine Typhus," or "typhus fever," as they call it here, of 1848. A portion of them were distributed through public orphan houses; others have been handed over to such persons as were willing to undertake the charge of them, and maintain them till their sixteenth year. The State, indeed, offered a small yearly payment of fifteen dollars, or about two guineas, with each of them; but the receipt of this had been declined in very many instances, the volunteer foster-parents resting satisfied either with the gratification of their own benevolent feelings, or with the hopes of finding the children ultimately helpful to them in their farms.

We arrived at Freiburg by about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, having travelled thirty-eight miles in an hour and fifty-five minutes, or about twenty English miles an hour, the usual rate of speed on the German railways. Indeed, the maximum permitted by law is only four and a half German miles an hour, or just about the speed we kept to in this instance. Accidents on railways are, either from this cause, or from the greater caution and timidity of the German character, much rarer here than with us; the only considerable one I have heard of during a year and half's residence in this country, being the one in the course of the present summer on the Cassel and Frankfort line, when three or four lives were lost, and many bruises received; and, from the degree of talk to which it gave rise, in all quarters, it was sufficiently evident that it was a novelty. The Germans express as much surprise at our apparent recklessness about human life, with our forty miles an hour speed, as do we at brother Jonathan's temerity in the use of high pressure engines, and all the carelessly incurred risks of his dangerous fresh-water navigations.

Freiburg is an industrious little place of somewhere about three thousand inhabitants, with a flourishing linen manufacture, carried on with all the complicated modern improvements in machinery; the factories, of considerable size, were in the full blaze of illumination, as we groped our way to our little inn in the corner of the square or market-place: it rejoiced in the name of "the Green Stag,"—I think, certainly something green, either flesh, fish, or vegetable; but the German artists, as is well known, are not very happy in their application of colours, so my memory can have no help here from a reference to nature. Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding its very humble appearance we found everything very clean and comfortable, and the people very civil.

Had it entered into the plan of our tour to visit the Zoptenberg, the singular-looking conical hill already mentioned, which rises abruptly from the plain, some twenty-five miles to the south-west of Breslau, an outwork, as it were, of the Riesen-gebirge, we should have selected Schweidnitz as our resting-place for the night; as it lies but fifteen English miles from the Zopten in a westerly direction. In variable weather there is a better chance of a clear view from this hill (which being only about two thousand feet in height, and in a manner isolated, is much less subject to foggy influences), than from the higher summits of the great mountain-range in its neighbourhood. The most remarkable points visible from it are the "Schneeberg" beyond Glatz; "the Altvater," one of the loftiest mountains in the Highlands beyond Gräfenberg in Bohemia, to the south; Hohe Eule, near Silesian Friedland, to the south-west; and the Riesen-gebirge nearly due westwards. It has the additional interest of being almost as much associated, in ancient legends, with the pranks of that arch wag of a sprite, Rubezahl, as the Riesen-gebirge themselves. To those who have time at command, the city of Schweidnitz might be worth a visit, even for its own sake, being

one of the oldest places in Silesia, having given its title to an ancient ducal family, once very powerful in these parts, and above all for the fine view from the lofty tower of the Catholic church. It is a considerable place still, having above ten thousand inhabitants, and being of some importance in a military point of view. It was fortified by the great Frederick originally, but its works, like those of Breslau, were destroyed by the French in 1807.

The dukes of Schweidnitz had a castle on the very top of the Zoptenberg, which afterwards became a stronghold of the Hussites. There was for a time an Augustinian monastery subsequently there, but the good friars were soon dislodged by the inclemency of the situation. The only ruins now to be seen on its summit are those of a small and comparatively modern chapel, which was destroyed by lightning about sixteen years ago. All these attractions, however, we withstood, having the more ambitious project in view of ascending the gigantic Schneekoppe, and possessing too little confidence in the prolonged duration of the returning fine weather, to venture on *détours*.

Being up betimes in the morning, and having duly pored over a special chart of the Riesen-gebirge, and also over one of Stieler's admirable hand-maps of Germany—they are twenty-five in all, at half a dollar each, and so minute and accurate that they cannot be too highly recommended to the tourist—we buckled on our knapsack, and set out, a-foot, in high heart, in the fresh morning air and bright sunshine. After about an hour's walking we found ourselves in the noble domain of Fürstenstein upon a gentle eminence, where, sheltered on one side by trees, stands a kind of rural temple or summerhouse, within which is a very complicated chamber-organ, giving the effect of a host of instruments;—at least so said its inventor and exhibitor, who stood at the entrance on the look-out for visitors, and who was very pressing with us to stop and hear it. This, as the place was very cool and we were already much overheated with walking, we were disposed to decline, till he used at last the irresistible argument that the great composer Spohr had very recently listened to it with much admiration. This the last of Germany's really great masters has recently been on an extensive pleasure-tour eastward as far as to the neighbourhood of Breslau, during which he was everywhere received with every mark of admiration for his genius, and esteem for the independence of his character and the liberality of his sentiments. His progress was, in fact, quite a triumphal procession throughout. Everywhere troops of the best musicians turned out to welcome him into their neighbourhood, or to serenade him when there;—everywhere *fêtes*, or some of those many ingenious modes of outwardly testifying their enthusiasm, in the devising of which the Germans are so ingenious, were got up for him. Spohr is known all over the country under the familiar appellation of "Father Spohr;" and the venerable bearing, the tranquil and benevolent expression of the gigantic old man, will justify the title. In his massiveness and repose, and the strongly-marked character of his face and figure, he reminds one of the calm power, the harmonious self-reliance, expressed in some of the colossal statues of the Elgin Marbles. Where false notes and false time are out of the question, and German politics are not on the *tapis*, he is one of the mildest of men; with congenial spirits most social, and in domestic life even playful to the last degree. Cassel, his house, and his garden are to him the nearest approach to Paradise which this lower world of ours can show. He has visited London and the other great capitals more than once, yet ever returns from them only with fresh devotion for his own home. On his tours, his temper is most imperturbable, in spite of all the thousand little contrarieties which are liable to occur to the traveller. He recently, we heard, lost his purse with all his travelling money therein—a hundred Louis, or something of that kind—a considerable sum to a musician even in these liberal days. His wife, who accompanied him, was naturally much excited and annoyed at the circumstance, as they were still a long, long way from home. "Never mind!" said he with the utmost composure—"it wont signify. I have left it, I dare say, on the seat of our last railway

carriage—they'll send it after me, I am quite sure." And so it turned out—it was speedily telegraphed, and ere many hours had elapsed, safe in his possession again. One of the drollest scenes I have ever been present at, was the celebration of the birth-day of one of his oldest and steadiest friends and staunchest admirers, the Baroness——. To the little domestic *fête* which took place as usual on such occasions, he contributed a long concerted piece, which was executed with constrained gravity by himself and the *élite* of his musical friends and pupils on every variety of whimsical instrument, from the "bird-call" and sixpenny drum, down to the wooden whistle and heavy trumpet; and on this last the Brobdingnagian professor himself made quite a splendid display! The effect of the whole was irresistibly ludicrous, and the laughter of the assembled company of the most vehement and apoplectic character. A *recherché* little supper ensued, and the whole closed with some admirable quartett music, the grandson of the celebrated Romberg taking the violoncello part. At such familiar *réunions*, Spohr still handles his violin with great effect, and is generally ably supported by the brilliant playing of some of his favourite pupils. His violin school has, indeed, had a most important influence on the music of his country, and from it have proceeded some of the first performers of the day. Yet notwithstanding his world-wide fame, there exists in the very town where he resides much difference of opinion as to the merit and attractiveness of his compositions, and many of the new generation, with a taste formed on the light trivial music of the day, are heretical enough to find a cloying sameness in the sweetness of his melodies, and too artificial a structure in his grand harmonies. The promiscuous mass of opera-goers in Cassel, with the obtuse and tasteless Elector at their head, certainly evince but little enthusiasm for the melting strains of the "Jessonda," or the deep pathos of his "Faust." It is, however, only another illustration of the old adage—that it is not in his own country that a prophet is to expect the honour due to him. Such was the train of memories and reflections awakened by the great barrel-organ on the hill!

Having made the ingenious artist a trifling acknowledgment for the pleasure he had given us, we turned a little to the north under umbrageous avenues, and soon came upon the castle, a lordly pile of the last century, admirably placed on the brink of a deep, winding, wooded ravine, through which flows a good sized stream. The house commands splendid views of the mountain scenery in the distance, as well as of the old castle—a partially renovated ruin, at a short distance on the opposite crest of the glen. Like the neighbouring baths of Salzbrunn, it is the property of Count Hochberg, who, having another estate more to the eastward, only occasionally resides here. In his absence the interior of the Castle is accessible to such tourists as have a hankering after saloon decorations and the triumphs of upholstery, to say nothing of the view from the summit of the lofty central tower, which must be very extensive, though perhaps scarcely so picturesque as that from its base, where the foreground is so much more effective. As the sun was getting high and we had still a long day's journey before us, we hastened along the terraced gardens at the foot of the castle wall, and were let out by one of the servants through a wicket opening upon the walks through the ravine; and after keeping for some time towards the right hand up the river, we came upon a rustic bridge, and thence upon the continuation of the walks on the opposite side; by following these in a retrograde direction, that is to the left hand, where they are carried with much taste and judgment boldly along the cliff, we came out, after a good hour's walking, on the old castle. This did not, however, improve upon a nearer acquaintance; for, though its site and the views from it are admirable, the restorations and additions to the old structure became painfully obvious. It seems, even in its best days, to have been only an outlying watch-tower to a still older castle, which stood where the modern mansion has been erected. On the tournament-ground, at one side of it, Count Hochberg in the year 1800, on the completion of his improvements, gave a great *fête* to the assembled Silesian nobility, which the King and

Queen of Prussia graced by their presence. In the little armoury is still to be seen the camp-bed of Frederick the Great.

In deep converse on the vague tendencies of degenerate Protestantism in Germany, we now descended towards lower Salzbrunn, leaving the upper and middle village, with the conspicuous church, on the ridge of a hill to our left, and kept on by a field-path, which, after an hour and a half's walking, brought us at length to the Baths. As it was now far on in September, they were totally deserted, and had that melancholy aspect which such places ever have when we come casually upon them out of the season. The buildings in general are respectable looking, but not numerous, though the annual attendance of guests was stated to us at two thousand. The Bath-house has a good effect, and is flanked with tolerable looking shops for the sale of Bohemian glass, and such other wares as are likely to meet the wants or fancies of the summer guests, the whole being seated at the foot of a slope on the sides of which the lodging-houses chiefly stand. In the season it would probably have a snug, friendly air enough. Its grounds and walks are, however, rather on a limited scale, and all obvious to the eye at once; little, if anything, being left to be explored by such invalids as are incapable of long excursions in the surrounding hill-district. At the inn below, which looked very desolate and inhospitable, rejoicing in one of the most helpless and unpractical of hosts, with all the air of a superannuated clerk or broken-down tradesman, who had been tossed by wayward fate, heaven knows how, into this false position, we obtained with difficulty a decoction of grease, christened for the nonce *bouillon*.

The waters of Salzbrunn have a great repute all over Germany, in cases of incipient or suspected consumption, as well as in a great many other kinds of pectoral affection. They are of two sorts; one a weak chalybeate, abounding in fixed air, and another containing alkaline and saline ingredients. A large exportation of them takes place yearly, in various directions. They are often used in a state of dilution with whey or milk, to render their action still more mild. The public room, or "Cursaal," is of very respectable dimensions in relation to the size of the place, and the country around abounds in interesting points for those who drive, or who can take long walks.

As the coach which was just passing had still two vacant places, we took advantage of it to carry us over the heavy hill which intervenes between Salzbrunn and Waldenburg, and so saved ourselves four miles of stiff walking, for the small sum of three and a half groschen, or about fourpence. As we proceeded, the outlines of the country became every moment bolder and more varied, the hills increasing in altitude and diversified here and there with large patches of wood.

At the highest point of the road we passed some coal-mines, and when about half way to Waldenburg came upon the village of Altwasser, which has several saline and chalybeate springs, with all the appliances of an ordinary German bath; and the current of visitors has been considerably strengthened since the termination of the railway to Freiburg. About three quarters of a mile short of Waldenburg, close to the high road, is a subterraneous canal, called the Fuchstollen, made upwards of fifty years ago, for the double purpose of draining off the water from the mines and expediting the delivery of the coals. It is accessible to visitors, by boat, by means of tickets, obtainable at the mining office in Waldenburg, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Waldenburg is an antiquated little town, of some two thousand inhabitants, and a rather bustling air, which it owes to its linen trade and the adjacent mines. We saw it in all the fuss of the market day; its old-fashioned square surrounded by porticos, or covered ways, like Chester or Città d'Aoste, being quite filled with country-folk and their light market-carts, and all the produce they had brought with them exposed on stalls.

Being anxious to get on to the celebrated rocks of Adersbach before nightfall, or even to Weckelsdorf, if possible, we made a promising bargain with the driver of a light one-horse machine, something between a cart and

a carriage—who undertook for a moderate sum to deposit us at the more distant of these two places before sunset. We then retired to the neighbouring *café*, to taste the indigenous beer, an humble imitation of the far-famed *baierisches*, and overhaul the billiard-table, an unfailing resource in these little remote places, which generally occupies the best room in the house, and so pass away the half hour required for feeding the nag and getting ready for the road. Returning at length to the spot in the market where we had made our bargain, lo! the *Einspänniger* was not forthcoming; but, in its stead, only the driver, looking rather foolish, and accompanied by a dark, sinister-looking individual, half jockey, half Jew in physiognomy, who announced himself to be the rightful owner of the aforementioned vehicle, expressed his discontent with the arrangement entered into by his servant, and declared, as a matter of conscience, that he could not let his horse move in the matter unless we would pay half a dollar above the stipulated sum. Having, happily, the use of our legs, and having come to these regions with the full intention of frequently employing them, we resolved at once not to submit to the imposition; and as it was yet but an hour after midday, we still hoped to be able to reach Adersbach, which was but twenty miles, or six and a half hours distant, time enough to answer our purpose, without his aid. We accordingly shouldered our budgets with an air, and set out without further loss of time; and in spite of a melting sun, cheerily attacked the very long hill at the farther side of the town, and reached its summit in little better than an hour, my eloquent companion consoling me the while for my lost drive by the assurance that dealers in horseflesh are rogues all the world over, and that he had never met with but one honest *Vetturino*, or *Lohnkutscher*, in the whole course of his varied travels. The road, which goes through Lang Waltersdorf, abounds in interesting views, passing along the valley of the Steina, and winding amongst wooded hills, with occasional glimpses into the distance. The Eulen-gebirge lie hereabouts; and we must have had the Hohe Eule, the highest of the group, only a few miles to our left hand, though it was not visible.

In about three hours we had got to the extensive piece of flat ground from which Friedland is seen for the first time, and in a very imposing attitude on the hill above. This Friedland is always called Silesian Friedland, to distinguish it from another town of the same name in Bohemia, near Zittau, which gave his ducal title to the great Wallenstein of the Thirty Years' War, and which, lying at the western end of the Riesen-gebirge, we had hoped to visit on our way homewards.

On entering the town which had shown so well from below, it fell many degrees in our estimation, owing to the dirty and desolate air of its streets, with their low and gloomy arcades running along their whole length under the first story,—and sank lower still, when we had seen the extreme untidiness of the inn, its indifferent service and worse fare. Having made a hasty dinner, we hired a spring-cart, a rustic vehicle on four wheels, protected from rain by a canvass canopy, extended on hoops, and well suited for the rough country road we had before us: for the *chaussée*, or macadamized road (scarcely inferior to a mail-coach road in England) which had brought us so far on our way, ceases here, being close to the termination of the Prussian territory in this direction. The sun had already sunk so low that a carriage was our only chance of reaching Adersbach—still eight or nine miles off—this evening, in time to see its wondrous rocks before night closed in. For a dollar and a half, or less than a crown of our money, and a small *drinkgeld*, we were taken thither in good style, our route lying through a country much inferior in interest to what we had been walking over in the morning. At the Austrian frontier, about five miles beyond Friedland, we were delayed for near a quarter of an hour by the boundary officer; and neither of us having an Austrian ambassador's *visé*, and I not even a *passport* with me, but merely my Dresden *Permit de séjour*, I was trembling for our fate. We should indeed very probably have been mercilessly turned back, had it not been for the ten-groschen piece

(about one shilling of our money) which my companion, who had some experience in such matters, kept dexterously twirling in a very conspicuous manner betwixt his finger and thumb, and which he slipped adroitly into the hand of the conscientious official just at the right moment, "as a trifling acknowledgment for his trouble." This scrupulous personage had just begun to poke very searchingly into my bundle, and pretended to think it a very suspicious circumstance that I had a second pair of shoes with me; as no German, I suppose, would have thought of such a luxury, if his tour was really intended to last but for a few days. At length, however, and after apologizing for his strictness, and pathetically lamenting that "respectable looking faces often concealed bad hearts," he seemed to be satisfied that we were, as we asserted, but border tourists, and gave us the wished-for *visé*, but with the prudent limitation: "Good for Aldersbach and the Riesengebirge;" so as to make sure that we did not get the length of Vienna to assassinate the Emperor, or perpetrate some other dark revolutionary horror, if secretly so disposed.

With complicated feelings we jogged on, once more—pleased that the informality of our papers had not been made a pretext for excluding us entirely from the Bohemian frontier, and annoyed that so much of our precious remaining daylight should have been consumed in a paltry palaver, the true and final object whereof was the extortion of a few *groschen*. The present rumours of war, and the certainty of unpleasant feelings existing between Austria and Prussia have obviously increased the ordinary vigilance on the border, screwed up as it had previously been by the revolutionary movements of 1848, and the number of suspicious and dangerous characters put in motion thereby. That these generally odious guardians of the barriers should be open to bribery, will scarce be wondered at by any one who has heard, as I have done on apparently good authority, that the unfortunate men get, for all their pay, but a *zwanziger* a day, or about eightpence of our money, wherewithal to maintain themselves and families, and dress as respectably as becomes custom-house officers! The great number of such persons which must be required to protect the enormous frontier of Austria, will, no doubt, make the annual amount of this protective service, even at this low rate, a formidable sum to the national purse, however inadequate the allowance to each individual appears for securing honest and independent men. Generally speaking, however, they seem to be the very refuse of city officials; and are the most knowing, tricky, and corrupt set that can anywhere be met with.

Having reached the inn at Adersbach, which lay fortunately at the near end of the long village of that name, as there was still a good hour's daylight before us, we lost no time in securing a guide; and passing through the back premises of the house, found ourselves almost immediately at the entrance to this celebrated labyrinth of rocks, of which Prince Pückler Muskau, after a minute examination of them, has said, that "it was worth coming five hundred German miles, to see them alone." Having but one entrance through a great natural portal, and being the private property of the lord of the village, they are kept constantly locked up, but accessible at all times for a very small sum; three or four *groschen*, which goes to the proprietor, who is in the habit of expending in the maintenance and improvement of the walks leading through this rocky wilderness very much larger sums annually than this trifling charge can make good to him.

But first—to give some general idea of what the tourist is to expect to see here. From the level ground of the little valley which runs between Adersbach and Weckelsdorf, there runs abruptly a line of sandstone cliffs with a gentle curve from one village to the other, and presenting towards the road, at the distance of a few hundred yards, huge perpendicular white masses and pinnacles which emerge here and there through the thinly scattered pine trees, which root themselves in the crevices and in the *débris* beneath. Towards the north, or close by Adersbach, the great sandstone barrier trends to the westward, and soon after doubles upon itself and runs nearly south-eastward, enclosing an area of

between two and three English miles in width, which is entirely filled up with the strange sandstone formation about to be described; whilst its length in the south-easterly direction is considerably greater still. Indeed other very similar chaotic ruins of sandstone hills—besides those of Weckelsdorf—are noticeable much farther south—as at the Heuscheurr, for example, within the Silesian boundary, in the county of Glatz, and not very far from the picturesquely situated chalybeate waters of Cudova.

On coming up to the rocky wall of the Adersbach labyrinth, several outlying detached lofty masses are observed standing at intervals of a few feet, winding among which we approach the portal of entrance. Having been admitted through this, we immediately pass along between two colossal walls of nearly perpendicular white sandstone, which by their form and proximity suggest the idea of streets through some deserted city, built on a gigantic model—a remnant, as it were, of Titanic labours. In the broken outlines of their summits and sides, and in the great masses which lie behind them—varying in altitude from one hundred and fifty to near three hundred feet,—the most fantastic shapes have been assumed, and in these the fancy of the guides has discovered a host of similitudes, to capuchins and nuns, church towers and cheese piles, lions and lap-dogs, burgomasters' heads, pyramids and mushrooms, and all that vulgar *farrago* of likeness-finding for which guides in all parts of the world, I believe, are famous, and which is so admirably adapted to try the temper and distract the attention of the unfortunate tourist in those rare moments when Nature is addressing him in her wildest and strangest accents.

These rocky streets wind and branch and reunite again; and open out into little squares or grass-grown surfaces—and are bordered in all their length by a streamlet at their side of the purest water running over the whitest sands, and slowly undermining their base. Occasionally they widen out gradually, and a little further on collapse again till their sides almost or even altogether meet, obliging us to retrace our steps for some way and take the next side-street. The approaching walls are sometimes quite off the perpendicular, and looking up at the narrow riband of sky, which is visible between their lofty summits, one shudders at the possibility of finding a living grave at those sunless depths. In other parts, where the rocks are wider apart, and there is a freer access of sun and air, fir trees of various magnitudes, from a dwarf size upwards, are seen rooting themselves on every ledge and crevice, at different altitudes, adding considerably to the variety and picturesqueness of effect. By the deep shadows of sunset we saw this wonderful scene to great advantage, though to bring it out in all its mysterious grandeur the magic influence of moonlight would doubtless be still more favourable. Amidst such wild and fantastic scenery so illuminated, one could fancy Maria Von Weber to have had his dreamiest inspirations.

Amongst some of the very wildest and boldest of the scenery, where the rocks fall into the largest masses, a furious waterfall comes thundering down through a funnel-shaped chasm from a considerable height, with a deafening noise and drenching showers of spray; and is seen with admirable effect from a cavernous grotto, or short tunnel, which opens out upon it nearly abreast of the seething caldron into which it is precipitated. I have never seen a waterfall on so moderate a scale and so little indebted to surrounding foliage, so effective; and one looks upon it with increased respect, from the consideration that it has been one of the chief agents in effecting the wonders we have been contemplating; for it appears to feed most of the little rivulets already alluded to, which are ever mining away at the base of the huge rocky masses. It seems, indeed, almost certain that the peculiar characteristics of this singular spot—its chasms, prolonged passages, and well-like cliffs with their turrets and pinnacles—have been the result of the wearing action of water on the softer layers of sandstone, which in a succession of ages have been carried away to a great extent, leaving behind only the harder and more resisting portions in their present fantastic confusion. And this destructive process is obviously still progressing.

Many huge masses seem at present in so undermined a condition, and already so far to overhang their centre of gravity, that their fall at no very distant date seems inevitable.

The effect of thunder is, as one might expect, very grand amongst these gigantic ruins. We were told by the guide an anecdote of two Englishmen—for it is generally they who figure in stories of strange adventure—who having come to Adersbach very many years ago, resolved they would not quit it till they had seen and heard the effect of a thunder-storm amongst their deep and intricate passages and stupendous rocky masses. At length, after about a fortnight's stay, they had their wish gratified—but almost at the cost of their lives—as in consequence of the vibration caused by one of the terrific peals, a huge mass of some hundred tons' weight came toppling down, from the summit of one of the rocky pinnacles, within a few seconds after they had passed the spot! We saw the remains of the inscription which they had caused to be cut, in memory of the occurrence, on the gigantic fragment which is still lying as it fell, only a few feet beneath the pathway; but as about seventy years have elapsed since the event, it has become nearly or altogether illegible. The guide assured me he had often himself been in the labyrinth during thunder, and that the reverberation was awful to a degree he had never elsewhere heard equalled—but that falls of pieces of rock at such times were very rare indeed; the accompanying fall of rain, however, was often so tremendous, that in this pent-up situation it had all the effects of a waterspout, the water rising often within a few minutes to a depth of many feet in the passages between the rocks, to the imminent danger of such persons as happened to be there.

The walks through these rocky ruins are kept in excellent order—thoroughly repaired every spring after the devastation caused by the melting of the snow, which lies here in great depth and to a late period; my critical companion thought they were even too well kept, too carefully gravelled, and too trim, to be perfectly in harmony with the irregular grandeur of the scenery. The remains of the Hussite party found a refuge in this natural fortress, and the ruins of a castle are still pointed out near the waterfall.

The shades of night were gathering rapidly around, as we hastened to regain the portal by which we had entered an hour before; and a little way to the outside of it, the man whose business it is to awaken the echoes of the neighbouring cliffs and opposite hills, stood waiting for us. The repetition of the sound of the hughle was the most frequent and clear I ever heard—to the fourth or fifth time it is quite perfect, and fine ears may distinguish, they say, a sixth and even a seventh echo. The report of a gun, as reverberated from the heights around, had all the effect of a thunder-peal rolling away into the distance.

The inn at Adersbach, which has much the air of a farm-house, being low and widely spread out around the court-yard in front, proved far more comfortable than its exterior promised; and our burly host, who happily spoke German in addition to his native Bohemian, was civil and intelligent, and very communicative; bestowing his company upon us at intervals during the evening, as is still customary with those of his calling here. A well-made *omelette*, with a tender cutlet, and a fair bottle of sweetish Ruster wine—an humble imitation of Tokay at one shilling and threepence a bottle (it is chiefly the wines of Hungary which are in use in Bohemia)—and, finally, a cup of tea of better flavour than that generally met with in Germany, wound up the evening, and prepared us for the pedestrian exploits of the morrow.

The expenses of living in this portion of Bohemia are considerably lower than in Prussia; money is much scarcer, and in some parts of the hills we found it was usual to cut up the one-dollar note into four parts as a substitute for the deficiency of metallic currency, which in the present crippled state of the Austrian finances is severely felt throughout these districts. The charges for an entire day in a country inn here, wine and bed inclusive, is only about three shillings and sixpence when reduced to our money.

We had been strongly recommended by a gentleman who had recently made this tour, on no account to miss seeing the rocky wilderness of Weckelsdorf, in this neighbourhood, which was represented to us as being in some degree different from, and even superior in wild interest to, the labyrinth of Adersbach. It is a recent discovery, having been till lately concealed by the pine woods by which it used to be surrounded, but which have gradually yielded to the axe. It threatens already to become a formidable rival to the rocks we had just been visiting, having at least the *prestige* of novelty in its favour. It was obvious our host had a little lurking jealousy about the matter; still, with great apparent frankness and magnanimity, he recommended us, by all means, to see the rival rocks also—as some tourists gave the preference to the one set, others to the other; and, as prudent men, we must see and judge for ourselves. This was quite our own view of the matter, so we arose between five and six o'clock on the following morning, and skirting the little valley with wooded hills to our left, and the outworks of the city of Sandstone to our right, we reached in an hour's time "the New Inn," a wooden building, recently constructed in prophetic reliance on the future fame of "the wilderness," the entrance to which is but about half an hour's walk off, by the path which passes up the neighbouring wooded gorge.

After waiting a short time for the arrival of the guide and the key from the village of Weckelsdorf, which is about a third of a mile from the little inn where we had temporarily installed ourselves, we at length set out in company with a gentlemanlike-looking Prussian officer from the neighbouring garrison of Schweidnitz. His wife and sister, and little son, who were also of the party, all happily proved smart walkers as well as agreeable people, and addressed themselves, in gallant style, to the steep path which leads along the shoulder of the hill, through straggling pine-trees and great rocky fragments, to the carefully locked entrance. A little way to the outside of the gate stands a recently erected Swiss cottage, in which the visitors register their names, and have a fine view of the rocky valley they have just come up.

The guide, a dark-eyed crafty looking Czeck, who seemed to foster very bitter feelings against the Adersbach concern, pestered us rather less with the organ of comparison than he of the previous evening. About half an hour's walking, along an irregular path, through a wild rocky ravine, with tremendous precipices and shapeless masses of rock on either hand, and which almost closed in on us overhead in parts, brought us at length to a lofty cavern, named by courtesy "The Minster," at the further end of the so-called "wilderness;" and here our guide, mounting on a huge fragment representing the pulpit, and under all the advantages of a mysterious cross-light, which Rembrandt himself might have despaired of matching, held an oration in good set German on the merit of the scenery in general, and of himself in particular, as expositor of it.

The character of the rocks here differs chiefly from that of those we had before seen, and of which they are, after all, only a continuation, in being more rounded and lumpy, and somewhat less perpendicular and lofty. In short, there is here less resemblance to architectural outlines and a nearer approach to the ordinary forms of rocky scenery.

It is on this very ground, however, that their special admirers give them the preference, declaring them to be more wild and natural; and dwelling much, moreover, on the advantage they have in being in a comparatively unsophisticated state, inasmuch as little has as yet been done for the convenience of the tourist, beyond raising here and there a few stone steps, where the ascent was peculiarly difficult, or laying down a few boards to cross the stream which runs in the bottom of the ravine. For my own part I must confess, though at the risk of being classed with the lovers of the artificial, that any one, who has seen the Adersbach rocks, will have but little cause for chagrin, should circumstances prevent him from seeing those of Weckelsdorf also, so very strong is their family likeness; and further, that if he must confine himself to one of the two, the former and elder-born of these twin-wonders merits the preference. It is, however, but fair, after having

thus "given in my adhesion" to the Adersbach confession of faith, to state in favour of the innkeeper of the other village, that his house is a most comfortable one, as we understood from the Prussian officer who accompanied us.

When we had reached the upper end of the ravine, whence there seemed to be a passage into the open country, the guide strove to persuade us, in spite of our maps, and the directions we had got the night before, that the shortest way to prosecute our journey to Schatzlar, where we meant to pass the night, would be to go right a-head through the remaining rocks, instead of returning by the way we came. But we were resolute in going back by Adersbach, both because we had left our packs there, and our host had assured us it was the nearest way by far: and on our mentioning the circumstance to him on our return, he viewed it merely as a device of the enemy to prevent us from revisiting the rival inn, or again approaching the rival exhibition. So unpleasant, indeed, is this feeling of jealousy, between the rival proprietors too, that we were told that he of Weckelsdorf spoke of closing up the private road which at present immediately connects the two villages, and so forcing all tourists from a certain direction to visit, or at least to pass near to his "Show" first, and oblige them to make a considerable circuit ere they could approach the other.

After an early dinner at Adersbach, and a rest of a couple of hours, during which the "Kellner," who, like most Bohemians, was musical, obligingly treated us to some of Bellini's prettiest airs in very tolerable style, on the "Leier-kästchen," a small flat box-like stringed instrument, fretted and fingered like the guitar, but with a much greater number of strings, and, as I thought, a better tone; we set out about two o'clock for Schatzlar, a distance of about four hours, as they reckon here, an hour and a half being equal to a German mile, when the medium rate of *walking* is contemplated; but, when a *post*, "stunde," is meant, two such go to the mile.

On reaching the further extremity of the very long and straggling village of Adersbach, we were directed to leave the road and cross over the crest of the wooded hill, called the Brandlehm, to our right. On reaching the summit we enjoyed a very extensive and varied view of hill and dale, wood and villages, with Schatzlar in the distance in an elevated position. A merry old countrywoman who was busily occupied in helping her husband to tie up bundles of wood, to be carried down the steep path to the village beneath, no sooner perceived us than she playfully threatened to arrest us, for crossing the frontier without leave—thus giving us the first intimation of our being again, for the moment, in Prussia—and she then took great pains to explain to us our route, but in a very uncouth German dialect.

The country here begins to be formed on a much larger scale, and the ascents and descents, in passing from hill to hill, are consequently much more formidable and fatiguing. After passing Albendorf and Polcherdorf we went through Bernsdorf, a considerable village, at which the high-road running towards Liebau and Landshut crossed our route. The sun was now near setting, and being still about an hour from Schatzlar by the road, we took a short cut by a pathway behind the church, to the left, enjoying, as we ascended the rising ground, the view of a striking group of obtusely conical wooded hills with the Spitzberg in their centre. When within about half an hour of our night-quarters, we fell into conversation with a very intelligent elderly man, who had come out of the town to look after some of his outlying crops. He had in early life travelled for some years as a chapman through all parts of Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany; and having the frank, communicative manner of a man who had seen the world, willingly gave us much and clear information as to the route we ought to pursue, as well as the country we were passing through, and the town we were about to enter, which, though situated so high amongst the hills, is a place of considerable manufacturing activity, with extensive glass-works, &c. He did us further good service by directing us to the comfortable inn of the burgomaster, and so preventing us turning into a very inferior place which a country person had previously recom-

mended to us — “the head inn,” in the eyes of such folk, being generally the one where they themselves, on “the market-day,” go to discuss their sour wine or beer and smoke their pipe.

The burgomaster's double windows and snug stove proved very acceptable in these high cool regions, after the overheating and fatigue of our long day's walk. His excellent Hungarian wine and comfortable beds were worthy of all praise; and though the little maiden who waited on us was barefooted and unable to speak German—for we were again in Bohemia, and she had come from some place more in the interior, where the Slavonic prevails—yet being willing and intelligent we got on very well together.

The following morning commenced with fog; but this soon cleared off, and was nearly quite gone by the time we had cleared the pine wood behind the town, and thus allowed us, as we passed along the shoulder of the Reh-horn, the longed-for sight of the Riesenkoppe—or *the Koppe*, as it is here familiarly called—in all its altitude, with the little round chapel distinctly visible on its summit. This mountain, which is also and perhaps better known under the name of the “Schnee Koppe,” is the highest of the Giant range, and consequently the loftiest in Germany north of the Alps.

The terms “Koppe,” and “Haube,” which are in incessant use in these mountain districts, being corruptions of the common German words “Kopf” and “Haupt” (the head), are correctly expressive of the dome-shaped summits which arise at short intervals along the “Kemmling” or lofty continuous crest which characterizes the Riesen-gebirge. Indeed the popular nomenclature of mountain outlines is often most graphic—as for example, the “Rück,” or rough spire of the Iser-gebirge—the “Horn” of the Swiss Alpine scenery—the “Aiguilles” and “Dents,” of the mountains of Savoy—the “Pic,” of Southern France, &c.—each of which clearly characterizes the prevalent form in the respective district.

Having advanced for about half an hour along the elevated terrace-like country road, high on the side of the Reh-horn, some countrymen at work in the fields pointed out to us, deep in the valley beneath, the village of Marchendorf, through which we had to pass, a little to the north of Freiheit—another and more considerable Bohemian place—and also the opening of the Dark Valley, the Dunkelthal, which leads towards Aupa, whither we were bound.

On descending, we found Marchendorf a very neat, well-built village, with one handsome residence and a pretty garden at its further extremity; but we purposely made no stop here, as, notwithstanding its cheerful aspect, and pleasant healthful-looking site in an open dale, with a rapid little river passing through it, cholera was raging in it in a very virulent form.

This was the case likewise at Freiheit and about a dozen more villages, which we heard of on our route, both on the Bohemian and Silesian side of the frontier, but more especially in the former. In two very moderate sized villages near Schatzlar, which were within the jurisdiction of our host, the burgomaster, so many as thirty persons had died in a fearfully short space of time. Indeed the disease had proved fatal in almost every case of attack, and generally assumed the form of a very rapid fever of two or three days' duration. It had spread so much alarm in the higher-lying town of Schatzlar—to which it had not, however, yet ascended—that the burgomaster very properly put a stop, for the time, to the usual practice of bringing up the corpses in funeral procession to the church—though the bell was tolled for the dead as heretofore. We generally were able to ascertain beforehand where this capricious malady was prevalent, and, as far as might be, shaped our course accordingly, especially in respect to our night-quarters; as the pedestrian who arrives weary, hungry, and exhausted, and unaccustomed to the air of the place where it exists, must be supposed to be peculiarly liable to its attack; and as ours was a tour for health and pleasure, and we had both seen enough of it elsewhere, we felt it but consistent to steer as clear of it as possible.

As we passed up along the “Dunkelthal,” or Valley of Darkness, as

it is expressively called, from its narrowness and the pine woods which wave gloomily on its sides, a sturdy little mountaineer, about fourteen years of age, with a thick greasy jacket and tremendous Prussian boots, dodged us for some way, and at length, on being noticed, spoke and pressed himself into our service as guide and porter,—assuring us, in proof of his fitness for the latter office, that he could carry half a hundred weight on his back through the hills for the length of the day; and evidencing his accomplishments in the former capacity, by rhyming over, with admirable glibness, the names of all the places usually visited by the tourist here in the course of three or four days, amounting to some thirty or forty—in a breath. His father had been a guide before him for near half a century, but was latterly obliged to renounce the occupation for quieter ones at home, from having become quite broken-winded by his over-exertions in carrying ladies on chairs with poles over the mountains. The boy declared that he was himself often employed by smugglers to carry heavy weights of tobacco over the border—and that he could go at a trot with the rest of the band, with fifty pounds of it on his “hockel” (the light wooden framework used for carrying burthens on the back)—and that, for several hours together. The little rascal seemed to think it excellent fun, and had only once been nearly caught by some men of the preventive service, who, concealed in the “Knieholz”—a species of dwarf fir bushes—were lying in wait one dark foggy night for the *contrabandiers*; when, but for hisadroitness in rapidly throwing away his load, and running at an angle to his former course, he would have been taken and treated to some weeks in the House of Correction. As it was, he got off with the fright, having a random shot or two fired after him to discourage him from such amusements in future. In short, Anthon was a very accomplished young scamp, and as good a guide as I ever met with—an amusing fellow withal, speaking fair German, singing the national airs—awaking the echoes, when there were any remarkable ones on our route, by improvised conversations with Rubezahl, the fantastic sprite of these mountains—and tossing off his “Schnaps,” or emptying a “heeltap” when it fell in his way, with a very mature air. It was his firm belief that “the spirit of the mountain” was not yet quite extinct, for many guides at late hours of night had seen a tall mysterious white figure steadily pursue them on their mountain path, and the appearance was not to be accounted for on any other equally probable hypothesis.

From the Dunkelthal we emerged into the more cheerful Aupen-grund—the term *grund* being applied here in Germany as *glen* with us, to the more contracted and deeper valleys, as must be in the memory of every one who has seen the Saxon Switzerland in the neighbourhood of Dresden. The declivities of the hills afford pasture to numerous cattle, which, with the music of their bells, the sweet scent of the new-mown hay, grown on irrigated meadows, the odour from the pine-woods on the heights, together with the light *châlets* above, and the substantial wooden houses by the roadside, remind one at every step of Switzerland. In short, all the sounds, smells, and sights are refreshingly Alpine. Some of the best houses in the valley are occupied by large dealers in butter and cheese, the dairy being the chief source of wealth here, as well to the proprietors of the farms as to other individuals, who, having some command of money, can advantageously purchase up such produce in detail, and dispose of it again with considerable profit in the neighbouring towns.

After a very rustic attempt at a dinner in the little inn of Gross-Aupa,—but to which every indulgence was due, the widowed innkeeper being in deep affliction for the loss of her mother, and the funeral, as we afterwards learned, actually taking place when we entered the house,—we set out, after a two hours' rest, with renewed energy, up the valley, along the banks of the lively little Aupa.

On the other side of the range of hills to our right hand (the Kuhberg and Euleberg), lay the village of Klein' Aupa, in a valley, by which we should have had, I believe, a shorter, but less picturesque route from Schatzlar to the Schneekoppe, by the Grenzbaude and Forstkamm.

The valley of the Aupa towards its termination, where it takes the name of the Riesen-grund, becomes extremely grand,—being closed at length abruptly by the towering Koppe in front; the dark frowning Brunnenberg, little its inferior in height, on the left; and the Kugel-berg, on the right hand. The whole character of the scenery on the Bohemian side is more bold and precipitous than on the Silesian declivity; and hence, on the principle of always beginning with the best and grandest in mountain scenery, and so evading the weakening influence of an ascending gradation of magnitude, I would have the tourist, contrary to the orthodox opinion of guide-books, approach the Giant-Mountains from the south. The effect is really magnificent, as we look up from the valley at the steep and broken heights above us. It seemed at first sight as if we had reached the last possible point of progress in this direction, till the little guide led us aside to a narrow zigzag road on the right hand, made partly for the convenience of the workers in the copper and arsenic mines, which we came upon after ascending for some time; partly for the benefit, and at the expense of the proprietor of the Neue Baude, and his summer guests. These "Baude,"—here pronounced Boodies,—properly *Boude*, (the *bothie* of the Scotch Highlands)—it may be mentioned, once for all, are a combination of the farmhouse and the most rustic of rustic inns, built of wood or stone, for the protection of the cow-keepers and their charge,—in the summer months only when in very elevated situations, or all the year round if in lower and more sheltered ones. In both instances they contain all the necessary appliances for making butter and cheese, which, with brown bread, milk, eggs and generally coffee, corn brandy, and a "shake down" of hay, awaits the tourist or traveller amongst the hills; and as there are some hundreds of them in this mountain district, he is sure to fall in with one at least at every three or four miles. They afford indeed an invaluable refuge in case of sudden storm or continuous rain or fog, as the stranger is always sure of a ready welcome in them all, whilst the better ones, lying in the more frequented lines and near the points of view of most interest, are generally provided with flesh meat, either fresh or salt, together with wine and beer of drinkable quality. Many of them, indeed,—now that so many tourists pass the night in them,—lay themselves out to entertain in as good a style as the country inns generally; and though their demand may be a little higher than in the plain country, yet the bill will be cheerfully paid when we consider the uncertain demand, and the necessary additional cost, of carrying up all necessaries and luxuries to such a height. In their exterior, these mountain-houses have little of the rustic grace of the Swiss or Tyrolean cottages, being more solid, heavy-looking, long-shaped farm-houses, with cow-stables and low lofts overhead; the whole stuck down bare and without garden, trees, or even a shrub near them, or any conveniently level patch of ground, or it may be on a gentle slope, with the shelter of a neighbouring hill.

Sheep, goats, or swine are rarely seen in these high districts; though at least for the two former they would seem to be well suited; and, notwithstanding the abundance of wild flowers—(one species of thyme takes its name from the Sudetes)—the culture of bees is quite neglected.

On our way up the steep path we plucked some of the splendid dark blue flowers of the gentian, and, suspecting hence our botanical tastes, our sprightly little conductor pointed out to us amidst the generally bare, rocky sides of the Brunnenberg, which lay opposite to us, quite on the other side of the valley, one green patch which goes by the name of Rubenzahl's Garden, which, though of rather difficult accessibility, is much resorted to by botanists and rural herbalists for its rich growth of certain wild plants, which are sought after either for their rarity or their medicinal qualities.

This mountain is best ascended from the Wiesenbaude at the head of the Riesen-grund, and affords a fine view of the "Koppe," and the "Forst-kamm" and "Schmiedeberg-kamm" beyond it; these "Kammes" (*Anglicè*, combs) being the long level chins so conspicuous and common in the

mountain formations here. The Brunnenberg takes its name most probably from the number of springs which rise from its flanks and roots, the Aupa amongst the number.

On reaching the "Koppenplan," the extensive turfy level or wold lying at the base of the dome-shaped summit of the Scheekoppe, and about nine hundred feet below the very apex of the mountain, the Neue Baude came in view—a large wooden house, recently built, and enjoying the reputation of being one of the best of these Highland hostelries. Here, hastily dropping our baggage outside the door, and intimating an intention of returning for the night, so soon as we should have seen the view and the sunset from the summit, we hurried up along the steep rough path, in a state of great excitement and apprehension as to the fate of our prospect. For we now for the first time became aware that the valley to the northward was for the present shut out by great masses of vapour, which came surging up, and swaying to and fro towards the top of the mountain, threatening eventually to envelope the summit and cut us off from the grand view into the Hirschberger, which we had been enjoying in anticipation all the morning. The look-out to the southward continued, as heretofore, clear and extensive, as the fog had not yet crossed the boundary line; and our route of the forenoon lay displayed before us in all its details as if on a map.

As we scrambled up the high-pitched rocky crest, with here and there an artificial step cut, or built up with large stones, where the ascent was particularly difficult, we had Bohemia so directly beneath us on the right hand, and Silesia on the left, that we could with ease have hurled a stone into either country at will. Half way up I struck my stick into a patch of snow, the remains of the premature fall of last week; and even in these lofty regions, near five thousand feet above sea-level, where vegetation almost entirely fails, except in its lowest forms of lichens and mosses, a white anemone was detected still lingering.

Half an hour's vigorous exertions brought us to the summit, having been for some minutes past, from the moment we were first descried from above, welcomed to those aerial regions by beat of drum, which it seems is the approved method of doing honour to arriving guests in these parts.

The wind, though very high, and long doing gallant battle with the mist, whenever it ventured to show itself over the crest of the hill, was unable, from the shelter the great mountain-mass afforded, to dislodge it at all from the subjacent country to the northward. The Bohemian quarter, however, continued beautifully distinct; and mountains or hills, upwards of forty miles off, could be recognised with ease. At length the fog got the upper hand, and wreathing itself still higher and higher, mantled at last the very top of the mountain; yet still capriciously breaking at intervals, and affording us tantalizing momentary glimpses of a village in the valley, or the peak of a hill in the distance. It had been going on thus, floating up and down, the whole day on the Silesian side, as we afterwards learnt. Still our sanguine landlord of the Koppe hotel, insisted that it would clear up before nightfall, and that we ought by all means to wait—and the merry drummer, who ought to be experienced in such matters, as he spends his summers aloft here, in the exercise of his profession, pretended to be so certain of a clear sunset, that he gallantly bet a zwanziger on the result with some one present. The host, a knowing fellow, of sinister countenance and disagreeably forward manner, like all other confident charlatans, gained his point, and wheedled us on with hope till it was so late, that finally we resolved to pass the night with him. We, accordingly, dispatched our active little guide to present our apologies for not visiting the "Neue Baude" till the next day, and at the same time to bring us back our knapsacks. This arrangement had the advantage of avoiding the risks of a disagreeable descent of the precipitous path in the mist and twilight, and of allowing us a chance of viewing the scenery by moonlight, as well as of witnessing the sunrise, without the extra labour of re-ascending at a very early hour on the following morning—and it would have been the one originally made, had we been aware that there was now an excellent inn on the summit, built in the course of the previous year, though

not yet known to guide-books. Indeed, on this and many other points connected with the Riesen-gebirge tour, even Mr. Murray's red book is considerably in arrear, as he very honestly confesses; and his call on future tourists for further details was in part the cause of the present communication.

The little round tower-like chapel, of which the roof, as well as the walls, is of stone, and all coated over with wood, to protect the mortar from the searching and destructive power of the beating rain, frost, and storm, stands at an elevation of about four thousand nine hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, and was erected about one hundred and fifty years ago, by a Count Schaffgotsch, an ancestor of the present proprietor of Warmbrunn, in the valley beneath, and dedicated to St. Laurence. Catholic service was long performed in it on certain days yearly; and at such times it was the resort of numerous pilgrims from all the hills and valleys around. During the last quarter of a century, however, it had been desecrated to the purposes of an inn for the convenience of such tourists as wandered so high; a purpose for which, moreover, it was peculiarly ill adapted, from its confined size and deep churn-like form, something like a round windmill, as well as from its darkness and deficient ventilation, the windows being small, and placed very high up, and there being no chimney. As cooking and smoking, eating and sleeping, were all necessarily carried on in the one apartment, we may conceive what kind of an atmosphere the numerous guests, who often filled it almost to overflowing, enjoyed; and their slumbers, it is upon record, were very apt to be interfered with—supposing the enjoyment of these were practicable under such circumstances—by certain little minute tormentors, who are known to prosper and develop their lively qualities most fully where heat and want of cleanliness prevail.

The space of nearly level ground, on the summit, being about one hundred yards in diameter, there was ample room for further buildings; and, accordingly, a wooden house, of substantial construction and suitable magnitude, has, as already mentioned, been recently put up at the distance of a few yards from the chapel, and a few feet on the Silesian side of the boundary line, which passes just below the loftiest point. Notwithstanding the cheapness of wood at lower levels all around, the landlord assured me that his inn had not been built for less than three thousand five hundred dollars, the transport of the materials being necessarily very expensive, as it must, in the latter portion of the ascent at least, be entirely performed by men, and even at somewhat lower levels, mountain-horses, or asses, are rarely seen.

The season for remuneration being so short, not much above ten weeks of summer on an average,—the wonder is where individuals, at once spirited enough and rich enough for such undertakings, are found amongst these wilds, except wealthy landlords, or the Government, as I believe is sometimes the case, lend a helping hand. The building in question contains a good sized common room, capable of containing some fifty or sixty guests with ease, with two small four-bedded rooms annexed, besides a kitchen and outhouse, and roomy lofts or garrets, where, upon an emergency, a good many persons could pass the night. We found the accommodations and the fare very respectable; and, immediately on our entrance, in order to counteract the influence of the fog and cold piercing wind to which we had been for some time exposed, as well perhaps as to keep us in good temper till supper could be cooked, we were each presented with a glass of some sweet hot mixture, here dubbed grog, though having but little affinity to the orthodox potation of the British navy, which every one, from Queen Victoria down, has tasted of, at least for once, on board of the Victory at Plymouth. It was handed to us, with a very good grace, by a blooming blue-eyed gigantic Hebe, worthy to have been the spouse of one of Tacitus's heroic Germans, or of a grenadier of the whimsical Elector Frederick.

I filled up some of my time during the evening by the usual resource of such places, namely, spelling out the blotchy effusions in the strangers book; and amongst them had the mortification to find some lines in a very

vulgar and grumbling strain by a discontented countrymen of my own—one of the very few with an English name attached—who, disgusted by the ill weather he had fallen upon (poor fellow! he had been up five times in a fog and seen nothing!) vented his spleen by declaring that his own was a much finer country, and that he was sorry he had come so far only to fare worse. Though written in English, bad English and worse spelling by the way—it had been decyphered by subsequent German visitors, and commented on tartly enough. Had they been aware, as I afterwards became, that it was the production of a half-educated artisan, in one of the linen manufactories in the plain below, their national feelings, as well as the credit of our country for decorum, would have suffered less; and, in a gloss upon their commentaries, written in my very best German, I endeavoured to enlighten the future reading public of the Schneekoppe on this weighty international matter. This, with the bargaining for a variety of little carved wooden knick-knacks, and paltry delineations of the surrounding scenery, and the penning of a long epistle, which owed its chief interest to the airy height at which it was written, prevented the time hanging heavily on hand till bed time arrived. Chancing to awake in the night, after the moon was up, I gazed with deep interest on the surrounding scene, wherein the numerous mountain-tops, peeping partially through the mist, and faintly illuminated in the moonlight, presented the appearance of so many conical islands in a milky ocean.

We took good care to be up in time to witness the glories of sunrise, as seen from the Koppe; for the first orange streaks in the east, heralds of the dawn, to the full disentanglement of the glorious luminary from his shroud of mist. Shortly before he rose, the summits of all the secondary mountains lying within fifty miles, in the semicircle of vision when looking northwards, loomed through the vapour, which still partially filled the lower regions; whilst here and there a village spire or a cluster of cottages in the far-famed Hirschberger, that peeped through a casual opening in the mist, and at length the towns of Warmbrunn and Erdmannsdorf, and the pyramidal hill of Kynest, with the old castle crowning it, showed themselves distinctly beneath us. In order slightly to enlarge our field of vision and get rid of the interference of the immediate foreground, we mounted by a ladder on to the roof of the hotel, and clambered up its high-pitched ridge, by means of the transverse sticks employed to guarantee it against the furious effects of the wind in these lofty regions. On the Bohemian side, in the direction of the fortress of Josephstadt and Königgratz, the horizon continued as clear as on the preceding day, permitting us to see with considerable distinctness to a distance of probably sixty miles or more. The moon still hung high in the heavens and added to the interest of the scene. The boundary line between Bohemia and Silesia passing, as already mentioned, only a few feet below the summit of the Schneekoppe, as it comes up from the south-east, ranges away hence towards the west for miles along the very centre of the great "Kamm;" it, and the traveller's route being at once indicated by the frequently recurring boundary stones.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the objects which are said to be within the range of a good telescope on a clear day from this lofty position. The most open view by far is that looking northwards, where the rich and extensive vale of Hirschberg—with its gentle undulations and occasional patches of wood, numerous smiling villages and highly-cultivated fields, with here and there a well-covered snowy bleach ground—stretches away for some twenty miles before us. Beyond it, again, are seen the high grounds in the direction of Löwenberg, Goldsberg, and the conical Gräditzberg, which we had noticed on our way to Brealau, and it is said that the spires of Gloggan, about seventy miles off, may sometimes be seen glistening in the distance.

In lateral extent the vale of Hirschberg is scarcely less considerable, taking the Landshuter Kamm on the east, and Schreiberhan on the west as its extreme points. To the right lie the village of Erdmannsdorf and the towns of Schmiedeberg, Landshut, and Liebau—the picturesquely formed twin

summits of the Falkenberg, with the royal castle and woods of Fischbach at its base, and the Gräberberg, with the charmingly placed chapel of St. Anne peeping through the trees on its side. Nearly in the centre of this lonely vale lie the baths of Warmbrunn, with the conspicuous residence of Count Schaffgotsch, and many other goodly buildings, the village being an extensive one and straggling far away northwards till it threatens almost to touch the respectable-looking little town of Hirschberg in its rear. Farther west and more immediately beneath us is the hill of Kynast, with its grand old feudal castle in ruins, whilst the Riesen-kamm towers up majestically behind it. Far away, as if amongst the hills in the distance, is seen the Landskron near Görlitz, on the line of railway betwixt Dresden and Breslau. More to the west is the Iserkamm, with the lofty Tapelfichte; then the far-off but well-marked Jeschken near the town of Reichenberg, and our near neighbour and old friend the Brunnenberg close at hand in the south-west—Gross-Aupa and Freiheit, and the fortress of Josephstadt near Königgratz in the southern distance—and again, more eastward, Klein-Aupa, and the Forstkamm, with the hills about Schatzlar and Adersbach, and finally the Zoptenberg far away in the north-eastern direction.

Nearly a third of Bohemia is visible from the Koppe, together with the whole of Lower Silesia, a considerable part of Upper Silesia and of Lausatia. The Carpathians are, however, quite beyond the range of vision, though some persons have erroneously fancied they recognized them.

The district of the Riesen-gebirge in its longer axis has a general direction from west-north-west towards east-south-east, having the Iser at one extremity and Schatzlar on the other; with the towns of Hohenelbe and Freiheit on its Bohemian or southern side; and Oppau, Schmiedeberg, Kynast, and Schreiberhau on its northern or Silesian.

It produces the least imposing effect from the north-west—that is when the tourist approaches it by the Iserbergkamm, as the hills here are themselves so lofty as to take off much of its apparent altitude; and from their close proximity to it they even conceal it totally from most points till we are close upon it. As seen from the south east—that is from the direction of Schatzlar (and also, it is said, from the south as from Mount Tabor in Bohemia, and from the south-west, as for example from the Jeschken)—it is peculiarly impressive, presenting the most imposing outlines. The subordinate hills are lower in these directions, less crowded up against it, and yet sufficiently numerous and diverse in form and altitude to give much effectiveness to its base, in their grouped and foreshortened condition. There are parts of Bohemia where it is distinctly visible full seventy miles off, and even at this distance a very striking object. From the vale of Herschberg, in all quarters, it shows magnificently as to altitude, though its long, equable wall-like outline has, perhaps, somewhat of monotony about it, which prevents it being quite perfect in the eye of the painter.

This whole range, consisting for the most part of granite, with an occasional appearance of mica slate in its lower portions, is characterised by its narrow, elongated, china-like form—diversified, however, here and there, by sudden dome-like elevations, out-topping the general level of the "Kamm" by about a fifth of the whole height, but without any approach, in any part, to the abrupt and lofty peaks into which the neighbouring Carpathians shoot up. Mountains of such formation, and so great relative altitude as the Riesen-gebirge, are sure to possess a magnificent extent of view, but with this disadvantage to the tourist in search of prolonged enjoyment—that nearly all the glories of the scene are perceived at first sight. There are fewer details of hill and dale, deeply penetrating ravines, and modestly concealed valleys, with their endless wealth of charming streams, than in the "plateau formation," as every one who has had an opportunity of comparing the boundless diversity and inexhaustible beauties of the Hartz mountains, with the more instantaneously impressive but quickly perused charms of this portion of the Sudetes, must be aware.

After having paid our respects to a ridiculous figure of Rubezahl and another of his wife, in an outer building of the Koppe inn—frightful per-

sonages both, dressed out in the costume of the last century, and moved by machinery like gigantic puppets—invented, doubtless, originally with the view of extorting a few more *groschen* from the pockets of the unwary—we discharged our bill, which, though one of the highest we met with in the whole district, could not, if we consider the height to which everything here must be carried, be called extravagant, as it did not quite amount to two dollars each for our supper, bed, and breakfast.

About seven o'clock we began to redescend the mountain peak, and were treated on our departure to the somewhat equivocal honour of being drummed out; and if the vigour and duration of the tattoo was a just exponent of the satisfaction of the performer with the *Trinkgeld* we had bestowed on him at parting, he was very well pleased with us indeed. The poor fellow seemed to have quite recovered from his labours and sufferings of the previous night; for having, of course, lost his bet about the cessation of the mist, he had been heartlessly condemned, in lieu of payment, to drum for a certain time within the ear-rending reverberation of the round chapel!

When we had descended almost to the Koppenplan, or that portion of the chain which lies next to the Koppe, and which is here spread out into a level moor of some size—the little highland maidens, who are always on the watch for tourists at this spot, presented us with some of the violet moss, as it is called here, a species of sweet-smelling red lichen, gathered on the rocks not far off—and were made happy by a *groschen* or two in return.

Having now arrived at the Neue Boude, we turned in and endeavoured to make the *amende honorable* to the host, for the slight we had appeared to put upon his house the night before, by ordering, somewhat prematurely indeed, a second breakfast here. And he, for his part, seemed determined to make us feel that we had made a great mistake in not holding steadily by him and his *Wirthschaft*, previously; for he set before us a *déjeûné à la fourchette* of cold venison, ham, and preserves, along with his best wine, of which “Verry” himself and the *Palais Royal* need not have been ashamed. Withal, however, we did not regret having given the preference for the night to our less amiable entertainer on the summit, as his night-quarters are certainly superior. Here below there is a crowd of young children, with only one room for “parlour, kitchen, and hall,” and the atmosphere of the apartment consequently seems rather heterogeneous, at least when subjected to the analysis of a British nose; for as to the German sense of smell, it seems in a most confused and obtuse state, from the constant exposure to all species of disagreeable mixed odours—the dinner steam from the kitchen, which generally pervades the whole house or “flat”—the sour crout—and other acid fermenting matters, for food of man or beast, foaming up from the cellar windows, simply, or in intimate combination with the stench of imperfect sewers and sinks in the street or courtyard, &c.—the whole being held together and intensified by the ever present abomination of tobacco smoke, either in its nascent or in its more odious effete condition. So ill used, how could the German proboscis be an instrument of any delicacy?

Having crossed the Koppenplan in a westerly direction, we continued on in the same line along the lofty ridge, by following which, and the boundary stones between the Prussian and Austrian dominions, it is impossible to miss one's way. To our right hand, some hundred feet beneath us, we passed a couple of mountain tarns, which, although lying close together and apparently under quite similar circumstances, differ from one another in this respect—that whilst the one abounds in fish, the other is totally without them. The larger has occasionally been known to overflow its banks, and do much mischief in the villages immediately beneath; and traces of the destruction it had carried into the neighbouring wood, were evident from the shattered state of many of the trees, and the masses of stone which had accompanied its outbreak. It is chiefly by the slide of avalanches of snow into its bosom in the spring from the neighbouring cliffs, that such sudden displacement of its waters are caused.

The "Mittagstein," or "mid-day rock," was the next remarkable object we came upon, being from its magnitude a land-mark visible from the neighbouring hills and the vale beneath for miles around. It consists of huge masses of granite piled up one on the top of another, and looks like the fragment of some giant wall; it is easy to clamber up it, but the view continues the same nearly as that from the Schneekoppe, and from the Kamm on which it stands. It is sometimes called the "Teufel's-stein," probably from the ancient legend of Rubezahl having had the intention of hurling it into the lake below, in order to deluge the inhabitants of a village lower down, who had failed in showing him proper respect; and in triumphant confirmation of such a wicked project having really been entertained by him, Anton pointed out to us two smaller masses lying near the banks, which he had previously thrown short of the mark. He was actually gathering up his strength for a final and decisive effort on this enlarged scale, when a beautiful lady—afterwards known to have been the Virgin Mary—suddenly came up to him, and by soft words and satisfactory arguments turned him from his fell purpose.

Our path lay next over the lesser "Sturm-haube," or "Stormy-head," one of the blunt conical elevations already alluded to, rising a few hundred feet above the general level of the ridge, and being covered with wild granite debris, presenting the roughest and steepest footing met with in the whole tour, with the exception of the Koppe: neither of them, however, have any real danger, except perhaps when high winds and snow render the footing more uncertain.

Before mid-day we had reached the Spindler Boude—not one of the best or cleanest of the genus—and having dined on an omelette, and made some abortive attempts upon the sour wine offered us, rested for a short time, and then set out, with turned-up trowsers and without stockings, for the wet boggy passage, not quite half a mile long, through the "Mädel-wiese," after having rejected the pressing request of a set of stout mountaineers to allow ourselves to be carried on chairs with poles, dryshod over it. Nor had we any reason to regret our magnanimity; for, as there had been no very recent rain in these parts, we got quite comfortably through it on the large stepping-stones laid there by the chair-carriers for their own safe footing. We here passed through the first fir trees we had met with in these high regions, but still stunted and wretched looking. We next ascended the great "Sturm-haube," nearly four thousand five hundred feet high, still with the old view of the Hirschberg Valley on our right, within its wide hilly frame—and the "Sieben-grunde," or "Seven Glens," on our left, that is, the Bohemian side; and passed at intervals of a few thousand feet several colossal blocks of granite, called successively the "Mädelstein," or "Maiden's-stone," the "Mann-stein," &c. Near one of these lie two long-shaped masses of the same material, a very little apart, and leaving a deep chink between them partially covered by a third huge slab; and this has been dignified with the title of Rubezahl's-grave; nearly every spot here bearing testimony to the extent of the bye-gone fame of this once so popular sprite.

"Hohe Rad" (the high wheel), the next of these hemispherical prominences which we scaled, rises to four thousand seven hundred feet above sea level, and about seven hundred above the average height of the mountain ridge, and is strewed thickly over with granite blocks like the others we had already come over, amongst which, the guides in their leisure hours, had here and there, when the path was particularly rugged and unsafe, built up artificial steps or cleared away hindrances. Both the "violet moss" and Iceland moss are found amongst the stones here in abundance.

Having reached the dark terrific precipices called the "Schneegruben," or "snow ravines," we held a council of war, and though it was but three o'clock, and we had "left behind us," as they say in Germany, but eighteen miles since starting, we resolved to halt here for the night—for the weather, which had been warm and bright hitherto, now gave tokens of a change, and the next herd-house, the "Neue Schlesische Boude," was still two and a half

hours, or about eight miles distant, and represented by our guide to be dirty, uncomfortable, and unprovided with beds. The next Swiss cottage, the "Schnee-gruben Boude," built recently by Graf Schaffgotsch, for the accommodation of tourists in this, one of the most interesting points of the excursion, promised well, and had its share in deciding us to make an easy day of it. Indeed, we had set out with the mutual resolution, to make our tour one of pleasurable exercise, and not of fatigue and perpetual pushing forward—the error into which so many young pedestrians fall in their earlier journeyings, often to the permanent injury of their health, and the certain diminution of the enjoyment of the country scenery, as well as of the chances of its being well seen and accurately remembered.

The great mountain wall is here deeply indicated by two tremendous black ravines close to one another, cut almost perpendicularly into its sides, with very irregular jagged surfaces, and almost a thousand feet deep. As these fearful chasms look due northwards, snow, in small quantities, lies in their recesses all the summer through, and gives them their name. On the wild promontory of granite which separates the one from the other, we can walk out amidst great blocks of the same stone which are tossed about in strange confusion, and thence look back down the rugged appalling rents, the bottom of which is strewn with the ruins of the cliff, detached, in the process of ages, by moisture and frost.

The contrast of this savage foreground with the beauty and fertility of the populous valley, seen through the huge rent, is very striking. We were treated, while standing out here, to the effect of a small cannon-shot, in calling forth the echoes from the cliffs, which proved very fine, though not quite equal to those of Adersbach. Some years ago one of the guides, whilst throwing down stones from the top of the cliffs, to show their depth to his company, incautiously approached too close to the edge, lost his footing, and was dashed to pieces beneath.

One of the most enormous of the blocks of granite hereabouts, lies at the back of the little inn, and goes by the name of "Rubezahl's-kanzel," or pulpit.

For the benefit of my successors in these regions, I may mention that the Schnee-gruben Boude affords very fair accommodation—that its new host, a native of Warmbrunn in the valley below, is moderate in his charges, civil, and intelligent, and that he brings his furniture and other necessaries up here early in summer, and holds his ground till far on in October, if the season be at all favourable. The beds, though only on cribs or inclined planes, around a garret, or loft-like upper story, are clean and well provided with rugs and heavy blankets against the cold searching winds, which occasionally, as on the night we were his guests, penetrate through the shingled roof—for it came on towards night to blow quite a gale—and the following morning everything was enveloped in mist, to which, soon after we had set out, a drizzling rain succeeded. Through both, by the help of our trusty little guide, we made our way securely southwards, down to the "Elbe-fall," a cascade of considerable height—near two hundred feet—but of no great effect, being broken several times by the way, crawling down the rocks, rather than wildly leaping them, and almost entirely bare of wood as well as destitute of striking rocky outlines. The body of water also is inconside- rable, notwithstanding the artificial aid of a sluice, which the cottager above manages for the benefit of any tourist who is master of a five-groschen piece, and munificent enough to part with it out of love to the picturesque. Its chief interest, however, arises from its being one of the best known sources of the river Elbe, though by no means the principal one.

The Weiss-Wasser (Alba, or Elbe) has, undoubtedly, a much better claim to be so considered, which rises ten miles further to the eastward in the "Weisse-Wiese," the boggy meadows at the eastern extremity of the Riesen-gebirge, near the base of the Schneekoppe; whence it flows westward, along "the Seven Glens," to join the lesser Elbefluss, near the Spindler mill. The latter feeder has, doubtless, run away with more than its own share of the glory of originating this fine river, in consequence of the conspicuousness

of the fall it forms so near its source. The united stream was, for nearly twenty miles, paralld with the Aupa, which it joins at the Bohemian town of Jaromies; and, subsequently, at Melnick, below Prague, it receives the Maldan, and thus reinforced shapes its course north-westward, towards the Saxon Switzerland and Dresden.

The view down the "Elbe-grund," or "Glen of the Elbe," which takes nearly a straight direction southwards, reaches far out into Bohemia, over the little town of Hohen-Elbe, about fifteen miles off.

Re-ascending by numerous steps which have been made here for the convenience of travellers, we again reached the summit of the "Kamm," and directing our course towards the north-west, across this high moorland, called "Elbe Wiese," or "Meadow of the Elbe," we soon came upon a little well, about two feet in depth, and not much more in width, lying a little below the level of the turf, and marked by a small heap of stones in its neighbourhood. This was the celebrated "Elbe-Quelle," the source of the cascade we had just seen, and the reputed origin of the great stream which passes by Dresden and Hamburg, bearing on its turbid waters to the German Ocean the produce of Bohemia and Saxony, Prussia and Hanover.

From this point we reached the "Neue Schlesische Boude" in about two hours' easy walking, keeping steadily on, all the while, in a north-westerly direction, having first the Spitzberg, and subsequently the "Reifräger" (the last of the dome-like elevations on the crest of the Riesenkamm to the westward) on our right hand. We passed by the way the "Schweinstein," another of those heaps of granitic ruin to which I have so often alluded, and which seem to indicate that the general summit of the "Kamm," or at least portions of it, had once been higher than at present; these remnants of its anterior condition bearing testimony to the gradual wearing influences of water and frost in removing the softer layers of the rock, and thus leading, in the process of time, to the partial breaking up of the great granitic crown of the mountain. As the line of clearage seems generally to approach the perpendicular, we have thus a plausible explanation of the present appearance of the lofty architectural-looking blocks which are piled upon one another here and there along the crest of the mountain,—those which have survived having been, doubtless, the hardest and most resisting parts of the whole.

Near the "Schlesische Boude" occur the last and lowest examples of that singular dwarf species of fir, known to botanists under the name of "Pinus Pumilia," here called from its crooked branches, radiating from the stock and bent upwards, "Knieholz," or "Krummholz." It grows pretty low on the ground, rising generally only two or three feet above the surface; its reddish circularly spread branches forming a close flat head, with dark green needle-like foliage. It supplies, in a manner, the place of our furze, which, by the way, is not at all met with here; but it is on rather a larger scale, of a much deeper green, and not so abundant by any means, nor quite so gregarious. Its roots furnish a hard reddish grained wood, valuable to the turner and toy-maker, of whom there are many in the villages below. It abounds in resin, and forms an admirable firewood. The common species of fir which prevails in the woods here ceases to grow at the height of three thousand five hundred feet, whereas this just described flourishes all over the summit of this mountain range at an elevation of about four thousand.

The "Schlesische Boude" had, we found, by no means been slandered as to the extent of its accommodations, the common room being none of the cleanest, overheated by a great stove, and with a very impure atmosphere. It was occupied by the peasants and cow-herds of the neighbourhood, sheltering from the rain and enjoying their indifferent beer and worse potato-brandy, along with sour black bread, and the very odoriferous and suspicious-looking cheese of the district; for the older it is, the greener it seems, and the stronger it smells the more is it valued. Such was the staple fare of the house, and for guests of a more fastidious palate, except eggs, nothing better was forthcoming.

On entering into conversation with one of the peasants, a respectable-looking old grey-haired man, who had seen better times, I found that much discontent existed in respect to the permanent results of the late "Freiheit" struggles—for even here in the Riesen-gebirge and its valleys, the influence of the restless year 1848, with all its wild strainings after augmented freedom, was felt—and here, as elsewhere, the vague anticipations of enlarged liberties and increased physical welfare were doomed to be bitterly disappointed. The great landed proprietors, intimidated by deputations of their tenantry, had made in the agony of the moment many promises as to the extinction of the more odious or unpopular of their dues, the "Floss-geld" and "Spin-geld," for example—seigniorial taxes which had doubtless been substituted long ago, and as hereditary serfage began to disappear, for the still more oppressive personal service of carrying down a certain quantity of wood, or spinning to a certain amount yearly for the benefit of the lord of the soil. As the origin of these demands had probably faded away from the memories of the country-people, their enforcement very naturally appeared arbitrary and unreasonable. But all of these, in the present year, as the panic amongst landlords has in a great degree passed away, have been again insisted on by them as their just and indefeasible right. Every one who has a habitation of his own, if not a mere lodger, is obliged to pay such dues in addition to the government taxes; so that even the poorest individual so situated would have to pay, on the whole, out of his miserable earnings, over and above his rent, about two dollars yearly—a very considerable sum in these parts.

Though it still continued to rain, we sallied resolutely forth, after a short rest, and soon got down into the woody district, passing some splendid gentian flowers of a different species from what we had met with on the Bohemian side (*G. Crociata* in the latter instance, *G. Asclepiadia* in the former); and were delighted with the variety of foliage which the trees displayed, now glowing in all the splendour of their autumnal tints, whilst huge fragments of granite from the cliffs above lay in wild confusion amongst them, and added to the wild beauty of the scene.

We had scarcely reached the middle region of the mountain side ere we had left the clouds and rain quite above us. Whilst still amongst the woods, on the declivity of the Reifräger mountain, about five miles short of Schreiberhau, we came on the Zacken-fall, the finest waterfall, I apprehend, in the whole Riesen-gebirge, being about a hundred feet high, situated in a very picturesque dell, well broken by bold rocks, largely supplied with water, and supported by masses of foliage, most happily distributed. It rushes down a perpendicular chasm in the granite rock, dividing into three branches as it falls, and producing plentiful showers of spray as it descends. Close to the fall is a rustic cottage, where temporary shelter and refreshments can be had.

The Kochel, which rises in the "Schnee-grube," and runs for a time nearly parallel with the Zacken, mingling its waters with it, a few miles lower down, also forms a respectable waterfall not far from the one we had just seen; but in the unsettled state of the weather we were anxious to get forward, and did not feel disposed to make the *détour* necessary for seeing it. And this was matter of the less regret, as, from all I could learn, as to its altitude and "surroundings," it must be considerably inferior to the fall of the Zacken. Indeed, as we might have anticipated from the narrowness of this mountain range, which affords no sufficient surface for the collection of great waters, there are no really very considerable falls in the Riesen-gebirge—nothing, for example, like those from the great snow-covered mountains of Switzerland, or in the highlands of central Italy.

We soon after emerged from the wood upon the magnificent new road, which runs through the Marienthal, by the side of the Zacken, as this river is on its way, past Schreiberhau and Warmbrunn, to join the Bobber at Hirschberg.

A walk of a very few minutes off the road, into the wood on the left hand, in the direction indicated by a finger-post, brought us upon a fearful precipice overhanging the river. The huge rock whose side forms it, has

its fellow on the opposite side of the stream, the intervening barrier seeming to have been torn away by some tremendous rush of waters at a distant epoch. These two great rocks are distinguished by the ominous name of the "Rabenstein," or Gallows. In England, doubtless, we should have been more romantic in our nomenclature, and named it "The Lover's Leap," or something equally attractive. The view up and down the wooded glen, the river rushing rapidly along its rocky bed, the bridge and the road, which is still in progress, winding away up into the hills, form altogether a very picturesque scene. Here, as at most remarkable points of view in Germany, ample provision has been made for the refreshment of the body when exhausted by the previous walk, or by the over-excitement of the feelings in the contemplation of the scene. The power and necessity of frequent eating and drinking, the ever-recurring "Lass uns doch etwas geniessen!" of the Teutonic sentimental tourist, is a remarkable feature in his character, and one of the only drawbacks to the pleasure of his companionship. To the French, the Italian, and even the English traveller in search of the picturesque, this incipient craving after beer and "butter-brod" is quite an enigma.

The Marienthal winds away, in and out, very prettily for some three or four miles, with its steep sides mantled over with woods, something after the style of the valley going from Buxton towards Matlock; with the odds, however, of a considerable stream in favour of the former. At the little sawmill by the road-side our young guide, who, notwithstanding his agility, preferred riding occasionally to incessantly going a-foot, was very urgent as to our taking a spring cart hence to Warmbrunn, which, though still fully ten miles distant, he asserted he could procure us here for one dollar, with permission to stop as long as we pleased by the way to see Kynast. Anxious to get on, and dubious of the weather, we availed ourselves of his skilful diplomacy, and found him as good as his word. The drive is a very pleasing one, abounding in beautiful views, passing through Schreiberhau, a large, straggling, industrious village, of between two and three thousand inhabitants where what we call generally "Bohemian" glass (here properly Silesian) is made, cut, and gilded. The place is also celebrated for its wood-carving, its linen, and a kind of lace veils. Higher up the valley lies the Josephinen Hutte, with the extensive Bohemian glass manufactory, established ten years ago by Count Schaffgotsch, and employing at present upwards of four hundred persons on this beautiful article of luxury, and capable of turning out some of the finest and most highly finished specimens of it. They are just now engaged, as the proprietor subsequently mentioned to me in Warmbrunn, in preparing two splendid colossal vases, bearing likenesses of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on the sides, for the approaching Exhibition of Art in Hyde Park, at which many landed proprietors in this and other quarters of Silesia intend being present, and are already organizing large social parties to travel in company, by railway and otherwise, at once more commodiously and more economically. Owing partly to our own haste, and partly to our little guide not calling our attention strongly enough to the subject, we were long past this interesting manufactory ere I was aware of its precise position or importance, and then my companion could not afford time to return.

A circuitous road, passing through Petersdorf, brought us at length to Hermansdorf, whence, in spite of a hot sun which would have done credit to July, we made a rapid march upon the Castle of Kynast, up the steep winding path about two miles long, through the woods that surround the hill to its very summit. This noble old ruin is one of the finest and best placed feudal remains in all Germany; whilst, for the interest of the histories and legends connected with it, few can surpass or even equal it. The octogenarian, who guided us through its dilapidated courts and towers, told the stories which have reference to its bye-gone days, with much simplicity and earnestness, and my accomplished German companion, who was a very much better judge of the matter than I could pretend to be, was in high delight with the Doric style and *naïveté* of his narrations.

Kynast Castle stands on a conical hill of granite, upwards of fifteen hundred feet high, which is separated from the Heerdberg, one of the spurs of the Riesen-gebirge, by a deep, dark rocky glen, called by the formidable name of the Höllenthal. The sides of this gloomy ravine are partially covered by dark pines, which root themselves with amazing tenacity amidst the stony debris. The castle itself was built at the end of the thirteenth century, by Duke Balko, of Schweidnitz, but made over in the following century by the Emperor Charles IV. to Gotsche Schoff, a very brave knight, with a very ugly name, who had done him good service in his wars—nor have his successors added much to its euphony by the transposition into Schaffgotach, at least in the judgment of English ears. The descendants of the aforesaid knight became subsequently counts of the holy empire, and the family continues a very influential one to the present day. The actual head of it, who is married to a daughter of the late Field-Marshal Zieten, is, according to the belief of the common people hereabouts, lord of exactly ninety-nine villages, and that he dare not add another to his list even if bequeathed to him by his dearest friend, without becoming a duke, and assuming all the increased expenses, cares, and liabilities of that rank! Certainly, nearly all the more frequented portions of the Riesen-gebirge seem to own him as their master, as well as a large tract of the fair valley beneath, with numerous villages, and the town of Warmbrunn, where he resides.

The Castle of Kynast was never taken, but perished a virgin fortress by fire, in the end of the seventeenth century, having been struck by lightning in August, 1675, about four hundred years after its erection; and its roof and all other combustible parts were then consumed and never since replaced.

The view from the great tower is one of the richest and loveliest possible,—the so oft-mentioned vale of Hirschberg—as it lies in the gigantic embrace of the mountains we had been exploring, extending itself, in ever-varying but unfailing beauty, from the Castle of Greifenstein, near Friedeberg in the west, to Schmiedeberg; and the picturesquely formed hills in its rear, to the north-east; the Gräberberg with its noble woods, and the little white chapel (built by the Schaffgotchs some four hundred years ago), gleaming through them some way below the summit; and the innumerable sunny villages scattered over the landscape beneath. About six miles below the Schneekoppe, to the eastward, is a curious wooden church, “Kirch-Wang,” erected by the King of Prussia, in the antique Norwegian style of architecture, for the convenience of the neighbouring peasants and mountaineers.

What was once the Tournament-place, in front of the Castle of Kynast, is now occupied by the tables and chairs of the coffee-drinkers from Warmbrunn in the bath season; coffee parties being here, as elsewhere, the chief afternoon resource of the frequenters of the German watering places. In the middle of the first court-yard stands a tall-stone pillar (some ten or twelve feet high), with iron ring annexed,—the pillory or flogging-post when it was thought desirable to inflict corporal punishment on refractory vassals or legal offenders.

Highly gratified with the result of our visit to this noble ruin, we returned at length towards our carriage at Heermansdorf, taking the somewhat shorter but steeper path through the Höllenthal, whose stupendous fragments of granite lying about in chaotic confusion, along with the bold pine-clad cliff overhead, and the castle frowning from its summit, form a most picturesque combination, and realise the most romantic conceptions of a feudal stronghold of the middle ages.

THE LADDER OF GOLD.

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER X.

The Last Trial.

DEATH, even when it has given long notice of its approach, is a dismal thing in a house; but more dismal still when it comes suddenly and violently in the midst of health, and in the confidence of manhood. Although the dead be one who had not drawn around him a solitary affection, he is missed when he is gone—his loss severs some ties, breaks up the routine of old habits, and leaves a blank behind which time alone can fill with new associations and altered prospects.

Lord Charles Eton had not cultivated one ardent friendship; and, in his own home, where love might have grown, had he cared to nurture it, the air was too cold for hearts to flower in. His uncle alone was strongly attached to him; but it was less a feeling of affection than a sentiment of pride, cherished and dwelt upon in solitude till it became a sort of necessity of his existence. Yet, unloveable as he was in his life, his death was a trouble in the small circle which it deprived of a familiar face and an accustomed footstep.

Abroad in the world through which he had moved with such a show of graciousness, there was a slight sensation, hardly of regret, rather of surprise and curiosity; people thought it very shocking, got up a story about the quarrel, which occupied them more than its issue; and then—something else started up, and they forgot him in a week.

To Margaret, there was an undefined terror in the event, which fascinated her reason. She was stunned by its suddenness. There wasn't time to think clearly, or to test her own feelings. The first impulse was self-examination. Had she been just to him? Had she made allowances for his temper? Had she estimated his character truly? Was there no fault at her side? Could she have averted that alienation which had so recently divided them? Could she have reconciled the family feud in the heat of which he was struck down? A hundred such hurried questions and half-accusations thronged upon her mind. She looked back upon her marriage, and gathered up recollections of Lord Charles which, softened by distance and hallowed by natural regrets, drew out traits of his nature which

she feared she had never appreciated; and when her thoughts reverted to Henry Winston, a shudder passed over her. She shrank from the train of memories his image called up, and tried not to think of him, as a person toiling through the mazes of a hideous dream, in which the forms of beloved objects are shown in agonies and distortion, endeavours in vain to shut them out from sight. Henry Winston would still recur to her, let her seek to banish him as she might.

The bereavement to Lord William Eton was rendered less overwhelming by the disclosures Margaret had made to him, which shook his high opinion of Lord Charles, and created a new claim upon his sympathies. The place which the death of his nephew left vacant in his heart and household, was insensibly occupied by her whom that nephew had so grievously wronged; and it was a balm and solace to him to tend and console her. His character had undergone a change. Austerity and harshness had given way to kindness and forbearance. Their relations were no longer formal and reserved; in the hour of domestic sorrow, their hearts opened to each other, and the conventional distinctions which had hitherto kept them apart, melted before the reality which pointed to that world where the pomps and vanities of earth are of no more account than the dust that lies mouldering in the coffin.

Clara, at the suggestion of Lord William Eton, had come to Portman Square after the death of Lord Charles. Mrs. Rawlings called every day; but her visits were not of much comfort to Margaret. She had got into a way of babbling, which is very oppressive to people who are suffering under mental distress. The good woman talked unwisely to her daughter, much, indeed, in the same strain as Nurse Waters had long ago talked to her when she had lost her own husband. She could see no help for any misfortune but to look forward and not think about it—the world was wide, and there were plenty of people in it—and Margaret was never very happy with Lord Charles—she knew well enough that, when she married him, she loved Henry Winston—it was wonderful, to be sure, what turn things take—look at herself—there was Rawlings nearly out of his mind with trouble, and she didn't know how long she'd have a house over her head, and wished she could only see the end of it, and, for her own part, she longed to get out of it all, and be at peace; and a great deal more to the same effect, slightly incoherent, and puncturing the wounds it was intended to heal. The truth was, that poor Mrs. Rawlings, who never was remarkable for the strength of her intellect, had latterly grown very garrulous; her thoughts had begun to ravel in an odd way; and she would talk on a-head, if anybody would listen to her, not very clearly or sensibly; and tears would sometimes start into her eyes, and stand there helplessly on the lids, as if they did not know why they were summoned, and had come there without any ostensible cause. She was not a woman to stand up against calamity, but

to lie down under it; her escape was in the weakness of her nature; but even this refuge was failing her now. The pressure was too severe to be evaded in the old way, and many little symptoms were becoming perceptible in her looks and her "bald talk," of that confusion and scattering of ideas which are preliminary in people of feeble constitution to a general break-up of the faculties. Everybody was indulgent to her, and suffered her to chatter without interruption. It was the only pleasure she had—that incessant drivel, so full of curious little good-natured cross-purposes, and wandering platitudes!

Mr. Rawlings had called once or twice, but had not yet seen Margaret. They were naturally reluctant to meet. She dreaded the first interview with her father; and many weeks elapsed before she received him.

One evening Lord William desired to see her in the drawing-room. He had hitherto spoken but little to her on the subjects that most occupied their thoughts; and now that she was more calm and composed, he felt it no longer necessary to observe any restraint.

"I wished to have a little quiet conversation with you, Margaret, if you think you are well enough to bear it."

"I was anxious for it myself, my Lord," she replied; "I feel it would be a relief to me."

"You are aware of the result of the inquiry into that unfortunate business, and that I have been urged to sanction legal measures against Mr. Winston?"

"Yes—I have heard so."

"I refused to lend my name to such a proceeding. No consideration could induce me to consent to it. I mention this to put your mind at rest."

"It was very generous and noble—considering how you loved him!"

"My love for him, Margaret, did not extend to his errors. But we will not talk of that. I felt that if the family of Lord Charles Eton showed any vindictive feeling to Mr. Winston they would have done you an additional wrong. He has not been heard of since, and I presume he is beyond the reach of danger. If he be prudent, and keep out of England for a time, he may one day return with safety. After all, it was an act committed in the heat of passion; he did no more than others might have done—than others have done."

"It is for my sake, my Lord, you are so lenient to him. But it was a great crime—and I sicken to think that he was guilty of it."

"Not for your sake alone," he exclaimed, then paused for a moment. "Margaret, I dare not call Mr. Winston to account. I owe it to myself to screen and save him."

"My Lord!"

"Be patient and listen to me. I speak to you of things that have been shut up in my life, and made me the lonely man you

have known me; and when I see in the circumstances which have befallen others, a fatal recollection of my own early history revived before me, almost exactly as it happened to myself, you cannot be much surprised at my forbearance."

"Happened to you, Lord William? Did you, too, once love as he did—and—?"

"If you will not think it an unpardonable folly," said Lord William smiling, "in a man of my age and habits to carry about such a memory with him, and to preserve it as freshly as if it were an incident of yesterday, when he ought to be more sensibly employed—I may confess as much to you. Most men love in their youth. Why might not I? Men generally forget these things—they are swept away into the current of graver occupations. Age brings a different set of feelings—throws us in more upon ourselves—aches, and wants, and physical infirmities give us enough to do, without troubling ourselves with love—and so our enthusiasm goes and our elasticity, and we are glad enough to escape from our sentimental devotions, and look to our diet and our rheumatism. But circumstances will sometimes, in spite of us, recall these memories, and keep them alive. With me it has never slumbered—it was seared upon my heart, and its mark is there still."

"But what was it? How does Mr. Winston's case resemble yours?"

"I opposed your marriage with Lord Charles on the ground of inequality of birth; but it was not from mere pride of lineage—although I suffered him to think so. It touched me closer. In my youth, Margaret, I thought no man ever loved so madly—and I am half ashamed to say that, through the long mist of years, I think so even now! She was not in my own rank of life—that heightened the romance on both sides, and we were prepared to sacrifice the world for each other. In this extremity I was compelled to confide my secret to a friend—in whose honour I would have reposed my life. He deceived me—he deceived her—falsified me to her—appealed to her pride—provoked her resentment—and succeeded in his treachery. She who was to have been my wife, ensnared by the basest artifices, became his mistress. For that most criminal of all perfidies he paid the penalty of his life."

Throughout this relation Lord William maintained a calmness, speaking slowly, and almost in a whisper, which was more painful than the strongest outward emotion. Margaret crept to his side and trembled.

"You do not wonder now," said Lord William, recovering the firm tone of his voice, "why I have screened Mr. Winston?"

"And she?" inquired Margaret.

"I have never seen her since—I could not trust myself; but it has been the constant care of my life, of which she is happily ignorant, to watch over her security in another country."

"Then she still lives?"

"Come—you must not extract all my secrets. She is dead to me for ever."

The door opened, and Fletcher, looking alarmingly cadaverous in a full suit of mourning, announced Mr. Rawlings. Margaret's agitation at the name did not escape the notice of Lord William, who encouragingly pressed her hand, and went forward to receive the visitor, and spare her the pain of the first greeting.

A visible alteration had taken place in her father during the short interval that had elapsed since they had last met. His face had become much thinner and more pallid; the stony gaze, the indomitable resolution, the inflexible self-will were displaced by an expression of restlessness in the eyes and mouth, which at once betrayed great mental anxiety and shattered health. No longer imperturbable and self-possessed, he was nervous in his looks and motions, twitched with his hands, and spoke in a sharp wiry voice, that grated on the ear with a sense of petulance and impatience.

A few formal words at both sides, and Mr. Rawlings took a chair beside his daughter.

"This is a heavy blow, Margaret," he said; "I had hoped that I had established you in a high and happy position. But it has fallen out otherwise."

"It might have been otherwise—but we must submit to the will of heaven."

"And all through the frantic folly of a disappointed boy—"

"Nothing can palliate his guilt. It is better we should not speak about it."

"It proves, Margaret, that I was right not to entrust your happiness to such a man."

"Happiness! oh do not let us speak about it. I am very weak and ill."

"She is hardly strong enough, Mr. Rawlings," interposed Lord William, "to bear this very painful conversation."

"I feel for her sufferings," returned Rawlings, "as keenly as your Lordship, and am quite as unwilling to add to them by my presence—if that be a cause of pain to her. I am not to learn now, for the first time, that I am an unwelcome visitor in this house."

"No—no—" exclaimed Margaret; "it was the shock at seeing you recalled these things—but that is over,—not unwelcome where I am."

"You see, sir," said Lord William quietly, "you have done us an injustice; and I fear you do yourself wrong in thinking so harshly sometimes of others. It is not a time for anger between us; and it is our duty to avoid all subjects that can increase the anguish of her situation."

Rawlings was slightly affected by the subdued feeling in which this was spoken. He did not expect this sort of reception from Lord William Eton, between whom and himself there had hitherto existed a feeling of undisguised asperity. A flush passed over

his face, and he sat for a moment before he spoke, twitching his hands together, as if he wanted to suppress some strong emotion.

"True—true—it is not a time for anger. I had forgotten myself. If Margaret has reason to reproach me, she must remember that it was for what I believed to be her interest I acted. She must try to forgive me," he added in a low stifled voice.

"There is much to be forgiven on all sides," said Margaret; "and I reproach myself too bitterly not to forgive others."

"Reproach yourself!" repeated Lord William; "my dear Lady Charles, you must not use such a word. Your reproaches should fall upon us; although, for myself, had I been aware, as your father was, that your feelings were otherwise engaged, I never would have consented to your marriage."

"But, my Lord," returned Rawlings, "had you been aware, as I was, that this violent young man had laid a plan to carry her off clandestinely, you would, probably, have acted as I did, and rescued her from the ruin which must have followed such a step."

"Whatever I might have done in such circumstances, Mr. Rawlings," replied Lord William, "I should certainly not have compelled her to marry against her inclinations. If we must speak of these matters, let us at least be honest."

Rawlings exhibited considerable impatience while Lord William was speaking, and when he had finished, he moved his chair back, and looked full upon him.

"When my daughter was married to your nephew, my Lord," he began, "I was a prosperous man, followed and persecuted by a venal crowd of great people. They insisted upon setting me up for worship in their circles, and I determined to fix myself there, so that they could not shake me off when I had served their turn. This is the history of my daughter's marriage. It is something snatched from the hollowness and perfidy of the world—something for poverty to exult in when it is oppressed by the pride and pageantry of rank. Why did they seek me? Let them read the moral in the consequences."

"There is some truth in that. When men of birth and station descend from their proper position, they deserve the humiliating results. But you are too sweeping in your censures. You must not judge of the aristocracy from exceptional cases."

"I judge of them," replied Rawlings, "from a wide experience which has taught me that it is the besetting sin of their nature to prostrate themselves before this money-power. Let no man who rises from obscurity hope to bridge over with gold the gulf that divides him from them. If he be wise, he will keep in his own sphere. They use such men as gamblers use cards, and fling them away when they have played out their game."

"I perfectly agree with you," returned Lord William; "the wise man, whether he is lord or commoner, will do best by keeping in his own sphere; and I who never flattered you, and who

kept aloof, at the height of your prosperity, from an intercourse which was repugnant to my tastes and habits, may now say with regret and without offence, that it had been happier for us both if you had acted upon that conviction a little earlier. But it is useless to recur to the past. We have a more grateful task before us in making what reparation we can to *her*."

"I am bound, my Lord," replied Rawlings, "to thank you for the consideration and kindness with which you have treated my daughter. The world has made me sceptical in my judgment of men, and my reliance on their truth; but I am not insensible to the dignity with which you have acted, and I am grateful for your generosity. There is one consolation left to me amidst the wreck of my own fortunes—that Margaret is secure. Let fate deal as it may with me hereafter, she at least is beyond the reach of reverses. That is a comfort to me."

"You may add, sir," said Margaret, "that she is too sensible of what she owes to your bounty, not to share it with you in adversity. For myself, a very little will suffice, and I am too thankful that there is ample for us all. To feel that I can help you will give me something to look forward to—something to live for."

"No, Margaret," replied Rawlings; "you have made sacrifices enough for me. I am not quite wrecked—there are resources yet at my command which, with thrift and industry, will enable me to preserve my independence. My head is clear and my resolution strong, and I will labour as a man like me ought to labour. I was born to that, and must look to it for succour. No—Margaret! I am proud of my child, and she shall hold her position unimpaired by any claims of mine. Experience is not lost upon me. We gather wisdom, my child, as we grow older; and the best use we can make of our misfortunes is to avoid the errors that produced them."

As he spoke he became more calm and tranquil. The nervousness and irritation he betrayed at first had passed away; and the natural strength of his character returned, subdued in expression, and directed to a good and healthy purpose.

A VISIT TO A VERY GREAT MAN.

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

ONE happy morning, when I had nothing to do (I wish the year was full of them), I called upon Fandango. The intelligent reader, and intelligent readers are supposed to know everything—surely knows Fandango? I need not tell him, therefore, that he was a very great man in his time; or that in his particular walk, or rather dance, of life he attained almost the same height as Vestris; or that Vestris would never have surpassed him if he had not gone before him,—at least that was Fandango's own private opinion.

I am happy to inform the reader that Fandango is still alive. That great man still basks in the sunshine of his past glories, very poor, but very happy. I really think he would not change places with the greatest man of the present day, Tom Thumb or Cardinal Wiseman included. It must be confessed that Fandango is very vain, even for a Frenchman. His vanity actually runs so far as to meet Posterity. Ask him, and he will quickly tell you, without the smallest ray of a smile, that the Temple of Fame will be incomplete without him. He believes in his conceit that he will ultimately take his stand between Sir Christopher Hatton and Madame Saqui.

One or two ignorant persons may probably inquire—“Who is Fandango? and what has he particularly done to take his stand upon?” These questions are not very complimentary to one whose path through life has been strewn alike with *bouquets* and triumphs, but I can answer them with the greatest pleasure in the world. “It is so sweet,” as the Roman poet says, “to blow the dust off the laurels of a friend.”

It was in the hot month of July, soon after the restoration of the Bourbons. Paris, which had been shaken to its centre, was still throbbing from the terrible effect of the English cannon. The capital was crouching at the feet of Montmartre, overawed by the artillery, that, from its topmost brow, was frowning at it. The shops were empty; all the springs of commerce were frozen; the only tradesmen who gave active signs of business were the *huissiers*; the very theatres were deserted. It was during this eventful panic, when the Funds had sunk lower than the Seine; when Despair was the only *flâneur* on the Boulevards; and when herds of Cossacks darkened all the *cafés*, and the streets, also, by drinking all the oil out of the *réverbères*; that Fandango called upon his Genius to dispel the heavy cloud that hung over his beloved native city. His Genius happening luckily at that very moment to be at home, answered to the call, and the result of the interview between them was the celebrated *Pas de Reconnoissance*. The sensation that *Pas* made will never be forgotten—at least so long as dancing keeps its feet before the foot-lights of the stage. Every Frenchman ran to see it. Trade suddenly revived. It gave the impetus to all those endless amusements, without which prosperity in France cannot live. Gaiety recovered from her temporary paralysis, and bounded once more into every public arena;

Paris was itself again! Louis XVIII. made Fandango his grand ballet master in consequence of that great *Pas*, and the Allied Army presented him with more diamond snuff-boxes than he knew what to do with—even supposing he had taken snuff.

And yet the run of that *Pas de Reconnoissance* was not half so long as his *Valse de Triomphe*, which he had “created” in honour of Napoleon’s escape from Elba; for Fandango’s heels were free from all party spirit, and jumped equally high in the service of Consul, King, or Emperor. Napoleon used to show him very great affection, whenever he went behind the scenes. On one occasion he pulled his ear, and called him *coquin*. Fandango has never forgotten that moment—he calls it “the proudest moment of his existence,” and he has known many “proudest moments” in his lifetime. The pull still clings affectionately to his ear, and, as for the word *coquin*, I expect, when he dies, it will be found engraven on his heart. He tells the story to every one. Sometimes he gets pathetic over it, and drops a few tears to the memory of those happy days. It is time then to leave him, unless you are inclined to listen to his entire life, which he has written in six immense copy-books of very close manuscript, and which he calls “*la grande fortune* he intends to leave his *chers* children.” It is to be hoped that some liberal publisher will give him a good price for it, or else *la grande fortune*, which he is so proud of, will not exceed some two or three pounds—of waste paper. Such is fame!

The morning I called upon Fandango, he was at breakfast. The tea-things were scattered over the table-cloth, and Napoleon’s contemporary was rattling his fingers most industriously upon the tea-tray. The jingle was anything but pleasant, and I expected each moment to see the tea-cups leap off the table with the violence of his blows. He did not look up, but simply said, as I advanced to shake hands, “Hush! my dear fellow, do not derange me, or else I do lose him.” Five minutes elapsed, and the entertainment was growing a little monotonous. There was no newspaper in the room, excepting the *Courrier des Spectacles* for 1814, and the prospect from the window was not of the most cheering, for it looked out upon a London churchyard full of rank weeds and gaping graves.

Ten minutes more, and I took the liberty to cough; but Monsieur Fandango did not make the smallest answer. He was absorbed in beating that grand piece of music which is known, I believe, by the appropriate title of the “Devil’s Tattoo,” and muttering all the while a strange chorus, for which, in my musical knowledge, I can find no appropriate title at all. Another five minutes dragged their slow, Chancery, length along, and I renewed my cough an octave higher than the first one.

“*Un, deux, trois—un, deux, trois,*” was all the reply I received, whilst my friend’s fingers continued their skipping exercise over the tray.

“Monsieur Fandango,” I rudely broke in upon his studies; “pray excuse me, but can you tell me how often Mademoiselle de La Soubise was married?”

Mademoiselle de La Soubise (better known as *La belle Fanny*) was *la première danseuse* at the grand opera, who threw herself away upon the handsome pompier, who used to attend at the side-wings, and who afterwards was married to the old *roué* Marquis de Neufchâtel, who

died from catching cold, as Talleyrand said, from going out one November morning without his calves. After this she was—but up to this point the reader knows as much as I do; so, wishing to increase my knowledge upon such an interesting point, I had called upon my old friend Fandango, to receive the benefit of his superior recollection. I repeated my question, asking, as loudly as civility would allow me, the tantalizing question—“How often *La grande Soubise* had been married?”

“*Un, deux, trois—un, deux, trois—quatre, cinq, six—doublez deux fois—c'est bien—maintenant encore—à présent triplez*”—and Fandango was going on to such an enormous extent, that somehow I felt confident that he could not exactly mean that impossible amount as an answer to my question. Accordingly, I took the liberty (we had been friends for a long period) to give the collar of his dingy dressing-gown a good shaking, and by that rough means made him sensible of my presence.

“Ah! it is too bad—*mais, monsieur, c'est infame*,”—exclaimed the poor Frenchman, as if he were ready to cry; “when I was just on the point of catching him.”

“Him! Catching whom?”

“*Him—my beautiful Pas.*”

“Your Pa? I thought he had been dead long ago?”

“Yes, sare, *mon adorable Pas*. Oh! he has gone—I will never see him *encore*—never catch him—my beautiful *Pas de Reconnaissance!*”

“Pooh! Ridiculous! Stuff-a-nonsense,” I said, laughing, but half pitying the poor old gentleman, from a suspicion that he was in a state that would shortly require his attendance before twelve jurymen at the Gray's Inn Coffee House; where he would be asked certain difficult questions as to money—amongst others, “What is a pound?” which is certainly a very strange proof of insanity, considering wiser men than Fandango have not yet been able to answer it.

“Oh! yes, sare, *continuez*—you may stuff-a-nonsense as much as you please; but who do you come here?” he inquired with French vehemence: “*m'interrompre dans mes études—me troubler dans mes rêveries?* Did you not see with your eyes?—*car vous n'êtes pas aveugle, monsieur*—that I was a composing?”

“Composing!” I burst out laughing. “Pray don't be offended, monsieur; I cannot help it. But composing,” I laughed again, “composing what?”

“Eh! what? Now see, how foolish I will make you! You laugh at me, *un pauvre maître de ballet*, from the ignorance of your *orgueil de jeune homme*. But, never mind; I am not offended—not even a little bit; I pity you, *de tout mon cœur*.”

“I can assure you, Monsieur Fandango, I meant no offence.”

“*C'est assez, mon ami, I forgive you.*” He then threw himself into a *Pose Plastique* (only retaining his costume) expressive of wounded magnanimity and defiance of the whole world, folded his arms *à la Gomersal*, and, looking as important as if all the secrets yet unpublished were locked up in his breast, and he alone had the key to open them, he whispered in my ear, loud enough for the Deaf Asylum to hear him—“I will tell you what I was a composing.”

He made a long pause, which was a sad trial to my risible faculties, for he looked so ridiculously serious: “I was in the train of com-

posing my grand new *ballet*," and he stared me full in the face, with the view of witnessing what electric effect the announcement had made upon me.

"Indeed!" was all I could trust myself to say without laughing.

"*Oui*—my grand new *ballet*—*riez, si vous voulez—riez, je vous en prie*—I do not mind it, not at all. When you did derange me, I was essaying to recollect myself of my *immortel Pas de Reconnaissance*. Oh! it would make the fortune of the season, of several seasons—*ça ne pourrait pas manquer*—it would run for ever."

"But tell me, Monsieur Fandango—I am so glad you're not angry with me—it was really *malgré moi*; but tell me, would not you have laughed yourself, if you had seen a person composing a *ballet* with his fingers on a tea-tray?"

"*Est-ce possible, mon jeune ami?*" and he gave me a smile of the kindest pity. "Did you imagine, my good young friend, that we did dance, and skip, and kick ourselves about the room? Oh! that would never do! Our legs"—and he slapped his thigh, as if it comprised all the legs ever born—"would jump, but not our wits;" and he slapped his forehead, as if it were the concentration of all the wits. "*Non! il faut être tranquille—bien tranquille*, as quiet as La Colonne, not stir one step, or else the mind, that great support of a *ballet*, more than the two legs—more than all the beautiful legs put together—would stumble, would make a *faux pas et la pièce tombera*. *L'esprit ne vient pas du pied*, Monsieur. No, I must tell you, *mon garçon*, that all the poetry of motion flows from these," he said, holding up his dirty fingers; "these two hands did compose the *Valse de Triomphe*" (he told me once the old story of Napoleon pulling his ear, and calling him *coquin*); these two hands have, in their *regne*, set *milliers de jambes, et encore plus*, in motion; these two hands have made dance one hundred and thirty-three *ballets*; and more *Grand Pas* than you and I could count together, and more *Divertissemens* than there is muslin left in the world—that is something, eh?—and yet you see, I am not proud. *Non, apprenez une fois pour toutes: 'La Jambe pose, mais la Main dispose.'* But stop, you will see me at *mon ouvrage*. I shall compose my new *chef-d'œuvre* to give you a *souppçon* of the mystery how a grand *ballet* is composed. *Suivez-moi bien.*"

He set himself down to the tea-tray. On his right hand was a pincushion, covered with pins, some with black, others with red heads, but all of different sizes. These were taken out from the cushion, and kept ready by his side. On his left side was a sheet of paper, with a pen and ink. Such were all the instruments for the composition of a grand *ballet*. The pins were the dancers—the tea-tray the stage—the sheet of paper the only MS. which was to be the author's, and prompter's copy: that is to say, if *ballets* have prompters.

He began tucking up his sleeves, "See, *mon ami*, this is *Macbet*," he said, holding up his forefinger, "he runs across the stage from the three *Wishes*—these are the three *Wishes*," and he showed me three fingers of the opposite hand, "they pursue *Macbet*, who does cut four *jétés battus*, just to show *comme il est agité*, and then does stand before them on one of his legs, *comme ça, pour exprimer* that he is on the very tiptoe of curiosity. *Très bien, maintenant c'est le tour of the tree Wishes*. They *balancez tree* times, they advance and retire *tr e* times, they *balancez* again *tree* times, *parceque voyez-vous, ils sont*

trois. *Macbet*, he do stand all the time on one leg to show his curiosity—*c'est un coup de la première force, celui-là*—and then he does *pirouette* ever so high, to express that it is all up with him—that he is ready to jump out of his skin. After that, *un, deux, trois*, he runs after the tree *Wishes*—follow my fingers—well, *un, deux, trois*, *tree* times round the stage" (Fandango's two hands went that number of times round the tea-tray), "they *chassez* him *tree* times, because they are *tree*—they make *tree saluts* to *Macbet*, and run away with *trois glissades*, in a double-three time. *Voilà comment nous autres poètes composons un ballet!*"

All the above movements were indicated very cleverly with the two hands: they joined in the chace in the most vigorous fashion; never falling over, or tripping up one another, or treading upon each other's fingers. After it was over, I cried out "bravee" in the fashionable style of the opera, and *Macbeth* (the talented forefinger) instantly darted forward to the edge of the tray, where the footlights were supposed to be, and made a graceful bow to the audience—that is to say, to my own admiring self. I had not a *bouquet* with me, or else I should have thrown it to him.

This, with a little more dancing on the light fantastic finger, was the finish of Act the First, which was transcribed, in the usual technical terms of the Terpsichorean art, on to the sheet of paper. The pincushion was only used when the whole *corps de ballet* was called into requisition. I witnessed the banquet-scene, and the approach of Birnam Wood, all grouped and acted by a body of accomplished pins. The tray was for the display of *pas seuls*, or *pas de deux*, or when not more than ten characters, five for each hand, were required to be upon the stage. There was a grand *pas de deux* in the third act between *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* (the first and second fingers), which was exceedingly intricate, and which, Fandango confidentially told me, would be *un succès de frénésie—un véritable succès de 1814!*—and a grand *pas seul*, in which some most novel jumps were introduced for *Macbeth*, where he has to grasp the imaginary dagger. There was also a *pas de l'ombre* for *Lady Macbeth*, in the scene where she walks in her sleep. The shadow was produced by the candlestick she was supposed to carry in her hand, and Fandango's finger danced to it with all the *abandon* of somnambulistic madness, which is displayed always with such painful truth in operas and ballets. These evolutions were most extraordinary, and the grace and agility of the different fingers (excepting, perhaps, the two thumbs, who were certainly very slow, and had to do mostly the "heavy business," such as the "two murderers") were most surprising.

As soon as Fandango had introduced his *Valse de Triomphe* for Macduff and his army in the last scene, and received my congratulations upon the wonderful science he had displayed in the composition of the varied steps that sparkled at every turn through his hands, he rang for the servant to take away the mimic stage, and swept the *corps de ballet, première danseuse, coryphées*, and all, into his table-drawer. He then dressed himself and sallied out with me. The persons who passed us little suspected I was walking with a great man who had had his ear pulled by Napoleon!

By the time we reached the stage-door of the Italian Opera House, he was as strongly convinced that the whole fortune of that theatre

was in his hands as the modesty, inseparable from the stage, will allow a person connected with it to be: I shook hands with him most cordially, when, happening to squeeze his fingers rather too affectionately for a man of his age, he exclaimed, taking off his glove, and separating his fingers, "*Oh! malheureux! qu'as-tu fait?*—you have nearly squeezed Carlotti Grisi to death!"

I had nearly turned the corner of the Haymarket, when I heard Fandango calling after me. He begged I would run as quick as I could to his lodgings, and bring back the MS. he had left behind him. "Why, my dear Fandango, what does it matter," I said, in the readiest manner, "when you have got the entire ballet at your *fingers' ends?*"

I sincerely hope the kind reader (all readers are proverbially kind) will pardon this brilliant impromptu, when I tell him it had the honour of bringing a smile on the rouge-worn cheek of the ballet-master of Louis XVIII. Who can say as much?

If the ballet of "Macbeth"—and it would follow the opera of the *Tempest* in most appropriate succession—is produced this season at Her Majesty's Theatre, there will be no great difficulty in guessing who is the "Poet" of it. But I am positive, if Monsieur Fandango would only perform it before the public on the tea-tray, with precisely the same company that great man exhibited in the intimacy of friendship before me, that it would have an immense success.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LAVATER.

FATHER! from Thy throne sublime
Thou dost rule the course of time;
At Thy command, through trackless space,
The Sun renews his annual race!

Years return, and speed away,
As arrows dart, or lightnings play!
Thou, Thou, remain'st, unchanged alone,
While they circle round Thy throne!

Hear us, Lord! while we commend
To Thee the lives which Thou dost lend!
In Thee we trust—to Thee we owe
Our health, our peace, our all below!

Of whose portion is distress,
Make the burden daily less!
Keep the sorrowing poor in sight,
Shed abroad Truth's glorious light!

Old and young, in every place,
Richer make in every grace!
Let all, the rising year who see,
Live with grateful hearts to Thee!

ETA.

A TRIP FROM BAYONNE ACROSS THE FRENCH FRONTIER TO FUENTERRABIA.

BY LIEUT. L. G. F. MARCH.

PROCEEDING down a street of ruins, and whitewashed houses of recent construction, I stept on board a ferry-boat and examined the general appearance of the place, whilst a lad pushed the punt over to the other side of the stream by means of a long pole. From the river, Hendaya presents a scene to the eye at once picturesque and singular. After glancing at the broad base of slaty rock on which it is seated, or rather fallen, you behold on a grassy knoll, still called the Mount of Louis Quatorze, the ruins of a fort, a heap of stones covered with rank herbage, and moss-grown entablatures, friezes and capitols, scattered here and there by the side of the fragment of a battlement still upright, and containing the arch of an embrasure; this is all that remains of the redoubt of Louis Quatorze. At a little distance is a wilderness of dilapidated mansions, massive stone walls tapestried with ivy, of fragments of masonry, of arches and gable-ends tottering to their fall. The town, in fact, is a confused jumble of architectural rubbish, in the midst of which are evident the remains of former prosperity; and all this is grouped together with such picturesque effect, that one seems to behold one of those scenes of artificial ruins that are often introduced with such effect in theatres, and often adorn English pleasure-grounds. A few straggling houses now constitute the village of Hendaya, and these cheerful whitewashed buildings, adorned with bowers and gardens, have a strange effect in the midst of such utter destruction. The church stands alone upon some rising ground, in a small place formed of *two auberges*, and a stone wall for playing at fives, the favourite game of the Basques. It is a large, but simply built, edifice, and contains a tolerable painting of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a mendicant.

In about ten minutes the punt grounded upon the sands, close to a strong stockade driven into them at the base of the hill from which Fuenterrabia rises, in the shape of an irregular cone, having for its apex the fine tower of its church. Jumping on shore, I proceeded to the town by a narrow path, leading over some dilapidated bastions; one of them, I remarked, was covered with a crop of Indian corn. I had not, however, gone many steps, when a gruff voice called to me to stop, and presently a Spanish *guardia civil*, or *gendarme*, and a *carabinero* came up. One was yawning, and the other rubbing his eyes, as if they had been indulging in a *siesta*. After examining my passport and little carpet-bag, they permitted me to proceed. Both were clean, and dressed in smart uniforms, which is not surprising, considering that the Spanish government sacrifices everything to the army.

A more direct approach to Fuenterrabia lay through the Alameda, a public walk planted with trees, and the remains of the gate of Santa Maria situated between a broken curtain of hewn granite, the detached blocks of which in the grass-grown moat, are converted into lime by the neighbouring farmers, on the payment of a small sum to the municipality.

I entered the town close to the church, at the end of the steep Calle

Mayor (or High Street, which leads up direct from the gate of Santa Maria), by a narrow passage between two lofty stone houses. They were mere shells, nothing remaining of their former grandeur but the huge rafters that once supported the floors, and fragments of the broad staircase, that hung together as if they were about to topple down every instant. The carved stone windows were sashless and windowless, and looked as grim and dark as the eyeless sockets of a skull. Another of these architectural skeletons, with its massive wall chipped all over by cannon balls, rose cheerless and gaunt on the opposite side of the street. It was the palace of the Counts of Tarre-Alta, and shared the fate of the fortifications and principal buildings of Fuenterrabia when Citizen Garrey, representative of the people, and General Lamarque, then captain of grenadiers, avenged the desolation of Hendaya by surprising Fuenterrabia at the head of five hundred men, in 1794. I discovered during dinner that five days would elapse ere the Deputacion Provincial met and the *fêtes* commenced, but consoled myself by reflecting that I could amuse myself in the meantime by making an excursion to the ports of St. Sebastian and Pasages. After finishing my repast I visited the church, a huge mass of finely cut freestone surmounted by a steeple and belfry of elaborate architecture, which, towering above the surrounding buildings, forms a striking feature in the landscape, and seldom fails to attract the attention of travellers as they pass on the Madrid road about a couple of miles distant. The interior is of noble proportions. It is divided into three aisles by two rows of columns, from which springs the roof in graceful curves. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim religious light that struggled through a few small high-placed windows, I observed a number of shrines dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and other saints, in niches or small chapels along the walls of the side aisles, richly ornamented and sculptured in gilt wood, indicating that material melodramatic sentiment so characteristic of Spanish devotion.

At the back of the high altar, to which you ascend by a broad flight of steps, rises the *retablo*, a lofty screen, which in most Spanish churches is one mass of gilt carved work generally crowned with a Holy Rood or the representation of Our Saviour upon the cross, having St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin by his side. Scant is the gold leaf that glitters on the *retablo* of the church of Fuenterrabia, but what I admired more was its numerous oak compartments representing in elaborate carvings the benign history of Christ. The execution of these alto-relievos was masterly. They must have been very ancient, because parts of them crumbled to dust beneath my touch. In an obscure corner, near this fine work of art, is the portrait of a monk embroidered in silk. It is a masterpiece of patience and delicate needlework. At the foot of the High Altar stood two banners emblazoned with the arms of the "*Muy noble y muy leal ciudad de Fuenterrabia*" (the very noble and very loyal city of Fuenterrabia) and the province of Guipuzcoa. The quarterings of the former consist of an angel holding a key; a whale and two mermaids, and a castle between two stars. This pretty poetical escutcheon was bestowed upon the place by Philippe IV. in 1638 to commemorate a naval victory gained at that period off Fuenterrabia by the Admiral of Castile against the French commanded by the Prince de Condé. The arms of Guipuzcoa, likewise, owe their origin to a triumph over the French.

From the altar I proceeded to the vestry or sacristia. It is a large cheerful apartment, filled up on one side with immense wardrobes where the costly gold and silver embroidered stoles and copes of the parochial priests are carefully stowed away until required to dazzle the eyes of the faithful on some grand festival day.

The only window in this cheerful apartment opens upon a small iron balcony, commanding a magnificent view of the Bay of Biscay, the French coast as far as Bayonne, the frontier a few hundred yards distant, and the surrounding country. The Bidassoa, emerging brightly from a deep mountain gorge, bathes the Isle of Pheasants, where a wedding-ring formed the first link of the chain Louis XIV. destined to manacle Spanish independence, and where that great painter Velasquez lost his life by catching an ague whilst prostituting his genius in fitting up the saloon of conference. Rippling past this historical spot, from which it daily carries a few inches of the soil, the river spreads out its waters, and wandering through maize-fields, forms numerous channels in the broad sands between Fuenterrabia and Hendaya, until it falls into the sea at Cape Figueris, where a ruined castle built by the Emperor Charles V., to defend the entrance, frowns from the parent rocks that supplied its masonry upon the restless waters. A little further inland, at a bend of the stream, is seen Irun, the chapel of St. Marcial, and the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Fuenterrabia.

Almost touching the church of Fuenterrabia, and forming one side of an irregular *plaza* or square, open towards the sea, stands the citadel, a remarkable old building, partly constructed by Sancho, King of Navarre, and afterwards enlarged and strengthened by the Emperor Charles V. It is a huge square edifice four stories high. The walls are as thick as those of the Tower of London, and the roof composed of three layers of granite blocks upon arches five feet thick at the crown, is bomb proof, and capable, like the immense casemated barracks beneath, of supporting the heaviest artillery. It is disfigured by an unsightly pent-house of tiles, which was hastily constructed, "like some patched dog-hole eked with ends of wall," by the Cristinos, to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather when they kept watch and ward there with four cannon during the Carlist war.

This donjon is all that remains of the magnificent castle Charles V. erected in 1518, and but for the extraordinary solidity of the masonry, it would have shared the fate of the surrounding fortifications. From the roof on the side facing the Bay of Biscay, from which it is half a mile distant, I descended by a flight of steps to a small ruined bastion, covered with ivy and weeds of luxuriant growth, waving mournfully in the sea breeze, where whilom the proud standard of Castile flouted the French marches. Between these outworks and the citadel is the site of the governor's apartments, a yawning chasm of four dank and mouldering walls, still bearing the marks where the rafters of each story ran into them. It was here that Francis I. remained whilst the payment of his ransom was being negotiated.

Fuenterrabia is still fenced in by its dilapidated fortifications, dry ditch and grassy ramparts. Here and there extensive and lofty portions of the former remain standing in a perfect state of preservation, bidding defiance to the destructive efforts of time and man. But oft-recurring gaps, filled up with rubbish and the shells of noble-proportioned mansions, their entrance halls carpeted with a rank vegetation of grass and

thistles, and their carefully sculptured escutcheons and window-sills fringed with wild wall-flowers and weeds, showed that the glory of Fuenterrabia had departed. Not a soul was to be seen, and a profound silence reigned around, so solemn, so hushed, that I involuntarily sighed; for what solitude can equal the loneliness of deserted places whilom instinct with life and animation. In the desert, floating down a mighty and unexplored river, or treading the gothic gloom of a primeval forest, we then walk, as it were, hand-in-hand with the genius of solitude, and do homage to her gloomy charms amid her favourite haunts. But suddenly to encounter her brooding in thrilling silence over the streets of a deserted town, or beckoning to her sister ruin from baronial hall, or monkish cloister, to meet her thus, startles and saddens the reflective mind.

Fuenterrabia lays claim to a great antiquity. According to popular tradition, it was founded by the gothic king Ricardo, and fortified by Wamba. From the earliest periods it seems to have been doomed to suffer from wars and sieges. The Romans, the Normans, the English, and the French have successively done their best to destroy the place, and the crumbling, but once superb, fortifications, overthrown to their very foundations, and the remains of the celebrated water defences, of which nothing now is to be seen but the muddy traces of ditches, bear witness to its former strength, and the determined spirit of demolition that animated the French in their last attack.

Even in the nineteenth century war has not spared Fuenterrabia, since in 1837, British war steamers left the marks of their cannon balls and bombs upon its walls.

The name of Fuenterrabia has been rendered familiar to English ears by the genius of one of our greatest poets, and the defeat of one of our smallest generals; for here Milton chose to place the

“ Dolorous rout of Charlemagne
On Fuenterrabian echoes borne,”

and here the warlike member for Westminster met with *his* dolorous rout by the Carlists.

On the other side of the town, which I reached by following the course of the ramparts, and beneath a path leading to the beach, between the ruins of the sea curtain's extreme angle and a ravelin, lie two huge fragments of masonry that have rolled down upon the sands beneath from their “coyuge of 'vantage.” They look like rocks rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, and the illusion is complete when at spring-tides the waves dash over them.

At a short distance from this spot, on the verge of the sands that run out a considerable distance, is a bright slip of verdure, a sort of oasis, kept as finely mown as an English lawn by the sharp gales of the Atlantic. It is covered with two rows of old lath-and-plaster houses, with wooden balconies running along their fronts, beneath broad overhanging eaves. This is the suburb of La Magdalena. It is entirely inhabited by fishermen and their families. I did not stop long to examine it, for the stench that exhaled from several stagnant drains and heaps of decomposed fish and seaweed, compelled me to beat a rapid retreat to Fuenterrabia, where I arrived at sunset.

The next morning the warm sunbeams streaming upon my eyelids awoke me, and after due cogitation over a cup of chocolate and a medi-

tative cigar, I determined upon setting out at once for Irun and the neighbouring ports of St. Sebastian and Pasages, to while away the time until the commencement of the *fêtes*.

The road from Fuenterrabia to the former place runs through a fertile delta, intersected with innumerable dykes branching off from the Bidasoa, which supply the surrounding farms with a capital saline manure, composed of mud and seaweed.

A few hundred yards from Fuenterrabia, at a bend of the road, is a pretty shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, containing a well executed oil painting of her, which a poor woman who was telling her beads before it, informed me was the work and the gift of one of the daughters of the Countess de Tarre-Alta, and that it had been installed there with great pomp and ceremony a few days before. A little further on is a large deserted Carmelite convent, which has been converted into a pottery, and the great furnace now flares and roars with infernal intensity, where erst the good monks met to chaunt their rosaries, and trim the flickering lamp that shed its "dim religious light" upon the altar. Here formerly began the country of *autos da fe*, fanaticism and priestly indolence. The friars have vanished, but the convents, the shrines and the hermitages still exist, though deprived of their holy denizens, their saints, and the pious offerings of the faithful, converted into barracks, storehouses, and manufactories. Where this cross road and the Madrid highway meet, is a farm-house, which served as the printing-office of the Duke of Wellington whilst his head-quarters were in the neighbourhood, after the battle of Vittoria.

Turning to the left I was soon in Irun. It is a cheerful little town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, including a host of government *employés*, *gendarmes*, *douaniers*, custom-house commissioners, diligence postilions and conductors. The Bayonne diligence was starting for Madrid just as I entered the place, and albeit, carefully eschewing its dusty interior, I could not help gazing, in admiring surprise, upon the ten bell-bedizened, back-shaven mules, attached by rope-harness to the cumbrous vehicle. "*Vamos, Zenares!* (Come, gentlemen!)" cried the impatient Andalusian *Mayoral*, in a harsh brandy-burnt voice, "*adelante caballeros, por Dios!* (forward, gentlemen, for God's sake!)" where-upon two muffled-up females, looking indescribably miserable and bilious, sallied forth from the inn, accompanied by half a dozen male bipeds, duly bearded and cigared, and resignedly wedged themselves into their places. The diminutive *zagal*, or postilion—a precocious, mischievous-looking urchin—mounted the off leader; two widow-making, child-bereaving blunderbusses were handed up to the *banquette*, and a *commis voyageur* thrust a pair of small pistols into the pocket of the *rotonde* with a dignified air of resolution. All they required was a six-pounder at the *coupé* window to render this peripatetic fortress impregnable to all the robbers between the Pyrenees and Herculis Columnæ. "*Adios! adios! Vayaustedes con Dios! Buen viaje!* (Good bye! good bye! God be with ye! A pleasant journey!)" and whilst these parting salutations yet lingered on the tobacco-smoke-clouded lips of the surrounding loungers, crack-crick-crack went the whip of the driver, whilst his mouth poured forth a torrent of untranslatable oaths; the postilion spurred, the idlers grinned, joked and puffed, and the diligence rattled up the steep street at a tremendous pace.

About half an hour afterwards I followed the same route, and after a walk of rather more than a couple of hours along the new road that connects St. Sebastian with Navarre and Aragon, I arrived at Renteria, an extraordinary jumble of old stone houses of Moorish architecture. A roofed shrine, faced with iron bars, containing a roughly sculptured and homely clad figure of the Virgin Mary, stood at the corner of the gloomy, sunless street down which I turned. A few minutes before, on entering a wayside inn to light a cigar, I found myself in the midst of a group of females drinking *aquardente* (brandy), and eating bread for breakfast. Their discordant voices, rough manners, tanned wrinkled faces, patched lemon-coloured petticoats, where "tawdry yellow strove with dirty red," and other faded hues, rusty cloth jackets, and huge panniers strapped to their shoulders, proclaimed to be Pasiegas from the mountainous district of Santander, on their way to Bayonne to purchase second-hand wearing apparel, for the purpose of retailing it again on their return home to such of their neighbours who could afford to bedeck themselves in the refuse of the old clothes' shops of the former town. These amazons likewise do a bit of smuggling, and being fierce and cunning as wild cats, and as dexterous in the use of the *cuchillo* (knife) as of their tongues, they walk their ten leagues a day, bearing huge loads of rags upon their backs, without fear of molestation, although known to possess more money than their wretched appearance would lead the uninitiated to suppose. On the present occasion two of them carried cradles instead of panniers, in which I beheld, to my astonishment, two lovely chubby infants, fair skinned and plump as one of Raffaele's cherubs. One was asleep, whilst the other, kicking up a pair of fat stumpy legs in the air, amused himself by playing with one of his tiny rosy feet. It was almost impossible to believe that these exquisite little beings could be the children of these smoke-dried looking women; yet such was the case. The fact is, hard out-of-door work, and exposure to all descriptions of weather, give to the Pasiega an appearance of premature old age, without harming their robust constitutions. Hence the *fine baby* phenomenon; and I have since been informed, that they are in great request all over Spain as wet nurses, and many a puny grandee, who has inherited a feeble system from ailing parents, owes his life to the invigorating milk of these broad-beamed, healthy peasants, who are generally selected for their youth and comeliness, and when in the service of rich families, wear their national costume trimmed with silver lace, and composed of the finest materials.

Passing through Renteria, and skirting the head of the estuary forming the harbour of Pasages, I came to a ruined convent. It is situated upon a small promontory, and commands a delightful view, as such establishments generally do. It was burnt down during the Carlist war, and nothing but the calcined walls remain standing. Rank weeds and evergreens grow where in days of yore Franciscan friars met to pray and confess, and a serious cow was ruminating, not over the past, but upon the long grass covering the floor of the refectory. Traversing a magnificent causeway bathed by the sea, and running parallel to Pasages, I was soon abreast of the narrow entrance of its commodious port. One of the first excursions which visitors to St. Sebastian are most eager to make is to this picturesque little place. But to the magic of its name and former maritime importance, there is added, for the male sex at least, a still more powerful motive of curiosity, namely, its equally cele-

brated boatwomen, who possess an extraordinary reputation in Spain and who pull the oar with the dexterity of thorough-bred seamen, with this difference only, that in rowing they stand up facing the prow and push the oar from them whilst propelling their skiffs over the broad sheet of water that intervenes at high tide between Pasages and the high road.

The boatwomen of Pasages ! what tourist before seeing them with the eyes of the flesh has not beheld them with those of the imagination, handsome, graceful, and ideal, as portrayed by Senor Breton de la Herreras in his well known (in Spain) comedy of "La Battallera de Pasages." At Madrid, Matilda Diaz, the pearl of the Spanish stage, makes such a charming boatwoman that on approaching the reality memory reproduces her as she appeared on the boards of the Principe Theatre. But the illusion was surpassed by the disappointment that awaited me. To confess the truth, the boatwomen of Pasages in no respect resemble the creation of the poet. Not only are they neither handsome nor graceful, but the first impression their presence excites is a belief that they *are not women* ! The following scene will explain my reason for this supposition, from which, however, I make two or three exceptions, to prove the rule.

A few minutes before arriving at the landing place called Ancho, I heard a confused and piercing cry, the dissonance of many sharp voices. I asked the peasant, who was carrying my carpet bag, the cause of these pugnacious sounds, and who were the people advancing towards us with such violent gestures and clamour. He replied with a smile, that they were the boatwomen, who, having descried me afar off, were disputing who should make a prize of my body (albeit, not sure that I was *en route* to Pasages) and giving way to frantic glee at the thought of gaining a *peseta*. He had some difficulty in persuading me that human throats were capable of producing such a discordant concert, and though I could easily conceive that the idea of making a little money excited the enthusiasm of these poor creatures, I could not imagine why they should thus dispute for the fare since I clearly possessed the right of selecting whom I pleased. But it is written in the annals of all Constitutional countries, that elections can never be perfectly free, and as the reader will see, there were as much coercion and intrigue used in this simple choice of the boatwomen, as in an election for the Spanish Cortes. Still, impartiality compels me to admit that in the present instance the coercion came not from the agents of power, but from the masses, who with screams and by pantomimic intimidation imposed their will, as if to prove the dangers and perplexities of universal suffrage and the sovereignty of the masses. Before undertaking this expedition I had inquired of my landlady at Fuenterrabia about the boatwomen, and was told to inquire for Carmen, and Viviana, the *belles* of the Pasages naiads. I repeated these pretty names over and over in order not to forget them, and lest I should find myself without a clue when involved in this labyrinth of petticoats more perplexing than that of Crete, which now barred my progress until I made selection. Thus prepared I arrived on the field of battle, when it must be confessed I was beaten in a pitched fight. In an instant I was surrounded by an undulating group of old, middle-aged, and young women, who tried to take me by assault, apostrophizing with violent gestures, and urging upon me by these demonstrations the necessity of coming to a speedy

choice. The number of candidates appalled me: the chosen could only be two, and in vain my eyes wandered through the crowd to seek countenances adapted to my preconceived notions of the personal appearance of Carmen and Viviana.

Finding the hubbub increasing — that they appealed to me with flashing eyes, and abused each other, pouring out volumes of Billingsgate in the vernacular of the country, an idiom, which by the by, lost all its softness in the throats of these viragos, I asked for leave to speak, and at last desperately sought to do so. Useless attempt! I might just as well have tried to address the roaring sea from the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse in a gale of wind. My voice was drowned in the uproar as completely as if I was talking on the brink of the Falls of Niagara, and I envied the magic ascendancy of Monsieur Lamartine over the Paris mob at the Hotel de Ville during the first days of the Revolution. It was, however, some consolation to think, that all the eloquence of the poet minister would have been powerless if he had had the *batelleras* of Pasages for auditory. At length, with great exertion I managed to shout forth the names of Carmen and Viviana. Would I had never pronounced them. I! I! I! cried all in the same breath as though each individual had been Carmen and Viviana, though to judge by their faces bronzed by the sun and brazen with impudence none had received those appellations at the baptismal fount.

Distracted at the frightful uproar I pushed my way through the chattering throng, and selecting in my retreat a young girl upon whose nut-brown rosy cheeks the sun had set the glow of his ardent kisses, and who wore her straw hat adorned with flowers coquetishly placed upon her dark tresses, ordered her to get the boat ready. She flew to obey with her companion, not without receiving the anathemas of the rest of the aquatic sisterhood, and I took refuge in the skiff with a precipitation that reminded me of Espartero flying from the pursuit of General Concha on board H. B. M.'s ship the *Malabar* at Puerta de Santa Maria. In a moment we shoved off under a volley of maledictions which would have sent us to the bottom if the good wishes of the discomfited candidates had had any weight.

Crossing the estuary we entered the narrow channel that runs into the sea and separates Pasages de San Pedro from Pasages de San Juan, and passing under the overhanging balconies of the latter place, landed at the Plaza. Both towns are singularly built, each being composed of one long narrow lane, of ruinous and irregularly built houses rising out of the water, and behind them another row built against the mountain side which looks as if it was about to thrust them all into the sea. Many of these dwellings join each other by means of arches, under which runs the street, so that Pasages is an appropriate name for a town that consists of one long passage. At the end of this curious alley in the barrier of St. Juan is the parish church, where I was shown a beautiful wax image as large as life of Saint Faustina richly attired, and reclining in a crystal sarcophagus upon an altar. This exquisite work of art was moulded at Rome, and the youthful martyr's fair countenance, with her golden tresses and half-closed blue eyes, bore a divine expression of meekness and patient suffering. It was painfully life-like.

THE MONOCULUS.

WITH a mind sufficiently discomposed by the events of the preceding night, I quitted my dwelling, in Soho, under the impression that I had business—business of the utmost consequence—to transact in the city. Whether it was of a public or private character—in law or loans; if, in the former, whether in the Common Pleas or Queen's Bench, if in the latter, whether in foreign or domestic, in French Rentes or English Consols; whether it was with Baring I had to treat, with Rothschild, the Lord Mayor, or any other distinguished citizen—in what or with whom I cannot now undertake to say, neither could I then have said, perhaps, nor is, or was it really essential to know. The matter was, is, and ever will, as it ever must be, involved in obscurity and doubt; but that it was something of "pith and moment" I had, or thought I had, to attend to, is most certain, for, be it premised, I was, or took myself to be, a "man of business."

It was on a gloomy morning, late in the October of the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirty-three—a morning so common to the season and so depressing to the spirits—not absolutely foggy or rainy, but it was murky, damp, and raw—miserably so; one of those mornings, in short, which the sometimes moody author of "Tam O Shanter" might have described as "blue devil," "suicidal," and the like.

Venturing, on this occasion, between the shambles of Newport Market—a spot which, curiously enough, I had all my life studiously eschewed—my feelings were cruelly harrowed by the imprecations of the slaughtermen there employed, and the groans of expiring cattle. There were bleating victims, too, whose hour of extremity had not yet arrived, by which my sympathies were equally awakened. I could not but feel affected, deeply affected, to think of their present situation—incarcerated as they were in a murky dungeon, worthy of the blackest of malefactors—and of the freedom they had lately enjoyed in their sweet and native pastures. The contrast was intolerable.

The task I had imposed upon myself of passing through the gore-stained market was more than I had the nerve to accomplish. It was an impossibility. Shrinking from the saddening scene of blasphemy and havoc, I returned hastily to the street from which I had entered, and proceeded round by an adjacent one towards "The Acre," as it is familiarly termed in the neighbourhood—Long Acre. My dejection became excessive; nay, so much so that the celebrated descent of the merchant Levison, from the top of the Monument into the area below, was an exploit I felt I could have imitated as the greatest luxury the universe could, at the moment, have afforded me. But the means of such an indulgence were remote, and my life was reserved for other and less heroic—perhaps less patriotic purposes.

With that confusion and inconstancy of ideas which characterise the patients of a mad-house, I now lost sight of the original (or, rather, the secondary) cause of my uneasiness, namely, the brutalities I had witnessed. Of the precise object of my proposed errand, I had still but a very indistinct notion. There was no doubt, however, any more than there had been in the first instance, that it was one of inconceivable importance, and accordingly I now became additionally anxious lest the interests of society should be in any way compromised by my

want of punctuality. I was haunted with a consciousness of having somehow deviated from the ordinary and proper route; that by an unnecessary waste of time, I had been guilty of a breach of duty; and, to such a pitch had my excitement attained in consequence, that involuntarily and imperceptibly increasing my speed, I at length found myself foaming at the lips, and gasping for breath. These mental perturbations, these inward heavings of the soul, how agonising are they! Infinitely do they exceed the most racking of bodily tortures.

Looking vacantly around me, as a man bereft of his senses may be presumed to look, and fancying myself an object of attention to every creature passing, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way, and turned down a narrow passage, which proved—and of this I might, had I only made a prudent use of my faculties, have informed myself before I entered—to be NO THOROUGHFARE. Vile, atrocious imposition! Such was my first ejaculatory outburst. Ruin more hideous, more inevitable, more irretrievable than ever stared me in the face. Of the elements arrayed against me, the name was Legion. The whole world, the united powers of the universe were conspiring to effect my annihilation, and vain was the struggle of one man against odds so appalling.

I now for the first time found something of a sense of bitterness upon me, and drawing my handkerchief sullenly from my pocket, and smoothing my heated brow, I gave utterance to my feelings in terms which, in a more sober frame of mind, I should have blushed to think of—terms, indeed, not unworthy of the horrid shambles. I returned to the street with a slow and pensive step, and, to an interval of wrath succeeded an interval of shame and contrition—shame for the indecorum into which I had permitted myself to be betrayed—the unparalleled indecorum of racing through the public streets like unto one “tainted in his wits”—and contrition for the coarse irreverent language of which I had been guilty at the termination of the alley.

Harmony being thus restored between an outraged conscience and an ill-regulated temper, I came to the silent determination that my subsequent conduct should exhibit no similar instance of delinquency; and in accordance with that consolatory compact, I proceeded onwards as gravely and demurely as the most rigid disciplinarian could have required. But, unhappily, the period of lucidity which had intervened was of short duration, and my mind was again on a sudden in a state of perplexity equal to anything I had yet experienced. Spectres of the most grim unseemly forms presented themselves to my distracted vision, and I fancied I was about to be whirled into a vortex of gyrations such as we see on the surface of the waters when disturbed by the fall of a pebble—gyrations extending themselves to an unlimited degree of enlargement. But, on the casual application of my clay-cold hand to my fevered brain, the paroxysm subsided, and I was once more hurried on by the paramount chimera of my supposed engagement. I strove to disembarass myself from the masses of pedestrians congregated in the streets, for I had a strong sensation of pressure and suffocation. My agitation was indeed extreme, and to render it but the more intolerable, I had the misery to perceive among other evils, that long as I had been from home, I had made little or no progress on my journey. The town became more thronged, more dense and impracticable than ever, and I lost all hope of making my way through the multitudes before me. An omnibus or a cabriolet

might, under ordinary circumstances, have aided my progress, but the rattling of those crazy vehicles over the stones, and the perpetual yelling of cads and conductors so aggravated my wretchedness, that the only attention I bestowed upon them was to execrate both the one and the other as an innovation and a nuisance.

The vagaries of a hypochondriac have often been seized upon as food for the humourist and the mimic, but the sufferings by which they are engendered, are of far too intense and consuming a quality to justify the employment of them as a source of mirth; and, as such sufferings are commonly augmented by the unsparing shafts of wit and cold-hearted buffoonery, so, on the contrary, are they mitigated by a sense of kindness and consideration. But, alas! I had no friend, no Orestes, no Euryalus at hand to offer me a word of condolence or advice; and by strangers, I was evidently shunned as an impostor, or tolerated merely as an "eccentric."

Still did I continue my struggles, however, to reach the great focus of commerce, and, *malgré* impediments such as were never before surmounted, I at last found myself living and breathing somewhere within the purlieus of that bustling locality.

My satisfaction at such a consummation was, of course, unbounded. The merchants appeared to be hastening towards the Exchange, and in numbers that it would again set my poor brain swimming to dwell upon. They were pouring in from all points, and to avoid coming rashly and rudely in contact with individuals of their reputed opulence, and, at the same time to certify myself that all was regular with respect to my documents, for men of business abound in these things, and full to the last of the importance of my embassy, I had something floating in my thoughts concerning mine, I stepped, unperceived as I supposed, into a quiet court or alley in the vicinity of Cornhill, where I flattered myself I might halt for a brief period without blame to myself or inconvenience to others; and a temporary suspension of my exertions might have enabled me, in some degree, to collect my scattered ideas, although it could not probably have been sufficient to reduce them to their natural order. But alas, no! As a storm is said to be sure precursor of a calm, so, on the other hand, was the moment—for it proved no more—of tranquillity which I had tasted in the asylum I had entered, succeeded by a state of mental anarchy of which words can convey no adequate conception.

Scarcely had I disengaged myself from the myriads of people hurrying to their respective walks, when I was accosted by a little odd-looking being on crutches. I see him still with his large head and shrivelled legs, his blue coat with brass buttons; his enormous grey eyes and wrinkled skin. He asked alms of me, and, ever willing to relieve a fellow creature in distress, particularly the blind and the halt, I put my hand into my pocket with that benevolent intention, but, unfortunately, found not the means. I informed my petitioner of the circumstance, not with the surly indifference that many would have shown, but with a mildness of tone, and a suavity of manner that ought to have been very differently appreciated, for, like the clown in the comedy, "I am one of those gentle ones that will use Lucifer himself with courtesy."

"My little friend," said I, still feeling for money, "had I a half-penny about me, believe me, I would not refuse you; but the fact is I generally leave my coppers at home."

“The devil you do!” responded he with a malicious grin; “then the least you can do is to give silver.”

This I deemed an impertinence not to be brooked, much less encouraged; and, taking my hat from my head, and—not too wisely it must be conceded—comparing it with his, which proved to be the better of the two, I observed that, since begging had become so genteel an occupation, I might think of embarking in it myself.

“Sir,” rejoined the irritated dwarf, with a characteristic sneer, “it is easy to see that you are no gentleman, and I’d swear you come from forty-four.”

Forty-four! What the creature could mean—what the vague insinuation could imply—I was utterly at a loss to conjecture, and before I had well time to demand an explanation, up came three other personages of the same remarkable figure and stunted proportions, to take part in the dialogue. The conduct of the whole of them was replete with insolence; and as their surprising volubility was ever ready to give expression to their low vulgarities, an attempt on my part to reason with them on the impropriety of their demeanour, was an effort tried but to be abandoned, for my voice was no sooner heard than drowned by their united clamour. But it was impossible, even had the civility of a hearing, however patient, been afforded me, that I could have acquired any credit in the contest; and therefore, reflecting for an instant on the extraordinary circumstances of my situation, I resolved, as the readiest and simplest means of deliverance, to avail myself of what I conceived to be the superiority of my stride. So surveying my assailants with that expression of contempt to which, independently of their corporeal deformities, I considered them so justly entitled, and with an accompanying exclamation of “Let me for heaven’s sake extricate myself from this vile nest of abortions!” I commenced my hasty exit. But—mark the audacity of the fellows—before I could well turn the corner of the court or alley, the words “nest of abortions! eh?” were shouted after me, with a degree of vehemence and vociferation that might have bespoken the little objects to be the progeny of Stentor, yes, of Belial himself. The shout was, indeed, so tremendous, that my knees smote together as I proceeded, and it was a miracle I had not fallen to the ground. But what tended to increase my trepidation, was a succeeding cry, uttered by the one who first addressed me, of “After him, Jem, after him!”

I was now passing quickly down Cornhill, and, upon looking back, which I presently, perhaps foolishly did, what were my sensations on beholding one of the demons, mounted on his “two sticks,” scuffling after me—actually in pursuit? His head, like those of his wicked confederates, was large, his visage sallow, emaciated, and malignant,—the more so as he had lost an eye.

“*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*”

The idea of being hunted through the streets of London by a dwarf, a mendicant, a one-eyed cripple, a wretch with whom to enter into personal conflict would have been stigmatised by the bystanders as cowardly and disgraceful—how humiliating! how insufferable!

Bewildered and incapable of anything like rational conclusions, I merely accelerated my speed in the first instance; but, hoping by such a stratagem—such a “dodge,” as he would have called it, for the word was perpetually on his lips—to escape the vigilance of my pursuer, on

arriving at the western or more remote end of the Poultry, I doubled suddenly to the left, passing into Bucklersbury. On turning the corner from thence into Walbrook, I again had the folly to look behind me, when, to my unspeakable dismay, I found the dwarf to be not only in view, but rapidly gaining upon me. My fears had at first nearly choked me, and if ever my hair had stood more perpendicularly on end and my tongue cleaved more tenaciously to the roof of my mouth, at any one time than another, it was indisputably at that critical, that dreadful moment.

Acted upon, however, by some secret influence, the source of which it would be difficult to trace, I recovered, in a certain degree, my self-possession and my strength, and never doubting my ability to outstrip my pigmy pursuer in an actual foot-race, I sprang off with the bound of a Camilla, turned the corner into Budge Row, proceeded with the utmost velocity through Watling Street to the end, and, presuming by the time I reached St. Paul's, that I might surely consider myself safe—*salvus in portu*—that the end, at all events, was most effectually answered, little as I could approve of the means, which I felt to be undignified and puerile, if not absolutely degrading, I now contemplated the possibility of his not harassing me further. He was far, I assured myself, very far behind me, perhaps on his way back to his abandoned associates; and, in this security, I resumed my ordinary pace, soliloquising in the soothing language of the bard of antiquity, the words *μη φόβησαι*—be not disquieted.

The reader will marvel at my strange alternations of mind and purpose—my utter despair at one moment, and without any corresponding change of circumstances to warrant it, my comparative composure at another. Why, he will be provoked to ask, why did I not continue my career through St. Paul's Churchyard, down Ludgate Hill, and so onward through Fleet Street and the Strand, in apprehension of the worst, instead of prematurely loitering and taking to myself credit for a success which, as the sequel will too fully prove, I had not yet achieved? And the questions were unanswerable, for now, during an interval when not only had my exertions ceased, and my vigilance relaxed, but when, moreover, I had begun to direct my vacillating thoughts to another matter, I again recognised by their heavy contact with the flag-stones, the steady re-approach of the accursed crutches. Save me! I thought I should have dropped. Their ponderous thump, thump, could not be mistaken—impossible! More panic-stricken, more aghast than I had ever been, I had no longer the courage to look back upon my persecutor. The foul wretch was, perhaps, on the point of laying hands upon me, or of smiting me to the earth with one of those murderous crutches. O that moment of suspense! I shall never forget it to the latest hour of my existence. To endure it longer was—but why do I dwell on a theme so painful to my recollection? Flight—ignominious flight was with me the alpha and omega—my first, my last, my only resource. It must, I exclaimed with the sententious Pomfret—

“ — It must be so, I'll haste away;
'Tis fatal to return and death to stay.”

My inglorious, unphilosophical spirit yearned for life, and, dreading the loss of another instant in deliberation, I again darted off with the fleetness of an antelope scared by the intrusive huntsman, upon which

the monster, doubtless revelling in my distress, presumed to hail me with a wild unearthly yell, *Perii!* I was utterly lost. My fears completely neutralised my efforts to fly. My powers of action were paralysed, and my strides accordingly waxed short and feeble, while those of the stilted diminutive appeared to increase in rapidity, confidence, and extent, and daring; at length, like a fugitive of the woods on the point of capture, once more to turn my timid eyes, they became riveted to the spectacle behind me—the frantic demonstrations of my pursuer, who by some preterhuman contrivance, swung his long arms like an escaped bedlamite, grinning at the same time,

“Grinning horribly a ghastly smile.”

But what, in the name of common sense, could he mean by such extraordinary antics? What could he gain? We shall see. He gained his point. His triumph was complete; for such was my astonishment at the extravagance of his proceedings, that I continued to gaze upon him with the fixedness of a statue, and, as he vociferated his concluding “Ha, ha!” I stumbled against—I know not what—provided for my destruction in all probability by one of his accomplices, and plunged headlong through the trap-door of a publican’s cellar, which instantly closed upon me. His purpose was thus answered; but no matter, so—no thanks to him—was mine; for the catastrophe, while it rescued me from the clutches of the most formidable villain man ever encountered, had the happy effect also of emancipating me from the least agreeable delusion that ever enthralled the judgment of dreamer, however crapulous or dyspeptic; not that I can charge my conscience with having on this occasion been either one or the other, for I had supped with moderation.

The truth of the matter, stripped of the prosiness and the pedantry of which—for I am not unconscious of the infirmity—I am too apt to be guilty, is really and substantially this:—A trio of ill-starred porkers had been brought to the block, during the night, beneath my bed-room window; a cord was drawn around the snouts of the intended victims, preparatory to the commencement of the “bloody business;” and, awakened by the introductory squeak, or signal of distress, sympathising in their sufferings under the operation of the knife, and shocked at the needless levity of their slayers, my subsequent slumber, became embarrassed in the way I have described. And these, gentle reader, these are the events alluded to at the commencement of my narrative.

Little should a man care for the effeminate common-place indulgences of life. To me it signifies not whether my resting-place be the palatial abode of a Sybarite, a Sardanapalus, or the humble wigwam of an Indian squatter—whether I repose on the downy pillow of the one, or the king-cups and daisies of the other. As a pilgrim and a sojourner in the world, all that I ask is peace, and should I have the courage to visit again the town of E— (for it was there that the massacre of those helpless innocents was perpetrated) verily I must change my hotel.

“Venit post multos una serena dies.”

DR. LAYARD AND NINEVEH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

WHEN "Nineveh and its Remains" was published two years ago, the very title of the work was certain to excite the utmost curiosity, but the disclosures contained in it far exceeded all the imagination could have conceived. That a city, originally built, as we are informed in the Scriptures (Genesis x. 11 and 12 verses), by one of the early descendants of Noah—a city, which for countless, or at least unknown ages, had vanished from the face of the earth, so that not one memorial or authentic record of the manners and customs of its inhabitants had been preserved—that ancient Nineveh should have been, as it were, called up to pass before the eyes of the mortals of the nineteenth century, was an event calculated to beget the utmost interest and astonishment. That so marvellous a work should have been performed by the enterprise, perseverance, and genius of a single unassisted man, was not the least surprising circumstance in the matter.

The city of Nineveh was the metropolis of the great Assyrian empire, and there is abundant evidence to prove that it was once the largest and most populous city in the world. Whether Ninus, the builder, or restorer of that vast city, completed it before or after the overthrow of Zoroaster, is uncertain. It is agreed by all profane writers, and confirmed by the Scriptures, that it exceeded all others in circuit and magnificence; for it was in circumference four hundred and eighty *stadia*, or furlongs (sixty miles), the walls being a hundred feet high, and so broad that three chariots might be driven abreast on the ramparts. These walls were adorned with fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high.

But this city, built in the plains of Assyria, on the banks of the river Tigris and in the region of Eden, was founded long before the time of Ninus, and, as ancient historians report, was called Campsor, until Ninus amplified it and gave it the name of Nineveh.

This Campsor, then, must have been founded by Asshur, who, as we learn from Genesis, went forth from the land of Shinar and built Nineveh. Nothing more concerning it, however, is told in the Sacred writings till the time of the prophet Jonah, who describes it as an "exceeding great city of three days' journey." He also indicates its immense population, saying, that it contained "more than six score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand." Supposing one sixth of the inhabitants of Nineveh to have been in this deplorable state of ignorance, we have a population more than seven hundred thousand in number.

The preaching of the prophet Jonah caused the people of Nineveh to repent, and accordingly the city was spared for a time; yet shortly afterwards Nahum was commanded to declare the burden of Nineveh, to proclaim the city's destruction, and to announce the downfall of the Assyrian empire. This prophet speaks of it as a city with many towers, and many gates with bars; that had multiplied her mer-

chants above the stars of heaven ; whose inhabitants and princes were numerous as the locusts ; and whose store and glory of pleasant furniture was endless.

The destruction of the city, in the year B.C. 606, by the combined armies of Cyaxares, king of Persia, and Nabopolassar, who was, as Dr. Layard thinks, the Assyrian governor of Babylon, fulfilled this prediction to the very letter. Nineveh was laid waste : she was indeed " made a desolation, and dry like a wilderness."

We learn from Diodorus Siculus that the city was destroyed partly by water and partly by fire, and that many talents of gold and silver rescued from the flames were carried to Ecbatana. Lucian of Samosata, who flourished about A.D. 180, informs us that Nineveh had perished utterly—that not a vestige of the city remained, and that even the place where it stood was no longer known.

We take it for granted that all our readers, having inspected the extraordinary sculptures now in the British Museum, or seen drawings from them, and having formed a due estimate of the obligations this country lies under to the discoverer, will have been anxious, long since, to know something of that remarkable person, and such information we are happy to be enabled, in part at least, to communicate.

Since the time of Lucian nearly seventeen centuries have elapsed, and the name of Nineveh, until lately, alone remained. Its very ruins were no longer on the face of the land, and in this age of science and inquiry, no antiquarian before Dr. Layard ever seriously bethought himself of seeking out the Nineveh and Babylon of Holy Writ, and of searching for the buried palaces of the Assyrian monarchy. True it is, that the notice of travellers in Assyria had been attracted long ago to huge mounds, apparently composed of earth and rubbish, and that it was conjectured that these were the remains of the stupendous capitals, Nineveh and Babylon. A mass of brickwork, vitrified and rising out of the aggregated rubbish of centuries, was believed to be the remains of the tower of Babel.

The temple of Belus, according to Herodotus, and some mounds in the neighbourhood, were supposed to be the hanging gardens and marvellous structures attributed to Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, who built Babylon ; but the difficulty of reaching those localities, while it excited the interest of the antiquarian, prevented the traveller from visiting them.

Greater curiosity was awakened by the presumed site of Nineveh than of Babylon. Several travellers had noticed the numerous mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern city of Mosul, and what tradition had called the tomb of Jonah, on the top of one of the mounds, gave a certain probability to the conjecture that it indicated the site of Nineveh ; but it is to Dr. Layard that we are indebted for a knowledge of that important fact, confirmed as it is by the extraordinary remains he has forwarded to this country.

The Layards are descended from a distinguished family, named Raymond, long settled in the south of France, who claimed affinity with the Raymonds, sovereign Counts of Toulouse, were among the earliest supporters of the reformed religion in that country, and espoused the cause of the persecuted Albigenses. The Raymonds, nevertheless, continued to receive honours and grants from successive sovereigns of France, intermarrying with the noblest families, until the massacre of the Huguenots, in 1572, when two of the

brothers fell victims in that terrible slaughter, whilst a third (the heir) succeeded in effecting his escape into Holland.

The immediate ancestor of the existing branch of the Raymonds, or rather Layards, came over to this country, with William Prince of Orange, and held a high command, under that Protestant Prince, at the battle of the Boyne.

From that period the family definitively settled in England. Having already embraced the Protestant faith, Raymond was content, for its sake, to give up his country, and relinquish his property in France; but warned by the Revocation of the edict of Nantes, he dropped his patrimonial name, and assumed that of Layard, probably the name of an estate, as one of the family was subsequently called Raymond de Layarde; destroying at the same time every document which, preserved and transmitted to his descendants, might tempt any one of them to return to Catholicism, and enable him to recover the estates in France.

This, the last of the Raymonds, was the grandfather of Dr. Layard, the late Dean of Bristol, and of his two brothers, both generals in the English army.

The second son of the Dean of Bristol, Henry Peter John, held for many years a high civil appointment in Ceylon, was a man of great abilities and varied acquirements, and was the father of Austen Henry Layard, the subject of our present memoir, who was born at Paris, during a temporary visit of his parents to that metropolis, on the 5th March, 1817.

The early youth of Layard was passed at Florence. Familiar with the language of Italy, it is no wonder that the glorious literature of that country subsequently solicited his attention; or that, born with a love of the fine arts, his taste should have been ennobled and purified by a contemplation of the glorious models of sculpture and painting in which Florence abounds. Was it here that he acquired that command over his pencil, which he afterwards found infinitely serviceable to him amid the ruins of Nimroud? This faculty was afterwards fully excited "by the appalling sight of slabs with the noblest sculptures and the finest inscriptions, crumbling into dust before his eyes. No draughtsman had been provided to help him: and had he not instantly determined to arrest by the quickness of his eye and the magic of his pencil these fleeting forms, which were about to disappear for ever, many of the finest remains of ancient art would have been irrecoverably lost."

Layard returned from Italy to his native country for education. That being completed, he devoted himself to the study of the law, which, however, proved little attractive to him. Pope, paying an elegant compliment to the accomplished Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, exclaims—

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

For our part, we should not greatly grieve if we knew that even a second Mansfield was lost in a Layard.

About the age of 18, Layard's travels in Italy, Russia, and other countries, excited in him a strong passion for still more extended adventure, which, accompanied by an ardent desire for knowledge, and an energy which "knew not what it was to intermit," decided him upon abandoning his profession, and settling in the East, where he had family connexions.

In the summer of 1839, with a friend for a companion, Dr. Layard left England. Traversing Germany, they passed through Dalmatia into Montenegro, where Dr. Layard was induced to stay for a brief period, having engaged to aid a young and energetic chief in civilising and otherwise improving the condition of his brave but semi-barbarous subjects. From Montenegro the friends made their way as they best could through Albania and Roumelia, an enterprise in which they encountered many adventures, and, finally, and at the end of the year, arrived by Adrianople at Constantinople. We are informed that Dr. Layard proceeded to Baghdad and into Syria; but we have no means of following his footsteps with accuracy or certainty during this period of his wandering and eventful life. At this time his friend quitted him, and now he was left to pursue his course alone.

We earnestly hope that some day—and that not a distant one—Dr. Layard will give to the world an account of the extraordinary adventures which befel him, when the eager wish to acquire knowledge which he desired to exercise for the profit and benefit of his fellow-creatures, carried him into strange and many lands. If other men have acquired a larger experience of diversified life, few have encountered and surmounted greater difficulties; and none have ever engaged themselves to the attainment of a nobler object. Wandering in the Desert, he was frequently attacked and plundered by wild Arabs, and was constantly in peril. Now he might be found settling disputed points of geography, or seeking historical remains—now making his way as a Hakim over wilds hitherto untrdden by the foot of Europeans, or sojourning with the barbarous Bactyari in their mountains, civilising and teaching the people; and having some small knowledge of medicine, saving the life of their chief's only son.

The foregoing are but brief and faint indications of the varied life and adventures of Dr. Layard previous to the happy accident which enabled him successfully to prosecute that undertaking which resulted in the extraordinary discoveries that have rendered his name so famous. As early as 1841, Dr. Layard had inspected the ruins on the east bank of the river Tigris, which have been generally believed to be the ruins of Nineveh. Let the doctor himself describe the sensations with which he viewed them:—

“He” (the spectator) “has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple, or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating: desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and earnest reflections, than the temple of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia.”

Shortly afterwards, Dr. Layard had a second opportunity of viewing the ruins of Nimroud, and of examining them; and it was upon this occasion that the thought suggested itself to him, and impressed itself

upon his mind, of making excavations. He had, he tells us, hopes that some persons in England might have been induced to aid in the undertaking.

It would seem, however, although we are not expressly told so, that despairing of fulfilling the vision, or of realizing the hopes, which the sight of these mysterious mounds had excited, he had determined upon abandoning his project, and returning home. He had reached as far as Constantinople on his way back to England, when, in a happy moment, he obtained a letter of introduction to Sir Stratford Canning, Her Majesty's ambassador at the Sublime Porte. It is not at all wonderful that so distinguished a statesman at once perceived that no ordinary person had been presented to his notice, or that he should have invited him to prolong his stay in the East, and discharge some extra duties of the embassy to which he has now become officially attached. Neither is it surprising, when the character of Sir Stratford is remembered, and the interest he takes in such researches * as Dr. Layard had at heart is known, that, in the autumn of 1845, he should have mentioned to Dr. Layard his readiness to incur, for a limited period, the expense of excavations in Assyria, in the hope that, should success attend the attempt, means would be found to carry it out on an adequate scale.

During Dr. Layard's stay in England he suffered greatly from an aguish fever which recurred monthly, and which he had caught in the damp chambers it was necessary he should inhabit at Nimroud. In spite, however, of this severe indisposition, so inimical to literary or intellectual pursuits, he prepared for the press during his brief residence in this country, the "Nineveh and its Remains," and "The Monuments of Nineveh, from Drawings made on the Spot;" besides a volume of inscriptions in the cuneiform character for the British Museum, which we trust will soon be published and submitted to the examination of the learned world.

Our readers know the already triumphant result of Dr. Layard's enterprise and perseverance, which have brought into the possession of this country treasures beyond all price.

* Dr. Layard observes in his "Nineveh," "I need scarcely remind the reader that it is to Sir S. Canning we owe the marbles of Halicarnassus now in the British Museum. The difficulties which stood in the way of the acquisition of these invaluable relics, and the skill which was required to obtain them, are not generally known. I can testify to the efforts and labour which were necessary for nearly three years, before the repugnance of the Ottoman Government could be overcome, and permission obtained to extract the sculptures from the walls of a castle, which was more jealously guarded than any similar edifice in the Empire. Their removal, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties raised by the authorities and inhabitants of Budroon, was most successfully effected by Mr. Alison. The Elgin marbles, and all other remains from Turkey and Greece, now in Europe, were obtained with comparative ease."

THE PRESS OF 1850.

OPINIONS upon what is called the Liberty of the Press, will vary very greatly. When the late Pope Gregory XVI. made known his opinion to the world, that the liberty of the Press could never be sufficiently execrated and detested, he but gave utterance to the thought of every rogue and hypocrite on the earth.

Very naturally will every man of crooked devices, who acts from corrupt motives, who is influenced by evil desires, and who has no other than base and selfish purposes, rail against a formidable, argu-eyed power, that threatens at every moment to look into his dark deeds, and to hold him up to well-merited scorn and indignation.

The press of any one year will generally be found, with us, the index of the public mind for that year; and the healthy or diseased state of public feeling, the calm good sense of the nation, or its opposite, will very correctly be shown, by a table of its literature for the twelve months preceding.

The numbers of the publications that have issued from the London Press alone, may be estimated at four thousand four hundred; and they may be thus classed, according to their proportions in numbers:—Divinity—Novels—Law—Biography—Travels—School subjects—Political subjects—Poetry—History—Essays—Medical subjects—Architecture—Classics—Modern Languages—Works especially Illustrated—Music—Mathematics—Geography—Agriculture—Natural History—The Arts and Sciences generally—Botany—Military and Naval Works—Chemistry—Sporting—Engineering—Painting—Archæology—Astronomy—Geology—Natural Philosophy—Trade. These vary greatly in their proportions; the number of separate publications under the first head exceeding a thousand, the number under the last not exceeding a score. The Papal Question has contributed not a little to the subjects connected with the Bible and the Church; one hundred and eighty publications on that question having issued from the Press during the past month! Luckily there are above forty thousand pulpits in the land; and where so much can be delivered orally, and weekly, and at no cost, it is a great saving of very much that would otherwise most certainly appear in type, to the injury of a great deal of paper, and to the injury, perhaps, of the character for good sense and discretion of very many a writer.

Of the better class of the Theological works, throughout the past year, we would willingly make selections. But the very large number of publications of this character, proves incontestably the general religious feeling of the people; books of this description being in greater request than any others, and finding at all seasons, and among all classes, willing purchasers.

The works of fiction come the next under our observation, and these number nearly five hundred throughout the year. The difficulty in this case is selection, and the selection, to be just, should be made from each class, romantic, historic, anticonventional, and religious. Thirty of these we might expressly mention, had we space for their titles.

The large number of two hundred and fifty books upon Law, proves the care that is taken by the legislature and the lawyers, for the protection of our property, and at what a large cost, and by what complicated machinery, we hold to the possession of such property as we have. Lawyers, like printers, will find, however, that he of Rome has very uncon-

sciously to himself, and very unintentionally, provided great additional employment for them through the present year. The old laws that must be searched into, the new laws to be enacted, and the dovetailing these laws into the present system, with all the legal reasons for or against any new laws at all, will provide work for many pens, and hands, and minds that have long needed work and the reward it brings with it.

We are pleased to find Biography so high on the list, since these are always works that teach practically something or other that is good—something that is pleasurable to read. It is generally a good report of somebody; it gives a pleasing insight into character; and it makes us the more happy in ourselves, when we find how much in so many cases may be said in favour of others.

The works of Travels are again among the most instructive portions of our literature; and above two hundred of these, during the past year, serve the very useful purpose of making us acquainted with every country and people on the habitable globe. We are rapidly acquiring the fullest possible information of the productions of every land and the peculiarities and characteristics of their inhabitants. This knowledge conveyed to us, freights ships with cargoes, and puts missions into movement, and emigration and adventurers in a right direction. And of all the works that are published, none are more practically useful to the labouring population, than books upon the Colonies. With these they can inform their own minds as to the desirableness to them of changing their lot here for one elsewhere. They are able to judge for themselves as to which of the Colonies most wants the kind of labour they could best give, and at which they would be most likely to succeed. There are many half-famished labourers and artisans who would speedily emigrate, if they knew to what Colony they could best convey themselves and their families; and books of this description can never be too widely dispersed among the population, and should be made to abound in all villages, lending libraries, and all mechanics' institutions.

The School publications of the past year, although considerable, are but as a drop in a full pail, to those which are already in existence, and which go on multiplying their editions year after year, as works established and constantly in demand.

Poetry flourishes, or at least poems multiply upon us rapidly. Nearly two hundred, altogether new, appeared before us during the past year. They are an exercise of the imagination which it delights many to enter upon; versifying, the jingling together of rhymes pleases the ear. If it does do no more, it gratifies the writer: and if every writer of poems can find readers, and secure purchasers of their works, we know of no more harmless employment, that would equally bring as its reward, pleasure and profit.

Historical works stand well on the list; and, considering the gravity of the subject and the very few that are ever found to possess the qualifications of the Historian, one hundred and sixty works on History in one year, are quite as many as we ought in reason to expect, or be likely to encourage.

Classics and Mathematics, not being very generally called for, the supply of a good hundred of these is probably equal to the demand.

Works upon Architecture, Modern Languages, Music, Natural Philosophy, and works highly illustrated, number nearly the same, as do works upon general Science and Engineering, Botany, Military and Naval matters, works upon Archæology and Painting, upon Chemistry

and Astronomy and Geology, are quite as much in request as works upon Horses and Dogs, and Sporting subjects generally; and considering what purposes Natural Philosophy has been made to serve in years gone by, it is as well that it should be found so low on the list as it is.

Upon the whole, the literature of the year is of a most satisfactory character, as regards its subjects, and reflects the highest credit upon all who are concerned in bringing it before the public. Superior works by superior men, in various departments of literature, are now preparing, and will be published during the present year; a year which will, we judge, be especially marked by much excellence in its literary compositions, and that will bring to light some of the best, most improving, and most entertaining works that have appeared for many years past.

We have purposely abstained from doing more than allude generally to the daily press, and the weekly and monthly periodicals. Most of these form a class of themselves, and exercise too important an influence upon our social and political condition, and are too significant of our attainments as a nation in literature and science, and knowledge generally, to be dismissed with a few observations, or satisfactorily disposed of in a dozen lines.

THE COURT OF FRANCIS I.

THERE is no period of French history better known to the English reader than the reign of Francis the First. We abound in memoirs and dramas upon it, and the recent publication by Miss Pardoe may be said to have exhausted the scandalous chronicles of a time when all chronicles were inevitably scandalous in the very nature of things. This general familiarity with the events and *personnel* of the age, is not without advantages to the novelist who chooses it for his theme. He is sure, at least, of being able to introduce his readers to a circle of old acquaintances, and may calculate upon a full appreciation of those incidental characteristics and passing illustrations of manners and customs which impart historical truth and living interest to his story. On the other hand, there are serious drawbacks upon the selection of a subject already explored by so many writers. As everybody knows the history beforehand, so everybody can anticipate its sequel.

Taking into consideration the great difficulty of investing such a theme with freshness, without indulging in any glaring violations of historical truth, the author of "The Duchess"* is entitled to the praise of having succeeded better than most of the romance writers who have dallied in the chambers of the Tournelles, and tracked the rebellious Bourbon to the gates of Rome.

The Duchess of the romance is Louise of Savoy — the love and hate, her unrequited passion for the Constable Bourbon, and her signal revenge. In dealing with these prominent circumstances, the author has brought upon the stage a variety of persons who were conspicuously mixed up with the intrigues of the period, from the Chancellor Duprat to Mademoiselle d'Heilly, who supplanted Madame Chateaubriand in the royal affections. The attraction of the work does not depend however, upon the historical events alone. There is a skilful

* The Duchess; or, Woman's Love and Woman's Hate. A Romance. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

little love-story interwoven with them, which is highly coloured by the manners of the time, and which carries us through as intricate an *imbroglio* as ever graced the pages of a French novel. We know no other writer of the present time who has so completely succeeded in working out the progress and issues of a genuine romance. From the first page to the last the action is incessant. The sequence of the incidents is at once rapid and natural. The elements of suspense and surprise are sustained throughout with a fertility of invention and brilliancy of treatment that will ensure to the author's next production an eager reception at the circulating libraries. Some of the scenes are written with great power; take for examples of descriptive and dramatic excellence, the masque at the palace, the visit to Cornelius Agrippa, the burning of Benedicta's house, the whole of the highly-wrought flight and pursuit to Moulins, and the subsequent movements in Italy. The interiors are elaborately painted, with a strict adherence to costume; and so accurate and complete are the back-grounds of scenery and architecture, that we may be said in this romance literally to pass through a panorama of French life exactly as it was in the voluptuous age of Francis the First. The research into these matters displayed by the writer informs the work with a value seldom attached to the historical fiction.

Nor is it meritorious merely on the ground of melodramatic excitement. The characters form a gallery of portraits, depicted with individual force, and thrown into effective collision. The haughty, revengeful Louise, the artful *demoiselle* of the back-stairs, the crafty monk, half ecclesiastic, half soldier, the gallant young page, the pert tiring-woman, the proud priest of the Sorbonne, the profligate noble, the dissolute monarch, are, each and all, drawn to the life, and their peculiarities carefully discriminated in the dialogue.

The talent, of rather a rare order now-a-days, exhibited in this clever romance induces us to hope that the author will do himself the justice on a future occasion of selecting a field that will afford him more scope for his originality. The structure of the story discovers so much tact and invention that we look with no slight interest to his progress in a department of fiction wholly neglected of late years by authors of established reputation, and overdone, and brought somewhat into disrepute, by inferior writers. If any author can revive and re-establish the historical romance on the basis of its past popularity, it is unquestionably the author of "The Duchess."

Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts.

THIS elegant volume, the appearance of which has been long expected, has reached us very opportunely, for it is admirably calculated for a Christmas or New Year's literary present. The poems of Mr. Watts are too well known to need a further tribute of praise from us. They have, many of them, drawn praise from the highest critical taste and judgment, from Sir Walter Scott, from Southey, from Coleridge, and others. This attractive work is illustrated by a series of exquisitely engraved embellishments, chiefly from original paintings or drawings by the most eminent painters of the day. It would be difficult to find a work so well calculated to extend a taste for the twin arts of poetry and painting.

THE RAILWAY MANIA.*

WHEN the South Sea Bubble had burst, Colley Cibber wrote a comedy, called "The Refusal," which had a many years' possession of the stage, and in which the author seeks to expose to the world the processes and degrees of that enormous delusion. The play is sprightly and humorous (Cibber was seldom otherwise, except when he laboured at poetry), and presents a very curious "picture in little" of what we have all of us seen in our own days.

The principal character is one Sir Gilbert Wrangle, a wealthy merchant, and what Pope indicates with significant curtness—a "director" of the South Sea scheme. Sir Gilbert enters "with a great parcel of open letters in his hand, and others stuffing his pockets," and tells us what countless applications he is hourly receiving from all ranks and conditions for subscriptions (shares). There are his Grace, my Lady Doublechin, the young spendthrift, the old miser, knights and squires, the canny Scot, the reckless Irishman, authors, players, artists—all are eager to climb "The Ladder of Gold," or to induce Sir Gilbert to enable them to walk away with one of its steps.

The conclusion of the play startlingly recalls to mind the terrible drama of real life, the end of which we witnessed some five years since. Sir Gilbert says to the two young fellows who have just become his sons-in-law:—

"And now you are part of my family, gentlemen; I'll tell you a secret that concerns your fortunes. Hark you;—in one word—sell; sell out as fast as you can; for among friends, the game's up. Ask no questions, but I tell you—the game is over. But money down—d'ye observe me? money down. Don't meddle for time; for the time is coming when those that buy will not be able to pay. And so the deuce take the hindmost, and Heaven bless you all together."

Popular delusions are the fittest themes for the moral satirist. The seeking after the philosopher's stone was never what may be properly called a popular delusion; yet it was sufficiently common in the first James's time to induce Ben Jonson to write his famous play of "The Alchymist," in which the arts of impostors and common cheats are so vigorously and relentlessly exposed.

What a sight was seen by the indifferent spectator—if any such there were—during the prevalence of the railway mania! Merchants diverting their capital, or for the time dissociating their names from the legitimate pursuits of commerce; ladies and gentlemen of distinction, "persons of honour," jostling and elbowing each other about the purlieus of Capel Court, the Bank Chambers, and Throgmorton Street, all agog and greedy for the filthy lucre; tradesmen, oblivious of counter and customers, pushing their furious way into the City, sedulous for shares or curious about the premium—seedy and long-faded gentlemen conjured from the too familiar back garret, hoping—(a hope they thought had vanished for ever long ago) to be once more enabled to "burst forth into sudden blaze;" and doing so, alas! how soon many of them to be put out,—men and women of all sorts, sizes, and degrees—

* The Ladder of Gold. An English Story. By Robert Bell. London: 1850.

“— See ! in crowds they run,
Some to undo and some to be undone.”

How the manners, morals, and even the national character of a people may be affected, if not changed, by these epidemics, it is for the moral censor to show ; and this has been not so much delineated as described, and with great force, eloquence, and ability, by Mr. Robert Bell in his “ Ladder of Gold.”

This work is truly what the author calls it, an English story, treating of the affairs of this life in the spirit of a scholar and a gentleman, and conducting us through a series of scenes and adventures, so skilfully disposed and so naturally wrought, that the whole has the appearance of having been told by a man of calm but quick discernment, of amiable feelings and a powerful judgment, under whose observation it had passed. Mr. Bell is a dramatist of no mean pretensions, and being so, has constructed his story with great dexterity. He aims after no *effects* ; he seeks to awaken no false or spasmodic excitement ; he dips not his pencil in the gloom of thunder and eclipse. He is so unaffected, so utterly eschews terrible words and deeds on the one hand, and mawkish and “spoony” sentimentalism on the other, that he may run the risk (and willingly, doubtless, has he consented to do so) of being thought by a few readers hardly so galvanic as some of the Forcible Feebles, who frighten themselves more than the public by their outrageous performances. But our author may well afford to surrender all claim to the attention of the injudicious. It is no difficult task to paint what may be considered as a tolerable likeness, of a man whose features are remarkable for some outrageous disproportion ; but the nicer shades, the almost imperceptible variations of character—adequately to portray these is one of the hardest tasks a man who will have human life and human nature in his work, and nothing else, can possibly set himself, and this has been done by Mr. Bell.

The chief male character, Richard Rawlings, although the most difficult of all to delineate, has been, in our opinion, managed with the most art. He is a great speculator in railway shares, a railroad king, in short ; but he is Richard Rawlings and nobody else. No living man is intended to be brought before the public ; but a system is embodied and shown in all its phases in a character. Mr. Bell’s censure is general, not individual or particular, and it may fly like the wild-goose, to use Shakspeare’s illustration, “untaxed of any man.” The character of Mrs. Rawlings was no easy one to make palpable to seeming ; but with what successful delicacy has our author coaxed out of the good lady her innocent, now vanishing, now appearing peculiarities ! Again : the two daughters, Margaret and Clara, somewhat diverse in temperament, but one in sisterly affection, are characters a common romance writer could never have conceived. The sweet and holy love these two girls bear towards each other, so unobtrusively and yet constantly shown, forms one of the most graceful and engaging pictures in modern fiction.

Pogey, Captain Scott Dingle, Costigan, and indeed all the characters are discriminated with equal skill and effect. Rarely indeed have we seen a work with such strong claims to the admiration of men and women of just taste and genuine feeling.

THE BARONESS VON BECK'S MEMOIRS.*

THE interest of this remarkable work is twofold. It is at once a history of public events, and a narrative of personal adventures. In both aspects it will enchain the attention of the reader. From the title of the book, which we have quoted in full below, some estimate of its contents may be formed, utterly inadequate, however, to supply a just notion of their value and exciting variety. The two volumes must be read to the end to enable us to appreciate their importance. We have had a great many books on the Hungarian war; and it is not too much to say that this is, far beyond comparison, the most absorbing of them all. We place it even before Klapka's Memoir as a picture of the life struggle and its terrible vicissitudes; while its personal details, arising out of the extraordinary part which its heroic author took in the actual horrors of the war, cast into shadow the scanty revelations of Madame Pulsky.

Could we compress into our narrow limits an abridged account of the Baroness von Beck's "Adventures," as she modestly calls the perilous undertaking in which she was engaged, crowded with hazards and hairbreadth escapes, we should compile a narrative that would thrill the *salons* of our western society, and raise more incredulity and astonishment than a tale of the wildest sorcery. An English lady could hardly comprehend the genius, patriotism, and devotion of the Baroness von Beck, who, distinguished by extraordinary activity, courage, and tact, may be considered the representative of qualities which exist in a high degree in the race to which she belongs. The whole Magyar population throughout that sanguinary contest were actuated by a similar self-sacrificing enthusiasm; and hundreds of women would have undertaken similar perils, and manifested equal resolution. But it was the fortune of the Baroness to occupy a position more prominent than any of her *compatriotes*, and to be placed in circumstances of danger to which few of them were exposed. To these circumstances she owes that intimate knowledge of the whole course and policy of the insurrection which she depicts so clearly, and throughout which she displayed that firmness and presence of mind which impart such a singular interest to her book. The countries where civilization—or rather civilization in its highest state of development in the forms of luxury and refinement—has subdued the heroic elements, and cultivated the softer and more domestic qualities of the female character, such instances of patriotic devotion on the part of women are almost unknown. It is only amongst nations like the Poles and the Hungarians, on the confines of this delicately nurtured civilisation, and struggling dimly but energetically into the light of freedom, that women are found mixing in the strife of battle, or actively employed in the stratagems of the camp and the council chamber. Of all the narratives in which such strange experiences are unfolded, the narrative before us is unquestionably the most wonderful and enthralling.

* Personal Adventures during the Late War of Independence in Hungary. Comprising an Account of her Missions under the orders of Kossuth to the different posts of the Hungarian Army during the contest. By the Baroness von Beck. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

The Baroness von Beck is a Magyar by birth, and her husband, a member of the Hungarian Diet, having joined a deputation from that body to the Austrian capital in March 1848, she resolved to accompany him. In the November following he was killed at the barricades of Vienna, fighting on the popular side, and from this incident, with which her memoir opens, the narrative of her own personal adventures takes its spring. Her first object was to effect her escape into Hungary, being charged by the leaders of the liberal cause with secret communications for the Hungarian government. This was an enterprise surrounded by difficulties. All the outposts were guarded and watched; and it was not till after repeated arrests and disappointments that she was at last enabled to cross the Danube in the disguise of a fisherman's son. But these trials, requiring indomitable patience and resolution, were slight and trivial in comparison with the perils she afterwards voluntarily encountered.

Arrived safely in Hungary, she soon made herself known to Görgey, Kossuth, and the rest of the leaders, and being at once admitted into their confidence, was charged with a variety of missions which she executed with extraordinary coolness and ability. Her resources never failed her. Exposed to the worst dangers, which hourly threatened not only her liberty but her life, she passed through outposts and towns in the very thick of the Austrians; evaded detention by an endless variety of subterfuges; baffled all scrutiny and suspicion, by the assumption of the most ingenious disguises, and the maintenance, to the life, of every character she assumed; and rendered from first to last more practical service to the cause than all the aides-de-camp in the service could have achieved, had they been similarly employed. To follow her through these scenes is impossible; nor can any description of ours convey a sufficient notion of their marvellous character.

Her endurance, mental and physical, realizes the most wonderful things we read of in Arabian tales and chivalric legends. She never seems to have been appalled in the face of the most alarming emergencies. She met the inquisition of hostile soldiers, commandants and generals with a calmness that never blanched or faltered. They could wring nothing out of her fears. She was equally unmoved by their threats and seductions; and persisted in her story, whatever it might be, with such quiet and unshaken consistency, that she invariably succeeded in convincing them of its truth, or, by some means, effecting her escape. When we remember that on some of these occasions she was entrusted with documents the discovery of which would have doomed her to the scaffold, and brought the heaviest disasters on her friends, that her constancy was put to the most searching tests, and that the most trivial agitation, the most trifling failure of the lip, eye, or tongue, the least hesitation of manner or utterance, the natural weakness of her sex quailing under a display of military power and violence, a look of misgiving, an equivocation, prevarication or contradiction might have betrayed her mission, and delivered her up to the tender mercies of the most ruthless soldiery of modern times — we cannot sufficiently admire the noble conduct of this admirable woman in situations which might break down the courage of the bravest men.





John H. P. S.

W. H. P. S.

Robert Southey.

Printed by W. H. P. S.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE lives of Scott and Southey are companion books. Wherever there is an English library, in which the literature of the present age is fairly represented, they will be found together. It is no exaggeration of the charm which they possess in common, to say that, of the class to which they belong, they are the most valuable and interesting biographies in our language.

In some respects the characters of Scott and Southey were essentially unlike; in others they as essentially resemble each other—in vigour, good sense, and intellectual power. There was, perhaps, more sense of the practical kind in Scott, more of that Scotch quality which is called shrewdness. On the other hand there was more wisdom in Southey, more of that large and comprehensive faculty of judgment which a man who does not mix much with the world, and whose first vigorous perceptions of right and wrong have not been compromised or modified by collision with expediencies, is likely to cultivate amongst his books, and by observation of society from a safe distance. It is curious how frequently we are reminded of Scott in the perusal of Southey's correspondence; how perpetually their antagonisms and sympathies come out under all aspects of gravity and playfulness; and how distinct and forcible the points of contrast are rendered by the closeness of their agreement on other points. Although he lived so many years in the chilly atmosphere of the lakes, almost within hail of the canny north, Southey never acquired that taste of gain which tempted Scott into speculations, for which the genius of both was equally ill-adapted. In his letters the subject of ways and means, of which there is comparatively so little in Scott's, is constantly referred to. We see at once the reason why, and the unavoidableness of it, from the very nature of the allusions themselves. His whole life was a fight for an income; and in addition to the ordinary anxieties inseparable from such a career, he had heavy burthens to support, which his open-handed generosity led him to increase, so that it was impossible for him to avoid thinking of the topic that literally brooded over his daily exertions. This was not the case with Scott, whose pecuniary troubles were brought upon him by going out of his way to make money when he was perfectly independent of such a necessity. Here we have the most striking difference between them: Southey's ambition about money went no further than merely to procure enough to live upon, while Scott's aim was acquisition. And this difference indicates the feature in their lives and temperaments which stands out, more than all the rest, in conspicuous opposition—the wise simplicity content with enough, and the mistaken worldliness which wanted as much as it could get.

The character of Southey, as it is shown to us in innumerable unconscious passages in these volumes,* is thoroughly delightful. He was one of the very few celebrated writers of whose kind, generous, and hopeful nature no adequate notion can be formed from his works. He scattered himself over too many subjects, explored too many widely-

* The *Life and Correspondence* of the late Robert Southey, in six volumes, edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Longman and Co.

contrasted channels of research, and was master of too varied a circle of accomplishments, to stamp his individuality with sufficient clearness on the public mind. In the list of his productions, which is given at the end of the sixth volume, we find that, in addition to a vast quantity of critical contributions to the Reviews, embracing an amazing diversity of topics, he published no less than forty-five independent works, including poems, travels, biographies, histories, political and religious controversies, antiquarian and other learned lore, and critical editions of the works of others. These extraordinary labours impressed his readers rather with wonder at his versatility than a distinct sense of his power as historian, poet, biographer, or critic. It was less what he had done in each, or in any, of these opposite directions that people thought of, than the surprising amount of work he had done in them collectively. This universal capacity, wonderful as it is, and higher in its flight, and wider in its horizon than the limited and persevering faculty that devotes itself to a single pursuit, is not the best calculated, after all, to command the rewards it deserves. The majority of mankind are apt to suspect the soundness of a universal genius, and to run with the old adage, that the Jack-of-all-trades is master of none. The actor who possesses a talent for adapting himself to numerous impersonations, is never so great a favourite with the audience as he who always discovers the same peculiarities and secures the applause of the spectator by never going out of his individuality. There is also this obstacle in the way of the writer who addresses his public through so many different forms, that he invites opinion and challenges investigation on such a variety of subjects, as to break up his fame amongst his readers, who, however they may admire him in some aspects, must be expected to find abundant occasion for dissatisfaction with him in others.

But few writers ever conciliated so much respect and personal popularity as Southey, considering the position in which he was placed, and the angry controversies in which he was engaged. It was impossible to escape the censure and opposition of the sects and parties who came under his lash in the "Quarterly Review;" and, now that the excitement has passed away, and we can look back calmly upon the days of Catholic disabilities and radical agitation, it must be allowed that the hostility he provoked was neither unreasonable nor unfounded. Yet few of all the Protestant and constitutional advocates of that day entered the arena with principles so pure, and a conscience so scrupulous; and beneath all that strength of assertion and earnestness of purpose, lay a spirit of toleration and gentleness of human sympathy, for which his opponents in the heat of the conflict had little reason to give him credit, but which the whole world may now trace and exult over in his private correspondence. The reader will discover in these admirable letters some significant hints of the difficulties against which Southey had to contend as a political writer, in the effort to reconcile his own large and generous feelings to the violent demands of party; nor will he be a little surprised and gratified at finding that the touches of acerbity and harshness which here and there gleam through his articles, were not always contributed by the author himself, but that they were sometimes introduced by the editor, who knew better than his contributor the flavour which charmed the palate of his supporters.

Southey frequently complains not only of the foreign graces, for which he was indebted to the skilful hands of Gifford, but of the way in

which his articles were cut and lopped to suit the policy of the review. "Whenever I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you once more under this roof," he says in a letter to his friend Duppa, "it will amuse you to see how dexterously Gifford emasculated this article of mine of its most forcible points. I amused myself, one morning, with putting them all in again, and restoring vigor, consistency and connection to the whole." This was a source of dissatisfaction which he appears to have felt throughout the whole of his connection with the Quarterly. It was evidently not founded upon an unreasonable objection to the legitimate exercise of the editorial privilege, for at one period, when there was a likelihood that he might be called upon to undertake the duties of editorship himself, he speaks openly of the necessity of supervising the articles sent in to him, and maintaining uniformity of sentiment amongst the writers. His discontent with Gifford was on other grounds. From the very start he had a misgiving about the connection between the Review and the government. He looked upon that secret alliance as fatal to the independence and utility of the publication, and foresaw that it would come in perpetually as a drag and impediment to the free expression of opinion. The necessity of adapting his convictions to the immediate policy of the party in power—of suppressing his views in one direction, falsifying them in another, and modifying, softening, or exaggerating according to the shifting expediency of the hour—appeared to him a compromise humiliating to the writer, and ruinous to the influence and reputation of the periodical itself. In the letter just quoted he says, that if his Majesty were to treble his pension, it would not prevent him from delivering his free opinion on any subject that seemed to call for it. In this, as in other things, Southey's integrity of mind shows itself strongly in his correspondence; but it does not seem, nevertheless, to have interrupted his relations with Gifford. He went on writing just as vigorously as if he were in complete accordance on all points with his Editor; and the only instance in which we have a hint of a remonstrance from him was in reference to an article, not of his own, but of Gifford's, in which the scurrilous anti-Jacobin applied to poor Lamb a savage epithet that struck to the core the great household affliction of his life. It is only justice to Gifford to add that he was really ignorant of that affliction, and when his attention was drawn to the circumstance, he certainly made all the amends in his power, by a full and earnest expression of regret.

The Quarterly Review was valuable to Southey as a source of income. He wrote an article in nearly every number, for which he received 100*l.*; and had generally the choice of his own subjects. The miscellaneous and desultory character of these articles exactly suited his habits of study, by enabling him to pour out at will the accumulated treasures of his multifarious reading. Scott displayed something of this superabundant riches when he lighted upon any of his favourite subjects of chivalry and ballad lore; but Southey had laid under contribution so large a region of research that scarcely any topic could be proposed which he was not able to embellish with equal facility and erudition. Out of the fulness of his materials came that flowing style and aptness of illustration. If his "Quarterly" articles may not be accepted as models of composition, they are, at least, free from the negligence which deformed the writings of Scott, and must always be

referred to as the highest examples in their kind of fluency and strength. And, considering the variety of subjects he traversed in them, from Baptist missions to cathedral antiquities, poetry, doctrinal controversy, and foreign literature, the constancy and rapidity of their production, may well excite surprise and admiration. To the first ninety-seven numbers of the "Review" he contributed no less than eighty-nine articles; eleven of the numbers contained two articles from him; and out of the whole of that long period of nearly a quarter of a century, there were only nineteen numbers in which his pen did not appear. During part of this time, too, he was writing for the "Foreign Quarterly," to which he contributed three elaborate articles when it was in its prime—history, poetry, and all other descriptions of book-work going on at the same time. The papers in the reviews apparently cost him very little trouble. The chief drudgery was in collecting materials; but this was really no drudgery to a man who possessed in such high perfection the faculty of extracting from every book he opened the greatest possible quantity of information of the exact kind he wanted, or was likely to want, in the shortest possible time. The mere act of throwing all this into shape was the easiest part of his labours. He tells us that on one occasion, flying from the turmoil of London, he shut himself up in Miss Bowles' house, and wrote an article for the "Quarterly" in eleven days, walking out every day for exercise by the side of his hostess, as she ambled along on her Shetland pony. This feat will appear most extraordinary to those who, from their own experience, are most capable of understanding its difficulties. From the outset, Southey was remarkable for the prodigious quantity and rapidity of his productions. At college, he tells us of the piles of verses he wrote and burnt—ten thousand burnt or lost, the same number preserved, and fifteen thousand worthless, besides heaps of letters and grand literary projects shaped and thrown aside. All this is intelligible enough in the teeming days of boyhood; but it rarely happens to last out a life time. In proportion as men's judgment grows matured and severe, their imagination generally becomes less rash and impetuous. In Southey the creative power continued not only unimpaired to the end, but acquired fresh energy from the activity with which it was worked.

With respect to creed and politics, it is now made abundantly clear from these letters that Southey did not really entertain the extreme and intolerant opinions ascribed to him during his life-time. The Editor of the "Quarterly Review" goes so far as to doubt his orthodoxy up to a late period of his career. His politics were by no means of that fierce cast which he got credit for. He condemned Pitt for plunging us into a war with France, and was opposed to his Tory successors for their anxiety to bring it to an end. He never cordially liked Pitt, and speaks even slightly of his talents. The "Book of the Church" might, no doubt, be regarded as a profession of faith; but at college he relinquished the Church because he could not conscientiously subscribe the Thirty Nine Articles, nor is it any where satisfactorily made out that he ever overcame his scruples. He tells us himself that "the tendency of his ecclesiastical writings, whether controversial or historical, was not to disturb established delusions, but to defend established truths." This is a statement which may be taken in more senses than one. Much depends upon what he meant by *established*

delusions. The word at least is significant, and open to speculation. At all events, it is sufficiently evident that he did not enter the lists prepared to defend all the articles of faith that were accepted by those with whom he generally agreed, and that the concession he made to an external unity was to leave untouched the main points (for main they must have been) of difference, while he vindicated their common belief in the essentials.

On one subject he was as uncompromising, not in the "Quarterly" only, but in his private correspondence, as Lord Eldon himself would have desired. He hated the Catholics—there is no other word will adequately express the feeling he entertained towards them. He considered Emancipation as a final surrender of the Protestant Constitution; and as clearly as he foresaw that the establishment of the "Liberal" would end in a rupture between Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt (a prophecy which he throws off in one of his letters at a time when the closest amity apparently subsisted between the poets), he predicted that the admission of the Roman Catholics to civil privileges would lead to further and more dangerous demands. This opinion was entertained, it is true, by a great many other people, and there was no special sagacity evinced in its adoption. But opinions acquire weight from the authority by which they are endorsed, and that which, in others, was the mere parrot-scream of a party, was in Southey the result of an intimate knowledge of the history, constitution, and tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church. He first took up that opinion at Lisbon, where he had access to monastical libraries, in whose dusty MSS. and tomes he traced the persecutions and grasping spirit of the Church in past ages. Its proselytizing principles, its inordinate ambition, and unscrupulous machinery of spiritual despotism and social intrigue were then revealed to him in shapes that left an indelible impression on his mind, and produced that conviction of its faithless and aggressive character which awakened him to the imperative necessity of resisting its encroachments. He felt so strongly on this question of Emancipation that he declared he would rather have let the Jews * into Parliament than the Catholics; which declaration, however it may startle all tender Christians, must be allowed to be more consistent than Canning's singular antipathy to the Dissenters. We can reconcile the admission of the Jew with the Protestant prejudice which excludes the Catholic, but we never could comprehend how the enlightened statesman who advocated Catholic Emancipation on the broad grounds of liberty of conscience was able to justify to himself a strenuous resistance to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Southey's opposition to the Catholics rested mainly on the ground of their invading spirit. He would not have objected, probably, to the concession of certain privileges to them, if he could have obtained satisfactory security that they would have been content to stop there; but it was because he knew, from all past examples in their history, that you had no sooner given them the inch than they would demand the ell, that he held to the policy of excluding them altogether. His conviction

* He appears to have had some lofty notions about the respect that was due to the Jews. In an article in the "Foreign Quarterly," upon the dominion of the Arabs in Spain, he chides that most Catholic nation for being ashamed of the infusion of Jewish blood, and adds, that "of all pedigrees that which ascends to Abraham might properly be esteemed the proudest."

was that if you once admitted the narrow end they would never rest till they had driven in the whole wedge. He seems to have had a particular horror of the action of this encroaching spirit in reference to the navy, and in several of his letters he points out, as an inevitable consequence of rendering them eligible to places of trust and responsibility, that wherever there was a Catholic captain of a vessel there would immediately follow a Catholic chaplain. Subsequent circumstances have, no doubt, shown that these apprehensions were well founded. Yet, notwithstanding the aggressive attitude recently assumed by the Catholics, and which may be ascribed to the dangerous ambition and rash councils of influential individuals rather than the real desires of the body at large, it may surely be questioned whether the wisdom that granted Emancipation was not more in accordance with the genius of our institutions, and more provident of their ultimate security, than the near-sighted prudence which to avert encroachments we possess the power at all times of resisting, would have sown in the country the seeds of future discontent and anarchy. This argument, which looks like an argument of expediency, is not the best that might be advanced in defence of the measure of 1829; but it is of the same class as the reasons by which Southey justified the restriction of constitutional rights within arbitrary limits, and furnishes the most direct answer to them.

Upon most subjects, Southey was an enemy to innovations. In this, as in the variety of his acquirements, he resembled Goethe. But, living as he did in an age and nation of progress, and not in a sleepy little court where progress was difficult, and nobody cared about it, his antipathy to changes which threatened to displace old modes and theories was something more remarkable than the stagnation of his great contemporary. We have a hint of this habitual dislike of alterations in his undisguised horror of railroads. He never could overcome his aversion to them. Perhaps his poetical temperament, and habits of seclusion may partially account for this feeling. The railroad broke in upon his repose, destroyed the sense of remoteness which formerly gave such a charm to a country life, and fairly obliterated all the tranquillizing associations attached to the pastoral landscape. It was the same in most other things. He was for sustaining the existing or established system, whatever it was, and as we have seen, did not even think it desirable to disturb established delusions.

His opinions cannot be accurately measured by his published writings alone. There is a striking dissonance of tone between them and his private correspondence. The fierceness of the former is never to be found in the latter. He appears, if we may so express it without risking misinterpretation, to have had two natures, one for his friends and the other for his readers; nor need we observe that the home nature was the more kind and loveable of the two. Coleridge once said of him in conversation, that he was the most guileless man he ever knew—a phrase which accurately depicts his character. It is refreshing to place the angry hostility of his crushing articles in the "Quarterly" side by side with the gentleness, toleration, liberality, and overflowing goodness of his letters. There is no contradiction of sentiment or actual convictions in this; but it helps to show us the inevitable effect of writing under the banners of a party. The writer must brace himself up to the demands of the occasion, and, whatever may be his own inclination to treat matters dispassionately, he

feels himself placed under the imperative necessity of sustaining at its height, both by strong utterance and prudential suppression, that inflexible standard by which alone his party can be kept together, disciplined, and made fit for action. In this, and other ways, Southey got the reputation of being a much more violent Tory than he really was; and he became at last, so identified with the "Review," his position before the public overshadowing all the rest of the contributors, that its virulent political articles were invariably ascribed to him the moment they came out. Nothing could be more unjust; for of all the writers on the staff of that periodical who addressed themselves to such topics, the public of the present day will be surprised to learn that Southey was the scantiest contributor. His principal subjects were of a more recon-dite and literary cast; and out of the ninety-three articles he supplied to the "Quarterly," covering a period of nearly thirty-two years, not more than half-a-dozen can be said to have had a direct reference to the politics of the day.

"At no period," says his son, "could the 'Quarterly Review' be said *fairly* to represent my father's opinions, political or otherwise, and great injustice was often done him both by imputing articles to him which he never wrote, and also by supposing that, in those known to be his, *all* his mind had appeared. * * * Gifford," he adds, "had a heavy and unsparing hand in these matters, and my father frequently and bitterly complains of the mutilation of his papers." No wonder Southey should exclaim, speaking of an article he was about to write on missions, "I am strong here, and shall do well, God willing; yet how much better could I do if nobody but Robert Southey were responsible for the opinions expressed!"

Turning from politics to literature, the aspect of his genius and his labours becomes more brilliant and engrossing. His youth, versatile and full of projects, foreshadowed that remarkable career which ran the whole round of all literary achievements. He has himself chronicled his boyhood up to fifteen years in a memoir full of charming sketches of character, and exhibiting extraordinary powers of memory, and unsurpassed felicity of expression. Had he completed his biography, as he intended to do when he began, it would have been the most perfect specimen of that kind of writing we possess. Even as a fragment it is precious. It depicts with the most genial truthfulness the society in which he mixed, and in which his earliest tendencies were nurtured, his first attempts, his plans, failures, and the enthusiasm with which he passed from one novelty to another, catching the hues of all and fixed by none. The church, law, medicine, occupied him by turns, and were in turn rejected. The pulpit of the lecturer afforded him for a time the means of subsistence; the theatre dazzled and captivated his fancy; the magazine and the newspaper yielded him a vent for his fruitful pen, and a trifle in the way of income; then came the famous anti-slavery scheme, and a succession of creeds, taking a sweeping range from the opposite extremes of deism to protestantism, from republicanism to toryism; then a stolen marriage and a trip to Lisbon, casting a little romance over his early experiences; then the struggle of real life and its responsibilities, and the settling down at Keswick where he took root like a tree.

The quantity of his youthful productions, the mass of which is now lost, either destroyed by himself, or floated into oblivion in irrecover-

able ephemera, was not more worthy of note than the constitutional impetuosity of the writer. His versatility and eagerness in the chace of new delights, are shown in the resiliency with which he rebounded from every fall, and the impetuosity with which he resisted restraints. At Westminster School he made his first attempt to get into print, in a little periodical called "The Trifler," which was got up there in imitation of Canning's "Microcosm." His article was rejected. He immediately set up an opposition periodical called "The Flagellant," which so successfully vindicated its title that he was compelled to leave the school in consequence of a refractory article he wrote in it against corporal punishments. At Oxford, Cyril Jackson was afraid to admit him into Christ Church, from a reasonable fear that he would turn out troublesome and disaffected. And at Baliol, where he was admitted, he rises at once in resistance to discipline and authority. Out of this spirit—ardent, generous, hopeful—sprang the "Joan of Arc" and the "Wat Tyler." Time mellowed and softened down these excesses, and directed his powers into more practicable channels; but the fertility survived to the last, chastised and controlled by the admonitions of experience. No writer, except Burke, ever displayed so rare a combination of sound sense and imagination. The broad texture of Milton's prose, that wondrous brocade embroidered with lavish imagerial riches, is of a different order from either.

It is not an uncommon thing to find men of versatile talents pluming themselves most upon that in which they are least qualified to excel. Southey fell into this error, and maintained it to the end. When he was a boy, circumstances gave him frequent access to the theatre and the society of actors. He had an eccentric aunt at Bristol, with whom he lived, and who was passionately fond of the stage, and used to bring the players home to sup with her, and keep the boy sitting up listening and wondering at the talk of these magniloquent heroes, stripped of their paint and spangles. It was natural enough that a youth of impressionable qualities should be inspired by such associations. The glitter and excitement of the theatre, and the suggestive intercourse with the actors, determined him to become a dramatist, and he accordingly planned numerous plays, which, fortunately for his fame, he never executed. The skeletons of his proposed plots are preserved in the volumes of his "Correspondence," and show us clearly, if we wanted any such evidence, how completely he mistook his capacity in that direction. It would have been nearly impossible for Southey to have submitted to the unavoidable restraints of the dramatic form, or to have fulfilled the requisite demands of dramatic action. His mind required a wider range, and a more elaborate machinery. It was, so to speak, essentially epic in its grasp, and could have dealt more easily and successfully with a whole mythology, on a field of proportionate expanse, than with a simple fable within the limits of five acts. For reasons equally cogent, Scott, whose faculty was narrative, and who tried his hand upon the stage, failed conspicuously.

The same delusion clung to Southey in reference to his poetry. He held that his gorgeous epics, the darlings of his muse, were the immortal part of him. Even in his own time the judgment was reversed by the public. "Kehama," "Thalaba," and the rest, will always be found on our shelves, but they will be little read hereafter, and not a fragment of them will pass into household words. In these vast metrical

histories the rolling thunder of the versification drowns the inner music of human emotion, the learning overlays the fancy, and whatever is really grand and original in them has to struggle against such a stupendous mass of erudition, of a remote and dreary kind, that they must for ever remain sealed mysteries to the multitude. Some notion of Southey's poetical theory may be formed from the fact that he seriously contemplated turning to a similar use the whole of the old barbarous mythologies, in the face of the coldness with which the experimental samples he had already given to the world were received. Present popularity (which, although an unsafe test of excellence of the highest kind, is, at least, a proof of having reached the universal heart) was a matter of comparative indifference to him; he consoled himself by a confident reliance upon posterity. When he heard that one of his short tales ("Mary the Maid of the Inn," most likely) was about to be recited at a theatre, he good-humouredly laughed at it. The recognition he looked for was of a different quality. The prolix description, the broken and frequently grotesque rhythm, and the capricious fluctuations between the solemn blank verse, and dancing jingle of his ponderous lyrical romances, which nobody would dream of reciting, and few could even read with satisfaction to the sense or the ear, were what he depended upon for undying fame, and defended against all assaults. Hostile criticism upon his other writings never disturbed his placidity; but he was always eager to vindicate his verse, and set it high up amongst the loftiest models. This strange perversity in one who was himself so able a critic, shows how great minds may sometimes drop into infirmities that are common to the meanest. Nothing, he thought, could be more absurd than comparing his poems with "Paradise Lost." "With Tasso, with Virgil, with Homer, there are fair grounds of comparison." He declares that he knows no poem that can claim a place between "Thalaba" and the "Orlando," and that he does not dread a trial with Ariosto. In comparison with Wordsworth, his poems are as highly flavoured turtle soup to "sparagrass and artichokes with plain butter." "Madoc" he places in the same category with Homer, Shakespear, and Milton; and compensates himself for not achieving equal popularity with Byron and Scott by appealing to the immortality of the Homeric poems, Dante, Ariosto and Milton. That he should place himself, as an historian, on a level with Herodotus, and above Hume and Gibbon is intelligible. Works of elaborate research carry an ascertainable value which may justify a scholar in thus measuring himself with others; but in works of imagination it is evident that even Southey was not qualified to sit in judgment upon himself.

Considering how largely he was mixed up with the literature of his time, his letters are wonderfully free from personal asperities. The solid amiability of his nature is scarcely more eloquently exhibited in the expression of its fine qualities, than in the absence of all mean and unworthy elements. Like other men he had his dislikes; but they were few, and generally took their rise in the ardour of friendships wounded by the objects of them. He disliked Godwin because he had abused his friend, William Taylor; and in revenge has a sting at his abominably ugly nose, just as Leigh Hunt, in a similar vein of playful spite, ridiculed Moore's diminutive person. He disliked Mrs. Barbauld, because she had been severe upon Lamb, and, after the manner of Voltaire's lampoons upon poor Madame de Bocage, he calls her Mrs. Bare-bald,

and talks of singing her flaxen wig with squibs, and tying crackers to her petticoats. Byron, alone, throughout the whole of this voluminous correspondence, is treated in a spirit that must be described as vindictive, and its vindictiveness shows with a still worse grace, coming, as it did, upon the immediate news of Byron's death. He speaks of his "pernicious reputation stinking in the snuff," and regrets his death, because, if he had lived some years longer, he might either have "continued in the same course, pandering to the basest passions, and proclaiming the most flagitious principles," in which case he could have been "smothered in his own evil deeds," or he might have made "some atonement for his offences." It is not Southey in the purity and largeness of his heart who writes this, but Southey with the taint of Gifford, and the influence of the "Quarterly" upon him.

Amongst the many interesting revolutions of Southey's life and opinions, which we glean from these volumes, is one which will startle most of his old adherents, including especially the staunch readers of his "Book of the Church." In a letter, written on a singular occasion to a stranger who avowed himself an infidel, and announced his intention of committing suicide (which, notwithstanding Southey's dissuasive reasoning, he afterwards carried into execution), he comforts the unbeliever by assuring him of his own belief that men "will be judged by their actions and intentions, and not by their creed. Turk, Jew, and Gentile," he adds, will be Christians in Heaven, "if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them." What is to be done with St. Athanasius after this? But this is not all. He frankly avows to the meditating suicide his belief in apparitions, and assumes them as a proof of the existence of a state after death. "I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, the spirits of the dead have been permitted to appear." He regards it simply as a question of evidence, to which he cannot refuse his assent. There is nothing extraordinary in the fact that Southey should have held an opinion which some of the most philosophical minds have not hesitated to avow; but it is of some importance to know that he held it, and to see clearly the grounds upon which he justified it.

In no aspect do these volumes possess so much continuous attraction as in their development of the daily habits, the mental toil, and peculiar excitements of a literary life. The interest of this kind which grows up in them is enchaining, and will yield to those who know the least of this sort of life practically, perhaps, the largest amount of pleasure and surprise. Southey was, in the fullest and best sense, a professional author. He not only lived by coining his brains and his knowledge into books, but his delight lay in the labour which, with scarcely a noticeable intermission, filled every hour of his existence. No man ever displayed such untiring industry. His published writings—falling little short in quantity of two hundred ordinary volumes, exclusive of heaps of juvenile things he destroyed, and the extensive correspondence he maintained—by no means represent the amount of his studious application, and its written results. His daily course of devouring and noting books, apart from writing them, was prodigious in itself. Three pages of history, he tells us, at one period, was his invariable practice, then to transcribe and copy and make selections till dinner time; from dinner till tea reading and writing letters, and poetry and corrections from tea

till supper ; and this, he says, is my life ; and it was his life with slight variations to the end. His habit of noting books was more careful and laborious than that of any writer upon record. Everything he met with, whether he wanted it at the moment or not, that was likely to be available, he jotted down in his small diamond hand, in little paper-books folded and stitched for the purpose, with accurate references to the page where it was to be found ; and in this way, when he was reading for a special purpose—such as collecting materials for the naval biographies, in which numerous details that did not come within the ordinary run of his studies were essential to his object—his work was more than half done when the raw materials were thus completely gathered and classified for use. We remember once inquiring of a play-wright who had been a great producer of pieces for the minor theatres to the number of some three or four hundred, by what process he managed to concoct such a vast variety of plots, characters, and dialogues. He informed us that the process was perfectly simple, and depended entirely upon mechanical constancy and method in arrangement. Whenever he saw anything in a book or a newspaper that could be turned to profit, however slight—a strange name, a striking speech, a story, a snatch of humour or pathos, a bit of costume, character or description,—he instantly copied it or cut it out, labelled it, and inserted it in its appropriate place in a great escrutoire full of pigeon-holes marked in alphabetical order, so that he could get at anything he wanted in a moment. In this way by clipping, adapting and tesselating his waifs and strays into an harmonious patchwork, he could manufacture exactly the sort of piece that happened to be required, at the shortest possible notice and the smallest possible outlay of originality. No doubt the manufacture answered its purpose, and perished off when it was done with, the diligent cobbler being well content to receive a handsome remuneration, varying from 3*l.* to 5*l.* for his pains. A hint of utility may be derived even from this example ; but when we ascend to the workman of a higher order, who turns dross to gold, and levies contributions from the most recondite sources to impart a value to them, in the use he makes of them, which they never possessed before, the advantage of order, perseverance, and integrity of plan impresses itself forcibly upon our attention. It appears that Southey operated in much the same way. The editor of the “Quarterly Review” tells us that he did not always content himself with a mere reference in a table-book, but when he met with anything available in reading he marked the passage with his pencil, and it was transcribed, docketed, and deposited in an array of pigeon-holes. No means short of this exhausting industry could have produced the “Common Place Books,” or “The Doctor.”

Yet, in despite of all this marvellous energy and incessant toil, Southey found it difficult to make an income commensurate with his very moderate desires. His chief resource was the periodicals, from which he derived, at all events, something certain ; and this was a drudgery he liked least of all, but to which necessity compelled him to submit. “My history,” he says, “as an author is not very honourable to the age in which we live. By giving up my whole time to worthless work in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I could thrive, as by giving up half my time to them, I contrive to live. In the time thus employed every year I could certainly produce such a poem as ‘Thalaba,’ and if I did I should starve.” He describes his life as that of a “quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed ;” and the

remuneration in the end was slender enough. He received only 7*l.* a sheet for reviewing in the "Annual Register;" and the munificent offer made to him from the "Edinburgh" through Scott, was only 10*l.* Until he received 100*l.* an article from the "Quarterly" (which was only latterly—the original terms being ten guineas a sheet) he worked hard for small pay. His books brought him very little, especially the poetry. The "Tale of Paraguay," in a twelvemonth, realised only 80*l.*; "Madoc," 25*l.*; and the whole of his works in 1827 about 26*l.* His great aim was to procure enough to live upon by the "sale of half his time" to the periodicals, so that he might devote the other half to more congenial labours. "When I can command 500*l.*," he writes to one of his friends, "for the same quantity that Scott gets 3000*l.*, this will be accomplished." This was written after he had joined the "Quarterly," and just as he had finished the "Life of Nelson" [1813]; and his relative position as a popular author may be gauged by the fact that he would have been well content to have realised only a sixth of Scott's profits. Fourteen years afterwards, with the full glory of his meridian fame upon him, he does not appear to have been much better off. "I have, God be thanked," he says, "been able to make a moderate provision for my family, but not by anything I have laid by; solely by my life insurance, my books, copyrights, and papers. In other respects I am in a worse situation than I was ten or fifteen years ago. My poems had a much better sale, and I stood upon better ground in the 'Quarterly Review.'" At this time [1827], he was in his fifty-fifth year, and his son tells us that his only certain source of income was his pension, which yielded him 145*l.*, and the laureateship 90*l.*; all that was available out of these sums being about 100*l.* a-year, his insurance absorbing the remainder. Compare these results of a life of indefatigable toil, dedicated to the most ennobling pursuits, with the ordinary compensations of routine industry in any other occupation; and see how heavy the balance is in favour of the lowest handicraft! If literature did not bring rewards of another, and, happily, of a higher kind, no man could sustain his courage in the face of such disheartening prospects.

Fortunately for Southey his tastes were simple, and his wants few. Living in the country, and being constitutionally averse to the agitation of a town life, his expenditure was limited to the mere necessities of his household. His house was generally pretty full; but otherwise he saw little company. We hear of ladies seated at needlework, or copying extracts, in his study, and we know how generously he took upon himself the charge of friends who, if others had been as independent in spirit as he was, should have been differently provided for. Beyond this domestic outlay, however, which, with the quiet economy of so secluded a way of life, could not have been considerable, his expenses were trifling. At first he appears to have had some misgivings about the residence at Keswick, not so much on account of its loneliness, as the dampness of the climate. Very early, writing to Coleridge, whom he wanted to entice down to live with him (a lingering thought of the old Pantisocracy scheme) he says, "to live cheap, to save the crushing expense of furnishing a house;—sound, good, mercantile motives! But then your humid latitude! and incessant rains!—and I myself, one of your greenhouse plants, pining for want of sun." When he was once fairly housed, however, and settled down to his tasks, and got used to the place, and to the parcels of books that perpetually came pouring in, *he became acclimated* in every sense of the word, and no temptations

could induce him to relinquish the sight of those bleak hills, over which years afterwards on a miserable, drizzling morning, Wordsworth came on foot to attend his funeral. "Here I am now," he writes to his friend Duppa, when he was getting settled, and falling in love with his retirement for the sake of the great things he hoped to accomplish in it, "planting garden-enclosures, rose-bushes, currants, gooseberries, and resolute to become a mountaineer. We are going to have laburnums and *lilacs*, seringas, barberry bushes, and a pear-tree to grow up by your window against the wall, and *white* curtains in my library, and to dye the old ones in the parlour blue, and to put fringe to them, Mr. Duppa; and I am to have a carpet in my study, Mr. Duppa; and the chairs are to be new-bottomed, and we are to buy some fenders at the sale of the General's things; and we have bought a new hearth-rug. And then the outside of the house is to be roughcast, as soon as the season will permit; and there is a border made under the windows, and there is to be a gravel walk there, and turf under the trees beyond *that*, and beyond *that* such peas and beans! Oh! Mr. Duppa, how you will like them when you come down, and how fine we shall be, if all this does not ruin me!"

These pleasant schemes of gardening and planting and laying out walks, were only so much rural speculation on paper. Southey never appears to have entered heartily into such occupations, or, indeed, to have entered into them at all. He lived in the country, but was not of it. He had a greater relish for in-door than out-of-door enjoyments, and was fonder of his cats than his trees and flowers. The place at Greta was not improperly called Cats' Eden, from the harbour of refuge it afforded to a colony of mousers. When he went out it was merely for a constitutional walk, and even that he did not indulge in regularly until the admonitions of his physical condition rendered it indispensable as a respite from labour. He resided at Keswick, but may be said to have lived with Gifford and the people up in London. No man, perhaps, ever lived so long on one spot in the country between whom and the country there existed so slender a tie. He never took any part in local affairs; never attended any local meetings; knew nothing whatever of what was going on around him; and at the end of all the years he resided there, although his house was seated literally in the village, he did not know twenty persons of the lower class by sight. Something of this may be attributed to his habitual reserve, and something to a slight degree of short-sightedness which latterly affected him. "After returning the salutation of some passer by," observes his son, "he would again mechanically lift his cap as he heard some well-known name in reply to his inquiries, and look back with regret that the greeting had not been more cordial." He was a famous walker, notwithstanding the rarity of his exploits in that way, and thought little of a walk of twenty-five miles when he was upwards of sixty.

Underneath the reserve or shyness of his manner, all was sunshine. The people about his house, who were on familiar terms with him, enjoyed in full that flow of happy spirits which was shut up from strangers. He delighted in pic-nics and small parties of intimate friends. But amongst new faces he was ill at ease. He was naturally lively and impulsive, but he required to be at home for that, and amongst those who knew him well, and were not likely to misinterpret his vivacity. In society (we suppose we must call it) he was embarrassed, and became either entangled in a confused conversation or silent.

"Company," he frankly confesses to Mr. Rickman, "to a certain extent, intoxicates me. I do not often commit the fault of talking too much, but very often say what would be better unsaid, and that too in a manner not to be easily forgotten. People go away and repeat single sentences, dropping all that led to them, and all that explains them; and very often, in my hearty hatred of assentation, I commit faults of the opposite kind."

With ladies he was especially out of his element. Unless he liked them, there was a gulf between them. This was singular, but characteristic nevertheless. He was the noblest type of the true book-worm, with large faculties and inexhaustible resources, which he was accustomed to draw upon in masses over his desk, but which he could not mint into small coin for the drawing-room; and ladies put him out. It explains also what may be regarded as a defect in his constitution. His imagination was grand and lofty, but not voluptuous. He had an imperfect sense of the luxury of beauty—he knew it only in abstract forms—the reality awakened no enthusiasm. Hence we have so little passion in his writings—so little truthful emotion—hence they are so Greek and stoical, and so rarely touch the hearts or thrill the sympathies of his readers. Wide-reaching research in other regions seems to have carried him out of the way of the fountains of tenderness and delight that flowed close at hand. We have love, and despair, and a hundred other great emotions in his poems, but like his lilacs and laburnums, they are only painted, not felt; and he who is not conscious of the capability of the emotion himself can never make it felt by others. This is one of the insuperable obstructions to the popularity of his poetry, which is universal only in its erudition.

His cheerfulness in the midst of his labours enabled him to vanquish all difficulties. It is a valuable lesson to others engaged in similar pursuits, although few may be able to command so liberal a supply of mental vivacity. Take him at any single moment of his active life, and you find him busied, but not overwhelmed, under a multitude of undertakings. At thirty years of age, "when he was working hard upon "Madoc," he says that grey hairs have made their appearance, that his eyes are wearing out, that his shoes are the very cut of his father's, at which he used to laugh—all symptoms of that wear-and-tear which makes such fearful havoc with the elasticity of youth; he adds, however, "my heart is quieter; my hopes, thoughts, feelings, are all of the complexion of a *sunny autumn evening*. I have a sort of presage that I shall live to finish 'Madoc' and my 'History.' God grant it, and that then my work will be done." At the same time that he was labouring upon "Madoc" and the "History" (the "Amadis" having made its appearance in the meanwhile) he was proposing to the Longmans a "Collection of Specimens of the Early English Poets," studying Dutch, deeply engaged in the Welsh Mabinogion, and contemplating an edition of the works of Sir Philip Sidney! Various and weighty as these subjects were, his cheerfulness stood by him to the end. Five years later, he says, "If Gifford could see me by this fireside when, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own' when he wrote his 'Imitation,' working hard and getting little,—a bare maintenance and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning, not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud; not so proud as happy. However,

there is not a lighter-hearted nor a happier man upon the face of this wide-world." From this example let the working author take heart and hope. He must make his own sunshine—a home manufacture which, we grant, is not always quite successful, but which perseverance will accomplish at last. The consciousness of mastery and power which abbreviates labour and imparts facility to exertion, goes a great way towards the diminution of the fatigue and depression. The strong man wields with ease the battle-axe that severely taxes the muscles of the weak. But it is within everybody's reach by sustained efforts to acquire a certain amount of controul over his energies, and with it a relief which will admit of a freer play of the animal spirits.

This self-control and sense of power were so strong in Southey that, unlike most literary men, he was never disturbed or ruffled by interruptions at his tasks. The members of his family would sometimes break in upon him, even on trivial occasions, and the pen or the book was laid down with a smile, and he was ready to answer them and talk to them. His physical constitution that carried him so sunnily through his toils, was by no means robust; he was of a spare habit, but great activity, although he had little leisure for cultivating it. His occupations were so numerous and generally of so pressing a kind that his family saw little of him; he was unable to join the evening walk in summer, or the circle round the winter hearth, or even to spare time for conversation after the family meals. All was work from morning till night, and it was got through only by a systematic division of the hours and employments of the day—breakfast at nine, dinner at four, tea at six, and supper at half-past nine; latterly walking between two and four, and indulging in a *siesta* before tea. Such was his whole life, rarely varied either by visits abroad or visitors at home.

Scott, who performed the chief miracles of the Waverley novels before breakfast, with a house full of people whom he was ready to join in all sorts of athletic amusements for the rest of the day, was of a different constitution, strong, vigorous, and hearty. The hilarity of the table, which he was capable of enjoying with impunity, would have disabled Southey, whose limit was that single glass of punch he has immortalised in the "Doctor," as, sitting opposite the Bhow Begum, he tingles his spoon against his glass "making music to his own meditations." This difference of constitution, which threw the one into active habits, and restrained the other to his library, will help to account in some measure for the greater fluency and readiness of resource which Scott possessed in conversation. Southey's memory was absorbed in his note-books. He never could remember dates, or call up at the instant any particulars he wanted. All he remembered was the main course and leading points of a subject. The reason of this was that he never trusted to his memory, but always to his written memoranda. It was in that way he made his knowledge tributary and available. "I have a habit," he observed to one of his friends, "of making notes of what I should treasure in my mind, and the act of writing seems to discharge it from the mind to the paper." Now Scott, who never made notes, had a marvellous memory.

In appearance, Southey was tall and slight, with a poetical head and shoulders, for which Byron, in a complimentary sarcasm, said he would have been content to have written his Sapphics. In walking out, he always wore a cap, which, from the peculiar make of the head and shoulders, became him better than a hat. His forehead was high, his eyebrows thick and arched, with, as Byron described him, "a hook nose

and hawk's eye;" the upper part of the face was massive in proportion to the chin, and there was a remarkable mobility of expression in the mouth, which was somewhat prominent and muscular. In his youth he wore his rich brown hair in clusters over his shoulders, showing his republicanism at Oxford by refusing to let the College barber clip it to the usage of the cloisters; and, although he afterwards moderated his flowing locks, he always wore a profusion of hair, which lost nothing of its luxuriance even after it had turned a snowy white.

The six volumes published by his son exhibit a character so good and noble, so admirable in all its domestic relations, so independent and self-sustained, and presenting so instructive an example of practical virtue, that we know of no biography comparable to that which this elaborate correspondence reveals. These letters, numerous and frank as they are, by no means exhaust the subject. A large quantity yet remain in other hands, probably destined to appear under other auspices. We trust no personal feelings may be suffered to interfere with their publication. So far as family considerations are involved, we ask for no revelations over which the immediate connections of Southey may deem it necessary to exercise a discretionary privilege; but as it is clear that the latter scenes of his life are not entered upon here with the fulness of detail which the interest of the subject demands, we are justified in expressing a hope that the deficiency will be supplied from the quarter most competent to satisfy the expectations of the public.

It is on many accounts to be regretted that this work was not entrusted to other hands. The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey was ill qualified for so responsible a duty. If there were no stronger objection, his relation to the subject of the biography stood in the way of that openness and freedom of treatment which is indispensable in a work of this nature. But there was a still graver objection in the inadequacy of the editor to deal with the multifarious topics and striking memorabilia that passed through his hands. The life of Southey ought to have been undertaken by one who was prepared by the course of his own studies, and by personal acquaintance with the literary circles, and an intimate knowledge of the Laureate, to place the portraits and projects, the meditated and accomplished labours, the incidents and the intercourse of that long and busy career in a framework worthy of their absorbing interest, to fill in the blanks which the letters fail to supply, and, in satisfaction of the curiosity of the reader, which is here perpetually provoked and disappointed, to accompany the whole with a running commentary, and, wherever the text fell short, to criticise, illustrate, and explain. Mr. Cuthbert Southey attempts nothing of this sort. The scraps of biography by which the letters are occasionally linked together only tantalize the reader by their meagreness; and the literary requisitions of the subject are wholly neglected. Fortunately the correspondence is rich and ample, and, although its very suggestiveness makes us feel the more sensibly the absence of competent editorship, the charm of the style, and the perpetual variety and attraction of the matter, possess a fascination that never flags from the first page to the last.

Another great want of the work is an Index. We lose so much pleasure and profit in not being able to make immediate reference to passages that have struck us in the perusal, or to which it becomes necessary to recur for other purposes, that the omission is a serious drawback and inconvenience.

PIANIST AND PATRIOT.

A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LEONIE VERMONT."

"BUT just look at her!"

"At whom?"

"At that white woman who is standing bolt upright at the other end of the room, and staring at Blitz as though she would devour him."

"What the woman with the wreath of narcissus upon her head?"

"Precisely—I never saw such a spectre in my life."

"Hush! that is the famous Marchesa di Malatesta."

"If you were to say evil *eye* as well as evil *head*, I should think it would be pretty near the mark."

"*L'un et l'autre peuvent se dire*, as M. Guizot was wont to say, and I will add a third distinction—*evil heart*."

Most assuredly, the person of whom Lady Mannerling and Count Henry O'Connor were speaking was in every respect unlike any other. Her height was much above the ordinary height of women, her complexion, of that deadly hue that suggested the idea of a protracted acquaintance with the tomb, and the excessive thinness of her whole person comparable to nothing that could ever be supposed to have had life. Yet, the dazzling glare of two dark, balefully brilliant eyes gave evidence of a vitality that was only the more remarkable from the contrast it formed with the outward aspect of the strange being it animated. They burnt like two lamps, and their look, as it rested upon you, seemed to scorch; you felt they were *uncanny*, as the Scotch say—*weird*. The dress of the Marchesa was well calculated to set off to the utmost the exceedingly peculiar style of what some people called her *beauty*. Long flowing draperies of white silk swathed her round, and seemed naturally to take the folds of a winding sheet; not a jewel, whether of gold, diamond, or pearl, shone upon neck, hand, or arm, neither did any glove hide her long fleshless fingers; upon her dark and *not* glossy hair, which was somewhat negligently dressed, the sole ornament was a wreath of white narcissus (I will *not* say narcissi, though I fancy I ought to do so) the petals of which were not more colourless than the brow on which they rested. Madame de Malatesta was immediately behind the old Prince von Katzenhaupt, the famous diplomatist (the *Morning Post* denominated him the "*venerable*" Prince), and as she leant upon the back of his chair, her chin resting upon her clasped hands, and her two "evil" eyes glittering like bog-stars, she looked the very image of some bad spirit brooding over its prey.

But it was not the illustrious descendant of the house of Katzenhaupt who had any share in the preoccupations of the Marchesa; her whole attention was devoted to the far-famed Menzel Blitz, the "king of pianoforte players," as he was called by the newspapers, and as a hundred others had been called before him! Did she admire or not? that was impossible to guess; the gaze *said* nothing, but fixed itself dark, ardent, and unvarying, upon its object. It was what the Germans call a "*steinerne blick*," and, stone itself, seemed as though it would turn others

into stone. But we will now let Lady Mannering resume her conversation with the Count.

"For what earthly reason has Mrs. Carrington given this party to-night?" asked the former.

"Oh! don't you know?" was the reply, "only that Donner might play against Blitz."

"Nonsense!—you don't mean to say that—oh! capital!" and the lady applied to both handkerchief and fan to hide her laughter.

"I assure you it is perfectly true," resumed the Count—"Blitz, as you perceive, is fighting the fight with hands, legs, and locks—just see how those wretched pedals are ground under his 'fantastic toe,' how he lashes, and pinches, and tortures the keys, and how in the pendulum-like motion of his head, his hair mops his wide-spreading fingers."

"Pity it can't make them cleaner," remarked parenthetically Lady Mannering.

"Donner, as you perceive," continued the Count, "is looking on, and making ready for coming to the scratch. I am afraid Donner will have the worst of it, and I have a strong fancy to back Blitz."

"But," interrupted Lady Mannering, "why should these two worthies be thus pitted one against the other?"

"Not so much for the artistical pleasure of the thing," was the reply, "but on account of the Marchesa yonder; Donner *was*, you know," added the Count, significantly, "and Blitz *is*, and Mrs. Carrington, who has a deadly spite against the 'white lady' opposite, thought it might possibly be embarrassing to her '*friend*' (Lord save the mark!) to meet them both at once, as if anything *could* be embarrassing to that woman!"

"I confess you open my eyes," rejoined Lady Mannering, "there *must* be an irresistible sympathy between the Marchesa and Blitz. I declare they are alike—he is the same sort of lizard-like looking creature; it seems actually as though Frankenstein's Adam had found his Eve."

The Count smiled: "The Duchess de M—— in Paris," observed he, "calls Blitz *le saule pleureur fait homme*, and the Princess S—— in Vienna had already styled him *Der Wassermann*." But at this moment the mopping and mowing of the much admired Blitz suddenly ceased, with a tremendous crash, indicating the end of his performance. He rose and bowed, scattering his sandy locks over the severely tried instrument, threatening thereby to overturn the wax lights; and, retiring majestically, made way for Donner.

Donner was much younger than his opponent, and a very different looking kind of person. He was in appearance rather gentlemanlike than otherwise. Slightly made, not very tall, with hair cut to resemble that of any ordinary mortal, and a complexion which told of not over strong health. Here again was Donner's *spécialité*, as the French say. If Blitz was terrific, and wild, and fantastical, a sort of unearthly personage having *fait ses études* in the moon, or at the bottom of the sea, Donner laid claim to being supremely *interesting*. Earthly, if you will, but ready to leave the earth—tarrying as it were in our world only from condescension, or *désœuvrement*; or perhaps it might be from uncertainty as to whether he might go to when he left it—but belonging to that class of artists who consider good health a proof of mediocrity,

and who cultivate a small cough with almost as much care as their left hand (the right one having become a mere superfluity now-a-days).

Donner's style of playing belied his name. It was particularly soft and sentimental, and made to promote dreams instead of disturbing them. A giver of concerts in London once remarked to the author of these pages that Donner was the performer who, at all his parties, had the greatest success, "for," said he, "he makes no noise, and does not prevent people from hearing themselves talk."

Donner began. His theme was a ballad of Schubert's, arranged for the piano alone—a sort of composition in which he excelled.

"Why, what is the Marchesa about?" whispered Count O'Connor. "She does not move. I did not know she took any interest in *his* playing, now."

Sure enough, she had not moved, but stood even as before, leaning upon the back of Prince Katzenhaupt's chair, supporting her marble chin upon her marble hand, and glowering at the pianoforte till she made one's very flesh creep to look at her. Donner began. His first notes were touched with gentle, yet masterly, hand, and the instrument seemed soothed after the rough treatment Blitz had inflicted on it. *The Stream* was the ballad he had chosen, and stream-like did the delicious melody flow from beneath his fingers; you might almost fancy you heard the rushes whispering upon the river's edge, and the broad leaves of the water-lily, stirred by the morning wind, plashing in and out of the limpid wave; then, above all, rose, melancholy but serene, the voice of man, the melody—Schubert's own calm deep thought.

Still the Marchesa looked on.

The artist had reached about the middle of his performance, when his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed upon the keys, were raised, languidly raised—they met *hers*, and a sort of shudder passed over his whole frame, under the influence of which a note or two was inaudible.

He still went on, but he could not help looking, do what he might to prevent it. That look had in it something that would not be avoided, and the artist looked, and looked, turned away his eyes, looked again, and by degrees the notes fell fainter and fainter from his hand.

"Bless me! what is that?" asked a lady who had been thought a very fine amateur singer 'in her day.' "I know that air perfectly, but cannot recollect—what is it?"

"Beethoven's *Adelaide*," answered her neighbour, taking a pinch of snuff, and humming in a most excruciating manner the abovementioned beautiful air between his teeth (he was a very great man, but had an unfortunate mania for the violoncello, and could not listen to any music without thinking of how it would sound on his favourite instrument—and trying to imitate it).

"Splendidly managed!" observed a very masculine lady behind the last speaker—a pupil of Donner's. "A most unexpected and masterly transition."

And the Marchesa looked on still.

With what exquisite tenderness was fraught each tone! What deep, deep regret was hidden in every chord! Oh! now it lay there before you, that ancient garden with its trees and terraces! How the wind of the "May evening" shakes the flowers upon their stems! Now, in the very ardour of the sunset a star rises in the heavens, and from the verdant boughs drop the nightingale's first pearls! and wind and star,

and bird and flower, all say but the one word—*Adelaïde*! How sighs sweep over the keys! how plainly that whole strain of melody tells of things seen *alone* that had once been seen *together*!

And still the Marchesa looked.

The strain grew wilder, louder; it was a sob, a cry! these were out-breaks of despair, and the old recourse to dreams of death—

“From the ashes of this heart
There shall spring a purple flower.”

The Marchesa's eyes had never varied in expression. As bright, as dazzling, as strange as ever, they rivetted their gaze upon the agitated musician, who grew pale and red by turns, and seemed very much in the position of a bird quivering under the eye of a rattlesnake.

Adelaïde!

It was an exclamation of utter hopelessness, and the very inmost fibres of the instrument seemed to suffer, as it was torn shrieking from them—then, succeeded the lassitude and languor of despair, and again the *one* name came forth, but this time in a wail, a quivering plaint of agony and exhaustion mixed—and then, a few unconnected notes, a few dying sounds, the faintness of a spirit that can bear no more!—but, as the last tones are wrung from the sinking fingers the ear still catches the disjointed syllables of “*A-de-laï-de*!”

The artist was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the enthusiasm his performance had created, and by the gathering round him of the greater part of his audience, who loudly declared he had surpassed himself and every one else. The musician looked astounded, and spoke no word. The Marchesa had disappeared! Passing his hand once or twice rapidly over his brow, Donner heaved a deep sigh, and seemed as if he had awoke out of a dream.

“Well, after all, Donner *has* had the best of it!” observed Count O'Connor.

“Yes! I wonder how that is?” said Lady Mannering.

“I think I can guess,” rejoined her companion.

“No, really! Oh! do tell.”

“Monsieur,” mumbled old Katzenhaupt placing his hand patronisingly upon the young artist's arm. “Did you ever see Matthiesson? No! Ay, to be sure, you are too young—well, I knew him—he was a strange person, very strange—nothing to be made of him—nothing—a dreamer, nothing else, Monsieur! my uncle, the Count of Grindeldorf (my mother's brother) was Chamberlain to the Duke of Anholt-Dessau, and I remember to have seen *Adelaïde* herself—she was very beautiful” (a large pinch of snuff)—“the most lovely blue eyes.”

“They are black as coals, and burn like them,” said the artist.

“Blue as the heavens,” affirmed the diplomatist, “besides, you never saw her.”

“Never saw who?” asked the artist with surprise.

“Why the Duchess of Dessau.”

“Ah! so!” murmured Donner with a sigh, and seizing his hat he commenced making his escape from the admiring crowd around him; the inexorable Prince followed him, snuff-box in hand, and full of early

* Matthiesson, the German poet, is supposed to have written words of the *Adelaïde* under the influence of the admiration, and indeed adoration, with which the Duchess Louisa of Dessau inspired him.

reminiscences. "She never cared one pin for Matthisson, Monsieur," persisted he; "believe me, he was to her as the dust under her feet."

When the concert was over and the last guest gone,

"Oh! dear mamma, I should so like to have some lessons from Donner!" remarked Miss Carrington whose name was also Adelaide.

II.

AND lessons from Donner Miss Carrington accordingly had, at the small sum of two guineas per hour three times a week. Whether she attained to any great proficiency under so gifted an instructor is a fact upon which few people seemed informed, but one circumstance had at first well-nigh disturbed her harmonious intelligence with the latter. No entreaties or supplications of his fair pupil could ever prevail upon Donner either to teach her the *Adelaïde*, or even to repeat his own performance of it, and his resistance upon this point was so decided, that at last Miss Carrington gave up the attempt, and contented herself with assigning a thousand reasons in her own mind for his refusal, which reasons were all of them about as far from the real one as they could be.

We have alluded to a certain degree of polite enmity as existing between Mrs. Carrington and the Marchesa; we will now explain its cause. The Marchesa, celebrated for many years, and for many different reasons on the Continent, had hitherto met with but a sorry reception in England; but circumstances had happened within a few months which had transformed Madame de Malatesta into a most decided lion-ess, an object of wonder, curiosity, and enthusiasm; and, consequently, made of her a person to be invited everywhere.

The King of Arcadia was at war with a certain portion of his subjects—or they were at war with him; different causes were assigned for this outbreak, but the real reason was believed to be, that his Majesty having conceived the nineteenth century to be an age of equality, had called upon the Arcadians to pay the same taxes with the other subjects of his dominions. This, the liberal, enlightened, devoted, and magnanimous subjects had flatly refused to do, and the no less liberal, enlightened, devoted, and magnanimous Hang-Fang-Bang-Toug-Tchoo had put himself at their head, and led the revolt against "the tyrant." When this glorious revolution broke out, the Marchesa (who always signed herself Adelaïde Dandolo di Malatesta, and who actually descended from the great Doge himself) was seized with such ardent democratic zeal that she not only aided the insurrection with half her fortune, but went the length of raising a corps of two hundred men, as whose leader she appeared, and followed by whom she joined the sublime Hang-Fang-Bang-Tong-Tchoo himself. It was not said that she or her soldiers had ever done much mischief to the enemy, but she had dressed them in her family colours, had had a semi-masculine uniform made for herself, had been known to harangue a population of seven orange women, an invalid, and two little boys, and to wave a red banner, crying "Vive la République," and she had been a great deal talked of in the newspapers—this was why she was a lion-ess in London, and why fathers and mothers of respectable English families, masters and mistresses of well-famed English houses, deemed it indispensable to open their dwellings to the Marchesa. But Mrs. Carring-

ton had a little private pique against the interesting Amazon, precisely on account of this same "glorious" insurrection which had rendered the Marchesa so celebrated. Miss Julia Carrington had thought proper to fall in love with one of the "heroes" of this "sublime" struggle, and her mother had been threatened with nothing short of her daughter's death, if she did not consent to a marriage between the enamoured pair. Now, Mrs. Carrington was a genuine "British female," what is styled an "independent English gentlewoman," and she *did* like a title, no matter much who wore it. The hero in question was a Count, and a *real* one. This, Mrs. Carrington took good care to find out, and did find out to the last possible degree of certainty, and to her own immeasurable satisfaction. She had but two daughters, both would be very rich, therefore, *en attendant*, that the eldest should marry an English Peer, there was nothing to prevent the youngest from marrying an Arcadian Count. Boleslav Boleslavsky (this was the hero's name) belonged to a family so ancient that they had no notion *whatever* of who their early ancestors were, and all they seemed to cling to was the fact of their having more than once, in remoter ages, worn the crown of their country! This was certainly enough, and Mrs. Carrington rejoiced in the idea that her grandsons would be of undeniably royal extraction. But a disagreeable report had been spread about town that the valiant Boleslav had not been indifferent to the Marchesa's charms, and at this Mrs. Carrington was considerably disturbed. Julia, however, was very speedily quieted on this score, and her lover's passionate assurances of inviolable attachment, coupled with his declaration that all the scandal came from the fact of his having been the Marchesa's aide-de-camp during the revolutionary war, soon dispelled whatever little annoyance the first whispers of malevolence might have occasioned her. Not so her mother. She was of the two, perhaps, a little bit *more* in love with "the Count" than her daughter, and the only thing that at all ruffled her when she thought of her magnificent and heroic son-in-law was this same unlucky aide-de-campship, which she could not quite get over, and she was, from the hour she became aware of the fact, eternally beating about the bush to discover what the exact duties of an aide-de-camp were, *en temps de campagne*. Whether what she discovered was or was not satisfactory, it would be difficult to say, but she retained an invincible aversion for Madame de Malatesta, and was wretched at the conviction of not being able to give a party without inviting her. Hence the circumstance of the rival pianists. She hoped—charitably it must be confessed—to make the Marchesa pass an insupportable evening. It was the best thing she could think of, and, after all, was not so bad for a person so respectable and well brought up; but it failed, and there is every reason on the contrary for supposing that the Marchesa quitted Mrs. Carrington's concert very much at ease with herself, and content with her evening's entertainment.

A month passed, during which Adelaide Carrington's delight in her musical studies increased so violently that instead of three lessons in the week it was a lesson every day that she now required. Donner was thought a very gentlemanlike sort of person, and became familiar in the house; was allowed to run in and out of it like a pet animal, and at all hours of morning or evening the utter want of importance of the musician was attested by his being invariably admitted. The only person who treated him differently from the rest was the superb Count Boleslav

who took every occasion to say that he never looked upon artists as anything other than vagabonds, people not to be allowed to sit "above the salt;" that that was the way he was accustomed to treat them in his country, and that, for his part, that way he should continue to treat them whenever he should fall in with any of the genus. Imperceptibly, a slight coolness sprang up between the two sisters, and Miss Carrington went one day so far as to intimate to a bosom friend of hers that she looked upon the redoubtable Boleslav as a *barbarian*.

Sur ces entrefaites came the moment for leaving town. The fair Adelaide declared she did not know what she should do for want of her music lessons, and began to contemplate the possibility of driving up to town at least twice a week from her mother's place in Surrey in order to profit by her illustrious master's instructions.

But this delicate question was at length settled by Mr. Donner being induced to accept an invitation to pass a month at Mrs. Carrington's at Parkfield.

III.

THE first days of September were lovely, and as Mrs. Carrington's house was no very pleasant one, and "the girls" were nice girls enough as times go, a small party of guests soon assembled at Parkfield.

One evening it was agreed that after dinner (served habitually at the unfashionable hour of six) an excursion should be made to a wood at some little distance from the house, and from a particular spot of which the rising of the moon was said to have a singularly beautiful effect. Out accordingly went the whole party, laughing and chattering by the way. Julia leant upon the arm of her affianced bridegroom, and her sister walked alone, unsupported by any one.

The wood was reached. It was a beautiful spot. A broad grassy glade opened to the view, sloping downwards towards a stream which was half hidden by the willows on its banks, but whose babbling gave to solitude one of its sweetest voices. On either side of the opening rose wide-spreading beech-trees, already golden under the touch of advancing autumn, whilst towards the horizon the jagged line of more distant woods broke the grey sameness of the twilight sky.

The youthful members of the party were not to be deterred from venturing upon the green sward, by anything mamma or aunts could tell of evening dews, wet feet, and inevitable colds. No sooner had the broad yellow September moon, lazily pillowed herself upon the far-off woods and begun to pour the flood of her pale silvery light over the grass, than one after the other of the reckless group might be seen disporting in her rays. They thought it looked *elf*-like, and had some vague resemblance with the "Midsummer Night's Dream!" So thought Donner, no doubt, for he soon strayed away from the rest, and striking into the more remote of the woodland paths, began to sing snatches of Mendelssohn's elfin melodies. Once or twice, he thought he perceived a figure gliding beneath the trees, and a shadow crossing his path; but he was far more likely to have believed that it was Titania herself than any more substantial shape. As he was emerging from an alley that led towards the pleasure-grounds of Parkfield, he saw before him a lady—he stopped, she turned round—it was Miss Carrington.

"How lovely this moonlight is," said she in a sentimental tone, "I should like to wander about for hours—I can't think how people can be

silly enough to go indoors, and sit round a smoking tea-table, or a prosy game at cards."

"Mademoiselle Julie was tired, I fancy," answered Donner.

"Oh! because the Count does not care for the moon," retorted Miss Carrington, in accents of unmistakable disgust.

They proceeded to talk of the heroic Boleslav, and somehow or other the charming Adelaide contrived so strongly to express her horror of all men "without souls," of all those who could only ride, drink and fight, and had no feeling for art or poetry, that a thought, a most strange, unaccountable thought, crossed the brain of Monsieur Donner, and he asked his companion if she would not like "one other turn" round the lawn.

During this "one other turn" I know not what was said by either of the moon-stricken strollers, but it is certain that as they passed under the porch that led from the flower-garden into the great court, the musician pressed Miss Carrington's hand to his lips, and she said, "Oh, Wilhelm!" with a very audible sigh.

"Oh, Wilhelm!" that is what so many of the girls come to who have run about the world with their mammas, dancing, donkey-riding, and picnicking at all the capitals and half the watering places in Europe. "Oh, Wilhelm!" forsooth.

When Adelaide re-entered the drawing-room the gentlemen were deep in a political discussion. She seated herself beside the piano, and begged the young artist to play. He began the first few notes of an *étude*. She petitioned for the *Adelaide*.

He started and turned pale. She blushed.

"Before so many people!" he stammered—the excuse was a good one.

"You are right," said she, "they do not understand it."

She seated herself beside the pianoforte and listened to the melodious wanderings of the artist's poetic brain.

An observer who should have known what had passed so shortly before in the garden would have found some little difficulty in accounting for Monsieur Donner's manner. There was something strange about it, and about him. Adelaide Carrington was what is called a very pretty girl, yet Donner did not look exactly like what is called a happy man. Miss Carrington would have a very fine fortune, but what had that to do with the matter?

Adelaide was *not* very clever, though she was really handsome and looked wonderfully happy—and "Oh, Wilhelm!" that is the end of it all. And a pretty end it is, a "lame and impotent conclusion," very similar to that which in *Emilia's* mouth provokes *Iago's* irony.

"Oh, Wilhelm!"

IV.

AND perhaps Donner was *not* happy. His short life had been marked by one of those events which leave an indelible trace, and which, whatever may be the occupation, the joys even of a later period of existence, are rarely if ever forgotten. Who or what Donner's parents might be, I know not, but the care they took of him was small enough. At eighteen he went his way into the world, with a prodigious share of enthusiasm—a wondrously slight stock of money, and a very remarkable talent for music. He studied composition in Rome under the

famous *maestro* Montelli; and the time that was not devoted to music was spent in roaming about the beautiful verdant wildernesses of ruined palaces and tombs. He formed acquaintance with a French artist about his own age, who one evening proposed presenting him to one of the noblest ladies of modern Italy, and thus Wilhelm Donner, the artist, became familiar in the circle of the Marchesa di Malatesta, a born Dandolo.

Almost all men (and women too) when they look back to what they may regard as the most important events of their lives, are forcibly struck with the insignificance of all that surrounded those events, and of the facility with which what was might not have been.

It was a sultry evening when Wilhelm's French friend called to take him to the Marchesa's palace. The young musician was tired with his day's labours, somewhat nervous, and but little inclined to stir from off the couch, whereon hard and comfortless as it was he had thrown himself, and where he lay, gazing dreamily at the stars rising one by one. Urged by his friend, however, he unwillingly resigned himself; dressed and went his way to the spot where his destiny was awaiting him.

In an inner room, a sort of *boudoir*, hung in crimson damask, and dimly lighted by an alabaster lamp fed with perfumed oil, sat a lady—a mysterious apparition like those read of in fairy tales. She was pillowed by soft cushions of red silk upon which the brilliancy of her colourless skin shone with dazzling lustre. At first, Wilhelm did not quite know whether she inspired him with more admiration or fear. She was so strange, her dark eyes were so wild! he looked and looked, and the first time *she* looked at him he loved. Fear, admiration, surprise, all were blended, all absorbed in that one strongest, most pure, most beautiful, most lasting sentiment—the first love of a boy. Wilhelm's devotion to the Marchesa soon became the law of his being. From the moment she fixed her dark lustrous, stag-like eyes upon him his heart whispered—*it is she!* and acknowledged her for its lawful sovereign. Madame de Malatesta was not indifferent to the effect she had produced, and spared nothing that should augment its force. In a very few days Wilhelm was almost installed at the Palazzo, and the Marchesa, who had no small musical talent, left all her other occupations to attend to music alone. This lasted nearly two years, in which time Wilhelm mastered all he ever knew.

Then it was, during those days of deep enchantment, that the poetry of that wondrous song of the great master was first revealed to the artist-lover. It was one evening in May, the moon had risen, and was pouring her white waves of light into the Marchesa's *boudoir*. The pale lady of his love was seated at a window which opened into a terrace filled with exquisitely perfumed flowers. Wilhelm was gazing at her, as he would often do for hours together, as though earth contained no other object. Suddenly, "Play something to me," said the Marchesa's soft tones; "your music suits so well with this lovely night."

The day before Wilhelm had listened to Rubini as he sang the *Adelaide*, of Beethoven, and the voice of the singer, and the words he sang, had sunk deep into the soul of the young musician, and awoke he scarcely knew what echoes in his breast. There was an inexpressible sadness, yet an irresistible charm in the effect produced upon him, and he almost feared to hear the magic notes again, whilst at the same time some power he could not resist compelled him to repeat them.

"*Questo è il canto mio,*" said the Marchesa when he had ended, "I am the Adelaide;" and her eyes looked winningly, and with a fatal tenderness, that set his very brain on fire, into the upturned eyes of the adoring boy.

Yet all this was to be as though it had never been! Seven years had passed, and the incense he once thought sacred to the one, was to be burned at the shrine of another.

This it was that made him unhappy whilst he sat close to Miss Carrington at the piano-forte. He had once again said, I love; but the feeling was not the same, and the conviction had come upon him that it never could return, and that such love as his had once been was for ever dead.

I have not the slightest intention of making a hero of Monsieur Donner, and therefore I will avow that he was chiefly led to wish himself in love with his fair pupil by the very prosaic consideration of her extremely handsome fortune. When she had talked to him (imprudently enough) of her exceeding distaste for her sister's warlike bridegroom, he began to reflect that possibly the reverse of the formidable Boleslav might find favour in her eyes. Two thousand a year—*cinquante mille francs de rentes!* would contribute probably, thought he (judiciously enough) to soften old regrets, and if not heal old wounds, at least help the possibility of flying from the remembrance of them in other and distant climes. Then, too, like a genuine son of art, there was the innate love of luxury without labour, and this could be largely satisfied by a marriage with Miss Carrington, whom he resolved never to call Adelaide as long as he lived! These reflections brought him to make the declaration, to which the young lady, as we know, replied, "Oh, Wilhelm!"

A declaration! yes, it was a commonplace, would-be sentimental declaration; such a one as is hackneyed, and will be hackneyed to the end of time. How different from the day when he had felt words could not render his sensations! No! Wilhelm saw that he had secured to himself the future enjoyment of a comfortable fortune, but he was anything but happy, and the second Adelaide had no part in the inspiration he owed to his passionate love for the first.

v.

BUT Mrs. Carrington! what would she say to this unheard-of project of her eldest daughter? Marry her music-master! why, it was positive ruin, disgrace—an utter abomination!

All this Adelaide felt must necessarily pass in her mother's mind, the moment she should become aware of what had occurred; and she was not without a certain degree of apprehension at the scene that was likely to be in store for her. She therefore determined to avoid the first explosion of maternal wrath by communicating with her respected parent in writing; and accordingly, before Mrs. Carrington's habitual hour of rising, a letter was put into her hand, which, when she had read it only half through, became the occasion of bell-rings without end.

"La! Miss Addy, what have you been and done to your blessed mamma?" exclaimed Mrs. Carrington's maid, who, having lived for five-and-twenty years with her mistress, took upon herself sometimes to sermonize the young ladies—"she is in such a fluster!"

"No, but is she very bad, Jones?" inquired Adelaide, who had met

the Abigail in a passage conducting to her mother's room : " what does she say ? "

" She says you 'll be the death of her, Miss Addy, and she says she must send off for Sir William directly."

" Sir William " was Mrs. Carrington's brother, a person much dreaded in the Parkfield household.

Here the colloquy was interrupted by the violent ringing of Mrs. Carrington's bell, at which sound Jones disappeared in an instant.

A few moments after, the fair Adelaide was summoned to her mother's apartment. She had hardly entered it when she encountered her sister, who made her appearance through another door.

" Oh, Julia ! my dearest child, come to me ! " exclaimed Mrs. Carrington in lamentable tones, and taking no direct notice of her elder daughter's presence, " come to witness the dreadful "——But here Julia interrupted her parent with the exceedingly irrelevant phrase of—

" Heavens ! mamma, what an odd figure you do look in that night-cap ! "

" Never mind my night-cap," retorted pathetically the afflicted lady, " but listen to the disgrace your elder sister has brought upon our whole family," and she proceeded to unfold to Julia's horrified ears, the tale of Miss Carrington's attachment to her music-master.

Now, I will admit, that Mrs. Carrington's night-caps were very extraordinary, and possessed of sundry frills which, set in motion by the rapid and energetic movements of her head, did bob up and down after the most exhilarating fashion. So ludicrous was the appearance of the irate lady, that Julia was not quite so serious as she should have been, and Adelaide gained courage for the fight.

" It is of no use, you know, mamma, sending for my uncle William," remarked Miss Carrington, " for I am of age, and independent."

This was true, for the larger portions of the fortunes of both sisters had been left them by their grandmother.

" Oh, you ungrateful, shocking girl ! " sobbed Mrs. Carrington ; " you unnatural creature ! I always feared this, and that was why I almost went on my knees to your father's silly, doting mother, to entreat her to alter her will ! "

" Very much obliged to you, mamma," murmured Adelaide, " and equally so to grandmamma for not following your advice."

" But what is to be done ? " inquired Julia, who had lost her subordinate position of a younger daughter in the glory of her avowed engagement with a man of royal extraction,— " what is to be done ? "

" Nothing in which you can be of any use, I should fancy," retorted angrily the indignant Adelaide.

" Try at least to respect in your sister," said Mrs. Carrington, " the person who, by her future position, can alone redeem our family from disgrace."

(Julia fondly pressed her mother's hand.)

" By marrying a hungry rebel," ejaculated Adelaide, " who only takes her for her money, and wants you all to think he is doing you a great honour."

The much-injured Julia contented herself with casting her eyes up to heaven, and murmuring, "*Boleslav !*" with a sort of ecstatic expression.

" For shame ! wretched girl, for shame ! " cried Mrs. Carrington,

“but such malignity cannot attain those who are placed upon too great a height to be reached by it.”

For more than an hour the conversation lasted between the three ladies, and at its end, Julia's original question as to what was to be “done,” was not much nearer its solution than at the beginning. Miss Carrington, basing her incontestable right to do what she chose upon the fact of her majority and her independent fortune, stoutly declared that she would marry no other than Monsieur Donner, and that if any attempt were made to inform him of what had passed, or to acquaint him with the resistance opposed to their union, she would quit the house, and take refuge with a certain old aunt in Hampshire, whose godchild she was, and who had been in the habit of spoiling her from her birth. At last, an agreement was entered into between the belligerents, that no notice of what had occurred should be taken to Donner, that he should finish his visit to Parkfield, *comme si de rien n'était*, but that Adelaide should wait, and not allow herself to dream of a marriage without her mother's consent. Upon these terms they parted, Mrs. Carrington resolving not to appear at the breakfast table, and the two sisters determined to speak to one another as little as possible. The “hungry rebel” lay at Julia's heart, and she formed all sorts of plans for giving her sister cause to remember it.

As soon as Mrs. Carrington had found courage to dress, and was, in a sufficiently becoming morning *négligé*, established upon her sofa in her dressing-room, she despatched a message to request the attendance of the formidable Count.

Boleslav made his appearance, fierce and warrior-like as ever, and Mrs. Carrington held out her hand languishingly to him as he entered.

When she had unburthened herself of her frightful load (Julia had been enjoined to preserve the strictest silence upon the subject) the old question came again: “What was to be done?” Thereat the doughty Boleslavsky did not seem so embarrassed as had been his precursors in the council; but his means were rather of the energetic order, and smacked strongly of his old calling.

“Dearest lady,” suggested he, giving a furious pull at his left mustachio, “the thing is very simple, *je m'encharge*. We need only to cast the base-blooded churl into the river—nothing can be easier.”

“Ah! my dear Count,” said Mrs. Carrington, with a tender smile (this martial ardour pleased her), “we are not, alas! in your own Arcadia, and in England, we should be accused of murder, and the law would ———”

“Law!” interrupted Boleslav, “who ever heard of law? why, the wretch is not noble, and can have no rights; if the law was ill-advised enough to meddle in the matter, we would receive its emissaries with horse-whips, and should they persist, I will undertake in three days to put Parkfield into a state of defence, and stand a siege of six weeks, at the end of which we can capitulate if it is thought advisable.”

Vainly did Mrs. Carrington represent to her future son-in-law that none of these means were possible in the humdrum land in which she had taken refuge (and whose worthy inhabitants chose to regard him and his followers as the martyrs of a *liberal* cause), the doughty chieftain could understand no other manner of proceeding, and these propositions being rejected, he had no others to suggest. The mildest of his remedies consisted in the immediate imprisonment of Adelaide in the

lowest of the house-cellars; and finding that no one single piece of his advice could by any possibility be adopted, it was not entirely without a slight degree of pique that he retired from his interview with his mama-in-law elect, observing that, if people would not profit by the councils that were offered to them, they must be prepared to submit to the consequences.

Upon his return from a walk he had taken that morning at early dawn, the object of all these discussions, M. Donner, was startled in one of the alleys of a thick beech-wood by the sudden appearance of a female figure, dressed in black. Twice she crossed his path, looked at him, and then passed on. The third time, however, instead of passing on, the figure stopped.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady (for lady she evidently was), "are you not Monsieur Donner, the musician of whom fame has spoken so highly?"

Donner bowed.

"Then allow me to request your company for a few seconds, and be kind enough to answer one or two questions I wish to make."

Donner could do no otherwise than acquiesce.

The appearance of the stranger was more imposing than prepossessing. She was tall and dark, and in her eagle-features and sallow skin, there was something that told a source of pride and poverty, of habits of command and of that species of privation which, on the other hand, is seldom allied but to submission. Her eye was bright and piercing, but it had a wistful look that seemed as though it distrusted those it rested on. Her lips were thin and compressed, and her whole countenance was expressive of singular energy. She was dressed entirely in black, and her attire was of that sort which betrays straitened means, combined with the knowledge of what *ought* to be worn.

"You were here last night," said she; "I tried to speak to you but could not."

"Then it was you whose shadow I saw upon the path?" remarked Wilhelm.

"Did you think that it was a ghost?" she rejoined with a smile that was almost contemptuous. "Not quite that!" and she laughed a loud, short, anything but gleesome laugh. "Tell me," she abruptly resumed, "have you not a foreign guest at yonder house? one who calls himself Count Bolealavsky?"

"The *Patriot* hero!" rejoined Donner, with something nearly akin to a sneer.

"Precisely so," was the reply: "he is about to become the husband of one of the daughters of your hostess, is he not?"

"He is, and that very soon," answered Donner.

He fancied his companion grew a shade paler.

"Do you know *when*?" she asked.

"I believe in a month, for the delay has only been occasioned by the circumstance of the bride's mother having decided that her daughter should not marry till she had completed her eighteenth year—now the festivities which are to celebrate this event take place in two days, on Thursday next, which is Mademoiselle Julie's birthday, and I believe, after that, the marriage is likely to be quickly solemnized."

"You said a month, just now," observed sharply the mysterious lady.

"That is the period I have heard assigned," replied Donner.

"A month!" she repeated, as though communing with herself, and then counting hurriedly on her fingers. "There is time," added she.

"And are this charming pair wrapt up in mutual adoration?" inquired the dark lady.

"Of that I can hardly judge," said Donner; "but I have heard it surmised that the Count is singularly enamoured of Mademoiselle Julia's two thousand a year."

"Which she might not enjoy very long, if she married him," observed his companion.

"But," suddenly inquired Donner, "you are a stranger here; what interest can all this have for you? Do you know Miss Carrington?"

"Perhaps."

"Or the Count?" he added.

"Perhaps," was again the reply.

They walked on for a few moments without speaking. At length—

"We must separate here," said the lady, "for I must not leave the cover of the wood—but—" she paused. "How long do you stay at Parkfield?"

"It is uncertain," answered her companion; "but, at all events, three weeks."

The strange visitant of these "woodland wilds" stood still, and fixed a scrutinising look upon the artist's countenance.

"It could do you no good whatever to speak of our interview," she recommenced, "and, therefore, I suppose if I tell you it is highly important it should remain a secret, I may probably rely upon your not divulging it."

"You may count upon my discretion," said Donner.

"Now listen to me," she rejoined; "take this paper," and she held out to him a small roll of paper she had taken from her pocket. "Oh! you need not be alarmed—it is not a compact with the devil which you will be called upon to sign—we are not playing *Robert le Diable*—you may unfold it—it is something quite in your way—it is music."

The astonished artist did unfold the paper in his hand, and found a page of music arranged for the pianoforte.

"There are no words to it," remarked the lady, "it does not need any; but promise me one thing; some day, when you can best study the effect that simple air may produce, *play it before Count Boleslao*—some day soon we may probably meet again, when you can relate to me the impression made by these few notes—for the present, adieu!" And with a wave of the hand, and a somewhat haughty bow, the mysterious lady vanished into one of the paths across the wood.

Donner stood for some moments reading over the piece of music in his hand, which seemed to him to be more like some wild species of dance than anything else. He folded it up, and hiding it in the breast of his coat, retraced his steps towards the house, determined to profit by the present that had been made him.

VI.

Two days after came the famous Thursday for which, as the happy anniversary of Julia Carrington's birth, such preparations had been made. As it was to mark the period when, according to her mother's

resolution, she might become the sharer in the honours of the house of Boleslavsky, it was to be invested with all the solemnity of a "coming of age." Oxen were to be roasted, barrels of ale to be broached, tenantry to be made to dance, poor to be fed, and county neighbours to be driven to die of envy.

The house was full of people, and each succeeding day brought fresh gaieties. One day that it had been proposed to witness the coursing of a hare by Lord Ellisholme's greyhounds (his lordship was in Mrs. Carrington's maternal provisions the husband elect of the fair Adelaide), the doughty Boleslav had gratified the whole company with an exhibition of his equestrian powers which transported the admiring Julia.

As they were turning out of a path that led through a copse into the lane by which they were to gain Parkfield, the Count's attention was arrested by the young cadet.

"Just look at that woman's head up in the elder tree," cried he. Boleslav stared, but discerned nothing.

"What nonsense!" retorted Julia. "Can't you see that she is leaning over Peter Fairbrother's garden wall, which is hidden from you by the elder tree through the branches of which she is looking?"

"But where?" repeated the Count. "I see nothing."

"Because you look the wrong way; but don't trouble yourself any more; she is gone now; she dropped down from the tree like a bunch of its own berries, and seemed to me every bit as black."

The next morning ushered in all the various festivities that had been decreed to take place, and when every species of rustic rejoicing had been exhausted, the politer portion of the Parkfield community prepared for its own particular gratification in a banquet and ball.

All the neighbours for twenty miles round had answered Mrs. Carrington's summons, and the ball promised to be brilliant. A genuine English country dance was insisted upon, but no one was to be found who could execute it. Those who knew anything about it were too old, and amongst the young none would avow ever having heard of such a thing. Quadrilles were substituted, but these in turn soon gave way to an almost uninterrupted succession of polkas and waltzes. Julia was enchanted, for in this style of dancing the Count was as great a proficient as in riding, and, of course, she allowed him to dance with none but her.

"How horridly ill these people play!" remarked Boleslav. "And what an absurd collection of polkas and waltzes they have! There is no possibility of dancing. I wish some one would just sit down to the piano, and play a reasonable waltz or two."

"Why don't you ask Donner to do so?" inquired his partner.

"Monsieur Donner," vociferated the Count, addressing the artist, who at this moment was standing at the opposite side of the room; "there is no dancing to this music—I wish you would play a waltz."

"I dance them sometimes, Monsieur le Comte," answered Wilhelm, "but never play them."

"He never plays anything when he's asked," muttered Boleslav, as a turn of the dance brought him nearer to Donner, who heard the remark.

The vexed musician reddened and bit his lip. At the end of the waltz he came up to the fierce Boleslav.

"If you can get up a mazurka," said he, "I will play for you, for I have a new one, which has never yet been heard."

Julia and her sister and the Miss O'Donnoghues, two Irish girls amongst the visitors at Parkfield, quickly managed to bring together the requisite number of gentlemen, and the four pair placed themselves in the centre of the room, the rest of the company arranging themselves so as to be spectators of the performance.

Donner took his place at the piano, the Count and Julia were nearly opposite to him. The artist's fingers wandered over the keys, and then, after a few preliminary chords, he commenced the mazurka of which he had spoken, and which was neither more nor less than the piece of music given to him so mysteriously two days before.

It was surely enough in the measure required for a mazurka. A wild, plaintive air, singular in the extreme, and of so very melancholy a nature that it seemed more fitted for a dirge than for a dance.

Donner had not got beyond the first few bars, when the effect foretold to him as to be produced upon the Count, had far surpassed anything he could have anticipated. Pale as ashes, with hair standing almost on end, Boleslav sprang towards the instrument, and dashing Wilhelm's hands from the keys—

"What in h—ll's name is that?" exclaimed he in a choking voice; "and where did you get it?"

The musician rose, and very calmly looked his agitated interrupter in the face. "Monsieur le Comte," said he, in a firm voice, "I had it from a lady."

"Where, when, how?" retorted Boleslav.

"Perhaps I may not choose to tell."

"Not choose!" ejaculated the Count, beside himself with rage. "Not choose!"

But here, all the world interposed between the two contending parties, and the *hero* became aware that he had gone too far—turning to those who were pressing round him—

"You cannot know," stammered he, "in what circumstances, under what pressure of distress, of danger, I have heard that air. Sometimes a mere sound, the memory of a beloved country, may be recalled to an exile, and her bleeding wounds be torn open afresh before him."

This was quite enough. Boleslav was *decidedly* a hero, and all the world was instinctively against Donner, who had been the occasion of hurting such fine sensibilities. Julia, having nothing to do, had fainted outright, and, before she had contrived to leave the ball-room, her sister had with treacherous haste cut her laces, affirming that they were dangerously too tight.

The gaiety of the evening was quite at an end, and the only thing for which every one seemed to find strength was the supper, to which justice was done, as though Monsieur Donner had never invented strange melodies which were to frighten honest folks "from their propriety."

Boleslav, nevertheless, could not take part in that which seemed to unite all the world, and, after tossing off three or four glasses of Champagne, he betook himself into the open air, and marched up and down the terrace with never a hat upon his head, repeating over and over to himself—

"A lady! it cannot be her! but who then can it be?"

The next day he was observed to be particularly gracious to Donner, and once or twice in the library during the morning and after dinner in

the drawing-room, he came up to him, conversed with him, and seemed in many ways inclined to raise him, after a fashion, to a degree of equality with himself.

Whether he obtained any reward for his pains or not, it would be hard to say, but it is to be concluded he did *not*, for at the end of a few days he relapsed into his former haughtiness, and recommenced behaving to Donner as he opined that a *gentleman* ought to behave to a man who gained his living by the exercise of an art.

The period when Donner's visit was to end had arrived, and he took his departure from Parkfield, still unaware that Adelaide had already spoken to her mother of an engagement which was now formally concluded between themselves. The day approached when Julia Carrington was to become Countess Boleslavsky, and the impatience of the bridegroom increased with each succeeding hour.

At length everything was positively settled. The bridesmaids were named, and the marriage dress of the fair bride had been already an object of admiration and envy to the privileged few who had seen it.

Mrs. Carrington and her daughters were to go to town three or four days before the ceremony to their house in Cavendish-square, and thence the happy couple were to start for a tour through Scotland.

The evening before their departure for London, the inmates of Parkfield, consisting only of the family themselves and the young cadet, were sitting cosily round the library fire, listening to the howling of the wind, as it blustered among the branches of the high trees.

"You sadly want some owls here, aunt," remarked the cadet; "the rooks only make a row by day, but the hoo-hooing of an owl or two would not be amiss on such nights as this."

"Talk of owls!" remarked the Count. "Why you never saw one—you should go to my country to see owls—if you once saw them in my forests at Hkerakkhramkhretch! or heard them in the towers of my old feudal domain of Knockerlockerbocker, you would never talk of your owls again."

"Ah!" sighed Julia; "how I should delight in seeing your *ancestral halls!*" and she cast a languishing glance at the Count.

"And you shall do so some day," rejoined Boleslav, "some day when we are free."

"Or that you decide upon accepting the benefits of a general amnesty," whispered the wicked cadet to his cousin Adelaide, who seemed to agree with him.

"Kings have sat at the dining-tables of my fathers as equals," continued Boleslav.

"And subjects been hanged at the postern gate, I dare say," murmured again the graceless stripling.

"The crown worn by one of my ancestors has left a jewel in our possession," said the Count.

"The cadet was about to observe that this was a novel mode of characterising what he felt inclined to denominate a theft, when the entrance of the butler interrupted the conversation.

"If you please, ma'am," said the softly-spoken, softly-shod domestic, "there are some people without who say they must speak to you, that it is upon business of pressing consequence, and that it cannot be put off."

"Who and what are they?" began the Count; "lock them up, and tell them to wait till to-morrow."

"Patience, my dearest Boleslav," said smilingly Mrs. Carrington. "What do they want, Simmons?"

"I can't find out, ma'am," replied the butler; "they are three of them wrapped up in cloaks, but there is only one who asks to see you. He is rather respectable looking than otherwise."

"Well," said Mrs. Carrington, "it might be as well to let him in here, and hear what he wants."

The butler departed, bearing the order to admit the man.

"It looks actually quite like an adventure," observed Julia.

In a few moments the door was opened, and a person entered who certainly had nothing remarkable, either one way or the other, in his appearance. He was not exactly a gentleman, and yet had no evident marks of belonging to the inferior classes of society. He bowed on entering the library, and advancing towards the lady of the house,

"I have the honour of addressing Mrs. Carrington, I believe."

That lady bowed.

"These young ladies are your daughters, madam, I presume."

"They are, sir," replied Mrs. Carrington, beginning to feel more and more surprised.

"Then, I think, madam, that for what I have to say, it might be as well if I were to beg these young ladies to withdraw, or even if I were to entreat the favour of a few moments' private conversation with you alone."

"This is my nephew, Mr. James Carrington, sir," said Mrs. Carrington, "and this my future son-in-law, Count Boleslavsky; I can hear nothing apart from their presence; and indeed it is out of pure good-nature that I have consented to receive your visit at all ——"

The stranger interrupted her.

"That which I have to say," observed he, "it is perfectly indispensable that you should hear, but it is indispensable for no one else; therefore I leave it to your choice, madam, who shall assist at our conference."

Mrs. Carrington was resolved not to leave herself without the support of her two protectors, and her daughters insisted, with the curiosity natural to them, upon also remaining present.

"Well, then," said the strange visitor, "since you will have it so, so be it; it is not my fault if much pain is inflicted. Madam," he continued, turning round, and looking Mrs. Carrington full in the face, "this gentleman, whom you call Count Boleslavsky, and who really is so, cannot marry your daughter."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Carrington, indignantly.

Julia screamed. Boleslav started to his feet with an oath.

"Hallo!" cried the cadet.

Adelaide said nothing.

"I repeat it," resumed the stranger, "your daughter cannot be the wife of Count Boleslavsky."

"And why, if you please?" inquired James Carrington.

"Because he is married already," answered the man.

Both the sisters screamed this time, and Mrs. Carrington fell back in her chair. Boleslav was pale as death.

"There is the marriage certificate," pursued the stranger, laying a

paper upon the table before young Carrington, who eagerly seized upon it.

"Julia, my life!" ejaculated the Count, darting off to the side of his fainting bride, and beginning to have recourse to *les grands moyens*, "it is all false—she is dead!"

Julia opened her eyes and began to breathe.

"It is true," continued the Count, "I had, in thoughtless youth, entered into a union, which I concealed from you because I would not, could not tell you, that you, my angel, were not the only woman to whom I had ever breathed words of love. There lies my fault."

"And she is dead?" faltered Julia.

"She died five years ago."

"She is so far from dead," interposed the stranger, "that here she is!" and, opening the library door, he gave admittance to the dark lady we have already met once before.

The confusion may be conceived, not described.

"Monster!" thundered Boleslav, darting towards the new-comer with uplifted hand.

"Back, you ruffian, you!" cried young Carrington, seizing the Count's arm, and forcing him to a safer distance from the object of his wrath.

She stood still, cold and fearless, eyeing her husband, since so he was, with withering scorn and bitter hate.

"Five years ago!" said she, repeating his own words; "yes, five years ago, after all my wealth had been squandered by the man who had stolen me from my parents, with promises of a love in which I was mad enough to believe, I was thrown by him into a dungeon, whence I only escaped some few weeks since, when the barbarous misrule of a few feudal chieftains was overthrown, and replaced by the lawful authority against which they had rebelled. This is your hero! this your patriot!" she continued, turning to the group of horror-struck faces round her, and, pointing with really majestic gesture to her guilty husband, "look at him now," exclaimed she, "and say whether you find any traces of a hero there!"

It would be useless entering into the further details of the scene that took place. Faintings, tears, hysterics, were of course intermingled with curses, imprecations, and horrid oaths. Vows of vengeance were all that were left to the enraged Count, for he had been too suddenly confronted with the truth; the living fact had risen up too palpably before him, to have given him, even for an instant, the resource of denial. He stood there, an accused, convicted criminal.

So much for the Patriot!

"Thank God! I never let one into my house," when he heard the story, said the much-dreaded Sir William.

VII.

THE tale was true in every detail; but how, it may be asked, did this buried wife jump up all at once to confound her felon lord? A few words will suffice to explain. When feudal castles were once more in the possession of the sovereign authority, and the victims of arbitrary private power were set free, the wife of the hero Boleslavsky found her

way into the upper air, and was released from the dungeon, where, for five years, the Count had thought proper to have her shut up, giving forth to the world the report of her death. The Countess's first thought, upon recovering her liberty, was to rejoin her faithless husband, and this, it may be supposed, out of hate, not love. She easily discovered his place of refuge; and about three weeks before the commencement of our story, she arrived in London, where the news of the amiable Boleslav's projected marriage was one of the first announcements that awaited her. To prevent this union was of course her instant desire; but she had no proofs of her being herself his lawful wife. Time would be required; but, after consulting a man of law, to whom she had applied, immediate steps were taken for procuring the documents necessary to prove her statement.

The lawyer to whom she had addressed herself, and who gave her his opinion and assistance in exchange for the musical instruction she agreed to give his daughter, was really in the main a good sort of man, and took a certain degree of interest in the Countess's affairs. When the necessary papers were received, Mr. Singleton, accompanied by his eldest son, consented to go down with his much-injured client to Parkfield, where we have witnessed their arrival and its result.

Meanwhile, the Countess herself had paid constant visits to the neighbourhood of Mrs. Carrington's abode, lodging in first one village and then another, and taking every opportunity of watching the exact progress of the Count's matrimonial scheme. Thus it was that she had waylaid Monsieur Donner, and that James Carrington had caught sight of her looking through the branches of an elder-tree, in order to obtain a good view of her rival, the unsuspecting Julia. The piece of music she had given to Donner was, she knew, calculated to drive the Count half out of his mind, should he hear it, from the mere circumstance of its being quite impossible that any one could have procured it but through her means. It was an air composed by herself, and with which, played upon her harp. on the night she left her father's home, she had given to Boleslav the signal that all was ready for their elopement. None knew this air but her, and, during the two years when not having yet obtained entire mastery over her fortune, it suited the Count to feign some remainder of affection for his wife, he had been wont to beg of her sometimes to let him hear his favourite melody. She knew full well that the sound of this air must suggest to the Count frightful reflections as to the possibility of her existence, and for that reason she had communicated it to Donner.

On the other hand, the impatience of the formidable Boleslav to call Julia his lawful wife, was to be ascribed to a cause of the most simple and prosaic nature—money. He had borrowed largely and at enormous interests, and the time for the *mauvais quart d'heure* was rapidly approaching, when, if he could not pay with his purse, he would be forced to pay with his person. As we know, this diabolical *quart d'heure* came, and in a shape most horrible. What happened with the hero, his debts, and his wife, none of the Parkfield family ever cared to inquire; complete oblivion was the only thing to be desired in this most disastrous case of misdirected "hero-worship!"

In proportion as her younger daughter decreased in Mrs. Carrington's esteem (for the excellent lady accused her alone of all the misfortune) so did her elder one regain some of the favour she had lost. The term,

'hungry rebel,' was remembered with complacency, as having been a proof of discernment, and *faute de mieux*, Donner was regarded with indulgence when compared with the fearful criminality of the Count.

Julia was, of course, seized by severe illness, and many people were uncharitable enough to believe that what she regretted most was the right that had been so suddenly denied her, of wiping her eyes on a coroneted pocket-handkerchief. As soon as her health would admit of her being removed, the disappointed mamma and her "dear girls" set off for the Continent, that universal panacea for damaged hearts or damaged pockets. Donner was half admitted by the unfortunate Mrs. Carrington to be the future spouse of the obstinate Adelaide, *qui n'en démordait pas*, and he was to join the party at Ems, with the first breath of spring. To Ems, accordingly, they went, and from Ems they all migrated together to Baden-Baden.

Baden delighted both Adelaide and the sentimental Julia, and, indeed, the latter, forgetful of her "disappointment," consented to dance, and went so far as to accord waltz after waltz to half the hereditary princes of Germany. Donner, too, was mightily *fêté*, and it caused no small satisfaction to Miss Carrington to witness the way in which more than one crowned head even had paid its tribute of admiration to the young and really talented artist. But Mrs. Carrington's tribulations were not at an end. She had, as we know, conceived a dreadful jealousy of the Marchesa di Malatesta on account of one daughter's *adorateur*, and now she was made to remember that Boleslav was not the only person likely to be connected with her who had owned the power of the Marchesa's charms; but that Donner had been one of her most famous victims, for, as luck would have it, hardly had the fated family been fixed in their very handsome and comfortable lodgings in Baden than Mrs. Carrington was greeted with the news of the Marchesa's arrival. She was, too, pleasantly *installée*, and had too loudly given out her delight at every thing around her to admit of her making her escape, and therefore she was reduced to the necessity of meeting the Marchesa, though she was determined nothing should induce her *here* to invite her inside her doors; and so the season wore on till the last days of September. Now in Baden-Baden, you might have fancied yourself in London or Paris, and one evening at a party at the Princess Maltzikoff's there were assembled a vast number of our old acquaintance. Amongst others there sits Lady Mantering, and see, the gentleman who takes his seat beside her is once more Count Henry O'Connor. (Count Henry's father was an officer in the Austrian service, and made a Count by the Emperor Francis.)

"*Enchanté, milady,*" exclaimed the Count, taking his seat, "one may imagine oneself in the height of the season, as your newspapers call it, and I can fancy that those windows open upon Hyde Park."

"*Grand merci, Count*—I am very glad they do not. I infinitely prefer the view of the *See-lage* to any thing between Apsley House and Cumberland Gate; but I will tell you where one may fancy oneself again without any great effort of imagination; and that is at the famous concert that ridiculous old Carrington woman gave to make Donner play against Blitz. All the *dramatis personæ* are here; there are the Carrington people, and the Marchesa, and old Katzenhaupt, and Donner, and, in short, every one except Blitz."

"Pray is it true," asked the Count, "that the eldest Miss Carrington is going to marry that pianoforte player?"

"Oh! don't ask me," replied Lady Mannering, with an air of disgust; "we are all mad, and these foreigners have *beau jeu* in laughing at us as they do—I had a letter from my sister Emma this morning, and only think the news she gives me! Ellisholme has actually married Zéphirine the opera-dancer!"

"And you are surprized?" inquired her neighbour, "*vous êtes bien bonne*—but hush! there is Donner at the piano."

The musician sat down, and certainly by his performance amply merited every enlogium that was poured out upon him at its conclusion. The Marchesa, this time attired in the deepest sable hue, and her head wrapped round with a veil of black lace, sat *nonchalamment* ensconced in a capacious arm-chair, and seemed to pay attention to no one. Suddenly—

"*Cara mia*," said the Princess Maltzikoff, addressing Madame de Malatesta across the room, "did you ever hear anything half so beautiful?"

"Oh! yes—often!" was the reply given in a drawing tone.

"Did you ever hear him before?" asked the Princess.

"He is a very old friend of mine," added Madame de Malatesta.

"Why, Monsieur Donner," cried the Princess, turning to the artist, who was standing near talking to some ladies, "you never told me that you knew"

"Oh! *ma chère*," interrupted the Marchesa, fixing upon the artist a look peculiarly her own, but scarcely bending her head into a bow, "I dare say, Monsieur Donner has forgotten me—it is so long since we met!"

Wilhelm turned pale, then red, and could barely stammer out an intelligible reply. She was lovelier, but more strange than ever.

When the party was over, and the guests were departing, the Marchesa came up to Donner, and with a grace nothing could withstand,—

"Monsieur Donner," said she, "I have to-morrow evening a few friends; will you do me the favour to join them? I shall be truly happy to receive you, *chez moi*."

The next day, 25th of September, was fixed for the departure of the Carringtons from Baden-Baden. They were to start at midnight to join at Leopoldshafen the boat that passed at day-break down the Rhine. Donner promised to be at their door at twelve o'clock, or if not, to rejoin them at dawn on board the steamer.

The night was lovely, the moon threw her soft silver mantle tenderly over every object, and the dew hung its pearls upon every leaf, and every flower. There was no wind save just enough to waft fragrant exhalations of the fair earth through every opened casement; and the only sound was that of the eve-jar's solitary note in the dark fir woods on the brow of the hill.

The Marchesa's guests were not numerous, but they were chosen, and rarely had Donner enjoyed a triumph so perfectly gratifying to his vanity as that which awaited him on this night.

One by one the guests dropped off, and Wilhelm took up his hat, and made his bow, for he saw he had outstayed every one, and was alone with the mistress of the house.

The Marchesa was seated at a window that opened into a terrace filled with flowers.

"Are you so hurried," said she, "that you cannot play something for *me* only? Something that may recall my far distant Italy." Wilhelm was again at the piano—and from his fingers fell the first notes of the one eternal melody.

"Oh! the days of his early youth! are they come again? Is *this* an illusion?"

How each tone seems a voice of the very inmost heart! With what melancholy and passionate tenderness each note is fraught! This time the Marchesa seems fascinated, for she rises, and coming forward, leans upon the pianoforte, her head resting upon her clasped hands.

Twelve o'clock strikes, but the artist hears it not.

The melody draws to its close—she has never yet looked at Wilhelm: slowly she raises her eyes at the approach towards the last few phrases, and murmurs.

"*E questo il canto mio!*"

The musician trembles; he has forgotten all save the dreams of his early youth, and as the few last lingering notes escape from his fingers.

"Adelaide!" exclaims he wildly, and sinks at the feet of the enchantress.

Mrs. Carrington and her "girls," embarked alone upon the *Gross Herzog von Baden* steamer, and wondered where on earth that "tire-some creature Donner" could be

Et de deus!

"Well, aunt," said James Carrington, when he saw his charming relatives return home; "neither pianists nor patriots, say I, but a plain, honest, upright John Bull, who pays the king's taxes without grumbling, and can keep improper people at their distance for all they may have the "evil eye."

LUCY NEAL.

"*I was born in Alabama,*" &c.

ΒΑΡΜΙΑ me genuit, dominus mihi nomine Delus,
 Flava puella illi Lucia Neala fuit.
 Me quasi suspectum furem male vendidit ille,
 Et procul à patriâ victima raptus eram.
 Lucia prædulcis, si nunc mihi Lucia adesses,
 Huic tumido cordi gaudia quanta dares!
 Nigrorum in choreâ præluxit Lucia saltans,
 Ipsa puellarum Lucia prima fuit.
 Gossipium carpens errare solebat in agris,
 Lucia ibi primum visa et amata mihi.
 Lucia confecta est morbo (dolor heu mihi quantus!)
 Languenti sed opem non medicina tulit.
 Nuntia mox nigro mihi venit epistola signo,
 Hei mihi ter misero, Lucia mortua erat!
 Abrepta est, eheu! sed pectore vulnus inhæret,
 Et mihi vivit adhuc Lucia corde meo.
 Decursu vitæ quum mortis imagine cingar,
 Vox dabit ima sonum, Lucia cara, Vale.
 Lucia prædulcis, si nunc mihi Lucia adesses,
 Huic tumido cordi gaudia quanta dares!

CHARLES DE LA PRYME.

EMMA AND EGINARD.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

“Voilà le gracieux recit sur lequel se sont fondés tous les contes, tous les poèmes, tous les drames dont cette aventure a été le sujet.”—GUIZOT.

“Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt !”

Ho, butler mine ! the goblet bring,
And cross the brim with mystic wine !
Ho, Muses Nine ! on airy wing
Descend, and weave the fiery line !
Ho, gallant Pen ! run merrily, and fling me forth a strain,
Right worthy of the noble theme that warms within my brain,
Of that great King of Christendom, the glorious Charlemagne !

Lord of the frozen Baltic, Lord of the German pines,
Lord of Italian valleys, and mountains thick with vines,
That look on Spanish headlands, where the dying day declines !

A thousand years are past and gone, yet long may poets sing,
What, to the base mechanic ear, much wonder yet may bring,
How the illustrious Charlemagne was “every inch a king !”

For nine foot four*

He stood on the floor

(He couldn't of course have come in by the door) ;
And his toes, if you counted them, came rather more
Than the average number that gentlemen wore,
Even then, and we know there were giants of yore !

While, as for his sabre,

'Twould cost you less labour

To “put” the big stone or go “tossing the caber,”
Than vainly strive to poise and swing
The terrible blade of the strong old king !

His own right hand,

Alone in the land,

Might wield in the battle that ponderous brand,

Whose ruthless edge,

So legends allege

(Myself to that same I'd be sorry to pledge),

Could cleave a stout foeman of infidel breed

Through turban and breast-plate, thigh, saddle, and steed ;

* M. Gaillard (tom. iii. p. 372) fixes the true stature of Charlemagne (see a dissertation of Marquard Freher ad calcem Eginhart) at about six feet one inch and a quarter English measure. The romance writers have increased it to eight feet (French) ; and the giant was endowed with matchless strength and appetite. At one stroke of his good sword *Joyeuse*, he cut asunder a horseman and his horse ; at a single repast he devoured two fowls, a goose, and a quarter of mutton.—*Notes to GIBBON*, chap. xlix.

A feat which his aides-de-camp all were agreed
 Was a capital way of confuting his creed!
 Now, cracking the poll
 Seems, on the whole,
 But a roundabout way of assisting the soul;
 Charlemagne didn't think so, and couldn't control
 His zeal for the Church when him listed unrol
 Her orthodox flag,
 And continued to brag
 Of multiplied converts brought safely to bag;
 Of Saxon and Saracen,
 Sent up to Paris, on
 Purpose to have them baptized by the garrison,
 Or church'd in a way that was quick by comparison;
 'Till superfine saints look'd immensely mysterious,
 And the clergy pronounced him 'decidedly serious.'

 Yet, woe to the great!
 Since Envy and Fate
 Have always conspired to libel their state:
 Charlemagne, it is written in all of his lives,
 Own'd a very extensive assortment of wives.
 Some say three or four,
 Some a dozen or more,
 Which others in charity raise to a score;
 So, seeing in fact
 One can't be exact,
 Our muse has discover'd a sad want of tact,
 In placing us all in a painful dilemma,
 To choose a mamma for the beautiful Emma.

No matter! such scandal we ought to forget;
 Why cloud the name of the sweet brunette?
 Enough to know
 That, years ago,
 A thousand at least—but chronology's low—
 The exquisite eyes of the princess, our heroine,
 Each gentleman's breast had at least put one arrow in!
 As well they might,
 For a pair so bright,
 Set off with so charming a figure and height,
 Don't flash every day, which is lucky and right,
 Or Wakley'd be sitting from morning to night!
 And e'en in those days—for my tale, you're aware,
 Dates back to the time when all maidens were fair,
 And enchanted princesses weren't any way rare;
 When Haroun was ruling in sunny Bagdad,
 And all for the asking might beauty be had—
 Even then there was not, on the world-wide horizon,
 A star like our Emma whom all set their eyes on!

Swaggering captains, cased in plate,
 Snorted sighs through helmet-grate ;
 She liked them well—but bade them wait.

Velvet courtiers, trim and neat,
 Pour'd their sorrows at her feet ;
 She liked them too—they smelt so sweet.

Sovereign princes fared no better ;
 None could link the golden fetter ;
 She only “ wish'd that they might get her.”

“ It was awkward to choose,
 It was hard to refuse ! ”
 In short, her vagaries, that puzzle the muse,
 Made many a gent
 Express an intent
 (Which something would always occur to prevent)
 Of easing his mind by a desperate suicide,
 And poking a carving-knife privately through his hide !

Now, the fiery Charlemagne,
 I need scarcely explain,
 After all that I 've said, had a pious disdain
 Of every accomplishment idle and vain ;
 Spoke lightly of crochet, held worsted work low,
 And dancing a vanity, music no go ;—
 And loved to declare,
 That a jewel so rare
 Deserved to be set with unusual care,
 For some brother-monarch to win and to wear !

Said he, “ With your boarding-school simper and starch
 I cannot and will not away ;
 My daughter shall trip it in Intellect's march,
 A trifle ahead of her day !
 Her dawning mind shall not be fill'd
 By any bleak old woman ;
 I 'll have her drill'd by a tutor skill'd
 In learning quite uncommon !
 Logic and Latin, and Greek, may be,
 Shall my own young chaplain teach her ;
 For he is a scholar of strange degree,
 And withal a wonderful preacher.
 He reads by night, and he reads by day,
 Both Gradus and Delectus ;
 And she shall learn more, ere her years be a score,
 Than you 'd put in a short prospectus !
 So train her and teach her, my chaplain true,
 Much learning grave and stately ;
 For I were full fain that her scholarly strain,
 Should make men marvel greatly ! ”

Ho, chivalrous Macaulay !
 A boon, my liege, I claim :
 You 've puzzled us so sorely,
 That you can't refuse the same !
 Ho ! did our fathers bully
 Their chaplains with such glee,
 As you paint, so very coolly,
 In your famous Chapter III ?
 Did each man keep a curate,
 For his own especial snubbing,
 At such a very poor rate
 As a ten-pound note with grub in ?
 To fetch and to carry,
 And trundle a barry,
 And never to marry,
 And live in a garret
 On cow-beef and carrot ;
 Nail up the plums, and say grace like a parrot ;
 And dub him ' young Levite ?'
 Stuff ! who 's to believe it ?
 Our Quarterly heretics will not receive it !
 They swear you 've perverted
 What Eachard asserted ;
 And craftily told 'em
 What isn't in Oldham ;
 So, as to the scales, I 'd be sorry to hold 'em !
 I 've only to say
 That, in Charlemagne's day,
 Good people knew better, and loved to display
 Their zeal for the Church in a liberal way ;
 And blew out their chaplains with punch and tokay,
 And cramm'd them with turtle and doubled their pay,
 Delighted to see them both portly and gay !
 But pray don't suppose
 That here I propose
 To paint a fat priest with a jolly red nose,
 And a corpulent belly and corns on his toes !
 No ! out on the bard
 Who could ever be hard
 On that model pet-parson—the dear Eginard !

O, Tea-tables of Cheltenham !
 O, spinster Saints of Bath !
 What interest you 'd have felt in him ;
 How throng'd his primrose path !
 For his words were, oh, so silky ;
 And his doctrine, oh, so milky ;
 And never, in a shrill key,
 Did he shriek out horrid things !
 But so blandly he 'd entreat you,
 So benignly half way meet you,
 That, really, in his seat you
 Saw an angel without wings !

And he did as other men did,
 Lest the weak should be offended ;
 And, if he now and then did
 Awhile unbend the springs
 Of life, and, waxing jolly,
 Strike up with " Nix my dolly,"
 People said it was no folly

In a chaplain of the King's !
 They say " a little learning
 Is a dangerous sort of thing : "
 Which useful hint returning,
 The muse begs leave to sing,
 That a very little tutoring
 May work a man more woe,
 Than all the downright suitoring
 He 'll ever undergo !
 If you doubt it or deny it,
 Choose a cousin bright and young ;
 For a fortnight fairly try it ;
 Teach her some outlandish tongue :
 Teach her Sanscrit,—teach her magic,
 Teach her anything you know,
 'Till you find your tone grow tragic,
 And your bosom toss and glow ;
 'Till you groan out ghastly adjectives
 in whispers hoarse and low ;
 'Till your friends crack jokes ironic ;
 'Till you feel a weary wish
 For a whiff of gas carbonic,
 Cooked in a charcoal dish :
 'Till in short you learn how lightly
 Is the human heart divine
 Fenced against eyes that brightly,
 Alas, too brightly, shine !
 So shall you feel due sympathy
 For our reverend young beau,
 If mazed in Cupid's dim path, he
 Shall chance at last on woe.
 But, how he fared with Emma's eyes,
 We leave to Part the Second ;
 Wherein his cast of blank or prize
 Shall all be duly reckoned.

PART THE SECOND.

Dear Alma Mater ! as in duty bound,
 I love thy grey old walls !—I love to tread
 Thy voiceless cloisters, and to hear the sound
 Of my slow foot-fall echo over-head.

I love the sacred stream that floats around
 Those palaces of the immortal dead !
 We spoke of mathematics, and I am
 At once—in heart at least—beside the Cam !

To me, it's idle ooze recalls a time
 When one look'd out so bravely on the world ;
 When hearts were free to fight, and hands to climb
 Its difficult heights, and thence to fling unfurl'd
 The banner of their thought ; that young sublime !
 Alas, how tamely, in a nutshell curl'd,
 Sleeps all its fiery promise ! Yes—of late,
 Enthusiasm's rather out of date !

We keep it bottled for a Pope's Aggression,
 Or grand new Cosmopolitan Bazaar ;
 Perhaps its force increases by compression :
 And now I really wonder where we are ?
 The man who can unravel this digression,
 And tell me how I ever stray'd so far
 From aught and all in Part the First recorded,
 Shall find himself most handsomely rewarded.

And so—to proceed :
 Never, indeed,

Was a royal phenomenon train'd with such speed ;
 For, long ere the sweet little princess was twenty,
 She 'd carol off, slick, the whole *As in præsentis*,
 Had a competent knowledge of *Propria quæ*
Maribus, and much learning of lesser degree ;
 So kindly, in short, did she take to her tutor,
 She 'd really no time to encourage a suitor :
 While her own royal father,
 Who, somehow, was rather
 Behind with his writing, and hadn't got farther
 Than high-shoulder'd pot-hooks, dropp'd in, now and then,
 And became, by and by, quite a dab at his pen,
 Though others maintain,
 He tried, might and main,
 That useful accomplishment ever to gain ;*
 And haunted a school at the end of the lane,
 Disguised as an elderly spinster so plain,
 Six lessons to take, and it all was in vain
 That he cramp'd his four fingers and puzzled his brain,
 For trounced as a booby was haughty Charlemagne !

Well ! it seems that the day,
 Between teaching and play,
 Imperceptibly glided so quickly away,
 That our exquisite tutor was forced to propose
 To borrow a slice from the hours of repose :

* Eginard, in the biography of his royal patron, very frankly avows, "*tentabat et scribere . . . sed parum prospere successit labor præposterus et sero inchoatus !*"

And, as teaching by night,
 By the merry lamp light,
 In a lady's boudoir isn't orthodox quite,
 And as Emma's apartment, so fragrant and gay,
 Lay across the court-yard—in short over the way;
 Involving some nice points of ingress and egress, he
 Thought it high time for a dim bit of secrecy.
 So, pointing out clearly
 The day wasn't nearly
 So handy—if even for star-gazing, merely—
 He proceeded to hint that, as folks would be shock'd
 If he chanced to stay late and in consequence knock'd
 People up, when the castle was all double-lock'd,
 He meant to crawl out
 Of his window,—no doubt,
 He should very well find his way down by the spout :
 And, if she'd let him in, why there wasn't a doubt
 Her progress in Science would amply repay
 For an ocean of obstacles braved by the way !

“ O shocking imprudence ! ” I hear you exclaim :
 “ How could she, how dare she ? oh, fie and for shame !
 How can Mr. Bentley permit you to edit
 Such scandal ? ” I've only to say that I read it,
 In Lauresheim's Annals,—they're quoted by Guizot,*
 Whose remarks on the subject I trust will appease you.

Heavily swayed the midnight bell,
 Counting slow its ponderous knell ;
 Where through the lattice a taper had shone,
 Lattice was open and taper was gone :
 For the slim Eginard
 Hath tied a knot hard
 In his reverend garters—the lattice unbarr'd,
 And spun like a monkey-man into the yard ;
 And, crawling and creeping,
 And craftily peeping
 This way and that, though good people were sleeping,
 Warm in their beds,
 Nor troubling their heads
 For a larkly chaplain over the leads ;
 He gains the boudoir,
 Taps at the door,
 And—there let us leave him, till day-break, once more,
 Dawns grey through the darkness on turret and shore !

Merrily chimed the matin bell,
 At six o'clock in the morning :
 It broke up a loving and learned spell,
 With its unmistakable warning ;

* Histoire de la Civilization en France, ii. 219.

The tutor so grave and the pupil so shy
 Just peep'd out once at the frosty sky,
 As people will do, before wishing 'good-bye,'

As a hint that it 's time to be going :
 When poor Eginard, with a dismal cry,
 Shriek'd, " Saints protect us—oh, my eye !
 But here 's a kettle of fish to fry ;

I 'm shot if it hasn't been snowing !
 The ground 's as white as white can be ;
 They 'll track my steps—it 's up to your knee :
 They 'll hunt me home with a villainous din,
 'Twill be no use saying, you shan't come in !
 They 'll chop my head off—close at the chin ;
 And hammer it up at the gates to grin !

Saints on high,
 Look down and try
 If you couldn't, for once, let a gentleman fly ?
 A pair of wings and a tail to match,
 Across the yard, and never a batch
 Of candles blazed on an altar yet
 Like those for which I 'll be in your debt ! "

But never a word
 From Saint he heard :
 It was clear that they thought it extremely absurd
 Of a good beast to make an indifferent bird.
 He felt before, and he felt behind,
 But nothing unusual there could he find :
 The startled princess wish'd him flown ;
 It was very unpleasant to hear him groan :
 At last she thought of a plan of her own.

" Listen to me, my tutor dear ! "
 Said she ; " there 's really nothing to fear :
 One thing 's clear,
 You can't stay here,
 'Till the beak and the feathers you talk of appear !
 Why, you mightn't be fledged by the end of the year !
 Jump on my shoulders !—it 's not very far ;
 I'll carry you over ; and—there you are !
 My tiny print shall scarcely break
 The carpet of the crisping flake ;
 And, if perchance my track be known,
 The trace is mine and mine alone ;
 Scandal's self must own that here,
 Your innocence, at least, is clear.
 No trifling, pray,
 The only way
 To save us both is to do as I say :
 If Dian the chaste
 (Do, please, make haste),
 Could carry a beau on her shoulder braced,

Why shouldn't I?—
 At all events, try!
 It's no use your flapping—you never can fly!"

Small was the need
 For the lady to plead;
 For the chaplain was very much frighten'd, indeed,
 And jump'd on her shoulders with singular speed;
 Begg'd her to trot;
 Cried that his lot
 Was a great deal too hard—he'd be hung on the spot;
 Now, couldn't she canter?—it wasn't so hot!

The poor little princess was doing her best;
 She stumbled on, with a panting breast:
 (I wish I'd been there;
 'Tis vain to declare
 How hard I'd have kick'd the unmannerly bear!)
 Stoutly and safely she carried him through,
 'Till he clutch'd the string of his garters true;
 Then kindly watch'd the lubberly lout,
 Breaking his shins on the bricks and the spout;
 Stopping half-way for a sprawl and a shout,
 And yelling to know what the Saints were about,
 To leave a man dangling in æther and doubt?
 And so she watch'd and watch'd, until
 She watch'd him over the window-sill.
 Then, flush'd and breathless, homeward fled
 The sweet princess, and only said,
 "To judge by the way my dear tutor takes wing,
 Learning is doubtless a dangerous thing!"

PART THE THIRD.

Charlemagne sat in his window,
 A-drinking early purl;
 Twelve barbers stood behind him,
 The royal wig to curl;
 Twelve paladins were kneeling
 Around him in a ring;
 Twelve trumpeters were pealing
 At once, "God save the King!"
 Twelve courtiers took their places,
 The royal jokes to praise;
 To hand the royal braces,
 Or lace the royal stays.

All of a sudden he starts from his chair;
 The very wig-royal flew straight in the air,
 As he stagger'd and shouted, "Good gracious! look there!
 Look, gentlemen, Look!!"

If the Exeter mail
 Had run over the tip of Beelzebub's tail,
 Accidentally drunk and asleep on the rail,
 Not Nick the Satanic,
 In pain and in panic,
 Had bounced up with symptoms so loud and galvanic,
 Or hurl'd such a broadside at stoker and guard,
 As the furious Charlemagne at our poor Eginard !
 And indeed, though a moralist, captious and slow,
 Might have fancied his expletives rather *de trop* ;
 And prayed him, in nautical language, to " stow "
 Certain pithy imperatives ;— such a tableau
 As a talented daughter, full trot through the snow,
 With, perch'd on her shoulder, a dandy young beau,
Was rather what Cockneys define as a " go ! "

The courtiers grew
 Excessively blue ;
 They didn't know what upon earth to do.
 If pulling long faces,
 With frightful grimaces,
 Were anyway useful in keeping their places,
 Theirs were at least on a durable basis ;
 For they thump'd their breasts and roll'd their eyes,
 And fill'd the roof with their dismal cries ;
 Nay, one was seen,
 His shrieks between,
 Indulging in anguish more dreadly serene,
 For he buried his face in the tail of his coat,
 And stuff'd his handkerchief down his throat !

Sharp thunder'd the King,
 " Ho, gentlemen, bring
 That parson pale and a penn'orth of string !
 Turn out the guard
 In the great court-yard,
 And bid breakfast wait till we 've scragg'd Eginard ! "

* * * * *

Charlemagne sat in his window,
 Still drinking early purl ;
 His daughter stood before him,
 Her hair was out of curl.
 Her downcast eyes were counting
 The tangled carpet-rushes ;
 The royal blood ran mounting
 Through her cheeks in crimson blushes.
 I would you had witnessed his majesty's grin,
 As they kick'd the blubbering chaplain in,
 His glowering scowl,
 As he said, with a growl,
 " Good youth, don't you see that it's useless to howl ? "

What think you, my lords—shall we hang him or stick him,
Or, first of all, set a strong fellow to lick him?
How would your wisdoms advise us to slaughter
The rascal that dares to make love to our daughter?"

Then the spiteful courtiers gladly
Suggested sundry ways;
All which would hurt him sadly,
And bequeath to future days
Strong hints for those who madly
On a princess dared to gaze!
They talk'd of needles, they talk'd of pins,
Of singeing his whiskers and scraping his shins;
Of a rack, to crack
The small of his back;
Of drowning him slowly, done up in a sack;
Of toasting him gently—of boiling him hard,
Of a nice little fry with red pepper and lard;
Of a jolly Guy Fawkes in the tournament yard!
In short, how to pickle our poor Eginard,
With anything like a respectful regard
To his majesty's taste,
Which was cruelly chaste,
Was a problem they couldn't resolve in such haste.
They couldn't decide if a boil or a roast
Would turn, in a way that would worry him most,
A nice young curate into a ghost!

Perchance you've watch'd a hungry bear,
Snarling over a bone:
If so, you may picture his majesty's glare,
And fancy his majesty's tone!
For in thunder roll'd his anger;
And the courtiers held their breath:
Emma thought he meant to hang her,
And she stood as white as death:
And her lover grew so funky,
He couldn't stand at all,
But, like a clock-work monkey,
Roll'd gibbering round the hall!

" Daughter mine,
You've taken the shine
Out of our highly respectable line!
You have! you've disgraced me.—I'm cursedly hurt.
How could you—how dare you—go, vixen, and flirt
With a beggar? he's scarcely a tail to his shirt!
Don't answer! I see you intend to be pert.
The shame and the scandal 't would only make worse,
Or I'd send you together to church—in a hearse!
Now hear me and heed me:—we won't, in our ire,
Roll out of the frying-pan into the fire;

We must act as a king—though we feel as a sire :
 We pardon our daughter—for reasons of state :
 Toward our chaplain we bid the wrath-royal abate :
 Our courtiers we rather advise to relate
 What they 've seen of their tricks,
 If they 're anxious to ' fix,'
 A deuced long mile t'other side of the Styx,
 Where Paris ain't half so well known as Old Nick's.
 And finally, girl, since you 've chosen to carry him,
 We'll stand no more nonsense ; by jingo, you 'll marry him !”

Then, smiling, spoke the courtiers,
 That stood before the King ;
 “ Though we talk 'd of fire and tortures,
 We knew they were n't the thing !
 We knew your royal highness ;
 And we knew your bosom ran
 With the cream of human kindness
 For this excellent young man :
 And we only spoke in joking,
 So please you, gracious King,
 When we said we 'd set him croaking,
 Or any such like thing !
 May our chaplain wax and flourish !
 May he wear the scarlet hat !
 May the princess yearly nourish,
 A churchling fair and fat !
 May it ever be a leason t' her,
 This blessed morning's fun !
 Now how could we speak pleasanter
 Than what as how we 've done ?
 And, if any of us mention
 Her charming little whim,
 In traitorous intention,
 Or inuendo dim,
 Why, strike him off his pension ;
 And strike his head off him !”

A STRANGE DISH ;

OR,

A MIDSHIPMAN IN A "MESS."

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

DICK SQUEDDER was the cleverest "young gentleman" in the frigate at reefing taup'sles—or milking the captain's goats—supplying the mess with eggs out of anybody's hencoops, or keeping a bright look-out in a fog. He was A 1, in getting to wind'ard of Old Nipcheese in all negotiations relating to the ship's allowance of plums, sugar, and molasses, or in *devilling* a chicken over a crock of burning rum.

Of course, with these accomplishments, he was voted perpetual caterer to the mess ; an office he filled in a double sense by providing for our intellectual, as well as our animal cravings, for Dick was a good hand at spinning a yarn. One day, he volunteered to amuse the mess after dinner, and lighting his cigar, and settling himself into a comfortable *pose*, he thus began.

"You all remember," said he, "when we made that splendid run home from the West Indies with specie. Well, I had scarcely left the ship long enough to get shore-hardened a bit, when one morning the postman brought me a foreign letter. It came from a German relation, and contained an invitation to visit him, and witness one of the grand Prussian reviews on the Rhine.

"It is unnecessary to detail how I steamed to Rotterdam, and from thence to Düsseldorf, but I shall introduce you at once to the Prussian army, on the skirts of which I was hanging, just mentioning by way of giving you a notion of our whereabouts, that we were plunging, day after day, deeper and deeper into a district covered with sand and furze bushes, where a town's a rarity, and the little bits of ragged villages are stowed away in ravines and gorges, like so many urchins playing at hide and seek.

"Well, it was after a day's hard riding in company with the regiment of hussars to which my friend belonged, that we found ourselves upon the margin of a wood. We had been manœuvring our way over a wide district of heath, opposed to several regiments of infantry, when a movement, made by some ugly-looking fellows in blue tunics and brass helmets, caused us to retreat into the wood.

" 'There,' said he, as we tore along, 'we shall come to a wide opening on our left presently, make your way down it, until you clear the wood ; then cross the heath until you reach a ravine ; pass through it ; wade the brook at the bottom ; turn to the left by the mill, and then follow a bridle-path for about half a *stunden*, and you'll find a finger-post, directing you to —.' Here he gave utterance to a choking guttural sound intended for the name of the village, he wished to direct me to, but in the attempt he filled his mouth so full of jagged consonants, that it was impossible for my English ears to understand them, and digging his spurs into his horse's flanks, he and his squadron were out of sight in an instant."

"And left you in the centre of a German wood," said a grey-headed mate, who performed the part of Mentor, or as somebody said, "tor-mentor" to the young mid.

"Just so," continued Dick Squedder. "Well, the dust caused by the cavalry had barely subsided before I began to reflect that I had not tasted food since early morning, and then I comprehended the soldierly forethought of my friend in directing me to the village tavern, where I might recruit myself. These reflections were quickened into action by certain expressions from within, assisted by the conviction that hundreds like myself were scouring the country, and every man of 'em hungry enough to rob a hen-roost.

"Well, my boys," continued Squedder, taking a hearty pull at his grog, by way of sluicing the cobwebs out of his throat; "well, my boys," said he, "on that day I added a thirteenth real labour to the imaginary twelve of Hercules."

"The devil you did!" said the "Mess," in one voice; "How?"

"By finding out that d—d unpronounceable German village; and I want you to suppose that its little spire, and mud and timber dwellings are just before us, withering under the oppressive power of the sun. You may be sure that, as I rode through the wretched continuation of houses, I looked out for a butcher's shop; but not a carcase was to be seen, and there seemed to be nothing to be had to eat but hot stones and dust. At last I came to a hovel, where the commerce of the village was carried on, and there I found that I could be supplied with all sorts of coffee, nails, sugar, pins, chocolate and thread, and, of course, with tobacco and oils, and other rancid commodities peculiar to German appetites. However, it was at this place, that I was directed to the only *gast-haus* in the village, and in a few minutes afterwards I trotted into 'The Drei Schweizern.'

"Trotted into what?" inquired the tormentor of the mess.

"Into the Drei Schweizern," replied Squedder; "a sort of rustic tavern, and kept, as is generally the case in German hamlets, by the burgomaster."

"Oh! it wasn't something to eat, then?" growled the grey-headed mate.

"No! no!" responded the caterer; "wait a bit, and I'll introduce a dainty dish, I promise ye," and, picking up the thread of his yarn, he continued—"Mine host was just the sort of man one likes to see welcoming a jaded traveller; plump, ruddy, and good-natured, with a face overflowing with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasing associations.

"'Guten Morgen,' said he; and then, without at all deranging the hospitality of his smile, he assisted me to dismount. 'Just come from the manœuvre, I suppose?'

"'I just about am,' said I, brisking up like a bottle o' beer in the dog-days; 'and I'm as hungry as a wolf.'

"'So!' exclaimed the burgomaster, with that peculiar solemnity common with the Germans, and which word *so*, has as many meanings with them, as there are modulations of sound in the human windpipe. I knew, by inspiration, that there was something about his *so*, that prognosticated an empty larder. It had a shuffling, equivocal, evasive sound. But in my state of exhaustion it was impossible to remain in doubt upon such a subject, so I broke the ice at once, by demanding if there was any *rind fleish* to be had at the Drei Schweizern.

"'No!' said the burgomaster, blandly; 'I have no beef.'

"'Any *hammel fleish*?' said I.

“ ‘No!’ he had no mutton.

“ ‘Any *kalb fleish*?’ said I, testily, on finding my hopes of a dinner diminish.

“ ‘No,’ replied the burgomaster, with intolerable gravity; ‘my last bit of veal was eaten yesterday.’

“ ‘Then, what the devil have you got?’ I demanded, out of all patience.

“ ‘A dish worth all the beef and mutton in the world; a real delicacy;’ and the burgomaster smacked his lips in apparent delight.

“ ‘What, in the name of Soyer, can it be made of!’ muttered I.

“ ‘*Der dachs*,’ replied mine host, in a low guttural whisper, looking at the same time quite oily as he knowingly winked his eye at me.

“ ‘*Der dachs!*’ echoed I, pondering.

“ And the burgomaster solemnly echoed ‘*Der dachs*,’ in reply.

“ Well, my boys, while I was wondering whether ‘*Der dachs*’ was fish, flesh, fowl, or red-herring, the burgomaster guessed that I was an ‘Englander,’ and had never tasted his delicacy; and, after expressing surprise at my ignorance, he attempted to describe the animal—but, without a joke, I could make neither *head* nor *tail* of it.

“ Of course,’ continued Squedder, after lighting another cigar, “though I can digest a ten-penny nail, upon a pinch, yet I acknowledge to having a gentlemanly prejudice against cats; and, to tell you the truth, I had some misgivings at first in that direction, but I soon discovered that ‘*Der dachs*’ was much too large an animal to be mistaken for grimalkin. At length, having exhausted the burgomaster’s patience, as well as my own, by my fruitless inquiries, and receiving a timely admonition from certain visceral lamentations, which became more and more querulous as the meal was deferred, until at length they settled into an awful and continuous rumbling like the mutterings of distant thunder, and when it came to that pass, I ordered up ‘*Der dachs*,’ and a bottle of wine to wash him down.

“ Without waiting for a second order, the burgomaster slipped out of the room, and left me full of speculations as to what his boasted dish might prove to be. He did not leave me long in suspense, for he soon returned in a sort of civil hurry, putting a smoking dish of a hybrid character—a cross between a hash and an Irish stew—upon the table.

“ ‘There!’ said he triumphantly, ‘eat, mein herr, and own yourself a lucky man.’

“ I obeyed him instantly, and dipping a spoon into the tureen conveyed a brown rich liquid, freighted with fragments of meat and bones, to my plate, and I swear by all the delicacies of Soyer, Ude, and Mrs. Glass, that it was a real mouthful of glory.

“ Well, the burgomaster gazed at me with delight, as he saw my scruples and the contents of the tureen disappear together, every now and then assisting me to bread and a glass of wine, with that silence and judicious precision, that none but a German waiter truly understands.”

In his character of caterer, Dick Squedder here wandered slightly from the thread of his story, and recorded, for the benefit of the mess, his opinion of German cookery in general, which he described as being “a villainous compound” of vinegar and grease, which,

when mixed with the sour wine of the country, causes a sort of bubble-and-squeak contest in the stomach, that makes one as sick as a greenhorn in the Bay of Biscay.

"It was therefore," he resumed, "with mingled feelings of surprise, curiosity, and gratitude, that I proceeded, after satisfying my appetite, to inspect the bones of the mysterious animal that had so opportunely afforded me such a delicious repast.

"And first there was a jaw-bone (rather powerful) studded with sharp canine fangs, that looked marvellously like a dog's. Then there was a blade-bone, that denoted an animal using its forearm like a bear. The odd shaped hind leg, however, wouldn't match with that of either bear or dog. All this time the poor burgomaster had been watching my scrutiny of the bones, and I could see from his embarrassed manner that he evidently felt that the honour of 'The Drei Schweizern' was at stake, for I believe he was as anxious as myself that my digestion should not be disturbed by any vain alarms. So, to relieve him from all troubles on that score, I praised his 'Der dachs' in terms even more extravagant than his own. And finding, that if I attempted to reach the hotel from whence I started in the morning, I should have a journey of five hours to perform over roads, which, in England, are so very properly termed 'cross,' I prudently ordered a bed for myself—a ditto for my horse, and then, by way of burying all remembrance of my lesson in Osteology, I invited him to a *schoppen* of wine and a cigar to kill time until the arrival of my Hussar friends.

"But I know not how it was, whether it was owing to my anxiety to discover what I had eaten, or whether this tantalizing 'Der dachs' was unfit for an English stomach, and so kept admonishing me to make further inquiries in due time, but so it was, that as soon as the burgomaster had lit his pipe, I again assaulted him upon the subject of my thoughts.

"How large, did you say, is this animal you call 'Der dachs?'" said I, slipping in my interrogatory edgeways in an apparently careless manner.

"How large?' replied my host, 'why, let me see—about as big as a fairish sized dog—as a middling sized dog—there, about as big as Herzog yonder.'

"Now, Herzog was a comfortable-looking wire-haired poodle, weighing from five-and-twenty to thirty pounds avoirdupois, and, consequently, although this piece of intelligence greatly increased my desire to know the name of the strange animal that was in a situation to bring that amount of luscious nutriment into our kitchens, yet it relieved my stomach in one particular."

"And what was that?" demanded the grey-headed mate.

"Why, it settled all doubts respecting cats," replied Squedder, "and, relieved on this point, I went on with my examination.

"Of course, Der dachs has four legs?" said I, hazarding any question to keep the subject before us.

"To be sure he has," said my host, "though two of them are longer than the other."

"The devil!" said I, rather startled at a novel idea which in a moment thrust itself into my head.

"Yah!" said the burgomaster, "the two hind legs are longer than the fore legs."

“ ‘ Perhaps it ’s a kangaroo,’ muttered I to myself, ‘ and yet how odd—what is the colour of the animal?’ I asked, wishing to know more before coming to any rash conclusion.

“ ‘ Colour—a kind of a greyish brown,’ replied my host deliberately through a volcano of tobacco-smoke.

“ ‘ The exact colour of a kangaroo,’ thought I ; however, I proceeded. ‘ What kind of head has it got—long and thin—tapering down to the snout—something like a fox’s—eh?’

“ ‘ Yah! yah! something like a fox’s,’ replied the burgomaster with delight, at the prospect of satisfying my curiosity.

“ ‘ Something like a fox’s head—colour greyish-brown—and long hind legs—*must* be a kangaroo; coming to close quarters now—one more question, and my dinner’s safe, and my mind at ease—‘ long ears?’

“ ‘ Rather—let me see—yes—ears rather longish,’ replied the burgomaster with provoking deliberation.

“ ‘ And a very—*very* long tail?’ said I triumphantly, hoping to settle the question.

“ ‘ No—no—no! decidedly not,’ replied mine host energetically, ‘ a very—*very* short stumpy tail.’

“ ‘ The devil!’ said I, completely thrown off my scent, and I flung myself back in my chair totally baffled.

“ How long I should have remained ruminating, chewing the mouth-piece of my pipe, I can’t say,” continued the caterer, “ had I not been seasonably roused out of my reverie by the clattering of horses’ feet, and a jingling noise like a dozen sets of fire-irons walking up stairs, and the next minute a bevy of Prussian officers, and my Hussar friend amongst them, entered the room, with their long cavalry swords dangling at their heels.

“ Now,” said I, “ we shall settle the identity of this troublesome ‘ Der dachs,’ for every one of my German friends spoke English more or less, but as though he was to remain *incog.* on purpose to perplex me, not one of them knew the English name of the animal. Matters had evidently progressed from bad to worse, for I had inoculated the officers, already half *sprung* with wine, with my desire to know on what I had dined. And their frenzied efforts to enlighten me brought on such a clamorous jargon in German gutturals and jagged spluttering consonants, intermixed with burlesque attempts to describe the habits and motions of ‘ Der dachs,’ that soon began to exercise a baneful influence upon that portion of the animal I so recently had swallowed.

“ One said he squeaked like a pig.

“ Another declared he grunted.

“ And I declare,” said the caterer, “ that the disputants did both.

“ ‘ Do you think it’s a hedgehog?’ said a little Puncty hussar, with a face like a full moon in a fog.

“ ‘ Psha! chiktz! Hedgehog!—no. Does a hedgehog bark? Der dachs barks like a fox, only fainter.’

“ ‘ Der dachs bark!—does he?—well, it shows how you’ve been deceived. He whines, if you like.’

“ This last remark called forth a host of ‘ paha’s, chut’s, chiktz’s,’ and other interjections, every one of which was sent hissing out of their mouths with force enough to blow their front teeth out.

“ ‘Come, come,’ said I, interrupting them; ‘never mind about his voice. What are his habits?—does he keep late hours?’

“ ‘He only comes out at night,’ said one.

“ ‘I’ve seen him in the day,’ said another.

“Some described him as living in the plains, some on the hills, some in the woods, and some in the water. One rash young cornet, without calculating the consequences, suggested that ‘Der dachs might possibly be amphibious.’ Poor fellow! his meddling observation brought down upon him such a shower of harsh grating epithets, bristling with jagged consonants, that would have split the drum of any ear, except a German’s, into infinitesimal splinters.

“Matters had arrived at this pass, when an old officer demanded silence, and then, with much solemnity, he said—‘that he had just remembered a peculiarity of Der dachs, which had escaped us all.’

“ ‘What is it?’ demanded half-a-dozen voices, frantically.

“ ‘Der dachs burrows in the earth,’ said he.

“ ‘So does a fox, a rabbit, and a marmot; but not one of them are half the size of Der dachs.’

“ ‘What does he eat?’ said I, commencing another train of inquiry.

“ ‘Roots!’ vociferated one.

“ ‘Game!’ shouted another.

“ ‘The bark of trees and fruits,’ said a third.

“ ‘He prefers fish, the entrails of poultry, or garbage of any sort,’ chimed in the landlord.

“At this last observation a sickening sensation crept over me,” said Dick Squedder. “I began to suspect that the oily-looking old burgomaster, for the sake of the miserable florin which my dinner came to, had allowed me to cram myself with a polecat, an otter, or a gigantic weasle. My head began to swim; my dinner rose and fell in my stomach, like the pistons of a steam-engine; for, with my anxiety to discover what I had eaten, the noise, the sour wine and the smoke, I was beginning to suffer all the miseries of a fit of indigestion.

“Luckily for the security of my dinner, Capt. Herr Von Knoblesdorf (he deserves to be immortalised for settling the matter) suggested at this moment, that if the animal’s colour was accurately described, I might perhaps discover on what I had dined. Here, at first there was as wide an opinion as ever, for ‘Der dachs,’ chameleon like, was brown or brownish, grey or greyish, or pepper and saltish, according to the notions of the disputants. However, it was a step in the right direction, for, as they discussed the colours of my gentleman’s coat, the muddle-headed burgomaster recollected, for the first time, that he had preserved his *skin*, and he abused himself almost as much as I did for not thinking of that before.

“ ‘Bravo! capital! huzzah! Up with it! Now you’ll see who’s right!’ and similar phrases, flew about in all directions, for, by this time, we were all gasping with excitement—when, in the midst of the hubbub, the burgomaster entered the room, produced the *skin*, and lo! it was—”

“What?” exclaimed the “mess,” as one man.

“Guess!” said Dick Squedder.

“We give it up,” replied the tormentor.

“A BADGER!!!”

THE LADDER OF GOLD.

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE this conversation was passing, one who had a deep interest in it was watching the windows from the square below. The same figure had for several nights appeared in the same place; and this was the first time that lights were visible in the drawing-room. Night after night the house was dark, and he who watched for some token of the life within, was hitherto doomed to be disappointed. But now the object of his vigil was attained. From time to time he noted the shadows that fell upon the picture-frames of those who were moving inside, and he concluded from their frequency that there were two or three persons in the room. This discovery seemed to throw him into perplexity, and he watched and waited as if he were undecided what course to take. At length, after many turns, he crossed over to the house, and rapidly ascending the steps, knocked at the door. It was presently opened—he went in—and, after a short parley in the hall, the door closed again.

Half an hour had elapsed after the visitor had entered the house, when Clara appeared in the drawing-room, in a state of evident alarm and agitation. There was an open note in her hand.

"You must not be frightened," she whispered to Margaret; "I have something to tell you—but you must promise to control yourself."

"You may trust me—I promise."

"Well—I have had a note from somebody."

"Somebody? Who?"

"Here it is—but you had better not read it now. I will tell you its contents."

"Yes—" said Margaret, taking the note, and looking at the hand-writing, which she recognised at once to be that of Henry Winston. She trembled violently, and, in the convulsive effort to suppress the effect of the shock, her eyes dilated, and her lips and hands became rigidly clenched.

"Mad—he is mad!" she cried; "I believed he had left the country. Lord William thought so."

"No—he has taken no measures for his safety,—and will not —till—that is what he has written about."

"Till—what does he say?"

"In the letter he entreated me to see him for that purpose, and hoping it might spare you from something worse, I—"

"Give me a moment," said Margaret; "still in England—oh! he is infatuated!—he writes to see you?"

"I have seen him."

"You have seen him? Where?"

"Here—"

"In this house?"

"Be calm, for heaven's sake! Yes, in this house—"

"When?"

"You must keep your promise with me, and control yourself. He brought the note himself."

"Himself!"

"Ah! Margaret, great as the sorrow is he has brought upon us, our sufferings are slight compared with his. He is dreadfully altered—I could not bear to look at him. Grief and repentance have broken him down; yet, much as I felt for him, I did not dare to give him any hope that you would grant the last request he will ever make to you in this world. I told him I would ask you."

"A request to me? Do not repeat it. Whatever it is, I will not hear it."

"I feared so—and told him so. But he would not receive the answer from me. He will take it only from yourself."

"When was this, Clara?"

"Now—this moment."

"To-night?"

"He is waiting in the next room."

"This is very cruel, Clara," she replied, looking round the room in alarm; "that he should come here under such circumstances—and Lord William here—and my father. He must go. To expect that I should see him—that we could ever meet again—it is too dreadful. Tell him to leave the house. I have no message to send. I will receive none from him. Why, why does he put me to this trial!"

"I will say only one word, Margaret; nor would I say it, but that my heart tells me I owe it to him. Through me all this misery came upon him—for my sake, you will let me say it."

"For your sake—anything, Clara."

"He has come here to ask your forgiveness. The penitent is not repulsed who seeks pardon of Heaven—you will not show less mercy to Henry Winston!"

"Clara—you will break my heart."

"No—it will be balm to it hereafter, to feel that you did not send him away in despair, with this heavy weight upon his soul. It will be a comfort to you to know that you have not doomed him to a life abandoned of God and man. I implore you to grant this act of grace—for my sake, if not for his."

It was a severe struggle of feeling with Margaret. She shrank

in terror from the thought of meeting Henry Winston, with that recent scene of death still fresh before her; but Clara's appeal was too affecting to be resisted. She knew the secret anguish that was in her mind, and how much she could alleviate it by making this last effort, and she relented.

"I will not see him alone. If it must be, Clara, it shall be here—in this room. *They* shall be the witnesses of our last interview."

This was not exactly what Clara had anticipated; but she felt that Margaret was right.

"You will be shocked to hear," said Margaret, while Clara was gone to prepare Henry Winston for the meeting, "that Mr. Winston desires to see me, and that, at my sister's request, I have consented to admit him."

"Mr. Winston!" exclaimed Lord William and Mr. Rawlings together.

"He is here—in the house."

"This is rashness, indeed—the height of folly and recklessness," exclaimed Lord William; "that he should court destruction in this way, after the forbearance we have shown him. Very wrong and wicked—you must not ask me to be present."

"I must entreat you not to leave the room. He can have nothing to say that you ought not to hear—and I shall need your support to sustain me through this final agony. I would gladly have avoided this—there is a grave between us, which his presence will re-open, but—that was his step! It struck upon my heart—do not leave me!"

She sank upon a sofa close to Lord William; and, as Henry Winston came into the room, she pressed her hands tightly over her eyes, until he began to speak, and then, as if the sound of his voice had loosened every nerve, suddenly let them drop, and gazed at him like a person who was spell-bound. He looked haggard and dishevelled, and spoke in a thick and choking tone.

"I thank you for this mercy. My utter wretchedness has brought me here. I wanted to say to you what I hoped would be acceptable, if it would not give you pain to hear me speak—if you could bear to see me after what has happened. May I speak?" and he looked into the faces of the group, one by one; but they were all silent. Clara had gone round to Margaret, and was leaning over her, clasping her hands.

"I had great and heavy provocation—I did not come to say that—I did not mean to say it; but there are those here who know I was driven to desperation, and who seem to judge me relentlessly. I say it to them. No provocation can palliate my guilt to you—I have no justification to plead to you. It was that I had to say. I was told that it would be dangerous to come here, and warned that, if I valued my life, I should seek safety in flight."

"If you are prudent," said Lord William, slightly turning his head towards him, "it may not be too late yet."

"I understand you, my Lord—I feel your kindness—doubly kind from *you*—and I thank you for it. But of what value is

life to me? I cannot go forth with her terrible silence on my heart. I came to ask one word of grace, to save me from myself, and enable me to bear the burthen that is weighing me down. You will speak it—Margaret!”

His voice sank as he uttered her name, and he grasped a chair to support him. Margaret buried her face in her hands, and a slight sob escaped her.

“I implore your forgiveness by the memory of what has been between us,” he continued,—“the blighted hopes that have destroyed me. You will not send me from you in despair of mercy here and hereafter? That is all—I will try to live, if I may carry with me one blessed word of pardon. I had many things to say—you can comprehend them. You know what is in my thoughts—what I might have been—and what I am.”

He paused—Margaret was still silent.

“Think of the time when life was innocent and full of hope for both of us; and if I am now criminal in your eyes, think of what it was that made me so. It is dreadful to meet you thus—but it will be an ease to you when I am gone to feel that you have given me a motive to drag out my life, that I may seek to make my peace with Heaven. Had you been happy, I could have borne my own wretchedness, but the knowledge that you were suffering too, was beyond my strength to bear. I struggled with it, but it mastered me. I ought to have fled from you—I had no right to linger near you, to think, to feel—I should have held your griefs sacred, and spared you this cruel trial; but my reason forsook me, and in a moment of frenzy I forgot what was due to you, and thought only of the love that was desolated for ever, and the wrongs that smote upon my brain. No penitence can atone for that—but if remorse and sorrow and the life-long agony of a broken heart may look up to you for grace—Margaret! you will not send me hence in despair. Let me hear your voice—one word, Margaret!”

During this appeal Margaret made many efforts to look at Henry Winston, as if she wished to speak, but lacked the power, and towards the conclusion, he had drawn nearer to her, and at the close had fallen upon his knees beside the sofa. Lord William and Mr. Rawlings, who could not conceal the agitation he felt throughout, had gathered round Margaret; and Clara with imploring looks was encouraging and urging her to speak. Margaret slowly raised her head, and looked from the one to the other, and then her eyes rested upon Henry Winston.

“What can I say? Pardon is in the hands of God!” she said in a voice rendered almost inaudible by strong emotion.

“Say, Margaret, that you accept my penitence, and in this world I will trouble you no more,” he exclaimed.

“I do—I do—” she replied; “I grieve for you from my soul, and will pray to Heaven to send you peace and resignation. Remember there are others who have claims upon you. For their sakes be careful of your life, and strive to look with hope to the

future. I would not make your burthen harder to bear—and it lightens mine to tell you this. Do not despair of mercy!”

The tone of affliction in which she spoke imparted a touching solemnity to these few words, that made them fall like a knell upon his ears. He felt that the hour of separation was come, and in the struggle to command himself his face became blanched and his limbs shook.

“I thank God I have heard your voice again! It will linger in my heart to my dying hour. I will obey you;—although it is little to live for others, it will be all to me that you have desired it. May Heaven protect and guard you—Margaret!”

He rose and hesitated—then went slowly towards the door, and turned again. Their eyes met for a moment—it was over.

CHAPTER XI.

POSTSCRIPT.

AND NOW nothing remains but to gather up the ends of our threads, and clip them off—for our work is done.

Richard Rawlings possessed that power of shaping and controlling circumstances which is inherent in a strong will and inexorable resolution; and, earnestly devoting his business talents to the practical objects he had marked out, he ultimately retrieved, not the position he had lost, but one which was more sequestered and secure. His mind was too energetic to lie idle, even if necessity had not called it into action. But he never became rich again. There were no golden miracles to be wrought through the pursuits in which he embarked; nor did his desires point in that direction, now that he had given up his schemes of ambition and social revenge. He had to begin an industrial career, in which everything depended on quiet perseverance, and in which the reputation of having a genius for creating wealth out of bubbles would have damaged rather than served him. He was glad enough to part with that dangerous *prestige*, and to address himself to small gains procured by steady and patient efforts. Thus his life was divided into two striking phases, the latter of which, less brilliant, and lying as it were in the shadow of his abdicated grandeur, was by far the more satisfactory. And by the time the great world had forgotten him, he had succeeded in discovering another world, a little lower down, which he grew on such good terms with as induced him to modify very materially his opinions of mankind.

To Mrs. Rawlings the change was a little uncomfortable at first. But she was of so plastic and accommodating a nature that she soon reconciled herself to her new way of life. The character of her husband had become softened in the process, and as the sundry restraints dropped off of high life and domestic responsibility—the heaviest of which was that of balancing herself between opposing forces—she subsided insensibly into great

caps and arm-chairs by the fire-side, maundering over the past as if it had been a dream which she was trying to unravel.

Within the ensuing year Clara and Mr. Farquhar were married—but not in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square. Her family experiences were unfavourable to galantie-shows on such occasions. The ceremony was performed in the parish church of Hornsey, away from the din and uproar of the busy town. The bride was profoundly happy. There could be no doubt of that. Yet, strange to say, she wept the whole time. Perhaps the scene recalled some memories which she would willingly have shut out at that moment. But there is no accounting for these tender inconsistencies in women; unless we may trace them to that wonderfully delicate and sensitive organization which submits so gently to the severest trials, and which so often expresses its happiness in tears. There were few tears, however, in Clara's after life. Her true heart filled her home with light and joy.

There is a quiet parsonage-house in one of the romantic glens of Devonshire—one of those small glens where you are enclosed in a forest of myrtles and roses, and where you feel very much as if you were living in a flower-stand amongst geraniums; and in that parsonage-house lives Mrs. Pearce Upton. She is considerably changed since we used to meet her in the Wren's Nest; and at the first glance you would scarcely recognise the merry Rose Winston in that staid, but sweet face, which looks out so calmly from under a cottage bonnet, meekly ornamented with a sad-coloured ribbon. Young clergymen's wives, who have the care of parishes upon their benevolent little hands, as well as unceasing claims to occupy them at home, to say nothing of lawns and flower-beds which they are expected to keep as trim and orderly as the rest of their duties, may be allowed to acquire an air of missionary serenity, without necessarily losing their original sunshine. Notwithstanding the repose of her manner, and the stillness of the smile which sits so patiently in her eyes, Rose Winston, if occasion called it out, could be as merry as ever. But then she has responsibilities in her position here which subdue her natural spirits—an example to set to others, a difficult card to play, on a limited stipend, with the proud country people, and two tiny Uptons that engross all the leisure she can give to them; so that, after all, she has but scanty opportunities and few temptations to enjoy herself in the old light-hearted way.

Henry Winston, having gone abroad after his last interview with Margaret, and matters being cleared up between her and Rose, their old friendship was renewed, and kept up from time to time by an affectionate correspondence. Rose was, above all things, anxious to induce Margaret to pay her a visit in Devonshire. She was sure that change of scene would be beneficial to her, and she exhausted her descriptive powers in the charming pictures she drew of the neighbourhood and the parsonage, and the children—one of whom was called after her, and

was asking about her every day, although its organs of speech were as yet so obscure that nobody else could understand what it said. Margaret resisted these solicitations as long as she could. She dreaded the meeting with Rose, and the revival of old subjects, which were equally painful to them both. But Rose was not to be denied, and urged her petition so perseveringly that Margaret at last consented.

In an intercourse, renewed under such circumstances, it is impossible to avoid that tendency to autobiographical disclosures which no sense of mutual distress can restrain confidential friends from indulging in. And accordingly, although there was, at first, some timidity and embarrassment in approaching certain topics that lay in the recesses of their hearts, Rose and Margaret gradually overcame their reluctance to speak freely what they felt and thought, until at length, instead of being as they apprehended a solace of anguish, it became a relief and a pleasure to them. The retirement of Devonshire tranquillized the bruised spirit, and Margaret began to take a new interest in life, reflected from the domestic peace of Rose and her little household. Month after month passed over, and, with the exception of an occasional visit to town, she still remained there. She felt herself happier there than anywhere else. Rose had letters frequently from her brother, and sometimes communicated a part of their contents to Margaret; but the last letter she received—which was, indeed, only a few weeks ago—she kept to herself; for it announced the unexpected intelligence that Henry Winston was coming home.

A few hundred yards from the station of the branch which connects the town of Yarlton with the main line, stands a comfortable modern house on an open patch of ground, laid out in a raw, cheerful way, with a profusion of tall mallows and other gaudy flowers, such as we see in jaunty enclosures on the sloping margins of our iron highways. The interior is new and sprightly—too light in tone to be exactly what is called cozy, but warm, nevertheless, with a glow of spring over it, even in the depth of winter. It is just such a house as contractors run up, and hang with starry papers, for the residence of the superintendent, or other principal officer at the head station of a railroad. In this house reside Mr. Peabody and his wife. He looks like a well-fed man, with a lazy, shining face; while Mrs. Peabody is as thin as ever, with a carked visage, and a constitutional cough. One might suppose that, being so well to do in the world, she had become a little mellowed by prosperity, and had by this time left off niggling and objecting; but John Peabody says it is her nature, and he ought to know. He has, however, very nearly carried one point against her, and whenever she begins to snap at him as she used to do when they were struggling in Trafalgar Row, he reminds her that she was wrong about the "bit of luck," and that she can't deny he dropped into it at last. To which observation, although it looks as final, as if it closed up all ave-

nues to an argument, true to her nature, she answers that "if it was a bit of luck, it's quite a providence how he has kept it so long!" But John is tolerably indifferent to these things now; for what with travelling up and down the line, and enjoying himself in an irregular locomotive life, that furnishes him with perpetual excuses for keeping out of the way of the raven that sits croaking at home, he contrives to be as happy as a man who pants for a Castle of Indolence, and can't get it, has any reasonable right to be.

Of Mr. Pogey we are unable to give any information that can be safely relied upon. It was said that he went out with a batch of emigrants to New Zealand, where, he understood, they were greatly in want of medical men. But we hope the report was unfounded; for, at his time of life, after having been so shattered by reverses, such an experiment must create some alarm amongst his friends—if he has any.

Mr. Costigan disappeared after the duel, and is supposed to be living upon his estate in Ireland,—the securest retreat he could take refuge in, from the difficulty that has been hitherto experienced in finding out where it is.

Captain Scott Dingle, a sadder man, although, perhaps, not much the better from his experiences, haunts the streets towards night fall, when he comes out to dinner, and usually devotes his evenings to a select circle of retired gentlemen, who have formed themselves into a sort of voluntary club at a small tavern in a narrow passage off the Strand. Here he meets a few congenial spirits who, like himself, live in the past, and who sustain in each other, while their brief orgie lasts, that airy and pleasant spirit of enjoyment, which, like all social fallacies, droops into misanthropy when they separate for their lonely chambers.

Mr. Sloake has been promised an appointment for Eugène in the Great Industrial Exhibition, and he is manfully subsisting upon it in advance.

Mrs. Stubbs is still living in Duke Street; but we are sorry to say that the apartments which were formerly occupied by Henry Winston are at this moment to be let. They are very snug rooms, and may be confidently recommended to the attention of any single gentleman who wishes for a comfortable home. We throw out this hint in pure good nature to Mrs. Stubbs; and we hope the Stamp Office, in consideration of our motive, will not come down upon us for advertisement duty.

And now, reader! we close our story. You have not found it very merry at the end, but remember that it is simply a picture of life as it is, and that life is chequered with rather more shadow than sunshine. And if it do not make us merrier, its purpose will be answered if it make us ever so little the wiser. Should you have discovered a few small truths scattered through it here and there, we shall be content; and if their quality be not always the most agreeable, we would remind you that truths, like other tonics, are not the less strengthening in their effects, because they are sometimes rather bitter to the palate.

THE CURIOSITIES OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

HAVING, in the opening of our paper, treated of one who obtained much *éclat* for extensive travelling, we may turn to the contemplation of one who obtained the credit of being an "Indian princess," and who had never left England.

The annals of successful imposition cannot furnish a more curious instance of fraud ingeniously carried on by an untutored but artful girl, than that exhibited by the pretended "Princess of Javasú," who came before the English public in 1817. That an illiterate cobbler's daughter, born and bred in an obscure village of Devonshire, and with features of the most ordinary kind, and manners totally uncultivated, should by aid of natural quickness of wit alone, and an overweening vanity, have so conducted herself as to have induced hundreds to believe that she was no less a personage than an unfortunate, unprotected, and wandering princess from a distant Eastern Island, cast upon the shores of Britain by cruel and relentless pirates; that she should have sustained this character with a countenance never changed by the most abject flattery, or the most abusive invective; constantly surrounded by persons of superior talent and education, as well as by those in her own rank of life, who were always on the watch to mark any inconsistency, or to catch at any occurrence that could lead to detection; and that on no occasion was she found to lose sight of the part she was acting, or even to betray herself;—is an instance of consummate art and duplicity exceeding any occurrence in the annals of modern imposture.

It was on the evening of Thursday, the 3rd of April, 1817, that the overseer of the poor of the parish of Almondsbury, in the county of Gloucester, called at Knole Park, the residence of Samuel Worrall, Esq., to inform the inmates that a strange visitor had appeared in the village whom no one could comprehend. She was dressed in a semi-Asiatic fashion, appeared to be about twenty-five, could not speak English or understand it: and in fact puzzled all who had seen her. In the village public-house she had been particularly interested with a print of the Anana, and made them understand it to be the fruit of her own country. She seemed not to be used to sleeping in a bed; and upon being confronted with the clergyman who had brought some geographical books with him, she appeared to know something of China. She was always very devout, saying a prayer before each cup of tea, and when a home was given her at Knole, perceiving some cross-buns on the table she took one, and after looking earnestly at it, she cut off the cross, and placed it in her bosom. She again seemed delighted at seeing anything Chinese in the fittings of the house; and upon her name being asked by signs, she pointed to herself, crying, "Caraboo, Caraboo!"

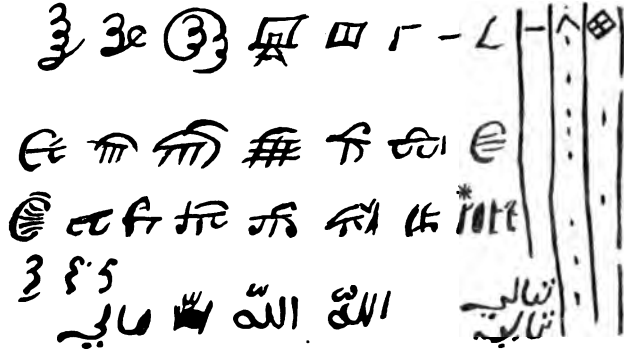
After some days she was removed to the hospital at Bristol, and while there was visited by a gentleman who had travelled much in the East, and from what he could gather he declared, "I think her

name is not Caraboo, but rather that that is her *country*. I consider that she comes from the Bay of Karabouh, on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea, and situated in Independent Tartary." A Portuguese from the Malay country, who happened to be in Bristol, was introduced to her, and he declared that he could undertake to interpret her language. He pronounced her to be a person of rank, who had been decoyed from an island in the East Indies, brought to England and deserted: that her language was a mixed dialect used on the coast of Sumatra, and other islands in the East; and this story so completely reassured Mrs. Worrall of the truth of the whole affair that she again took her into her house, and then learned by her gestures and words during an interview with an East Indian traveller, that her name was Caraboo, that she was the daughter of a person of rank of Chinese origin; that she had been entrapped while walking in her garden by a pirate vessel; that her father was shot with an arrow while attempting her rescue; that she fortunately escaped from the ship to which she was ultimately consigned, when off the coast of England, by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. She described her native dress, and, on being furnished with calico, made one for herself, as delineated in our cut from a full-length portrait of her executed at the time by the late E. Bird, R.A.

To narrate her shrewd tricks to defy discovery would occupy too long. She made a chart of her supposed journey, which she ultimately acknowledged was entirely the result of the leading questions and promptings which she received. She portrayed the method of writing in her own country by a sort of reed upon the bark or leaf of a tree, with Indian ink. Some of the characters made use of by her are given in the next page. It will be perceived that a few of them are perfectly formed and conjoined Arabic characters: it scarcely need be said, that they were copied by her from those which she had seen written by some Orientalist who wished to test her knowledge of the language. Others were purely her own invention, and it was this mixture of the true and false which puzzled her inquirers, and made them believe her to be a native of some of the less known tribes of the East. For weeks she was in Mrs. W.'s family, and was always consistent in every action, never to be caught in a mistake any way, however suddenly it was attempted; and doing many outlandish actions which debarred suspicion. Among other occurrences which show the dexterity with which she seized and acted on what she heard, is the following:—A gentleman observed, that it was customary in the East to stain the points of a dagger with vegetable poison; the next time a dagger was put into her hands she went to a flower stand and rubbing a couple of



leaves between her fingers, applied the juice to the point, and then touching her arm pretended to swoon. She, in truth, conducted herself so correctly, and her manners were so fascinating, that she soon became a favourite with all, and thoroughly domesticated at Knole.



After three weeks' residence there, she was one morning missing ; she had gone to Bristol, to take her passage in a vessel to America, but the ship had sailed. So she went to the lodging she had temporarily occupied in that city, packed up her trunk and sent it to her father by an Exeter waggon, and determined to return to Knole, whither she returned ill and disappointed, but with a story ready, and succeeded in again eluding suspicion and meeting pity.

Had this *Princess of Javasu* escaped to America or elsewhere, leaving her singular imposture undiscovered, a mystery might have for ever hung over the entire circumstance ; but she was fated to carry her impositions to still greater lengths before her tricks were discovered. Having been disappointed of her voyage, she staid for a little time longer under the roof of her protectress at Knole ; but growing tired of being confined to one spot, or probably fearing discovery from the frequent visits she paid to Bristol with her protectress, where she might have the misfortune to meet her old landlady of Lewin's-mead ; or that she might be sent to London for examination at the East India House, as Mrs. Worrall had determined ; she again took flight on Saturday the 6th of June, and made her way towards the ancient and fashionable city of Bath. But, with the honest knowledge of *meum* and *tuum*, which, in spite of her other impostures, had always characterized her, she appropriated no trifle of ribbon or dress to herself which did not belong to her. The place of her elopement was communicated the next day to her benefactress, who posted off to Bath with a determination to reclaim her, when a scene met her eyes ludicrous in the extreme. She found the pretended *princess* in the drawing-room of a lady of *haut ton*, at the very pinnacle of her glory and her ambition. The room was crowded with fashionable visitants, all eager to be introduced to the interesting princess. There was one fair female kneeling before her, another taking her by the hand, another begging a kiss ; another offering her *Royal Highness* a bowl of cream upon her knees ; and others bowing in vacant amazement at the cobbler's daughter's " natural grandeur

and sublimity." So far did the Bath ladies allow their imaginations to carry away their judgments, and become willing gulls to an artful girl. Caraboo afterwards declared that this was the most trying scene she had ever encountered, and that on this occasion she had more difficulty to refrain from laughing and escape detection than in all the singular occurrences of her imposture.

But it was not the ladies alone who were deceived by her, and who, with a great deal of good-heartedness, a scarcely perceptible amount of suspicion, and a love for the romantic and the marvellous, as well as a desire for some new *lion* to break the monotony of their lives, gave such ready credence to her pretensions. Dr. Wilkinson, an eminent practitioner of that city, was as completely fascinated by her, as was the gentleman from China already alluded to; and the many other lovers of the marvellous, who had been already duped so successfully at Knole. He carried his belief so far as to publish in the *Bath Chronicle* a detailed description of her adventures and person, and which was eventually the means of leading to a detection of the imposture. He gravely observes, in one of these letters—"Such is the general effect on all who behold her, that, if before suspected as an impostor, the sight of her *removes all doubt*." But at the present time, when all doubt is really removed, it becomes absolutely ludicrous when we read the doctor's grave statement that—"all the assistance to be derived from a polyglot bible, Fry's Pantographia, or Dr. Hager's Elementary Characters of the Chinese, do not enable us to ascertain either the nature of her language or the country to which she belongs: one or two characters bear some resemblance to the Chinese, particularly the Chinese *cho*, a reed. There are more characters which have some similitude to the Greek, particularly the ι , π and ϵ . Different publications have been shown to her, in Greek, Malay, Chinese, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persic, but with all she appears to be entirely unacquainted." He then says that her letter has been shown "to every person in Bristol and Bath, versed in oriental literature, but without success. A copy was sent to the India House, and submitted by the chairman of that company to the examination of Mr. Raffles, one of the best oriental scholars; yet he could not decipher it." The Oxford scholars, he says, "denied its being the character of any language;" but others consider it "imperfect Javanese," or "the Malay of Sumatra!" He inclines to believe it Circassian, and feels sure she comes from the East, because she declared she had been ill on her journey, and had had her hair cut off, and an operation on the back of her head performed. "I examined the part; it had been scarified, but not according to the English mode of cupping, or to any European manner with which I am acquainted; the incisions are extremely regular, and apparently effected with the caustic, a mode of cupping adopted in the East!" Caraboo wanted but such grave authority to complete her farce!

But the doctor was a real friend, although too enthusiastic an one for an impostor. He posted off to London, to appeal to the East India directors, and to be ready to introduce Caraboo to their notice, who was to follow him the day after his departure. In a letter which the doctor had printed the day before in the *Bath Herald*, he declares no one doubted her except—"those whose souls feel not the spirit of benevolence, and wish to convert into ridicule that amiable disposition in others." At the very moment that the doctor's letter

was printing at Bath, Caraboo was making a full confession of her imposture at Bristol! What a rebuke for a philosopher!

On this eventful Sunday, Caraboo left Bath with her protectress, Mrs. Worrall, to return to the scene of her first attempt at imposition; and so well did she practise on the credulity and good nature of this lady, that she became even more interested in her behalf, and confirmed in the belief of her story. But the re-publication in the *Bristol Journal* of Dr. Wilkinson's first letter, led to the detection of the imposture. Caraboo's landlady at Lewin's-mead—Mrs. Neale—had read this with no small degree of surprise and amusement, and in an instant recognised the *Princess of Javasu* as her late lodger, *Mary Baker*. She communicated her suspicion on the Monday morning to a friend of Mrs. Worrall, who made that lady immediately acquainted therewith; and he had scarcely left the parlour at Knole, when a youth arrived from Westbury, who had met with the girl in her first expedition there, and who well remembered that when she was in his company, spirits and water were not quite so repugnant to her taste as they had been at Knole. Mrs. Worrall did not communicate her information to Caraboo, but determined on the next day to test its truth. Accordingly, in the morning, she carried her to Bristol, and took her to the house of the gentleman who had helped to undeceive Mrs. W. Mrs. Neale and her daughters were there; and after Mrs. Worrall had conversed with them, she returned to Caraboo, and informed her of the conclusive proofs she now possessed of her being an impostor. Caraboo, however, still tried to interest and deceive her, by exclaiming, in her usual gibberish—“Caraboo's Toddy, Moddy (*father and mother*) Irish!” But finding it did not succeed as usual, and that Mrs. W. was about to order Mrs. Neale up stairs, and confront her with her old landlady, she felt that the bubble had at last burst, and at once acknowledged the cheat, begging that Mrs. W. would not cast her off, or suffer her father to be sent for. This was promised upon certain conditions, one of which was that she would instantly give a faithful detail of her former course of life, disclose her real name, her parentage and history. Mrs. Neale being dismissed, the girl immediately commenced a narrative to Mr. Mortimer, the gentleman in whose house the *éclaircissement* took place, in which, to account for her knowledge of Eastern customs, she attempted to show that she had resided for four months at Bombay, and also at the Isle of France, as nurse in an European family. But Mr. Mortimer, having visited Bombay, soon detected her; and she refused at that time to communicate any further particulars; but to another gentleman she soon afterwards confessed a different and a truer story.

She confessed her real name to be *Mary Baker* (that of her parents *Willcox*); that she was born at *Witheridge* in 1791, and had received no education, owing to her irregular disposition. At eight years of age she was employed in spinning wool; in the summer months she often drove the farmers' horses, weeded the corn, and assisted in all labour. From her earliest youth she had always an ambition to excel her companions, whether at any game, such as cricket, or even in swimming in the water, &c. At the age of sixteen, she obtained a situation in a farm-house, to look after the children; but while there she often carried a sack of corn or apples on her back, and endeavoured to emulate the labouring men. This place, after two

years, she left, because she received as wages but ten-pence a-week, and her employers refused to pay her the shilling a-week which she required. She returned to her father's house, but being badly received, she left for Exeter, where she obtained a situation, but did not stay in it long, roaming from place to place, until her misery and poverty induced her to attempt suicide. But receiving unexpected charity, she continued her melancholy wandering, until she reached London, where she was ill in St. Giles' Hospital for a long time; emerging from thence to a service in a lady's family, who gave her instruction and kept her for three years; after which she got admitted to the Magdalen Hospital, fancying it a place of refuge for females of any kind; but was expelled on its being discovered that she had no real claim on their funds. She changed her female dress at a pawnbroker's for that of a man, as she feared travelling alone as a woman, and journeyed to Exeter, where she again changed them for female clothes, and went to her father's. After a few more changes of place in the country, she contracted a dislike to it, and returned to London, and here she got acquainted with "a gentlemanly-looking man," whom, after an acquaintance of two months, she married; but, after a few months, employed principally in travelling in Sussex, he left her suddenly for Calais, promising to write and send for her—a promise which he never kept. His name was Bakerstendht, or Beckerstein, which was contracted into Baker; and there is little doubt but it was from him that she picked up the Eastern words and idioms which she used, as well as the knowledge of Asiatic customs, which so effectually enabled her to carry out her imposition; as he had travelled among the Malays. After enduring some more unhappy reverses, and giving birth to a child, who died in the Foundling Hospital, she again visited Exeter, which she left for Plymouth, falling in with gipsies on the road, with whom she stayed some few days. After leaving them, she first assumed the manners and partial garb of a foreigner, being taken for French or Spanish by the country people, and going from place to place, living on occasional contributions, and residing in Bristol for three weeks, during which time she dressed in a turban, and went out in the streets, begging as a distressed foreigner, and her success induced her to endeavour to get together money enough in this way to pay her passage to America, whither she wished to go. After many adventures in her assumed garb, she reached the house of Mrs. Worrall, where her greatest scenes of imposture were enacted in the manner already narrated.

The parents of Caraboo were now found, and the substance of her narrative discovered to be correct; they spoke of her *learning* having much increased after her marriage, when she would talk some language, which they could not understand, for hours, to her sister in bed of a morning. The letters which they possessed of hers, before and after her journey to London, and her marriage there, gave conclusive proofs of a wonderful improvement in educational training. Having given her false writing, we subjoin her real autograph:—

The principal occurrences of "the princess's" life, as she narrated them, having been thus proved to be true, and the others having been by a slower and more distant mode of inquiry also found in the main correct, Mrs. Worrall determined to send her out to America, whither she still expressed a strong wish to go. In the mean time the termi-

nation of her imposture had greatly excited public curiosity, and she was visited by persons of all descriptions—noblemen, gentlemen, natives and foreigners, linguists, painters, physiognomists, craniologists, all swelled the throng at her *levées*, while she, on her part, appeared highly gratified by the number of dupes she had made. Yet to Mrs. Worrall she always showed great gratitude and esteem.

Mary Baker

After the discovery, she more than once expressed a wish that her adventures might be dramatized, for she declared that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to act the part of Caraboo herself. She was certainly highly delighted with the important figure she made as a successful impostor, and in no instance repented of her tricks. Her vanity was much gratified by the attention she excited, and her hopes of a successful visit to America were evidently based on some wild and desperate scheme, as she predicted she should return to England in her carriage and four. On her first arrival in America, she attracted a great share of attention, and exhibited herself in the costume she had adopted to aid her deceptions. But, however great her success in America might be at first, the *éclat* subsided, and her restless disposition induced her to leave that country. In the year 1824 she returned from America, and taking apartments in New Bond-street, made a public exhibition of herself. But seven years had elapsed since the period of her imposition, and public interest in her had ceased. The price of admittance was fixed at one shilling each person, but it does not appear that any great number of visitors went to see her. She retired into the obscurity from which she had originally emerged: another instance of the unhappy incertitude of a life of deception.

A more successful instance of imposture may, however, be now recorded in a brief notice of another female—Joanna Southcott—who carried on her deception in another, a safer, but a more reprehensible channel.

The imposition so long and so successfully practised by Joanna Southcott, is a painful instance of credulity. Her partisans gave full credence to the assertions which she made with so much indelicate effrontery; and even when she outlived the period she had herself assigned for testing the truth of her assertions, still believed in them. Death, which dispels most illusions, did not dispel theirs; they still defended her tenets, asserted her words to be truths, inscribed her monument with the record of their faith, and the last remnants of the sect still venerate the pseudo-prophetess.

Joanna Southcott was born at Gettisham, a small village in Devonshire, in the month of April, 1750, and was baptised on the 6th of June following, as appears by the registry of baptisms at the parish church of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire. She was the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott, who were both members of the Established Church, and occupied themselves in farming.

From an early age Joanna had been a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and was so very enthusiastic in her studies as to become remarkable for it when a mere girl. This strong religious bias "grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength," and as she increased in years almost took entire possession of her mind. Like most young women she had her admirers, and among them was one Noah Williams, whom she confesses to have felt an attachment for, and who was entirely attached to her, but whom she discarded as she did all the others. In the year 1790, she was employed as a work-woman at an upholsterer's shop in Exeter. The shopkeeper being a Methodist, his shop was frequently visited by ministers of the same persuasion, and Joanna Southcott possessing what they termed a *serious turn of mind*, did not pass unnoticed. She had frequent discussions in the shop with these ministers, and was regarded as a prodigy. Indeed, so much was she sensible of her own importance and superiority, that it took entire possession of her mind; and this naturally produced dreams which she considered as spiritual communications; and these extraordinary visions continuing, she began to think herself *inspired*. She now bade adieu to the shop, and commenced prophetess. She declared that she was visited by the Lord, who promised to enter into an everlasting covenant with her; but the Methodist preachers already adverted to, endeavoured to convince her of the evil nature of her inspirations, and attributed their origin to Satan himself, but Joanna continued firm in her own belief.

Joanna began her impositions in 1792, by declaring herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations as "the bride," "the Lamb's wife," and "the woman clothed with the sun." This was at Exeter, and attracted great attention. She wrote to the clerical dignitaries of the town, and to other persons of respectability; but for eight years she got no sanction from any but the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy. In 1801, she published her first book, "The Strange Effects of Faith;" and that brought to Exeter five gentlemen from different parts of the kingdom to test her truth. Three of them were clergymen, and after remaining in that city for ten days, they declared themselves satisfied that she had a divine mission.

Two years afterwards, they visited London, with many others, for her doctrines had greatly spread, and publicly "tried" the truth of her mission. For the third time a better organised and larger meeting was held, and Joanna again triumphed—a paper being signed to that effect by all present.

Being thus fortified, Joanna issued the following document, in which she broadly stated her pretensions:—

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by his Spirit, as it is impossible for any spirit but an all-wise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as is in my writings; so I am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the Spirit of the most high God.

"JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

This was signed in the presence of fifty-eight persons, including

the Methodist preachers present, who all assented to the truth of the statement.

Her converts now surprisingly increased, and she visited in her missionary capacity Bristol, Leeds, Stockport, and other large towns, where she obtained many adherents. Among the number was William Sharp, the celebrated engraver, who was a man prone to mystical imaginings, and most easily deceived by religious impostors. At an early period of his life, he became a convert to the opinions of Brothers and others who called themselves prophets, such as Wright, Bryan, &c. He became so completely enamoured of Joanna and her pretensions, that he went to Exeter and brought her to London, took lodgings for her, and maintained her for some time. He to the last firmly believed that she was inspired. It is no wonder that, revelling as he did in such vagaries, he died poor. Among the many fine productions of his graver, is a portrait of his favourite prophetess. The one here given is copied from an original drawing by George Cruikshank, made in July 1813.

Among the directions for her conduct which the Spirit, according to her belief, had given her, was an order to Seal the faithful to the number of one hundred and forty-four thousand, previous to the

Millennium, which she declared was fast approaching. The story of the discovery of this famous seal is variously told. Some affirm that she found it in sweeping out her master's shop at Exeter, others say that she obtained it in sweeping her own house, where she carelessly threw it into a box; and when she was ordered by the Spirit so seal up the people, having no seal for the purpose, the Spirit told her in the Devonshire dialect, that she would find one in the *skivet* of her box, so she opened the box and found the seal abovementioned; and on looking at it found engraved



on it I. C. with two stars, the explanation of which she says was given her by the Spirit; that is, I stands for Jesus and Joanna, the C for Christ, and the two stars for the morning and evening stars, Jesus being the morning, and Joanna the evening star.



A manuscript note of the late Mr. George Smeeton, in the possession of our publisher, hitherto unpublished, gives the following curious history of this seal. He says: "Mr. Samuel Rousseau, author of a 'Grammar of the Persian Language,' and other works, told me, 'that this famous

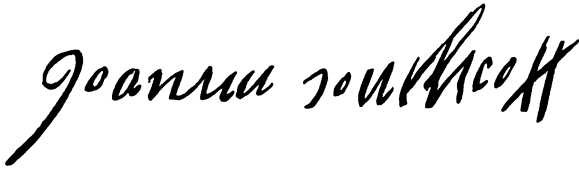
mystical seal was found in a dust heap near Clerkenwell, in the neighbourhood of which he was then living; and was brought for

his inspection ; that he jocularly commented upon it to the bearer, telling him it would do for Joanna Southcott, and that it was a mystical seal. The poor creature believed him, and presented it to Joanna, he being one of her followers. From this identical seal twenty thousand *passports to heaven* were sealed, varying in price from one shilling to twelve. So much for enlightened England !”

This sealing of the elect was thus performed. Upon a sheet of paper was written within a mystical circle, about six inches in diameter, the following words, commencing with the name of the disciple :—

R. N * * * * ,
The sealed of the Lord—the Elect precious,
Man’s Redemption, to Inherit the
Tree of Life.
To be made Heirs of God, and Joint heirs
with Jesus Christ.

This was dated on the day of its delivery ; and signed by Joanna herself, whose autograph is here engraved from one of these precious documents.



The paper was then folded up ; and the impression of Joanna’s seal made on the outside in wax. This done they were sent to different persons commissioned by Joanna to dispense the same. When any person was to be sealed, he wrote his name in a list provided for that purpose ; this was called signing for Satan’s destruction, as he thereby signifies his wish, that Satan may soon be destroyed, that is, banished from the earth. The new name being thus added to the list, was copied thence into the paper, which recorded the sealing ; which being written out fairly, and signed by the Prophetess was carefully folded, and sealed up with her seal, with the injunction “not to be broke open” written outside. It was then delivered into the hands of the party whose name it bore, and that person was considered as *sealed*.

The price of this sealing was originally one guinea, but was subsequently reduced to twelve shillings, and even lower ; as the applications became numerous, and the determination to fleece even the poorest among her followers, governed their rulers. The numbers of the sealed up to the year 1808, is estimated to have amounted to upwards of six thousand four hundred. A melancholy list of dupes, and a disagreeable contemplation for a thinking mind. Each of these persons believed this sealed paper a *certain salvation* ; and the wicked folly of disseminating these things continued until 1808, when for some unexplained reason the sealing was suddenly stopped.

Joanna continued her visionary rhapsodies, and occasionally preached to the assembled people. She used to dress in a plain

quaker-like style, in a gown of calimancoe; and a shawl and bonnet of a drab colour. She was a coarse common-place looking woman; of considerable corpulency. She would occasionally address the people in the open air, her stronghold being in Southwark, where her chapel was. This house, which had on its front, in very large characters "The house of God," was situated a few doors south of the old Elephant and Castle, and opposite the Fishmongers' Almshouses. The three leading preachers here were a Mr. Carpenter, who afterwards seceded from his mistress, and with a young man saw visions on his own account; a Mr. S. P. Foley (said to be a relation of Lord Foley), and a Mr. Tozer, who was a lath-render in the London Road, adjacent; and who with the rest had no other ordination than that given by the Spirit through Joanna. The square block of houses among which this chapel stood was a peculiar bequeath in the reign of Elizabeth for the support of ten aged widows, and then consisted of a field, with a dwelling house and blacksmith's shop on it. When the estate became released, the parish officers pulled down this chapel, and reconstructed the other houses, and had a clause inserted in the new leases, that on any tenant affixing on any part of the front of their premises the words—"House of God!" the leases should immediately become forfeited.

In 1803, Joanna published some remarks on the Church of England Prayers, which she declared were dictated by the Holy Spirit, as all her other writings were affirmed to be. To this was prefixed an introduction written by her enthusiastic admirer Sharp the engraver, in which he states his belief in the redemption of mankind by her means, and that she is *the woman* named in the 12th chapter of the Revelations; and that in consequence of the purity of her church prayers, England would be the first country redeemed; and then the whole world, by means of Joanna's writings.

Joanna was some years stationary in London. She had chapels in Southwark, Spitalfields, Greenwich, Twickenham, and Gravesend, and all her prophecies were carefully committed to paper. In the *Times* of the 28th of October, 1813, she inserted a letter of warning to the English nation, and a challenge to the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England, and all who disbelieved in her mission. These warnings were contained in her "Book of Wonders," sent as she was "ordered by the Spirit" to the Prince Regent, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Worcester, Salisbury, and London, the Duke of Gloster, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Ellenborough, and the Recorder of London. In the third "Book of Wonders" was announced "the coming of Shiloh with a call to the Hebrews," and the climax of Joanna's madness arrived.

This unfortunate religious enthusiast had so far wrought on her own mind that she believed Christ was to be born again under the name of Shiloh, and that she at the age of sixty-five was to be the mother. The madness of herself and her votaries acting and reacting on each other, had taught them to assert and believe this monstrous and wicked absurdity. It is impossible to print here the descriptions of her miraculous conception which her followers had the audacity to promulgate; or to give in Southcott's own words her

description of her pregnancy ; suffice it to say, that her followers believed in the assertion she made of the Spirit having said to her, " This year, in the sixty-fifth year of thy age, thou shalt have a son by the power of the Most High ; which if they (the Hebrews) receive as their prophet, priest, and king, then I will restore them to their own land, and cast out the heathen for their sakes, as I cast out them when they cast out me, by rejecting me as their Saviour, Prince, and King, for which I said I was born, but not at that time to establish my kingdom."

And now the mad enthusiasm of Joanna's followers continued on the increase. In town and country all sorts of contributions and necessary preparations for her *accouchement* were made. She was literally overwhelmed with presents, and a costly cradle was provided for the child that was eagerly expected by her followers.

A book was kept in which all these " free-will offerings to Shiloh " were entered as they were received ; and this was, with her will, placed in the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. It is curious to look over the list. Some are of value ; some but trifling " mementoes of love ;" some are gifts of clothing ; others of money ; others of a very nondescript kind—such as Mrs. Harwood's gift of " a silver barrel," or Alfred Goldsmith's of " a pretty six-pence." The quantity of caps given is enormous, while robes, pinafores, shoes, of satin and worsted, flannel shirts, napkins, blankets, &c., swell the list to a large amount ; silver spoons, pap-boats, mugs, corals ; as well as silver teapots, sugar basins, tongs, and " odds-and-ends " of all kinds, complete this record of fanatical credulity.

The absurdity of all this was severely commented upon both in England, and on the Continent. Yet there were not wanting persons possessing a sufficient amount of gullibility to uphold her fancies or deception among the medical profession. A letter was published by Dr. Reece, in which, after stating that he had visited her and ascertained by personal examination that she was undoubtedly pregnant, had applied to the parish clerk for the certificate of her baptism ; and having assured himself of her age ; without binding himself to her tenets or her assertions, he considered himself " satisfied " that she might give birth to a child.

But as if to silence the objection to the truth of her situation, an advertisement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, September 22d, 1814, and also in the *Courier* of Friday, 23rd, in which she declared that in consequence of the malicious and false reports circulated she was desirous of treating for " a spacious and ready-furnished house to be hired for three months, in which her *accouchement* may take place, in the presence of such competent witnesses as shall be appointed by proper authority to prove her character to the world." On Sunday, Aug. 23rd, all the chapels of her sect were closed until the birth of the child : and her principal chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, announced that it would be accompanied by supernatural signs sufficient to convince the most sceptical, and that then would the Millennium commence.

But the appointed day passed over, and, of course, no birth took place, yet her votaries defended her, and obstinately persisted that the child would speedily be born, when death dropped the curtain on the miserable farce ; and Joanna expired in Manchester Street,

Manchester Square, on the 27th of December of the same year. Even her death was scarcely believed by her friends, who expected her to rise and live again; but she was buried in the ground attached to St. John's Wood Chapel, where another religious impostor lies, "the prophet Richard Brothers." Opposite to No. 44, on the wall is the tombstone to her memory.

The failure of her prophecies had, however, no effect in opening the eyes of her deluded votaries. On one occasion she prognosticated the death of her own father at a stated period; in doing which she stood a fair chance of being right, as he was then above seventy years of age, and his death daily expected; but he long survived the appointed period without "the prophetic" suffering at all in the opinion of her followers. On another occasion, to confirm her disciples, a miracle was announced to be performed on a certain day; and this was to raise a corpse to life. The Devil, however, in the shape of Wortley, an officer of the Union Hall Office, interposed and spoiled the effect, by proposing, that the dead man should first be stabbed with a dagger. The corpse not liking such a process got up and ran away, to the great astonishment of the congregation. In some instances the zeal of Joanna's followers outran her own discretion; and they carried their vagaries to an extent which she did not always countenance or command, although they were the natural results of her own erroneous example.

The implicit faith that her followers reposed on her predictions may be illustrated by one instance among many. Edward Penny, a farmer residing at Inglebourn, near Totness, Devon, became so convinced of the truth of her prediction, that in the ensuing year there would be no harvest, as the world would be destroyed before the period for gathering the corn had arrived, that he determined to save his seed-wheat, and let all his land lie idle. The harvest time came, the world went on as before; and when rent-day came he had no way of meeting the demands upon himself, so he was obliged to part with a portion of his property to pay the rent of the farm he had so foolishly neglected. He never recovered the blow, but sunk gradually in the world until he was obliged to seek parochial aid, dying miserably poor.

In London the believers in Southcott's imposture are "dying out," but so short a time ago as September 1838, some few were summoned to Union Hall, for exciting a disturbance in the streets by the exhibition of banners and mystical emblems, and the public preaching of her doctrine; and in May, 1835, an advertisement to the following effect appeared in the papers:—"The followers of Joanna Southcott and her son Shiloh, are informed that a very valuable manuscript, giving an account of the Divine Mission of Shiloh, his works and miracles, which have taken place since the death of Joanna Southcott, will be published in Numbers, at one shilling each." And in 1840 another advertisement announced that the manuscript of her original prophecies was to be sold complete "in excellent preservation." Some few of her followers still linger about the neighbourhood of Walworth; and it is but a short time since a petition for the destruction of the Devil lay for signature at a rag-shop there, thus continuing one of the old freaks of Joanna.

That Joanna was an unfortunate lunatic there can be no doubt, her lunacy being the result of misdirected study and enthusiasm acting

on a weak brain ; and that she and her more immediate followers added deliberate money-getting by imposition there can be also no doubt. What their religious tenets were can scarcely be clearly made out by the published or spoken rhapsodies of the prophetess or her sect ; the probability is that they did not themselves distinctly comprehend them. Their errors and actions as exhibited to the world, equal in absurdity any that we read of as enacted in what we term "the dark ages," although taking place in the nineteenth century ; and in the very centre of one of the most civilized of European nations. Ere we judge too harshly of the credulity of our ancestors, who had not that means of obtaining true knowledge we have ourselves, we should reflect on the vagaries of this sect, thus acting in opposition to truth and reason. It should also teach us how dangerous it is to stray from the well-defined rules of true religious government.

A POET'S LOVE.

WITH my love, so sweet and fair,
None can compare ;
With my love, so fair and sweet,
None can compete !

Had I a hundred eyes
(Two my purpose serve but ill),
Had I a hundred eyes,
I would gaze on her my fill !
With my love, so sweet and fair,
None can compare !
With my love, so fair and sweet,
None can compete !

Had I a hundred ears,
They would hear her slightest tone ;
Had I a hundred ears,
They would list to her alone !
With my love, so sweet and fair,
None can compare !
With my love, so fair and sweet,
None can compete !

Had I a hundred tongues,
They would praise her night and day ;
Had I a hundred tongues,
All together they would say,
With my love, so sweet and fair,
None can compare !
With my love so fair and sweet,
None can compete !

M. A. B.

MADRILENIA ;

OR,

TRUTHS AND TALES OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies.
 There, methinks, would be enjoyment, more than in this march of mind,
 In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
Locksley Hall.

TERTULIA.—THE COUNTRY DRIVE.—ADVENTURE AT CHURCH.—THE
 COUNTRY PARTY.

ON entering the *porte-cochère* of the house of whose hospitality we were about to partake, we were ushered into a garden, on which the principal room of the festivity looked ; through the windows cut to the ground, we beheld waving dresses, and twirling forms, soft supple shapes, and bright oval faces, while a polka (!) was undergoing laceration at the hands both of the musicians, and the saltatory *pollos*.

Resplendent, indeed, are the members of this genus at a *tertulia*, arrayed in scarlet, green, purple, and every colour of the rainbow, as regards neckcloths ; in dark frock-coats, or short tail-coats, such as in civilized countries are worn in the morning, with nankin trousers and profuse waistcoats, they are indeed bewitching.

They dance I know not how, turning each step into a peculiar kind of leap, and dragging their unhappy partner behind them, or hurling her forward, as occasion serves ; but alas ! for the first part of the evening they have everything their own way ; as the Spanish poet talks of them,

“ Ellos son los predilectos
 De los tertulias de tono,
 Y con sus gestos de mono
 Aumentan la diversion.”

“ They are the beloved of the *tertulias* of ton, and with their monkey gestures augment the diversion ;” but later, poor creatures, when the *corps diplomatique* and their elder rivals appear, how infinitesimal becomes their song !

We unfortunately arrived early, when the room was infested with these animals ; and again the softer sex, the beam of sunshine in the midst of darkness, relieved us of our grief. How charming did the fair Spaniards appear when seen in their element, all freedom and *abandon*, with a sufficiency of decorum to make it pleasing. How they danced, and skipped, and frolicked ! Now some two or three of them, scorning male partners, would form in a circle, and dance a sort of witches' dance to the air that was being played, ending with a low, scream of delight, a gentle war-whoop ; then as the older birds came in, meeting their partners, or singling out some favoured one with a glance, they would revolve in a rapid waltz, forgetting everything in the intox-

icating whirl. Again, in an interval of the music, they would rush in a body to the piano and join in some inspiring chorus, the "Hymno di Riego," or the nigger "Tango," or perchance they would playfully interrupt the deleterious *ecarté* or *lansquenét*. In addition to all this, the familiarity is very delightful; the young men address the maidens by the name their sponsors have bestowed on them, and the damsels reciprocate in like manner. We ourselves, R—— and I, were both Enrique the second time we met the charmers. Yet, fair among the fair, and more accomplished than them all, charming it was to behold, one fair countrywoman. She ecstasied alike the juveniles of either sex. Dark in England, she was considered fair amongst the swarthy race. With every new dance of Jullien, Strauss, and Labitzky at her fingers' ends, and ever ready to play, she shed such melody as can never before have rejoiced the Madrilenians' ears. Like Orpheus she charmed the Brutes, for even the *Pollos* were entranced.

While this joy, in which we all shared, was proceeding, gambling, the bane of a Spaniard, was reigning in a corner; *ecarté* absorbed a large knot of every kind and style of persons, diplomats, natives, old and young, seemed magnetised within its influence; in vain did the music play and the damsels dance, the deal and the trump held over these an indivisible and undivided sway. Now one or two chaperones blink their weary old eyes, as they begin to think it time to depart, and their *protégées*, frightfully excited, dance one more terrific dance, before resting themselves by a calm flirtation. The men pulling out their cigars, begin to puff away, despite the presence of the ladies, and everything is getting free and easy. Couples are seen strolling into the small garden, or snugly ensconced behind curtains; *sorbetes*, and biscuits, the only refreshments allowed and required, are disappearing very fast.

Drawing near my *compatriote*, I prevail on her to play me a little air, on which all the *señoritas* flock round the instrument. Men gradually add themselves to the group, and R—— whispers to a lady near him, for here no introduction is required, "Would you dance?" then asking in English for "The Pearl of England," or the "Olga," they are once more spinning through the room. Hands are passed round waists, a glance sufficing for the request and the assent, and this last dance is the most uproarious of all. A youth aged about thirteen, and reaching up to her shoulder, approaches the fair musician, and congratulates her on her playing, telling her at the same time that she is "muy guapa," "muy graciosa," very pretty, and very graceful, a common compliment; and while smoking a cigar, and sounding her praises, which she accepts as from an infant, he winds up by regretting that his numerous engagements had prevented his doing himself the honour of dancing with her, as he doubts not they would have acquitted themselves to their mutual advantage and credit.

Mr. Moore remarks, that as all "sink away, things most mighty, things most bright," and that as "Tyre and Sidon had their day," so "even a ball has but its night." Alas! the present occasion proved the truth of his platitude: *mammas*, aunts, and "old gals" of every kind, now sternly refused to stay any later, and having already been inveigled into remaining beyond the time they proposed, were proof against all artifice, stratagem, or persuasion that could retain them longer. Some walked away with attendant swains, and a lantern-bearer; some rolled off in car-

riages ; and as I sauntered slowly to mine inn, having just time enough to change my dress and breakfast for a country party that was to start, when "as yet 'twas early morn," I saw laggard couples in the rear of some tremendous matron, endeavouring to delay by slow walking the minute that was to part them, though their parting were but to last for a few hours, till the Prado, or another *tertulia*, should reunite them. As I was turning into my door, a minute or two afterwards, I beheld in the street my Irish friend, also bent bedward, accompanied by foreigners and Spaniards, of all ages and degrees and sizes, who were endeavouring, to the best of their power, to join him in the words and melody of that tender ditty, "We won't go home till morning!" though daylight had long appeared.

It was a Sunday morning, I am shocked to say, when I arrived at my domicile ; and without sleep, a hasty bath and change of dress invigorated me so much, that I felt equal to a Peninsular campaign of pleasure. Shaving I had long abandoned, though the crop did not answer my expectations ; and, accoutring myself in my socialist hat and a brown Holland paletot, selected from the stock of five hundred thousand belonging to the Moses of Bordeaux, I mounted in solitary glory a high barouche ; for R—— did not accompany, being, I am sorry to say, an unfortunately late riser. This equipage I had procured with the greatest difficulty. Nowhere in Madrid could I find a coachman hazardous enough to undertake a whole day's work. Madrilenian coach proprietors universally go on the principle of cheap shops, low prices and quick returns, having secured which, they enjoy idleness till their profits are squandered. No cheating to them can compensate for a twelve hours' job. They are content with three hours' wages, and have no emulation to enrich themselves. My Irish friend, Hispanicised into Don Roberto, had patrolled the streets with me for two hours the previous evening, in a vain endeavour to discover an enterprising and speculative Jehu. The intrepid Joachim had likewise tried his luck, but with equal ill success. R——'s imposing appearance, and my own blandishments, had alike failed, and, weary with despair, we had returned to our apartments. The only resource was equestrianism, and though we feared exposure to the burning sun, this seemed the only means of joining our party. But a guardian angel stepped in under the appearance of a noseless British jockey.

Mr. L—— is, I believe, the solitary hack-jobber in Madrid, and to him we were referred for mounts ; to him accordingly we repaired, and in him we found a friend indeed. Unacquainted with a word of the language of a country to which he had been originally taken as stud groom in the suite of a sporting grandee, he has managed to make himself wonderfully at home in his foreign residence. His gestures and Yorkshire dialogue inspire his Spanish grooms with deference, and despite the manner in which he is cheated, he manages, I understand, to pick up a pretty tolerable living. His eyes twinkle with the shrewdness of his craft, and the smile with which he passes his sarcasms on the customs of the place, by some inexplicable muscular action, includes in its curl the eyelet holes of his nose. He never possessed this usually most prominent feature of the face, two little nostrils being the only signs thereof. What he does when afflicted with a cold I cannot imagine. To him we unburdened our griefs. To our first request for horses he gladly assented. He told us he was glad to find an English

customer ; that whenever he let an English horse possessed of the least "sperrit" to a native, an injury, either to the biped or to the quadruped, was the inevitable result. If the horse was passive, the poor animal alone suffered. With a wink, "You see, sir," he said, "they ain't no judges of an 'orse. A long mane and tail goes a great way with 'em. If I gives 'em a good 'un, they either kills 'im or theirselves. The amount of 'uman blood on my 'ead is hawful. If I gives 'em a quiet 'un like this" —here he dug a spur into a poor thin beast, which showed no resentment—"if I gives 'em a quiet 'un like this, four or five on 'em takes 'un and rides 'un by turns for the 'ole day. They gallops 'un, they trots 'un, they spurs 'un ; and they 're angry if I charges more nor two dollars. They spoils 'un at least six." We really sympathised with the poor man, and promised him to take the greatest care of his animals. Before selecting any, however, we broached the subject of a carriage to him. At this proposition he seemed at first very much puzzled, but after a few moments' soliloquy, he cried out, "Pepper!" As he uttered this ejaculation, he chuckled to me, "Rum name that, sir, for a Christian ;" in which opinion we coincided, though labouring under the belief that the individual in question was named Pépe. Pepper answering the summons, entered into our counsels, and the matter being duly explained to him, the vehicle already mentioned was procured as we have seen.

I rolled through the streets to the "casa" of my friends, who, by the way, were going for the hot months to their country residence, and found them in the confusion of departure ; and having, from their windows, beheld the hebdomadal review, we hastened away to enjoy in our drive the freshness of the morning. My friends enjoyed the privilege of driving through the grounds of the Casa del Campo, a country villa of the Queen's, and by this road, a short cut to their house, we took our course. The villa itself I firmly believe to be a myth, an architectural Mrs. Harris, for though I have often crossed and recrossed the enclosure, I do not remember ever to have seen it. The grounds are an agreeable relief, the air smells pleasant from the shrubs, and though the road is disagreeably sandy, trees and scraps of water frequently interrupt the monotony. The rabbits, so plentiful in Castile, ran perpetually across the path ; and were I a sportsman, this short journey might have afforded me an inexhaustible store from which to draw fables as good as any of those I have so often heard fall from the lips of "crack shots." I can fancy one of the said *genus* sneer at my Cockneyism in talking of sport in June ; but recollect, in Spain, regardless of the forest laws, you can feed on game the whole of the livelong year.

The gates of the grounds are passed, and we ascend a steep and dusty hill ; the almond trees hang over the side, and the leaves glitter in the dew of the glorious morn. We descend a second hill, and trot into a strange village. Here the long low rows of houses of the poor do not strike the traveller as being very dissimilar to those of his own country ; but the villas of the wealthy burgher, or rustivating noble, do rather cause surprise. They have no second floor ; the whole house is a long basement. Large windows reach from the roof nearly to the ground, guarded with strong iron bars, calculated to keep man out, and woman in. Not much time, however, is left to reflection, as we pass our remarks. The carriages jog through an open space, and bumping over

the narrow course of a sun-dried river, enter the courtyard of the hospitable house in which I was to spend so many pleasant days.

English travellers sneeringly complain that in Italy and Spain the country houses are constructed without any reference to comfort. How illogical is their jeer ! In these hot climates *coolth* is comfort. Foreigners wisely resort to their cities in the winter season, seeking warmth from contact. In warmer climes, padded chairs and downy cushions afford comfort not to men but bugs.

The house at which we have arrived, I think, I may produce as a good *échantillon* of a Spanish country domicile ; and though I am a bad hand at description, I will venture to bring before the eyes of my reader (if perchance I have any) the rustic habitation of a Spanish *littérateur*, one of the most celebrated of modern days.

The house itself is built from north to south, the entrance being towards the south, and opening on the court. This court is walled in on the east and south, on the west is the gardener's cottage, while its northern boundary is the parent building, with the exception of a little bit of wall, large enough to contain the garden door. Passing this door, one naturally sees the west side of the house, along which and the north end runs the jasmine-covered balcony I mentioned in my last, which, covered itself, forms a sort of verandah with the pavement below. The east, looking on the road, has no windows, and presents a dead wall, which, were it at Fulham, would long ere this have been covered with posters. Conceive the charms of this balcony. Fancy the soft calm nights, the bright moon or the twinkling star. Fancy yourself lying on a cool mat looking on the flowery garden which gleams in the softened light. Fancy the fairy forms of fair Iberians fitting round you, the sky brilliant with the beams of a subdued day, the guitars of the villagers tinkling in the village *plaza*, the low laugh of a gentle companion, the rich scents floating through the elastic air, and a soft song trilling through an opened window, poured like honeyed gold into your all but unconscious ear. Fancy all this, and then tell me if a southern land be not a fitting scene for love and happiness, and if the most apathetic Teuton, or frozen Fin, could resist these gentle influences. You will grant me that this is enough, or more than enough ; that these sensual appliances could raise fervour even in the Monument ; but what would you say if this were only the framework, and if the picture it contained bestowed not only material ecstasy, but intellectual refinement, when mellow voices poured forth the learning of well-stored minds, and when, through the music that flowed from the finger of the accomplished *mater familias*, the liquid Spanish of the father told tales of the devoted love of history, or, as though the parent and the child had exchanged dispositions, the daughter, polishing rough English to dulcet tones, recited the noble deeds of Hispania's heroes, and inspired the hearts of the enraptured listeners when she spoke of the guerdon that of old awaited the victorious warrior ?

Enter the house by the door that opens on the court, and you stand in a good sized hall, where the servants usually dine ; on the left is the kitchen ; further, on the same side, the dining-room, through which are two bed-rooms. On the north-east of the hall is a large staircase, having surmounted which, you find another hall corresponding to the one below. Here are long saloons and bed-rooms, which lead you to the enchanting balcony. The floors above I never penetrated, for they looked haunted,

and I am superstitious. The whole house has a brick flooring, which is frequently subjected to irrigation. The carriages stood at the door of the mansion, and we crossed the hospitable portals: ere we proceed further, however, we send to the priest, and order a mass. In this country, prayers, like everything else, are to be purchased, and as the commonalty like to have their service very early in the morning, so that their day's enjoyment may not be abridged, the more aristocratic and bed-loving laity are obliged to pay an extra fee for the carrying out their devotions. This, however, is not an expensive luxury,—four *pesetas* cover the expense, the priest finding his own incense. Though this seemed an odd mode of proceeding, such mocking thoughts were banished from my mind as I approached the holy edifice. The populace seemed to flock at the tolling of the bell, as though glad of an opportunity to renew their homage to their Maker, and as their prayers resounded through the sacred fane, which, though in a Spanish village, would not have disgraced any of *our* great towns, I felt the *Catholic* power of their creed: I knew that an enterprising Briton, or speculative Yankee would probably sneer at their want of civilization, condemn them as inferior beings on account of their simplicity,—their ignorance of the science of steam power; but I felt that amidst the want of animal comforts that mechanical spirits regard as necessities, their well-founded faith had not been shaken by a fatal progress; that they continued to adore their God in sincerity, and did not as yet worship *only* the golden calf of an eclectic utilitarianism.

I walked up the nave, as far as the high altar, with ladies of the party who seated themselves on the floor, as did all the females of the congregation. The sight was very pleasing. The only head-dress allowed to be worn at church is a black mantilla, consequently the ambition of the peasant girl is such an article of dress. The large space was covered with these half-reclining figures, who continued waving their fans during the whole ceremony, producing a very pretty effect as well as an agreeable breeze. I stood at one side, near my party, leaning against a heap of thick candles, which had been placed in a nook formed by a subordinate altar.

The service proceeded in the manner usually prevalent in churches of the Roman Catholic faith, and having got over a feeling I at first entertained, that the eyes of the whole congregation were upon me, I endeavoured to join in the devotions. Presently, however, a man, dressed as a *majo*, who had been standing opposite, advanced towards me, accompanied by two others similarly attired. What could be the matter?—Had I committed sacrilege?—Had I unconsciously offended their religious feelings?—Was I to be turned out?—The men came nearer and nearer, while I was forming deprecatory sentences in Spanish. The priest suddenly turned himself round, and for a moment gazed steadily at me, the only man at that end of the church besides these three and himself. What was to happen?—The leader came forward and raised his hand, but did not do me any bodily harm; he simply and gently pushed me aside, while he lighted the candles against which I had been leaning; he gave one of them to each of his companions, took one himself, and thrust the fourth into my unpractised hand. I whispered to my fair companions, for the shock had rendered me speechless, as far as Spanish was concerned; I begged her to thank the man for me, but to refuse the candle; she laughingly answered that I must follow him, as

it was intended for a compliment, and that my refusal would be considered the reverse.

The man beckoned once, the man beckoned twice, and as he seemed impatient, before he beckoned a third time, I followed him, my scrunched hat in my right hand, this enormous luminary in the other. The priest was kneeling with an acolyth on either side, close to the holy table. My friend knelt on the highest step on the left of the officiator, I was instructed to kneel on the right, the two other human candlesticks knelt behind us, and on a lower grade. Here I was assisting at the administration of what in England is considered an idolatrous ritual. Polemics, however, did not enter my mind, and my only thought was, what a wise figure I must be cutting in the sight of the congregation. At length, one of the two little acolyths turned round, having received a square piece of wood from the priest; being very blind I thought this was a censor, and, on his rubbing it against my nose, I started back, fearing he was guilty of some practical joke; he smiled and presented it again, when I sniffed at it, thinking such an act was expected. The youth left me in despair, and turned to the *majo*, who took the picture of the Virgin (for such it was) reverently in his hands, and embraced it, bowing. It was then presented to our two subordinates, who behaved in like manner, when my friend extinguishing his candle with his fingers, I did so with my hat, and, at a sign from him, I followed him away.

As I descended to the floor of the church I sportively raised my *lorgnon* to my eye, and beheld the whole assembly laughing in the most irreverent manner. One old woman especially excited my indignation, who was seated in fits of laughter, rolling like a child's mandarin. I am certain that she was only prevented quite rolling over by the weight which was applied to her naturally as it is to those Chinese toys artistically.

After service I perceived the men had all been collected at the lower end of the building, so I had been the only one available for the purpose. I do not know, to the present moment, whether it was an hospitable compliment, or a designed joke: now I care still less;—but next day it was gossiped all over Madrid, which is, I should say, the most scandalous capital in Europe, that I had embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

On our return to the house a sumptuous breakfast was spread before us, a reeking *olla, sin ajo*, cherries, each the size of pigeon's egg, plums the size of a hen's. We gormandized, and committed excesses in water pure from the spring, and having eaten I retired to the welcome siesta, and oh! how grateful was it after the sleepless night. I spread my faithful cloak on a straw mat; I had already discovered the truth of the Spanish dogma, that a cloak is a safeguard against heat as well as cold. I excluded every ray of the piercing sun from the room into which I had been led. I sprinkled the porous brick with oceans of water; I placed an Etruscan vase, filled with the precious liquid near my pillow, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, the world had vanished from my sight. But in my dreams my spirit fled a thousand miles away. I roamed in the pleasant villages of Somersetshire, where an ultramarine atmosphere, such as I had just seen, was spread over the gorgeous verdancy of England. My mind strayed to the images of home, and I explored each nook of the well-known place, till I heard the sound of the parish bells in the hamlet church, and I bent in prayer with the simple pea-

sants of a congenial faith. The sermon proceeded, but a stranger preached it; the churchwarden slumbered in his pew; the clerk nodded at his desk, and as his book, which had been gradually sliding, fell with a rap upon the floor, I was summoned to the afternoon meal. Strange to say, I afterwards discovered that the clergyman who usually did duty in the church to which my sleeping thoughts wandered, was absent that particular Sunday.

Having plunged my head into a tub of water I hastened down stairs to hurry over the repast, in order that we might catch the sunset, on a neighbouring hill. Donkeys were procured for the ladies, and I managed to guide them properly, with the assistance of Tio Valentia, and Postigo, the former the ugliest man, the latter the most hideous boy, I have ever had the luck to behold. The Tio (Tio is Spanish for gaffer) was very short in stature, and his garments were of the most tattered description. Bits of his knee, or his elbow, were constantly making their appearance, and his shirt, which age had "openworked" in front, displayed his skin, much resembling that of a black bear. The worthy man lived, I believe, exclusively on garlic and bad tobacco, and was never to be seen sober. Morning, day, and night, he was mildly drunk.

Postigo's features had all of them an upward tendency. His forehead was curiously turned upwards: the broad tip of his nose touched his eyebrows, and his mouth and chin were at corresponding angles. The effect of this was very singular, for whenever he bent his head, his face seemed to be in its proper position. They were both, however, very good persons, and I flatter myself were much attached to me, at least they said so whenever I gave them a *propina trinkgelt*—"lave to dhrink my health."

With this *cortége* we wound up a savage passage on the side of a hill, till we reached a fountain, where we stayed to imbibe and dismount. It was situated close to a gamekeeper's cottage, in a most romantic moorland.

The spring water in Spain certainly is most delicious. It possesses a quality of indescribable lightness, such as I have never met with anywhere else. Its analysis I care not for, but I am told that when weighed in a balance with river water it has been found wanting. That in actual weight, the scale in which it was placed bounded high in the air.

Abandoning our *burros* here we walked amidst the forest of dwarfed trees till we came to a space commanding a deep valley. On the opposite side, tall peaked rocks, such as in Castile rise high in air, without any breadth, acted as a foreground to the declining sun. The rich crimson streak spread over the horizon, and lying on tufts of herb we gazed in silence on the glorious spectacle. The bees, humming as they hastened to their homes, produced an harmonious accompaniment to the sight, and the intoxicating scents of the thyme and the gum-cistus, which grow in savage luxuriance round the spot completely finished me. Gradually the glowing orb sank from our sight, and the bright starlight burst forth in its full effulgence—as a timid husband grows brilliant on the departure of his tyrannic wife. Then a joyous carol filled the air, and as the eyes of my companions competed with the lustre of the glowworm's, clustered round, their voices joined with "the zephyr's breath," raise a hymn of joy to the goddess of the night, while the parasite owls, and bats hooted and flapped an uncouth symphony.

How easily did I agree to the proposal that was then made that I should send the carriage back to Madrid, and stay with these kind friends for a few days. The carriage, the result of my diplomatic labours, went empty away, and the coachman, bearing a missive to the useful Joachim to send me some habiliments by the early morning diligence, turned on his homeward route, as I was accompanying my hosts to the village dance.

The centre of attraction of this village is a Casa de Baños, a bath-house, where apartments for families and single gentlemen are to be procured, and which is much affected during the hot months by those of the Madrilenians, whose tastes or occupations preclude their wandering to any great distance from the capital. It has a row of bath-rooms, which many Spaniards told me they were in the habit of using, though I must confess the appearances of many of them inclined me to doubt their assurances. Rather a pleasant garden is attached to the establishment, as also a large courtyard, wherein it is customary to dance at the height of the bathing season.

The society is a curious mixture, for though the peasantry do not often mix in the amusement, owing to the exotic dances introduced of late years,—they form a circle round the performers, and pass their remarks in no very low tone of voice.

The shopkeepers of Madrid, however, are powerful here. Ambitious *calicos* frequent the Casa, for the sake of mixing with the aristocracy, and having danced with some highborn *demoiselle* once or twice—they are able to talk of her familiarly in their own humble circle, or vent the hopeless passion which perchance may spring, by carving her name repeatedly on the trees around,

The ladies of Madrid (bless them!) encourage these pretensions I am told. By a judicious *œillade* they frequently can procure a fan at a moderate price, and even at the very shops in Madrid pairs of gloves are often said to be given for a nominal sum, if the gallant counter-jumper have the privilege of fitting them on the hand of the fair purchaser. The two apparently greatest men at the Casa in the season of 1850 were respectively a shoemaker and a hatter: the two humblest a rich marquis and his brother—the first pair, it is said, paid their court to ladies by profligate offers of their various wares, and, as I saw, completely eclipsed in splendour their unassuming rivals. The latter possessed a house in the village, and often gave balls similar to those of the Casa de Baños, to which every one was bidden, lofty and lowly, marquis and mercer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARCHANGEL.

Who is not fond of his birth-place! of the spot where he first saw the daylight triumph over the night, which, to him as a child, appeared the more frightening of the two. Numberless pictures crowd round the mind, when we look back upon the world, as it then appeared peopled by none but honest people, and compare it with the world as it now appears to us. Should the spot in a great measure be deprived of the numerous beauties Nature bestows, still there is a charm which makes you forget its defects; and only have an eye for its beauties.

In the northerly regions of Europe there is a small town called Archangel. Though small in compass, and smaller still I may say in its number of inhabitants, it is most important in trade.

Here, in this out-of-the-way nook of the world, kind reader, your most humble servant was born. With the name Archangel, the public, in their well-known charity, contrive to associate the idea of a place where every nobler and finer feeling freezes; where, in fact, nothing or nobody but a set of Russian ice-bears can live. Now, though the reader will be rather surprised to see me speak in favour of such a place as that, I am unreasonable enough to do so.

It may be true that we have winter the greatest part of the year—that all the rivers are frozen, and that we ourselves stand a chance of being so in our houses. But if you stand at the window and look upon the snow-covered landscape before you, and see each star glittering in the sun like a diamond; if you see the trees in your garden as if covered by diamond leaves, then your heart begins to warm; you look at the flowers which the hard frost has painted on your windows, and Nature in her white dress of innocence appears to you more glorious than ever. The gravest misanthropist will smile when he sees Helios joyously looking upon the earth as if he is determined to break through the clouds of misery, and to abolish every sorrow. Often, I remember, when I was discontented, going out into the star-paved temple of Nature, and all around me the noise of the crisp snow beneath my feet, even the cold aspect of all the passers-by cheered the heart and made it light and sorrow-free. But is it I alone who felt more animated when surrounded by this slumbering nature? O, no! there are innumerable persons who will bear witness to the same fact. Observe the stout Russian coachman, with his thick black beard, and his high cap lined with fur, when he sits on the box of the sledge, warming his hands by beating them together, or taking the ice from his beard, and you will be obliged to confess that he is as much the picture of comfort as John Bull before his fire-side.

When you go out at night you admire the bright stars on the cloudless sky outshining the glistening millions of their brethren at your feet, and the mild queen of the night throwing a pale melancholy light over the whole landscape. Can Italy boast of scenes like these? Can glorious England own them as hers? No, they are confined to the frozen nook of the world, inhabited by ice-bears.

When chilled by having admired Nature's innumerable beauties out of doors, you knock for admission at a house and find the family assembled round the cheerfully blazing fire; the old father and mother sit nearest the blazing flame, whilst the future landlord, a young man and his young wife, sit next to them; he, perchance, every now and then, stealing a kiss from her cherry lips. The younger branches of the family play in the circle thus formed, or listen with eager looks, and still more eager ears, to their father's tale of olden times, when manners and customs were so different from the present, and when our kind father Boreas was kind enough to expel Napoleon and his army from the God-protected Russia.

As May draws nearer, the sun begins to get greater power, changes the white dress of Nature, and destroys the silver leaves of the trees. The river, as if indignant at having been imprisoned so long, boldly breaks the fetters of ice, and the waves, like children freed from the schoolmaster's sceptre, roll prouder onward. A day or two and the leaves appear on the trees, and celebrating Nature's resurrection from her winter's tomb, the birds rise up to the sun, singing a glorious hymn of thanks to the Maker of this beautiful earth. Now the trade begins—the treasure-laden bark comes from the interior of the country bringing the goods for which English, French, and Dutch vessels are waiting. They hoist the sail, they lift the anchor, off they start,—and Archangel, with all its beauties, disappears before their eyes. Next to the scene of business and bustle you see the scene of quiet enjoyment. July approaches; the merchant is busiest then—the sun is hottest. All schools are now closed—the boys have their liberty. Like an army of so many bees they go into the country. Here you see one of them lying in the shade of a tree, or basking in the sun—there you see another one in full summer dress, without coat or waistcoat, cooling himself by spending a day on the water. The evening breaks in, the sun hastens on her westward tour, he reaches the horizon, throws a golden hue over the whole sleeping landscape, and then rising almost immediately begins his all-enlivening course again. A group of peasants go to the fields, singing one of the melancholy Russian songs, so well known and particularly noted for their softness. The world of flowers inhabiting the vast fields, drink “the gentle dew from heaven;” the birds are roused, again all is life, but joyous, quiet, peaceful life. The “Dvina,” proud of the heavy burden she carries in barks and barges, quietly, but majestically, moves onward, not minding storm or rain.

Far from these scenes, I still look back upon them with pleasure. The vale of the mist of days gone by, tries to remove the picture of my birth-place from my sight, but in vain; there it still hovers about me, peopled as it then appeared, by kind good persons. The only place dearer to me than all others, is Archangel, yonder spot in the distant northerly regions.

I have been trying to give an outline of those parts of the globe so often, but wrongly, regarded as the most uninviting; and hope I have succeeded in illustrating the fact that every zone and every country, if it has its defects, has also its natural beauties. This is, however, merely an introduction to a sketch of my mother country, which I hope will show the English nation that the Russians are not quite so uncultivated a race as they may appear on first acquaintance.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Three weeks before Christmas Eve everything around you begins to have a most mysterious aspect. Every day the good lady of the house goes out in her roomy sledge and comes back with most mysterious parcels, wrapped in most mysterious paper.

The eldest daughter, whose duty it is every now and then to help her mother in entertaining the visitors who come in the morning, leaves her chamber, where she had locked herself up for the last hour, with ill-concealed vexation, and perchance you see a small bit of worsted sticking very suspiciously on her merino gown, which the blushing girl tries to hide as well as she can. All this time the boys are in their room, and learn some poetry by heart, which they are to recite to their father on Christmas Eve, and which ought to be quite secret, but unfortunately, learning by heart with them is such a noisy operation, that all the powers of heaven and earth could not prevent the whole house from hearing it.

The nearer Christmas draws, the more excited everybody becomes. The eldest daughter now is admitted sometimes into her mother's chamber, where she attends a consultation under the promise of profound secrecy, and, after half an hour, comes back looking down upon the junior branches of the family as if she had grown two feet six inches during her absence, and raising their expectations by exclamations such as, "What have I seen? O, how beautiful!"

Now Christmas Eve is arrived. The day previous a fir of about nine to ten feet is brought into the kitchen by the back entrance.

When all the children are fast asleep, and "coming events cast their shadows before them," in their dreams the tree is transported into the large hall, and here the mother and father prepare it for the coming evening by adorning the branches with all sorts of imaginary fruit, gingerbread, and *bon-bons*. A golden apple usually crowns the tree, whilst here and there, between the branches, numerous wax candles are placed. So the tree remains till the evening of the next day, the long expected Christmas Eve.

Now the excitement has reached its pitch—the door of the hall is locked, and the awe-inspiring words, "No admittance," pasted upon it. The children get impatient, and are only kept in peace by the assurance that "the black man" will bring them a "pickled rod" if they will not be quiet. Dinner-time now approaches, but the appetite is gone, the excitement has been too great, and the meal is hardly appreciated by the partakers of it. Questions are asked, projects are made, things are anticipated, but all this, instead of diminishing the mental dilemma of the guessers, increases it; and happy to pass an hour or two before they see the secrets of the evening disclosed, the little army get up from the dinner-table and begin hundreds of games without finishing a single one.

At last a bell rings, and they are ushered into a dark room. Silence reigns. Somebody, whose presence is a secret to the children, arranges them into ranks. The eldest begins to giggle, the middle ones wipe the perspiration of fright from their foreheads, thinking it is "the black man" who was to come in case they misbehaved, and the youngest begins to cry; but as the two latter soon see that nothing extraordinary is going to happen, all begin to pass

their time in the performance of practical jokes, such as pinching and tickling their neighbours, &c.

At last another bell rings—all is order—everybody rushes towards the door, from whence the sound comes. It is flung open; as if petrified, the whole troop remain motionless. In the middle of the hall stands the tree, lighted and covered with treasures from top to bottom, or rather from crown to root, and surrounded by little tables, where each child finds its presents prettily arranged. After the first amazement has subsided, the children think of approaching the tables and looking for their names. Now the spell which made them silent is broken. "Oh, how pretty!" "Oh, how beautiful!" Exclamations such as these shake the air. Every one finds his presents; the boy sees his horses and his stable, or his sword and uniform; whilst the girl finds her doll and her kitchen to make the pudding and boil the turkey for her mistresses' Christmas dinner. Everything is joyful hubbub, and only from this moment Christmas begins to be *merry* Christmas. Now the servants are called in; each is dragged by all the children to their little heaps of treasures, notwithstanding the modest demonstrations of the chambermaid, or the expostulations of the fat cook. Another distribution begins now; each of the servants finds a present. All serious thoughts are forgotten. Every face smiles. It is happy, it is glorious, it is merry Christmas.

Order now is restored for one moment. The children deliver the presents to their parents, some in the shape of recitations, some in written congratulations. This done, they recommence the enjoyment of their new presents.

The grey-haired father sitting on the sofa, his right arm embracing the waist of his wife, who next to him, looks like the young creeper clinging to the venerable oak, becomes a child once more, and a happy smile plays round those features which I so often saw care-worn. The clock strikes eleven—the children go to bed—the lights are put out—and my pen seems inclined to be put down;—so, good bye, old friends of my youth, and should you happen to fall in with this sketch, you will see that friend Charley has not quite forgotten how to celebrate a merry Christmas in Russia; in the meanwhile, however, allow me to wish a "Merry Christmas" to the world in general, and to you in particular.

SAINT PHILOMELE;

OR,

THE TWO POPES.

PREFACE.

THIS short and veritable history is freely translated from the French, its author being one of the most distinguished writers of the present day. The happy facility with which Pope Leo XII. provided for the wants of his faithful children in his day, bears so strong an analogy to the equal readiness of Pope Pius IX. in the present, and the means employed in both instances are so equally laudable, that we have taken the liberty of associating them in one Title-page, hoping that the present Pope may be as successful in extricating himself from a difficulty as was his illustrious predecessor.

In the year 1836 the inhabitants of Naples were much astonished at hearing of the extraordinary miracles of Saint Philomele.

Our readers may perhaps never have heard of Saint Philomele, who, it is true, is but a saint of modern creation, dating only from 1827 or 1828. Nevertheless, since that period, she has excited so much attention that she has obtained more celebrity than many saints sent to heaven in the times of Tiberius or Caligula.

Her reputation has even extended beyond the frontiers of Italy; for we find her, after having made her first appearance in Naples, held in great veneration in Belgium, in Germany, and even in France, where, however, the people at present do not worship anything.

However, as Saint Philomele has appeared to many to have arrived at the highest point of her renown, we may venture to say that the Neapolitans were so much dazzled by her splendour, that they worshipped and adored her, without even taking the trouble to inquire *from whence* she came, or *how* she came. And this was the most extraordinary part of her miraculous life, as being the most obscure and concealed. Looking to the past, then, it becomes interesting to trace, from miracle to miracle, to its source, the European reputation assigned to the saint. It is, therefore, Saint Philomele's *first* acts and deeds that we purpose placing before our readers, trusting to be able to do so in all simplicity.

Our readers no doubt know how these saints are made. In modern times, when martyrdom is no longer to be feared, nor the sublimer virtues to be expected, canonization becoming more and more rare, has raised the price of ancient relics to such an extent that they are not to be procured by any towns, unless possessing, like Paris, a revenue of thirty or forty millions of francs. This, said many sceptics, who are always disposed to laugh at everything, inflicted much undeserved humiliation upon the towns which, less favoured by religion or by fortune, had no relics, or found themselves too poor to purchase a stranger saint. For instance, even such an important city as Arras had never arrived at obtaining more than three hairs of the Virgin! whereas a small village like Saint Maurice possessed six thousand

skeletons of the Theban Legion! Such unheard-of partiality in the distribution of the Church's favours was sufficient to excite a revolution for the possession of the goods of heaven, similar to that which promised to bring about an equal division of the goods of earth. Fortunately, Pope Leo XII., foreseeing the evil, at once applied the remedy, by proclaiming that every city, town, or village that had no saint, and was desirous to procure one, might resort to the catacombs and help itself, as *there* they would be found of all ranks, ages, and sexes. This was a most happy idea. And it must be a matter of surprise to every one, how his predecessors had never thought of availing themselves of it before; for the catacombs being the tombs of the early Christians only, the faithful might draw at hazard, without any fear of encountering false saints, or contraband relics.

This wise measure had its good results; for from that time there was no village, however small, but was enabled to procure, if not a whole skeleton, at least the arm or thigh of some martyr. And this, of course, produced in the believers an increase of faith highly satisfactory to the successors of Leo XII., who since that time have shown themselves most truly pleased at such a happy and divine inspiration.

Towards the end of the year 1827, the inhabitants of a small village, situated a few miles from Naples, and named Mugnano, had the misfortune to lose their pastor. He was one of those good and worthy men who, little ambitious of distinction or of fortune, are content to enlighten their flock by the example of their own virtues.

It happened that the aged pastor of Mugnano, although he found his church without the smallest relic, had never thought of profiting by the wisdom of Pope Leo XII., but had allowed his parishioners, for want of any other saint, to place themselves under the protection of Saint Anthony; and to continue quietly in the same faith and hope of salvation, as their fathers had done before them. But the good vicar died, and was replaced in his high mission by the curate of the church of St. Claire, who, having had some difference with his superior on account of the Madonna de l'Arc, had consequently borne him much dislike. He was no sooner installed in his vicarage than the idea occurred to him of raising altar against altar, and of paying back to that Virgin, the most miraculous of all the seven Neapolitan Virgins, the troubles she had brought upon him.

He consequently began to open the eyes of his parishioners to their extreme want of a relic, and, in short, of a saint of their own. And when the necessity of having a saint was generally felt, he proposed to set out for Rome, and to bring back with him the best saint or Madonna he could find. Aware that the majority preferred a *Madonna*, and that she should be *young* and *pretty*—so much do these loving people mix up with their religion their admiration of the fair sex,—he promised to bring them, if he possibly could, not a *protector* but a *protectress*. Perhaps the greater part decided in favour of a *Madonna*, fearing lest Saint Anthony, whom they had had more reason hitherto to praise than to blame, might, if they gave him a male saint as a successor, have some reason to complain; whereas, in giving him a female saint, no cause of rivalry could exist, the laws of politeness obliging him to give *place aux dames*. These arrangements being made, the ambassador departed for Rome, descended into the catacombs, put in his trunk the first bones that came in his way, had them baptized and blessed by the Pope under the melodious name of Saint Philomele, and

brought them home to his parishioners. It is needless to say that they were enchanted to their hearts' content, to have for the first time, and according to their wishes, a *Madonna*. All this did not prevent the inhabitants of Mugnano from retaining a certain devotion towards their old patron; this was consistent enough. It was only the ardent and romantic who entirely abandoned the old saint for the new and poetic patroness.

But Saint Anthony had not lived on earth one hundred and five years without well knowing how ungrateful and changeable is the heart of man. He did not, however, in any way show his ill-humour in regard to this desertion, and very soon allowed the new *Madonna* to be installed in her own altar, parallel to his own, in the church of Mugnano.

Whether from want of opportunity, or from shyness, the new *Madonna*, notwithstanding all the hopes that had been entertained of her, continued for a whole year without showing any signs of existence. Everything went on as in the time of Saint Anthony, that is to say, neither better nor worse—with this only difference, that the priest said *two* masses instead of *one*, whereas the parishioners made no change. In this state of things, the only son of a rich farmer fell ill from an attack of paralysis. His father loved him dearly, and he at once sent to Naples for the best doctors; but all that skill and science could do, had no effect against the severity of the disease. He next called in all the *quack* doctors, but still even *their* pills and powders did no good! At last, the poor father, despairing of a cure, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and demanded a miracle. But whether the seven *Madonnas*, to whom by turns he addressed himself, bore him any ill-will for not in the first instance coming to them; or whether *their* credit was exhausted by the immoderate use they had made of it, matters remained "in *statu-quo*," and the *Madonnas* proved as powerless as the doctors or the *quacks*.

The broken-hearted father did not know to what saint he should now address himself; and was returning from Naples to Nocera, when he met on the road one of his old friends who lived at Farno.

"Well," said his friend, judging by his downcast looks, that his son must be very bad, "how is our invalid? Is he not better?"

"Ah! do not speak to me," said the farmer, endeavouring to wipe away a tear with the back of his hand, "I shall go mad!"

"And why so?"

"Because I know of no saint to whom I can address myself, unless it be to Saint Januarius."

"Poh! to Saint Januarius! *he* is used up! he has scarcely influence enough left to execute *his own* miracle! How can you then expect him to be occupied with other people's affairs, when he is taken up all the year round with his own?"

"How then am I to act?" demanded the farmer, sighing.

"Listen," said his friend, "I will give a bit of advice."

"Give it, then."

"Do you know what I would do in your place?"

"How can I?"

"Well, then, I would address myself, with all humility, to Saint Philomele—she is a *new* saint, who has all her reputation to make—go to *her*, friend! You know that the state of your son is desperate, is it not?"

"Alas, too true!"

"Well, then, if Saint Philomele can do him *no good*, she will do him *no harm*. Go to Saint Philomele, my friend, go!"

"Bless me!" said the farmer, "I believe there is reason in what you say! I will follow your advice. Good-bye, friend."

"Good-bye!"

And the two friends having arrived at the road from Sarno and Varna, separated, each to his own home.

The following morning at day-break, the farmer, bent on executing his intentions, departed for Mugnano, devoutly attended mass, and when it was over, and the church empty, knelt down before the altar of the saint. And in order to render her propitious, he made a vow, which proved the love he bore his son.

This vow was, to give to Saint Philomele all the cows that followed the bull, the day his poor paralytic son should be well enough, and able to go and open the door of the cow-house.

From this very day, a sensible improvement was observable in the health of the young man. Six weeks afterwards he was able to leave his sick-bed, where he had lain upwards of a year; and crossing the court without assistance, in the presence of his family and the whole village, he accomplished to the letter a part of his father's vow—which was that when well enough, he should go and open the stable door. *Nineteen* cows out of *thirty* followed the bull!

The farmer was very happy to see his son well, but at the same time very sad that it should have cost him so much!

Saint Philomele, it was true, had well acted her part, *but* she had made him pay very dearly for it. The farmer turned his thoughts again towards his friend. He had already given him such good advice, that he did not despair of his being able a second time to get him out of his trouble—so he took his hat and cane, and set off for Sarno.

The news of the miracle having already reached the place, his friend was quite astonished to see his distress.

"Well," said he, "is the news they have told me not true?"

"Yes, please God! it is."

"Well, then, you *ought* to be very happy."

"Yes, very happy, only I am half ruined."

"How is this?"

"Nothing more simple, friend; I made a vow that the day my son was well enough and able to go and open the cow-house door, I would give to Saint Philomele all the cows that should follow the bull."

"Well."

"Well then, he went yesterday, and opened the stable, and out of *thirty* cows which were shut up, *nineteen* came out!"

"The devil! this, indeed, friend, becomes embarrassing—you surely will not break your vow."

"God forbid!"

"Well, then, this is what you must do. In conducting your cows to the Pastor of Mugnano, who is probably the *chargé d'affaires* of the saint, take with you at the same time, the *half* of their value in *money*; there is every chance that the holy man, who has not been made acquainted with the good fortune that awaits him, and who may not easily find a sale for the cows, unless he sends them to Naples, which is not prudent, would find such a troop only an embarrassment. Offer him the *half* of the value of the *nineteen* cows, and in this way, if he accept your offer, which he is almost sure to do, you will only lose *nine*

cows and a half, and so not be half ruined, but only to the extent of a third."

"Bless my soul, friend," replied the farmer, with a feeling of profound admiration, "you are the best counsellor I ever knew. It is settled. To-morrow I will go and find the pastor of Mugnano, with the cows and the money."

"Hum!" said his friend, "I would only take the one or the other."

"Well, but if he does not accept what I bring with me, I shall have to return, and so lose a day."

"Do as you please, only—"

"Good bye, friend—good bye—"

"You seem in a great hurry."

"Why, what do you want? You cannot imagine that I am already tired of seeing my son upon his legs again! That good Philomele! She is, indeed, a miracle of a saint!"

"Good bye, friend."

And the farmer took his way home, delighted at what his friend had suggested, and not doubting but that he should succeed to his satisfaction.

He departed the following morning, driving before him the nineteen cows, and taking in his pocket the half of their value, being five hundred Roman crowns. He performed the journey without difficulty, and arrived at Mugnano under the most favourable auspices. Arrived there, he drove his nineteen cows into the court of the Presbytery, and went to see the pastor.

He found him much astonished at what had taken place. The Pastor not knowing, as we have before said, the vow made to the Saint, did not know how to account for the invasion of his domicile by the horned beasts that were lowing away in his court. But all was soon explained to him by the honest farmer; and as there was in this transaction nothing but what was most agreeable to himself, and in every way honourable towards his patroness, he received the good man who had made the vow with a smiling countenance, which gave him great hopes of being able to bring his market to a good account.

In truth, the Pastor was quite accommodating in regard to the cows. He saw at once that it would be better for Saint Philomele to be paid in money than in beasts; and after debating the price, he finished by accepting the five hundred crowns which the farmer had brought.

The farmer at once descended into the yard, delighted at having made so good a bargain, and without giving the Saint the smallest cause to reproach him, he immediately set to work to get the cows out of the yard. But this was no easy matter. They had found such fresh grass growing under the high walls, that they were by no means disposed to follow the demand made upon them to leave such good pasture. Seeing this, the farmer advanced to the cow that was nearest to the gate, and taking her by the tail, he tried, according to the example of Cacus, to draw her out backwards—but the good farmer was not more fortunate in the violent means he employed than when trying more persuasive measures. The cow, to whom this manner of walking was quite a novelty, fixed herself firmly on her four legs, would no more stir than if she had been made of bronze, and lowed piteously, in proof of the ill treatment she was experiencing.

When the farmer saw how obstinate she was, it appeared to him

to be something supernatural, and a very ready conclusion at once presented itself to his mind, and that was, that Saint Philomele would not *ratify* the engagement made between him and the Pastor; and that notwithstanding her *chargé d'affaires* had preferred the money to the cows, *she*, on the contrary, preferred the cows to the money! He consequently let go the tail of the cow, which he had been pulling at with the zeal of a Brahmin, and entering the house, mounted the stairs four at a time, frightened, pale, and in a profuse perspiration, and presented himself before the good Pastor, just as he was placing the five hundred crowns in the drawer of his secretary.

The good man, on hearing the door open, turned round, and saw the farmer.

"Well, my brave fellow," said he, "what is there still to do?"

"It is, my good father, that Saint Philomele is not satisfied with the agreement you have made."

"And who has made you believe this?"

"Why, the truth is, that the cows will not leave your court—"

"And you argue from this—"

"That she prefers having the cows to the money."

"That is what we can soon ascertain," said the Pastor.

"How so?"

"Your cows will not follow you. Is it not so?"

"Not for old Nick himself."

"And you are quite convinced that it is Saint Philomele who stops their going?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, in the drawer of that secretary is the money that you have given me. If Saint Philomele, as you believe, prefers the cows to the money, she will prevent the drawer from entering the secretary. One miracle is not more difficult to accomplish than another."

"It is very true," said the peasant, "you will see that it will not enter."

The Pastor bowed his head in sign of assent, and pushed the drawer which slid in like magic!

"Ah!" exclaimed the farmer, full of astonishment.

"You see it plainly," said the pastor.

"Well, but what does that prove?"

"It proves that we have *both* committed a grave error, my good friend," said the pastor, putting at the same time the key of the drawer into his pocket, "I thought Saint Philomele wished for the money, and not for the cows."

"Yes."

"You believed that Saint Philomele wished for the cows, and not the money?"

"Yes."

"Well, as I have told you, we are *both* mistaken. Saint Philomele will have the *money* AND the *cows*."

"It is but too true," replied the farmer, "I have been quite wrong!"

And the poor man returned home without *money* or *cows*.

The following day the pastor of Mugnano refused for the relic of Saint Philomele, one hundred thousand ducats, which were offered him by an enterprising speculator!

A TRIP FROM BAYONNE ACROSS THE FRENCH FRONTIER TO FUENTERRABIA.

BY LIEUT. L. G. F. MARCH.

RETURNING to the *Plaza* I seated myself upon the low parapet along the edge of the water. The sun shone brightly forth, and I enjoyed the cool sea breeze as it blew freshly up the narrow funnel-like entrance of the harbour, and broke its transparent surface into innumerable scintillations. As the weather was fine, most of the male population had gone fishing, and the only people I saw were shoals of children—a phenomenon of natural history I have always observed where property and fish abound—women spinning, mending pilchard nets, and combing and plating each other's hair, whilst occasionally two or three damsels tripped by, carrying to the fountain huge wooden jars gracefully poised on their heads. The buoyant tread and clear ringing laugh of these girls proclaim them the daughters of content and health. Each wore her hair platted behind in one long tail, *à la Mandarin*, as a French *peruquier* would term it, and so indispensable is this somewhat *outré* appendage considered, that a Guipuzcoana, to whom nature has denied a *long tail*, will lay out all her little savings in purchasing one of the *postizos* or false ones, which may be seen hung up for sale in the shop-windows of *Biscayan barberos* like strings of sausages.

As it was summer these young *Pasageras* wore rather short serge petticoats, which discovered several neat ankles and stalwart calves, and their robust but not inelegant figures were advantageously displayed by striped blue and nankin bodices worn over an under-white linen garment, the sleeves of which covered their arms to the elbow. Some fishing skiffs moored to long upright poles in the water, and two or three ferry-boats *manned* by the aforementioned boatwomen, were the only craft I observed in this deserted part, whose possession was once the cause of serious disputes between Navarre and Guipuzcoa, and excited the jealousy of France. In those days it was a first-class royal arsenal, and still possesses one quality, the gift of nature, which the neglect of man cannot deprive it of, namely, that of affording a secure refuge in almost all winds to storm-driven vessels. Under the dominion of the house of Austria, *Pasages* rose to the zenith of its wealth and importance. Here were built many of the mighty four-deckers, *navios reales*, of Spain's most powerful fleets, and from hence were supplied several men-of-war for the miscalled Invincible Armada, whose destruction on the British coasts is still commemorated by the sacrifice of the Michaelmas goose, (not the identical one) which brave Queen Bess was eating when the news of the approach of the Spanish fleet was brought her at Tilbury Fort.

As usual, when in a strange place, I found myself surrounded by a dozen mute urchins, with shock heads, staring eyes, and half-grinning, half-demure mouths; to get rid of whom I threw a few *sous* into the *Plaza*, and whilst they were scrambling for them, hastily retreated to the chapel of Santa Ana, overlooking *Pasages* from a commanding point half way up the heights. But on glancing down upon the *Plaza*, I

beheld the juvenile, or light column pointing towards me and climbing the acclivity, evidently determined to make another attempt upon my purse. So finding my position no longer tenable, I turned the corner of the chapel, and following the mountain-path stood in a few minutes before the cemetery of the British Royal Marines' Battalion. It was a silent secluded nook in the hill-side, shaded by overhanging rock and brambles, and a few trees. What would a mother, a father, a son, or a wife, have given to stand as I did at that moment by the graves, by their beloved relatives, in this distant land, and murmur a prayer to Heaven for the repose of their souls?

Thoughtfully retracing my steps to the chapel of Santa Ana, I descended to the town by a steep flight of steps built into the mountain's side, at the bottom of which is a curious old shrine, called *la Hermita de Nuestra Senora de la Piedad*, enclosed with iron bars, and containing a picture of a cavalier on horseback, a small lamp burning before an altar.

Having sufficiently examined the town, I consigned myself to the care of my boatwomen, who, as they rowed me along, sang a rude kind of barcarole, ending thus—

“A babor, que gana, que gana,
A estribor, que gana a babor!”

In a few minutes they landed me at a small stone quay, called the Herrera, where an execrable, but fortunately, a short cross-road leads into the St. Sebastian highway.

From the Herrera the road gradually ascends until it reaches an inn, called “Mira Cruz.” It commands a splendid view of St. Sebastian on one side, and the estuary of Pasages on the other, with the sombre dilapidated bit of a town of Lezo, at the eastern extremity of it, celebrated for its basilica, or chapel, where is preserved above the altar the Santo Cristo de Lezo, a badly carved image of our Saviour. This ugly, grotesque-featured bit of wood is endowed with miraculous powers by priestcraft, and is worshipped by the superstitious peasantry of Navarre, the French frontier, and the Basque Provinces, who, every year, on the 17th of September, crowd to it to be cured of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and each pilgrim, as he gazes with awe upon the mysterious effigy, dimly seen beneath the flickering rays of two lamps upon the altar, verily believes he is about

“To save his sinning soul
A peck of purgatorial coal.”

St. Sebastian is picturesquely situated upon a low sandy peninsula, flanked by two rather extensive bays. The one on the west is partially sheltered from the sea by the little island of Santa Clara, but its anchorage is unsafe, and vessels are obliged to be warped into the narrow sinuous mole directly beneath the citadel, built upon an almost perpendicular hill, called La Mota, rising between the town and the Bay of Biscay like an immense wall. The other bay on the north-east side, forms the entrance of the river Uremia with its impassable bar, over which a terrific surf beats in stormy weather and dashes up the sea curtain, sprinkling the solitary sentry with its drift as he paces his solitary and exposed beat. It was against the inner angle of this part of the fortifications that Wellington made his last successful attack; and a new light coloured ravelin indicates the site of the breach through which our indomitable soldiers fought their way.

The excesses committed by the British troops after the assault are deeply to be regretted; but we must not forget that the troops of no country in the world ever showed mercy to the inhabitants of a place taken by storm. Nor is it surprising that our soldiery after seeing their captured comrades made to work by the French in repairing the walls within point blank range of the British batteries without even the protection of *blindages*, "contrary to all the rules of war," as the Duke observed in his despatch of September 3, 1813, and after suffering dreadfully in the assault, should have given way to their passions and "got drunk with blood to vomit crime."

Dawn was gradually brightening the summits of the hills round St. Sebastian, and darkness, like a discomfited foe, sullenly retired before the king of day, when I set out on my return to Fuenterrabia. As I approached that place groups of gaily dressed peasants *debouched* from cross-roads and mountain paths on either side of the highway, generally preceded by some rustic Orpheus playing loud and shrill upon a reed, and passed me in quick succession, hurrying on to be in time for the high mass. Everybody and everything around me seemed blithe and happy. Light peals of laughter, the ringing sound of female voices, an occasional snatch of simple melody, or a high-pitched but not inharmonious prelude upon a shepherd's pipe; the barking of delighted dogs as they recklessly chased each other through the pilgrims' legs, or scoured the lea with wagging tails sniffing the dewy odorous heather; the festive chimes of the still distant church of Fuenterrabia, which seemed to urge the wayfarers to a quicker pace, as borne by the sea breeze they ever and anon swelled louder upon the ear; the lowing of herds of cattle going to pasture, the tinkling of mule bells, and the loud twittering of the birds fluttering from tree to tree apparently sympathizing in the mad gambols of their canine neighbours, filled the azure welkin with a medley of pleasant sounds, now vibrating clear, distinct, and joyous upon the balmy elastic air, anon growing mellow, confused and murmuring in the distance. It was a scene such as Claude has often painted, and Thomson loved to describe.

Going with the living current, I soon found myself at the gates of Fuenterrabia, which, crowded with thousands of merrymakers and echoing from one end to the other with their boisterous glee, no longer appeared the gloomy deserted place I had left it. It was like a miserly old misanthrope having a spree after getting tipsy at the expense of a friend.

At nine o'clock the deputies assembled at the alcalde's residence, and proceeded to pay a formal visit to the political chief, the principal government authority of the province, headed by three *tambolenteros*, playing popular airs. There is not a town, or hardly a village in the Basque provinces that has not a couple of these immemorial musicians attached to it, who on Sundays and *fête* days play *fandangos* and *zorricos* in the *plaza* from "rosy morn to dewy eve," to the great delight of the primitive-mannered peasantry, who foot it away right merrily for hours together, and drink oceans of cider by way of putting their heads on a par with their feet.

On the present solemn occasion there were three *tambolenteros*. Their mode of playing was curious. One of them kept up a rumbling, rambling accompaniment upon a small drum, whilst his companions fingered their clarionets with one hand, and beat their tabors with the other.

The music thus produced is wild and pleasing, and quite oriental and Scriptural.

On the political chief descending to the street, all the functionaries accompanied him to the Town-hall, where they remained in council until ten o'clock. The session being a secret one, I was unable to obtain admission.

My desire to witness all the ceremonies of the day took me to the portals of the church, and at half past ten the junta and municipality arrived in state to hear high mass. The procession was headed by the *tambolenteros*, followed by the Political Chief, the Alcalde of Fuenterrabia, the Provincial Deputation, and Alcaldes of the different parishes of Guipuzcoa, walking two and two, dressed in old-fashioned cocked-hats, black dress-coats, and pantaloons of obsolete cut. Each bore a lighted wax taper, and looked becomingly grave and dignified. These living notables were succeeded by lifeless ones, consisting of images as large as life, of St. Ignatius, the patron of Guipuzcoa, and the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, borne upon men's shoulders. They had been brought all the way from the Jesuit Convent of Loyala, near the town of Azpeitia, to render the *fêtes* orthodox by their presence. The former carried in one hand a Bible, and in the other an olive branch. The Blessed Virgin was robed in silk and lace, precious stones covered her brow and bosom, and her beautifully carved countenance, shaded with auburn ringlets, seemed to smile sweetly on the crowd, as they reverently bent their uncovered heads, whilst she and St. Ignatius passed down the street. Between these charming figures floated the emblazoned banners of Guipuzcoa and Fuenterrabia, and behind walked numerous priests, chanting canticles, whilst a band of amateur musicians, dressed in blue jackets, white trousers, broad crimson sashes, and red cloth *boinas* (round flat caps woven without a seam) played the march of St. Ignatius, a spirit-stirring, though rather eccentric *mélange* of sacred and martial music, but well adapted to the warlike character of the saint it was dedicated to. Hurried forward by the multitude, I entered the church with the procession, and heard mass performed. The edifice was densely crowded, the choristers sang like nightingales; a well played organ pealed forth its solemn soul, subduing harmony, and the air was heavy with the sickly perfume of incense. After the service, an extemporary sermon was preached, explanatory of the history and object of the ceremony. The splendour of the spectacle was highly creditable to the inhabitants of Fuenterrabia, and showed how fondly they clung to the memory of their departed glories.

At last the chief priest gave the parting benediction from the altar, and the congregation pouring forth into the street, dispersed to seek their creature comforts, without which *fêtes* in all countries would be very sad affairs.

The grand attraction of the day was the *Zorzico de etiqueta*, an ancient dance peculiar to the Basque Provinces, in which figured on the present occasion some of the Alcaldes that took part in the morning's procession, and the principal gentry of Guipuzcoa; such as the Count de Villafrauca, the Count de Valle, Don Ignacio Altuna, Deputy to the Cortes, &c., having for their partners several ladies of good family. At five o'clock the *tambolenteros* struck up the *Zorzico*, and about a dozen gentlemen sallied forth from the Town-hall in a string, each holding the end of a white handkerchief. At the two extremities were the Alcaldes

of the towns of Urnieta and Deva, famed for their skill and agility in this time-honoured diversion. Thus linked together and proceeded by the musicians, two Alguacils and the Alcalde of Fuenterrabia, bearing his white wand of office to keep the way clear, they slowly paraded up and down the street, to the great delight of the rustic spectators, who grinned and chuckled mightily to see their magnates don the cap and bells in public; whilst the Alcalde of Urnieta, as the leader of the Terpsichorean bevy gravely jumped Jim Crow, and cut tremendous capers, with all the nimbleness, if not the grace, of a St. Julian. He seemed determined to jump into the good graces of the admiring crowd, and elicited approving ah's! and oh's! by executing various difficult steps, and bounding into the air again and again, as if the ground he trod refused to have anything to do with him, and shook him off each time he touched it—now on one foot, then on the other. After this *tour de force*, four Deputies entered the Town-hall, and led forth a lady, who, blushing and gracefully embarrassed at making this unwonted display, was inexorably planted before the light-heeled hero of the scene, and, after sedately witnessing the complimentary *pas seul* he welcomed her with, took her place by his side in the procession which recommenced slowly winding round and round, until each cavalier was supplied with a partner. They then promenaded round the town, *Don Agillimus* of Urnieta, continuing his antics until a fandango gave the finishing touch to this antiquated but well preserved fragment of Basque customs. When the dance was finished, the fair *débutantes*, all smiling and flushed by exercise and gaiety, were conducted with ceremonious politeness to the reception saloon of the Town-hall, from whence, after partaking of refreshments, they were escorted home. The peasantry then took their turn in dancing *Zorzicos* and *fandangos*, with an exuberance of spirits and a keen relish that made me long to have a caper with them. There was no lack of pretty girls, although fastidious admirers of town-bred beauty, which only blooms in the hothouse atmosphere of the ball-room, might have cavilled at their buoyant step as undignified, or disdained their rosy but sun-burnt cheeks, and pronounced their waists too thick, or their rounded figures too much inclined to plumpness. The last *Zorzico* was danced by half-a-dozen stout young peasants from Oyazun, and it was highly diverting to watch each dark-eyed *paisana*, as the rustic masters of the ceremonies claimed her hand as she stood pretending indifference or reluctance amongst the lookers-on; her flaming shawl, many-coloured cotton dress, and flushed face, radiant with pleasure and gratified vanity, vieing with one of Turner's most gaudy sunsets. By this time the glare of day had subsided into twilight, and star after star gemmed the still roseate sky, like diamonds on the brow of a blushing bride. Nightfall was the signal for the ignition of three empty tar-barrels in the Plaza opposite to the citadel, where fire-works were exhibited, and dancing was kept up with infinite spirit until ten o'clock. At the same time an official ball was given by the municipality in the Town-hall, which was handsomely decorated; amongst other ornaments were three splendid chandeliers lately brought from Paris, and the arms of Fuenterrabia embroidered in gold.

It was past ten o'clock when I returned to the inn, and after supper I repaired to the kitchen to smoke a cigar, and have a chat with my two landladies.

The next day, old and young, gentle and simple, hastened to the port

at high water to witness the *juego de ganzas*, or game of geese, and by three o'clock the shore was crowded, and hundreds of boats filled with spectators, covered the water. As soon as the municipality, the provincial deputation, and the band of music had taken their places, a trim whale-boat, steered with an oar, and swiftly propelled by ten vigorous rowers, darted forwards towards a goose that dangled, head downwards, within a few feet of the water, from a cord attached to two poles, about forty feet apart. In the bow of the boat stood a man wearing an old cocked-hat, and a white shirt and trowsers, and as it dashed under the pendent bird at full speed, he firmly grasped its neck, and in an instant was swinging in mid-air, holding on to the goose, amid the obstreperous merriment of the multitude, whilst individuals engaged for the purpose, now ran him up some twenty feet, and then suddenly let him down into the water with a terrible splash; a feat that threw the beholders into ecstasies. Again and again, man and goose—I hardly know which was the greater goose of the two—were hoisted aloft and plumped into the water, vanishing for a moment, and rising to the surface, the reasoning biped clinging to the web-footed one with a tenacity that could only be explained by the fact that it was to become his prize if he succeeded in wringing off the head. At last, after being ducked, or goosed, *ad nauseam*, and drawn up for the sixth time, dripping like a sea god, to undergo another immersion, he let go of the goose in despair, and swam to the boat without effecting his purpose. He had evidently had enough of it. It was likewise clear that the goose had a very tough neck, and if the rest of its body was in the same condition, the possessor of the teeth that masticated, and the stomach that digested it, was to be envied. The next comer was more fortunate, and succeeded in decapitating the victim after receiving three cold baths; his predecessor's efforts had rendered it easy work, and illustrated, in a novel manner, the old adage about one man reaping what another sows. A fresh goose was then hung up, and this comical, but cruel pastime, continued for an hour and a half.

On my return to the inn, I found a letter from Don Benigno, inviting me, in the most friendly terms, to visit him, and conveying the pleasing intelligence that the death of a relation had placed him in possession of a small property that would enable him to live in comfort for the rest of his days.

I should have mentioned that the Plaza, or square of Fuenterrabia, had been converted into an amphitheatre, with the sky for a roof, by erecting against the strong barricades that encircled it, a series of rough deal benches, gradually rising one above the other.

I took my seat the day after the *juego de ganzas*, on the shady side of it, at three o'clock, nearly an hour before the commencement of the sport, in order to secure a good place, and view the strange and animated scene around me at leisure. It was well I did so, for in a quarter of an hour the place was filled to overflowing, and at four o'clock a disappointed crowd might be seen chafing, roaring, and rushing round the closed gates like an angry torrent against a sluice. The heat and confusion increased, and the yells, mockings, and strange cries that resounded on all sides, reminded me of Covent Garden on Easter night, the only difference being that, instead of vociferating musick-k ! musick-k ! the people I was amongst shouted *toro ! toro !* (bull ! bull !) whilst a band of brass instruments played a crashing accompaniment to

the hubbub. Albeit excited and eager for the fray, this vast assemblage seemed in high spirits, and innumerable jokes, principally of a practical description, excited roars of laughter, acclamations, and a continual cross fire of repartees and bantering. One promising youth had brought with him a speaking-trumpet of Brobdnaggian proportions, through which he roared all sorts of nonsense; and at a short distance, a group of young men kept up a strange concert upon penny trumpets, toy drums, children's rattles, Jews' harps, whistles, &c., as a sort of satire upon the amateur musicians of Fuenterrabia. They belonged to the Harmonic Society of Irun, and had got up this discordant demonstration in revenge for having had their proffered services declined by the authorities of Fuenterrabia.

A little after four o'clock the authorities entered the balcony assigned to them in a large house opposite the citadel. This was the signal for the commencement of the *funcion*, as the bull-fight is termed in Spain. The company of *toreros*, which was to figure in it, being a second-rate provincial one, had no *picadores* in it, so that the spectacle was shorn of its principal attraction in the estimation of amateurs, namely, the desperate and exciting struggle between the mounted *picador* and the bull.

At a sign from the *alcalde*, one of the gates opened, and the *matador* (slayer), followed by his *quadrillia*, consisting of eight *toreros* and a team of three gaudily caparisoned mules, harnessed abreast, with yellow and red *gonfalones*, the national colours of Spain, streaming from their backs, entered the circus with measured tread and erect mien, and after making their obeisance to the municipality and other civic functionaries, dispersed in readiness to receive the bull. The word *quadrillia* is well chosen, for from the dress of these men one would say they were going to perform a ballet instead of undertaking a terrible combat. They wore the old gala or *majo* costume of Andalusia, and looked copies of *Figaro* in the "Barber of Seville." It consisted of a short bespangled jacket richly embroidered with gold and silver fringe, a broad red silk sash wound in numerous folds round the waist, green, crimson, or yellow velvet breeches, white stockings, pumps with rosettes. Their hair was clubbed and tied up behind in a silk net surmounted by a small black *montera* cap jauntily placed awry, and each wore gracefully thrown over the left shoulder a calico cloak of some bright colour, which is carried in the left hand when the fight begins, and serves to enrage the bull by being waved before him, or, as a safeguard to the *torero* by being thrown at the feet of the animal as a decoy when he is too closely pursued.

Anon a flourish of trumpets concentrated the public gaze upon the gate of the *toril* or bull-stable; the next instant it was flung open and in bounded the horned hero of the day. The deafening shouts that greeted his appearance, and probably the sudden transition from the gloom of the *toril* to the glare of a cloudless summer day seemed to astonish, if it did not intimidate him, for after plunging forward into the centre of the Plaza, he stopped short and looked round with a bewildered air. But it was only for a moment; his eye caught the flutter of the nearest *torero's* cloak, and straightway he rushed at him. The man fled with the speed of a greyhound mockingly trailing along the offending *capa*; but the bull gained ground—the pursued heard the brute thundering in his rear, and glanced behind—there was no time to be lost—a pair of shining pointed horns were close to his loins—he

dropped his cloak, ~~hastless stratagem!~~ the animal heeded it not, and the panting pallid *torero* desperately bounded over the barrier, falling upon the spectators, just as the bull's frontlet thundered like a battering ram against the woodwork, from which it made the splinters fly. It really seemed as if the bull's horns had helped him over the barricade. Thus violently brought to a standstill by the barrier, the bull paused a moment, and glared upon his enemies, pawing the ground, and ever and anon uttering a sullen roar, and shaking flakes of foam upon his dark hide. Suddenly he dashed forward bent upon destruction. Here and there and everywhere darted his tormentors, skimming over the ground like glittering fire-flies until my eyes ached again in following their erratic evolutions. *Bandelleros* (barbed darts covered with coloured paper) were now distributed to four *toreros*. One of them carrying in each hand an arrow between finger and thumb, their points directed towards the bull, lightly ran up from behind in a diagonal direction, and whilst the animal stooped to toss, appeared for an instant as if between his horns, and then leaping nimbly aside, left the darts sticking on each side of his massive neck, amid continued rounds of applause. This feat requires a quick eye, and a light hand and foot. He was followed in quick succession by the other *toreros* until the bull's shoulders were ornamented with eight pair of *bandelleros*, which hung down like a white mane. The smarting of their points in his flesh, and their rustling and swaying to and fro, drove the luckless brute half mad, and he bounded about, in a complete state of frenzy, foaming at the mouth and bellowing, whilst the *quadrilla* continued to exasperate him on all sides with their mocking gestures and streaming cloaks.

The final thrust was, at length, given right through the vertebra, and the victorious *matador*, with flushed brow, erect mien, and head thrown gracefully back, received the merited applause of the audience; whilst the bull madly plunged about the amphitheatre in his death agony, and wild bursts of oriental music, shouts, and *vivas*, waving handkerchiefs, and fluttering fans unmasking the light artillery of a thousand dark expressive eyes, closed the career of the proud lord of the pastures of Navarre.

The state of unceasing excitement I had been in for nearly three hours, acted upon my nervous system like an over dose of Regent's punch. My eyes ached with following up the rapidly changing phases of this sanguinary but magnificent drama; the hubbub of the scene still buzzed in my ears, and my throbbing temples seemed bound with a band of iron. In a word, I felt like a man after a hard run with the Quorn, the only difference between the Spanish and British sports being, that the former produces mental lassitude, rather than physical exhaustion, and you look on the peril of others without being in danger yourself, whilst the latter tries the nerves, and makes one an actor in the scene we derive amusement from.

And now, Gentle Reader, farewell. I thank thee for accompanying me thus far, and listening to my idle gossip with such patience, and hope we shall meet again, and explore together other highways and by-ways; for, perhaps, "you had rather have a fool to make you merry, than experience to make you sad; and to travel for it too."

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

MUSIC has, for some years, been gradually assuming that place which is its undoubted prerogative among the most refined and humanising of the arts. For a long time England held aloof from the faith which had been strong in the rest of Europe since the days of Lully and Louis XIV. The indifference of literary and scientific men, with the bitter sneer of Swift for a motto, outweighed even the potent influence of Handel, whose position in high society was the chief cause of jealousy in the bosom of the celebrated Irish clergyman, politician, and satirist. Swift could not brook that the same respect should be paid to a "fiddler" as to his intellectual self. But times have changed. The personal influence of Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other distinguished musicians who have resided, at various periods, in England, during the last thirty years, has dissipated prejudice, and taught us to know the difference between composers of music and mere players upon musical instruments, and to give to each his proper share of honour. A great musical composer now holds rank with a great poet or painter, and Mendelssohn being the frequent and intimate guest of royalty is no longer a matter for surprise. Although the days of Elizabeth are not exactly restored—when music was regarded as an essential feature in polite education, and gentlemen as well as ladies would have been ashamed not to be able to sing a part in a madrigal at sight—the general appreciation of music is far more remarkable now than at any former period of our history. The fact that nearly three thousand persons, chiefly from the middle classes, can be attracted, twenty times a year, to the performances of Oratorios at Exeter Hall, is a sign of the times that cannot be over-estimated. It places London at the very head of the musical cities of Europe, since no such institution as the Sacred Harmonic Society exists in any other part of the world. The number of societies, amateur and professional, for the public and private execution of the music of the classical composers is far too numerous to specify; nor is it requisite for us to insist that a pianoforte is now considered an absolute necessity in every "well-regulated" house. While, as might be expected, a great deal of meretricious taste prevails, and a vast quantity of bad music finds a market, it can hardly be denied that the influence of good example is daily augmenting, that the general tendency verges towards a healthy feeling, and that a modern English *school*, the one thing wanting to give us a high rank among musical nations, is already in the germ. We need not catalogue the names of those upon whose talent and industry such a desirable consummation depends; it is enough to assert, without fear of refutation, that at the present moment London possesses a greater number of composers of high promise, if not of decided genius, than any other capital in Europe.

Among the cleverest and most rising of our young musicians, the subject of the present brief sketch must be allotted a conspicuous place. The popularity of his writings for the voice and pianoforte, has recently brought him before the public in such a manner, that a new name added to the list of meritorious native composers has been unanimously recognised.

Mr. Brinley Richards was born at Carmarthen, in South Wales, of a musical family. His father was for many years organist of the principal church, and his youngest brother, the Rev. John Richards, now curate of New Church, in Radnorshire, displayed such an aptitude for music, while a student at St. David's College, Lampeter, that he obtained an additional scholarship, in recognition of his services as organist in the chapel of the college. The scenery of Carmarthenshire—the vale of Towy, Granger Hill, celebrated by the poet Dyer, and other romantic spots—had no doubt a peculiar influence on our young artist, and filled his mind with early images of beauty. It is worth noting by the way that three of our most popular musicians are “Celts”—Vincent Wallace, George Osborne, and Brinley Richards. The last mentioned was educated in the Royal Academy of Music, at which institution he contested and obtained the first King's Scholarship, in two successive years. This distinction entitled him to free instruction in the various branches of music, besides the most essential parts of general education. His first masters were Mr. Macfarren for composition, and Mr. W. H. Holmes for the pianoforte, under whose experienced guidance, having acquired almost all that masters can communicate, he was transferred to the class of Mr. Cipriani Potter, Principal of the Academy. It was with the advice and assistance of the late Duke of Newcastle that Mr. Richards directed his steps to the only musical institution of London; and that lamented nobleman subsequently took a sincere and liberal interest in his welfare, and honoured him with his friendship and correspondence to the last. The Earl of Westmoreland was also his kind and constant patron. Having been originally destined to the study of medicine, and, indeed, actually placed with a surgeon of eminence at Carmarthen, Mr. Richards devoted his attention to the study of music somewhat later in life than is usual with those who practise this difficult and avowedly most exclusive of the arts. His progress, nevertheless, both on the pianoforte and in counterpoint, harmony, and original composition, was remarkably quick, and he very soon became one of the ornaments of the Royal Academy of Music, where he assumed the duties of sub-professor, and shortly afterwards was appointed one of the professors of the institution. The composition which first acquired him distinction was a grand concerto for the pianoforte and orchestra, which he performed himself, with the greatest applause, at one of the Academy Concerts. This was followed by two overtures, for full orchestra, the last of which has been frequently played in London, and when introduced at a public concert in Paris, during Mr. Richards' first visit to the French metropolis, attracted the notice of the late Chopin, and laid the foundation of an intimacy which lasted until the death of that celebrated artist. Mr. Richards now played frequently in public, and composed many pieces, vocal and instrumental, which coming under the notice of music-publishers, proved of ultimate advantage to him. A *caprice*, for the pianoforte, called “The Birds and the Rivulet,” was heard by Mr. Beale (of the firm of Cramer and Co.), an excellent judge, and well known connoisseur, who was so pleased with it that he at once made a liberal offer for the copyright, and entered into further treaty with Mr. Richards for the purchase of new MS. compositions. Among his numerous vocal writings, a madrigal, quaint and learned as though it had sprung from the Elizabethan period, has been greatly praised, and a ballad called “The Blind Man and Summer,” which

Miss Dolby, the best of English singers, has sung repeatedly, may be cited as a faultless example of that primitive and universally popular style of composition. Mr. Richards also dedicated his talents to the stage, and some songs introduced in the English version of Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, at Drury Lane Theatre, betrayed such a happy resemblance to the character of the original, without the slightest evidence of plagiarism, that much was predicated of his dramatic talent at the time.

With his growing artistic fame, Mr. Richards soon combined a position in society, which was not less due to his gentlemanly manners and educated mind than to his eminent musical talent. Lady Morgan, the Countess of Beauchamp, and others distinguished in the highest circles and in the world of literary connoisseurship, honoured him with their patronage and friendship. In fact, industry, talent, and good sense have seldom met a more rapid and substantial reward than in the person of Mr. Brinley Richards, whose social and artistic position is entitled to envy and emulation.

As a pianist, Mr. Richards holds a very prominent rank. His school is the classical school of Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, in the performance of whose admirable works, and those of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, and the other great pillars of the art he particularly excels. But he is not less versed in the more brilliant style of execution which belongs to another class of pianists. Few, indeed, can play with greater energy and effect the difficult fantasias, &c., of Thalberg, Liszt, Herz, Henselt, their rivals and their followers. In short, Mr. Richards is a thoroughly accomplished pianist.

As a composer, Mr. Richards has demonstrated, by a symphony (MS.), a concerto and two overtures, already mentioned, a *caprice* dedicated to Potter, another called "Le Soir," dedicated to Chopin, "Contemplation," "Midsummer Day" (*scherzo*), &c., his acquaintance with the serious school, and his familiarity with the great classical forms, ancient and modern. On the other side, his "Sybil," "Angela," "Picciola," "Fairy's Dream," his piano-forte arrangements of Mendelssohn's vocal songs, and a large catalogue of sparkling and attractive trifles, declare him a gifted follower, if not a warm disciple, of what has been termed the "modern romantic school." Among his vocal compositions may be specially singled out a trio for *soprano* voices, "Come hither," and a bacchanalian *scena*, full of characteristic melody and vigorous expression, with which the great German bass-singer, Staudigl, was so delighted that he sang it in public, producing an effect quite equal to that of his most esteemed Teutonic master-pieces.

Without entering into further details, we have adduced enough to explain—if explanation be necessary—the appearance in our pages of an article on a musical subject. But the present high estimation enjoyed by the musical art would be a sufficient reason for alluding at some length to the career and works of one of our most rising native professors, were it not equally true that a new name in the intellectual world, a new evidence of artistic invention, must always be welcomed with avidity by those who admire talent and genius, in whatever sphere they may be exhibited. Mr. Brinley Richards is at present only thirty years of age. A brilliant prospect lies before him, the full realization of which depends upon a continued exercise of those qualities of industry and perseverance which have won him his actual position.

CEYLON AND THE SINGHALESE.*

SEVERAL writers — missionaries, historians and travellers — have from time to time given us descriptive accounts of Ceylon; but the labours of such men as Heber, Davy, Percival and Hamilton, useful as they were in many respects, never awakened half as much attention to the condition of the island as the recent brief administration of Lord Torrington. Fortunately, Sir James Emerson Tennent found leisure, during that agitated period, to devote some time to investigations of a higher and more permanent interest than the squabbles of a faction, and possessed the requisite ability to turn them to the best account. The book which he has just published, entitled "Christianity in Ceylon," is the most valuable contribution to the history of the people, their traditions and superstitions, that has hitherto issued from the press, and puts forward urgent claims to consideration from the authenticity of its details and the practical character of its suggestions.

His original design embraced a complete history of Ceylon, its topography, capabilities and productions, its government, present condition, and future prospects, as a colony of the crown; but as he advanced in the collection and preparation of his materials he found that the section which related to the religion of the people and the progress of Christianity (to us the most important of all) grew to so great an extent upon his hands, that he determined to present it in an independent form. Desirable as it might be to possess the larger work, there can be no doubt that the volume before us will be found to absorb a larger amount of immediate interest, and to throw more light in a popular way upon those points of inquiry in which the people of this country are directly concerned.

The main purpose of the publication is to exhibit in their actual development the religion, or religions of the Singhalese — the Brahminical and Buddhist; the elements of resistance they contain to the diffusion of Christianity, and the progress that has hitherto been made by schools and missions in the conversion and enlightenment of the people: deducing from the experience of the past, and from the inherent nature of the superstitions to be acted upon, the principles by which our efforts in that direction should be governed in the future. The author, in his official capacity, had access to the old Dutch records (the Portuguese having been long ago taken out of the island), and was thus enabled not only to correct some prevalent errors in the Singhalese history, but to add fresh facts of considerable interest. His treatment of the whole is extremely lucid and careful, and displays a complete mastery of the subject.

The impediments to the successful propagation of Christianity in Ceylon are manifold, and not the least of them may be traced to the character and temperament of the people, generated chiefly by the slavish and sluggish nature of their faith. The first item that strikes us forcibly in the catalogue of their moral and social vices is their

* *Christianity in Ceylon; its Introduction and Progress under the Portuguese, the Dutch, and British and American Missions: with an Historical Account of the Brahminical and Buddhist Superstitions.* By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.B., L.L.D. Murray.

extraordinary slothfulness. They carry the usual oriental laziness to an extremity that could hardly have been anticipated from a people who have been so long mixed up in intimate relations with some of the most active and enterprising races of Europe. Placed on a soil so rich that it provides amply for the mere wants of man, without requiring much help from cultivation, they are content to look on idly while the rice is growing, to spend their lives in the gratification of their animal appetites, literally to eat and die. They have no ambition for anything higher, no emulation, no enterprise; nature provides them with food, and out of an instinct hardly more elevated than that of the cattle which seek provender in the fields, and lie down to sleep when they have had enough, the Singhalese appear to be capable of no further effort than is absolutely necessary to procure subsistence. That this profound sloth cannot be wholly attributed to climate is sufficiently attested by existing memorials of the fact, that there was a time when their dormant energies were awakened to works of astounding magnitude, and when they showed an industrial vitality, which seems latterly to have utterly forsaken them. Evidences of the provident care with which in former ages they looked after the preservation of their staple production, are yet to be traced in the remains of the gigantic tanks and reservoirs they constructed for collecting rain-water for the irrigation of their rice-lands. Some of these tanks, built over the gorges of valleys to throw back the streams from the hills, cover an area of fifteen miles long by four or five in breadth. There are hundreds of smaller dimensions, and nearly all of them in ruins. Sir Emerson Tennent visited one of the largest, about seventy miles to the north of Trincomalee, and gives an account of it, which is more like a fantastical vision out of the Arabian tales than a reality. The area of the tank is at least ten miles in extent; the great reservoir in the centre, a prodigious work, is nearly seven miles in length, at least three hundred feet broad at the base, upwards of sixty feet high, and faced throughout its whole extent by layers of squared stones. "The whole aspect of the place," he adds, "its magnitude, its loneliness, its gigantic strength even in decay, reminded me forcibly of ruins of a similar class described by recent travellers at Uxmal and Palenke, in the solitudes of Yucatan and Mexico." Wild buffaloes lumbering through the long grass and rolling in the deep mud, colonies of pelicans and other water-birds, clustered in myriads over their great nests on the tops of the forest trees which have grown up here, and tall flamingoes, cranes, ibises, egrets, and other waders, were the only living things to be seen in this most dismal and affecting solitude. Another tank of which Sir Emerson speaks, called the Giant's Tank, is large enough to enclose an expanse equal to the Lake of Geneva, and its vast area, abandoned for its original purpose, is now the site of some thirty villages, each having a tank sufficient for its own rice-grounds, all comprised within the boundary of the original tank.

When these great works were constructed the Singhalese must at least have been possessed of some activity, and no slight ingenuity in applying it to useful objects; but since that time the population has considerably decreased, and the same stimulus to exertion no longer exists. Yet as the preservation of these tanks is absolutely indispensable to the production of the article of food upon which their apine existence depends, it might be supposed that, if it were only

for the sake of enabling them to idle, they would take some trouble to repair the machinery by which their idleness is fed. On the contrary, they have allowed them all to fall into decay, the embankments to be torn down by water-courses, and herds of wild animals to usurp the enclosures which they had won for their own imperative use by hard labour from the surrounding country. The Singhalese never evince the least anxiety to look after their tanks; and the only desultory efforts that are ever made in the way of repairs are when parties of Tamils, who devote themselves to these occupations, make annual excursions from Jaffna, with tools and mattocks for the purpose, and are employed by the villagers to perform those works which they ought to execute for themselves. If the Tamils failed to come, it may be presumed that the Singhalese would leave the tanks in ruins till the ensuing twelvemonth.

Of a people so deeply sunk in the slough of idleness, the lowest degradation concomitant to such a state of existence may readily be believed. The turpitude of the Singhalese transcends the average depravity of those barbarous tribes who, living under the influence of European rule, have been infected by the debilitating vices of civilisation, without having derived any strengthening principles from its example. They exhibit in full flower the worst traits of European cunning, meanness and deceit grafted upon the original stock of Asiatic indolence and superstition. The moral sense seems to be almost extinct in them. The mere slavishness of their natures endows them with a mild exterior to strangers; but amongst themselves there rages eternal feud, slander and litigation. Licentiousness prevails in their villages to such a height that it has ceased to be regarded with surprise or opprobrium. Lying and thieving are habitual to them. Forgery, fraud, corruption, and defamation are so extensively practised that there is no trust or confidence amongst them, even in the closest domestic relations. The treachery and falsehood of their lives are, however, susceptible of that kind of explanation which justifies the belief that, under a fostering and judicious system of government, they might be reclaimed. The despotism of the native sovereigns, under which they have been crushed from the remotest ages, has extinguished all feeling of independence and laudable ambition; and the expedients by which the revenues of our own government have been hitherto raised off their lands have driven them to resort to an infinite variety of artifices and cheats for their common protection. Upon ordinary occasions perjury is so common that in the law courts the judges are compelled to sift the truth by conjecture from the conflicting falsehoods sworn to with equal pertinacity at both sides of a case;—this is looked upon as a thing of course;—but in matters connected with their duty to their superiors, or their obligations to the government, the lie which is merely treated with indifference in common transactions, is hailed with universal applause. Indeed, the Singhalese who hesitates at a lie, under such circumstances, becomes a marked man. "Prevarication to a superior," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "or successful deception practised on the government or its officers, may be treated with Lacedemonian leniency; but the man would be scorned by his community who would venture to tell the truth to a representative of authority, if it militated against the general interests of his village." He gives an instance in point of a native gentleman of rank, who was convicted of perjury in a case in which he

had no personal interest, and was sentenced to the usual punishment of fine and imprisonment. The culprit expressed his readiness to pay the fine, but petitioned for exemption from imprisonment on the ground that his offence was venial, prevarication and falsehood being "the well known characteristics of his countrymen, and never regarded by them as a crime." It is evident that their own native rule, debasing alike in its fanaticism and its tyranny, and our hitherto ill-regulated system of arbitrary taxation, have mutually contributed to engender and cultivate these vicious dispositions. A wiser administration of the government, addressing itself with zeal and discretion to the peculiar prejudices and moral deformities of the people, can alone extirpate the evil. It will be the patient work of time; but it is not to be despaired of, if persevered in with sincerity and consistency.

The usual passions and licentious excesses that follow in the train of idleness and sensual indulgence are prevalent amongst the Singhalese. They have as high notions about gambling and running into debt as the most refined communities that are to be found gathered round the fountains of Baden-Baden, or installed in the palaces of St. Petersburg. The Spanish chivalry that basked in the sun, and played at cards for the prospective treasures of Mexico and Peru, were not inspired with a more inordinate love of games of chance than these poor, ignorant and degraded Singhalese. Their favourite pastimes in this way are draughts (introduced amongst them, probably, by the Portuguese) and cock-fighting; their cocks, it seems, being of an extraordinary size, and better provided than the cocks of other countries with those natural spurs that impart such sanguinary excitement to the barbarous sport. They are ready to stake everything they possess, gold, silver, lands, farms, upon the cock-fight or the game of draughts. The most remarkable fact connected with these amusements is, that they prevailed in Ceylon as universally a thousand years ago as they do now. This fact is testified in the book known as the travels of the "Two Mahomedans," the MS. of which bears the date of the year A.D. 851; and to such an excess is the habit of gambling carried in our own day, that it was found necessary to restrain it by a special law, passed so recently as 1840.

A people without industry, or resources of any kind beyond the mere produce of their fields, who addict themselves to these destructive pleasures, must become continually involved in pecuniary difficulties; and it is curious to observe how, in the process of getting into debt, and struggling to get out of it, the chicanery of civilization becomes intermixed with the barbaric extravagance of the native customs. "It is no exaggeration to say," observes Sir Emerson Tennent, who appears to have investigated the life of the Singhalese with vigilance and acuteness, "that half their time is devoted to borrowing money in one quarter, in order to satisfy the claims of another. The two great occasions in which they plunge into this vice are through marriages and feasts, on which sums so disproportionate are lavished, that the entertainer runs the risk for the remainder of his life of one continuous struggle with creditors and notaries, with extravagant rates of interest rapidly accumulating, embarrassment, lawyers, law-suits, and ruin." The missionaries have done much towards the repression of these excesses; but, in their efforts to redeem and Christianize the Singhalese, they have other and still more formidable obstacles to contend against than the immoralities of the natives.

These obstacles exist in the peculiar tenets and overwhelming influence of their strange and inflexible creed. In order to show how the impediments inherent to Brahminism and Buddhism operate in nullifying the exertions of the Christian teachers who have gone into this wilderness of ignorance and depravity, it will be necessary to touch upon some points with which most readers who have explored the superstitions of the East are already acquainted; although, we believe, Sir Emerson Tennent is the first writer who has examined them in relation to their effect upon the diffusion of Christianity.

The Brahminical system which prevails amongst the Tamils of Ceylon is nearly identical with the Hindooism of the Indian continent. Its outward manifestation is that of mysterious immensity; its vastness and vagueness present a gigantic despotism, enslaving equally the bodies and souls of its followers, which the missionary hardly knows where to assail, and which perpetually baffles his efforts and throws him back in despair. "It is in this," says our author, "its real and its artificial strength at once consists—real in the prodigious area over which its baleful influence extends, and in the myriads who bend blindly and submissively before its despotic authority; artificial, but still overpowering in the infinitude into which it has multiplied all its component parts." It is difficult to understand this; language seems to become mystified in the process of description; yet some attempt may be meant to explain what is meant by these towering images of power and immensity. It cannot be more lucidly effected than in the exact words of the author. "Its mythical cosmogony stretches away beyond the bounds of space; its historical annals extend backward to the birth of time; its chronology is recorded, not by centuries, but by millions of millions of ages; and the individuals engaged in one single exploit, minutely commemorated in its archives, exceed in number the whole congregation of human beings that have pressed the earth since the creation of man."

Add to this that the Vedas and Shastas, the sacred books which contain all imaginable knowledge direct from the lips of the Deity, the Upangas and Puranas that expound all arts, sciences, laws, ethics, and morals, forming a body of divine instruction and revelation so vast and voluminous that it would absorb a whole existence to obtain a glimpse of the bare rudiments of this ineffable literature, are all written in Sanscrit, a language the most expressive and melodious in the universe, whose characters are supposed to have emanated immediately from the Creator, and whose sounds are regarded as the utterances of the celestials; and from the divine agency thus brought to act upon the accumulated mass, some indistinct conception may be formed of the influence which this marvellous superstition exercises over its votaries, not only by the force of its huge proportions, but by the overawing authority of its heavenly source. "It is this imposing immensity," observes Sir Emerson, "in which consists the ascendancy and duration of the system; its vastness baffles all scrutiny, and defies all human comprehension. The mind of the Hindoo is overawed by the sense of inconceivable extension; he feels it impious to explore where he despairs to comprehend; he bows in distance and in humbleness before the sublimity of mystery, and in the very prostration of his intellect—he believes."

The system which is here described presented at first one obvious difficulty—how to ascertain the elements of which it was com-

posed, in order to be enabled to assail it with effect. That difficulty had, however, no sooner been overcome by the indefatigable labours of pundits even more learned than the Brahmins themselves, than another difficulty of a more practical and obstinate kind arose. The great machinery by which this wondrous idolatry is worked, pervades and searches every cranny of the populous world it controls; regulating the entire social structure by that immutable arrangement of castes, which, fixing every man in his place, sets up a permanent barrier against change, modification, and progress, and paralyzes under its rigid lines of demarcation and division the very thoughts, aspirations, and energies of its victims. This system of castes must not be in any way confounded with our European notions of honours and ranks. It has nothing in common with them. The Hindoo is born in its caste, and hermetically sealed up in it for life. Where he is born he must stay; like a vegetable. He cannot by any force of merit, by any display of virtue, by any public services, rise into a higher caste, nor can he be degraded into a lower. If he loses caste he is obliterated altogether, he becomes a *loup-garou*, a pariah, an outcast. It may, therefore, be easily understood that Brahminism sets itself against Christianity with enormous odds in its favour—its stupendous and inscrutable authority, and its impervious social bulwarks. Even if the fears of the Hindoo, in his terrible awe of the majesty of his creed (of which he knows nothing except that it is full of dread and mystery), did not prevent him from giving a candid reception to the missionary, his sense of the dignity of caste would act as an effective interdict. He looks with scorn upon the instruction that is delivered by one who is not of a higher caste. The question of caste is so intimately mixed up with the question of authority, that all attempts to prevail upon the people merely to listen to the Christian teacher have hitherto been attended by very unsatisfactory results. There is no doubt, however, that the system of castes has been more or less shaken in Ceylon, through the perseverance of the missionaries, and the instructive example of the Christian life. That which could not be effected by the proffered benefits of the Gospel has been to some slight extent accomplished by the display of the superior social rewards of civilization. The Tamils are shrewd enough to discern the worldly advantages of Christianity, if they cannot comprehend its spiritual good; they see society changing around them, they note in others that progress of intellect which is denied to themselves, and the rising generation coming in freshly upon the action of that transition, which every day acquires an increased impetus, will, probably, be more accessible than their inflexible progenitors to the practical enlightenment which brings such substantial profit in its train.

Buddhism, on the other hand, repudiating the doctrine of castes, although its disciples retain some shadowy principle of that nature in their belief, is as open to conviction from without as any great mass of deeply-rooted traditions can be expected to be. It is less a religion, consisting of tenets, and enjoining strict observances, than a code of philosophy—in that aspect bearing a dim resemblance to the system of Confucius. Its elementary precepts are wise and tolerant; it allows and even invites the practice of other creeds; it professes to appeal to the reason rather than to enslave it; and in some respects—in its pageantry, its pilgrimages, processions, legends, miracles, and relics—it discovers a singular analogy to the forms and ceremonials of the

Church of Rome, which considerably facilitates the work of conversion and civilization. Here the grand obstacle is in the apathy and latitudinarianism of its professors. They tolerate all other beliefs, and exhibit utter indifference to their own; and of all shapes of resistance that of self-righteousness is the most evasive to grapple with. Nor is this the only obstruction. There yet lingers amongst the Singhalese the unextinguished fires of the old demon-worship, which, inconsistent as it is with their creed of reason, and contradictory of the fundamental principles upon which their whole belief rests, they still turn to in moments of sickness and terror; and instances are not unfrequent of nominal converts who have relapsed into paganism under the nervous alarm of mental or bodily prostration, when the superstitious power of early associations proved too strong for the calm and distant consolations of the milder faith they had embraced in the vigour of health.

From this rapid outline of the character of the people and their religion, the nature of the contest which Christianity has had to wage in this region, and which it is the special purpose of Sir Emerson Tennent's book to illustrate, may be in some degree inferred. The introduction of Christianity amongst such a race as the Singhalese, so shut up in their idclatries, so debased, and unqualified for intellectual effort, is an undertaking very different from the struggle through which it has had to pass elsewhere. When it originally addressed the heathen world, it appealed to a people already civilized and highly educated, competent to weigh its truths, and prepared to embrace them. The process by which the first churches were planted in Asia Minor and Greece, will not apply to Ceylon. The mode of preaching and diffusing scriptural knowledge, which succeeded in the early ages amongst races previously refined, and peculiarly capable of appreciating the Divine Wisdom, would signally fail in the dismal and benighted villages of the Indian Sicily. This is the gist and ultimate argument of the able volume before us. Sir Emerson Tennent conducts us, by irresistible proofs, to the final conclusion, that it is indispensable to train the faculties of these people in advance of, or at least concurrently with, religious teaching. We believe this view of the question to be the only sound and practical one. You must cultivate their intelligence before you can hope to disseminate Gospel truth amongst them; you must make secular education the basis of spiritual instruction.

The ordinary course of preaching, successfully employed amongst more intelligent races, is here ineffective when it is unassisted by other means. The first difficulty is to get an audience together; the next, and still greater, is to prevail upon them to listen. They are so indolent and slow of comprehension that, if they do not drop asleep, or drop away from the circle, in the midst of which the missionary is labouring at his almost hopeless task, they turn the doctrine, which they do not understand, into ridicule, and send off the baffled priest amidst a shower of sneers and insolence. Even to awaken their attention when they are disposed to listen is a matter that requires considerable ingenuity and adaptation to their own peculiar modes of thought; while their instinctive objection to receive instruction of any kind from persons to whom they do not habitually look up, throws perpetual impediments in the way. Nor is it easy to penetrate the interior for the purpose of carrying on the labours of a mission. The Kandyan kings have been at all times so jealous of European encroachments that they defended their boundaries by dense forests, which the indwellers

were compelled to keep impenetrable by the annual plantation of a particular species of palm thickly covered with thorns; while every opening was carefully blinded up by wonderful climbing plants which abound in these forests, studded with knobs, from the points of which protrudes a spike as sharp and strong as a hawk's beak. Such are the natural fortifications of the Kandyan border, and at every pass from the low country to the mountains, watches were stationed beside gates of thorns, which swang upon a pivot, and were only raised to allow a passage for the king's people. It is not very surprising, therefore, that the chief seats of whatever conversions have been effected, should be found on the sea-coast among the fishermen, the upper country being so vigilantly guarded that, down to 1818, our government was compelled to discourage the attempts of Christian ministers to penetrate the interior from inability to secure them the protection of which they stood so much in need.

Education alone, the mere discipline of schools, apart from what may be strictly considered as religious instruction, is equally inefficient, and has in some instances proved injurious. As an agent of conversion schools have deplorably failed. Out of many thousand scholars in Hindoostan and Burmah, Siam, Malaya and China, only five or six had embraced Christianity; and in Jaffna, where the labours of the American mission have produced almost a social revolution, the number of nominal converts out of ninety thousand pupils, has barely exceeded six hundred, and not half of these could be traced to the unaided instrumentality of the schools, while in some instances the pious efforts of the teachers were rewarded by scepticism and infidelity.

Since the schoolmaster, then, whatever amount of good he may achieve, cannot supersede the missionary, and the missionary can effect but little by his unassisted labours, the remedy obviously lies in their union and co-operation. Sir Emerson justly observes that, as "preparatives and auxiliaries, the value of schools can scarcely be overrated; as independent agencies they can be but productive of disappointment; and *preaching* as the grand momentum of conversion can find no adequate substitute in mere educational discipline. Even were schools multiplied without end, the living voice would be still indispensable to awaken attention, and apply general truth to the ever-changing relations of life." What has been already done, slight as it is, shows that the idolatry of the Singhalese is not impregnable, and holds out the highest encouragement to perseverance, now that the field may be considered fairly opened for profitable culture. The summary of our author's suggestions presents the subject in a very striking point of view. "The human means," he remarks, "by which this consummation is to be hastened have already been indicated in the course of the foregoing narrative; *a scriptural education of the young, the intellectual culture of the adults, and the instrumentality of preaching, and the printing press with all.* The mere elementary teaching of the many, unaccompanied by the profounder instruction of the few, will never succeed in elevating the spiritual character of the people;—the one may assist in weakening the influence of their ancient superstition, but without the aid of the other the task would prove all but hopeless to elevate Christianity in its stead. For the realisation of such a system the assistance of *native agents* is indispensable; and for the training of these education must be carried to the point at which the pupil becomes transformed into the teacher."

The establishment of these means, however, is not all that is necessary; in order to accomplish the desired end, they must be carefully adjusted to the distinctive peculiarities of the Brahminical and Buddhist superstitions, both of which are accessible to their conjoint influence in opposite ways. The basis of the distinction is clearly stated in the greater degree of prominence given by the Brahminical system to the exact and physical sciences, and the higher importance attached by the Buddhists to their code of ethics and morals, which renders the latter more easily assailable by argument. Each must be approached by a different road, which the schoolmaster and the missionary must enter and occupy at different points.

The Singhalese once housed in the school offer some curious traits for speculation, which we have not space to follow out, and must be content simply to indicate. Like all Asiatics, they are of so languid a temperament that they cannot *learn*, and must be *taught*. To the students of the Hamiltonian system the form in which we have put this peculiarity will be intelligible at once; to others, it may be necessary to explain that the effort of fixing the attention and mastering the details of a subject is almost too much for their lazy and debilitated minds, and the toil must rather be with the master who instils the instruction than the pupil who receives it. Reading is an absolute drudgery to them. Even the most successful pupils seldom cultivate it as a voluntary pursuit. The scarcity of books yields them but scanty opportunities of practice, and the same characters which they can read with comparative facility when they are written in their own way with an iron style upon ola's, embarrass and perplex them when they are transferred to print. The want of familiarity with printed books is a difficulty in itself, which the judicious employment of the printing-press will ultimately remove, when a reform shall have been effected in the selection of subjects, and more pains taken to procure idiomatic translations. The best practical course for the schools would appear to be a mixture of lessons and lectures. The explanatory lecture running side by side with the book-work will be found the most effective agent for calling into activity the dormant capabilities of this unimpressionable race. They will attend to oral discourses when they are interested in the purport of them, and can understand them without any great strain on their faculties. Thus interwoven in the lessons of the day, and affording both facility and variety to the toils of study, the indolent Singhalese will be induced to receive information in a shape which he can take without effort, and which possesses the temptation of sparing him the trouble of pursuing it for himself. He may then acquire knowledge in the most leisurely manner at the smallest possible cost of original exertion. It is like having music played in a man's ears while he is enjoying the luxury of a bath—a sort of passive pleasure which exactly suits the genius of the East.

The remarkable results of the Hamiltonian system in its application to languages, satisfies us that the same principle might be extended with the utmost advantage over the entire course of general tuition for the benefit of those supine Singhalese who can do so little for themselves.

Sir Emerson Tennent has rendered good service to the cause of civilization and the diffusion of Christianity by the publication of this work. It is clear, forcible and practical, and opens up some views of the subject which will be found equally attractive from their novelty and importance.



J. Lawrence

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF JOHN LAWRENCE"

London Richard Bentley 1851

THE VALLEY OF BUNNOO, AND THE SIEGE
OF MOOLTAN. *

WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

WHENEVER the romantic horrors of war shall come to be gathered into dramatic chronicles, like those of Froissart or the Cid, this book of Major Edwardes' must be largely drawn upon. Few scenes of havoc in the range of ancient or modern history transcend in interest the startling incidents that are scattered over its pages; nor is the work wanting in that striking back-ground of scenery and costume which is necessary to complete the fascination of the lurid *tableau*. The volumes have been seized upon with so much avidity by the public, and are already in so many hands, that we will not attempt a detailed account of their contents, believing that we shall contribute more effectually to the enjoyment of the reader by selecting some of the most remarkable passages, and setting them, as brilliants are set, in the slenderest framework, so as to show their lustre to the best advantage.

The scene of Major Edwardes' preliminary operations was the fertile valley of Bunnoo, in Eastern Afghanistan, a rich tract of country, profusely irrigated, and repaying the idlest agriculture in the world with abundant crops of corn, sugar, turmeric, and nearly the whole family of Indian grains. The people who live in this luxuriant district are the most mixed and debased on the surface of Hindostan, which is, perhaps, saying as much to their discredit as can be conveyed in a single sentence. Descended from many different tribes of the Afghan race, and including a motley interfusion of Indians from the Punjab and low Hindoos, intermarriage, slave-dealing, and vice, have completed their mongrel character. They embrace all statures and complexions, and every costume from the linen of the south to the goat-skin of the north, mingled promiscuously together, and reduced, says our lively historian, to an harmonious whole, only the neutral tint of universal dirt.

The occasion of Major Edwardes' mission to this valley of Bunnoo in 1847 (his work embraces 1847 and 1848) was to put the revenues of the district into a train of settlement and collection, the utmost confusion having developed itself in the fiscal department, of which the ill-conditioned and unprincipled natives, armed to the teeth, were only too ready to take advantage. The cause of this state of affairs may be briefly explained.

There had been an irruption of the Sikhs across the north-west frontier towards the end of 1845, and the measures which were taken to repress and punish them, terminating in the battle of Sobraon, are known historically under the name of the first Sikh war. By the issue of this war the territory of Runjeet Sing fell partially under the subjection of the British, and treaties were entered into by which the line of independent sovereigns was continued in the person of Maharajah, a

* A Year on the Punjab Frontier, in 1848-9. By Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B., H.E.I.C.S. 2 vols. Bentley.

boy, under whose rule, protected by the English, the state was reorganised. While the actual government of the country was vested in a council of Sirdars, it was necessary to watch alike over the safety of the young monarch, perpetually exposed to the treasons and perfidies of his own subjects, and the security of the British interest. For this purpose, Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed Resident.

Upon arriving at his post, he discovered that the first object which demanded his urgent attention was the state of the finances. This is always the certain legacy of an Asiatic rebellion. The moment a war breaks out in any of these provinces the revenue begins to drop into arrear, and once this sets in, it requires the skill of the most accomplished financier, and the firmness of an iron hand to restore the functions of the tax-collector to their regular operation. Sir Henry Lawrence found that in some places no payments whatever had been made, and that others were convulsed by a universal resistance to the fiscal agents. The valley of Bunnoo was in the latter category; and to this valley, Major Edwardes, then only a subaltern on the Bengal establishment, was despatched at the head of a detachment, accompanied by a Sikh Sirdar, to reduce the natives to order, to collect arrears, and to place the system of collection upon such a basis as should ensure the future repose and security of the district.

His first volume contains the history of his efforts to this end, and the signal success with which they were crowned; and, although it falls infinitely short of the second in the way of romance and excitement, it possesses interest of a different and more permanent kind. The narrative, opening up a complete account of the country, and showing the life of the interior and the practical difficulties lying in the way of every attempt to introduce a system of peaceful organisation amongst the people, is full of curious and instructive matter. To bring these barbarous races within the pale of civilisation through the action of a network of taxes, a species of humanizing agency which is never very popular even amongst nations that owe their security and the maintenance of their independence to its adoption, was literally the task which Major Edwardes had to accomplish, and which he did effectually accomplish within the short space of three months. For this important service, it appears, that he has never even been thanked by his own government; but he frankly acknowledges that he missed his laudatory laurels, not from any default on the part of the authorities, but through the accidents of war, that came in with their disturbing influence just at the moment when he had finished his pacificatory labours, and was about to draw up the report, upon which alone it would become the official duty of the government to pronounce an opinion. Before he had time to prepare his account of the fiscal subjugation of Bunnoo, the Mooltan rebellion broke out, and he was called away to more active duties in the field. The report was never made, and the chief satisfaction which the young "political" had in the affair was the knowledge of the fact that he found the revenue in a state of chaos, and left it in so satisfactory a state that no difficulty has since been found in its collection.

The second volume takes up the thread of the soldier's adventures where it was snapped in the tax-resisting valley, and flings the entangled skein into the province of Mooltan, where the British troops were unexpectedly called upon to suppress the rebellion of Dewan Moolraj, the last governor of that province. This volume opens with an

ominous fly-leaf, upon which is inscribed a single word that tells its whole story—"War!"

Mooltan extends on the north to Kuchee on the left bank of the Indus, on the south to the eastern frontier of Sindh, on the east to the Rávee and Sutlej, and on the west to the Solimánee mountains, Trans-Indus. As in all these eastern insurrections it is nearly impossible to trace with accuracy the immediate circumstances out of which they spring, so in this rebellion we find it not very easy, even with the help of Major Edwardes' narrative, to fix the precise origin of that most disastrous outbreak, in which Mr. Agnew, unsuspecting of danger, and discharging his duty in the kindest spirit, was barbarously murdered. That there was treachery somewhere is evident. The followers of Moolraj, enraged at the prospect of being dismissed from their service, as they believed, were eager for any excuse to gratify their smothered vengeance, and out of this momentary heat sprang the outrage which ended in a war. The question that must for ever remain unanswered is, how far Moolraj himself was really responsible for this act of perfidy—whether it arose purely from a chance collision, to the consequences of which he felt himself afterwards committed equally by his fears and his bad faith, or whether the proceeding, apparently sudden and spontaneous, was actually the work of premeditation. Agnew himself, as we learn from the last letter he ever wrote, was of opinion that Moolraj had nothing to do with it, as he was riding beside him when the dastardly attack took place; but it must be remembered that, instead of endeavouring to allay the fury of his people, he instantly rode off, and, retreating to the security of his country-house, suffered his soldiers to return to the spot and deliberately complete the massacre so accidentally begun. This act, taken in connection with his subsequent conduct, justifies the suspicion of his guilty participation in the perfidy of his followers. At all events, it is clear that he was not unwilling to take advantage of its results. Major Edwardes' sketch of the melancholy incident does not help to liberate Moolraj from his responsibility. It will be remembered that Mr. Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, unarmed, had been inspecting the fort of Mooltan in company with Moolraj, had received the keys, and installed two companies in possession. All this passed off quite peacefully, although the Dewan's garrison by looks and murmurs exhibited their anger at the probability of being thrown out of employment, notwithstanding the assurances to the contrary which they received from our countrymen:—

"The cavalcade passed forth, and entered upon the bridge over the ditch. Two soldiers of Moolraj's were standing on the bridge. One of them, named Umeer Chund, gazed for a moment at the two unarmed Englishmen, who presumed to ride in and out of the great fortress Sawun Mull had made so strong; and brooding, perchance, over his own long services and probable dismissal, impatiently struck the nearest with his spear, and knocked him off his horse. Agnew, who was ignorant of fear, jumped up, and struck his assailant with the riding-stick in his hand. The ruffian threw away his spear, and rushing in with his sword, inflicted two severer wounds. He would probably have killed Mr. Agnew on the spot, had he not been knocked into a ditch by a horseman of the escort.

"The scuffle was now known; the crowd pressed round to see what

was the matter; news was carried back into the fort that swords were out and going on the bridge; an uproar rose within, and in another moment the whole garrison would come pouring forth. Moolraj made no attempt to stem the tide, and rescue the Englishman who had come down, at his invitation, to Mooltan. He either thought only of himself, or was not sorry for the outbreak; and forcing his horse through the crowd, rode off to his garden-house at the Am Khas. Nor was this all: his own personal sowars turned back half-way, and pursued Lieutenant Anderson, who had as yet escaped. Who can tell now who ordered them? Whether Moolraj had left the fort an innocent but timid man, but had already, in the short space between his fortress and his house, felt that the die was cast—that none would believe him guiltless—that Heaven itself seemed to rebuke him for abandoning his dead father's dreams of independence, and there was nothing now for it but to go on, complete the treachery, slay the other Englishman, and plunge into rebellion?—or whether, as their coward master fled along the road to the Am Khas, the horsemen laughing hellishly at the mischief now a-foot, determined to commit Moolraj still further, and so of their own will rode back?

“What moved them we can never know; but we know the fact that they sought out Anderson, attacked, and cut him down with swords; so that he fell for dead upon the ground, where he was found afterwards by some of his own Goorkah soldiers, who put him on a litter, and carried him to the Eedgah.”

From this point, the rebellion fairly started. Moolraj, who only just before had voluntarily tendered his resignation, and placed the fort in the hands of the British, now put on the war-bracelet, and made up his mind to resist the authority he had himself invoked. The British, with two wounded officers, and a handful of native troops, were encamped in the Eedgah, a Mahomedan building, within cannon shot of the fort, which now opened its fire upon its defenceless occupants, and not content with an assault at such murderous odds, despatched a mission to bribe the soldiers to desert the English, in which they effectually succeeded. Before the close of the following evening, horse, foot, and artillery, had all gone over, except eight or ten faithful horsemen, and domestic servants. The scene that ensued in the Eedgah was appalling:—

“Beneath the lofty centre dome of that empty hall (so strong and formidable that a very few stout hearts could have defended it), stood this miserable group around the beds of the two wounded Englishmen. All hope of resistance being at an end, Mr. Agnew had sent a party to Moolraj to sue for peace. A conference ensued, and, ‘in the end,’ say the Dewan’s judges, ‘it was agreed that the officers were to quit the country, and that the attack upon them was to cease.’ Too late! The sun had gone down; twilight was closing in; and the rebel army had not tasted blood. An indistinct and distant murmur reached the ears of the few remaining inmates of the Eedgah, who were listening for their fate. Louder and louder it grew, until it became a cry—the cry of a multitude for blood! On they came, from city, suburbs, fort; soldiers with their arms, citizens, young and old, and of all trades and callings, with any weapon they could snatch.

“A company of Moolraj’s Muzubees, or outcasts turned Sikhs, led on the mob. It was an appalling sight; and Sirdar Khan Sing begged of

Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet, and sue for mercy. Weak in body from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied: 'The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like; but we are not the last of the English; *thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, and his soldiers, and his fort.*' The crowd now rushed in with horrible shouts, made Khan Sing prisoner, and pushing aside the servants with the butts of their muskets, surrounded the two wounded officers. Lieutenant Anderson from the first had been too much wounded even to move; and now Mr. Agnew was sitting by his bedside, holding his hand, and talking in English. Doubtless they were bidding each other farewell for all time. Goodhur Sing, a Muzabee, so deformed and crippled with old wounds that he looked more like an imp than mortal man, stepped forth from the crowd with a drawn sword, and after insulting Mr. Agnew with a few last indignities, struck him twice upon the neck, and with a third blow cut off his head. Some other wretch discharged a musket into the lifeless body. Then Anderson was hacked to death with swords; and afterwards the two bodies were dragged outside, and slashed and insulted by the crowd, then left all night under the sky.

"Morning assembles the same crowd again, no longer furious but content. Where go they? To the Am Khas, 'Moolraj's Palace,' for he is now a king!"

Such was the opening of those tragical events in which Major Edwardes acted a conspicuous part, and which he has here recorded with the same skill, boldness, and ability he displayed upon the field. Mr. Agnew's prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. Thousands of English did come when they were gone, and annihilate Moolraj and his soldiers and his fort!

While Major Edwardes was yet in Bunnoo, and just two days after he had wound up the revenue settlement of the district, he received a letter from Agnew apprising him of the outbreak, and calling upon him for assistance. He instantly prepared to depart, and, with only a small force at his command, he hoped by an immediate demonstration, to check the progress of the rebellion, or at all events to rescue his countrymen from their perilous situation. He had no sooner, however, crossed the Indus, and reached the city of Leia than intelligence reached him of the massacre of his friends. Under these circumstances it would have been hazardous and impolitic at that moment to advance any farther without reinforcements from Lahore; but the possession of Leia was an important step, and served materially to arrest the spread of the insurrection. A document here fell into his hands which disclosed the extent of the treachery against which he had to contend, and the peril in which he was personally exposed, and of which he seems to have been unsuspecting up to this time. This document was a circular from Mooltan, addressed to all believing Sikhs, requiring them in the name of their faith and nationality, to come in to the succour of Moolraj—in short, an appeal to raise forces over the whole province to aid the rebellion. It was quite clear from this document, which was extensively and secretly distributed, that the movement was widely spread, and it soon became evident that a mutinous correspondence was going on between the Mooltan traitors and the Sikh troops in Major Edwardes' camp. Two of his adjutants, in great agitation, communicated their

fears to him, related to him the mysterious whisperings and gestures upon which their apprehensions were founded, and besought him to take measures for his security. "The impression and earnest manner of these two faithful men," says Major Edwardes, "had a great effect upon me. Their experience set the seal to my own observations and suspicions, and I felt at once all the horror of being betrayed, and the revolting necessity of wearing the mask of confidence." And all this time the Sikh officers were making loud protestations of their loyalty, and had actually gone so far as to volunteer a bond of fidelity to their commander!

The terrors of his position soon assumed a still more alarming aspect. Intelligence arrived that a body of four or five thousand troops was on its way from Mooltan to Leia. To face this overwhelming odds in a large scattered city, with disaffection in his own ranks, was a hazard which, after due deliberation, Major Edwardes resolved not to incur; and he was the more confirmed in his determination by the significant fact that he was the only man in the whole camp whose voice was for retreat! They all wanted to stay and fight and be cut to pieces. Never was such devotion seen as these Sikhs exhibited on this desperate occasion; but their motive was too transparent. They had all the time secretly resolved to betray their trust the moment the rebels appeared, whose presence, as it afterwards came out, they had actually invited; and there was even reason to believe that they had actually sold Major Edwardes. "My very price," he tells us, "had been agreed upon; twelve thousand rupees to the regiment for joining the rebels in battle, and twelve thousand more if they brought over my head with them. It is needless, therefore, to add that with twenty-four thousand rupees to lose on one side, and merely honour on the other, the Futteh Pultun, to a man, was for standing fast at Leia."

The retreat, under these circumstances, was the only course that could have been adopted with safety, painful as it was to the brave spirit of a British soldier; and, with the following incident before us, it seems to us a matter of no slight astonishment that Major Edwardes was able to carry it into effect.

"Next day the retreat was made, but with reluctance; and the following colloquy between some Sikh soldiers of the rear-guard was overheard by my own servants.

" 'What shall we do with this Sahib of ours?'

" 'Oh! kill him of course—what else?'

" 'D'ye think so? Well I vote we *don't* kill him.'

" 'What then? You would n't let him off?'

" 'No!' (with concentrated malignity), 'I'd *make a Sikh of him!*'

" 'What for?'

" 'Why when he was a regular Sikh, and had taken the páhul,* and read the Grunth, I'd then make him carry bricks and mortar in a wicker basket on his head, as he made us do at Bunnoo, building that fort of Duleepgurh. I should just like to see how he'd like it.'"

That night they lay down on the banks of the Indus in a half-moon, their backs to the river, with a mutual but unspoken distrust,

* The "páhul" is the initiation into the pale of the Sikh religion, and consists chiefly, I believe, of pledging attachment to its ordinances in a draught of water, which has been mystically stirred up with a sword, or other weapon of steel or iron.

an avoidance and growing anger between the faithful and the unfaithful, Major Edwardes placing his two guns in the centre, and lying down between them, his handful of devoted Poorbeeuhs right and left, and the Sikh regiment divided into wings. When morning dawned, after a sleepless and anxious night, it was necessary to cross the Indus without delay; but the question was who was to go over first? It is in these little incidents, fraught with the most disastrous consequences, and demanding the keenest sagacity, vigilance, and firmness, in their management, that we get the clearest view of those peculiar wars in which, occupying an enemy's country, we are compelled to avail ourselves of native help. The dilemma and its conduct are thus described:—

“ If the faithless went over first, they would keep the boats on the other side, and leave the faithful to be cut up by the enemy; if the faithful went over first, the faithless might join the enemy unopposed, and carry one thousand disciplined soldiers into the ranks of rebellion.

“ At last, I settled it in this way. The artillery and cavalry were sent over first in two voyages; and when the boats returned the third time, I appointed one to every company of infantry, faithful and unfaithful, at intervals along the bank; and told all to step into their respective boats at the first sound of a bugle, and at the second to push off and proceed.

“ This was done, but not without considerable excitement, which was now becoming irrepressible, as the enemy was known to be within a few miles; and when at last a Poorbeeh and Sikh soldier drew their swords on each other, and the rest of their comrades were beginning to run together to the point, I thought all our pains were about to be thrown away at the last moment; but on my seizing both the combatants by the collar, and thrusting them into my own boat, and then ordering the bugler to sound for embarkation, the crowd broke sulkily up again, and got on board. Again the bugle rang out over the Indus; to my irrepressible joy every boat pushed off, and we crossed that broad river in almost as perfect a military formation as a regiment in open column of companies taking ground to its left at a review.

“ Once on the right bank, I felt a match for the traitors; and as soon as all had disembarked, I called up the grey-headed adjutant of the Poorbeeuhs, and put the boats under the charge of him and his men. ‘ Take them,’ I said, ‘ out of the main stream two miles up the branch that leads to Dera Futteh Khan; anchor them at the back of the island, and defend them with your lives against any one who attempts to take them from you.’”

A scene that soon afterwards followed is too exciting and picturesque to be omitted. While they were crossing the Indus, Moolraj's army was marching into Leia, and had already sent a reconnoitring party to the banks of the river. From this party an ambassador contrived to make his way over to the English camp, and to deliver two or three pair of gold bracelets (the amulets of slaughter!) to the Sikh officers. Of this fact Major Edwardes was, of course, ignorant; but it shows the imminent danger to which he was unconsciously exposed. He knew, however, that the enemy could not be far distant, and the experiment by which he attempted to ascertain the exact distance produced, to use his own words, one of the most striking incidents he ever witnessed. In order fully to appreciate the dramatic effect of the following scene, it must be borne in mind that he was at this time looking out with the

utmost anxiety for General Cortlandt's arrival with reinforcements which were to join him at this place.

"It was a custom of Sikh armies, when they wished to proclaim their own position to an ally, or ascertain his, to fire two guns as soon as all was still at nightfall, to which the ally immediately replied, if he was within hearing.

"This was well known to me, and I determined to try it on the night of 3rd May. About nine P.M., therefore, our two horse artillery guns were fired, and I bent an attentive ear for the response.

"Scarcely had the echo died away, when eight guns and countless camel-swivels and muskets rent the air with their discharge; but not in the desired direction. It was the defiance of the enemy at Leia, who maintained it with successive rounds for an hour.

"Such a roar of hostile artillery, in the dead of night, made a powerful impression on our little camp; and, ere it ceased, dismay had fallen on many a faithful heart, when—hark!—due north there rolls down the Indus the deep boom of a distant gun;—a minute's pause, and then another boom is heard. It is the answer to our signal—heard and understood alike in those two hostile camps, divided by the Indus. *We* knew that our friends had come, and *they* that their opportunity was gone.

"The long interval of an hour, which occurred between my signal and General Cortlandt's reply, and which the enemy so efficiently filled up, was afterwards thus explained. Our two guns were heard by the General's fleet, while still floating down the river; and they had to pull to the nearest shore, and disembark a gun, before they could fire in reply."

By seven o'clock the next morning, the reinforcing fleet of twenty-six boats anchored along side the camp; and now the war was to begin in earnest.

But the great question for the consideration of the Indian government was, Whether the suppression of the rebellion should be undertaken at once, with a mixed army of British soldiers and disaffected Sikhs, and the season against them (for the hot months and the rains were coming in); or, Whether it would be more prudent to delay the measure until a sufficient British force could be collected to ensure a complete and decisive result. The Commander-in-Chief decided upon the latter course; the consequence of which was that the delay afforded the Sikhs time to collect their resources, and to plunge into that extensive series of operations which is denominated the second Sikh war.

History will unquestionably affirm the wisdom of that decision. It is true that had measures been taken at once to suppress the insurrection, they might have been attended with success, and the war averted; but it is no less true, and even more probable, that they might have failed, that the perfidious Sikhs might have fraternized, and turned their arms upon the British soldiers with whom they went into the field side by side, and that the unpropitious season might have completed the destruction of our troops. Taking, however, the most favourable view of the contingency, it is by no means certain that the immediate suppression of a district rebellion would have quelled the insurgent spirit of the Sikhs, which, before a year should have expired, might be expected to break out again; while it is quite certain that, having had the opportunity thrown open to them of measuring their full strength against the British power,

the triumphant issue was conclusive of all future struggles—at least for many years to come.

The interval of inaction that followed from May to October was to be filled in simply occupying the country previously attached to the Mooltan government, leaving the operations of the siege of the city and fort of Mooltan to be undertaken whenever the season might permit the troops to take the field. This plan was to have been carried out by the movements of five converging columns. Four of these movements failed; and the fifth, under the command of Major Edwardes, was reduced to the necessity of carrying on a fatiguing and irregular campaign, in order to accomplish its object, which it did. That object was to take possession of the Lower Dérájât, a country consisting of two districts. In order to effect this, it was necessary for General Cortlandt and Major Edwardes to distribute their vigilance along the frontiers, by marching in two divisions, concentrating their forces only on those points where they were wanted, as occasion demanded. From this general outline of their plan, the nature of the campaign may be sufficiently understood, without going into further details. We will, therefore, pass on at once to some of the most remarkable passages, without stopping to connect them circumstantially.

There was great difficulty in keeping the Mooltan districts, trans-Indus; but it was overcome by the energy and enterprise of Major Edwardes. The main end was to prevent the spread of the rebellion, and to hold a check over the progress of Moolraj's forces, until the cold weather arrived. Recruiting was going on at both sides; rumours were constantly coming in of the passage of the Indus by the enemy; picket parties, on the other hand, were despatched across to occupy Leia every time the rebels vacated it; and thus, amidst perpetual oscillations on both, two very decisive "affairs" took place, in which the insurgents suffered severely. During these troublesome movements, Major Edwardes was desirous of permission of marching direct upon Mooltan, and bringing the business to a speedy conclusion; but the Resident at Lahore did not consider it advisable to assent to the proposition. It subsequently fell out, however, that a modification of this view became necessary, when a junction was to be effected between the column under Bháwul Khan and that under Major Edwardes, who, crossing the Indus, was left to his own discretion to act according to circumstances. The ultimate purpose in view was to shut up Moolraj in his fort of Mooltan until the British force should arrive.

The impetuosity with which this intrepid officer carried out his instructions, or rather the discretion vested in him, was of the utmost importance, as the sequel shows. He hazarded the passage of the Indus on the same day that the enemy actually retired from the opposite bank; and, if he had not done so, he would have been too late by a day, and would have been unable to effect his junction with Bháwul Khan, in time to turn the fortune of the battle of Kineyree. "What," he proudly asks, "was the result of this hasty passage? I joined Bháwul Khan's troops at Kineyree just half an hour after Moolraj's guns had opened on them; and, under God's help, was the means of saving every man from destruction, every gun from capture, and our own name from the disgrace which the defeat of our ally must have occasioned. For the Nuwab's troops were beaten by two o'clock, after a cannonade of six hours; and the close of the action, when it came

hand to hand, was borne and won by about five thousand of my men. So, I think we were right," he adds, "and would do the same again."

As a fair specimen of our author's lively way of describing these stirring scenes, take the following account of his arrival in the very "nick of time" to participate in the first decisive battle. He has just crossed the Chenab, and is roused from a "brown study" by a burst of artillery within a mile or two of the shore; a second cannonade replies, and two white columns of smoke are seen rising out of the jungle higher and higher at every discharge. Some of his followers thought it was only a "salute;" but the old soldiers *felt* that there was a fight going on. Strangely enough, it was the day of the battle of Waterloo!

"For my own part, I felt so too; and as I stepped on shore, and buckled the strap of my cap under my chin, I remember thinking that no Englishman could be beaten on the 18th of June.

"Nor am I ashamed to remember that I bethought me of a still happier omen, and a far more powerful aid—the goodness of my cause, and the God who defends the right. A young lieutenant, who had seen but one campaign—alone, and without any of the means and appliances of such war as I had been apprenticed to—I was about to take command in the midst of a battle, not only of one force, whose courage I had never tried, but of another which I had never seen; and to engage a third, of which the numbers were uncertain, with the knowledge that defeat would immeasurably extend the rebellion which I had undertaken to suppress, and embarrass the government which I had volunteered to serve. Yet, in that great extreme, I doubted only for a moment—one of those long moments to which some angel seems to hold a microscope and show millions of things within it. It came and went between the stirrup and the saddle. It brought with it difficulties, dangers, responsibilities, and possible consequences terrible to face; but it left none behind. I knew that I was fighting for the right. I asked God to help me to do my duty, and I rode on, certain that He would do it.

"On the shore not a creature was to be seen, so we had to take the smoke and roar of the guns for our guides to the field of battle. But how to find out our own side was the difficulty, and not to fall into the hands of the enemy. On one side, the firing was regular, and apparently from guns of equal calibre; on the other side, irregular and unequal, as if from guns of different sizes.

"Obliged to choose between them, I paid the enemy the compliment of supposing their guns would be the best, and those of Bháwul Khan the worst, and rode straight through the jungle to the latter.

"At the village of Kineyree, I got a wretched peasant to put us in the road, though he would not go a yard along with us; and soon we met a horseman who had been dispatched by Foujdar Khan to tell me what had happened, and conduct me to the field."

Arrived on the ground, the scene of confusion that presented itself was appalling.

"It was at this moment that, led by Peer Muhommad, I arrived upon the field, a plain covered with jungle, amongst which loaded camels were passing to the rear, out of range of the enemy's guns, and detachments of wild-looking warriors, with red hair and beards, were taking up a line of posts. Suddenly, a European stepped out of the crowd,

and advanced to me in a hurried manner, wiping his forehead, and exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, our army is disorganized!'—a pleasing salutation on arriving at a field of battle! He then told me his name was Macpherson, and that he commanded one of the Nuwab's two regular regiments. I asked him where his general was? He laughed, and pointed to a large peepul-tree, round which a crowd was gathered. I galloped up, and looking over the shoulders of the people, saw a little old man, in dirty clothes, and with nothing but a skull-cap on his head, sitting under the tree, with a rosary in his hands, the beads of which he was rapidly telling, and muttering, in a peevish, helpless manner, '*Ulhumdoolillah! Ulhumdoolillah!*' (God be praised! God be praised!) apparently quite abstracted from the scene around him, and utterly unconscious that six-pounder balls were going through the branches, that officers were imploring him for orders, and that eight or nine thousand rebels were waiting to destroy an army of which *he* was the general.

"He had to be shaken by his people before he could comprehend that I had arrived; and as he rose and tottered forward, looking vacantly in my face, I saw that excitement had completed the imbecility of his years, and that I might as well talk to a post."

In this emergency Major Edwardes determined at once upon a plan of operations, which consisted first in writing to General Cortlandt, who was on the opposite side of the river, for guns. In the mean while, the order of the force was to be recovered, and they were all to lie down in the jungle as much under cover as possible, while the artillery were to play as hard as they could on the enemy's guns. But where to get pen and ink was the difficulty.

"'Sahib!' replied a well-known voice behind me; and turning I beheld Sudda Sookh, the moonshee of my office, pulling out a Cachmera pen-box and paper from his girdle, just as quietly as if he had been in cutcherry. He had no sword, or other implements of war, but merely the writing materials, with which it was his duty to be furnished; and though he looked serious and grave, he was perfectly calm amid the roar of hostile cannon, and men's heads occasionally going off before his eyes.

"'What are you doing here, Sudda Sookh?' I asked in astonishment. He put up his hands respectfully, and answered: 'My place is with my master! I live by his service; and when he dies, I die!' A more striking instance of the quiet endurance of the Hindoo character I never saw.

"Seating myself under a bush (in humble imitation of the Dâoodpotra General), I wrote two short notes to General Cortlandt, informing him of our critical position, and my belief that I could hold it until three P.M., by which time he must send me guns, or the battle would be lost.

"These two notes I sent by two different horsemen, with an interval of half an hour between them, and the second reached the General first.

"They were written at eight A.M., and what I had engaged to do was to stave off Rung Rám's army for *seven hours*. Those seven hours I should never forget if I lived seven centuries."

The conflict that followed was decisive. The enemy were scattered like chaff, and fled in dismay to Mooltan, carrying with them only two guns out of ten they had brought into the field.

From this point they may be said to have been hunted up to their fortress, and at much cost of anxiety, on account of the hourly defection

of the Sikhs, and the approach of the troops under Rajah Shar Sing, whose dangerous alliance Major Edwardes would have gladly dispensed with, they were pent within their trenches until the arrival of the army commanded by General Whish. In the meanwhile occurred the signal victory of Suddoosâm, which shut up the traitor in his fort, from which he never issued again till he was shaken in his stronghold by the shells of the besiegers.

During three long months of intense heat and suffering, in addition to the ordinary vicissitudes attendant upon a position crowded with difficulties, there were constant alarms arising from apprehensions of the hourly expected desertion, or worse, of the Rajah's soldiers. The Rajah himself was, probably, loyal, and some credit is due to him for his efforts to restrain the well-known infidelity of his men; but in the East there is a despotism of slaves as well as of masters, and in these cases the commander is often compelled to submit to the dictation of those whom he commands. This was the plea on which Moolraj tried to extenuate his rebellion; and, false as it was in his case, it was to a great extent in reference to the Rajah. The Sirdar, his father, however, had risen in revolt in his distant government, and despatched missives to his son calling upon him to follow the paternal example. The son, notwithstanding was still loyal, or professed to be so, and it was not until the Sikh troops in immediate relations with him were ordered to return to Lahore, that he openly threw off his allegiance. He was now in the field, marching to the aid of his father in that second Sikh war in which Lord Gough won his laurels, and the British before Mooltan were not sorry to get rid of him. But this change in affairs rendered it necessary for the present to raise the siege after many vigorous operations had been carried on, it being considered by the besiegers that the force was not strong enough, without augmentation, to carry the place which Moolraj had taken advantage of the long lull to fortify on all sides.

Major Edwardes is distinctly of opinion that the Rajah's final resolution to revolt was suddenly taken, and that it was forced upon him by the compulsion of circumstances:—

“The question with which my reader and I are interested in this Huzaruh mutiny is ‘how far Rajah Sher Sing, then encamped before Mooltan, was concerned in his father's schemes?’ In a few words, my belief is that he was necessarily ignorant of them (because they were non-existing) when he undertook to lead against Mooltan an army which would any day have joined the rebels had he wished them to do so, and so have saved Moolraj from being defeated at Kineyree and Suddoosâm. I believe that Chuttur's Sing's schemes were only conceived in June; that Sher Sing was early made acquainted with them, was opposed to them (being quite satisfied with that order of things which had made him a Rajah), concealed them for reasons natural but not treasonable, laboured for several weeks to dissuade his father from involving the family and country in ruin, and ultimately succumbed under the pressure of his own mutinous soldiers and his father's awful maledictions.”

Some notion of the treachery of the Sikhs, and the fiendish nature of Moolraj, may be inferred from a single fact, that the latter employed three men to poison Major Edwardes and his officers, and that these assassins were admitted into the camp by the perfidy of his own ser-

vants. One night at the mess, consisting of Major Edwardes, General Cortlandt, and four others, they were all suddenly seized with a violent sickness. We will give the sequel in the words of the narrator :—

“ In the midst of all our sufferings (which for the time they lasted were really severe), the unseasonable sound of suppressed laughter reached my ears, and listening for a moment I heard three voices making extremely merry over the sad condition of ‘the Feringhees.’ My suspicions were naturally aroused by a tone and language so strange in the midst of my own people, and advancing to the spot I found a barber, a water-carrier, and a scullion, collected round a fire, on which one of them was cooking his dinner. Calling for a light, I scrutinized their faces, and not knowing them, asked who they were? They had become serious now, and putting up their hands, replied: ‘We are my Lord’s servants.’ ‘Why,’ I said, ‘I never saw you before in my life.’ Several old servants stepped forward, and explained that these strangers had been entertained in the place of other servants who were ill; an affair with which they had not thought it worth while to trouble me in such busy times. ‘And where did they come from?’ At first nobody knew; but at last it appeared that they had all come out of the city of Mooltan; and that for the last fortnight (during which we had all experienced similar attacks, though much milder), our meals had been cooked and our water-jars filled by the assistance of these visitors from the enemy’s camp.

“ There were no means of legally convicting them of a systematic conspiracy to poison us; but I did not hesitate to make the barber shave off the beards of the water-carrier and the scullion, and the scullion and water-carrier shave the barber on the spot; after which I had them all soundly flogged and turned out of the camp, when they ran as hard as their legs could carry them to Mooltan.”

The history of the siege of Mooltan, its result in the utter destruction of the fortress, and the surrender of the traitor Moolraj, who was tried and condemned to death, but had his sentence mitigated to transportation, is amongst the familiar glories of our Indian arms. We will not detain the reader over the details; as we shall find more novelty in glancing at one or two of those incidents which are peculiarly characteristic of the war, and which do not always find their way into despatches and the Blue Book.

Lying outside Mooltan, throwing up intrenchments, and burrowing in holes to screen themselves, the officers and soldiers were exposed to the perpetual shifting fire from the fortifications and the enemy’s matchlockmen in their front. Here are a couple of specimens :—

“ The officers’ tents were the favourite mark of Moolraj’s gunners. These were pitched, for shelter, under the lee of the Kutte Byrâgee garden, which the rebels discovering, skilfully elevated their guns so as to drop the shot just over the tops of the trees. One Sunday morning, I remember, the nerves of our little congregation were disturbed by about twenty shot falling round the tents, in the space of a very few minutes; and when at length one found its ‘billet,’ and smashed a man’s thigh at the door, a general rush was made to our own guns, and the whole strength of the artillery bent upon the Bloody Bastion until its fire was silenced. On another occasion, Major Napier came over to me one night to talk over the morrow’s plans. We sat together under the awning of my tent, with our feet resting on the table, in the favourite

attitude of Englishmen in the East, sipping hot tea, and breathing the cool night-air. Lake, exhausted with his day's work, was fast asleep in his bed under the same awning as ourselves. Presently the rebel gunners seemed to awake, and one shot buried itself hissing in the sand by Napier's side; then another ripped its way by me. A third fell at the head of Lake's bed, and his servant immediately got up, and with great carefulness turned his bed round. Poor Lake gave a yawn, and asked sleepily, 'What's the matter?' 'Nothing!' replied the Bearer, 'it's only a cannon-ball!' Lake went to sleep again. Five minutes later another shot fell at his feet, and seemed to say 'Pish!' as it hit nothing but the ground, when it came for a *man*. Again the good Bearer shifted his master's bed, and again Lake, half asleep, asked 'What's the matter now?' and was told in reply, 'Another cannon ball—nothing more!' on which he said 'Oh!' and returned calmly to the land of dreams, while Napier and I finished our conversation. This shows what habit brings us to. If a naughty boy was, at this moment, to throw a pebble-stone through the study window before me, I should probably be unable to think of anything else for an hour."

Instances of individual heroism were of frequent occurrence; but the following is certainly one of the most remarkable for strength and daring on record. It took place during a night attack on some houses and gardens in front of the trenches, where the enemy had taken up a position from which it was necessary to dislodge them:—

"Lieutenant Richardson, Adjutant of the 49th Native Infantry, an officer of herculean frame, rushed at the barricaded door of the house most strongly occupied by the enemy, and with a mighty effort dashed it in among the rebel inmates, who threw themselves forward to oppose his entrance. Seeing that the party was too strong for him, he seized the foremost Sikh soldier in his arms, and with his body thus shielded backed out of the enclosure, when he hurled the half-strangled rebel back among his friends. In this extraordinary reconnoissance the lieutenant received numerous wounds over his head and arms, but forgot them all in the applause of his brother soldiers, and the special approbation of a Commander-in-Chief who loved a daring deed."

The most terrific scene throughout the whole siege was produced by the fall of a shell into the magazine in the citadel. This awful incident is thus powerfully described.

"On the 30th of December, a shell from a mortar laid by Lieutenant Newall of the Bengal Artillery, pierced the supposed bomb-proof dome of the Grand Mosque in the citadel, which formed the enemy's principal magazine, and descending into the combustibles below, blew the vast fabric into the air.

"Slowly, almost reluctantly, rose up that mass of smoke and costly ruin followed by an explosion which seemed to shake both armies at their posts. The dark volume expanded as it mounted in the sky, and hundreds of separate circles (each with its own tale of perished arch or minaret) might be seen wheeling with the varying rapidity of the impetus they had received, and the burden that they bore. Then at a vast height the heavy cloud stood still, like some great tree, and its shadow fell as night over the camps below. All action was suspended; not a gun was fired; every eye was turned up with awe, and watched the strange vision gradually sink and disappear. And when it passed away, and of that late lofty but desecrated fane of the Moslem not a

single vestige was to be seen, the besieging army raised one long shout of triumph, and again plied the instruments of destruction.

“ In this explosion five hundred of the garrison, and about four hundred thousand pounds of powder, were said to have been destroyed. A glance at the plan of the fort annexed to this chapter will give an idea of the damage it inflicted on the upper works of the citadel.”

After this there was not much to be done. A practicable breach was made in the Bloody Bastion (which seems to have been the most formidable point, as its suggestive title implies), and into this breach poured the victorious troops. The end of the siege and its moral are now before us.

“ The Bloody Bastion was assaulted by three companies of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers, under Captain Leith. They found the breach easy to be surmounted, but it was re-trenched inside, and a most bloody struggle ensued for victory, in which the gallant Leith was severely wounded, and carried off the field; but his place being taken by Lieutenant Gray, and Colour-Serjeant John Bennet of the 1st Fusiliers having planted the colours of Old England on the very crest of the breach, and stood beside it till the flag and staff were riddled with balls, the Fusiliers remembered the legends of their ancient corps, and closing with the rebels, soon made the city of Mooltan their own. Then arose from every crowded height and battery, whence the exciting struggle had been watched, the shouts of applauding comrades: and through the deafening roar of musketry, which pealed along the ramparts, and marked the hard-earned progress of the victorious columns through the streets, both friend and foe might distinctly hear that sound never to be forgotten, the ‘Hurrah!’ of a British army after battle.

“ Thus fell the blood-stained city of Mooltan. Where are now the citizens who hooted on the murderers of Anderson and Agnew?—the idolaters who, with fresh painted foreheads, and garlands of flowers in their hands, prostrated themselves with joy before their unconscious gods, and thanked them for the death of the Christians? Silent—shame-stricken—hiding in holes and corners—invisible, or kneeling in the mud for mercy—mercy from the Christian conqueror, to whose countrymen they had shown none!”

We have afforded the reader such excellent means of judging for himself of the interest of this work, as to render it superfluous to add any commentary of our own. We cannot close it, however, without observing, that in clearness of statement, accuracy of arrangement, and soldierly frankness, it deserves, as it must on all hands receive, the highest praise. It brings out the whole of the operations in the Punjab so distinctly, that the reader becomes an actual participator in them. In no place is the thread of the narrative complicated, or broken. Every illustrative fact is assigned its right place and relative importance; and the story of Mooltan is conducted with so much skill, and the interest sustained at its height with so much earnestness, that the utmost ingenuity of romance could not construct a narrative more coherent and progressive, or possessed of a more enthralling power over the imagination. We need not say, having given so many examples of it, that the volumes exhibit no ordinary literary talent, and that Major Edwardes' appearance in print is likely to reflect as much credit on him, as his valour and sagacity on the field of battle.

THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.*

AN IRISH LEGEND.

THE bride was arranging her bonnie black hair,
 Frizzing it here and smoothing it there :
 Pommading, and scenting, and combing, and curling,
 Brushing, and banding, and twisting, and twirling,
 Plaiting, and poking in two-legged pins—
 Not such as exist for our masculine sins—
 (Their white little cousins
 Which stick out by dozens
 From a modern dame's dress as a *chevaux-de-frize*,
 To guard her fair waist from the chance of a squeeze).

A smart little waiting-maid stood by her side,
 And gazed, with a mixture of envy and pride,
 On her charming young mistress, the fair little bride ;
 Who look'd most bewitchingly pretty and neat
 From the top of her curls to her dear little feet.
 (And perhaps County Monaghan could n't have shown
 A prettier pair than that bride call'd her own.)
 Her lips were as plump and as red as a cherry :
 Her eyes were so brilliant, and sparkling, and merry—
 In all thy bright bevy
 Of lasses, Killeevy,
 There wasn't, I'll swear,
 A damsel more fair
 Than that same little bride who was "doing" her hair.

But hold—I'm afraid that I'm not quite correct—
 She *wasn't* a bride yet, but only "elect."
 I'm obliged to be careful ; for critical noses,
 Which sniff at the nightshade and heed not the roses,
 Are apt to turn up at a slip, and deride, as
 They did at a certain young Bride of Abydos.
 Because, in the end, poor Zuleika turn'd out to be
 Not Mrs. Selim—but only *about* to be.

So, ere you deride
 My fair little "bride,"
 Or the author who's writing the young lady's story,
 And say she's no claim
 To so holy a name,
 Remember he found out the same thing before ye.

* The following legend was suggested by Carleton's beautiful ballad.

The hair being finished, the pretty *fiancée*
 Just tried for a while
 One sweet little smile
 In the mirror—well, well, p'r'aps it *may* have been fancy—
 Then turn'd to her maid
 Who proudly display'd,
 In all its bright glories of lace and brocade,
 And trimmings, and flounces, and flowers, and braid,
 A wedding-dress made in the mode of the day,
 And copied of course from the "Belle Assemblée"—
 That elegant medley of critiques and fashions,
 Soft verses, and stories of drawing-room passions !

The dress was donn'd—an orange wreath,
 With blossoms white as the brow beneath—
 The crown of purity was set
 Upon the maiden's locks of jet :
 While the bridal veil in flowing grace
 Half hid, and half exposed, her face.
 Ah ! 'twas in truth a fairy sight,
 That bride arrayed in spotless white ;
 Now to her eye the tear-drop straying,
 Now on her lips the bright smile playing,
 Now murmuring the lov'd one's name,
 Now blushing in her maiden shame,
 And now turning round to her waiting-maid, Betty,
 Saying, "*Dis, donc, Bettina, suis-je bien toiletée ?*"
 Can you find out a flaw that may meet with detection,
 Or am I now really dress'd *quite* to perfection ?
 I hope that dear Turlough will think I look nice—
 By the bye, that reminds me—I spoke of it twice—
 I really do hope he remember'd and bought a ring—
 What's that ? why Betty, you're laughing, you naughty thing."

Sir Turlough is a stalwart knight,
 A lion-hearted Thane ;
 And fair as ever met the sight,
 Is Turlough's broad domain.
 And wealth is his, and lineage long—
 No prouder, nobler race
 May wake the Irish minstrel's song,
 Or Erin's hist'ry grace.
 And 'mid that race no name more great,
 No hero's deeds more bold,
 Than Turlough's name can bard relate,
 Than Turlough's deeds are told.

Yet wealth and fame have lost their pow'r
 O'er Turlough's lion-heart ;
 And warlike songs at banquet hour
 No more their charm impart.

THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.

Nay, minstrel, nay—strike other chords ;
 Cease war and wine to praise :
 No solace now thy song affords—
 Wake gentler, sweeter lays.
 Be love thy theme—and thou shalt read
 In Turlough's conscious air
 How to his heart thy notes have sped
 And woke an echo there.

And who is she whose witchery,
 Whose magic spells have wrought
 Such wondrous change, and Turlough's soul
 'Neath love's dominion brought ?
 'Tis Eva, Eva, fairest maid
 Green Erin's dames among,
 Whose praise through all the land hath stray'd,
 And ev'ry poet sung.
 'Tis Eva, Eva, fairest child—
 They say each fairy kiss'd her,
 And, at her birth, the Graces smil'd,
 And claim'd her for their sister.

Sir Turlough has seen her, and head over heels
 Has tumbled in love—and so "spooney" he feels,
 That one day at the feet of the lady he kneels,
 And swears that he's pining and dying for love of her :
 And walks all day long with an old cast-off glove of her
 Under his waistcoat, his shirt and "et ceteras ;"
 (I cannot describe all his clothes to the letter, as
 I'm by no means quite sure if he sported a "vest"
 Of merino or flannel—the latter 's the best,
 Made in scarlet, or p'r'aps of a shade or two fainter,
 By the prince of all hosiers and shirt-makers—Painter).
 But next to his heart—that chief station of arteries—
 Which aye in these cases a terrible martyr is.

Nobles and men of extensive estate
 Seldom are doom'd for an answer to wait.
 Fair Eva look'd down on the knight as he knelt
 And told the impassion'd sensations he felt ;
 And she smil'd, and she sigh'd, and two round little tears
 Ran a race down her cheeks—little innocent dears !
 And she blush'd and she stammer'd, and made an endeavour
 To talk about something like "thine, thine for ever—"
 Which was pleasant, of course, if not novel or clever.
 Then the knight made an effort and rose from his knees,
 (For the garden was damp, and the cold made him sneeze—
 What a foe to romance is a sharp north-east breeze !)
 And he clasp'd the fair Eva close, close to his breast,
 And—ladies, I leave you to fancy the rest !

Young May for ever fresh and fair,
 Bright skies and sunshine bringing,
 Comes dancing on with joyous air—
 Sweet perfumes round her flinging.

Grim, leafless Winter's reign is o'er ;
 Killeevy's woods are green,
 Bedeck'd in smiling flow'rs once more
 Killeevy's vales are seen.

With merry sound,
 That echoes round,
 Killeevy's bells are ringing ;
 And bridal lays
 And songs of praise
 Killeevy's youths are singing.
 And maids are there
 For Eva fair
 Their pray'rs to Heaven addressing ;
 While young and old
 On Turlough bold
 Invoke their Maker's blessing.

Killeevy's church is old and grey,
 Full many an age hath pass'd away
 Since he who sleeps 'neath yonder stone—
 His deeds forgot, his name scarce known—
 First rais'd in piety and love
 That offering to his God above.
 And now its vaulted aisles along
 Peal the notes of Sacred song,—
 Pray'r and praise to Christ on high
 Breath'd in solemn minstrelsy :
 While joyous peasants, like a gleam
 Of sunlight, through its portal stream,
 Contrasting with their gaudy dress
 The dark old temple's hoariness.
 And now the multitude give way,
 And, glittering in proud array,
 A gay and gallant group is seen
 Threading the watchful crowd between.

Foremost walks a stalwart knight,
 Smiling round with proud delight ;
 And youth and maid, and young and old,
 The bridegroom hail, Sir Turlough Bold !

I wish I could tell how the bridegroom was dress'd—
 His mantle, his cap, his " don't-name-thems," his vest ;
 His shirt and his hose, and the fifty small articles
 That form'd of man's costume the various particles,
 Before it was fashion'd with modern precision—
 Tight, awkward, and ugly, refin'd and Parisian !
 But in matters of dress,
 I freely confess,
 My knowledge is something remarkably small ;
 And of doublets, hose, sashes,
 Mantles, buskins, and slashes,
 I really don't think I could tell you at all.

But look—they're all waiting and peering to see
 If the bride is approaching. What's that? is it she?
 No—it's only a fat man, in heavy sabots,
 Which clatter like pattens wherever he goes,
 Though he vainly endeavours to walk on his toes.

What's that?—it's a priest in a snowy white gown,
 With a little bald patch on the top of his crown,
 And a cross on his back.—And what's that? It's a brother,
 With a gown and a patch and a cross—there's another.
 Then three little urchins in little white spencers,
 Bobbing and kneeling and swinging their censers,
 Follow the priests, keeping close to their heels,
 And filling the church with the scent of pastiles.

“But where is the bride?”

Asks each one aside:

“It's remarkably ‘rum,’

Why the deuce don't she come?”

Sir Turlough—just watch him—is getting quite glum,
 And one of the priests there is biting his thumb.”

There's a rush through the door—there's a cry of affright—
 'Tis the voice of a maid robed in garments of white—
 'Tis from Eva she comes—'tis to Turlough she flies—
 And she kneels at his feet and in agony cries,
 “Eva—thine Eva—woe is me!
 Sleeps the sleep of eternity!”

One moment with suspended breath
 Stands Turlough—rigid, cold as death.
 Then from his bloodless lips a cry
 Bursts forth of pent-up agony:
 Wildly on Eva's name he calls,
 And senseless at the altar falls!

Autumn is a jolly king,
 Many are his pleasures too—
 Harvest home and rollicking,
 Harvest and his treasures too.

See him brown and ruddy grown,
 Fruits around him scattering,
 Seated on his leafy throne,
 A king that needs no flattering.

What though half his leaves be shorn—
 Of varied tints what show is his:
 For music, too, the hunting horn
 And merry “tally-ho” is his.

In northern climes profusely flows
 Of ale and mead a flood for him:
 The grape in southern vineyards grows
 And sheds its purple blood for him.

He's rich in corn, in wine, in oil,
 And rich in ev'ry pleasure, he
 Enjoys the fruit of honest toil,
 And keeps a well-filled treasury.

Let Summer smile and Winter frown,
 And pretty Spring come laughing too:
 Old Autumn still shall wear his crown—
 A king whose health's worth quaffing to.

I'm foud of the Autumn, its sports and its fun—
 With the hounds—on the turf—with the rod and the gun;
 Its sunshiny weather, its bronze-looking trees,
 Its pheasants and woodcocks—especially these;
 For if there's a weakness to which I lay claim,
 It's a rather extravagant fondness for game;
 And the best of all *plats*—happy man if you've tried it—
 Is a pheasant well dress'd with a woodcock inside it.

Killeevy's ancient church around,
 'Neath sculptur'd stone and grassy mound,
 Of rich and poor the ashes lie
 Waiting for Eternity.

'Tis night—a lovely autumn night—
 The stars above with glow-worm light
 Spangle the cloudless, azure sky—
 The sleeping world's dark canopy.

(This comparison, reader, is charming—it's fine—
 It's perfect—but, truth to confess, it's not *mine*:
 I've no wish another man's credit to "grab,"
 So I own that I stole it from Shelley's "Queen Mab.")

Beside a grave, whose moss fresh-grown
 And stainless monumental stone
 In silent eloquence relate
 How recently the hand of Fate
 Hath smitten her that slumbers there,
 Stands one who mourns in mute despair.
 Alas! 'tis Eva's form that sleeps—
 Alas! 'tis Turlough's self that weeps.

I've a mighty dislike to a churchyard at night,
 The church looks so cold, and the tombstones so white,
 And take such queer forms to a fanciful sight,
 That they fill me with something extremely like fright.
 Don't call me a coward, dear reader—it's true
 I may not have the same stock of courage as you—
 That is, while you sit in your chamber well lighted
 (Reading this legend, and feeling delighted).
 But suppose that you just take a stroll after dark,
 Turn into a churchyard by way of a "lark,"
 And take a cool seat on a grave or a stone,
 (Of course you're to go there completely alone)

And think of the "party" that's sleeping below
 In horrid black coffins—and all of a row :—
 If you *don't* feel a kind of unpleasantish glow,
 Bearing a family likeness to dread,
 Creeping along from your toes to your head,
 And making you wish you were snug in your bed,
 Instead of a watcher alone with the dead—
 If you've none of these feelings, why then you're more lucky
 than

I, and I freely pronounce you a "plucky" man.
 Such a man—why the courage of Cæsar's old "tenth" is his—
 But all this, good reader, is merely parenthesis.

Sir Turlough leans upon the stone
 And weeps in silent grief, alone.
 Not long alone—for to his side
 Behold a white-rob'd figure glide—
 A maiden young and tall and fair,
 With flowing locks of raven hair,
 And eyes whose brightness seems to tell
 Of higher power than magic spell.

On Turlough, whose look on the grave-mound is fix'd,
 She gazes in fondness with sympathy mix'd.
 But she speaks not a word, and she draws not a breath,
 She is silent and still as the aspect of death ;
 And, save in the flash of her soul-lighted eyes,
 Not a trace that she lives in her attitude lies.

With a sigh and a groan from the depths of his heart
 Sir Turlough reluctantly turns to depart,
 When falls on that motionless figure his glance !
 He staggers—he reels—doth he wake from a trance ?
 Oh, God, is it she ? doth he dream ? doth he rave ?
 Is't Eva, his bride, who steps forth from her grave ?

Now she speaks—and, oh, how clear
 Fall those accents on his ear !
 " Turlough, Turlough, cease to weep—
 She thou mourn'st hath ceas'd to sleep.
 Dry the unavailing tear—
 Turlough, see the lost one here !
 See her smiling by thy side !
 'Tis thine Eva—'tis thy bride.
 Shrink not, Turlough—'tis by Heav'n
 Eva to thine arms is giv'n—
 Rescued from the grave's domain,
 Eva is thine own again ! "

When a young lady offers to fly to your arms,
 You're a terrible "spoon" if you've any alarms ;
 Provided, of course, that the lady's all right,
 And hasn't just sprung from her coffin at night !
 For, of course, such a pleasant proposal assumes
 A different aspect when made from the tombs ;

And you'll shrink from a maid—be you ever so brave—
 Who coolly informs you she 's come from her grave.
 And, therefore, Sir Turlough, in spite of his valour,
 Look'd just at this moment the picture of pallor.
 His blood seem'd to freeze,
 He got weak in the knees,
 And his whole body shook like the leaves on the trees,
 And he thought to the earth he 'd have certainly sunk—
 He *was* in a most undeniable "funk."

And just at this moment a fresh gleam of light
 From the moon brought the lady more clearly in sight,
 And he saw that her face—lips and all—was quite white.
 (Of course, if she 'd really been sleeping *down there*,
 She must have been sadly in want of fresh air).
 But she smil'd, and her smile was so sweet and so sad
 That he felt her intention could hardly be bad.
 And then her expression—'twas really so charming—
 After all, there was nothing so very alarming ;
 She was but a fairy, a witch, or at most,
 A remarkably beautiful feminine ghost !
 So he pluck'd up his courage and boldly he said,
 " Fair maid, can the dead with the living then wed ? "

The maiden's lips have ceas'd to smile,
 And silent are those lips awhile.
 Then faint, and low, and musical
 On Turlough's ear her accents fall—
 " Turlough, no : the quick and dead,
 Rightly say'st thou, cannot wed.
 But if thou wouldst have for bride
 Her thou lov'dst, her that died—
 Pledge thy faith and plight thy vow
 By yon holy symbol now :
 And, while thou art kneeling there,
 By that holy cross I swear,
 Death, who robb'd thee, shall restore
 Eva to thine arms once more ! "

All doubt from Turlough's mind hath flown,
 And bold and firm his heart hath grown—
 Swiftly on the sod he kneels,
 Solemnly to God appeals,
 Seeks the holy cross to kiss—
 And lo ! a hand is link'd in his !

* * * * *
 There 's weeping and wailing in Turlough's domain,
 And masses on masses are offered in vain :
 In sickness, in silence, Sir Turlough is lying
 Alone in his chamber, and hopelessly dying :
 And leeches confess that their remedies fail ;
 And priests and their prayers to no purpose avail—
 It is clear that King Death hath laid claim to the knight ;
 And who shall deny the grim monarch his right ?

Vain are prayers, and leeches' skill—
Turlough dies—'tis God's high will!

Killeevy's hills are capp'd with snow,
And cheerless all her vales below :
Dreary Winter 's come again—
Winter with his gloomy reign :

Sadly tolls Killeevy's bell,
Slow and sad—a funeral knell !
Dirge is sung and mass is said—
Requiems for Turlough dead !

'Neath yon tomb of sculptur'd stone,
By yon grave, with moss o'ergrown,
Sleep for ever, side by side,
Turlough and his Churchyard Bride.

Many an age since then hath flown ;
Grey and crumbled is the stone
Whose rudely graven words relate
Eva's death and Turlough's fate.

But, while fair Killeevy stands
Smiling 'mid her fertile lands,
In lordly hall or peasant cot
Ne'er shall be that tale forgot.

Moral.

To those who 're in search of a nice little wife
(As *ev'ry* man is at some time of his life)
I would beg to address this important remark—
It's a dangerous thing making love in the dark !
And even the moon, whom the poets all lie about,
And boarding-school misses write verses and sigh about—
In spite of the very chaste light that she sheds,
Puts mighty queer notions in young lovers' heads.
But if you *must* pick out a churchyard at night
For your bower of love, with the moon for a light,
Ascertain for a fact that your fair little *she*
Is of warm flesh and blood as a woman should be,
And ere you presume this advice to deride,
Think of Turlough the brave and his cold-blooded bride.
And this maxim his tale should impress on you most—
Don't go catching rheumatics and courting a ghost !

“TURNING OUT A BAGMAN.”

A LEGEND OF BRIGHTON DOWNS.

“HICKEY, my lad, only think, there’s a bagman to be turned out to-morrow, and the Brighton blades say they’ll kill him. Yoiks!—at him!—Tally ho! that’s your sort; and if I can find a tit, I’ll be at the death of this bagman.”

“A bagman to be killed?—who—what for—where—good ’evens!”

“I don’t exactly know where,—they said something about Tyne, but, hang me, if I know what Tyne it was!”

Hickey—we beg his pardon—Mr. Horatio Hicks was horrified at the disclosure just made by his companion Mr. Joseph Simkins. A bagman was to be *turned out*, killed, worried by dogs, and his friend was determined to be in at the death!

“Simkins,” said he, “tell me truly, no bam—say, what about this horrid affair.”

“Horrid affair? What, turning out a bagman—hallooing the raging hounds on his track—viewing him, with his tongue hanging out, struggling for life, crawl into a drain—unearth him—give him lots of law, then let the pack at him again—tear him limb from limb. Wo, hoop! wo, hoop!—tear him—that’s your sort. Is *that* what you call horrid—I call it *sport!*”

Hickey heard it all, but the pale face was no longer visible; boldly he confronted his fiendish friend with menacing fist. “And you would see this bagman, your friend, or some other bagman, turned out, worried by dogs—eaten quickly. You would see this murder!”

“Faith, Hickey, I do believe you’re mad—killing a fox murder—ha, ha!”

“What!” cried Hickey, “a fox is it?—why, Simmy, didn’t you say it was a *bag-man*?”

“Ha! ha! ha! I see it all now—did he think, poor Hickey, that it was a bagman, one of our ancient fraternity; no, Hickey, there is now but one sort of bagman—a *bag fox*. No, ’tis a fox, a bag-fox, that is to be turned out before the Brookside Harriers to-morrow; and, what say you, shall we ‘hark away?’”

The preceding conversation took place on a Sunday evening, at a Brighton sea-side hotel, between two Londoners, who had resolved upon visiting that locality, tempted thereto by a cheap “excursion-ticket,” that they might display their sporting costume, set off by “shreds and patches” with flash phraseology, before the admiring eyes of the natives, with the full hope that some spree would occur, the narration of which, on their return, would exalt them in the estimation of their fellow “travellers” in the tape and trimming trade.

Horatio Hicks had contemplated enjoying a short cruise in a cutter; a mode of recreation, he thought, peculiarly appropriate to the godson of an old purser in the Navy; while his friend, Joseph Simkins, was intent on trying the effect of a cruize on another element, and with another kind of craft, preferring a scud over the verdant undulations of the Sussex Downs on the back of a *grass-*

cutter, to the *marine parade* proposed by his companion. He had learned by good luck that there was to be a first-rate meet on the following morning, and announced the fact, as we have seen, to his nautical friend, who, since his arrival, had been no inactive devotee of Bacchus; his worship of that divinity being rendered at the bar of the hotel. It is but fair to admit that the presiding priestess of that shrine was attractive enough to turn the head of a saint, with her ruddy lips, jetty curls, and "bodice trim;" so that Horatio, whose heart, notwithstanding a little vain-glorious display in fitful moments, was truly soft, felt quite overcome, and he sought for relief to his spirits in endless "sherry-coblers," "eye-openers," "smiles," and "bottoms" during the evening.

After a short debate it was agreed that the *cutter* should be cut, that a chase should be substituted for a cruise, and the two "gents" accordingly proceeded to the stable of the hotel, when Simkins opened the business with the "master of the horse."

"Ostler, 'ave you got a goodish sort of prad that would carry me across country,—take a drop of something short?—and how much a yard—a day, I mean—do you charge, old boy?"

"Yes, sir, yes, we keeps hunters for gents, and the Londoners do come down particular strong on Saturdays. Our osses are nice cleever creatures, and know when Monday is coming as well as the parson; they keeps a bright look-out on the gents as come into their stalls on Sunday to choose for the Monday's hunting. Now, it was only to-day a country gent, some twenty stone, com'd in,—ses he, 'Have you got anything that will carry me to hounds? Something as is up to weight?' Now, there was nothing but Snorter as could do his job, so I showed him the oss. 'He's a likely looking animal,' said the gent; and said he, 'he's got lots of bone—he's well ribbed up—you might eat your dinner off his back behind the saddle; and,' ses he, lifting his tail, 'he's beautifully let down behind.—I watched Snorter, and knowed he didn't like his customer; and when the gent let go his tail, *he let go* with his off hind leg, and caught the stout one right in the witaling department. I thought his internals must have busted, but they didn't. The stout gent was soon all right, and said he rather liked a rum temper'd one, so, ses he, show him out.'

"You should have seen 'Snorter'—his head drooped, so did his tail—and, would you believe it, he went dead lame! 'Hollo,' said the gent, 'why didn't you say the oss was lame?' and how could I? He wan't no more lame than you. Well, gents, the next customer as comed in was a little French foreigner, and ses he, 'Ha you got a shovel as will sende me to the shase'—you sees we've so many Frenchers down in these parts of late that I have got to speak their lingo quite natural. So, ses I, 'ho we! lookie herie, Monser,' and I showed him Snorter. You should have seen that oss ven he com'd out, his head was up, his neck bent like a swan, tail right on end—and he trotted past with his knees touching his nose, so grand like; and then he curwetted, a teter-te-teter, so gentle and ladylike, as struck Monser all of a heap. 'O—we!—we—dat's the shov'l.' Now, gents, that oss is a judge of men, he know'd the stout one could, and would, make him do his work; and that Monser couldn't, and wouldn't, so he chose the *last*.—But, gents," said John, tossing off his liquor with a wink. "I sees you an't none of these cockney-chaps, but regalar top-sawyers

—maybe from Warwickshire or Melton. There's a *bagman* to be turn'd out to-morrow at *Telescombe Tye* (Hickey started)—and near all the osses are chosed; but I've got two nice ones left for you, and handsome hannimals they be—I's warra't me *they'll go*."

"Well," said Simkins, "if they can that's all we want, so, Hickey, we needn't see them;" and Hickey was much of the same opinion, seeing he was a much better judge of *buttons* than hunters, so he said "it was all the same to him if the oss was *knobby* and *spicy*," and hastened to the bar. Poor Horatio that night found no repose in sleep, the "stone fences," "eye-openers," and "bottoms," would have *their* revenge. Strange fantastic ideas of being "bagged"—turned out—driven panting into a filthy drain—hailed out—set off again to fly for his life: and then his tongue—black, parched, and covered with dust—there was water on every side, but no time—no time to stop—larger swelled the tongue—oh, the crystal waters—oh, for a moment to bathe the blackening mouth; but no, the hellish cry of the hounds are close upon him, and his friend Simkins is now an undisguised fiend cheering them on—there is no escape save the cliff—a plunge—a shriek!—

"The osses are ready, gents," said the ostler, appearing at the coffee-room door, on the following morning, as the friends were just opening another bottle of soda-water. The air was cold, the sea-breeze sent in the salt fog thick and palpable. There was a drizzling rain—everything was damp and chill. As the friends came forth, their pale faces and blood-shot eyes told tales of their overnight's indulgence.

Two lean, ewe-necked, clipt chestnuts, tucked up in the ribs, with hard work and bad feeding, but with such flowing bang-tails as at once stamped them in the eyes of our friends as "out-and-out" thorough-breds—were led up and down by John. The grave and shrivelled countenances of our adventurers wore an anxious look as they mounted these bits of blood. The bang-tails, no doubt, supposing themselves out for the usual "airing," put themselves in the regular side-long position, and struck at once into a sort of hectic canter; a particular movement, peculiar to Brighton bang-tails, and adapted to the most innocent equestrian. The movement is performed by the animal jerking up the whole fore-part of the body; then letting the fore-legs fall suddenly in as near the same spot from whence they came as possible—the hind-legs at the same moment making a sort of stilty jerk forward. By this pleasing movement, a Brighton bang-tail will manage to give his rider a very agreeable and healthful hour's exercise, seemingly to the deluded equestrian to be progressing at a very good pace, but in reality during the whole time scarcely covering more than a mile. In the present instance nothing could be more in accordance with their ideas of fine action than was the prancing of the chestnuts to the minds of their riders, and their countenances soon wore a satisfied smile.

On went the pleased and now confident pair over the elastic turf—over the waving hills—the gulfy vales—now passing through a salt fog—then sloping down into the barren meads—on they went. There was no difficulty in finding "the meet," it was the last day of the season, and half Brighton was out to see the *bagman*.

Telescombe Tye was reached. The hounds, with their glossy coats, their flashing eyes, and firm flesh, showed that they at least were up to their work. Some score of horsemen, mounted on regular Brighton bang-tails, were collected; each horseman knew that his neighbour had

invested the sum of one sovereign in horse-flesh for the day ; but each flattered himself that *his* turn-out would save *him* from so base a suspicion. Mr. Scoop, the butterman, could not be recognised in that green *cut-away*, or Screw, the attorney of Kensington, in those patent overalls. Simkins and his friend were particularly imbued with this idea ; and when riding up to the grouped *sportsmen*, they heard sentences big with deeds done in Warwickshire over the stiff timber, in Lincolnshire over the banks and brooks, and now and then one more expansive conscience, expatiating, as he patted his bang-tail, how it had carried him to the Dublin Garrison, or pounded a whole field at a six foot wall in Galway. They winked at each other as much as to say "bam ;" and Simkins said, "For his part he only came out to look at the Brookside. He was not prepared," he said, tapping his foot, "to show ; he had not his usual tops and leathers," besides, this oss is one I don't hunt often—only a hack, although I have won a hurdle race or two with him ; and he has carried me dev'lish well to the Queen's several times—but he's an awful rusher—but that's of very little consequence when a feller's got lots of pluck—put his head straight, let him go, and he'd clear a haystack."

"Why, pa," said a rosy-cheeked little girl on a small pony, "why, pa, is not that Dozy, that I used to ride when Mr. Bits gave me my first lessons, that the gentleman is on who is talking of leaping a haystack?"

"O yes, my dear, that's Dozy—the gentleman is a long shot ; but it's a way they've got when they come here ; I suppose, it's the air of the Downs."

The hounds were now thrown into a piece of gorse—not that the master expected to find a fox, but to gain time to collect the "cap." Hickey had long had suspicions that his seat in the pigskin was not altogether immovable—he, therefore, most jealously watched every movement of the eye and ear of his bang-tail : there was certainly more elasticity in her action, and ever and anon, there was an extra hitch up behind, which, coming at unexpected moments, greatly discomfited him. Simkins also discovered that Dozy was waking up. No sooner were the hounds thrown off than her very nature seemed changed,—the stilty fore-legs pawed the turf, the ewe neck was curved, the breath was blown out of her extended nostrils with a loud snort, and there was a trembling all over the frame that showed the anxiety within.

The faces of our friends were growing anxious, and they were running over in their minds all they had read and heard on the management of horses—the best modes of *charging a brook* or *topping a rasper*, until Hickey, whose "hunter" had given several extra hitches behind, spoke—"Simmy, I do declare it's near two o'clock—recollect our *day-ticket* ; we must be a longish way from Brighton—hadn't we better get back in time. I dare say they won't have much sport after all."

"I was just thinking we had ; gently, wo-ho—can't you—wo-ho—" said Simkins, whose bang-tail was every moment showing greater restlessness : "I'd no idea it was so late—wo-ho!"

Oh, little did Simkins think that Dozy had, in her youth, killed a man who was riding her to hounds. As a hack she was as her name expressed, gentleness itself, but let the cry of hounds strike on her ear and she was mad.

And now the *bag* was opened, and out rushed the bagman, a real live

fox, brush, pads, head, and all. There were two very different countries open before him. One over the smooth Downs, with their waving hills—the other over the irrigated meadows towards Lewes, with its deep drains and stiff timber fences. Reynard looked at the company, and chose the last.

“Off, off, and away, and away flew the swift bird.”

And no bird flew swifter than did Dozy at the tail—aye, in the very centre of the pack. “Hold hard,” cried the master, “hold hard, sir!” There was no need of such advice,—Simkins did hold hard, as hard as he could—so hard that his eyes almost burst from their sockets, and his legs were parallel with Dozy’s tail. On—on—she flew—deep drains and stiff timber were all the same to Dozy, and so hard did Simkins hold, that what between the strain on the stirrups and bridle, he was as firm on his seat as ever was Beacher of old. On—on—hounds were trampled under Dozy’s feet—curses were borne on the breeze to the ear of Simkins. But, little did he heed them.

“Away, away, his breath was gone,
He saw not where he hurried on.”

And the breath was fast leaving Dozy; at the next broad drain she floundered and dropped in—and, for a moment, Dozy and Simmy were lost to the admiring eyes of the “roadsters.” Up rose the head of Simkins—his hat was gone, but it was replaced by a verdant crown of bog-weed—water-cresses hung in fantastic wreaths from his shoulders. Dozy also had changed her colour, she was now a glossy black, but the bath seemed to give her new vigour. Simmy no longer retained the reins; his arms tenaciously clasped Dozy’s neck, and his legs were wound under her girth.

This could not last, his senses were fast closing in oblivion, when Dozy brought her wild career to an end by floundering in a deep bog. But Simmy retained his seat; he fell, covered with glory and chickweed. Onward passed the pack—onward the *sportsmen*—fainter came the wild cheer of the huntsman—but poor Simkins was *hors de combat*.

We must now return to Horatio. The swift departure of his friend caused him at first to wonder at such daring horsemanship; then to reflect with horror, that if he did not speedily put an end to the wilful meanderings of his bang-tail, he should himself be practising the same leaps, and he had strong doubts whether his experience in equestrian feats would warrant any such rash proceedings. With might and main, then, did Hickey, abandoning the near rein, lay his whole strength upon the off, and at last succeeded in pulling his wilful jade round, and into a quiet paddock. He instantly slipped off, and was blessing his stars that he was safe, when a rough hand was placed on his collar, and a voice cried in his ear, “Hollo, young chap, I’ve got *one o’ ye* at least, a set of cockney ragamuffins, a tramping my meads down, rot ye! The hull lot an’t worth taking the law of, but I’ll take the change out of your fine jacket—take that—and that—and that—darn ye!” The voice came from a huge farmer, his face purple with rage, his eyes flashing fury, who wielded a stick of ponderous dimensions—which ever and anon fell with crushing force on the back of poor Hickey, until at last the giant paused breathless and let go Hickey’s collar, who dropped, bruised and almost senseless to the earth.

It was late in the evening of the eventful day of which we have

been writing, when a dusty and travel-worn person led his horse to the door of a wayside "public," and asked if he was in the right road to Brighton. The publican suggestively replied:—

"Oh, yes, friend, thee be'st in the road sure enough, but it's a badish road to travel late. I suppose you've a-heard on the murder we had no long past—shocking, dreadful—sad thing, sir. It's about six miles to Brighton, sir,—won't you come in and bait your horse, sir, and may be ther 'll be company for you home soon."

"Bring me a double bottom of brandy, hot with," said the traveller. It was Hickey—Hickey making the best of his way to Brighton on foot. He had taken a vow never to mount a horse for sporting purposes, and he was undergoing the first penance, by leading his *hunter* home. The "double bottom" was quaffed, and Hickey felt fresh life.

"There be a queerish sort of a chap on the road to night, he's only just gone on; he's got a handkercher tied round his 'ed, and he's all covered with mud. I've been and told our Rural on it, and may be we may get the three hundred pounds reward for convicting the murderer,—he does certainly look mighty rum." This was said by the knock-kneed ostler who was holding Hickey's horse. Hickey listened, but he thought of his "day-ticket," and also of the lightness of his purse—he thought of the long score standing against him on the slate of the glossy curled one; he resisted the wish to accept the host's offer, and wended his onward way.

There was no moon; the stars were seen but at intervals, as the black scuds flew past; the cold, heavy wind swept chill and damp over the downs. Hickey was leading his bang-tail—Hickey had lost his way; he had in the darkness turned out of the main road, and struck into a bye-lane, which had taken him to the Downs, and he did not discover his mistake until he was lost. A figure appeared in the gloom, as the clouds lifted on the horizon and showed a slight ray of light. Hickey gave a loud "hollo-o-o!" the moaning winds alone answered. Hickey thought of the dangerous neighbourhood—the "double bottom" was losing its force. Again the clouds swept past—Jupiter in all his glory shone forth, and dispensed his light over the bleak moor. *There*, still more plainly did Hickey see the figure; but Hickey did not again hallo; no, he sought the shade of a friendly furze bush. The chill salt fog swept past, the darkness was palpable: Hickey sat under the lee of the furze bush, and a feeling of awe stole over him; he imagined he saw in the dense blackness figures floating around him, and he shrank closer to his thorny lair. The cold, freezing fog struck to his very heart—then, a pleasing sensation, a drowsy, pleasurable feeling crept over him, and his head sank on his breast. Hickey was fast approaching that sleep that ends in eternity, but just as the last glimpses of sensibility were passing away from him, he was startled by a loud neigh of his bang-tail, which was cropping the short grass near him; he started on his feet—the figure was before him; in the gloom its dimensions appeared gigantic—spectre like. Hickey crept closer to his lair, the clouds swept past, the stars threw out their rays, and he beheld a mounted horseman, wan, his face scarred and bloody, his head bound with a white cloth, his steed all mire and foam, his eye wild. This *must* be the highwayman, the terror of the neighbourhood, and Hickey drew closer to the furze, heedless of the sharp thorns.

The horseman dismounted—Hickey's blood ran cold—he approached the bush—Hickey in desperation sprang to his feet, and exclaimed—
 "Murder! I ha'n't got any money—only this, here, take it!"

"What, Hickey!—that voice—is that—yes it must be—is that you? God bless you, Hickey; I never thought to see you, or mortal man again!" said a hollow voice.

It was Simkins, or all that was left of Simkins, who had also lost his way; the friends embraced, and albeit the night was chill, the rain soaked their shivering bodies, and the cold salt foggy wind drove almost through them, yet were they happy—happy, for the moment before they were in despair.

"Simkins," said Hickey, "I fear we have been great fools. I don't know what you think about it, but if ever I get back to Holborn, if they catch me hunting a bagman or any other varmint, I hope they'll bag me, and I'm sworn to it."

"Hickey," said Simkins, "this is my last hunt; I've heard tell, and sang the pleasures of the chase; but them that wrote those songs never had a day on Dozy—no, one such ride in a life-time is enough, and I will vow a vow against all sporting, from this time forward."

The sun was brightly shining as two torn, travel-stained figures, each leading a miserable looking horse, approached their hotel, in Brighton.

The barmaid vestal appeared at the door, and John came yawning forth.

"Well, gents, you have had a *longish day* of it. How did the osses carry you?" There was a laughing devil in John's eye; and, perhaps, at any other time, Simkins and Hickey might have resented the sneer, but the pride of wishing to appear in the character of sporting "top-sawyers from Melton" had quite forsaken the discomfited cockneys. They had vowed a vow—and they have kept it. B. P. W.

THE GIPSEY.

ALONG the shaded banks of Wye
 Three sprightly sisters stray'd,
 When lo! a gipsy, passing by,
 Address'd each startled maid:—

"Ladies," she cried, "oh, turn to me,
 Your fortunes I can trace,
 And show reflected to the three
 Each future husband's face."

The maidens laugh'd, the boon was given,
 To search the stream they flew,
 And Wye, whose tide reflected heaven,
 Reflected beauty too.

"I see no unknown features," cried
 Each disappointed fair,
 "My own I spy, and oft have spied,
 But no one else is there."

"Whene'er," replied the crafty crone,
 "Ye bless three happy men,
 The features which are now your own,
 "Will be *your husbands'* then."

WOLVES.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY" ETC.

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind ;
 By night I heard them on the track,
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop, which can tire
 The hounds' deep hate and hunter's fire ;
 Where'er we flew, they followed on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun.
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood
 At day break winding through the wood,
 And through the night had heard their feet,
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
 Oh ! how I wished for spear or sword
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish—if it must be so—
 At bay, destroying many a foe !

Maseppa.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the wolf, from the close analogy which in all its essential features it presents to the faithful companion of man. So close indeed is the analogy, that some of the ablest zoologists, the celebrated John Hunter included, have entertained the opinion that dogs, in all their varieties, and wolves, have descended from a common stock. With the exception of an obliquity in the position of the eyes, there is no appreciable anatomical difference between these animals. The question is one of difficulty ; but we believe we are correct in stating that the majority of the highest authorities agree in the belief that these animals are not derived from a common parent, but were originally distinct, and will ever so continue. There are several species of wild dogs known, quite distinct from the wolf ; and although the opportunities have been numerous for dogs resuming their pristine form, by long continuance in a savage state, no instance has ever occurred of their becoming wolves, however much they might degenerate from the domestic breed. The honest and intelligent shepherd-dog was regarded by Buffon as the "*fons et origo*," from which all other dogs, great and small, have sprung ; and he drew up a kind of genealogical table, showing how climate, food, education, and intermixture of breeds gave rise to the varieties. At Katmandoo there are many plants found in a wild state, which man has carried with him in his migrations, and wild animals, which may present the typical forms whence some of our domestic races have been derived ; among these is a wild dog, which Mr. Hodgson considers to be the primitive species of the whole canine race. By Professor Kretchner, the jackal was regarded as the type of the dogs of ancient Egypt, an idea supported by the representations on the walls of the temples. This question, however, of the origin of the

canine race, is so thoroughly obscured by the mists of countless ages, as to be incapable of direct proof. Philosophers may indulge themselves with speculations; but in the absence of that keystone, proof, the matter must rest on the basis of theory alone.

The following are some of the chief differences between wolves, wild dogs, and domestic dogs. The ears of the wild animals are always pricked, the lop or drooping ear being essentially a mark of civilization; with very rare exceptions, their tails hang more or less and are bushy, the honest cock of the tail so characteristic of a respectable dog, being wanting. This is certainly the rule; but, curious enough, the Zoological Gardens contain at the present moment, a Portuguese female wolf which carries her tail as erect and with as bold an air as any dog. Wolves and wild dogs growl, howl, yelp, and cry most discordantly, but with one exception, do not bark; that exception being the wild hunting-dog of South Africa, which, according to Mr. Cumming, has three distinct cries; one is peculiarly soft and melodious, but distinguishable at a great distance: this is analogous to the trumpet-call, "halt and rally," of cavalry, serving to collect the scattered pack when broken in hot chase. A second cry, which has been compared to the chattering of monkeys, is emitted at night when the dogs are excited; and the third note is described as a sharp, angry bark, usually uttered when they behold an object they cannot make out, but which differs from the true, well-known bark of the domestic dog.

The common or European wolf is found from Egypt to Lapland, and is most probably the variety that formerly haunted these islands. The wolves of Russia are large and fierce, and have a peculiarly savage aspect. The Swedish and Norwegian are similar to the Russian in form, but are lighter in colour, and in winter, totally white. Those of France are browner and smaller than either of these, and the Alpine wolves are smaller still. Wolves are very numerous in the northern regions of America; "their foot-marks," says Sir John Richardson, "may be seen by the side of every stream, and a traveller can rarely pass the night in these wilds without hearing them howling around him."* These wolves burrow, and bring forth their young in earths with several outlets, like those of a fox. Sir John saw none with the gaunt appearance, the long jaw and tapering nose, long legs and slender feet, of the Pyrenean wolves.

India, too, is infested with wolves, which are smaller than the European. There is a remarkably fine animal at the Zoological Gardens, born of a European father and Indian mother, which, in size and other respects, so closely partakes of the characteristics of his sire, that he might well pass for pure blood.

Among the ancients, wolves gave rise to many superstitious fictions. For instance, it was said that they possessed "an evil eye," and that, if they looked on a man before he saw them, he would forthwith lose his voice. Again, we find the Roman witches, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, employing the wolf in their incantations:—

"Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris."

HOR., *Sat.*, viii., lib. i.

* *Fauna Boreali-Americana*, p. 62.

There was a myth prevalent among the ancients, that in Arcadia there lived a certain family of the Antæi, of which one was ever obliged to be transformed into a wolf. The members of the family cast lots, and all accompanied the luckless wight on whom the lot fell, to a pool of water. This he swam over, and having entered into the wilderness on the other side, was forthwith in form, a wolf, and for nine years kept company with wolves: at the expiration of that period he again swam across the pool, and was restored to his natural shape, only that the addition of nine years was placed upon his features. It was also imagined that the tail of the wolf contained a hair, which acted as a love philtre and excited the tender passion. The myth of Romulus and Remus having been suckled by a wolf, arose from the simple circumstance of their nurse having been named Lupa—an explanation which sadly does away with the garland of romance that so long surrounded the story of the founders of Rome. The figure of the wolf at one time formed a standard for the Roman legions, as saith Pliny, "Caius Marius, in his second consulship, ordained that the legions of Roman soldiers only should have the egle for their standard, and no other signe, for before time the egle marched foremost indeed, but in a ranke of foure others, to wit, wolves, minotaures, horses, and bores."*

The dried snout of a wolf held, in the estimation of the ancients, the same rank that a horse-shoe does now with the credulous. It was nailed upon the gates of country farms, as a counter-charm against the evil eye, and was supposed to be a powerful antidote to incantations and witchcraft. New-married ladies were wont, upon their wedding-day, to anoint the side-posts of their husbands' houses with wolves' grease, to defeat all demoniac arts. These animals bore, however, but a bad character when alive; for, exclusive of their depredations, it was imagined that if horses chanced to tread in the foot-tracks of wolves, their feet were immediately benumbed; but Pliny also says, "Verily, the great master teeth and grinders of a wolf being hanged about an horse necke, cause him that he shall never tire and be weary, be he put to never so much running in any race whatsoever." When a territory was much infested with wolves, the following ceremony was performed with much solemnity and deep subsequent carousal:—A wolf would be caught alive, and his legs carefully broken. He was then dragged round the confines of the farm, being bled with a knife from time to time, so that the blood might sprinkle the ground. Being generally dead when the journey had been completed, he was buried in the very spot whence he had started on his painful race.

There was scarcely a filthy thing upon the earth, or under the earth, which the ancients did not in some way use medicinally; and we find Paulus Ægineta recommends the dried and pounded liver of a wolf, steeped in sweet wine, as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the liver, &c.

Our English word *wolf* is derived from the Saxon *wulf*, and from the same root, the German *wolf*, the Swedish *ulf*, and Danish *ulv* are probably derived. Wolves were at one time a great scourge to this country, the dense forests which formerly covered the land

* Holland's Plinie's Naturall Historie, ed. 1635.

favouring their safety and their increase. Edgar applied himself seriously to rid his subjects of this pest, by commuting the punishments of certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales by commuting a tax of gold and silver imposed on the Princes of Cambria by Æthelstan, into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads, which Jenaf, Prince of North Wales, paid so punctually, that by the fourth year the breed was extinct. Not so, however, in England, for like ill weeds, they increased and multiplied here, rendering necessary the appointment, in the reign of the first Edward, of a *wolf-hunter* general, in the person of one Peter Corbet; and his Majesty thought it not beneath his dignity to issue a mandamus, bearing date May 14th, 1281, to all Bailiffs, &c., to aid and assist the said Peter in the destruction of wolves in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire, and Stafford; and Camden informs us that in Derby, lands were held at Wormhill by the duty of hunting and taking the wolves that infested that county. In the reign of Athelstan, these pests had so abounded in Yorkshire, that a retreat was built at Flixton in that county, "to defend passengers from the wolves that they should not be devoured by them." Our Saxon ancestors also called January, when wolves pair, *wolf-moneth*; and an outlaw was termed *wolfshed*, being out of the protection of the law, and as liable to be killed as that destructive beast.

A curious notice of the existence of wolves and foxes in Scotland is afforded in Bellenden's translation of Boetius.* "The wolffis are right noisome to tame bestial in all parts of Scotland, except one part thereof, named Glenmorris, in which the tame bestial gets little damage of wild bestial, especially of tods (foxes); for each house nurses a young tod certain days, and mengis (mixes) the flesh thereof, after it be slain, with such meat as they give to their fowls or other small beasts, and so many as eat of this meat are preserved two months after from any damage of tods; for tods will eat no flesh that gusts of their own kind." The last wolf killed in Scotland is said to have fallen by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron, about 1680; and singular to say, the skin of this venerable quadruped may yet be in existence: in a catalogue of Mr. Donovan's sale of the London Museum, in April, 1818, there occurs the following item:—"Lot 832. Wolf, a noble animal in a large glass case. The last wolf killed in Scotland, by Sir E. Cameron." It would be interesting to know what became of this lot.

The pairing time is January, when after many battles with rivals, the strongest males attach themselves to the females. The female wolf prepares a warm nest for her young, of soft moss and her own hair, carefully blended together. The cubs are watched by the parents with tender solicitude, are gradually accustomed to flesh, and when sufficiently strong their education begins, and they are taken to join in the chase; not the least curious part is the discipline by which they are inured to suffering and taught to bear pain without complaint; their parents are said to bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, punishing them if they utter a cry, until they have learned to be mute. To this quality Macaulay alludes when speaking of a wolf in his "Prophecy of Capys:"—

* Edit. Edin. 1541, quoted from Magazine of Natural History.

“ When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.”

It is curious to observe the cunning acquired by wolves in well inhabited districts, where they are eagerly sought for destruction; they then never quit cover to windward: they trot along just within the edges of the wood until they meet the wind from the open country, and are assured by their keen scent that no danger awaits them in that quarter—then they advance, keeping under cover of hedgerows as much as possible, moving in single file and treading in each other's track; narrow roads they bound across, without leaving a footprint. When a wolf contemplates a visit to a farm-yard, he first carefully reconnoitres the ground, listening, snuffing up the air, and smelling the earth; he then springs over the threshold without touching it and seizes on his prey. In retreat his head is low, turned obliquely, with one ear forward the other back, and the eyes glaring. He trots crouching, his brush obliterating the track of his feet till at some distance from the scene of his depredation, then feeling himself secure, he waves his tail erect in triumph, and boldly pushes on to cover.

In Northern India, wolves, together with jackals and pariah dogs, prowl about the dwellings of Europeans. Colonel Hamilton Smith relates a curious accident which befel a servant who was sleeping in a verandah with his head near the outer lattice: a wolf thrust his jaws between the bamboo, seized the man by the head, and endeavoured to drag him through; the man's shrieks awakened the whole neighbourhood, and assistance came, but though the wolf was struck at by many, he escaped. Wolves have even been known to attack sentries when single, as in the last campaign of the French armies in the vicinity of Vienna, when several of the videttes were carried off by them. During the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, wolves of the Siberian race followed the troops to the borders of the Rhine; specimens of these wolves shot in the vicinity and easily distinguishable from the native breed, are still preserved in the museums of Neuwied, Frankfort, and Cassel.

Captain Lyon* relates the following singular instance of the cunning of a wolf which had been caught in a trap, and, being to all appearance dead, was dragged on board ship:—“The eyes, however, were observed to wink whenever an object was placed near them, some precautions were, therefore, considered necessary, and the legs being tied the animal was hoisted up with his head downwards. He then, to our surprise, made a vigorous spring at those near him, and afterwards repeatedly turned himself upwards so as to reach the rope by which he was suspended, endeavouring to gnaw it asunder, and making angry snaps at the persons who prevented him. Several heavy blows were struck on the back of his neck, and a bayonet was thrust through him, yet above a quarter of an hour elapsed before he died.”

Hearne, in his journey to the Northern Ocean, says, that the wolves always burrow under ground at the breeding season, and though it is natural to suppose them very fierce at those times, yet he has frequently seen the Indians go to their dens, take out the

* Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

cubs and play with them. These they never hurt, and always scrupulously put them in the den again, although they occasionally painted their faces with vermilion and red ochre, in strange and grotesque patterns.

This statement is supported by incidents which have occurred in this metropolis; there was a bitch wolf in the Tower Menagerie, which though excessively fond of her cubs, suffered the keepers to handle them, and even remove them from the den without evincing the slightest symptom either of anger or alarm; and a still more remarkable instance is related from observation by Mr. Bell:—“There was a wolf at the Zoological Gardens (says that able naturalist) which would always come to the front bars of the den as soon as I or any other person whom she knew, approached; she had pups, too, and so eager, in fact, was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den as she brought them forward to be fondled.”

During the last year, 8807 wolves' skins were imported by the Hudson's Bay Company from their settlements; of which 8784 came from the York Fort and Mackenzie River stations; we recently had the opportunity of examining the stock, and found it principally composed of white wolves' skins from the Churchill River, with black and grey skins of every shade. The most valuable are from animals killed in the depth of winter, and of these, the white skins, which are beautifully soft and fine, are worth about thirty shillings a-piece, and are exported to Hungary, where they are in great favour with the nobles as trimming for pelisses and hussar jackets; the grey wolves' skins are worth from three shillings and sixpence upwards, and are principally exported to America and the North of Europe, to be used as cloak linings.

The wolf will breed with the dog; the first instance in this country took place in 1766, when a litter, the offspring of a wolf and Pomeranian bitch, was born at Mr. Brooke's, a dealer in animals in the New-road; one of these pups was presented to the celebrated John Hunter, who says, “its actions were not truly those of a dog, having more quickness of attention to what passed, being more easily startled, as if particularly apprehensive of danger, quicker in transition from one action to another, being not so ready to the call and less docile. From these peculiarities it lost its life, having been stoned to death in the streets for a mad dog.”* Another of these puppies subsequently bred with other dogs, and it is a descendant of hers which lies buried in the gardens of Wilton House, and is commemorated by the following inscription on the stone which covers her—

“Here lies Lupa,
Whose grandmother was a wolf,
Whose father and grandfather were dogs, and whose
Mother was half wolf and half dog. She died
On the 16th of October, 1782,
Aged 12 years.”

In another instance where a bitch-wolf bred with a dog, two of the puppies had large black spots on a white ground; another was black and the fourth a kind of dun. In reference to this subject it

* Hunter's Animal Economy, p. 320.

has been well remarked by Professor Owen :*—"From the known disposition of varieties to revert to the original, it might have been expected, on the supposition that the wolf is the original of the dog, that the produce of the wolf and dog ought rather to have resembled the supposed original than the variety. In a litter lately obtained at the Royal Menagerie at Berlin, from a white pointer and a wolf, two of the cubs resembled the common wolf-dog, but the third was like a pointer with hanging ears."

Colonel H. Smith mentions a curious instance of the treacherous ferocity of the wolf. A butcher at New York had brought up, and believed he had tamed, a wolf, which he kept for above two years chained up in the slaughter-house, where it lived in a complete superabundance of blood and offal. One night, having occasion for some implement which he believed was accessible in the dark, he went into this little Smithfield without thinking of the wolf. He was clad in a thick frieze coat, and while stooping to grope for what he wanted, he heard the chain rattle, and in a moment was struck down by the animal springing upon him. Fortunately, a favourite cattle-dog had accompanied his master, and rushed forward to defend him: the wolf had hold of the man's collar, and being obliged to turn in his own defence, the butcher had time to draw a large knife, with which he ripped his assailant open. The same able writer relates an incident which occurred to an English gentleman, holding a high public situation in the peninsula, during a wolf-hunt in the mountains, near Madrid. The sportsmen were placed in ambush, and the country-people drove the game towards them: presently an animal came bounding upward towards this gentleman, so large that he took it, while driving through the high grass and bushes, for a donkey; it was a wolf, however, whose glaring eyes meant mischief, but scared by the click of the rifle, he turned and made his escape, though a bullet whistled after him; at the close of the hunt seven were found slain, and so large were they that this gentleman, though of uncommon strength, could not lift one entirely from the ground.

The wolf of America is at times remarkable for cowardice, though bold enough when pressed by hunger, or with other wolves. Mr. R. C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, states that this animal, when trapped, is silent, subdued, and unresisting. He was present when a fine young wolf, about fifteen months old, was taken by surprise, and suddenly attacked with a club. The animal offered no resistance, but, crouching down in the supplicating manner of a dog, suffered himself to be knocked on the head. An old hunter told Mr. Taylor that he had frequently taken a wolf out of the trap, and compelled it by a few blows to lie down by his side, while he reset his trap.

The Esquimaux wolf-trap is made of strong slabs of ice, long and so narrow, that a fox can with difficulty turn himself in it, and a wolf must actually remain in the position in which he is taken. The door is a heavy portcullis of ice, sliding in two well-secured grooves of the same substance, and is kept up by a line which, passing over the top of the trap, is carried through a hole at the furthest extremity. To the end of the line is fastened a small hoop of whalebone, and to this any kind of flesh bait is attached. From the slab which terminates the trap, a projection of ice, or a peg of bone or wood,

* Hunter's Animal Economy, p. 323.

points inwards near the bottom, and under this the hoop is slightly hooked; the slightest pull at the bait liberates it, the door falls in an instant, and the wolf is speared where he lies.

Sir John Richardson states that, when near the Copper Mines River in North America, he had more than once an opportunity of seeing a single wolf in pursuit of a reindeer, and especially on Point Lake, when covered with ice, when a fine buck reindeer was overtaken by a large white wolf, and disabled by a bite in the flank. An Indian, who was concealed, ran in and cut the deer's throat with his knife, the wolf at once relinquishing his prey and sneaking off. In the chase the poor deer urged its flight by great bounds, which for a time exceeded the speed of the wolf; but it stopped so frequently to gaze on its relentless enemy, that the latter, toiling on at a long gallop (so admirably described by Byron), with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, gradually came up. After each hasty look, the deer redoubled its efforts to escape, but either exhausted by fatigue or enervated by fear, it became, just before it was overtaken, scarcely able to keep its feet.

Captain Lyon gives some interesting illustrations of the habits of the wolves of Melville Peninsula, which were sadly destructive to his dogs. "A fine dog was lost in the afternoon. It had strayed to the hummocks ahead, without its master, and Mr. Elder, who was near the spot, saw five wolves rush at, attack, and devour it, in an incredibly short space of time; before he could reach the place, the carcase was torn in pieces, and he found only the lower part of one leg. The boldness of the wolves was altogether astonishing, as they were almost constantly seen among the hummocks, or lying quietly at no great distance in wait for the dogs. From all we observed, I have no reason to suppose that they would attack a single unarmed man, both English and Esquimaux frequently passing them without a stick in their hands. The animal, however, exhibited no symptoms of fear, but rather a kind of tacit agreement not to be the beginners of a quarrel, even though they might have been certain of proving victorious."* Another time, when pressed by hunger, the wolves broke into a snow-hut, in which were a couple of newly-purchased Esquimaux dogs, and carried the poor animals off, but not without some difficulty, for even the ceiling of the hut was next morning found sprinkled with blood and hair. When the alarm was given and the wolves were fired at, one of them was observed carrying a dead dog in his mouth, clear of the ground and going with ease at a canter, notwithstanding the animal was of his own weight. It was curious to observe the fear these dogs seemed at times to entertain of wolves.

During Sir John Richardson's residence at Cumberland House in 1820, a wolf, which had been prowling round the fort, was wounded by a musket-ball, and driven off, but returned after dark, whilst the blood was still flowing from its wound, and carried off a dog from amongst fifty others, but had not the courage to unite in an attack on their enemy. The same writer says that he has frequently observed an Indian dog, after being worsted in combat with a black wolf, retreat into a corner and howl at intervals for an hour together; these Indian dogs also howl piteously when apprehensive of punish-

* Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

ment, and throw themselves into attitudes strongly resembling those of a wolf when caught in a trap.

Foxes are frequently taken in the pitfalls set for wolves, and seem to possess more cunning. An odd incident is related by Mr. Lloyd:—A fox was lying at the bottom of a pitfall, apparently helpless, when a very stout peasant, having placed a ladder, began to descend with cautious and creaking steps to destroy the vermin. Reynard, however, thought he might benefit by the ladder as well as his corpulent visitor, and just as the latter reached the ground, jumped first on his stern, then on his shoulder, skipped out of the pit and was off in a moment, leaving the man staring and swearing at his impudent escape.

Captain Lyon mentions an instance of the sagacity of the fox; he had caught and tamed one of these animals, which he kept on deck in a small hutch with a scope of chain. Finding himself repeatedly drawn out of his hutch by this, the sagacious little fellow, whenever he retreated within his castle, took the chain in his mouth, and drew it so completely in after him that no one, who valued his fingers, would endeavour to take hold of the end attached to the staple.

Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious contest that took place in the vicinity of Uddeholm. A peasant had just got into bed when his ears were assailed by a tremendous uproar in his cattle-shed. On hearing this noise he jumped up, and though almost in a state of nudity, rushed into the building to see what was the matter; here he found an immense wolf, which he gallantly seized by the ears, and called out most lustily for assistance. His wife—the gallant Trulla—came to his aid, armed with a hatchet, with which she severely wounded the wolf's head, but it was not until she had driven the handle of the hatchet down the animal's throat, that she succeeded in dispatching him; during the conflict the man's hands and wrists were bitten through and through, and, when seen by Mr. Lloyd, the wounds were not healed.

Like dogs, wolves are capable of strong attachment; but such instances are comparatively rare; the most striking, perhaps, was that recorded by M. Frederick Cuvier, as having come under his notice at the Ménagerie du Roi at Paris. The wolf in question was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with persons he was in the habit of seeing, and in particular followed his master everywhere, evincing chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of the most thoroughly domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the menagerie, where he was confined in a den. Here he became disconsolate, pined, and would scarcely take food; at length he was reconciled to his new situation, recovered his health, became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten 'auld lang syne,' when, after the lapse of eighteen months, his old master returned. At the first sound of his voice—that well-known, much-loved voice—the wolf, which had not perceived him in a crowd of persons, exhibited the most lively joy, and being set at liberty, lavished upon him the most affectionate caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done. With some difficulty he was enticed to his den. But a second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow to the former, which, however, again

yielded to time. Three years passed away, and the wolf was living happily with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again appeared, and again the long-lost but well remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, redoubled as soon as the poor fellow was at liberty; rushing to his master, he placed his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with every mark of the most lively joy, and menacing the keepers who offered to remove him. A third separation, however, took place, but it was too much for the poor creature's temper; he became gloomy, refused his food, and for some time it was feared he would die. Time, however, which blunts the grief of wolves as well as of men, brought comfort to his wounded heart, and his health gradually returned; but, looking upon mankind as false deceivers, he no longer permitted the caresses of any but his keepers, manifesting to all strangers the savageness and moroseness of his species.

Another instance of the attachment of wolves is mentioned by Mr. Lloyd in his work on the Sports of the North, from which we have frequently quoted. Mr. Greiff, who had studied the habits of wild animals, for which his position as *ofüer jüg mästare* afforded peculiar facilities, says: "I reared up two young wolves until they were full-grown. They were male and female. The latter became so tame that she played with me and licked my hands, and I had her often with me in the sledge in winter. Once when I was absent she got loose from the chain, and was away three days. When I returned home I went out on a hill and called, 'Where's my Tussa?' as she was named, when she immediately came home, and fondled with me like the most friendly dog."

Between the dog and the wolf there is a natural enmity, and those animals seldom encounter each other on at all equal terms without a combat taking place. Should the wolf prove victorious, he devours his adversary, but if the contrary be the case, the dog leaves untouched the carcase of his antagonist.

The wolf feeds on the rat, hare, fox, badger, roebuck, stag, reindeer and elk; likewise upon blackcock and capercali. He is possessed of great strength, especially in the muscles of the neck and jaws, is said always to seize his prey by the throat, and when it happens to be a large animal, as the elk, he is often dragged for a considerable distance.

After a deep fall of snow the wolf is unusually ferocious; if he besmears himself with the blood of a victim, or is so wounded that blood flows, it is positively asserted that his companions will instantly kill and devour him.

In the year 1799 a peasant at Frederickshall in Norway was looking out of his cottage window, when he espied a large wolf enter his premises and seize one of his goats. At this time he had a child of eighteen months old in his arms; he incautiously laid her down in a small porch fronting the house, and, catching hold of a stick, the nearest weapon at hand, attacked the wolf, which was in the act of carrying off the goat. The wolf dropped this, and getting sight of the child, in the twinkling of an eye seized it, threw it across his shoulders, and was off like lightning. He made good his escape, and not a vestige was ever seen of the child.

Wolves are found all over Scandinavia, but are most common in the Midland and Northern Provinces of Sweden. Like "Elia,"

they are very partial to young pig, a failing taken advantage of by sportsmen thus: they sew up in a sack a small porker, leaving only his snout free, and place him in a sledge, to the back of which is fastened by a rope about fifty feet long, a small bundle of straw, covered with black sheepskin; this, when the sledge is in motion, dangles about like a young pig.

During a very severe winter a party started in the vicinity of Forsbacka, well provided with guns, &c. On reaching a likely spot they pinched the pig, which squealed lustily, and, as they anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about the sledge. When these had approached within range the party opened fire on them, and shot several; all that were either killed or wounded were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions, but the blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves only served to make them more savage than before, and, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge, apparently determined on making an instant attack. To preserve the party, therefore, the pig was thrown to the wolves, which had for a moment the effect of diverting their attention. Whilst this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the wolves, struggled and plunged so violently that he broke the shafts to pieces, galloped off, and made good his escape. The pig was devoured, and the wolves again threatened to attack the sportsmen. The captain and his friends finding matters had become serious, turned the sledge bottom up and took shelter beneath it, in which position they remained many hours, the wolves making repeated attempts to get at them by tearing the sledge with their teeth, but at length the party were relieved by friends from their perilous position.

Lieutenant Oldenburg once witnessed a curious occurrence. He was standing near the margin of a large lake which at that time was frozen over. At some little distance from the land a small aperture had been made for the purpose of procuring water, and at this hole a pig was drinking. Whilst looking towards the horizon, the Lieutenant saw a mere speck or ball, as it were, rapidly moving along the ice: presently this took the form of a large wolf, which was making for the pig at top speed. Lieutenant Oldenburg now seized his gun, and ran to the assistance of the pig; but before he got up to the spot the wolf had closed with the porker, which, though of large size, he tumbled over and over in a trice. His attention was so much occupied, that Lieutenant Oldenburg was able to approach within a few paces and despatch him with a shot. A piece as large as a man's foot had been torn out of the pig's hind quarters; and he was so terribly frightened that he followed the Lieutenant home like a dog, and would not quit his heels for a moment.

Mr. Lloyd mentions an incident that befell him, in consequence of swine mistaking his dogs for wolves, to which they bear the most instinctive antipathy. One day, in the depth of winter, accompanied by his Irish servant, he struck into the forest, in the vicinity of Carlstadt, for the purpose of shooting capercali. Towards evening they came to a small hamlet, situated in the recesses of the forest. Here an old sow with her litter were feeding; and immediately on seeing the two valuable pointers which accompanied the sportsman,

she made a determined and most ferocious dash at them. The servant had a light spear in his hand, similar to that used by our lancers. This Mr. Lloyd seized, and directing Paddy to throw the dogs over a fence, received the charge of the pig with a heavy blow across the snout with the butt end of the spear. Nothing daunted, she made her next attack upon him; and, in self-defence, he was obliged to give her a home thrust with the blade of the spear. These attacks she repeated three several times, always getting the spear up to the hilt in her head or neck. Then, and not before, did she slowly retreat, bleeding at all points. The peasants, supposing Mr. Lloyd to be the aggressor, assumed a very hostile aspect, and it was only by showing a bold bearing, and menacing them with his gun, that he escaped in safety.

A poor soldier was one day, in the depth of winter, crossing the large lake called Storsjön, and was attacked by a drove of wolves. His only weapon was a sword, with which he defended himself so gallantly, that he killed and wounded several wolves, and succeeded in driving off the remainder. After a time, he was again attacked by the same drove, but was now unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation in the same manner as before, for having neglected to wipe the blood from his sword after the former encounter, it had become firmly frozen to the scabbard. The ferocious beasts therefore, quickly closed with him, killed and devoured him. If we remember aright, Captain Kincaid, the present gallant Exon of the Yeoman Guard, nearly lost his life at Waterloo, from a somewhat similar cause. He had been skirmishing all the earlier part of the day with the Rifles, when a sudden charge of French cavalry placed him in great danger. He essayed to draw his sabre, tugged and tugged, but the trusty steel had become firmly rusted to the scabbard; and we believe that he owed his life to an accidental diversion of the attention of the attacking troopers.

Closely resembling in many respects the wolf, the Jackal is widely spread over India, Asia, and Africa. These animals hunt in packs, and there are few sounds more startling to the unaccustomed ear, than a chorus of their cries. "We hardly know," says Captain Beechey, "a sound which partakes less of harmony than that which is at present in question; and indeed the sudden burst of the answering long protracted scream, succeeding immediately to the opening note, is scarcely less impressive than the roll of the thunder clap immediately after a flash of lightning. The effect of this music is very much increased when the first note is heard in the distance, a circumstance which often occurs, and the answering yell bursts out from several points at once, within a few yards or feet of the place where the auditors are sleeping."

Poultry and the smaller animals, together with dead bodies, are the ordinary food of jackals, but when rendered bold by hunger, they will occasionally attack the larger quadrupeds and even man.

A bold, undaunted presence and defiant aspect, generally proves the best protection when an unarmed man is threatened by these or other animals, but artifice is sometimes necessary. A ludicrous instance is related by an old quartermaster (whom we knew some years ago), in a small volume of memoirs. At Christmas, 1826, he was sent up the country to a mission, about thirty-two miles from

San Francisco. He and the others erected a tent; after which they all lay down on the ground, "I slept like a top," says he, "till four the next morning, at which time I was awakened by the man whose duty it was to officiate as cook for the day, who told me if I would go up the village and get a light, he would have a good breakfast ready for the lads by the time they awoke. I must describe my dress, for that very dress saved my life. Over the rest of my clothing, as a seaman, I had a huge frock made from the skin of a rein-deer. It was long enough, when let down, to cover my feet well, and turned up at foot, buttoning all round the skirt. At the top was a hood, made from the skin, taken off the head of a bear, ears and all. In front was a square lappel, which, in the day, hung loosely over the breast, but at night, buttoned just behind the ears, leaving only the mouth, nose, and eyes free for respiration, so that one, with such a dress, might lie down anywhere and sleep, warm and comfortable. Mr. S—— had given eight dollars for it in Kamtschatka, and, on our return to more genial climes, forgot the future, and gave it to me. Fancy, then, my figure thus accoutred, issuing from under the canvas tent, with a lantern in my hand. I had not advanced twenty yards, when first only two or three, and then an immense number of jackals surrounded me. I was at first disposed to think but lightly of them: but seeing their numbers increase so rapidly, I grew alarmed, and probably gave way to fear sooner than I ought. A few shots from the tent would probably have sent them away with speed, but no one saw me. Every moment they drew closer and closer in a complete round, and seemed to look at me with determined hunger. For some moments I remained in a most dreadful state of alarm. It just then occurred to me that I once heard of a boy who had driven back a bull out of a field by walking backwards on his hands and feet. Fortunate thought! I caught at the idea; in a moment I was on all fours, with my head as near the earth as I could keep it, and commenced cutting all the capers of which I was capable. The jackals, who no doubt had never seen so strange an animal, first stopped, then retreated, and, as I drew near the tent, flew in all directions. The men awoke just in time to see my danger, and have a hearty laugh at me and the jackals."

Our old friend was more fortunate than a certain youth who attempted to rob an orchard by deluding a fierce bulldog with this approach *à posteriori*, but who, to his sorrow, found the dog too knowing, for he carried to his dying day the marks of the guardian's teeth in that spot where honour has its seat.

This same quartermaster told us a quaint story of a fright another of the crew received from these jackals.

Whilst at San Francisco the ship's crew were laying in a store of provisions; a large tent was erected on shore for salting the meat; the cooper lived in it, and hung up his hammock at one end. The beef which had been killed during the day was also hung up all around, in readiness for salting. One night a large pack of jackals came down from the woods, and being attracted by the smell of the meat, soon got into the tent, and pulling at one of the sides of beef, brought it down with a crash, which woke the old cooper, who was a remarkably stout, and rather nervous man. Finding himself thus surrounded in the dead of the night by wild beasts, whose forms and size, dimly seen, were magnified by his fears, he

fired off his musket, and clasping his arms, in an agony of terror, round a quarter of beef which hung close to his hammock, was found perfectly senseless by an officer who came to see the cause of the alarm. Some difficulty was experienced in getting him to relinquish his hold of the beef—which he stuck to like a Briton—and it was several days before his nerves recovered from the shock of the fright.

The wolf and jackal tribes are by no means without their use in the economy of nature, though from their predatory habits they are justly regarded as pests in the countries they infest: that they will disturb the dead and rife the graves is true, but they also clear away offal, and with vultures, are the scavengers of hot countries; they follow on the track of herds, and put a speedy end to the weak, the wounded, and the dying; they are the most useful, though most disgusting of camp followers, and after a battle, when thousands of corpses of men and horses are collected within a limited space, they are of essential service—

“ I stood in a swampy field of battle,
With bones and skulls I made a rattle
To frighten the wolf and carrion crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go ;
So off I flew—for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare.”

COLERIDGE.

Revolting and heart-sickening though such scenes may be, the evil is less than would result from the undisturbed decay of the dead: were that to take place, the air would hang heavy with pestilence, and the winds of Heaven laden with noisome exhalations would carry death and desolation far and near, rendering still more terrible the horrors and calamities of war.

RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

(From the Italian of Giovan Battista Zappi.)

BEHOLD great Raphael!—his *idéal* see
E'en in himself!—the mind, the speaking face ;
Gifts he gave back to Nature—ev'n as she
Had gifted him, returning every grace.

Here once—indignant feeling but to make
Immortal on the canvas others still—
Himself he drew ; what subject could he take,
What prodigy, more worthy of his skill ?

When Death beheld the two, a future day,
He cried (the fatal dart suspended high)
“ Which is the shade, which substance ?—where my prey ? ”
“ Take this frail mantle,” was the soul's reply ;
“ The body take, and let the image stay.
We both were born immortal—*it* and *I* ! ”

ETA.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY W. WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "ANTONINA."

AMONG those who attended the first of the King's *levées*, during the London season of 18—, was an unmarried gentleman of large fortune, named Streatfield. While his carriage was proceeding slowly down St. James's Street, he naturally sought such amusement and occupation as he could find in looking on the brilliant scene around him. The day was unusually fine; crowds of spectators thronged the street and the balconies of the houses on either side of it, all gazing at the different equipages with as eager a curiosity and interest, as if fine vehicles and fine people inside them were the rarest objects of contemplation in the whole metropolis. Proceeding at a slower and slower pace, Mr. Streatfield's carriage had just arrived at the middle of the street, when a longer stoppage than usual occurred. He looked carelessly up at the nearest balcony; and there, among some eight or ten ladies, all strangers to him, he saw one face that riveted his attention immediately.

He had never beheld anything so beautiful, anything which struck him with such strange, mingled, and sudden sensations, as this face. He gazed and gazed on it, hardly knowing where he was, or what he was doing, until the line of vehicles began again to move on. Then—after first ascertaining the number of the house—he flung himself back in the carriage, and tried to examine his own feelings, to reason himself into self-possession; but it was all in vain. He was seized with that amiable form of social monomania, called "love at first sight."

He entered the palace, greeted his friends, and performed all the necessary Court ceremonies, feeling the whole time like a man in a trance. He spoke mechanically, and moved mechanically—the lovely face in the balcony occupied his thoughts, to the exclusion of everything else. On his return home, he had engagements for the afternoon and the evening—he forgot and broke them all; and walked back to St. James's Street as soon as he had changed his dress.

The balcony was empty; the sight-seers, who had filled it but a few hours before, had departed—but obstacles of all sorts now tended only to stimulate Mr. Streatfield; he was determined to ascertain the parentage of the young lady, determined to look on the lovely face again—the thermometer of his heart had risen already to Fever Heat! Without loss of time, the shopkeeper to whom the house belonged was bribed to loquacity by a purchase. All that he could tell, in answer to inquiries, was that he had let his lodgings to an elderly gentleman and his wife, from the country, who had asked some friends into their balcony to see the carriages go to the *levée*. Nothing daunted, Mr. Streatfield questioned and questioned again. What was the old gentleman's name? — Dimsdale. — Could he see Mr. Dimsdale's servant? — The obsequious shopkeeper had no doubt that he could: Mr. Dimsdale's servant should be sent for immediately.

In a few minutes the servant, the all-important link in the chain

of Love's evidence, made his appearance. He was a pompous, portly man, who listened with solemn attention, with a stern judicial calmness, to Mr. Streatfield's rapid and somewhat confused inquiries, which were accompanied by a minute description of the young lady, and by several explanatory statements, all very fictitious, and all very plausible. Stupid as the servant was, and suspicious as all stupid people are, he had nevertheless sense enough to perceive that he was addressed by a gentleman, and gratitude enough to feel considerably mollified by the handsome *douceur* which was quietly slipped into his hand. After much pondering and doubting, he at last arrived at the conclusion that the fair object of Mr. Streatfield's inquiries was a Miss Langley, who had joined the party in the balcony that morning, with her sister; and who was the daughter of Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall, in —shire. The family were now staying in London, at — Street. More information than this, the servant stated that he could not afford—he was certain that he had made no mistake, for the Miss Langleys were the only very young ladies in the house that morning—however, if Mr. Streatfield wished to speak to his master, he was ready to carry any message with which he might be charged.

But Mr. Streatfield had already heard enough for his purpose, and departed at once for his club, determined to discover some means of being introduced in due form to Miss Langley, before he slept that night—though he should travel round the whole circle of his acquaintance—high and low, rich and poor—in making the attempt. Arrived at the club, he began to inquire resolutely, in all directions, for a friend who knew Mr. Langley, of Langley Hall. He disturbed gastronomic gentlemen at their dinner; he interrupted agricultural gentlemen who were moaning over the prospects of the harvest; he startled literary gentlemen who were deep in the critical mysteries of the last Review; he invaded billiard-room, dressing-room, smoking-room; he was more like a frantic ministerial whipper-in, hunting up stray members for a division, than an ordinary man; and the oftener he was defeated in his object, the more determined he was to succeed. At last, just as he had vainly inquired of everybody that he knew, just as he was standing in the hall of the club-house thinking where he should go next, a friend entered, who at once relieved him of all his difficulties—a precious, an inestimable man, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Langley, and had been lately staying at Langley Hall. To this friend all the lover's cares and anxieties were at once confided; and a fitter depository for such secrets of the heart could hardly have been found. He made no jokes—for he was not a bachelor; he abstained from shaking his head and recommending prudence—for he was not a seasoned husband, or an experienced widower; what he really did, was to enter heart and soul into his friend's projects—for he was precisely in that position, the only position, in which the male sex generally take a proper interest in match-making: he was a newly married man.

Two days after, Mr. Streatfield was the happiest of mortals—he was introduced to the lady of his love, to Miss Jane Langley. He really enjoyed the priceless privilege of looking once more on the face in the balcony, and looking on it almost as often as he wished. It was perfect Elysium. Mr. and Mrs. Langley saw little, or no company—Miss Jane was always accessible, never monopolised—the light of her beauty shone, day after day, for her adorer alone; and his love

blossomed in it, fast as flowers in a hot-house. Passing quickly by all the minor details of the wooing to arrive the sooner at the grand fact of the winning, let us simply relate that Mr. Streatfield's object in seeking an introduction to Mr. Langley was soon explained, and was indeed visible enough long before the explanation. He was a handsome man, an accomplished man, and a rich man. His two first qualifications conquered the daughter, and his third the father. In six weeks Mr. Streatfield was the accepted suitor of Miss Jane Langley.

The wedding-day was fixed—it was arranged that the marriage should take place at Langley Hall, whither the family proceeded, leaving the unwilling lover in London, a prey to all the inexorable business formalities of the occasion. For ten days did the ruthless lawyers—those dead weights that burden the back of Hymen—keep their victim imprisoned in the metropolis, occupied over settlements that never seemed likely to be settled. But even the long march of the Law has its end like other mortal things: at the expiration of the ten days all was completed, and Mr. Streatfield found himself at liberty to start for Langley Hall.

A large party was assembled at the house to grace the approaching nuptials. There were to be *tableaux*, charades, boating-trips, riding-excursions, amusements of all sorts—the whole to conclude (in the play-bill phrase) with the grand climax of the wedding. Mr. Streatfield arrived late; dinner was ready; he had barely time to dress, and then bustle into the drawing-room, just as the guests were leaving it, to offer his arm to Miss Jane—all greetings with friends and introductions to strangers being postponed till the party met round the dining-table.

Grace had been said; the covers were taken off; the loud, cheerful hum of conversation was just beginning, when Mr. Streatfield's eyes met the eyes of a young lady who was seated opposite, at the table. The guests near him, observing at the same moment, that he continued standing after every one else had been placed, glanced at him inquiringly. To their astonishment and alarm, they observed that his face had suddenly become deadly pale—his rigid features looked struck by paralysis. Several of his friends spoke to him; but for the first few moments he returned no answer. Then, still fixing his eyes upon the young lady opposite, he abruptly exclaimed in a voice, the altered tones of which startled every one who heard him;—"That is the face I saw in the balcony!—that woman is the only woman I can ever marry!" The next instant, without a word more either of explanation or apology, he hurried from the room.

One or two of the guests mechanically started up, as if to follow him; the rest remained at the table, looking on each other in speechless surprise. But, before any one could either act or speak, almost at the moment when the door closed on Mr. Streatfield, the attention of all was painfully directed to Jane Langley. She had fainted. Her mother and sisters removed her from the room immediately, aided by the servants. As they disappeared, a dead silence again sank down over the company—they all looked round with one accord to the master of the house.

Mr. Langley's face and manner sufficiently revealed the suffering and suspense that he was secretly enduring. But he was a man of the world—neither by word nor action did he betray what was passing

within him. He resumed his place at the table, and begged his guests to do the same. He affected to make light of what had happened; entreated every one to forget it, or, if they remembered it at all, to remember it only as a mere accident which would no doubt be satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it was only a jest on Mr. Streatfield's part—rather too serious a one, he must own. At any rate, whatever was the cause of the interruption to the dinner which had just happened, it was not important enough to require everybody to fast around the table of the feast. He asked it as a favour to himself, that no further notice might be taken of what had occurred. While Mr. Langley was speaking thus, he hastily wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to one of the servants. The note was directed to Mr. Streatfield; the lines contained only these words:—
 “Two hours hence, I shall expect to see you alone in the library.”

The dinner proceeded; the places occupied by the female members of the Langley family, and by the young lady who had attracted Mr. Streatfield's notice in so extraordinary a manner, being left vacant. Every one present endeavoured to follow Mr. Langley's advice, and go through the business of the dinner, as if nothing had occurred; but the attempt failed miserably. Long, blank pauses occurred in the conversation; general topics were started, but never pursued; it was more like an assembly of strangers, than a meeting of friends; people neither eat nor drank, as they were accustomed to eat and drink; they talked in altered voices, and sat with unusual stillness, even in the same positions. Relatives, friends, and acquaintances, all alike perceived that some great domestic catastrophe had happened; all foreboded that some serious, if not fatal, explanation of Mr. Streatfield's conduct would ensue: and it was vain and hopeless—a very mockery of self-possession—to attempt to shake off the sinister and chilling influences that recent events had left behind them, and resume at will the thoughtlessness and hilarity of ordinary life.

Still, however, Mr. Langley persisted in doing the honours of his table, in proceeding doggedly through all the festive ceremonies of the hour, until the ladies rose and retired. Then, after looking at his watch, he beckoned to one of his sons to take his place; and quietly left the room. He only stopped once, as he crossed the hall, to ask news of his daughter from one of the servants. The reply was, that she had had a hysterical fit; that the medical attendant of the family had been sent for; and that since his arrival she had become more composed. When the man had spoken, Mr. Langley made no remark, but proceeded at once to the library. He locked the door behind him, as soon as he entered the room.

Mr. Streatfield was already waiting there—he was seated at the table, endeavouring to maintain an appearance of composure, by mechanically turning over the leaves of the books before him. Mr. Langley drew a chair near him; and in low, but very firm tones, began the conversation thus:—

“I have given you two hours, Sir, to collect yourself, to consider your position fully—I presume, therefore, that you are now prepared to favour me with an explanation of your conduct at my table, to-day.”

“What explanation can I make?—what can I say, or think of this most terrible of fatalities?” exclaimed Mr. Streatfield, speaking faintly and confusedly; and still not looking up—“There has been

an unexampled error committed!—a fatal mistake, which I could never have anticipated, and over which I had no control!”

“Enough, sir, of the language of romance,” interrupted Mr. Langley, coldly; “I am neither of an age nor a disposition to appreciate it. I come here to ask plain questions honestly, and I insist, as my right, on receiving answers in the same spirit. You, Mr. Streatfield, sought an introduction to *me*—you professed yourself attached to my daughter Jane—your proposals were (I fear unhappily for *us*) accepted—your wedding-day was fixed—and now, after all this, when you happen to observe my daughter’s twin-sister sitting opposite to you—”

“Her twin-sister!” exclaimed Mr. Streatfield; and his trembling hand crumpled the leaves of the book, which he still held while he spoke. “Why is it, intimate as I have been with your family, that I now know for the first time that Miss Jane Langley has a twin-sister?”

“Do you descend, sir, to a subterfuge, when I ask you for an explanation?” returned Mr. Langley, angrily. “You must have heard, over and over again, that my children, Jane and Clara, were twins.”

“On my word and honour, I declare that—”

“Spare me all appeals to your word or your honour, sir; I am beginning to doubt both.”

“I will not make the unhappy situation in which we are all placed, still worse, by answering your last words, as I might, at other times, feel inclined to answer them,” said Mr. Streatfield, assuming a calmer demeanour than he had hitherto displayed. “I tell you the truth, when I tell you that, before to-day, I never knew that any of your children were twins. Your daughter, Jane, has frequently spoken to me of her absent sister, Clara, but never spoke of her as her twin-sister. Until to-day, I have had no opportunity of discovering the truth; for until to-day, I have never met Miss Clara Langley since I saw her in the balcony of the house in St. James’s Street. The only one of your children who was never present during my intercourse with your family, in London, was your daughter Clara—the daughter whom I now know, for the first time, as the young lady who really arrested my attention on my way to the *levée*—whose affections it was really my object to win in seeking an introduction to you. To *me*, the resemblance between the twin-sisters has been a fatal resemblance; the long absence of one, a fatal absence.”

There was a momentary pause, as Mr. Streatfield sadly and calmly pronounced the last words. Mr. Langley appeared to be absorbed in thought. At length he proceeded, speaking to himself:—

“It is strange! I remember that Clara left London on the day of the *levée*, to set out on a visit to her aunt; and only returned here two days since, to be present at her sister’s marriage. Well, sir,” he continued, addressing Mr. Streatfield, “granting what you say, granting that we all mentioned my absent daughter to you, as we are accustomed to mention her among ourselves, simply as ‘Clara,’ you have still not excused your conduct in my eyes. Remarkable as the resemblance is between the sisters, more remarkable even, I am willing to admit, than the resemblance usually is between twins, there is yet a difference, which, slight, indescribable though it may be, is nevertheless discernible to all their relations and to all their friends. How is

it that you, who represent yourself as so vividly impressed by your first sight of my daughter Clara, did not discover the error when you were introduced to her sister Jane, as the lady who had so much attracted you?"

"You forget, sir," rejoined Mr. Streatfield, "that I have never beheld the sisters together until to-day. Though both were in the balcony when I first looked up at it, it was Miss Clara Langley alone who attracted my attention. Had I only received the smallest hint that the absent sister of Miss Jane Langley was her *twin-sister*, I would have seen her, at any sacrifice, before making my proposals. For it is my duty to confess to you, Mr. Langley (with the candour which is your undoubted due), that when I was first introduced to your daughter Jane, I felt an unaccountable impression that she was the same as, and yet different from, the lady whom I had seen in the balcony. Soon, however, this impression wore off. Under the circumstances, could I regard it as anything but a mere caprice, a lover's wayward fancy? I dismissed it from my mind; it ceased to affect me, until to-day, when I first discovered that it was a warning which I had most unhappily disregarded; that a terrible error had been committed, for which no one of us was to blame, but which was fraught with misery, undeserved misery, to us all!"

"These, Mr. Streatfield, are explanations which may satisfy *you*," said Mr. Langley, in a milder tone, "but they cannot satisfy *me*; they will not satisfy the world. You have repudiated, in the most public and most abrupt manner, an engagement, in the fulfilment of which the honour and the happiness of my family are concerned. You have given me reasons for your conduct, it is true; but will those reasons restore to my daughter the tranquillity which she has lost, perhaps for ever? Will they stop the whisperings of calumny? Will they carry conviction to those strangers to me, or enemies of mine, whose pleasure it may be to disbelieve them? You have placed both yourself and me, sir, in a position of embarrassment—nay, a position of danger and disgrace, from which the strongest reasons and the best excuses cannot extricate us."

"I entreat you to believe," replied Mr. Streatfield, "that I deplore from my heart the error—the fault, if you will—of which I have been unconsciously guilty. I implore your pardon, both for what I said and did at your table to-day; but I cannot do more. I cannot and I dare not pronounce the marriage vows to your daughter, with my lips, when I know that neither my conscience nor my heart can ratify them. The commonest justice, and the commonest respect towards a young lady who deserves both, and more than both, from every one who approaches her, strengthen me to persevere in the only course which it is consistent with honour and integrity for me to take."

"You appear to forget," said Mr. Langley, "that it is not merely your own honour, but the honour of others, that is to be considered in the course of conduct which you are now to pursue."

"I have by no means forgotten what is due to *you*," continued Mr. Streatfield, "or what responsibilities I have incurred from the nature of my intercourse with your family. Do I put too much trust in your forbearance, if I now assure you, candidly and unreservedly, that I still place all my hopes of happiness in the prospect of becoming connected by marriage with a daughter of yours? Miss Clara Langley—"

Here the speaker paused. His position was becoming a delicate and a dangerous one ; but he made no effort to withdraw from it. Almost bewildered by the pressing and perilous emergency of the moment, harassed by such a tumult of conflicting emotions within him as he had never known before, he risked the worst, with all the blind-fold desperation of love. The angry flush was rising on Mr. Langley's cheek ; it was evidently costing him a severe struggle to retain his assumed self-possession ; but he did not speak. After an interval, Mr. Streatfield proceeded thus :—

“ However unfortunately I may express myself, I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am now speaking from my heart on a subject (to *me*) of the most vital importance. Place yourself in my situation, consider all that has happened, consider that this may be, for aught I know to the contrary, the last opportunity I may have of pleading my cause ; and then say whether it is possible for me to conceal from you that I can only look to your forbearance and sympathy for permission to retrieve my error, to—to—Mr. Langley ! I cannot choose expressions at such a moment as this. I can only tell you that the feeling with which I regarded your daughter Clara, when I first saw her, still remains what it was. I cannot analyse it ; I cannot reconcile its apparent inconsistencies and contradictions ; I cannot explain how, while I may seem to you and to every one to have varied and vacillated with insolent caprice, I have really remained, in my own heart and to my own conscience, true to my first sensations and my first convictions. I can only implore you not to condemn me to a life of disappointment and misery, by judging me with hasty irritation. Favour me, so far at least, as to relate the conversation which has passed between us to your two daughters. Let me hear how it affects each of them towards me. Let me know what they are willing to think and ready to do under such unparalleled circumstances as have now occurred. I will wait *your* time, and *their* time ; I will abide by *your* decision and *their* decision, pronounced after the first poignant distress and irritation of this day's events have passed over.”

Still Mr. Langley remained silent ; the angry word was on his tongue ; the contemptuous rejection of what he regarded for the moment as a proposition equally ill-timed and insolent, seemed bursting to his lips ; but once more he restrained himself. He rose from his seat, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, deep in thought. Mr. Streatfield was too much overcome by his own agitation to plead his cause further by another word. There was a silence in the room now, which lasted for some time.

We have said that Mr. Langley was a man of the world. He was strongly attached to his children ; but he had a little of the selfishness and much of the reverence for wealth of a man of the world. As he now endeavoured to determine mentally on his proper course of action—to disentangle the whole case from all its mysterious intricacies—to view it, extraordinary as it was, in its proper bearings, his thoughts began gradually to assume what is called, “ a practical turn.” He reflected that he had another daughter, besides the twin-sisters, to provide for ; and that he had two sons to settle in life. He was not rich enough to portion three daughters ; and he had not interest enough to start his sons favourably in a career of eminence. Mr. Streatfield, on the contrary, was a man of great wealth, and of great “ connections ” among people in power. Was such a son-in-law to be

rejected, even after all that had happened, without at least consulting his wife and daughters first? He thought not. Had not Mr. Streatfield, in truth, been the victim of a remarkable fatality, of an incredible accident, and were no allowances, under such circumstances, to be made for him? He began to think there were. Reflecting thus, he determined at length to proceed with moderation and caution at all hazards; and regained composure enough to continue the conversation in a cold, but still in a polite tone.

"I will commit myself, sir, to no agreement or promise whatever," he began, "nor will I consider this interview in any respect as a conclusive one, either on your side or mine; but if I think, on consideration, that it is desirable that our conversation should be repeated to my wife and daughters, I will make them acquainted with it, and will let you know the result. In the meantime, I think you will agree with me, that it is most fit that the next communications between us should take place by letter alone."

Mr. Streatfield was not slow in taking the hint conveyed by Mr. Langley's last words. After what had occurred, and until something was definitely settled, he felt that the suffering and suspense which he was already enduring would be increased tenfold if he remained longer in the same house with the twin-sisters—the betrothed of one, the lover of the other! Murmuring a few inaudible words of acquiescence in the arrangement which had just been proposed to him, he left the room. The same evening he quitted Langley Hall.

The next morning the remainder of the guests departed, their curiosity to know all the particulars of what had happened remaining ungratified. They were simply informed that an extraordinary and unexpected obstacle had arisen to delay the wedding; that no blame attached to any one in the matter; and that as soon as everything had been finally determined, everything would be explained. Until then, it was not considered necessary to enter in any way into particulars. By the middle of the day every visitor had left the house; and a strange and melancholy spectacle it presented when they were all gone. Rooms were now empty and silent, which the day before had been filled with animated groups, and had echoed with merry laughter. In one apartment, the fittings for the series of "Tableaux" which had been proposed, remained half completed: the dresses that were to have been worn, lay scattered on the floor; the carpenter who had come to proceed with his work, gathered up his tools in ominous silence, and departed as quickly as he could. Here lay books still open at the last page read; there was an album, with the drawing of the day before unfinished, and the colour-box unclosed by its side. On the deserted billiard-table, the positions of the "cues" and balls showed traces of an interrupted game. Flowers were scattered on the rustic tables in the garden, half-made into nosegays, and beginning to wither already. The very dogs wandered in a moody, unsettled way about the house, missing the friendly hands that had fondled and fed them for so many days past, and whining impatiently in the deserted drawing-rooms. The social desolation of the scene was miserably complete in all its aspects.

Immediately after the departure of his guests, Mr. Langley had a long interview with his wife. He repeated to her the conversation which had taken place between Mr. Streatfield and himself, and

received from her in return such an account of the conduct of his daughter, under the trial that had befallen her, as filled him with equal astonishment and admiration. It was a new revelation to him of the character of his own child.

"As soon as the violent symptoms had subsided," said Mrs. Langley, in answer to her husband's first inquiries, "as soon as the hysterical fit was subdued, Jane seemed suddenly to assume a new character, to become another person. She begged that the doctor might be released from his attendance, and that she might be left alone with me and with her sister Clara. When every one else had quitted the room, she continued to sit in the easy chair where we had at first placed her, covering her face with her hands. She entreated us not to speak to her for a short time, and, except that she shuddered occasionally, sat quite still and silent. When she at last looked up, we were shocked to see the deadly paleness of her face, and the strange alteration that had come over her expression; but she spoke to us so coherently, so solemnly even, that we were amazed; we knew not what to think or what to do; it hardly seemed to be *our* Jane who was now speaking to us."

"What did she say?" asked Mr. Langley, eagerly.

"She said that the first feeling of her heart, at that moment, was gratitude on her own account. She thanked God that the terrible discovery had not been made too late, when her married life might have been a life of estrangement and misery. Up to the moment when Mr. Streatfield had uttered that one fatal exclamation, she had loved him, she told us, fondly and fervently; *now*, no explanation, no repentance (if either were tendered), no earthly persuasion or command (in case Mr. Streatfield should think himself bound, as a matter of atonement, to hold to his rash engagement), could ever induce her to become his wife."

"Mr. Streatfield will not test her resolution," said Mr. Langley, bitterly; "he deliberately repeated his repudiation of his engagement in this room; nay, more, he—"

"I have something important to say to you from Jane on this point," interrupted Mrs. Langley. "After she had spoken the first few words which I have already repeated to you, she told us that she had been thinking—thinking more calmly perhaps than we could imagine—on all that had happened; on what Mr. Streatfield had said at the dinner-table; on the momentary glance of recognition which she had seen pass between him and her sister Clara, whose accidental absence, during the whole period of Mr. Streatfield's intercourse with us in London, she now remembered and reminded me of. The cause of the fatal error, and the manner in which it had occurred, seemed to be already known to her, as if by intuition. We entreated her to refrain from speaking on the subject for the present; but she answered that it was her duty to speak on it—her duty to propose something which should alleviate the suspense and distress we were all enduring on her account. No words can describe to you her fortitude, her noble endurance—" Mrs. Langley's voice faltered as she pronounced the last words. It was some minutes ere she became sufficiently composed to proceed thus:—

"I am charged with a message to you from Jane—I should say, charged with her entreaties, that you will not suspend our intercourse with Mr. Streatfield, or view his conduct in any other than a merciful

light—as conduct for which accident and circumstances are alone to blame. After she had given me this message to you, she turned to Clara, who sat weeping by her side, completely overcome; and kissing her, said that *they* were to blame, if any one was to be blamed in the matter, for being so much alike as to make all who saw them apart doubt which was Clara and which was Jane. She said this with a faint smile, and an effort to speak playfully, which touched us to the heart. Then, in a tone and manner which I can never forget, she asked her sister—charging her, on their mutual affection and mutual confidence, to answer sincerely—if *she* had noticed Mr. Streatfield on the day of the levée, and had afterwards remembered him at the dinner-table, as *he* had noticed and remembered *her*? It was only after Jane had repeated this appeal, still more earnestly and affectionately, that Clara summoned courage and composure enough to confess that *she* had noticed Mr. Streatfield on the day of the levée, had thought of him afterwards during her absence from London, and had recognised him at our table, as he had recognised her.”

“Is it possible! I own I had not anticipated—not thought for one moment of that,” said Mr. Langley.

“Perhaps,” continued his wife, “it is best that you should see Jane now, and judge for yourself. For *my* part, her noble resignation under this great trial, has so astonished and impressed me, that I only feel competent to advise as she advises, to act as she thinks fit. I begin to think that it is not *we* who are to guide *her*, but *she* who is to guide *us*.”

Mr. Langley lingered irresolute for a few minutes; then quitted the room, and proceeded alone to Jane Langley’s apartment.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by Clara. There was an expression partly of confusion, partly of sorrow on her face; and when her father stopped as if to speak to her, she merely pointed into the room, and hurried away without uttering a word.

Mr. Langley had been prepared by his wife for the change that had taken place in his daughter since the day before; but he felt startled, almost overwhelmed, as he now looked on her. One of the poor girl’s most prominent personal attractions, from her earliest years, had been the beauty of her complexion; and now, the freshness and the bloom had entirely departed from her face; it seemed absolutely colourless. Her expression, too, appeared to Mr. Langley’s eyes, to have undergone a melancholy alteration; to have lost its youthfulness suddenly; to have assumed a strange character of firmness and thoughtfulness, which he had never observed in it before. She was sitting by an open window, commanding a lovely view of wide, sunny landscape; a Bible which her mother had given her, lay open on her knees; she was reading in it as her father entered. For the first time in his life, he paused, speechless, as he approached to speak to one of his own children.

“I am afraid I look very ill,” she said, holding out her hand to him; “but I am better than I look; I shall be quite well in a day or two. Have you heard my message, father? have you been told?”—

“My love, we will not speak of it yet; we will wait a few days,” said Mr. Langley.

“You have always been so kind to me,” she continued, in less steady tones, “that I am sure you will let me go on. I have very little to say, but that little must be said now, and then we need never recur

to it again. Will you consider all that has happened, as something forgotten? You have heard already what it is that I entreat you to do; will you let *him*—Mr. Streatfield—” (She stopped, her voice failed for a moment, but she recovered herself again almost immediately.) “Will you let Mr. Streatfield remain here, or recall him if he is gone, and give him an opportunity of explaining himself to my sister? If poor Clara should refuse to see him for my sake, pray do not listen to her. I am sure this is what ought to be done; I have been thinking of it very calmly, and I feel that it is right. And there is something more I have to beg of you, father; it is, that, while Mr. Streatfield is here, you will allow me to go and stay with my aunt. You know how fond she is of me. Her house is not a day’s journey from home. It is best for everybody (much the best for *me*) that I should not remain here at present; and—and—dear father! I have always been your spoiled child; and I know you will indulge me still. If you will do what I ask you, I shall soon get over this heavy trial. I shall be well again if I am away at my aunt’s—if—”

She paused; and putting one trembling arm round her father’s neck, hid her face on his breast. For some minutes, Mr. Langley could not trust himself to answer her. There was something, not deeply touching only, but impressive and sublime, about the moral heroism of this young girl, whose heart and mind—hitherto wholly inexperienced in the harder and darker emergencies of life—now rose in the strength of their native purity superior to the bitterest, cruellest trial that either could undergo; whose patience and resignation, called forth for the first time by a calamity which suddenly thwarted the purposes and paralysed the affections that had been destined to endure for a life, could thus appear at once in the fullest maturity of virtue and beauty. As the father thought on these things; as he vaguely and imperfectly estimated the extent of the daughter’s sacrifice; as he reflected on the nature of the affliction that had befallen her—which combined in itself a fatality that none could have foreseen, a fault that could neither be repaired nor resented, a judgment against which there was no appeal—and then remembered how this affliction had been borne, with what words and what actions it had been met, he felt that it would be almost a profanation to judge the touching petition just addressed to him, by the criterion of *his* worldly doubts and *his* worldly wisdom. His eye fell on the Bible, still open beneath it; he remembered the little child who was set in the midst of the disciples, as teacher and example to all; and when at length he spoke in answer to his daughter, it was not to direct or to advise, but to comfort and comply.

They delayed her removal for a few days, to see if she faltered in her resolution, if her bodily weakness increased; but she never wavered; nothing in her appearance changed, either for better or for worse. A week after the startling scene at the dinner-table, she was living in the strictest retirement in the house of her aunt.

About the period of her departure, a letter was received from Mr. Streatfield. It was little more than a recapitulation of what he had already said to Mr. Langley—expressed, however, on this occasion, in stronger and, at the same time, in more respectful terms. The letter was answered briefly: he was informed that nothing had, as yet, been determined on, but that the next communication would bring him a final reply.

Two months passed. During that time, Jane Langley was frequently visited at her aunt's house, by her father and mother. She still remained calm and resolved; still looked pale and thoughtful, as at first. Doctors were consulted: they talked of a shock to the nervous system; of great hope from time, and their patient's strength of mind; and of the necessity of acceding to her wishes in all things. Then, the advice of the aunt was sought. She was a woman of an eccentric, masculine character, who had herself experienced a love-disappointment in early life, and had never married. She gave her opinion unreservedly and abruptly, as she always gave it. "Do as Jane tells you!" said the old lady, severely; "that poor child has more moral courage and determination than all the rest of you put together! I know better than anybody what a sacrifice she has had to make; but she has made it, and made it nobly—like a heroine, as some people would say; like a good, high-minded, courageous girl, as I say! Do as she tells you! Let that poor, selfish fool of a man have his way, and marry her sister—he has made one mistake already about a face—see if he doesn't find out, some day, that he has made another, about a wife! Let him!—Jane is too good for *him*, or for any man! Leave her to me; let her stop here; she shant lose by what has happened! You know this place is mine—I mean it to be hers, when I'm dead. You know I've got some money—I shall leave it to her. I've made my will: it's all done and settled! Go back home; send for the man, and tell Clara to marry him without any more fuss! You wanted my opinion—there it is for you!"

At last, Mr. Langley decided. The important letter was written, which recalled Mr. Streatfield to Langley Hall. As Jane had foreseen, Clara at first refused to hold any communication with him; but a letter from her sister, and the remonstrances of her father, soon changed her resolution. There was nothing in common between the twin-sisters but their personal resemblance. Clara had been guided all her life by the opinions of others, and she was guided by them now.

Once permitted the opportunity of pleading his cause, Mr. Streatfield did not neglect his own interests. It would be little to our purpose to describe the doubts and difficulties which delayed at first the progress of his second courtship—pursued as it was under circumstances, not only extraordinary, but unprecedented. It is no longer, with him, or with Clara Langley, that the interest of our story is connected. Suffice it to say, that he ultimately overcame all the young lady's scruples; and that, a few months afterwards, some of Mr. Langley's intimate friends found themselves again assembled round his table as wedding-guests, and congratulating Mr. Streatfield on his approaching union with Clara, as they had already congratulated him, scarcely a year back, on his approaching union with Jane!

The social ceremonies of the wedding-day were performed soberly—almost sadly. Some of the guests (especially the unmarried ladies) thought that Miss Clara had allowed herself to be won too easily—others were picturing to themselves the situation of the poor girl who was absent; and contributed little towards the gaiety of the party. On this occasion, however, nothing occurred to interrupt the proceedings; the marriage took place; and, immediately after

it, Mr. Streatfield and his bride started for a tour on the Continent.

On their departure, Jane Langley returned home. She made no reference whatever to her sister's marriage ; and no one mentioned it in her presence. Still the colour did not return to her cheek, or the old gaiety to her manner. The shock that she had suffered had left its traces on her for life. But there was no evidence that she was sinking under the remembrances which neither time nor resolution could banish. The strong, pure heart had undergone a change, but not a deterioration. All that had been brilliant in her character was gone ; but all that was noble in it remained. Never had her intercourse with her family and her friends been so affectionate and so kindly as it was now.

When, after a long absence, Mr. Streatfield and his wife returned to England, it was observed, at her first meeting with them, that the momentary confusion and embarrassment were on *their* side, not on *hers*. During their stay at Langley Hall, she showed not the slightest disposition to avoid them. No member of the family welcomed them more cordially ; entered into all their plans and projects more readily ; or bade them farewell with a kinder or better grace, when they departed for their own home.

Our tale is nearly ended : what remains of it, must comprise the history of many years in the compass of a few words.

Time passed on ; and Death and Change told of its lapse among the family at Langley Hall. Five years after the events above related, Mr. Langley died ; and was followed to the grave, shortly afterwards, by his wife. Of their two sons, the eldest was rising into good practice at the bar ; the youngest had become *attaché* to a foreign embassy. Their third daughter was married, and living at the family seat of her husband, in Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Streatfield had children of their own, now, to occupy their time and absorb their care. The career of life was over for some—the purposes of life had altered for others—Jane Langley alone, still remained unchanged.

She now lived entirely with her aunt. At intervals—as their worldly duties and worldly avocations permitted them—the other members of her family, or one or two intimate friends, came to the house. Offers of marriage were made to her, but were all declined. The first, last love of her girlish days—abandoned as a hope, and crushed as a passion ; living only as a quiet grief, as a pure remembrance—still kept its watch, as guardian and defender, over her heart. Years passed on and worked no change in the sad uniformity of her life, until the death of her aunt left her mistress of the house in which she had hitherto been a guest. Then it was observed that she made fewer and fewer efforts to vary the tenor of her existence, to forget her old remembrances for awhile in the society of others. Such invitations as reached her from relations and friends were more frequently declined than accepted. She was growing old herself now ; and, with each advancing year, the busy pageant of the outer world presented less and less that could attract her eye.

So she began to surround herself, in her solitude, with the favourite books that she had studied, with the favourite music that she had played, in the days of her hopes and her happiness. Everything that was associated, however slightly, with that past period, now acquired a character of inestimable value in her eyes, as aiding her mind to

seclude itself more and more strictly in the sanctuary of its early recollections. Was it weakness in her to live thus; to abandon the world and the world's interests, as one who had no hope, or part in either? Had she earned the right, by the magnitude and resolution of her sacrifice, thus to indulge in the sad luxury of fruitless remembrance? Who shall say!—who shall presume to decide that cannot think with *her* thoughts, and look back with *her* recollections!

Thus she lived—alone, and yet not lonely; without hope, but with no despair; separate and apart from the world around her, except when she approached it by her charities to the poor, and her succour to the afflicted; by her occasional interviews with the surviving members of her family and a few old friends, when they sought her in her calm retreat; and by the little presents which she constantly sent to brothers' and sisters' children, who worshipped, as their invisible good genius, "the kind lady" whom most of them had never seen. Such was her existence throughout the closing years of her life: such did it continue—calm and blameless—to the last.

Reader, when you are told, that what is impressive and pathetic in the Drama of Human Life has passed with a past age of Chivalry and Romance, remember Jane Langley, and quote in contradiction the story of the TWIN SISTERS!

OH ! LET ME LOVE THEE !

Oh ! let me love thee !
 I ask not passion in return ;
 I ask but time, my love, to prove thee,
 That my true heart thou wilt not spurn ;
 But let me love thee !

Oh ! let me love thee !
 Thy lightest word I will obey ;
 I 'll own no sovereign above thee,
 Ever obedient to thy sway,
 Let me love thee !

Then let me love thee—
 Thy every wish I will divine,
 And if one smile from thee approve me,
 That smile o'er all my life will shine,
 So much I love thee !

M. A. B.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HONEYMOON.*

A BRIDAL TOUR is the proper title to this most romantic of romances ; and such a tour in the "month of mel," was probably never before made by any European couple, by none, at least, of whom we have any record in MS. or in print. A more effectual way of testing the courage, the constancy, and the constitution of a bride, was never perhaps before adopted ; and ladies who survive such trials as these, of their strength and their power to endure fatigue, may consider themselves as proof against everything else but the natural consequence of scores of years counted and gone, and the then common lot of mortality. Bold spirits were these, to think of encountering such difficulties and dangers with a calm mind, and they must have had frames of iron to reach the imperial Stamboul without dislocation of limbs or loss of members.

Wearied in a few days with the platitudes of Paris, the two departed for Marseilles ; thence for Leghorn, and passing through Pisa, Florence, Bologna, and Padua, sailed from Venice to Trieste. Then commenced the toils and the dangers—the privations and fatigues ; these were, by comparison, of a most trifling description, until the travellers reached Carlstadt, when the roads became muddy causeways, or occasionally little better than ploughed fields. Still Semlin was reached without accident, and after the customary delays from the official forms, the party dropped down the Danube to Belgrade. Here, in fact, begins the exciting portion of the story, and the description of the writer's audience with Vlasaf Pacha, the governor of Belgrade, is very graphic, and admirably displays the high bearing and gentlemanly demeanour, so characteristic of the Turkish chiefs of pure blood and high rank.

Iovon, the Servian Tartar, whose services the writer here engaged, will form the model of his class to many a writer of eastern fictions ; his personal appearance was majestic ; he was a giant in size, and when mounted on his superb black steed, with all his crimson and showy dresses and housings, is presented to us as the *beau ideal* of a horseman, such as we, in our quiet way, can know nothing of. And his good qualities equalled his good looks, for he was indefatigable to serve and to please, and as insensible to fatigue as to fear ; faithful and resolute, he watched over his charge, and carried the young couple, harmless, through all their daily perils of floods, and robbers, and starvation.

At Nissa, they had an interview with the celebrated Hussein Pacha, the once famous viceroy of Bulgaria ; and for an instance of kindness and attention, for a disposition to oblige and to serve, we might point to Achmet Effendi—the colonel of the fifth regiment—for we doubt if any colonel of the English army, in England or out of it, would have done what this colonel did, for two passing travellers, utterly, till then, unknown to him.

The difficulties of travelling crowded upon the travellers tenfold, and they were fated to remain occasionally ten and twelve hours on horseback, until both horses and their riders were ready, at every moment, to fall to the ground together, from sheer exhaustion. Sophia, Philopoli, and Adrianople—forming, however, cities to them of refuge and repose—they managed to hold on and to hold out, and reached the city of their destination, at length, in safety.

* The Bridal and the Bride.

THE TRIP OF "THE DILETTANTI" TO GÖTTINGEN.

BY ONE OF THAT RESPECTABLE COMPANY.

"*Denken Sie 'mal, denken Sie 'mal, die Lind singt Uebermorgen in Göttingen!*" exclaimed a friend, as he rushed in a state of artistic excitement into our rooms: "we must go—we must all go,—she has signed her engagement for America; such an opportunity may, perhaps, never occur again, and a five-and-thirty miles drive is nothing."

I, for one, willingly acceded; I had about as much knowledge of music and singing as the horses who were to draw me; but, to tell the truth, going anywhere is rather a weakness of mine, and that very weakness acquires an astonishing *strength* of weakness when the idea of *going* is accompanied by a chance of danger and adventure. Our arrangements were soon made, and the next morning I set out with two of our party as pioneers in a diligence, leaving the main army to pack themselves in a carriage and follow. Our road led over high hills, bleak plains, through forests and across ice-bound rivers. Snow everywhere around us, and above us; the air was filled with it, the larches bent under its weight, and the entrances to the houses and the roads were blocked up with it.

In the first five or six miles our huge vehicle stuck fast twice, and it was by the work-people on the road constantly clearing away the fresh-fallen snow that we were enabled at all to proceed. We passed several waggons deserted for the present, which the united force of sixteen horses had been unable to stir. In many places, the snow on the road was six or seven feet deep, and the wind on the hills was so cutting, that it seemed as if it had been put out to freeze before being released from its Æolian cave.

A few English newspapers, fortunately received just before starting, and the creature comforts of a sandwich and a glass of wine, carried us on cheerfully. The views from the hills would have been very beautiful had the weather been more genial, and the colours less monotonous; to us, unaccustomed to such winters, it was very curious to observe the death-like aspect of the whole country, the cold stillness of everything around, the total absence of life or motion,—no birds on the wing, no beasts in the fields, no leaves on the trees, the very branches stiffened, and the murmuring streams hushed and ice-bound. Even the lazy German ostlers seemed roused to energy by the nipping wind, and with the help of the never-failing pipe, got through the process of untying and retying the horses* to the carriage in half the usual time. After plunging and tossing through a few snow-drifts, we at length reached Göttingen, and were escorted half way from the post to the hotel by a score or two of wild-looking students, who, I believe, had mistaken the lady of our party for the far-famed Swedish nightingale. The whole town was in commotion; crowds of well-dressed people and

* I never saw leather traces to post-horses in Germany; they are invariably attached to the carriage by ropes, and those so long, that half the power of the animal is wasted: three heavy and unwieldy swinging bars hang at the end of the pole, and the postilion seems selected for his height and size, as we should a "guardman" in England. The carriage is cumbrous and heavy, and the whole "turn out" seems got up to give the greatest possible labour and trouble to the horses.

students pressed round the hotel, the clear air resounding with the jingling bells of the sledges, and the loud cracking of the driver's whips. All at once a shout was heard—"the Lind" had arrived, and the court-yard of the inn was at once filled with eager gazers, more curious than polite. A friend fortunately came to the rescue, and carried her off to his house.

About nine o'clock that night a sudden thaw came on, and the next morning the streets were in a dreadful state of dirt; the ramparts, which the day before had been one sheet of smooth ice, were in the course of a few hours covered with mud, and the moats and surrounding fields had changed their chaste mantle for a dirty covering of yellow water. We found no public building of interest in Göttingen, except that containing the magnificent library; and the houses, though many of them old and all dirty-looking, have, with few exceptions, neither beauty nor quaintness in their style. The live and dead products of the town seemed to consist of students and tobacco, and one might say in pretty equal proportions. As a body, the students are certainly not prepossessing; their large jack-boots, small coloured caps, gashed faces, and rude swaggering air, give them an appearance which strongly contrasts with that of our Oxford and Cambridge men. The town was enlivened in the course of the day by a procession of these *Studiosi*,* two leading the way on horseback, dressed in red caps, coats covered with broad silk sashes, leather breeches, and jack-boots, each bearing a large banner, followed by two others in the same costume, also mounted and carrying drawn swords; three carriages with four horses, and ten with two each, filled with smoking students, completed the procession. They drove through a few of the principal streets, and then proceeded to hold a *Commerz* with some brethren of Jena. These said *Commerz* are, I believe, meetings only to drink, smoke, and fight.

Towards evening the streets leading to the theatre were rapidly filling, and a little after six we had almost to fight our way through the crowd. The management within was certainly excellent, every seat in the house was numbered, and, to avoid any confusion, each person was provided with two tickets, one to be delivered at the door of entrance, the other, bearing the number of the place, to be kept as a voucher for the seat. Jenny Lind was greeted on her entrance with a most hearty and prolonged round of applause, and a shower of rather shabby bouquets, and laurel crowns, one of which, tied with the Swedish colours (purple and white), we afterwards ascertained had been thrown by Prince S—, at this time a student at the University. Her singing was certainly most exquisite—I could only judge of it as it affected the heart and taste, and certainly she captivated the former, and never in any way jarred against the latter. I learned afterwards that she had shown the most astonishing command of voice, and yet her singing was so simple and natural, that it was hardly possible for an uneducated listener as I was to believe that she had overcome any difficulties.

When the concert was over, she was of course recalled, and after she had repeated one or two songs, the audience separated. At least a third part of those present were students, many with their large boots reaching half way up the thigh, and all wearing the

* *Herr Studiosus* is the title by which students are addressed in German colleges.

small cap, white, red, and green, or blue, according to the part of Germany they belonged to. If to enter the theatre had been difficult, to get out of it seemed impossible: we waited and waited, expecting that the dense crowd outside would at length separate; but finding it hopeless, and literally dragging our ladies, first through all the students, then through all the unwashed, and finally through all the mud of Göttingen, we at length reached our hotel, weary and worn. But, if we had gone through *our* perils, Jenny Lind had fared little better; she too had waited in vain for the dispersion of the crowd; her carriage still stood at the door, and the students, though implored to depart, positively refused; they were determined to honour her after their own fashion, and drag her in triumph home. At length a friend offered to personate her; wrapping her head and face in a shawl, and followed by Jenny's maid, she entered the carriage; the horses were taken out in a moment, and amidst shouting, huzzaing, and *vivas*, the supposititious Lind was rapidly whirled to her home: but, alas! just as the lady was stepping out, a blast of wind blew aside the shawl, and the imposture stood confessed. Meanwhile Fräulein Lind refused to stir; she had, she said, gone through similar scenes in England, and had suffered so much from them, that she would not again subject herself to them. Time flew on, and still the untiring students stood firm; their patience might have endured, and a woman's firmness have remained yet longer unshaken, but in Germany there is a will stronger than either, viz. that of the Herrn Polizei-Director; he at last insisted on the fair singer's accepting the alternative of going home, or spending the night in the theatre. Fortunately the crowd had relaxed a little in its attention, and she was hurried into her carriage, and driven away before the students had time to remove the horses.

The whole of this night seemed in our hotel to be passed by visitors and students in drinking and fighting. About four o'clock in the morning, the latter amusement had grown "so fast and furious," that any idea of sleep was out of the question; groaning, shouting, yelling, and swearing, resounded through the house, and quietly slipping out of bed and lighting a cigar, I took my station on the landing-place to enjoy the fun. About twenty people, students, townsmen, and waiters, were hard at work, kicking, striking, tearing each other's hair, and knocking one another down the stairs; the very house shook with the battle: occasionally a large pair of boots would be seen in the air, the owner's head having in the scuffle changed place with his heels: caps were trampled under foot, pipes smashed, coats torn, and one poor waiter so seriously hurt that he could not appear next day. At length, after about an hour's severe pommelling, the belligerents were driven into the streets, and we heard no more of them. I found afterwards that they did not belong to the more respectable body of students; they had been drinking at some *Bierkeller*, and coming into the town ripe for mischief, had forced their way into the hotel for the sake of fighting.

About nine o'clock next morning we were told that the thaw and rain of the preceding day had been so great, that half the country was under water, and that if we did not start at once, we should not be able to reach K— for five or six days. As this would have been inconvenient to us, we determined, although reluctantly, to

give up the pleasure of seeing, and perhaps hearing, "*die Lind*" again; so, bundling our things into our carpet-bags, and hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, we hurried off to the Post Office. Here we had the pleasure of walking up and down the dirty courtyard in a thick mizzling rain for more than an hour, or the worse alternative of sitting in a cold *Passagier-zimmer*, with a freshly-lighted fire of what appeared to be stones slightly imbued with sulphur, but which, we were informed, were "*ganz vortreffliche Kohlen*." The delay of the post augured badly for the successful issue of our journey; but at length the great lumbering green coach appeared, and the jovial-looking, red-faced, and scarlet-coated courier (the very picture of our old English mail-guards), announced that they had found great difficulty in passing one bad spot, that we had two considerably worse before us, but that we might possibly get through.

On leaving Göttingen we found the whole surrounding country under water; what two days before had been covered with pure unsoiled snow, was now occupied by a dirty yellow liquid. Rapid streams rushed along the roads, wound round the tombstones in the burial-ground, and carried away the fresh sods from the new-made graves; boats traversed the fields, bushes and broken timbers sailed down the river, and even garden-walls were tottering and sinking before the released waters. Our first anticipated stoppage was safely got over; the water, it is true, was nearly three feet deep on the road, but we gained the long bridge in safety.

"Quando vedi un ponte,
Fa gli più onor che non ad un conte."

Here the sight was truly extraordinary; the summits of the hills around still maintained their snow-clad covering, and the dark Tannen branches bent under their wintry weight; but the meadows on the river banks, and the sloping fields on the hill sides, were fresh and green, like the first bursting forth of spring. The river itself, swollen to an unusual size, bore along uprooted trees, *débris* of all sorts, and huge blocks of ice tumbling over each other in wild tumult. Half the population of the town seemed to be out gazing at the scene. Some of the masses of ice were at least twenty feet long, more than a foot thick, and many feet broad, and woe to the obstacle of any kind which came in their way.

Having safely got over this point of danger, we lay back in the corners of our diligence, finished our wine and sandwiches, and quietly smoked our cigars, with a perfect feeling of security in a good supper, and comfortable beds at night in our "own inn." But between the cup and the lip there's many a slip; slowly we toiled up the long winding hill; the imprisoned waggons, which two days before we had left fast imbedded in the snow, had disappeared, and an occasional pair of return horses, gave us every hope of a safe and speedy arrival. We soon left Hanover, and entering the dominions included in the German Zoll-Verein, were obliged to have all our baggage and the mail-bags sealed up by the custom-house officer, and safely plumbed with lead, the examination being deferred until we should reach the end of our journey. From this point our anticipations of a safe passage over the river which separated us from K——, became less and less confident; and when we at length descended from the hill, and came within half a mile of our desti-

nation, we found nothing but long and anxious faces; a few hundred yards further, and we came to a dead stop. On alighting I found a confused mass of waggons, diligences, carriages, milk and coal carts, and an indescribable Babel of human tongues. The river had risen suddenly within the last half hour, and the road between us and the bridge was deeply flooded and covered with floating ice. Some men tried to cross in a boat, but it was useless; the blocks of ice (many tons in weight), came with such force that the adventurers barely escaped being swamped. The question was now, not of proceeding, but of effecting a speedy retreat, for every moment the water was rising.

Half the village was already two feet under water, and the confused and frightened peasants were driving their cows, pigs, and even poultry further up the country. There is an old Italian saying which tells you that

“ Tre Ombroni fanno un Arno ;
Tre Arni fanno un Tevere ;
Tre Tevere fanno un Po ;
E tre Po di Lombardia
Fanno un Danubio di Turchia.”

It seemed to me as if they had been all at work the previous night, not to make a Danubio di Turchia, but a Fulda di Germania. Our horses were quickly put to again, and turning our back upon what, to us, seemed at that moment Paradise, we proceeded about half a mile inland, and pulled up at the door of a pot-house (for I cannot dignify it with a better name), which stood on the side of the road: the aspect of the house not being very inviting, we kept our places in the *Eilwagen*. Just about dusk we were roused out of a half-sleepy state, by the voices of our fellow-travellers loudly bewailing their fate. The well-packed vehicle, containing four ladies and a gentleman, now pulled up beside our Diligence, and a grave consultation ensued as to how and where the night was to be passed. We English of the party determined to stick to the *Eilwagen*, rather

“ To bear those evils that we had
Than fly to others that we knew not of.”

The Germans refused to trust to the hospitality of their vehicle; they had, I imagine, some vague, undefined ideas of Erl-Kings, who might whirl them away, carriage and all, through the midnight gloom. We entered the pot-house, and inquiring whether we could have a room and supper, were of course answered in the affirmative. The whole house, and every edible in it, were at the disposal of the *Herrschaft*; the eatables dwindled down to two lumps of meat, served in a sea of liquid grease, some beans ground down for coffee, and a very dirty-looking loaf. The first apartment we were shown into, already contained about twenty or thirty men, smoking long pipes, playing cards, and swilling; from this we backed out, and in despair opening another door, were greeted by the “rankest compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril!” Numbers of unshaven Jews, smutty dealers in coal, and male and female peasants, all innocent of soap and water, were stowed together in a room filled with tobacco-smoke, reeking of spirits, and stifling with heat. Our hearts almost died within us, but a third venture was more successful; we found on the ground-floor a large empty barrack of a room, furnished with garden benches, and huge tables, something

like those we see in butchers' stalls ; this apartment was given up to us, to answer, we were informed, the united purposes of sitting, sleeping, and dressing-room. There was no help for it, so we sat down resignedly to our bean-coffee and nondescript chops : I could not, by the most microscopic inspection, discover from what species of animal they had been abstracted ; and as to testing by the taste, I dared not linger long over that operation.

The administrator of our bountiful cheer had passed his youth in Hamburg, and had there picked up a smattering of English, which he delighted to exhibit. " You will pare-mit," he would say every moment, as he moved a candle, replenished the stove, or altered the position of a chair. He was one of those men who give you the impression of having been, perhaps, never actually drunk, but certainly never sober ; his step was slow and uncertain, his face red and bloated, and his eyes, small and sunken by nature, swelled out by intemperance, had filled up their narrow socket, and now stood forth dull and sodden. This interesting specimen of humanity would fasten himself on me, and dose me with the sweet sounds of my native tongue. I could not understand him, it is true, but by that, I imagine, I was the gainer.

The question of beds was now mooted, and our host examined on the subject.

" *Betten !*" he exclaimed, "*ja gewiss, mit meheren Herren zusammen.*" This, under any circumstances, would have been rather more than our five ladies would have liked to have ventured, but when informed that the *mehere Herren* were the inhabitants of the two rooms we had previously visited, the idea struck us as so ridiculous that we burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter. What was to be done ? The English party decided to retire to the *Eilwagen*, but the Germans would not venture, and could not sit up all night ; so " You-will-paremit " (as we had christened our host), was called in and begged to make a suggestion. He took up the snuffers, and in a gloomy and abstracted manner extinguished the candle ; the light, I suppose, passed from it into his schnapps-steeped soul ; he scratched his head,—" You will pare-mit"—" For God's sake !" I exclaimed, " do me the favour to speak German ; these ladies are tired, do not understand English, and must settle something for the night." I had ruthlessly broken the train of his thoughts ; but, after a moment's pause, he said, "*Es gibt Menschen die lieber auf reinem Strohe schlafen als in schmutzigen Betten ;*" which may be rendered,

" Men there exist, I have oft heard it said,
Would lie liefer on straw than a dirty bed."

The expression of this profound knowledge of mankind, at least of the clean portion of it, was pronounced in a slow, solemn, and impressive tone,—each word doled out as a miser pays away his gold ; but its truth unanswerable, and so the four ladies, with their attendant squire, prepared for the night's encampment : the *reine Stroh* was produced, and a bed for the *gnädigen Frauen* (for they were ladies of rank and title), was shaken down.

At this juncture I and my two friends departed, and possessed ourselves of our diligence. I tossed about for an hour or two, and finding it impossible to sleep, I lighted a cigar, and sallied forth to inspect the progress of the flood : the moon shone brilliantly, so that

every object was distinctly visible ; not a breath of air was stirring, and no sound to be heard, but that from the crashing of the ice-blocks as they jostled each other in their tumultuous course. The road, being elevated above the fields, was for some way clear of water, but the whole country around looked like one vast lake ; a rapid stream, at least two feet deep, was running over the spot where we had first halted, and masses of ice, a quarter the size of the Diligence, were strewn in the middle of the road. No chance of getting across this night ! It was rather provoking to see the town, the goal of our wishes, standing on the side of the hill not a thousand yards beyond, and no possibility of reaching it. In an interval of quiet, I could distinctly hear the shrill whistle of the watchman, and the words of his dull monotonous song :—

“ Höret Ihr, Herren, und lasst Euch sagen,
Die Glocke die hat Eins geschlagen !
Bewahret das Feuer, und auch das Licht,
Damit der Stadt, kein Schaden geschicht,
Und lobet Gott den Herrn ! ”*

The next morning brought no better hopes of liberation. Our friends had passed a sleepless night ; the gentlemen of the upper and lower chambers, the lords and commons of the “ Stadt Antwerpen,” as our hostelry was denominated, had sat up till near morning amusing themselves with singing, shouting, and fighting, and an odour of stale tobacco reigned paramount throughout the house. The straw, in spite of its boasted cleanliness, looked suspiciously second-hand, and a survey of the apartment by daylight was far from inviting ; little clouds of dust arose at every step, diligent spiders had hung their webs from the ceiling, hanging like stalactytes in a cave, and tobacco-ashes and ends of half-smoked cigars filled up every nook and corner of the room ; a few gaudy portraits of “ royal highnesses,” and “ sainted martyrs,” adorned the walls, and, amongst them, a Holy Family, with the following inscription in English underneath :—

“ St. John’s Triumph.

“ Elizabeth presents to the Grand Master the infant St. John to be received a free and accepted Mason, Royal Arch, Knight Templar, and to receive the light dedicated to all Antient and Modern Lodges, for the Anniversary Festival of St. John, by Bro. P. Lambert, Past Master, R. A., and K. T. June 24th, 1786. Acc. to Act of Parliament, by R. Harradan, No. 85, Tottenham Court Road.”

We soon wearied of dirt, noise, and the Fine Arts, and calling in “ You-will-paremit,” paid our reckoning, and took coach to a railway station distant about three hours’ drive, and by a *détour* of about forty miles we reached the town which was not five thousand yards from our starting-point. So ended the trip of the “ Dilettanti ” to Göttingen to hear the Schwedische Nachtigall.

J. W.

* “ Listen, good masters, and take a warning,
The clock it has struck One hour of morning ;
To your lights and your fires attend ye all,
That no harm to your city may befall,
And praise God the Lord ! ”

THE WIGGINS'S MUSICAL PARTY.

AFTER many and repeated invitations and promises on either side, it was at length agreed, with my friend Tom Gossett, that Christmas of — should not be suffered to pass without my paying a visit to his recently adopted domicile in the vicinity of that pretty village of E——, which those at all acquainted with the county of Devonshire, can hardly fail to have visited. I had often looked forward with pleasure to this promised relaxation from the turmoil of professional life, and the grateful exchange of the exciting cares and responsibilities of business for the luxurious independence of a week's holiday in that delightful locality, combined with the additional enjoyment of the society of one of the most accomplished and amiable of men. Tom was one of my oldest and most intimate friends, and his wife was just the sort of person to make such a guest as myself happy and comfortable under her husband's roof.

The day at length arrived when I felt myself at liberty to take my departure, and, on the 23rd of December, of the year above-mentioned, I had the satisfaction of presenting myself at the door of my good host, and was speedily confronted with the family party, consisting of no more, in fact, than my old friend, his wife, and a young person who was introduced to me as Tom's nephew.

"That lad," said Tom to me in a whisper, as he showed me to my apartment, "that lad whom you saw in the drawing-room—"

"Your nephew?"

"Yes—he has, he has indeed—"

"What?"

"Genius!"

Well it's no worse, thought I; but was forthwith brought again under the infliction of my friend's mysterious revelations touching the singular endowments of his *protégé*. Too tired after my journey on the one hand, and too content with anticipating the grateful repose that awaited me on the other, to enter with any peculiar interests into the merits of this *rara avis*, my demonstrations were confined to the conventional style of response which a helpless spirit of resignation to the will of my interpreter alone could enable me to adopt.

We descended to the drawing-room, and were very soon summoned to dinner, during which ceremony I had an opportunity of observing, among other things, the characteristics of the youthful prodigy in behalf of whom my passive sympathies had already been enlisted by his admiring uncle. It was very soon observable, that one subject, and one alone, engaged the thoughts and feelings of this interesting scion. It was music—or rather the art of "fiddling," with its concomitant pedantries. The boy was evidently a pet with his indulgent relatives, and they not only countenanced to excess his aspirations after the artistic excellence which he appeared to regard as the *summum bonum* of life, but were betrayed into the error too common with enthusiastic parents and guardians, of so far misinterpreting his promise as to confound the restlessness of undisciplined *boyhood* with the throes of incipient genius, and to view the perti-

nacious ardour with which he clung to his infatuation, as evidence of undoubted inspiration. The consequence was that the most unrestrained licence was accorded to this youth in the indulgence of his particular, or rather absorbing pursuit. As dinner advanced, I discovered that the scion, as we must call him, had been just imported into his present enviable quarters, in consequence of an invitation which had been sent to my friend and his estimable partner by an inimitable couple residing in the vicinity, couched in the following terms :

“ MR. AND MRS. WIGGINS request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Gossett's company at a musical *soirée*, on the 29th instant, at eight o'clock precisely.”

The invitation was accompanied by a private note from Mrs. Wiggins to the lady, which ran as follows :

“ MY DEAR MRS. GOSSETT, — You have often heard of our musical *soirées* ; you will now have an opportunity of appreciating them. We do not ask any but *musical* people, notwithstanding they are so few ; but I tell you candidly we shall this time surpass ourselves ; for the selection will not merely be of the most classical description, but the performers will all be very superior. Our great Kanteler is coming (this, however, amongst ourselves). By the by, would you like to bring your nephew with you ? I mean the one with such precocious musical talent. We shall be delighted to see him.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

“ LIZZY WIGGINS.”

Upon this hint it appears the prodigy was duly summoned, and as duly arrived, and such was the occasion of the young gentleman's presence within the hospitable walls which had just received me as an inmate for at least six days to come.

I am thankful in being able to avow myself one of those persons who are so happily constituted as seldom to be enslaved or distracted by any predominating train of thought when in the society of others, and consequently was enabled at this moment to listen to the conversation which, by reason of the presence of the scion, bore chiefly on the all-absorbing topic of music. It will not be necessary to detail that conversation,—suffice it, that it embraced allusions which were new to me, and appeared to possess little interest for one of the uninitiated. Of course, having been tolerably familiarised with the formulæ of ordinary society, and of musical entertainments in the metropolis, I had heard about Mozart and Beethoven, *cum multis aliis* of the same illustrious fraternity,—in fact, possess a fair average acquaintance with matters musical, so far as they are expounded by our popular caterers to the requirements of a superficial public, have a tolerable ear, can join in a chorus, and have experienced the legitimate unbiassed sensations on listening to the infelicities of a bad vocalist or fiddler, although not identifying the cause of such sensation with the analytic skill of a connoisseur. But the technicalities connected with composition, and the paraphernalia of the concert-room, the strange investiture of the choice passages with a meaning and intelligence which I had not only never been guilty of imputing, but had never before heard imputed, to those

respectable phenomena, the contrarieties of taste, and the heating discussions and dissensions arising therefrom, and above all—But this is anticipating.

The day arrived—the evening approached. I, of course, was to be one of the party. Tom was unusually erratic; his wife was equally unsettled, and the scion was like a ball of wildfire. Of necessity, everything went wrong during the day; there was an utter suspension of domestic routine; the ceremony of breakfast lasted, with sundry intermissions, upwards of two hours; dinner was a perfect farce,—in fact, I was an isolated being, and thrown upon my own resources during the entire day. At seven o'clock we were summoned by the appearance at the door of a snug vehicle, which was exactly large enough to hold four, and then off we were whirled to the cottage of the renowned Wigginses.

“Mr. and Mrs. Gossett,” proclaimed the servant, and in we all walked into a spacious room, presenting a collection of neat and respectable-looking individuals, some of whose appearance may be cursorily described. Our valued host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, claim precedence in this enumeration. Wiggins was a round, shortish, florid, smiling, nice old fellow, presenting an exterior of almost professional respectability, comprising the characteristic blackness and whiteness and tightness and cleanness, with, in addition, an amiable and shiny naturalness, individually and particularly his own. The temperament of our friend was of the most genial description, presenting an attractiveness which only the most unaffected simplicity of character, and the most exuberant goodness of heart, can, with other minor combinations, secure. His fault was that he was an amateur violin-player.

Mrs. Wiggins was one of those persons who please everybody,—in fact, just the sort of character that her husband deserved as a wife. Like him, she had devoted herself assiduously to the cultivation of musical art, and was, as may be supposed, to officiate as the pianiste of this eventful evening. Mrs. Wiggins was stout, but winning.

The *salon* was arranged with all the needful appliances for an amateur concert. The pianoforte was turned inside out, and was surrounded by a number of musical desks, garnished each with wax candles, and a chair attached, upon or against which lay or stood a musical instrument of one description or other, together comprising violins of the required different sizes, flutes, clarionet, &c. The first thing the scion did, on entering the room, was to go and fumble about among the fiddles: he flew to them with instinctive impetuosity, and was soon imbedded in the little orchestra. The party further consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, the former tall, thin, and intellectual, the latter an animated pincushion in appearance, but possessing, as Mrs. Wiggins informed my friends, “great soul.” Mr. Simpson was to take the second violin. Major Starkie and his daughter next presented themselves: the major was one of those benevolent people who are always forward to impart edification to all sorts of their fellow-creatures, and, without pretending to be himself a performer, made up for the deficiency by extemporising verbally and volubly upon the subject uppermost in the general mind upon this occasion: “instructor general” was written on his brow, and with the manner of a gentleman and the heart of a wiseacre, he took me aside, soon after

the introduction, and conferred some oracular communications which I was conscientiously bound to respect, inasmuch as they were upon the various points referred to corroborative of the stereotyped dogmas of the day. His daughter was a perfect specimen of the English lady,—quiet, graceful, observant, and conversible, and evidently qualified to enjoy to its utmost extent the intellectual repast in store for us.

Mrs. Wiggins was indefatigable in dispensing the needful *agrémens* among her guests, especially to our party, to whom she was remarkably solicitous in conveying an adequate appreciation of the several personages assembled. Mr. Wiggins himself had enough to do in superintending the order of the entertainments. Our revered host was to be the Viola of the evening: the violoncello was undertaken by Mr. Scott Bell, and the flute by Mr. Pinkerton.

The general attention was directed to the performers, all of whom, however, were in a state of suspense and uneasiness in consequence of the non-appearance of the first violin, Mr. Kanteler, the most important character. At length, after some considerable delay, the lion of the evening was announced, and in walked the great Kanteler. His entrance was the signal for general recognition, and he was at once hailed as the central functionary of the musical circle. He was a spare, middle-sized man, with great apparent elaboration of costume. His head was well shaped, visage thin—hair the same—rather pock-marked, large goggle eyes, the merest modicum of languid whisker, underhung mouth, long chin; and “the inheritor himself,” encompassed in a blue coat with brass buttons, protecting an embroidered waistcoat, and an interior confluence of costly embellishment in quality of studs, chains, and divers intricate appendages, betokening the eccentricity of taste which usually marks the provincial lion: his lower proportions, which, under the restrictive authority of modern fashion were denied the privilege of illustrating the gentleman's taste in decorative art, were, nevertheless, punctilio itself, and his cravat was a perfect picture—white, inflexible, and of uncompromising depth, and consequently height, to the extent of invading the lower extremities of his ears, each of which curled up from the encroachment with an effect entirely unique. His most remarkable peculiarity, however, was the breadth and prominence of his wristbands, which bore undeniable evidence to the daring inveteracy with which he had equipped himself for the all-important *rôle* assigned to him by his devoted compeers. He walked up to Mrs. Wiggins, and seated himself beside her, when a series of whispering mutualities ensued, marked by irrepressible emphasis and anxiety on the one part, and the most imperturbable and dignified coolness on the other. As the lady poured into his ears the burthen of all her secret solitudes at that critical moment, and as the depth of feeling with which her musical soul was preparing to be agitated was apparent in the gentle undulations of her respected breast, the great Kanteler maintained the immoveable aspect which he wore on first entering the room. At the termination of this portentous *tête-à-tête*, Major Starkie walked up to the accomplished man, and addressed him in a delightful tone of confraternity, which Kanteler returned with the same stolid serenity as before. The major indulged his propensity to impart knowledge in his interview with

Kanteler, not to the extent of presuming to offer anything acceptable to the latter in the way of connoisseurship, which would in all probability have been received with withering disdain, but contented himself with at once asserting his originality and exempting the lion from any wound to his vanity, by simply discoursing to him on the subject of some newly-imported fiddlestrings, which a friend of his had, as cigar smokers often confess to you, just obtained with great difficulty and by very particular favour. The major's daughter then accosted Kanteler, upon which the latter rose, and a similar abortive attempt on the part of that lady was made to "draw him out." The mind was evidently pre-occupied; and a quiet signal from Mr. Wiggins withdrew him to the orchestra, where he was forthwith installed as leader. Whereupon commenced the tuning business, introduced with a series of whimprings and gruntings of the short duration desirable by reason of the extreme agony they appeared to express, and assimilating at last to what might be expected from a chorus of guinea-pigs trying to get up a rational conversation. The word was given by the scion, who stood behind Kanteler for the purpose of turning over the leaves of the "master" as occasion required.

The first burst was a signal for the deadest silence among the audience, and the most lively noisiness on the part of the performers. It was the first out-and-out thing of the kind I had ever witnessed, and I must in candour avow that the effect of the first piece was to excite me irresistibly to laughter: especially at the constant pattering of the tiddy-tiddy-tiddy-tum, with its graduated tones, first from the first violin, with his intermittent scream, then from his junior brother the second violin, then with the sonorous accents of uncle tenor (Wiggins), and capped by the climax of old grandfather grumbletonian, whose freaks of ponderous agility had the effect of representing the violoncello, to my unpractised observation, as one of the funniest old fellows I had ever met with. The performers seemed, I thought, all to understand each other, and managed to inspire the audience, at least, with a due sense of the untiring perseverance displayed by the composer in chasing an idea in a circle whenever he got hold of one. The finale to the first quintette went off with exceedingly audible *éclat*, and the performers, one and all (excepting the leader) looked pretty considerably burnished up by their exertions. Mr. Wiggins smoothed his glowing frontispiece, and looked for all the world like a good boy who had had a pommelling and felt the better for it; there was a happy tearful expression which implied exultation at having confronted danger, and joy at having honourably escaped from it: he looked first at Kanteler and smiled, but that obdurate hero was sympathy-proof still. The look went round to the others, and was by them congenially met, especially by Pinkerton, who feeling very proud of what he had himself achieved, indulged in a self-eulogy in shape of a hearty panegyric on the efficiency pretended to have been displayed by the benign Wiggins. Upon scrutinizing further, it was apparent that the harmony of the entertainment was not altogether free from alloy. Mr. Simpson, the second violin, somehow or other, in his executive capacity, had had the misfortune to forfeit the confidence of Kanteler; the melancholy fact was evinced by the peculiar flush visible on Simpson's cheek. Unlike the glow

of honourable acquittal which garnished the countenances of the others, it clearly evidenced that consuming feeling of heat which a sense of shame produces : he attempted to speak to the leader, but a guilty falter impeded every effort ; whilst, on the other hand, the offended chief kept him inexorably at bay. An interval then followed, during which some low-toned intercommunications passed among the amateurs, and some casual interchanges of opinion among the rest of the party. The flute went and sat by his sister, an unmarried-looking lady whose first impression on an ordinary mind would be 'twere best to have nothing to do with her, but who, nevertheless, improved on acquaintance, for I found in her conversation more than I had given her credit for, both of amiability and intelligence. I was altogether the better for my colloquy with her, as it certainly relieved in me a sort of painful feeling of incapacity to appreciate the performances of the evening as they might deserve ; a feeling which has, doubtless, often been experienced by others similarly situated to myself.

The next performance was a duet between Pinkerton and Mrs. Wiggins. The lady took her seat at the piano, the scion stood at her right, Mrs. Simpson (the great soul) at her left, and the shepherd in the background with his solitary pipe. The piece consisted of a splashing introduction, which seemed to illustrate a game of blindman's-buff set to music, the one groping after something and never catching anything, accompanied by a din and clamour from the other, productive of that sort of harmony called "singing in the ears, which went far to excuse the ineffectiveness of the struggling Mr. P., resulting from such very noisy co-operation. Nevertheless, *some* more significant impression was produced. Mrs. Simpson, during the slow movement," as it was called, made a slow movement with her head from ear to ear, and looked like a person in all the ecstasies of weeping without the indecorous intrusion of a tear, forcibly illustrating the sentiment that

" To some, the meanest flute that blows
Give thoughts that lie almost too deep for tears."

The scion went fiercely to work with turning over the leaves, and conducted that operation with a singleness of purpose gracefully tempered with an affecting gurgle or two wherever the finer emotions were appealed to. Major Starkie, too, found something in the performance to be excited about, and showers of compliments were lavished upon both artists at the conclusion. Mr. Wiggins looked nicer now than ever ; his general pleasing expression gaining the accession of a new charm indicating the conjugal pride which he felt at witnessing the success achieved by his wife, and the warm acknowledgment which it secured. Nothing particular occurred until the subsequent performance ; the only thing that excited my notice being the frequent furtive glances cast at Kanteler by the disgraced Simpson, who looked so very much as if he couldn't help it, that I really couldn't help looking very much at the cruel oppressor, hoping by the fixedness of my gaze, and what I flattered myself to be the severity of my frown, to elicit from him something like an indication of remorse for the inhumanity he had exhibited,—but no, the stern heart was impenetrable.

The next invocation was the scion on the violin. This outpouring presented the concentrated essence of the young genius's moral, intel-

lectual, and sentient energies. The mechanical faculties of the brain, the sympathy, such as it was, which essayed to interpret the train of thought, or strain of rhapsody, or combination of both, or of neither, such as they might be,—the fervour of youthful ambition—the mis-giving intensity of the tyro—were all and each displayed here in the full tide of operation. My friend Gossett and his wife were, of course, charmed; and, so far as the plaudits of the general company could contribute, the scion's success was complete; but a smile from Kanteler would have transcended them all—one kind look, one encouraging glance from the icy autocrat would have “outweighed” a “whole theatre of others.” The youngster was standing in a misty state of involuntary self-gratulation by Major Starkie, who happened to be speaking to Kanteler and said “that youngster *can* play.” “No he can't,” was the answer, “and never will. See,” added he, with crushing contempt, “see how he places his thumb upon the neck.” Unhappily the youth overheard this; the consequence was, he was a piping ninepin for the evening. No more turning over leaves for Kanteler—

“No more his soul a charm in fiddling finds,
Fiddling hath charms alone for peaceful minds.”

To relieve his bursting heart, he imparted this to Simpson, to whom it afforded evident relief. Companionship in sorrow at once elicits and destroys the power of suffering: Simpson's growing vindictiveness towards his persecutor assumed a less selfish character; he forgot his own ignominy in his friend's, and from being the victim of Kanteler he had now risen to be the champion of the scion. The performances proceeded, and instead of producing that enjoyment which is, or should be the object of such assemblages, it was evident that disappointments, frustrations, indignities, wanton opposition, “faint praise,” and other acrimonious niceties, too numerous to specify, were here invading the musical *sanctum* to the destruction of that harmony which in a social *reunion* ought always to exist; more especially where the pretensions are really all of one class, as on this occasion; for, as I learned from Miss Pinkerton, in a second interchange of ideas, just before the finale, this Kanteler was, as a violin player, *very much below mediocrity!* He possessed, it appeared, great flexibility, and could do some of the most “difficult tricks” on the instrument. He could make a great noise in lieu of extracting a fine tone, finger with rapidity but not with articulateness, could stop in time but not in tune, and could distinguish between the *adagio* and *allegro* better than between the sublime and the ridiculous, minute not comprehensive, precise without soul or imagination, his interpretation of the effusions of a composer worthy of better celebration might without disparagement be compared to the far-famed poulterer's description of the phoenix, “It was green and yellow, red and blue. He did not let us off for a single feather.”

By the time we sat down to supper I was fairly beaten. We had been for four mortal hours listening, as I at last gathered, to villanously bad music, compelled to sit still and not speak a word, excepting at lucid intervals; witness the very inharmonious exhibitions of jealousy, temper, and pride, which had so sadly marred what I had anticipated as a scene of rare enjoyment,—and all for what? For the indulgence (so I reasoned), for the indulgence of a mania which is unprofitable enough when confined to the infected few, but when regarded in connection with the silent sufferings of thousands of unwilling votaries,

such as I was at this Wiggins's musical party, may be emphatically pronounced to be a grievance and a pest.

At supper however I at last came out, and glad enough to do it, pent up as I had been all the evening. "Throw music to the dogs," was the irresistible impulse; and we went to't like French falconers. The laugh went round, and only halted when it came to Kanteler, who was a sort of thin Dombey, sustained in his infamous supremacy, not by any inherent merit in himself, but by the blindness of his devotees, by the confounded infatuation of those deluded amateurs,—“Were there no stones in heaven but what serve for the thunder?” My utmost ingenuity was taxed, and severely; but I hit at last on an expedient which succeeded in mollifying the austerities of this little emperor. Miss Starkie, the major's daughter, was, as I have before indicated, a charming woman; she sat on my right: Miss Pinkerton, my sometime *confidante*, on the left; the latter hinted to me that Kanteler was, beneath his waistcoat, a great admirer of the other lady. I soon ascertained that my fair neighbour on my right was of opinion with myself that Kanteler deserved to be eminently gibbeted for his aristocratic, unkind demeanour towards his satellites that evening. Through the infallible aid of champagne, under my most prudential administration, and the most skilful performance of the kind, “on the part of Miss Starkie,” ever witnessed on any stage, the result was the gradual conversion of a stone idol, or a Tussaud figure, into a *man*. Female influence had at length succeeded in probing the breast which the strains of melody had never softened, and in awakening the solitary chord which it appeared was only accessible to the magical finger of Miss Starkie; to say nothing of the Bacchanalianism to which Mr. Kanteler had been subjected through my instrumentality, the efficacy of which, if such there were, was, at all events, greatly subordinate to that more spiritual agency under which our Malvolio redivivus exhibited himself in mind, though not in stockings, as the abject slave of a merciful, but mischief-loving woman.

“At the *conversazione*?” whispered Kanteler, as he handed his enamorata into her carriage.

“Yes,” answered the lady.

“*Au revoir*,” minced the melting swain with ineffable grace, as the window drew up, and the enchantress drove off.

The party then dispersed. I mounted the box with a dreadnought which dear old Wiggins *would* lend me—had one of those choice cigars obtained with great difficulty, and by very particular favour—and the last thing remembered, as my willing head sought forgetfulness on the grateful pillow, was a *rifacimento* of confused maxims, ending with

“Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

when off I went like a top, and never awoke until half past ten the next day, in the course of which, by the bye, I had the gratification of receiving an invitation to Mrs. Wiggins's approaching *conversazione*.

MADRILENIA ;

OR,

TRUTHS AND TALES OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

 Cada loco con su tema.—*Spanish Proverb.*

VILLAGE DANCE.—BOADILLA.—MADRID.—SIGHTS.—BALLET.—DOS DE MAYO.
 —BUEN RETIRO.—CARLIST CONSPIRACY.—MUSEO.—THEATRE.—TALE.

THE moon we had seen rising on the hill illuminated the courtyard as we entered, and discovered a motley scene. The villagers, seated on the ground, formed two sides of a square, which the angle of the wall completed. Three guitar players, hired for the occasion, twanged a variety of airs, sometimes accompanied by an amateur flute-player. The trees of the garden on the other side of the wall hung over, forming a network, and the ladies and men were dancing a quadrille. The gentlemen of the counter performed every manner of step, the *pas de Basque* and the *entrechât* were evidently familiar to them, and these "gents" of Spain were not very dissimilar to those whom we have seen merry-making at Vauxhall and other places of amusement. In the polka that succeeded verily we found, that there is little new to us; they squared their elbows, threw back their heads and danced furiously and out of tune, even as their British archetypes. Again a quadrille succeeded, in which I had the honour of taking a part; and as I danced, the garlic remarks of the spectators that were wafted to my ears and nose were rather frank than flattering. "Look at the *estrangero*," murmured one, in a stage-whisper: "can he compare to Antonio?" This gentleman was the shoemaker aforesaid, who danced with the heavy antics of a bear. "No," responded the speaker's wife, "he is *blando*," an expression applied to a bull that will not fight, and, as a roar of laughter was thus raised at my expense, I was not sorry to find the dance had drawn to a close. Now a monotonous air began, and the click of the merry castañets became audible. A child sat by the player, and chanted a song to the tune, while, after a short stir amidst the villagers, every one stood up to dance a *seguidilla*.

An uncommonly monotonous tune is the *seguidilla*, and when played it is ever accompanied, according to custom, by the voice of a little girl or boy, who howls a ballad set to its music. The words, I regret to say, were of a very improper tendency, but no one seemed the least shocked; for the air of this dance, with the words, being of ancient usage, and in Spain, as Catholic as its rulers, use, that second nature, has modified their meaning, and Spaniards hear the words without thinking of them more than we regard some rather free passages of Shakspeare or of Burns. The dancers in this national *baile* are placed in a square, somewhat as in a common

quadrille, and their whole duty consists in a slow *balancé* to their partners, turning round at certain portions of the air, and doing the same with their neighbours. I had frequent opportunities of seeing this performance; for if at any time a wandering *tocador de guitarra* chanced to play in the courtyard of the house where I was staying, in the hope of earning a *peseta*, the villagers, unasked, would flock together at the sound, like bees at the tinkling of the attractive frying-pan, and immediately commence their favourite amusement.

The ball was over, and, as we bent our steps homeward, our conversation naturally fell on the *franqueza* of Spain in general, and the scene we had just quitted in particular. My host gave me much information on this topic. If your shoemaker, tailor, or tradesman of any kind, I found, should happen to enter your room while you are eating, by custom you are bound to invite him, nay, to press him to partake of your repast. Should you neglect to do this, you would be considered as ill bred, not only by the man himself but by society in general. It of course remains with him to accept your offer or not, but, as your importunity might induce him to avail himself of your mahogany, the best way is to avoid the necessity of the invitation, by receiving him in an empty room.

Next day at evening some other guests arrived, and another *burricada*, but on a larger scale, was designed. A *burricada* is a donkey party, such as we had practised the preceding evening. When a large number of persons join at one of these undertakings donkeys may perhaps be scarce, consequently the ladies alone are mounted, while the gentlemen are severally allotted to them in the capacity of donkey-boys. The latter beat the donkey, lead him or lean on him as fancy may incline them, and sometimes when returning home, under cover of a dark night, the cavaliers may perchance gallantly leap on the extremity of the donkey, whose only trappings are a blanket-covered frame of wood, extending the whole length of his back, and with their arms support their *protégées*, naturally fatigued after a long ride.

The object of our journey on this occasion was a *château*, named Boadilla, belonging to the Countess of Chinchon, a daughter of Godoy. The approach to it was magnificent, over hills, and through clusters of trees so thick as to enable even grass to grow beneath their shade; we scrambled over heath and moorland, and it was long after we had been told we had entered the domain belonging to the castle, that we approached the house itself.

As two or three of us had straggled behind our party we at last found ourselves erring and without a guide. We accordingly stopped at a cottage to inquire our way of a woman, aged about forty, whom we found there. One of the party approached her civilly and asked the question. No answer was returned. She must be deaf, he thought, and spoke louder; still no answer to his inquiry. The good lady, however, began talking loudly, but very little to the purpose. The noise attracted a little girl to the spot, who, asking my friend what he wanted, on his telling her, held up her face to her mother, and seemed to talk, but very slowly and inaudibly. The latter, by watching the motions of her child's lips, gathered their meaning, and answered it by volunteering to accompany us, together with her daughter as interpreter. It appeared

that, some years previously, an attack of illness had deprived her of her faculty of hearing, so that even the loudest *escopeta* might be discharged in her presence without her perceiving it, and that this daughter alone could make her understand. All her other qualities, mental as well as physical, had been spared, and she talked and walked as fast as any of us.

Our deaf conductor having taken us a short cut, we caught up our party as they were regaling themselves on fruit and other luxuries in the great hall of the castle, and, after having imitated their example, we commenced our examination of the place.

The house is a very fine structure, of what reign or order of architecture I know not. It is about the size of the Horseguards, but higher, standing in terraces and gardens, delightful to behold, in which trees laden with apricots abounded. Inside, among the curiosities, were an ancient set of Virginals, some Murillos, and a few highly-coloured English prints of the battles of Marlborough, purchased probably for a few pence. The prettiest thing by far was the chapel of the house, a little marble dome, supported by Corinthian columns, and ornamented by profuse scrollwork. The altar was exquisitely carved, as well as the large white marble crucifix that was placed on it, while the picture, a Madonna, was the work of some soft Italian artist.

No light was admitted beyond the subdued rays that shone through the skylight in the dome, and the effect was very beautiful and holy. The infant was represented as looking at the Virgin with the confidence of a child, whilst his gaze, earnest and fixed on her countenance, betokened the spirit that was working within. The sainted mother in the altar-piece looked with such love upon her divine offspring, pressed to her bosom, that you scarce could fancy it inanimate. Affection beamed from her eyes in rays and love for her infant, for the God who raised her above women, and for her fellow-creatures. She was indeed the dream of loveliness and sanctity. I looked upon the figure, and I saw the being whom our neighbours are supposed to worship; the Mediatrix whom to honour, according to some, is to idolize, and I could not wonder at the miracles she was supposed to perform, nor condemn those who would believe on them; for, as I beheld this poetic representation, my spirit revolted at the tyranical shackles, by which a Protestant faith forbids its disciples from yielding homage to the most favoured amongst maidens, and prevents them from worshipping with the painter the gentle influence whose direct interposition had, as the guide informed us, assisted him in transferring on the canvas the face that had visited him in a vision.

The whole domain was to be sold; thirty thousand acres of ground, three villages, a feudal castle in the neighbourhood, and a convent were all to be disposed of. The upset price was about a hundred thousand pounds for the whole, but I was told that one might, by a judicious bargain, purchase it for about thirty thousand. Though land is cheap in Spain, money is scarce, and this "eligible property" may perhaps long be unoccupied, and even fall into ruin, ere a purchaser or a tenant can be found.

The next day, in walking about the garden, I discovered a method of irrigation I have never seen before, called, I believe, the *honorie*. On an artificial mound, at the north side, was a horizontal

wheel, urged by a blinded mule to a perpetual state of revolution. The motion of this wheel by a cog turned another wheel let perpendicularly into a spring of water. This second wheel is covered with gourd-like earthen pots, which throw water into a tank, as it is raised from the well, and this reservoir divides itself into streams, which meander through the garden, and are never empty. The poor mule, tied up to the shafts of the wheel, is obliged to move the whole of the day, as a small bell is tied to his neck, which he jangles in his circumscribed walk, and if for one instant the bell relaxes its sound, an *arré perro*, or a curse, resounds from some distant corner, where the gardener may be at work. If he be asleep, the sudden cessation of the sound rouses him, so the poor beast never escapes an anathema. In the evening, as we were walking near the house the scene I saw was most scriptural. At the fountain were gathered the maidens of the village, who had come to draw their store of water for their supper and to canvass the events of the past day. They offered us from their picturesque water-jars a drink, which I gladly accepted, for in Spain I had become a confirmed water-drinker. I tried to continue this laudable practice in England, but the decoction of dead cats and tadpoles that London furnishes has prevented my putting my good intentions into effect.

On my return home I found that the post had brought me some letters. Twice a-week the post visits places six miles from Madrid, whither, if Madrid were London, it would go six times in the day, at least. These letters shortened my stay in Spain; and as I felt obliged to see Aranjuez, the Escorial, and the sights of Madrid before my departure, I took leave of my kind friends the next morning. I left them with deep regret, and pressed by repeated invitations to return. Of these invitations I availed myself frequently; but in these pages they will appear no more; and as a farewell from a distant land, I now again thank them for their kindness to the stranger, for the pleasant hours and happy days he spent in their society.

Mine host and myself rose at early morning to walk to Madrid. It is necessary to start at a very early hour on such occasions, owing to the sun that so soon reaches its intensest heat. In the walk a phenomenon which is owing to the purity of the atmosphere struck me forcibly, Madrid, at the distance of six miles, did not appear to be at a greater distant than half a mile. Blind as I am, with my glasses, which place my sight on a level to the ordinary eye of mortals, I could plainly see the city, its streets, nay, its very windows. This same purity of air is the great incentive to smoking. A room may have been filled with smokers for hours, and the next morning, unlike the smoking-rooms of other countries, not a trace remains of the orgy the room has so long witnessed. The smoke meeting no opposition from the air floats unchecked into space, whereas in colder climes the clammy atmosphere curbs its attempts to rise, and forces it to return to the furniture, coats, and hair of those who have originated it.

On returning to Madrid I sacrificed myself to sights for a long time. Why is one obliged to see sights? It is a horrid bore, and yet such is the weakness, the culpable weakness of human nature, that if any one asks human nature on her return from travel whether she has seen any particular celebrity at some place where she has been,

human nature will either blush when saying no, or worse than anything, H. N. may perhaps tell a fib. And yet she may be much annoyed at being marched from sight to sight, for nothing is more tiring than being forced to see pictures in a heap, or dead bones, or fine buildings, as though you hired yourself for the day, and felt obliged to take the most out of yourself for the money. Oh! how often have I in my heart cursed Guide-books, which teach your friends at home how to catechize you, and leave you no excuse for the neglect of anything. But fate and folly urge me on, and I must see things that are to be seen. Working your way up the Calle de Alcalá, you see a fine building—what is it, you ask, of Mr. Ford, and, opening him, he tells you it is the fine quadrilong, former "*Aduana*, or custom-house, built in 1769 for Charles III., by Lieut-Gen. Sabatini, R.A." He then goes on to inform you that two fronts are ignoble, and who it was that carved the reliefs; but really, with Mr. Ford's permission, I cannot follow him, I must mark out a course for myself. Is it possible to stop at every building?—am I an historian seeking to rout out a new light from a topographical position?—or even a novelist in search of a description for a murder? No. Let me find a few things myself, and leave poky streets, and recondite pictures to the researches of antiquarians and clever men. Now let me step into the *Café Suizo* and take a *sorbete* before I start.

I enter the *café*, and am reclining in the cool of the shuttered windows, when I see my little friend, Ernest, of the diligence, gesticulating to a waiter. He recognises me, and comes towards me. How delightful! I had quite forgotten that it is Monday, and there is another bull-fight, which report says is to be a splendid one,—so internally thanking my stars for the respite, I walk with my jolly little friend, and, despite our lateness, we manage to secure good seats.

I am not about to recapitulate the scene, only to mention one or two novelties which occurred, and which gave this bull-fight "a melancholy satisfaction."

A bull rushed in roaring, and as usual charged a *picador*. The latter having slackened the horse's rein, and not having placed the lance properly in rest, was attacked at a disadvantage, and the bull's horn taking him by the thigh, he was hurled high in air, and crashed upon the ground; ere assistance could arrive the beast had again tossed the prostrate man. An *alguazil* within the two partitions was leaning over and giving directions in a very pompous voice, making trouble where there was none, and looking very hot and angry, the bull jumped over the first barrier, and as the *alguazil* was holding forth quietly, pitched him over into the arena. Both the sufferers subsequently recovered, but strange to say the *alguazil* was the more injured of the two.

The Spaniards present had not been so pleased with a sight for a very long time, for the bulls had latterly been very chary of human life. On leaving, my little friend Ernest, who ever had his eyes about him, drew my attention to many things I had before noticed, but which he pleasantly turned into ridicule. The officers seemed to come under his immediate hatred. Children, on entering the army, are raised to high rank over the heads of greyhated men. Like Waverley, I believe many join the army as captains. I certainly saw a lieutenant-colonel of five-and-twenty; and he was de-

claiming against the injustice of the government, their obtuseness as regarded his merits, for could it be believed, he had been seven years in the service ere he had attained his present rank. He was decorated, however, I should think, to his heart's desire.

I once saw him coming from a *besamanos*, a *levée* of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, bearing ten crosses, of which three were embroidered on his coat, an accumulation of distinction more agreeable, perhaps, than useful. Crosses at Madrid, I believe, are profusely bestowed, as on grand occasions everybody who applies is decorated, and the foreign ambassadors are requested to furnish a list, of their friends, who all receive titles of some kind. Some ambassador, on some occasion, I was informed, had sent in a list of sixty-five friends, who all received marks of the royal favour, many of them being his private relations, who had never visited Spain at all, and whom, perhaps, he surprised by a sudden letter enclosing the patent of a baron, or at least an ornamented cross. This must be an agreeable manner of making a birthday or Christmas present.

After a dinner at Lardy's, a poor imitation of a French *restaurant's*, Ernest insisted on my accompanying him to the Grand Opera to see a *competencia* I think it is called. It was a grand display in dancing, La Nena and Vargas, the two great *danceuses*, were to perform, and all Madrid, speaking figuratively, was to be there. All its beauty, all its fashion, was assembled. The Duchess of A—, the *lionne* of the place, gleamed in her box resplendent, while satellite *pollo*s revolved in her neighbourhood. My Irish friend sat in the stalls in ecstasy throughout, and little Ernest and myself was placed behind him. The curtain slowly rose, and discovered the ramparts of Zaragoza.

Interesting groups of peasants were placed around the stage in *tableaux*, engaged in executing capital punishment on each other. By this I do not wish to imply that they were committing wanton assaults or breaches of the peace, but that every one was represented perpetrating a necessary massacre amongst the inhabitants of their neighbour's heads.

Booms a distant gun, and they suspend their employments for a moment and listen. Again the heavy sound is carried through the air, and it must be plain to everybody that an enemy is approaching. The men, as loyal males should, fly to their arms with gestures of the most determined and ferocious daring, but as their wives and sweet-hearts cling to them in a *chassé*, they *poussette* themselves into hesitation till a *pas de Basque* softens them entirely. Then the Aragonese dance, the *Jota Aragonesa* strikes up, there luckily being two blind musicians at hand, as the required article is always ready on the stage at the right moment. To render the illusion complete on this occasion the two performers, one playing a violin, the other a mandolin, had been procured from the street,—two genuine street musicians. The band also played charmingly, La Nena and La Vargas excelled themselves. The Nena's forte is her springiness,—the Vargas' her languor, and the dance is very soft and fascinating. After gliding through steps with a graceful action of the arms they both suddenly stop, and taking hold of the skirts of their garments festoon them just above the knee. The *corps-de-ballet* then join, and repeat the figure *en masse*. During the dance, at certain intervals of the music, the men sprang to their arms, but with a rapid after

thought returned to the dancing, then rushed forward on one leg and fired off their guns, and returned on the other to their partners. The booming of the cannons continued during the whole scene, till at length with one last festooning the curtain fell. The applause almost equalled that of the bull-fight. Don Roberto roared again, and little Ernest, the most supple man that ever lived, in his delight unconsciously placed his heel over his shoulder.

After this the youth of Madrid assembled in the *couloir* to smoke papers till the next dance, a national dance, very active and graceful, which lasted for about ten minutes, when, after another interval, the French *ballet* began. Mlles. Sophie Fuoco and Guy Stephan, were the heroines, and their well-known faces and old steps, combined with the tolerable playing of the French and Italian orchestra, reminded one of London scenes. The theatre, however, quite *désillusioned* one, it was about the size of the Lyceum, miserably lighted, with its stalls uncushioned. The *ballet* was the *Fille du feu*. When all was over we adjourned, talking over the comparative merits of the dancers, and unanimously awarding the palm to the ethereal Vargas, whom on entering the *Suizo* we beheld drinking a mixture of beer and lemonade with some of her numerous *soupirants*.

A party was assembled in one corner of the upper apartment making merry. Amongst them I recognized a friend, who, *ore tundo*, came towards me to relate the history of the company in which we found him. It appears very incredible, but he assured me, as did his companions, of the truth of the narrative he was about to relate, and as he was neither a Spaniard, Frenchman, or foreigner of any kind, I was bound to believe him. It appeared that he and his friends had been to a *tertulia*, where a little difference on that trite subject, the fair sex, had arisen. Adjourning with some companions to the Prado they had fought with small swords beneath the light of our old friend the moon, who had lately reappeared, and one of them, who wore his arm in a sling, having been slightly wounded, they betook themselves to the *café*—

“ If any care or pain remain, to drown it in the bowl.”

I heard the story canvassed next day, and no one appeared surprised: they might have been quizzing a foreigner, but from all I could gather it seemed that though such encounters were not exactly of every-day occurrence they were too frequent to create any great astonishment.

A nightmare hung over me on retiring to bed. Another day had passed—*diem perdidit!*—I had not seen the lions. Like the dagger of Damocles, museums, churches, and tombs, hung suspended over my head ready to crush me. Deep hollow voices proceeding from them said, “ Have you seen us ? ” And a guilty conscience reluctantly murmured, “ No.”

“ The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,”

rose up in judgment against me, and moved me to contrition.

Repentant I made a resolution never again to stay so long in a city without paying my homage to its municipal deities, for horrible, indeed, is their vengeance when aroused. My troubled spirit breathed

a vow to discharge my debt on the morrow, and with a last glare of their vitreous eyes, vanishing they left me to repose. As morning gradually broke I prepared to fulfil my promise, and finding a ready companion, I started on my journey. I wandered first through heaps of dreary pictures in the Academy of San Fernando, and having sufficiently admired everything, I again had to start on my travels. The marbles are remarkably good, and lumps of silver and of copper continue to excite the cupidity which caused a lump of pure gold to be stolen.

The Prado we have already visited, but in doing so I omitted to point out the monument of the massacre of the 2d of May, 1808, known conventionally as the *Dos de Mayo*. Yearly the Spaniards, nursing in their breasts the hatred for the destroyers, celebrate the anniversary of the treacherous slaughter; and in their hearts, years after the name of the wantonly cruel Murat shall have been swept from the memory of man, the Madrilenians will treasure the names of Louis Daoiz and Pedro Belarde, the champions on the mournful day.

Following Ford's rules we then proceeded to the Buen Retiro, originally laid out by Gil Blas' patron, the Conde Duque. Here are gardens very prettily arranged and covered with small buildings, which form banqueting-rooms and summer-houses. The principal of these buildings, surrounding a courtyard, has been made into a *gabinete topográfico*, and an *armeria*. The first of these, if I can recollect right, contained places of fortifications, and several cannons, and had specimens of armory. The most interesting of the contents was the tent of Francis I., pitched as though in an encampment. It was magnificently embroidered: a fit covering for the hero's head that so often planned glory beneath its shelter. The best armour in Madrid is, I believe, in the collection at the palace. Her Majesty being in the metropolis at the time, no one was allowed to see any part of the palace but the exterior. Walking on through the gardens you come to a cottage where you are gleefully informed you will meet with a surprise. You enter and see a hideous plaster woman, villanously manufactured, sitting at a spinning-wheel, with her foot on an adjacent cradle, while another woman near her is standing at a churn. Your guide, with a knowing look, leaves you and disappears behind a partition. You hear the sound of an iron chain rattling, and you then behold the plaster foot on the cradle moving, and in so doing discovering the ankle, which turns out to be made of common deal, the spinning-wheel turns slowly round, and the dairymaid convulsively beats imaginary milk with a slow and unsteady jerk, repeated about twice in the course of a minute. Your guide, amused beyond description at the astonishment you must necessarily have experienced by this wonderful piece of mechanism, places his fingers on his lips, and leads you softly to another small room. The shutters are half-closed, and on a settle bed reclines a plaster man in the agonies of death. A medicine phial and glass are near on a small table, and the accompaniments of a sick bed are represented to the minutest detail. The chain again clanks, unoiled hinges creak, and, with a sudden bolt, the unfortunate man sits upright in his bed—another turn of the mechanism and as suddenly he again lies down.

We leave this abode of wonder, and proceed. Here a small castel-

lated building commands a pond, containing small islands about a yard square. Miniature boats, and wooden swans, painted to resemble life, float about, but do not complete any illusion. At last we arrive at the *Belvidère*, a sort of citadel, on a mound, from the top of which there is a very good view of Madrid. As we thus proceeded we were handed from one guide to another, for the director, having, from civility to an *estrangero*, allowed me to enter even though the day was not one of those allotted to visitors, and the regular *cicerone* being absent I was transferred from one gardener to another. Luckily Spanish showmen did not require much pay, a cigar, or half *peseta*, was more than their fondest ideas aspired to.

Having been shown the wild *beastesses* which are here kept, brutes who would certainly be sent in the streets by any of their relatives in the collection of Wombwell or Van Amburgh, the heat of the day became so oppressive that I deferred all further explorations to the following morning.

Meanwhile a sensation has been created at Madrid. A Carlist conspiracy has been discovered: sixteen armed men have been found at a village near Madrid,—a gallant band ready to reconquer Spain. A fifth-rate paper, which has lately been by no means of the same persuasion, is suppressed, and the unfortunate editors exhibit ghastly countenances at the public lounges. *La corte*, the conventional name for Madrid, supposed to be the only court, or at least the only courtly court in the world, is convulsed. Deputies of small importance are whispering in corners, and young *attachés*, especially those from the states of Monaco, San Marino, and the Val d'Andorre, affect the greatest mystery. They whisper to their friends that their governments are deeply interested, and affect to have conferences with one another. They considerably avoid the society of stock-brokers, lest the length of their visages should cause a decline in the price of stock. The small *empleados*, clerks in the customs, or sub-inspectors of excise, who abound in this population of *employés*, also exhibit deep concern.

Meanwhile I go to a reception at the house of an English lady, the kindest and most hospitable of her sex, and I behold great diplomatists enjoying their rubbers or conversation, as though it were not, so to speak, a political fast-day. The representative of Monaco alone bears the traces of anxious thought. His looks haunt me,—till little Ernest, whom I afterwards meet, tells me that the conspirators, factious peasants, are arrested, and safely lodged in jail, and slips into my hand a prospectus of the suppressed journal, which is to commence again on the following Monday, and which boldly informs me, as a climax, that the "Editorial we" intend being "*mas liberales oy que ayer, mas liberales mañana que oy*," more liberal to-day than yesterday, more liberal to-morrow than to-day;—a declaration which was very satisfactory, considering that the politics of the journal had changed to every shade of opinion, from the sternest despotism to ultra-Socialism several times during the short space of twelve months.

The sun glads the world in the morning, but bears no balm to my feelings. I am to take another turn at the sights. The stony ghosts will crush me by their weight, if I do not call on them.

I visit first the Manzanares, whose bridges rival Bruges, but whose waters would not drown a cat. I walk round the outside of

the palace, the presence of majesty forbidding a visit to the interior. Its size is magnificent, its courts are spacious, its pillars innumerable as its windows, and its architecture bold. It contains lodgings for hundreds, and not only does the royal family reside here, but in one of its chambers the Cortes hold their sessions until their own house is completed. The nether house has since, I believe, been finished, but the chambers for the commonalty in all countries take some time in building. I visit the stables, of immense extent; I see carriages and hearses; I see mules and horses, but nothing extraordinary in any. The palace and its immediate vicinity not only form a parish, but a diocese. The spiritual arrangements are conducted by a patriarch, who ranks as a primate, and has a large staff of clergy under him. I see the metropolitan of all Spain, the Archbishop of Toledo. His revenues are now curtailed; his influence can no longer raise or depose the rulers of the land; but, were he called to power, he would indeed become it. Kindness beamed from his face, and a calm dignity sat well with his pontifical robes, — the charity of the pastor and the presence of a prince.

I now bend my way with Ernest to the *Museo*, which contains the finest collection of pictures, I believe, that exists. It would be in vain to describe its extent or its richness; my little companion, passionately fond of his art, kept me there the whole day, and made it pass most pleasantly. He pointed out recondite beauties, and led me to corners, where lay small gems, in a bad light, unheeded, amidst the thousands that surrounded them, but which to an artist's eye shone forth priceless. If I pass the pictures lightly over, it is not because I think lightly of them, but I do not feel qualified to speak of specimens of art to which volumes could not do justice.

The pictures are divided into national schools, and the ancient Spanish shines forth gloriously. A little boy on horseback, of Velasquez, is splendid, and a Holy Family, by Murillo; but the pride of the place is *La Perla*, so named by Philip IV., and it is indeed a pearl beyond all price. No jewel could so well express the purity of the painting. It is by Raphael, and the subject is the Blessed Virgin.

In another gallery are some specimens of jewellery and marbles. Tables of lapis lazuli and valuable stone of every description, render this room a fairy chamber. It is the Arabian magnificence that must have burst on the sight of the Calender who fell amongst the forty beauties.

Up-stairs is a *galeria reservada*, on which I shall discreetly hold my pen, and maintain the same reserve, that characterises the Madrikenian authorities. It is sufficient to say, that here is a collection of *Ledas*, *Venuses*, Judgments of Paris, and other equally primeval subjects. There are certainly some of later date, ladies of more modern times, but who have sought their fashions from Olympus.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND,
SISTER OF HENRY VIII.*

WE should consider ourselves guilty of presumption were we to attempt to dictate what should be the topics that ought to exercise the pen of so meritorious an author as Miss Strickland; but we confess that we have been somewhat disappointed on opening this volume, and finding that her *Lives of the "Queens of Scotland"* commences so far down as with that of Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV. The paucity of materials from which to construct any such biographical details as these we have hinted at, is, in all probability, the reason why our not unnatural anticipations have been frustrated.

Let us endeavour to console ourselves for the disappointment here specified, by flattering ourselves that Miss Strickland may, at a future period, gratify her numerous admirers in the world of literature, with a volume under some such title as the following:—"Traditionary Notices of the earlier Queens of Scotland."

The present volume contains the life of Margaret Tudor, the queen of him who fell on Flodden Field; together with the life of Magdeline of France, and part of the life of Mary of Lorraine, the two successive queens of James V.

In the fifteenth century, the national enmity which had, from the earliest times, subsisted between England and Scotland, had reached its height. The attempts of the English monarchs—persevered in throughout a long period of two hundred years—to subjugate Scotland to their dominion, or, at least, to procure its acknowledgment of itself as a fief of the English crown, had met with the success which they deserved; and when the succession wars of the White and Red Roses took place, Scotland did not neglect to repay to her southern neighbour, with interest of a compound character, the innumerable acts of fraud, perfidy, and tyranny which she had experienced at her hands. "But," says Miss Strickland, "neighbours, whether they be private individuals or mighty nations, cannot systematically perpetrate long courses of mutual injuries without at times becoming aware that such employment is singularly unprofitable." The astute and sagacious mind of Henry VII. was open to this truth; and with a view to the cementing a union between the two countries; or, rather with a view to his uniting, ultimately, the two kingdoms under one crown—he, from an early period of his reign, entertained the idea of bringing about the marriage of the King of Scotland with his eldest daughter, who, in the figurative language of his councillors, "would prove the dove which was to bring to the island-kingdoms the blessings of permanent peace." Well does our authoress remark, that "the royal family of Tudor was not a nest from which doves ever sprang." Margaret was as crooked in her policy—as capricious in her temper—as turbulent in her passions—and, in some respects, as regardless of the

* *Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses, connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain.* By Agnes Strickland, author of "*Lives of the Queens of England.*" Vol. I. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1850.

bloody consequences of her counsels—as her truculent and wife-killing brother, Henry VIII.

It was in the palace of Westminster that Margaret Tudor, the eldest daughter of Henry VII, and Elizabeth of York, first saw the light. She was born November 29th, 1489, and baptized on the succeeding day. The reason of this speedy baptism was, that the 30th of November was the day of the patron saint of Scotland, St. Andrew. Previous to the baptism she was removed, with great pomp, from Westminster Palace to Whitehall; and the christening itself took place in the church near to Westminster Abbey, dedicated to St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who was at the same time her patroness and name-saint. All these coincidences had been arranged by Henry and his equally sagacious mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, with a view to the Scottish marriage. The Scottish nation were to receive, as a queen, one who was, in some sort, one of themselves.

We learn, from the account of the baptism of Margaret Tudor, that the practice of immersion—at least, on occasion of the baptism of royal infants—was then in existence. After her christening, Margaret was nursed at her mother's favourite palace of Shene, recently named Richmond by her father; and she was not beyond the term of early infancy when overtures were made for her betrothal with James IV. of Scotland. Before Margaret was born, James had attained to man's estate.

On the 2nd of April, 1501, Arthur, Prince of Wales, Margaret's brother, died. His death placed her next to the heir-apparent, her brother Henry, in succession to the English throne; and thenceforth, on that account, and with ideas of her being the means, through her descendants, of an ultimate consolidation of the two kingdoms of Scotland and England into one, floating in his brain, her father became still more anxious for the Scottish match. Nor was the Scottish council less desirous of this consummation. After much negotiation with reference to it between Fox, bishop of Durham, as Henry VII.'s minister, on the one hand, and the Earl of Bothwell, as Scottish plenipotentiary, on the other, the latter, accompanied by the Archbishop of Glasgow, went to London, and formally demanded the hand of the Princess Margaret in behalf of his sovereign. Henry grasped at the offer and when one of the lords of his privy council ventured to object to the marriage, on the score that "the Princess Margaret being next heir to her brother Henry, England might chance to become a province to Scotland," the far-seeing monarch replied, "No, the smaller will ever follow the larger kingdom." Accordingly, the "fiancels" took place, and were celebrated—we use the words of John Young, Somerset Herald, who, besides being a zealous and painstaking chronicler of all occurrences relating to the same, assisted at the ceremonial—"at the king's right royal manor of Richmond, on St. Paul's day, January 24th, 1502-3." Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, acted as proxy for the King of Scotland; and the other procurators for the marriage were the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Bishop of Murray elect.

James IV. was born in March, 1472; consequently, he was fully eighteen years older than his bride. At this part of her work Miss Strickland gives us an interesting account of his romantic attachment to, and connection with, the Lady Margaret Drummond, to whom, according to our authoress, he was actually married at the time the preceding "fiancels" took place.

James IV. is usually represented, by Scottish historians, as only thirteen or fourteen at the time of his father's death; but, in point of fact, he was fully sixteen years of age. His deep and bitter remorse, on account of that event, was, in a great measure, soothed by the continuance of his affection for Margaret Drummond. This affection was secretly hallowed by the nuptial bond; and it was only the circumstance of his requiring a dispensation from the pope, on account of near relationship, that prevented his avowing it publicly, and thereby breaking his hitherto mere political contract with the daughter of Henry VII. He was even preparing to resist his council in the matter, when a fearful tragedy occurred, which left him free, in every sense of the word, to fulfil his engagement with the English princess royal. The Lady Margaret Drummond and her two sisters, Lady Fleming and Sybella Drummond, were poisoned at breakfast at Drummond Castle! By whom this dreadful tragedy was enacted has never been satisfactorily known.

By Lady Margaret Drummond, James had a daughter, also named Margaret; and, although resident at Drummond Castle at the time of the murder of her mother and aunts, she, by some means, escaped unhurt. Distracted with grief, James went to Drummond Castle and took possession of his child; and it is a curious and remarkable fact, that had the dispensation from Rome, which James expected, reached him before the day of the fatal breakfast, this little infant would, by the laws of her country, have taken rank and station as Princess Royal of Scotland. As it was, however, James showered upon her every mark of the intensest paternal affection.

All obstacles to the real marriage of James with Margaret Tudor being now removed, the latter set forward on her journey to Scotland; and it is gratifying to know that that beloved sovereign of the Scottish nation, with whose memory so many patriotic recollections are bound up, now that the object of his first love had descended into the tomb, set himself honourably to gain the personal affections of the one who came, apparently, to supply her place. Had Margaret been, in point of age and disposition, a more suitable match for James, it is probable we should have heard of none of those illicit connections by which, during his married life, he allowed himself to be led astray. Escorted by her father, Margaret left Richmond Palace in great state, on the 16th of June, 1603, and reached Colleweston, a castle belonging to her grandmother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, on the 27th of the same month. In the great hall of this lofty pile, Henry VII. bade farewell to his favourite child, putting into her hand an illuminated missal, or hand-book of prayers, having written on it, with his own hand, the words,

“Remember y' kynde and loving fader in y' good prayers.—HENRY R.”

In another part of it was written,

“Pray for your loving fader, that gave you thys booke, and I give you at all tymes godd's blessing and myne.—HENRY R.”

Surrounded by knights and ladies, and received, wherever she passed with all the splendour and distinction to which her high rank entitled her, Margaret found herself, at last, at Berwick, where “the captain of Berwick, and his wiff, my lady Darcy”—not to speak of other high

dignitaries, both in church and state—were prepared to accompany her to Edinburgh.

Margaret was met, at Lamberton kirk, by the Archbishop of Glasgow, and a great company of Scottish nobles, deputed by their sovereign to receive her. Here, in the month of July, and on the green sward, a pavilion was placed, and refreshments for the queen of Scotland prepared.

Tradition affirms, that Margaret and James met, and were married, at Lamberton kirk; but this is not the case.

The first night that Margaret passed on Scottish ground, she slept at Fastcastle;—a fortress celebrated, among other things, as being the prototype of the Wolfcrag Tower, the residence of the Master of Ravenswood, in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." On the evening after—the 2d of August—she honoured the abbess and holy sisterhood of nuns near Haddington with a visit, partaking of their hospitality, and sleeping under their roof. The lords, and other male portion of the escort, slept at the Grey Friars of Haddington. The day after, she was at Dalkeith, where she was welcomed, "as lady and mistress," by Lord and Lady Merton. Dalkeith Castle was, at this time, a place of vast strength; and in 1543, Sir Ralph Sadler, in his despatches to Henry VIII., mentions that the donjon, or keep—in other words, the huge square tower, in the centre, which constituted the strongest part of a feudal castle, and in which the great hall and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, as well as the prison of the fortress, were situated—was called the Lion's Den. It was here that Margaret first met her gallant lord. Lady Merton conducted her, in great state, to her suite of apartments; and scarcely was she in possession of her chamber and with-drawing room, "when a hurrying sound in the quadrangle announced that some expected event had happened. The tumult ran through the castle, till it reached the ante-room of the royal suite, where the cry soon greeted the ear of Margaret—'The King, the King of Scotland has arrived!'"

On the 7th of August, Margaret entered Edinburgh. All that the princely disposition, and chivalric nature of James could do, was done to render the day of her first entrance within its walls one deserving of its being ever gratefully remembered by her. On this occasion, James, attired in grand costume, met her, half way from Edinburgh, with a gallant company.

The "right noble marriage" of the royal pair was, on the day succeeding this entrance, celebrated in the church of the Holy Cross—that is, the church of Holyrood.

If James had ever entertained any very sanguine expectations of domestic happiness with his young queen, but a very short time elapsed ere these expectations were destined to melt away. Margaret was, at this time, hardly fourteen. In a few days after her marriage, we find her writing to her father in a peevish, discontented style; speaking of her husband as "this king here," and evincing, on her part, an entire absence of any sentiment, either of affection or gratitude, toward one who, by every means in his power, had endeavoured to win her love.

Having, on Feb. 10th, 1505-6, brought, at Holyrood, an heir to the Scottish throne, Margaret's life was, for some days, in great danger. Her husband, in consequence, made a pilgrimage, on foot, to the shrine of St. Ninian, in Galloway; and there made offerings for his

afflicted partner's restoration to health. The queen gradually recovered; and found, on her recovery, that her liege lord, during the pilgrimage referred to, had renewed his acquaintance with Jane Kennedy, the mother of his son James Stuart, who, at eighteen years of age, was Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and fell, fighting, by his father's side, at Flodden Field. The renewal of this acquaintance— independent of its immoral character—was, to James, a source of much disquiet. It brought him into collision with Archibald, Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat; who—notwithstanding the notoriety of her connection with the king—was paying honourable addresses to her. The latter carried her off, and married her, in defiance of the king's opposition. Old Bell-the-Cat must have been a widower at this time; for his "boy-bishop"—his third son, the learned and accomplished Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld—was born in 1474, and was, therefore, at the period of this curious contention between James and his father, about thirty-one years of age.

Margaret herself, after her recovery, made a pilgrimage of thanks to St. Ninian's shrine. In these days of railway speed, it sounds somewhat strange to be told that this royal pilgrimage "lasted twenty days." But the roads of Scotland, at that distant era, were the reverse of smooth. And as Margaret, who travelled in a litter, had, along with her, as much baggage as "seventeen pack-horses" could carry, while her "chapel-graith"—that is, her chapel plate and furniture—was borne in two coffers, and her husband and husband's wardrobe, and chaplains, and "chapel-gear," were also there, we must make allowance for the space of time occupied in the journey.

The young prince, to whom Margaret had so recently given birth, died at Stirling Castle on the 17th of February, 1506-7. Notwithstanding, however, this event, and the general indifferent health of the queen, the halls of old Holyrood seem to have rung merrily at the subsequent seasons of Christmas and Valentine-tide. In 1508, James had reached the zenith of his fortune and his fame. In 1509, his father-in-law, Henry VII., died; and the mighty Henry VIII. ascended the English throne. In addition to the son who had died in 1506-7, Margaret had brought James two more children—a girl in 1508, and a boy in 1509—but both had also died. In 1512 (April 11th), she produced "ane fair prince," who was afterwards James V. Down to this period, the state of matters between the two royal brothers-in-law—James IV. and Henry VIII.—had been tolerably friendly; but new disputes began to take place between them, and in a naval contest which subsequently occurred, James had his ships captured, and his Admiral, Barton, killed. Margaret, at this time, in Miss Strickland's pages, begins to assume a peculiarly unamiable character. She squabbled with her brother Henry VIII., about a legacy said to have been left her by her other brother, Arthur. She attempts to interfere with her husband's warlike designs against England. She is jealous of the Queen of France, a woman old enough to be her mother, and who was dying of decline. James IV. had sent his Lord Lion King-at-Arms to declare war against Henry VIII., who was besieging Terouenne, in France. Margaret dreamt all sorts of horrible things—woke her husband in the night—and endeavoured to terrify him from his purpose by their details. These failing in their purpose, she tried him with curtain-lectures, which were of as little avail. Royal quarrels were the consequence; and Miss Strickland

assures us, that *she* was the author of those two curious supernatural occurrences—one at Linlithgow, where, in St. Catherine's Chapel, near the porch, "ane man, clad in a blue gown or blouse, belted about him with a roll of white linen," spoke with the king, and the other at the market-cross of Edinburgh, where Platcock issued his infernal summons, at dead of night, to

" Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names he then did call,"

to appear before his master in forty days—which were intended to stop James's march into England.

It is gratifying to know that the chivalric and—whatever may have been his errors, or failings otherwise—the manly hearted James parted with Margaret on friendly, and even affectionate terms, previous to his marching to his last battle-field. Nay, he even, at this solemn parting, placed confidence in her to the fullest extent.

What boots it to tell the oft-repeated tale of fatal Flodden! Unmindful of the solemn tenderness of his parting with Margaret—

" His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour—"

James had hardly crossed the English border, when he allowed himself to be beguiled from his duty as a husband, and his affections to be ensnared by a designing and artful woman. He had taken the castle of the Ford, the frontier castle of King Henry, whose garrison, in the absence of her husband—then a prisoner of war at Edinburgh—was commanded by Lady Heron. Lady Heron was beautiful and accomplished; and King James immediately became her slave. Under the influence of his passion James lingered on his onward march; and the Earl of Surrey—formerly his personal friend, but now his national foe—seized the opportunity, at the head of his army, of making his arrangements with better effect. The Scottish nobles, with the Earl of Angus at their head, were so indignant at James's delay, and at his neglect of his military duties, that they urged him to return to Scotland; alleging, as a reason, that he had sufficiently redeemed his pledge to the Queen of France.

James was deaf to every lesson of prudence, and dead to every consideration of practical wisdom. He declared "he would fight the English if they were a hundred thousand more in numbers; and as for old Bell-the-Cat, he might go back if he were afraid. For himself, when he had fought the English, he would retire, and not till then."

The sequel is well known. The morning of September the 9th, 1513, saw the battalions of James entrenched on the impregnable heights of Flodden: the evening of the same day found them broken and dispersed in the plain below,—the best blood of Scotland poured out like water—king, prince, and noble, among the slain; and "the flowers o' the forest a' wede away." Loud was the wail which rose and swelled over every lowland plain, and through every highland glen, of the land of the Bruce.

The loss of Flodden paralyzed, for a moment, the heart and soul of Scotland. Although desirous to accompany her husband southward, and to endeavour to mediate a peace between him and her brother, Margaret had been left, by James, at Linlithgow; and here it was that her feelings, as a wife, were outraged by the reports concerning him and Lady Heron.

The death of their king, and the destruction of his nobles, was an event on which the Scottish nation looked with dismay. Their only hope was in the near relationship of their sovereign's widow to the English monarch. Margaret, as a widow, was not inconsolable for the loss of her unfaithful, though gallant husband; as a queen she took prompt and energetic steps to protect the people left to her charge, and to have her son crowned. Desolate and almost desperate as Scotland, through the loss at Flodden, had become, Margaret, as queen-regent, did not despair either of its safety, or of its infant-king. In order to accomplish the coronation of the latter, she retreated to Perth; whither, it is supposed, Bishop Elphinstone had already conveyed James V. No sooner was Margaret at Perth than she wrote to her brother, imploring him to desist from warfare against Scotland, and intreating him not to oppress or injure "her little king," his nephew; "who," according to her account, "was very small and tender, being only one year and five months old." She also told him, that, in a few months, she should become mother of a posthumous babe. Henry did not lay his sister's letter before his council; but simply answered it by saying, that "if the Scots wanted peace they should have it: if war they should have it. As for her husband he had fallen by his own indiscreet rashness and foolish kindness to France. But he regretted his death as a relative."

Within twenty days after his father's death, James V. was crowned at Scone. His coronation was called the "mourning coronation," owing to the tears which were shed by the assembled nobility, clergy, and commonalty, when they beheld the ancient crown of Scotland held over the baby-brow of their infant sovereign, and when they remembered the recent loss of that princely monarch, who is acknowledged, even by the virulent and king-hating pen of Buchanan, to have been "dear to all men while living, and mightily lamented by his people at his death."

Beyond the loss of king, nobles, and others—but, surely, that was heavy enough loss, indeed!—no additional immediate injury accrued to Scotland from Flodden fight. Flodden was a drawn battle; and, says Miss Strickland, "had it taken place on Scottish ground it would have been reckoned another Bannockburn: the English must have retreated (for they did so on their own ground), and the Scots would have retained possession of the field."

James IV.'s will was read at a parliament convened by the queen, and held at Stirling Castle on the 21st of December, 1513; and although his appointment of his widow as tutrix to his son was contrary to the ancient customs of Scotland, "which always placed the executive power in the next male heir," such was the respect and tenderness entertained for his memory, that she was unanimously recognised as regent. The lord chancellor, James Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and the Earls of Arran, Huntley, and Angus were appointed as her assistants in this responsible office. Margaret had, at this time, just entered her twenty-fifth year. Thus matured in point of age, and enjoying the confidence of the nation whom she was appointed to govern, she might, by the wisdom and prudence of her future administration, have gained for herself a high place in Scottish history. But the very first action of her life, after entering upon her career as regent, showed that she had already bent her mind to the pursuit of an underhand and tortuous policy. She concealed the treasure which

her husband had committed to her for the use of his successor; and, instead of applying it for the legitimate carrying on of the affairs of the government, made it the means of gratifying her own personal partialities. At the very parliament at which she was recognised as regent, the officers of the crown were much surprised to find an empty treasury. Little suspecting the real truth, James's lack of wisdom in attacking England, apparently without the pecuniary means of carrying on the warfare, became a subject of severe censure; and so little regardless was Margaret of the confidence which her husband had placed in her, and of the injury thus done to her royal lord's memory, that it is only in the present day, and from her own letters, that the real circumstances of the case have come to light.

Margaret's sin, with respect to the concealment of her husband's treasure, soon met with its punishment. In consequence of the seemingly exhausted state of the royal exchequer, Bishop Elphinstone, in a speech delivered to the parliament convened at Stirling Castle, recommended the sending for, to France, of the next heir to the crown, John Duke of Albany, in order that he might, in the destitute state of the national treasury, assist the queen-regent in carrying on the affairs of the country. Alarmed at this suggestion, and with a view to his preventing the ascendancy of the French interest in Scotland, Henry VIII. wrote to his sister, urging her to thwart, by every means in her power, the plans for Albany's arrival. This Margaret was not indisposed to do; but bad health during the winter of 1513-14, compelled her to desist from much political agitation, and on the 30th of April, 1514, she was delivered at Stirling Castle, of a posthumous boy, who was baptized Alexander, and entitled Duke of Ross.

It has been seen that, previous to the death of James IV., Margaret had allied herself to the Douglas family, with a view to a prevention of the war with England. Old Bell-the-Cat was now in his grave; and—his eldest son, George, Master of Douglas, having fallen at Flodden—his title and vast estates were in possession of his grandson, Archibald, Earl of Angus. This earl was but in his nineteenth year when he took his place at the Scottish council-board. Angus, though so young, was already a widower; and, while he was projecting a new matrimonial alliance with the Lady Jane Stuart, the beautiful daughter of the house of Traquair, Margaret Tudor, attracted by his fine person, fixed on him her affections, and drew him within her snare. The prospect of governing Scotland, through the medium of his being her wedded lord, was no inconsiderable item in the reasons which induced Angus to meet her advances. Angus and the queen-regent were privately married at Kinnoul church, on the 4th of August, 1514.

The day before this her second marriage, Margaret had made Angus's uncle, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld; and afterwards, on the death of Bishop Elphinstone, a few weeks afterwards, of her own arbitrary will, and without the slightest regard to the rights of election in the church, she raised him to the primacy, as Archbishop of St. Andrews. Not long after this event did her marriage remain undiscovered. It had been committed to the keeping of twelve damsels, of whom her uncle Gavin declares that "they were of her council most secrete:" the consequence was, that it was quite public early in November, 1514. The promotion of Gavin Douglas to the primacy, and her other actions, tending to the renewed exaltation of the ambitious house of Douglas, had alarmed the Scottish nation; and

great was the rage and indignation among all ranks of people when the real cause of this favouritism became known. The council solemnly deposed Margaret from the regency; and, at the same time, ordered the Lord Lion king-at-arms to signify to Angus, "that he must forthwith appear before the lords of the council to answer for his boldness in marrying her without their assent and recommendation." On the execution of this mission, the dignity of the Lord Lion was outraged in a manner in which the dignity of a Lord Lion had never been outraged before. When he delivered his message, Queen Margaret received him in state, supported by her youthful spouse at her side, and by his stalwart grandsire, Lord Drummond; and the reply to the message was—from Lord Drummond—a thundering box on the ear! For this outrage Lord Drummond paid dearly at a subsequent period of his life. The scene itself took place at Stirling Castle.

From the day of her imprudent love-match with Angus, Margaret bade adieu to the enjoyment of everything in the shape of even comparative tranquillity of mind. Henceforward, strife and dissension—storm and tempest—were to be the elements in which she was doomed to live. Angus, her husband, was hot-headed, and endeavoured to establish his wife's authority by the most violent and illegal means; and when it was found that the Scottish nation, as a body, were determined to resist that authority, Margaret applied to her brother for aid, and meditated an escape, with her son, James V., to England. It is somewhat singular that Henry VIII. was quite pleased with his sister's alliance with the Earl of Angus. He was glad of anything that would create division in the Scottish realm; and thus, in relation to what this mighty prince of the Tudor line might have been otherwise inclined to consider an act of degradation on Margaret's part, he acted accordingly.

The commencement of the regency of the Duke of Albany was signalled by the imprisonment of Lord Drummond in Blackness Castle, together with the confiscation of all his lands and goods, on account of his striking the Lord Lion of Scotland, while obeying the commands of the council. Gavin Douglas, also, was committed to prison, because of his having aimed at the primacy. These were acts of sore tribulation to Margaret; and she is said to have gone down on her knees, unsuccessfully, to Albany in behalf of Drummond. At this time, she complains that all her party "had deserted her, except her husband, the Earl of Angus, and Lord Home;"—the latter thus having, in the course of six weeks, from being her chief opponent, turned to be her active partisan against the regent. Drummond was, shortly afterwards, at the intercession of the parliament, pardoned by the regent, and had his estates restored to him. But now a more important struggle between the queen and Albany, than that of the regency, was entered upon. This was connected with the possession of her two children. Queen Margaret held them in the castle of Edinburgh; and, toward the end of July, Albany and the council appointed four peers, out of whom Margaret was to choose three, to whom she was to entrust the charge of her royal infants.

But, whatever may have been the "high spirit" which animated the breast of Margaret Tudor, very little of that commodity seems, on this occasion, to have influenced her husband Angus. Afraid lest he should forfeit life and lands by disobeying the regent, who was then sitting in full national council, he had a notarial instrument drawn,

attested by proper witnesses, affirming that he had desired the queen to surrender the children. The words of Lord Dacre, in his despatch to his own court are—"And the Earl of *Anguish* said, and showed openly, it was his *woll* and mind that the king and his brother should be delivered according to the decree of parliament; and thereupon desired to give an instrument, for fear of losing his life and lands." Angus's pusillanimity rendered him, henceforward, an object of contempt to Albany. It was at this period that Angus gave utterance to the saying, "that he would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep!" when the queen, having fled, with her precious charge, to Stirling Castle, found herself shut up there without her husband, who had betaken himself to his titular county, in preference to accompanying her thither. Thus left to her own unaided exertions, and perceiving it vain to attempt to stand a siege at the hands of the regent, she, in the beginning of the month of August, surrendered to Albany's keeping her royal infants.

We are not writing Margaret Tudor's life; and, therefore, we pass over her scheme, at Linlithgow, assisted by Lord Home, for stealing her children, and escaping with them to England—her flight to Tantallan—her giving birth, at Harbottle, or Hardbattle Castle, a rugged border-fortress, to a daughter by Angus, the Lady Margaret Douglas, who is known, in history, as the immediate ancestress of the present royal family—and her passage, on the invitation of Henry VIII., under the escort of Lord Dacre, across the border, into her brother's dominions. At Harbottle she suffered much misery, and was even on the brink of the grave; and at Morpeth Castle—whither Lord Dacre took her—she heard of the death of her son, the Duke of Ross, who fell sick of some infantine disorder, and died at Stirling Castle, Dec. 18, 1515. At Morpeth, Angus a second time deserted her; and, accepting of terms of compromise from Albany, returned to Scotland. After this, her stages to London, were short and easy; and when she arrived at Greenwich, where her brother's palace was, we find "bluff King Hal" giving vent to his indignation against his brother-in-law Angus, on account of his sister, by uttering the pithy expression—"Done like a Scot!"

Margaret's visit to the south was signalised by many brilliant festivals, which her tyrannical, but, in his own way, affectionate brother devised on her account.

But, even amid these gay and princely scenes, Margaret did not lose sight of her one great and engrossing object; that of the recovery and establishment of her power in Scotland. On the contrary, she spent the summer, chiefly in keeping up, against the Scottish regent, a series of active intrigues. Forgetting, or, at least, overlooking, for the present, her husband's conduct with regard to her, she instigated him, in every possible way, through the medium of her letters, to aid the king, her brother, in injuring the interests of his native land.

When Henry VIII., at the season of Advent, removed to his palace of Westminster, he established his sister in "the antique residence of the kings of Scotland, situated in that enclosure, or court, below Charing Cross, which still bears the name of Scotland Yard." Here she occupied herself in endeavouring—but in vain—to procure large sums of money from her brother, for the purpose of her keeping, in what she considered a sufficiently gorgeous style, the approaching Christmas of 1516-17. About this time, the expected departure of

the Scottish regent to France gave her strong hopes of a recovery of her political ascendancy in the North. Toward the close of 1516, the state of health of Albany's wife, in France, was such that her death was expected. This was, undoubtedly, one reason why Albany wished to shake himself free of Scottish affairs; but, perhaps, an equally strong reason for the earnest desire which he displayed to leave behind him the "land of the mountain and the flood," and to set foot again on the soil of "La belle France," may be traced to the unintermitting misery experienced by him in guiding the helm of the Scottish state. To his familiar friends he wished he had broken "all his legs and arms before he had stirred a step toward Scotland." This energetic wish clearly indicates the little satisfaction he had had in endeavouring to regulate, or controul, the leading spirits of barbarous Caledonia. While such was the state of matters on the northern side of the Tweed, Margaret settled with her brother that she should return to Scotland in the middle of May. This intention she was obliged to postpone, for a few days, in consequence of an insurrection which broke out in London, among the apprentices, and which, by old chroniclers, is called "Evil May-day." But, on the 18th of May, after the suppression of the insurrection, she left London, and took her journey northward. At Berwick, she was met by her husband, Angus, whose infidelities having been reported to her, she received him with transports of anger. A sullen pacification took place between them; and she immediately proceeded as far as Edinburgh, in the neighbourhood of which, at Craigmillar Castle, she was permitted to see her son, James V., though afterwards, on suspicion that she meant to steal him into England, future access to him was denied her.

To the end of her days, the career of Margaret, as the result of her own ambition, turbulence, and selfish policy, was one of sorrow. She was hardly established in Scotland, when she was discontented with her prospects there. She writes to her brother "that she will never abide therein." She announces to Cardinal Wolsey her intention of divorcing Angus. She quarrels with her friend, Bishop Gavin Douglas; and when, in 1521, she sued her husband at Rome, for a divorce, she found her plea there opposed by the King of England himself. Previous to this, Albany—partly in consequence of her intrigues for his return—had come back to Scotland; and Angus had begun to show himself a man of ability and courage. While intriguing to get rid of Angus, Margaret evidently flattered herself with the idea that a fortunate succession of happy events—the contemplated death of Albany's wife among them—would, ultimately, make her the lawful spouse of the regent, but these illusions were finally dissipated by her suffering an attack of small-pox, which deprived her of her beauty, in the winter of 1522.

Subsequent to this destruction of her personal attractions, Margaret Tudor's cause, in Scotland—unworthy and base as, in most respects, it was—extended through a period of twenty more years. Having traced it thus far, we have no desire to pursue it longer in detail. We leave the remainder of it to be gathered from the delightful pages of Miss Strickland; who gives, at length, her alternate treachery toward friend and foe—her illegal divorce from Angus—her declared marriage with Harry Stuart, whom her son, James V., created Lord Methven—her crooked diplomacy, and betrayal of her son's confidence—her dislike to Methven, and her wish to shake him off for the pur-

pose of re-uniting herself to Angus—her son's stoppage of the new project of divorce—her rage thereat—her illness, confession, death, and burial. She died at Methven Castle, near Perth, towards the end of November, 1541; commanding the friars, to whom she confessed, "to sit on their knees before the king, her son, and beseech that he would be good and gracious to Lord Angus." Not only so; but she, moreover, exceedingly lamented, and asked "God's mercy that she had offended the said earl as she had." Thus, at death, does conscience

" ——— make cowards of us all,"

and thus, in that solemn and fearful hour, did Margaret feel every past sin press heavy on her soul, and the pangs of agonising remorse tear her very inmost vitals as she beheld, in near approach, the final judgment-seat. In addition to her anxiety concerning Angus, she requested her confessors "to solicit her son James V. for her, to be good to the Lady Margaret Douglas, her daughter, and that he would give her what goods she left, thinking it right because her daughter had never had anything of her." Like many others, similarly situated, Margaret had made no will previous to her mortal illness; and the distractions of a death-bed prevented her remedying this over-sight. Her funeral was a most magnificent one. A long array of clergy and nobility attended her remains from Methven Castle to Perth; where her son James laid her head in the grave. She was buried in the abbey church of St. John, belonging to the great Carthusian monastery, from which Perth formerly took the name of "St. Johnston," and in the vault of James I., near his body and that of his queen Jane Beaufort, the founders of the monastery.

Of Margaret's two widowers, Angus and Methven, the former, at the period of her death, was an exile, residing with his and her daughter Lady Margaret Douglas, at the court of Henry VIII. She had a son and daughter by Lord Methven.

THE PHENOMENA OF THE UNIVERSE.*

It is difficult to speak with perfect justice of this book. It contains one hundred and four coloured lithographs, of no great merit, but serving tolerably well to illustrate the lecture, which forms the text of the work. The information is conveyed in a popular, and not unpleasing way; and it would seem by the words "fourth edition," on the title-page, to have been well received. But there is something unfair in it. It is an old book with a new title page; for, though professing to be of the year 1849, it omits all notice of the planet Neptune—the cancelling a few leaves, and the addition of a chapter on that "interesting stranger," would have brought the book sufficiently up to the level of our times for what it professes to be—an introductory manual for the young. The want of this is a great and unpardonable fault.

* *The Beauty of the Heavens; a Pictorial Display of the Astronomical Phenomena of the Universe.* By Charles F. Blunt. Fourth Edition. London: Bogue, 1851.

CONFESSIONS OF A REJECTED SUITOR.

MY hand trembles and my cheeks are conscious of a blush as I seize my grey goose-quill to tell of my own shame. Why then do I not keep it secret? Why publish what I might keep hidden in the recesses of my own heart? Because, good friend, I feel myself an injured man, and if *that* will not make a man speak out he must be dumb indeed. Did you ever know a man with a grievance who kept it to himself? Did you ever know one who was not for ever dragging it into conversation, *à propos* of free trade, the death of the Emperor of China, the warm winter, the Great Exhibition, or the Papal Aggression? Meet such a man and begin to talk to him (if you dare) on any conceivable subject, and I'll wager my hat—which is a new one—to a penny roll, that within two minutes he will be deep in the matter of his own grievance, as though it sprang out of, or formed an essential part of, the topic you started. There are accomplished little boys much beloved by burglars, who if they can only get their heads through an orifice of any kind, can always drag their bodies through after them. The man with a grievance only wants to get a *word* in, and his "grievance" will safely follow.

And why then am *I* to be silent?

"Semper ego auditor tantum?"

When every other injured man proclaims his wrongs to the world, why should not *I* tell of the cruel injustice I suffered from that cold-blooded, heartless, jilting —? but hold—I must not jump too quickly "in medias res," in spite of Horace's injunction.

Miss Lavinia Primrose (I describe her according to my former impressions) was a sweet pretty girl. She had the mildest of blue eyes, the lightest of flaxen hair—which she wore in ringlets all round her head—the whitest of skins, with the pinkest of colours on her cheeks, the plumpest of little figures, and the softest of voices that ever whispered sonnets by moonlight in December. She was an ethereal creature altogether: she had the appetite of a little bird (though that brute, Tom Bagshaw, swears she ate like a cormorant at the nursery dinner): she knew Byron and Moore by heart—except "Little's Poems," which she always vowed she had never even seen (ahem!): she wrote verses herself, too, though somehow or other the lines were never quite of the same length—*she* said it was the luxuriance of her imagination, and I have no doubt it was: she sang with intense feeling, but a *leettle* out of tune: she painted flowers beautifully (though Tom Bagshaw, the wretch, declared that no one could tell her roses from her hollyhocks): in short, she was a most accomplished and romantic little angel. Tom Bagshaw, in his coarse way, once asked her if she could make pease-pudding—I could have strangled the scoundrel on the spot. She gave him such a mild look of reproach that he must have shuddered in his boots at his own enormity, if he had not been as thick-skinned as the toughest of "Pachydermata," and only replied—

"Mr. Bagshaw!"

Old Primrose (Lavinia's papa) was a retired soap-boiler, very rich, very fat, very vulgar, very obstinate, and very ill-tempered. Mrs.

Primrose had been for some time gathered to her forefathers (though Tom declares she never had any). There were two juvenile Primroses — young ladies in short frocks and frilled encasements-of-the-lower-limbs—about twelve and thirteen years of age, and under the care of a middle-aged maiden, their governess. The family lived in a square red-brick house, with bright green “trimmings” in the shape of Venetian blinds, balconies, and railings to the front garden, the extent of which was extremely limited. I forgot to mention that the house was situate in the centre of the highly-respectable town of Bodalming, in Surrey.

I, good reader, am a clerk in the bank in that town, and I receive a very handsome salary (95*l.* a-year) for my attendance from ten till three every day behind the wire-blind, with “Bank” in gold letters on it, where I do a little office-writing and compose verses for the poets’ corner of the “County Herald.” I send copies to all my friends, and to all the magazine offices. The former praise them very much; but those magazine fellows are so rude as never to notice them at all.

My mama, being one of the most respectable ladies in Bodalming, was almost the first person to call on the Primroses when they came to settle in our town. Not that she much likes “those city people” she says: from which, I suppose that she prefers west-end folks, but as she never sees any to my knowledge, I cannot exactly state the grounds of her preference. However, she paid her visit and I accompanied her. I cannot say that I liked old Primrose, who called mama “mum,” and me “young gentleman”—but his daughter! Ye gods, could I ever have conceived such fascinations! I blushed up to my ears every time she spoke to me and trod on my own hat (smashing it like a Gibus) in my haste to prevent her helping me to a glass of wine. I tried to talk, but I could n’t, though as soon as I had left the house, I recollected everything that I wanted to say, and wondered why I could have been such a fool as not to say it at the proper time. Next week the “County Herald” contained the following lines “To L——a” from “our own talented contributor, W. T.”—W. T. meaning Walshingham Trippa, myself:—

“Lady with the flaxen locks,
Clust’ring on thy snowy brow—
Lady with the pearly teeth,
Who so beautiful as thou?

Lady, when thine upward look
Those sweet azure orbs displays,
Who shall keep his heart unscath’d
’Neath the lightning of their gaze?

Art thou mortal? art thou not
From some brighter, purer sphere,
Sent to raise our thoughts from earth—
Sent to grov’ling mortals here?

Lady, dare I think of thee
With sublunary emotion,
Feebly would my pen declare
All my fond, my deep, devotion.

But, alas! could thy perfection
Cast one thought on such as I?
Ah, no—away—the thought is madness—
Hopeless, tearless, let me die!”

I sent Lavinia a copy, and I wondered whether she would know whose initials "W. T." were. I felt sure that she would pity me if she did, for it was evident enough that I was very miserable. However, I had no one to confide in; for the only conversable young man in the town was that horrid Tom Bagshaw, who positively mutilated my copy of the above verses by scratching out "tearless," and sticking in "brainless." But he's a brute.

Meanwhile the Primroses returned our call, and then they invited us to take tea with them, which we did; and then we invited them to take tea with us, which they did. At about the second or third interview my diffidence began to wear off, and I ventured to talk my best to the lovely Lavinia. But I found myself woefully behind her in some departments of literature. She had read all the new novels, and all the new poetry, and talked about poets whose names were quite unknown to me.

"You are fond of poetry, then?" I said, inquiringly.

"I adore it," she replied. "I could never live without it. I am sure, if ever I lose my heart," she added, with the prettiest little blush in the world, "it will be to a——"

"Trump!" shouted Papa Primrose, at the whist-table, dashing down a card, and drowning with his hoarse voice the rest of his daughter's sentence.

"Have you ever read the 'County Herald?'" I asked, after a pause.

"Ah, no," she exclaimed, "I abhor newspapers—they're detestable."

"Yes—exactly so,—but you see," I replied, "there is a poets' corner in the 'County Herald' where——"

"Where Mr. Tripps poetizes perhaps," interrupted Lavinia with a sly look, while I blushed like a peony—"ah, that alters the case. I shall certainly read the 'County Herald' now. And that reminds me, some one sent me one—I must look at it."

My heart thumped as if it were determined to come right through my waistcoat.

A week afterwards I was sitting in the office, when Tom Bagshaw came in to chat with me.

"By the bye, Walsy," he said, "have you seen the 'Herald' this week?"

I had not; for the truth is, I knew there was nothing of mine in it, and that was all I ever looked for. As for murders and burglaries, free trade, and the state of the crops, which filled the rest of the paper, I cared not one button for any of them. However, Tom said it was worth looking at; and there was such a peculiar expression in his face as he said so, that I sent for the paper the moment he had gone. I looked to "poets' corner," and read the following,

“ TO W. T

Youth of talents rich and rare,
Poet of exalted mind,
Thinkest thou the 'azure orbs'
Are to thy perfections blind?

Poet, dost thou wish to end
What so well thou hast begun?
Remember, 'tis not hers to woo,
But, ah! believe she may be won!

L. P.”

I read the lines again, and I was so frantic with delight that I shouted "Huzzah!" Whereupon one of the partners in the bank, a very quiet old gentleman, rushed into the room, exclaiming,

"Good heavens! Mr. Tripps, what's the matter?"

I am sure I cannot recollect what I said in reply. My explanation was, I fear, very unsatisfactory, for the old gentleman left the room muttering something about "a strait waistcoat." But I cared nothing for all the old gentlemen in the world at that moment. The signature was "L. P." too. She had seen my verses — she had replied — she *could* love me, then — she should be mine!

That evening I sat by Lavinia as she poured out tea for us in her papa's drawing-room. By the way, I must confess that she made very bad tea; it was undeniably "sloppy." But she had a soul above tea; and in my opinion it was a desecration of that lovely form to stick it down to a tea-table at all.

"Is there anything new in the 'County Herald' this week, Mr. Tripps?" asked Lavinia, in the calmest and coolest of tones. I was really staggered and almost shocked at her imperturbability. However, I replied—

"Indeed there is," with an accent and a glance which I expected to make her fair cheek mantle with blushes. I was mistaken, though, for she never coloured at all—while she asked—

"What is it? What is the subject?"

No!—hang it! I thought, this *won't* do. I may have been rather too diffident at first, and of course it was very kind of her to help me on a little. But to ask me to tell her that these are her own verses addressed to me—upon my soul I don't think it's quite delicate. Suddenly the idea struck me that she did not expect *her* verses to appear *this* week. However, she had gone to another part of the room and returned with a little volume, bound in pale blue satin, elaborately gilt, and entitled "The Loves of the Flowers."

"Have you seen this?" she inquired.

I had not; and I may remark, that I have never been able to find any one that had, excepting Lavinia herself; which only proves, of course, that it was a very *rare* work.

Lavinia declared that it was exquisite; full of the truest pathos; the work evidently of one who had loved and suffered, she said, with a sigh that seemed to insinuate that she herself had loved and suffered.

My heart began thumping again: I gave her *such* a look! I think she felt its meaning; for she cast down her eyes. I grew bolder.

"Miss Primrose," I said, "a heart like yours could be thoroughly and deservedly appreciated by but few. Yet methinks there is one who would prize such a jewel beyond—" here I stammered a little and said, "anything." Confound it! the poetry never *will* come at the right moment. Lavinia began to blush now in earnest. My courage increased.

"Believe me, dear Miss Primrose (may I say Lavinia?) believe me, I am not a —"

"Trump!" shouted that infernal Papa Primrose again, thumping down a card and scattering all my poetry and all my "pluck" to the winds together.

What I said afterwards I never have been able to recollect; I only know that I stuttered awfully, while Lavinia blushed and stared and

murmured something about my being "mistaken." Whereupon I began to feel almost indignant; and alluded, in rather plain terms, to her own verses.

I never shall forget her admirably acted (for of course it *was* acted) look of amazement, as she asked me what I meant. Nor shall I ever forget my own embarrassment when I had actually to recite her own verses to her. At the conclusion she positively burst out into a fit of laughter, which drew upon us the notice of the whist table; and old Primrose asked—

"What's the joke, eh?" (joke, indeed!)

Lavinia replied—"Oh, Mr. Tripps is saying such droll things," and never shall I forget her malicious look at me as she spoke.

Next day I applied for a month's holiday, and started up to town to get away from the scene of my discomfiture and my ruined hopes. I was thoroughly wretched, and wrote pages of blank verse cursing fate and Cupid, and woman kind, and everything but my own folly.

One morning, the general post brought me a letter with the Bod-alming post-mark. It was from Tom Bagshaw, and as follows:—

"DEAR WALSY,—Congratulate me! I am a happy man. I am going to marry the Primrose. The old gentleman consents like a trump, as he is, and comes down with a decent 'subsidy' on the occasion. But then you know my own prospects are devilish good. However, I am not going to trouble you with a list of our arrangements. My principal object is to beg you to come down and be my groomsmen. We are to be spliced on the fourth of next month. I am sure you wont refuse, old fellow, will you? By the bye, were you not a little bit spoony in the same quarter yourself once? I think so: but you needn't be afraid or ashamed to own it—for Livvy is a girl any man might be proud of—though I *have* quizzed her pretty well, as you know. But that's all over now; and like a good little girl, she has given up 'The Loves of the Flowers,' and is studying 'Soyer's Modern Housewife' instead.

Ever yours, dear Walsy,

THOS. BAGSHAW.

"P.S. By the way, I hope you have forgiven me for the hoax about the verses 'To W. T.' I give you my word of honour they are the only specimens of rhyme I ever attempted in my life."

I hope the reader does not suppose that I believed in this miserable subterfuge, or that I doubt to this day that Livinia Primrose wrote those verses. But, no matter.

A. W. C.

LORD GOUGH'S LATE VICTORIES IN INDIA.*

THE battle of Ramnugger, the passage of the Chenab by Major-General Thackwell, and the subsequent events of the second Sikh war to the crowning victory of Goojerat, are all fully detailed in a collected form in Captain Thackwell's "Narrative of the Second Sikh War." We have entered so largely in another place into the origin and causes of this war, that we need not here make any reference to the events that led to the formation of the Army of the Punjab, which accomplished its brilliant triumphs under the command of Lord Gough. The treachery of Moolraj in his fortress at Mooltan, the defection of the Sikhs, and the open treason of the "gentle Shere Sing, the 'good fellow,' who was in the habit of accompanying British officers on shooting excursions near Lahore with his admirable Manton, the zealous ally who marched out of Lahore at the head of his trusty troops, with the avowed intention of bringing back Moolraj's head," are matters with which every English reader who takes an interest in the affairs of India is already acquainted. This work, however, is by no means *de trop*. It supplies full particulars of the course of the war, and will be found especially useful in elucidating those parts of it in which the author himself participated.

Amongst the passages to which especial reference may be made, for their novelty and exciting interest, is the passage of the Chenab. The troops had made a long march, and not having tasted food since the night before, were utterly exhausted. It was evening when they reached the river, and many an apparently robust man fell in the sands from absolute feebleness. There was great difficulty, in the increasing darkness, in finding the ford and ferry; whole regiments lost their way in the mazes of the various small channels and pools of water scattered through the sands; and the general confusion and anxiety was increased by a knowledge of the fact that the spot abounded in quicksands. Stakes were placed in the river to indicate the fording passage, as a security against danger; yet, notwithstanding these precautions, some of the men were drowned, staggering outside the stakes, or displaced unintentionally by the horsemen struggling between their confines. This is one of the minute pictures of terror and suffering that are found only in personal narratives, and that convey more clearly than elaborate histories the severe toils and privations to which armies are exposed in forced marches upon inhospitable territories. The daily miseries, *en route*, are forgotten in the final shouts of victories. Soldiers themselves are apt to forget them when they are over; and it is well to have books like this to keep the world in mind of them.

The unfortunate affair of Chillianwallah, of which Mr. Thackwell furnishes a vivid account, supplies one of the most striking chapters. Although the published details have been already read with avidity, and embrace all the main incidents, the special statement given here

* Narrative of the Second Sikh War, in 1848-9. By Edward Joseph Thackwell, Esq., late Aide-de-Camp to General Thackwell.

will be found well worth perusal. It was a curious feature of this battle that, although the Anglo-Indian line occupied almost as great an extent as the British army at Waterloo, yet Lord Gough found himself considerably outflanked. Whether it was wise, under the circumstances in which he was placed, to hazard an engagement is a question which is best answered by the fact that he had no alternative. Now that the immediate consternation which its issue produced no longer clouds our judgment, and the glorious triumph by which it was repaired is bound up with its history, we believe there is but one opinion on the subject. Lord Gough literally had no alternative but to fight; and, finding himself brought to that point, and, confiding in the traditional heroism of his troops, he went into the conflict, perhaps precipitately, but certainly with an energy and courage that shed lustre upon his character as a soldier. The whole conduct of the battle was untoward and provoking. Mistakes committed in the first instance from want of a sufficiently defined plan produced confusion, and generated fresh errors; and the nature of the ground was in all respects so unfavourable to rapid or combined operations that it became impossible in the end to rectify them. The retreat that took place in the jungle, where the turning of two troopers was sufficient to occasion the retrograde movement of a whole brigade, cannot be more expressively described than as an absolute panic, regiment pressing upon regiment, and officers and soldiers alike mixed up in a disorderly flight amongst trees and bushes. Major Christie, with many of his gunners, was cut down on horseback. So rapid and close was the pursuit that he had not time to draw his sword. Even the head-quarters' staff was in peril, and the personal escort implored his Excellency to withdraw, which he refused to do. So terrible was the confusion, and so impossible was it to restore order, or to cover the retreat, that numbers were trampled to death, whilst others hid themselves under bushes to escape the swords of the enemy, while one officer's horse, over which he lost all control, ran away with him, and carried him, *pell-mell*, into the thick of the hostile ranks. The ground after this massacre disclosed a scene of horror such as has rarely been witnessed even on the plains of India. "Few battles," observes Mr. Thackwell, "of ancient or modern times, have presented such a roll of casualties—such an enormous sacrifice of life, within such a short space of time." And this, too, without the slightest advantage or practical result, at either side—except, perhaps, that it elated the vain-glory of the Sikhs. But their vain-glory was signally humiliated and chastised before the war was over.

In addition to the personal narrative of the chief events, there are official documents in this volume, which, although they do not yield us any new facts, enhance the value of the publication in a military point of view.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, — 1851.

WE have the pleasure to lay before our readers the following attractive Programme, for the coming season, of Her Majesty's Theatre:—

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA.

Soprani of high merit, who will appear for the first time in England, are Mad'le Caroline Duprez, of the Italian Opera, Paris; Mad'le Alaymo, of the Pergola, Florence, and principal Theatres of Italy; and Madame Barbieri Nini, of the Royal Theatre of Turin,—the Pergola, Florence,—and all the principal Theatres of Italy. Mad'le Feller; Mad'le Zagnoli.

The following *Artistes* have been re-engaged:—Madame Sontag, Mad'le Parodi, Madame Giuliani, Mad'le Ida Bertrand, and Madame Fiorentini, who appeared at the close of last season.

An engagement has also been made, for a limited number of nights, with Mad'le Alboni; Signor Gardoni; Signor Scotti,—his first appearance; Mr. Sims Reeves; and Signor Calzolari; Signor Colletti; Signor Ferranti, of the Italian Opera, Paris,—his first appearance; Signor Scapini, of the Italian Opera, Paris,—his first appearance; Signor F. Lablache; Signor Lorenzo; Signor Casanova, of the Italian Opera, Paris,—his first appearance; and Signor Lablache.

Other arrangements of great interest are in progress.

Director of the Music and Conductor, M. Balfé; Leader of the Orchestra, M. Tolbeque; Leader of the Ballet, M. Nadaud; Maître de Chant des Chœurs, Herr Ganz.

Great care has been used in the selection of the Orchestra.

The effect of the Choruses will be increased by the addition of several Choristers from Germany.

The best founded hopes are entertained that M. Meyerbeer will superintend the production of a new Grand Opera, on which the Great Composer is at present engaged. This Opera will comprise some of the most interesting melodies of the "Camp de Silésie

An entirely new Grand Opera, composed by M. Thalberg—the Libretto by M. Scribe—will shortly be produced; and a new Opera, by M. Auber, now composing expressly for Mad'le Alboni.

A posthumous work of Donizetti has likewise been secured.

Various novelties, in addition to the most admired works of the *Répertoire*, will be produced on a scale of completeness adapted to the brilliant season of 1851.

Madame Fiorentini will appear, at the opening of the Theatre, in Auber's Opera of *Gustavus*.

Mad'le Caroline Duprez will appear the first week in April.

Madame Sontag will appear immediately after Easter.

Mad'le Alaymo will also appear immediately after Easter.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.

Mad'le Carlotta Grisi; Mad'le Amalia Ferraris; Mad'le Marie Taglioni; Mad'le Petit Stephan; Mesd'les Tedeschi, Mathilde, Allegrini,—their first appearance; Mesd'les Rosa, Ausundon, Juhenne, Lamoureux, Lucile, Emilie, and Jenny Pascales; and Mad'le Carolina Rosati.

M. Paul Taglioni, M. Gosselin, M. Charles; and a numerous Corps de Ballet, selected from the French, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, and English Corps de Ballet.

The Libretto of a new Grand Poetical Ballet, to be produced early in the season, has been supplied by M. De St. Georges. It will include the whole available talent of the Ballet; and to give every effect to its production, an engagement has been effected with the greatest Dramatic Mime of Italy, Mad'le Monti.

Maitre de Ballet, M. Paul Taglioni; Sous-Maitre de Ballet, and Master of the French School of Choregraphy, M. Gosselin; Regisseur de la Danse, and Master of the English School of Choregraphy, M. Petit; Composer of the Ballet Music, Signor Pugni.

Principal Artist to the Establishment, Mr. Charles Marshall; the Costume Department by Mr. Coombes and Miss Bradley, under the direction and superintendence of Madame Copere; Principal Machinist, Mr. D. Sloman; Head of the Property Department, Mr. Bradwell.

Mad'le Ferraris will appear at the opening of the Theatre, in a new Ballet, composed expressly for her by M. Paul Taglioni.

Mad'le Carlotta Grisi will appear at the beginning of April, in the character of Ariel, in the new Opera of "La Tempesta."

Mad'le Rosati and Mad'le Marie Taglioni will appear immediately after Easter.

Other arrangements are in progress.

The Subscription will consist of the same number of nights as last season.

The Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, and Artists of great merit are now employed on the decorations.

The season will open early in March, with (first time at this Theatre) Auber's Opera of "Gustavus;" in which Madame Fiorentini, Mad'le Feller, and Signor Calzolari will appear.

An entirely new Ballet, by M. Paul Taglioni, entitled "L'Île des Amours." Principal parts by Mad'le A. Ferraris; Mesd'les Tedeschi, Ausundon, &c.; and M. Paul Taglioni.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.*

THE wonders of astronomy are at once the most magnificent and the most deeply interesting subjects on which the mind of man can be exercised, and of all who have written on this topic, there are none to whom the general reader is so deeply indebted as to Professor Nichol. Treatises more profound there undoubtedly are, but they are for the mathematical student, the practical astronomer. Treatises for the purpose of popularising science also exist in great numbers, but even the best of these are but means of conveying second-hand knowledge. A popular book, by a profound and practical man, is always a treasure, and, unfortunately, a very rare one. Dr. Nichol has supplied us with *two*, and promises more. The work now before us is somewhat more technical, or rather more systematic than "The Architecture of the Heavens," but the nature of the subject required that it should be so. Towards the close of the work, the technicalities almost disappear, and there are two chapters—one on the constitution of the sun, and one on that of the moon—of the most absorbing interest; all that recent discoverers have made known is here embodied, and were these two chapters all the book, it would still be deserving the highest commendation. They are equally eloquent in language, and philosophical in spirit.

The description given of the craters of the moon is peculiarly valuable, and the astronomical student, who is just beginning to use the telescope, will find it of no small utility as a preparation for his first lunar observations. Professor Nichol is of opinion that there is a lunar atmosphere, although there is not now, nor ever has been, any liquid matter there. We presume this must be understood to mean aqueous fluid, for of molten matter in a state of liquidity there appear proofs enough, but of present volcanic action the Professor says nothing. One of the most interesting chapters is that on the solar atmosphere, and its probable permanence, a topic illustrated by some very remarkable facts in astronomical history. Stars have suddenly blazed out with unwonted brilliancy, and have gradually been lost from the heavens. Even amidst those bodies whose magnitudes and distances are on a scale too vast for imagination, and which can only be defined but not realised: among these the element of change is at work, and the Christian is reminded of the awful truth—the heavens "shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." It would be useless to make extracts from a systematic work which must be read as a whole; we can but recommend it to the notice of all who wish to obtain, on easy terms, trustworthy information about this wondrous system of ours.

* The Planetary System; its Order and Physical Structure. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. London: Baillière, 1851.

LITERATURE.

The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored : an Essay on ancient Assyrian and Persian Architecture. By James Fergusson, Esq., author of The True Principles of Beauty in Art, Illustrations of Indian Architecture, &c. London : Murray, 1851.

A few years ago, and all Assyrian antiquity was unknown : that there had been a great city called Nineveh—that its doom was foretold by the Hebrew prophets, and that a few scattered notices of the Assyrian kings and their doings, were to be found in sacred and profane literature—was all that we knew. A few years ago, as Dr. Layard remarks, a small packing-case would have contained it all ; and now we find ourselves reading, in the arrow-headed character, the annals of the Assyrian empire, in inscriptions prepared under the direction of her monarchs, and in the work before us an attempt is made to exhibit the palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis as they existed in the days of Sardanapalus and Xerxes. Egypt, with her remote antiquity, has been but recently revealed to us, but we are likely to be even more familiarly acquainted with the life of the Egyptian and Assyrian, than we are with that of the Greek and Roman. To do more than give a very brief analysis of Mr. Fergusson's volume would, of course, be impossible in the present notice. The work consists of an introduction, and two parts subdivided—one into three, the other into four, chapters or sections. The architecture of the nations treated of, is illustrated by the remains at Persepolis, Nineveh, Istakar, Jerusalem, Khoorsabad, Koyunjik, and Babylon, and by a series of inductions very much resembling those of the palæontologist, the palaces of those old potentates. The monarchs of the east, the kings of kings, are made to start from their fossil remains—like those of the Megatherium or Iguanodon, at the wand of a Buckland or a Mantel. One very interesting circumstance will strike the attentive observer, and that is the absence of change or fashion. In the sculptures of the remotest antiquity, the dresses are the same as those represented on the coins of the Arsacidæ ; indeed, these latter seem but the reduction of some of the very earliest bassi relievi. The last information received from Dr. Layard and Mr. Cooper, add great probability to Mr. Fergusson's theory as to how these oriental palaces were lighted ; and while doubtless further discoveries will modify some of the opinions expressed in this work, it is yet to be esteemed as a valuable contribution to Eastern archæology.

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AND OF THE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH. Mitchell, Bond-street.

Two admirable likenesses lithographed by Thompson from paintings by Dubufe. These portraits will possess especial interest as being the latest taken, and also being admirable resemblances.

Mr. Mitchell has also published Jules Janin's eloquent article on the Death of Louis Philippe.

Game Birds and Wild Fowl. By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S. London : John Van Voorst.

This is not a scientific treatise, as the Author seems to fear the ornithologist might mistake it for, from its rather comprehensive title, but a work in which Mr. Knox tells us he has endeavoured to blend entertainment with instruction, and thus add new votaries to a loving observation of nature. It is a most amusing book, in which the Author recounts some of his sporting adventures, and communicates the results of his experience, which had its commencement many years since. His account of the peregrine falcon and of the doings of that noble bird, which he took many painful occasions to witness, are capital ; and his information respecting the pheasant, with his suggestions for its preservation from first to last—from egg to bag—is most interesting and not a little important. Young pheasants, Mr. Knox tells us, are afflicted with a disease commonly called “the gapes ;”—we are certain none of his readers will suffer under such a complaint while perusing his most entertaining volume.

Pilgrimages to English Shrines. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London : Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Several of these “pilgrimages” having already appeared in the *Art-Journal*, are now added to others, and the whole appear in a handsome form.

Mrs. Hall is a very agreeable writer, the productions of whose pen we are always glad to lay hold upon, feeling assured that we shall find something worth reading. Nor have we been disappointed in the present instance. It is true that during the last twenty years many of these pilgrimages have been undertaken by others, who have recorded in print the information they succeeded in collecting, and the impressions produced by a contemplation of the “Shrines” they visited. (By the bye, is not the word “shrine” rather affectedly enthusiastic in this case : at least, does it not appear so when applied to the dwelling of Hannah More, and the house of Charles the Second’s Earl of Shaftesbury ?)

But Mrs. Hall has a heart and soul of her own, and can

“Clothe the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations——”

that proceed from an honest, cheerful, and yet serious and truthful spirit ; and accordingly, however well acquainted we may be with the facts she tells, and the places and things she describes, we are delighted to go over the ground again with so charming a companion.

The Notes by Mr. Fairholt are curious and valuable, and his illustrations, which are numerous, are remarkably well executed. Altogether, the book is beautifully got up, and is in every respect entitled to praise.

Christmas with the Poets. London : David Bogue.

We believe that Christmas is kept by the English nation with a more resolute spirit of hilarity than by any nation in Christendom. To us, in

fact, it is what the Carnival is to Roman Catholic countries. As the latter seek to enjoy themselves before the rigours of Lent set in, so we strive to put a jolly face upon the inevitable advent of the yearly bills. The work before us shows that for ages past we have succeeded tolerably well in our endeavours. It comprises Christmas carols from the Anglo-Norman period to the Reformation; Christmas poems of the Elizabethan era—Herrick's Christmas poems—songs and carols of the time of the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration,—and Christmas verses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It has been the object of the Author, we take it for granted, to bring together all the poems he could find relating to Christmas. This book, then, is not a selection, but rather a collection, of Christmas poems. Accordingly, it is hardly to be wondered at that there are a few amongst them of comparatively small merit, and—considered as poems—of none whatever. Every holly-branch has not clusters of the same size, or berries the same in number, or of equal crimson brilliancy. Nevertheless, this is a most curious and interesting collection.

A more beautiful table-book than the one before us, never, we think, dazzled and enchanted our eyes. The type, the paper, the richly enamelled cover, the illuminated title, the gilt borders to every page,—above all,—the fifty tinted illustrations by Birket Foster, of most exquisite design and engraving, concur in making this volume—to employ a much-abused word—the most “splendid” we ever beheld.

The Kickleburys on the Rhine. By M. M. A. Titmarsh. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

We could say many things in admiration of Mr. Thackeray's genius; but we do not feel disposed to do so in a notice of so transitory an affair as a Christmas book. We cannot (as some have done) quarrel with an author for lashing impudence, folly, and affectation. It is the province of the satirist so to disport himself, and the better and the more completely he lays about him the better we like it. But there is a propriety in all things.

“The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg;”

whence the saying that there is reason in the roasting of eggs. Flay imprudence, folly, and affectation, till the condition of Marsyas is nothing to that of the afflicted trio: be it ever so well done; let the public rub its hands ever so vigorously, cry “ha! ha!” with whatever heartiness, the thing does not make a good Christmas book. Unfortunately, the “Kickleburys on the Rhine” labours under two disadvantages. It is not only not a good Christmas book; but it is not a good book for any season of the year. It is vapid, unsubstantial, shadowy; and the Author, having introduced himself into the sketch, has, we are bound to say, made himself appear as snobbish as Lady Kicklebury. That there is no merit in the book it were absurd to say; but it is not the book we expected, or that Mr. Thackeray should have written. The illustrations are characteristic and spirited.

LITERARY MEN OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

A HISTORY of English Literature and its Professors for the last fifty years would turn up some curious and surprising problems. Such a history is one of the actual wants of the time; and any leisurely gentleman who possesses the requisite knowledge and discrimination, would confer a benefit upon the world by undertaking it. In these days of rapid labour and universal production, it is highly desirable that we should suspend our toils for a moment, and look back a generation or so, to see how our predecessors got on without the help of all that magical machinery which the progress of science and education has placed in our more favoured hands. The comparison would be serviceable. It would enable us to ascertain whether we have actually advanced, or stood still, or gone back, and how much of that extraordinary amount of literary energy we display is expended upon a sort of rotatory motion, which leaves us in the end at the point from which we started. The whole subject is crowded with suggestive matter, well worthy of the attention of the leisurely gentleman to whom we have alluded, and who, quietly examining the bustle and hubbub, "through the loop-holes of retreat," might be able to tell us in what particulars we are better or worse—intellectually considered—than the good people who went before us in the juvenile days of Pitt, when England was insulated by a continental war. Has Literature kept pace with the conquests of steam and electricity, and the new agents and combinations with which we have invoked the secrets of Nature, and rendered them tributary to the wants of a new era of material civilization? Has the Poet kept a-head with the Chemist and the Engineer? Has the Novel, the History, the Drama sped on with the Blue Book and the Newspaper? Travels through Europe, we know, have prodigiously increased since the Peace; but have the Travels through other regions, such as the Heart and Brain, the Passions and Moral Powers of Man, exhibited similar activity?

There have been great changes in the world within fifty years—changes for good, changes for evil, changes that have accelerated progress in some directions, and paralyzed it in others, and that, upon the whole, have essentially altered the vital conditions of society. Fifty years ago (we have the fact upon actual authority), a journey of eighty miles to "Edinboro' town," occupied three days; we can now go from London to Edinburgh, a distance of upwards of four hundred miles, in less than twelve hours. This is a sample of one class of changes, which, involving a multitude of interests and habits, originating new views of life, and opening up new facilities of intercourse, may be said to have effected, not merely the inter-relations of the people, but the development of those specialities which afforded so tempting a field to the speculations of the old writers. London goes down into the country, and all round the country, in a few hours; and every country town and drowsy village comes up to London when it likes. And at each terminus, there is a conjuring little bell, by the help of which you can call upon people hundreds and hundreds of miles off,

just as if you were ringing at their doors, and talking to them on the steps. The metropolis is present everywhere, and the stillness of rural life, the small aristocracies of distant districts, the social scale that once assigned to the squire, and the doctor, and other local notabilities, a place in the mythology of the peasants, where the "Dons" ruled like so many Jupiters, are broken up for ever. Much charming eccentricity and originality has departed with them. The country gentleman is now half-town bred; parish penetration no longer discovers superhuman qualities in the great brewer or the indefatigable attorney, the horizon is enlarged, and the rustic who watches the fiery chariot take its departure, freighted with crowds of human beings, and bearing tidings of life to remote scenes of activity, to be scattered from its wings as it flies along, cannot help having large thoughts and ruminations put into his head, and is conscious for the first time of looking out into that world which lies beyond the boundaries of the park wall and the finger-post, which had hitherto been to him a sort of mysterious direction into a region of ether.

So long as the unmixed country life existed, it afforded a complete contrast to the life of the great world. The novelist and the dramatist, the satirist and the painter of manners, the poet and the moralist, had here ample materials to work upon—diversified, fresh, and peculiar. The rapid means of intercommunication that now bring these opposite nationalities face to face, have had the effect of levelling many broad distinctions, and, to a certain extent, effacing the salient features which yielded such rich fields of speculation to the literary observer.

But it is not merely by this species of social levelling that the domain of literature has been flattened and rendered comparatively barren. It has also lost a grand resource by the diffusion of knowledge. The schoolmaster, and the broad sheets, and penny museums, and menageries, and anthologies of all conceivable kinds of information that have gone abroad amongst the people, have contributed largely to narrow the enterprise of imaginative writers. The newspaper, which may be considered in its present influential shape as a creation of the last fifty years, has enlightened every nook, and cranny, and green dell, and murky cabin in the kingdom, and dispelled the ignorance and credulity upon which masses of books used to "repose and fatten" in by-gone days. Superstition and an easy faith were invaluable allies of the romances and slipshod novels of Minerva. But who is there left to believe in them now? to be taken in by their persecuted heroines and impenetrable villains? What chance would Amanda have now, with her hair streaming on the midnight winds, or flying from the ravisher in a thin muslin, through a drizzling sleet? Or how would Ludovico, watching the supernatural visitor in a haunted chamber, hope to thrill the nerves of a reader with the "Times" spread out before him in the broad daylight of this age of stubborn facts and a perambulating police? The age of marvels, as well as the age of chivalry, is gone, and a race of uncomfortable sceptics, who are wide-awake, and by no means to be hounded, has succeeded. And with all that innocence and implicit reliance upon impossibilities, think of the inventive faculties they nourished, which have gone out along with them. If we can have no more "Recluses of the Lake," no more "Children of the Abbey," no more "Bandits' Embraces on the Grave," or "One-handed Monks," or "Tears of Sensibility," neither can we ever again (in our time at least)

have any more Charlotte Smiths, or Maria Regina Roches, or Annes of Swansea. The golden age of romances in seven volumes, and of novels of exhausting correspondence between despairing lovers and their innumerable friends and enemies, whose mission upon earth consisted in writing interminable letters about them, is at an end.

Authors in those days had easier work and larger profits than in our more *exigeant* age. They were neither so numerous, nor was the audience they had to address so well qualified to judge of their demerits. It is a remarkable illustration of the vicissitudes which take place in literature, that the average circulation of books should diminish with the increase of population, of education, and of readers: and that there should have been, upon the whole, a larger demand for books at a period when the census was some millions below its present amount, and the number of readers bore a still greater disproportion to the population. But the apparent contradiction is susceptible of a simple explanation. The spread of cheap publications, to say nothing of the transformation of readers into writers, which has made such multitudes of men their own authors, and flooded the world with more volumes than the world can find time to read, will go a considerable way to account for the depreciation in the sale of books. People cannot write their own books and read other people's books at the same moment; nor can the great bulk of the busy classes, who have little leisure on their hands, be expected to indulge in the troublesome luxury of exploring our voluminous issues in search of pleasure or profit, when there are so many fly-leaves floating about from which they can extract scraps of condensed amusement and instruction at the smallest possible outlay of time. On the other hand, although readers were numerically fewer fifty years ago, their attention was not distracted by a crowd of miscellaneous publications, nor their choice perplexed by an overflow of volumes which the most diligent student might despair of getting through in a life time. There was nothing to read but books—and they read them; and as the supply did not then, as it does now, swamp the demand, every book had a fair command of the market.

A literary history of the last half century, which should conduct us to the present day, with a clear running exposition of mutations and their causes, might help in some degree to check production in directions where it is ill done or overdone, and to stimulate it in directions where it is more consonant to the spirit of the times. A judicious examination of our exuberance and our short-comings would serve to show the actual image of our literature "reflected as in a glass," and enable us to see more clearly wherein we have failed in adapting our book-utterances to the altered world around us, and the new fields, as yet untilled, to which our energies may be advantageously applied.

We had hoped to find something of this kind in a work recently published, containing the personal memoirs and recollections of a "Literary Veteran."* The period it embraces—from 1794 to 1849—is exactly the period within which all these remarkable changes have taken place. But the work does not realize an anticipation which, perhaps, we had no right to form from its title. As a stray contribution to the literary biography of the time, it is not deficient in anecdotal

* *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Characters, from 1794 to 1849.* By R. P. Gillies. 3 vols. Bentley.

and characteristic interest, and abounds in sketches of a state of society and of celebrated persons, from which some useful hints may be drawn for the more comprehensive history we have suggested.

The auto-biography of Mr. Gillies—the writer of these volumes—opens a strange chapter in the chronicles of authorship. If individual instances cannot be safely accepted as guides to the general conditions of the literary life, they seldom fail to throw up incidental illustrations of those experiences which are common to all men who follow letters as a profession. In this particular case there are some peculiarities and exceptional features; but there are also some details that show the rocks and quicksands which too often impede and endanger the onward struggles of the regular *littérateur*.

Mr. Gillies, we believe, is chiefly known to the public as a skilful translator of German and Danish literature, and as the founder of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, an undertaking in which he embarked upon the advice of Sir Walter Scott. He was born and brought up in an old country house in Scotland, and completed his education in Edinburgh; but he tells us that he was so disgusted with the habits of the city, that he was rejoiced at being summoned back, by a fit of sickness, to the bleak solitude of the county of Kincardine.

His temperament appears from the outset to have unfitted him for the ordinary labours and conflicts to which men are exposed who have to fight their way through the world. His health was bad, he was subject to fantastical depressions of spirits, and had acquired eccentric habits and odd views of life. Both Wordsworth and Scott, in their early correspondence with him, endeavoured, without much practical effect, to reason him out of these morbid tendencies, which might partly be attributed to constitutional causes, and partly to the strange style of society from which he derived his first experiences. Living in retirement, and cultivating, without aim or method, a vagrant passion for desultory reading, followed by the usual results of extensive scribbling, the roots were not tended and nourished with sufficient care for the tree to grow up with the vigour requisite to produce much fruit.

The paramount desire of Mr. Gillies, all through life, seems to have been the possession of a quiet and secluded home. Yet, from his own picture of his career, and the restless nature that was for ever welling up in wrong places, to disturb and distract his plans, no man appears to have been less calculated to take the necessary steps to ensure the accomplishment of his object, or to prize it when attained. It is the distinguishing disposition of some men to yearn most for that which is most out of their reach, and to think themselves singularly capable of appreciating those sources of happiness which they are least qualified to enjoy. Forming our estimate of Mr. Gillies from the materials he has himself supplied, we cannot help thinking that the description applies very accurately to his case, and will go some way to explain the difficulties that beset him in after life.

Before he had yet attained his majority, he inherited the paternal property, and went to Edinburgh to study for the bar. While he was passing through his terms, a relation wanted money to invest in a speculation, which he easily persuaded Mr. Gillies was a much better thing than landed investments. The consequence was that Mr. Gillies consented to join in a bond for raising the required funds, mortgaging his estate by way of security for the loan. The issue may be foreseen. The speculation

failed, and the paternal acres were sold under his feet, casting him in the long run for the means of support upon those talents which he had hitherto only coquetted with for his amusement. This incident, which influenced all the incidents that ensued in a life of strife and vicissitude, throws us a little in advance of the narrative ; but as we do not propose to follow the memoir through its subsequent stages, the order of events need not be very strictly observed.

Under the pressure of these unfortunate circumstances, Mr. Gillies looked to the bar for succour ; but he was no sooner fairly launched in the profession, than, finding it not quite so profitable at first as he expected, and being constitutionally somewhat impatient and capricious, without waiting to give himself time to test the experiment, he turned to literature as a more likely means of securing a suitable income. No doubt literature is a tempting alternative to minds that are not well adapted for more orderly and drudging pursuits ; but even literature, vagrant and irresponsible as it looks upon the surface, cannot be prosecuted with creditable or successful results, without steady perseverance and systematic labour. And it is to the absence of these qualities more than to the deficiency of intellectual power, that half the failures and misfortunes of literary men must be honestly ascribed. Mr. Gillies does not seem to have been constant to any pursuit. He candidly avows that he never had a capacity for "money-making," and that it was his peculiar bent, from first to last, to "despise beaten paths." But men who "despise beaten paths," and who are always for striking out into excursive and experimental trips, coming back again mortified and exhausted, cannot very reasonably hope to arrive at the end of the journey as speedily or in as good condition as those who have pushed vigorously on, looking neither to the right nor the left. In the short season of his youthful prosperity, when he had the power in his own hands of carving out his future career, he yielded himself up to listless and shifting occupations, as fickle and unstable as dreams. We find him, like a true dreamer, giving large prices for old editions of books, forgetting that new editions were cheaper, and more practically valuable. He also indulged in the picture mania, and once entertained an idea of copying some of the fine things he had expended his money upon ; this project, however, was relinquished almost as soon as it was formed. All his undertakings, as he himself frankly acknowledges, were no better than "twisting ropes of sand." Such, we apprehend, is the moral of his life. But it is not as the moral of Mr. Gillies' life that we desire to point it out expressly ; it carries more weight and importance as the moral of all lives that are not regulated by a wise appreciation of opportunities, and a strenuous consistency in the pursuit of definite aims.

Being now embarked in literature as a profession, Mr. Gillies addressed himself to German and Danish translations, in which, at that time, he had the field nearly to himself, and in which he achieved considerable success ; and, having grasped his first laurels, he went for a time upon the Continent, where he saw some of the people he had put into English. On his return, he found his property gradually dwindling out of his hands ; and finally came a total break up, which induced him to make a journey to London, for the purpose of establishing the Foreign Quarterly Review, as a foundation to rebuild his demolished fortune upon.

From that moment his evil destiny was never weary of persecuting

him. Pecuniary troubles thickened upon him. Debts grew in magnitude by the addition of attorneys' costs, and his days were so fretted over with anxieties, that the laborious designs he had marked out for the quietude of his library, were perpetually frustrated. The more he struggled in the meshes, the more he became involved and incapable of extricating himself. Into this part of his narrative, which he has expanded with a painful and unprofitable minuteness, we must, of course, decline to enter. It is purely personal, and the only ground of justification that can be offered for so elaborate an exposition of private humiliations is, that it is patriotically intended as an exposure of the iniquities of the old law of arrest for debt, and of the crushing power vested in the hands of lawyers, by which they are enabled to heap up overwhelming expenses upon the debtor. These are questions which no tribunal is competent to decide through particular instances, which must, in any state of the law, be left to repose upon their own merits. But, whatever grievances Mr. Gillies may have laboured under, in consequence of bad laws and worse lawyers, we cannot restrain the expression of our regret for his own sake, and the sake of literature, that he should have adopted such a mode of putting them upon record. It certainly does not contribute to improve the charm, or enliven the interest of his auto-biography.

Looking back upon the opening of the experiences collected into these volumes, we are recalled to a state of society which existed in Scotland half a century ago, and which is not yet, perhaps, entirely gone out. How books ever came to be sold or read amongst the class depicted by Mr. Gillies as the landed gentry of Scotland, at the close of the eighteenth century, is a problem we are wholly at a loss to solve.

The old Scotch laird was the type of a race, some samples of which, no doubt, still survive in remote corners of the northern kingdom. He flourished at the height of his glory in the days of hard drinking, hard riding, and other equally violent customs. Mr. Gillies furnishes a few anecdotes of these worthies, which, coming out quietly in a book, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, when it is the careful study of every respectable man to adapt himself to that Procrustean standard of uniformity, which eschews excesses and salient idiosyncracies of all kinds, have a very startling effect. What would be thought, in these times, of a landed proprietor who, like the Laird of Bonnymune, should get so drunk at the house of a neighbour, as to be deceived into the belief that the top of a turf-wall was the back of his own horse, and should whoop and halloo under the impression that he was actually riding home, until, tumbling off fast asleep, he should be carried off to bed? Or of an estated gentleman who, like Lord Kinton, should send for a rascally attorney, that had seized upon the goods of a poor farmer, and, after discharging the debt, should compel his unlucky guest to eat a pair of candles, under the terror of locked doors and a brace of loaded pistols? The Prince of Wales, it appears, took great delight in these stories, but surely it must have been from the art and breadth of delineation with which they were related. Such bits of character-painting depend on tone, gesture, and impulse, rather than upon their intrinsic humour, and are more effective as oral traditions, preserved for the rampant after-dinner delectation of kindred spirits, than as written narratives. In print, their rich colouring disappears, and their subtle spirit of frolic evaporates.

The literary society of Scotland, contemporaneous with these vigorous Bacchanalians, went a great way, however, to redeem the intellectual character of the country; and men like Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Brown, offer a refreshing contrast to the Lairds of Skene, and Brucks, and Usan, and the rest of the half-savage chieftains who enacted such frantic horrors in their mountain fastnesses. Mr. Gillies enjoyed some intercourse with most of the distinguished people, and has carried away recollections of them, which will possess no inconsiderable interest in the localities where they were personally known. Amongst the celebrities he fell in with was Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling," at that time a living tradition of an expired school.

Mackenzie may be cited as an instance of the slightness of the materials out of which inordinate reputations were sometimes made in those days, compared with the extent of production which is now indispensable to the attainment of a position equally popular and influential. "The Man of Feeling" sufficed to crown Mackenzie with an established fame in his own age, and to transmit it to ours, although the book itself is unknown to nine-tenths of the people who are familiar with the name of the author. Campbell was the last of the race that acquired a great reputation by a small amount of toil and invention. We are not disputing the justness of the title to these distinctions, which may often be as nobly won, or perhaps more nobly, by single efforts, than by repeated and accumulated performances. Hohen-Linden alone was enough for a fame that shall survive as long as our language is read or spoken. We are simply pointing out a characteristic difference in the demands of the two periods, and the greater pressure which is now made upon the energies and resources of authors, and to which they must respond at a cost of labour and energy under which intellects like Mackenzie's would have been crushed, before they can hope to make a decided impression on our versatile, capricious, and exacting public. Compare the two novelettes of Mackenzie's with the catalogues, for they amount to that of the fictions of Bulwer and Dickens; think of the very slender quantity of invention and character, of passion and observation they contain, placed in juxtaposition with the variety of plot and action, the masses of movement, the extent of surface traversed, the phases of humanity explored and exhibited, and the endless combinations of dramatic interest that may be traced through these works; and pronounce upon the difficulties that have been vanquished on the one side, contrasted with the short and easy victory that was achieved on the other. Yet Mackenzie's name will, in all probability, live, side by side, with the names of our most voluminous writers, whether his grasp of the sympathies of mankind be found large enough to justify the rank accorded to him by a posterity that does not always take the trouble to inquire into the validity of the claims it tacitly accepts.

The last age, therefore, was a more fortunate age for authors than the present. There is so much to be done in these times before an author can attract an audience to himself—there are so many conflicting novelties to divert and distract attention—that more exertion and ability are now expended in the mere struggle to be heard than was formerly sufficient to secure success. There are fifty Mackenzies amongst us at this moment buried in obscurity and lifting their voices in vain. The public know nothing of this. They do not even credit it when it is asserted, but fall back on the old dogma that if there were such people

they would be sure to make themselves felt. Yet it is true, nevertheless, that there are fifty such, not capable, perhaps, of exactly the same enamelled sentiment and wire-drawn refinement (which it would not be very desirable to revive), but capable of infinitely higher and more comprehensive efforts. But in the whirl and crush they are lost, and may deem themselves lucky if they escape being trodden under foot. The public literally know nothing of the Prophets, and Teachers, and Civilizers, who are working for them through channels that bring no personal glory, and who help on anonymously, unable to reap the profit which is their due, that great work of human advancement which, without their aid, would, at best, only stagger forward blindly towards the distant goal. In the despair of accomplishing individual recognition, they throw themselves into labours which condemn them to remain unknown, but in which they frequently develop a command of resources that would have brought them both fame and fortune in the last century. Do the public ever inquire to what undistinguished Instructors they are indebted for the masculine power and wide-reaching knowledge poured out with such freshness and unfailing fertility in the columns of the daily papers? Do the public care to dispense to the nameless labourers in the thousand and one periodicals that swarm on their tables, any special marks even of the fugitive interest they may be presumed to take in the toil that contributes so largely to their entertainment? The pampered public are content to be amused, and trouble themselves no farther.

The pecuniary rewards of authors have fallen in the same ratio. Only some five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Gillies, sitting down in London as editor of a *Review*, from which he expected to derive about 200*l.* a year, anticipated that he should "easily earn" by other works 800*l.* a year more. "This was no arrogant presumption on my part," he observes; "I was advised in the belief, and in those days, when railroads and cheap publications were unknown, such an income for a working author was reckoned a very small and moderate estimate!" The world has turned round several times since those golden days, and the "working author" has not profited by its revolutions. The writer of an able article on the present state of literature, in a recent number of the "North British Review," says that 1000*l.* a year is about the average income of working authorship; but we apprehend that, like some of our Rural Commissioners, who, having been sent into the country to ascertain the condition of the poor, derived their information from the tables of the gentry, the Reviewer formed his estimate upon the high and narrow basis of his own experience. If we could descend into the struggling crowd to which this description more expressly applies, we suspect it would be discovered that the ample revenues with which the Reviewer endows them individually, would cover the whole gains of a small batch of industrious labourers. But this is a matter upon which speculation must necessarily be vague and inconclusive. The income of authors must mainly depend on the nature of their acquirements, and their power of adapting them with practical facility to the wants of the market. The highest order of talent is not always the most profitable. There must be not only knowledge, but skill, in the use that is made of it. A writer must understand his art as well as his subject. The time is gone by when authorship was an inspiration. Something more is demanded now, and without that something more great successes are unattainable.

The failures of authors are not always referable to deficiency of capacity; nor their triumphs to its possession alone. Under these various conditions of the craft, it is obvious that the results must be various. But there can be no difficulty in determining the general fact that, with the increase of authorship, the profits of authorship have proportionably diminished. We believe they have diminished in a still greater ratio. Certain it is that the prospects which were held out to Mr. Gillies, as a "working author," twenty-five years ago, would be regarded as a tantalizing myth, by a heavy majority of the working authors of the present day.

But to return to Mackenzie, who, when Mr. Gillies met him, was upwards of seventy years of age, and was regarded as the only surviving representative of a literature which, even then, was either gone by or rapidly vanishing. He seems to have been living jauntily upon his fame, drifting about Edinburgh in a long dark *surtout*, which hung as loosely about him as if there were a skeleton beneath. His face, worn away, and sharpened in expression, resembled that of Voltaire; and he had such an air of the churchyard about him, that he was called the ghost. Yet we are assured that he was wonderfully cheerful in society, was a great walker, generally attended by a favourite pointer, that no weather daunted him, and that, although he had long ceased to write, he still continued to haunt the book-shops and libraries, and that being consulted by canny James Ballantyne on the first sheets of "Waverley," he oracularly pronounced it to be the work of no ordinary man. These fragments are not much; but they are sufficient to afford a glimpse of the macilent figure of a writer who, long before the world was agitated by the private griefs of Herr Werter, threw many a boarding-school and quiet homestead into a state of perturbation, from which they had not recovered when the revolutionary proof-sheets of Waverley first saw the light.

Scott, Jeffrey, and, latterly, Hogg succeeded to the prominent places on the Edinburgh stage vacated by the mathematicians and experimental philosophers, and brought in a new era with them. The early poetry of Scott, and the long train of historical romances, imparted an impulse to the age which has not yet spent its force; and the inauguration of Blackwood's Magazine, in which Hogg was a conspicuous actor, produced an effect on the tone of current literature which soon penetrated beyond the Border. But the Edinburgh Review was the most striking feature of that period of transition, developing for the first time, a system of sustained criticism destined to exercise an important influence over the public taste. From the days of Dryden, who may be considered as the first English writer that laid down the elements of criticism, to the appearance of the Edinburgh Review, the advance that had been made towards anything like a jurisdiction in literature, was slow and uncertain, deriving its chief support from the incidental contributions of such men as Addison and Johnson, but never succeeding in the attempt to shape the principles of art into a code, or to set up an authority competent to administer them. Here was a tribunal, thoroughly qualified upon all questions, established and recognised at once. It is not within the scope of our desultory gossip to discuss the manner in which it discharged its functions; we are now interested only in the new power it introduced, and the standard it erected for regulating the verdicts of public opinion. The old lumbering Monthly Review and

the Gentleman's Magazine had endeavoured, as well as they could, to chronicle the progress of books; but that was all. Their judgments very closely resembled the judgments of our masters in chancery under the winding-up act, and the great difficulty was to disentangle an intelligible doctrine from amidst their blunders and contradictions. The Edinburgh Review was consistent, able, and luminous, and, whatever differences it precipitated in the world, differences inseparable from the action of such publications, the deep and salutary impression it made upon popular literature may be said to have formed an epoch in our annals.

We cannot have a more conclusive illustration of the vicissitudes that have passed over us since the beginning of the century, than is furnished by the results that followed. When the Edinburgh Review was founded, the deliberate interval of three months between the responses of the oracle gave a solemnity and weight to its decisions, which suited the pace at which the age was moving. But steam communication, railway miracles, the *Times* newspaper on the Bourse in Paris at half-past one o'clock P.M., and an electric net-work of confidential whispers all over the surface of Europe, have cast us into a wholly different state of existence. We can no longer afford to wait a quarter of a year for the sentence of the critical tribunal. *Nous avons changé cela.* We have shortened the process, and cheapened it, and adapted the machinery of our literary courts to the impatience of science, and the rapidity of production. We now get our cases heard, argued, and decided before the printer's ink is dry in which the pleadings are handed up to the Bench. Within the compass of a week there is more work got through, great and small, than was ever contemplated, or could have been so effectively dispatched, in the Quarterly sittings. This is another significant sign of our condition. The Review has now other business to transact. In literature it must be content to discharge the functions of an appellate court, into which few cases find their way, but whose decisions may be received as final upon points of law. In politics, and tardy Social questions, that must be kept a long time before the public before public opinion can be brought to bear upon them, the legitimate value and authority of the Review will probably always be felt and deferred to.

Jeffrey was the soul of that novel undertaking, and was to all appearance the last man to whom it could have been entrusted with safety. He was to be met with at all the balls and routs of Modern Athens. In society he was "the gayest of the gay," invited everywhere, to be seen everywhere, in the morning on the parade, during mid-day at the Parliament House, then out promenading or riding, then out to a dinner party, and a rout or two afterwards, to be wound up at a supper with congenial *convives*. His disorderly chambers in Queen-street betrayed few symptoms of studious habits, while the multitude of notes and visiting-cards inserted in the frame of the looking-glass over the mantelpiece, indicated his devotion to habits of an opposite kind. The wonder was to find in this lively young barrister the special man for the onerous office which he filled with distinction for many subsequent years. But it was no such great wonder after all. It is the young who regenerate the world! It is to the young alone we must look for the boldness of conception, the indifference to difficulties, the elements of activity and daring, the freshness, eagerness, and self-reliance which are essential to the achievement of hazardous enterprises.

Wordsworth was contemporaneous with the Review, and was one of the earliest of its victims. Of a joyous and elastic physical constitution, strengthened by habitual exercise in the mountains, he was in some respects the reverse of Jeffrey. He abhorred wine and fermented liquors, yet highly enjoyed "convivial" society, although he seldom went into it. As to reviews and reviewers, he appears to have held them in utter contempt, his soul being, as he says of Milton, and as quoted by Mr. Gillies, like a star, and taking a starry pleasure in dwelling apart, in a certain high consciousness of its own elevation. It is no disparagement to the genius of Wordsworth as a poet, to say that, as far as all present opportunities enable us to judge, he was but an indifferent critic of others, and by no means capable of estimating himself. His tendency was to underrate in the one direction, and to overrate in the other. He held Byron in aversion, and had but an indifferent opinion of Scott; and upon all occasions, when questions of taste were in dispute, referred to his own works as the unerring criterion and final appeal. In one of his letters to Mr. Gillies, when he wants to show what a "bad writer" Byron was, he picks out a line from him and contrasts it with one of his own, where the same sentiment is put not "formally" as Byron puts it, "but ejaculated, as it were, fortuitously in the musical succession of preconceived feeling," a process Mr. Gillies must have been rather puzzled to comprehend. If the forthcoming life of Wordsworth be addressed to the elucidation of his poetical labours, it will be a book of permanent interest; but little, or worse, is to be expected from his correspondence, or the dicta gathered from his conversations. His fame must be delicately conserved, or some risk will be incurred by penetrating beyond the boundaries of his works, which are the best monuments of his genius, and which, in fact, enclose all the events of his life. We believe that he was latterly prevailed upon to note down the circumstances in which they originated, and the trains of thought out of which they flowed, or which they were intended to illustrate, and that it was his own desire that his biography should be limited to these memoranda. If that desire has been observed, and that no mistaken admiration shall have led to the introduction of the contemporary criticisms he occasionally uttered, in which the weakness of his judgment betrayed him into the strangest fallacies and prejudices, his biography will exhibit a life pure and lofty, and transmit his name to future times with the full lustre which his own ambition yearned for.

Hogg had quite as high an opinion of his own powers as Wordsworth. But what was a deep conviction in Wordsworth, shut up and somewhat scornful towards the outer world, was in Hogg pure vanity, and danced upon the surface. When Mr. Gillies hinted at revisions and the advice of friends, reminding him that "Voltaire had his old woman" (Mr. Gillies, we presume, meant Moliere), and that Scott was in the habit of consulting Erskine and others on his poems, Hogg replied "That's vera like a man that's frightened to gang by himsel, and needs somebody to lead him. Eh man, neither William Erskine, nor any critic beneath the sun shall ever lead *mei*! If I hae na sense enuch to mak and mend my ain wark, no other hands or heads shall meddle wi' it; I want nae help, thank God, neither from books nor men." This was frank and out-spoken. The vanity here was open and decisive, and was generated by that facility in composition which constantly kept his thoughts in advance of his pen. He could not believe that a man who

was able to compose with such celerity could stand in need of any one's advice. Ease was power with him—fluency included all the qualities requisite to perfection. Hogg had another pleasant crotchet about authorship. He maintained that book-learning could be of no use to a veritable poet, and that to make sure of avoiding imitation, it was necessary to keep clear of books. That was his own side of the question, and he held to it pertinaciously—the illiterate against the learned, genius against knowledge, for works that are to have the true impress of natural feeling and originality. Notions such as these launched on the refined society of Edinburgh by an inspired shepherd were calculated to startle the tranquil coteries who had hitherto relied upon book-learning for everything. The consequence was that the number of aspiring geniuses marvellously increased, and as Hogg had laid it down as an immutable maxim that no man could be a poet, unless he was perfectly original, they rushed into all sorts of contortions and eccentricities in the divine rage to be quite new, and unlike everybody else. Even James Hogg, therefore, had some share in the revolutions of the literary world.

It would not be so easy to produce a revolution now. When original writers start up they are always followed by imitators; but novelties supersede each other too rapidly in our day to make it worth while to cultivate the art of imitation. Literary fashions do not last long enough—they come in and go out too quickly—to encourage much speculation in second-hand popularity. Besides, the world is growing too practical to attach the same importance to forms that produced only a few years back such tribes of Scotts and Byrons. And writers who apply themselves to literature as a profession, or even in the hope of earning personal distinction by their labours, must sooner or later discover the tendency of the age they address.

It is evident, from the amount of ability employed anonymously in modes unknown to our immediate predecessors, exercising a wide influence over the public mind, and reflecting back no reputation upon the individuals from whom it emanates, that authorship has taken up new ground, and is dependent, to a considerable extent, upon precarious resources. The periodical writer, whatever skill or erudition he may possess, whatever successes he may achieve, is unknown to the public, and through a life of labour is unable to accomplish a reputation upon which he can ultimately found any claims to sympathy or succour. He is forced into the dark by the pressure of an altered system, and compelled to forego fame, which in his, as in all other pursuits, is the foundation of fortune, for the sake of employment which his urgent necessities render imperative. Nor is this all. The excess of production has reduced the stimulus to exertion by lowering the scale of profits. He cannot afford to run the chance of embracing those departments of literature for which nature and opportunity may have best qualified him. He has no choice but to cultivate the occupations from which alone he can wring an income, whether he is fitted for them or not. How little we know how many excellent novelists, dramatists, historians, and biographers are wrecked in newspapers and magazines! The retrospect, upon the whole, conducts us to this conclusion, that we have advanced into a period of increased literary activity, but that the palmy days when great reputations, with corresponding advantages, were gained by small and leisurely efforts, are at an end.

MY VOLUNTEER TROOP IN KAFIRLAND.

ANOTHER Kafir war has burst upon the Cape Colony. How very faint are our ideas of the horrors of such an event when we read the records of it, comfortably ensconced in our easy chairs by "our ain firesides." It is true that we shudder a little at the idea of a village full of peaceful inhabitants, quietly sitting down to their Christmas dinners, being suddenly attacked by hundreds or thousands of armed savages, barbarously murdered, and their habitations committed to the flames. We are conscious of a slight glow of indignation when we hear of our brave soldiers waylaid and overpowered, and left naked, bleeding, and ghastly corpses in the highway. Our pulse throbs with anxiety as we read of the brave old General Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal and a dozen other well-fought fields, surrounded by hordes of these faithless and bloodthirsty fiends, and escaping, as it were, by a hair's breadth from their clutches, and from a fearful and ignominious death. But after all, our feelings are not much more harrowed by all these details than perchance by a well-acted tragedy on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, or the Haymarket, or some heart-rending melodrama at the Surrey or the Porte Saint Martin. The comfortable sensation of our own security in old England (notwithstanding the warnings of Sir Francis Head) is a powerful antidote against the otherwise too violent dose of horrors we might have to swallow. Nay, so thoroughly do we maintain our character as "a nation of shopkeepers," that our very first impulse is not that of horror at the atrocities committed, or pity for the innocent and the brave exposed to them, or indignation at the perpetrators, or fear for the safety of our colony; but a "pretty considerable" anxiety as to who is to pay the expense of thrashing the Kafirs! Imagine, good reader, the Arabs attacking the French colonists in Algeria, and some Cobdenite Member of the National Assembly in Paris getting up to "protest" against the nation paying the expense of furnishing the insurgents! Do you think there is an insurance-office in Europe that would insure that wretched individual's existence for two days?

But I must not begin political allusions of any kind, for they are apt to make men very ill-tempered and very disagreeable companions, while my object is to entertain the reader with a few of my personal reminiscences "touching the Kafirs," and with a veracious history of the deeds of my own volunteer troop in the former Kafir war.

I was living in a peaceful, quiet, thriving little seaport in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, when we were all startled from our usual monotonous state of existence by the news that the Kafirs were in arms, and had sent messages of defiance to the governor. Now, as these turbulent gentry can bring from thirty to fifty thousand armed men into the field (most of them armed, too, with good long guns), and as the whole of our military force on the frontier was probably something short of one thousand, it may easily be conceived that the news I have mentioned was heard with anything but indifference. To form anything like an adequate conception of

our feelings on the occasion the reader has only to fancy himself in a quiet country town with his wife and his olive-branches around him, and a breathless messenger rushing into the room to inform him that the combined armies of France, Austria, and Russia, are safely landed hard-by, and marching on with fire and sword to his dwelling, vowing to spare neither sex nor age. To say that we instantly rose *en masse* to defend ourselves would be no proof of our heroism, but only an evidence of the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. It was a case of fighting or dying, and, like heroes and men, we chose the former.

Everybody was to be a soldier. Every double-barrelled fowling-piece became an implement of war; decrepit blunderbusses were furbished up to shoot Kafirs, or their own possessors (which seemed as likely); stores were ransacked for arms of all descriptions; every man began casting bullets with any piece of lead he could lay hands on; some even hinted at turning the gutters of their roofs to such purposes; while a man who had a sword was such an envied mortal that he was in daily and hourly fear of being robbed of his treasure. All eyes were immediately turned to "the fort," where four or five scaly old guns poked their noses out and looked fiercely down on to the town. It was our only fortification, our sole place of refuge. Judge, then, of our consternation on learning that the man who should venture to fire one of those guns would certainly be sent higher into the air than the whole Kafir nation could blow him; while the fort itself would inevitably tumble to pieces and come rattling about our ears in the town.

Now, it must be confessed, that though all this may look very ludicrous, we were far from seeing the joke of it at the time. I can positively declare that we took a very lugubrious view of the subject, and uttered rather strong imprecations on "the authorities" for taking no better care of "our national defences."

It is true there was the sea left us; but, alas! there were but four or five little coasting vessels at hand, and our town contained three or four thousand inhabitants. There was no hope of escape. I repeat, we had nothing to do but to fight or die!

We immediately began to form ourselves into companies or troops of volunteers, and to choose our officers from among ourselves. One troop, mounted and armed with double-barrelled guns, conferred the honour of being their captain on me. And I don't mind telling the reader that I felt very proud of it, and fancied myself already an embryo hero. The only thing we called on Government to supply us with was ammunition. Every day I led my troop into a valley hard by the town, and drilled them with the pertinacity of a sergeant of Life Guards. Where I learnt the art myself is my own secret, and I am not going to divulge it, especially as the reader knows nothing of me or my previous occupations. Then we used to practise firing at a mark—a great white board, whereon was drawn with black chalk the figure of an imaginary Kafir. I must confess I was rather disheartened, the first day of drill and practice, at seeing only one shot within the outlines of the Kafir; and I began to fear that my troop would be less formidable in the field than it was desirable it should be. However, we improved day by day till after a week's practice our imaginary Kafir looked considerably riddled. Then there was the drilling! How shall I ever describe

its ludicrous scenes? Fifty men of all sizes are mounted on fifty horses or ponies of equally various dimensions. There is a fat greasy looking man who rides a low punchy little grey pony, with a remarkably lively little tail; and whenever the order is given to "fire," the punchy little grey bobs down his head, elevates his heels, and pitches the fat man on to the grass over his head. That man never will ride. There is a little, weazen-faced tailor mounted on a high, long-legged, rawboned, brute that takes him wherever it pleases, and at the same moment that the stout gentleman is seen sprawling on the ground, the little tailor on his tall Rosinante is galloping wildly across the country, and is never heard off till tea-time the same evening, when he drops in at home and tells his wife big stories about his martial deeds. There is that highly respectable man in the green wide-awake, and the perverse pair of trousers that will work up to his knees, who is a steady persevering fellow at his drill; but who has a remarkable tendency to take his right hand for his left, and when ordered to face to the former invariably twists to the latter, and thereby comes into violent collision with his neighbour, to the occasional upsetting of both. There is a mild, gentlemanly-looking, middle-aged man, with a new double-barrelled gun, and mounted on a decently groomed animal, who, if not a very soldier-like figure, will at all events pass muster; but has an awkward habit of forgetting the difference between ball-cartridges and blank ones, whereby he occasionally sends a bullet whizzing over his captain's head, which he misses only through a tendency he has to fire high. There is the "tall man" of the troop, who rides a "jibber;" and when ordered to "charge" is generally seen backing like an equestrian at Astley's retiring from the ring, but driving his spurless heels frantically into the brute's sides to make him go forwards, while the more he labours the more his animal won't do it.

Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, however, my troop was voted the "crack" one of the place. Some of us—most of us, indeed—could both ride and shoot well, and began to be anxious to try the effects of our bullets on the thick skulls of the Kafirs. When, therefore, it was suggested, though not absolutely commanded, that one of the troops raised in our town had better advance towards the frontier, we forthwith volunteered to do so.

Five or six ox-waggons were prepared to carry our commissariat and ammunition, our horses were saddled, our farewells (with many a heartache) exchanged, and one fine morning we marched forward "to conquer or to die." Perhaps it would be difficult to conceive a more disagreeable duty than that which we had to perform—to fight against savages, with the certainty of the most horrible deaths if we fell into their hands, and no "glory" if we thrashed them instead. What glory could be gained by fighting hordes of barbarians? What military renown could await a lot of burghers, battling for their own lives? What gazettes, or promotions could be in store for a set of half-armed civilians, sallying forth to protect their homes and their property? Still, we went forward with a firm determination to be heroes at all hazards.

Our first day's march was about thirty miles, to Sundry's river, on the banks of which we pitched our camp. After I had taken all due precautions to fortify our position as well as our rough means and small experience would enable me; after having duly posted

the piquets and "made all snug," as the sailors say, I retired to my tent to cogitate over the strange course of events which had turned me into a hybrid captain of a troop of burghers on the plains of South Africa.

I was aroused from my reverie by the entrance of my sergeant. The good man (who was a cooper by trade) gave me the military salute, and proceeded—

"If you please, captain, I have to report private Brooks."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, you see, captain" (another military salute—we were very *au fait* at these minor "dandyisms" of our new profession)—"you see, sir, I posted him on guard at the turn of the river yonder, where the bush joins it; and, says he, 'Do you mean to say as how I'm to walk up and down this cursed place for two hours with my gun?'—'Of course you are,' says I; 'it's the captain's orders.'—'Then,' says he, 'I'll just tell you what it is, I'll see you d—d first.'"

This was the first specimen I had of the perfection of our state of military discipline, and I had great trouble to refrain from bursting out laughing. But, assuming a stern look, I said—

"Place him under arrest and wait my orders."

"Begging your pardon, captain, that's just what he wants—there's a good fire that he wants to get nigh."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then tie him to one of the waggons, away from the fire, and stop his rations till he's willing to return to duty."

The sergeant seemed to think I was a genius for hitting on such a plan, and I may as well declare, that I always found it the most efficacious method of quelling turbulent spirits, stopping the supplies. Private Brooks behaved like a trump ever afterwards.

Next morning we marched forwards again, approaching the Addo Bush, which is a dense forest, extending miles in every direction, and with only one waggon road through it. It is always full of something horrible, both in peace and war, if you believe the reports of a couple of roadside innkeepers who live on the borders of it, and express the greatest anxiety for the personal safety of any visitors who think of quitting their hospitable roofs to penetrate its depths. For my own part, the number of times I have been about to be torn to pieces by lions, trampled to death by elephants, eaten by tigers and chased by hyænas in that bush (according to the warnings of those same innkeepers) makes me look upon myself as a rival of Van Amburgh, so often have I escaped the jaws of wild beasts. On the present occasion, of course, it was full of Kafirs enough to dine on my troop—men, horses, wagons and oxen—without suffering the slightest indigestion from a surfeit. On we proceeded notwithstanding these gloomy assurances; and although we fired at one or two blackened stumps of trees, seen from the distance through the leaves; although we charged in pursuit of a black bullock, and nearly murdered a wandering Fingo herdsman, we did not fall in with a single Kafir.

Three further days' march brought us to Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the frontier. We marched into the town a very dirty, tired, sleepy, unshaven and wretched-looking set; yet we felt ourselves heroes, and flattered ourselves that many fair eyes looked on us as such.

I am not going to trouble the reader with our doings for the next three days in "mute, inglorious" peace. On the fourth day we were ordered to proceed to a certain spot, known as Trompetter's Drift,—“drift” meaning, in the language of the colony, a “ford,” where we were to remain until joined by other forces. On looking at the map and taking a careful view of the position we were to occupy, I became convinced that we were about to have all our *soldier-like* qualities called into play: for a more diabolical spot, one better adapted for Kafirs to surround even the most vigilant of volunteer captains, to hem in his troop, eat them up (as they call it), and utterly annihilate them, I never saw. Moreover, the bush around it was reported to be full of Kafirs, and for that very reason *my* troop was sent to look for them; because, in fact, we were looked upon as a set of regular fire-eating devils!

We marched forward again. Our destination lay only about thirty or forty miles from the town; but I made a two days' march of it, because I judged it imprudent to put my neck into such a place of jeopardy, for the first time, after dark. On the second day we reached the “Drift,” which was a ford on a branch of the Great Fish River. I must explain, however, to the reader, who may be ignorant of the peculiarities of South Africa, that many of the beds of rivers there are quite dry. Such was the case with this one; so that there was merely a “blind river,” or ravine, where there should have been a noble stream. Crossing this blind river, I led my men to an open space beyond it, according to the wise instructions I had received from the powers that were. Here we prepared to encamp. To fortify such a position effectually was almost impossible, but I did my best. Before us lay a dense, impenetrable bush, which may be said to have occupied two sides of the triangle on which we were placed, the third side being the deep bed of the blind river before mentioned.

We were careful enough about our sentries all night, I can assure the reader. As for myself, I was riding or walking from one post to another nearly the whole of the time. Not a sound disturbed us, however; not the faintest hint that a Kafir was in the dark black-looking bush beyond us.

In the morning, some of the party began to look out for game, and to fancy a hare or a partridge or two might not be an unpleasant variation of our daily fare. Everything around us bore such an air of peace and quietude that the most nervous began to feel confidence and to talk valiantly.

About ten o'clock, a strange sound is heard. Some of our party are seen flying towards the camp as fast as their legs will carry them. As they approach they shout “Kafirs!” Nervous men shake, brave men are taken by surprise, cowards drop their jaws and look like Mr. Manning about to be hanged. “Where? where?” is the next cry. “Everywhere!” is the answer.

“Saddle and mount!” cries the captain, most unnecessarily, for every man does it instinctively.

I gallop to one point of the triangle, and I see the dark skins and woolly heads of the Kafirs, their long guns on their slender assagais, peeping through the bush in all directions, and advancing towards us. I dash across to the opposite point, and I see the same thing. I look to the blind river, and I see our dark enemies pouring down

it as rapidly as the stream of water that of old flowed in it. We are about fifty or sixty; our opponents seem to be hundreds or thousands.

Meantime every man is mounting in "hot haste," and, to my intense horror, galloping for his life towards the Drift, in full retreat! I shout to them; I rave, I threaten, I curse; but fear, the most imminent and deadly fear, has seized them all (save a very few choice spirits), and they heed nothing but the frantic hope of saving their lives by their horses' heels. I am well mounted; I dash to the ford and cry "Halt!" and plant myself in the way to stop them. I do not wish to remain on the triangular spot, but I wish to maintain my ground on the other side, where the Kafirs cannot surround us. It is all of no avail. "*Sauve qui peut!*" is the cry,—or the idea; and I was about as much *Captain* of my burgher troop, then, as of the body-guard of the Emperor of Russia.

Away we go, then, as fast as our horses can carry us. Mercy on him!—the fat man has been pitched off the grey cob with the lively tail, and is roaring, with drooping jaw, for help. Another gives him a hand up, and he gallops away, riding double behind his comrade. Three or four have flung away their guns with their valour. The little tailor leads the van. His horse has the lightest weight and the longest legs. Behind many a bush a Kafir head peers for a moment, when a flying shot or two makes it dive out of sight. But they are the braver ones of the party who think of firing at all: with most the idea of such a thing would be madness; they are running for their own lives, and have not the smallest thought about those of their enemies.

History records that some of my gallant troop could hardly summon up courage to draw bridle when, after galloping for forty miles, they found themselves again in Graham's Town. It also declares that the largest party that arrived together was three! When any horseman was seen approaching the town at a rapid pace for a day or two afterwards it was suggested that it was one of "the troop." As for myself, I went straight to the officer in command and reported the whole of the affair from beginning to end with a minuteness and accuracy worthy of the exalted subject. I was received with chilling coldness, heard with dumb surprise, and at the end of my narrative attacked with a tirade of invective which I only wish I could put into print as a specimen of military eloquence. I believe that I was to be tried by court-martial and shot, at the very least. My gallant troop were to be put in irons as deserters; and to wind up the whole, our retreat was pronounced "the most cowardly thing which had disgraced the *British Army* since the affair of *Bergen-op-Zoom!*"

Thus ended, good reader, the services of my "crack" volunteer troop! Every one of them (bad luck to them!) is a marked man to this day; except the captain (ahem!), who succeeded in clearing his character eventually by deeds which — but, no; he makes you his very humble obeisance.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OCEAN.*

A FAIRY LEGEND. •

I.

'Twas a long while ago—
 Three cent'ries or so—
 I really can't tell you exactly the time,
 For chronology's ladder I never could climb,
 And dates look confoundedly awkward in rhyme :
 But somewhere I think in the Eighth Harry's reign—
 That monarch whose like we shall ne'er see again ;
 For in these modern days which we christen " degenerate "
 (Thank Heaven we don't live in those that we venerate),
 For respectable kings it 's considered improper
 To lead very loose lives,
 Marry six or eight wives,
 And get rid of the old ones by means of a chopper.
 To say nothing of keeping the church in a " funk "
 By clearing each convent of nun and of monk ;
 Or seizing its lands on some pious pretence, or
 In right of his title " Fidei Defensor : "
 (Though what that faith was I by no means assert,
 And I 'm fearful, indeed,
 That his majesty's creed
 Was shifted as oft as his majesty's shirt.)
 Yet, of course, we all praise
 Those glorious old days
 When kings were so good and their realms so contented :
 While thumbscrews and racks,
 The faggot and axe,
 Taught the last new religion the king had invented.

But it isn't with him that I 'd darken my page—
 Sure a mightier man was alive in that age !
 In the county of Kerry his castle still stands,
 But who shall e'er trace out the beautiful lands
 Where ruled in his glory in those days of yore,
 With retainers, and horses, and dogs by the score,
 The Lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More ?

This Lord of Dunkerron he hunted and fought,
 He feasted and drank as a gentleman ought.
 His guns were the truest, his hounds the most keen,
 His horses the swiftest the county had seen.
 His deeds were the bravest that minstrel e'er sung,
 All Erin, in fact, with his victories rung ;

* The idea of this legend was suggested by Crofton Croker's Irish ballad of
 " The Lord of Dunkerron."

While chieftain and peasant, the prince and the priest,
 The men of all stations, the highest, the least,
 All flocked to his castle to revel and feast ;
 And ev'ry one swore
 That he never before
 Had seen a man swallow such whiskey "galore,"
 As the Lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More.
 And oft as he tipp'd some writer of rhymes
 (Who'd been doomed to that trade, I've no doubt, for his crimes),
 Would sing him this song, in the Bacchanal strain,
 Displaying more love of good liquor than brain.

1.

Merry wine, while thy generous blood
 Hath been shed at each reveller's feast,
 Since he who came forth from the flood
 First planted the vine in the East,
 All ages have echoed thy fame,
 All poets thy virtues have sung,
 And pæans in praise of thy name
 From the poles to earth's centre have rung.

2.

The sweetest of lyrists of old,
 Anacreon, worshipp'd thy shrine ;
 And when even Love's praises he told,
 The god that inspired him was Wine.
 It nourish'd the flame of his youth,
 It warm'd the still blood of his age,
 And in bright, glowing, accents of truth
 It spoke from his heart-stirring page.

3.

Let the saintly ascetic revile
 The juice that might lay his heart bare—
 He fears lest the sinful should smile
 To see the dark spots that are there.
 But he, through whose God-lighted soul
 The foul stream of guile never ran,
He fears not the generous bowl
 Which makes him but doubly a man.

4.

Be wine then the theme of my lays ;
 Be wine then my friend while I live ;
 And, dying, my last breath of praise
 To thee, merry wine, will I give.
 And oh, if one friend should deplore me
 When the long sleep of death shall be mine,
 Let him plant not the cypress-tree o'er me—
 But only the glorious Vine !

Well, well—no doubt 'tis very pleasant
 To live for ever for *the present* ;

To take no thought about the morrow,
 And not a frown from care to borrow;
 To enjoy your sport from morn till night,
 To go to bed and snore till light;
 To ride good horses, eat good dinners,
 And drink with other jolly sinners—
 To do, in fact, whate'er you please,
 And live a life of pleasant ease.
 Yet somehow you find out you've pass'd
 Each day exactly like the last.
 You vote it stupid, dull, and slow,
 Though why or how you never know,
 Except that each thing seems to pall—
 The hunting, eating, drinking—all.
 In fact it's a truth which you find out at last,
 You cannot for ever keep "going it fast"—
 And whatever the pleasure, when right in the thick of it,
 Somehow or other you're sure to grow sick of it.

So O'Sullivan More
 Found out hunting "a bore"—
 And wonder'd he ever had liked it before.
 Thought the whiskey too strong,
 Detested a song,
 And sleeplessly toss'd about all the night long.
 He'd given up drinking,
 He'd taken to thinking,
 And really almost to a scarecrow was sinking.
 He ceas'd from all strife,
 Led a peaceable life,
 And suddenly fancied he wanted—a wife!

Now, it must be confest,
 When a man is first blest
 With connubial wishes, it rather perplexes
 His amorous mind,
 If he happens to find
 He knows not a house where the opposite sex is.

What the deuce can he do? it's a regular "fix"—
 Of that cruel jade Fortune the vilest of tricks—
 All his plans, all his wishes are scatter'd in air,
 And he's brought to a stand for the want of a "fair!"

My friend, if you should ever be
 In such a hobble—list to me.
 Don't sit at home and sigh and mope,
 And say you cannot see more hope
 For you to marry than the pope.
 Sit down and take up pen and ink
 And draw at once (don't stop to think)
 A flatt'ring picture of your "phis"—
 Describe what you suppose it is—

Then talk about a "little cash,"
 As if you thought such trifles trash :
 Hint that you're looking out "to find
 Some fair one of congenial mind ;
 And that, should such a creature chance
 O'er that same paragraph to glance,
 Perhaps she'll kindly condescend
 A line to your address to send,
 And name (in confidence) a place
 Where you may see her lovely face—
 Et cetera"—sign it "Jones" or "Ghrimes,"
 And stick it in the "Sunday Times!"

So the Lord of Dunkerron, he sat down to write
 (By St. Patrick it was a most comical sight),
 He took up a pen and he dipp'd it in ink,
 Rubb'd his nose, scratch'd his head, and attempted to think.
 "I have it," he cries—"yes, I have—no, I've not—
 Let me see"—and he makes a terrific big blot ;
 Dabs it up with his finger and soils half the page,
 And seems half inclined to jump up in a rage :
 Looks up to the roof as if *that* could assist,
 And then suddenly writes in a very queer fist
 As follows—"A young man of good expectations,
 And with every blessing but female relations,
 Is in want of a wife undeniably pretty,
 But he don't care a fig if she's stupid or witty :
 And as *he's* rather silent *she's* welcome to chatter—
 Don't care about temper—and riches no matter.
 As he really and truly proposes to wed, he
 Would rather not have one that's married already.
 Can't say that he's partial to widows, but yet
 Don't doubt that some charming ones *are* to be met.
 So let each pretty woman—young widow or maid—
 Who wants a good husband, and isn't afraid
 To own it, just send a few lines to Kenmare
 To O'S.—the writer—who lives about there."

The deed was done—away he sent
 This rather odd advertisement
 To some old "Herald," "Times" or "Post,"
 Whose name the chronicler has lost.
 It's true that many a man in prose says
 There wern't such things at all in those days :
 But then I scorn such heavy dogs
 Whose dull conception never jogs,
 And only beg, dear reader, *you*
 Will fancy all my tale is true,
 And not expect the least apology
 If slips occur in its chronology.

And when it appear'd how the people did stare,
 And ask "*who is* O'S, that lives at Kenmare?"

How young widows sigh'd, and how young maidens smiled,
 And how both of them many a moment beguiled
 In joking and chatting at work or at tea
 About him—and what a strange man he must be !

And then they declared
 They wonder'd he dared
 To do such a thing—
 It really would bring
 Discredit, they said,
 On the whole sex's head

If one widow or maid should be heard to express
 The slightest desire to be "*Mrs.*" O'S.

Yet the twopenny postman was heard to declare
 Such a letter-bag never was seen at Kenmare,
 Nor such a huge pile of small *billets-doux* in 't,
 As the day when that "impudent thing" was in print.
 In fact he averr'd, and was ready to swear to it,
 "Valentine's day worn't a thing to compare to it !"
 And "O'S" himself, when the letters appear'd,
 Look'd, as Jonathan has it, most awfully "skeer'd."
 If he *had* any wits 'twas sufficient to scare 'em—
 And O'Sullivan More dreamt of Solomon's harem !

II.

'Twas a lovely night—not a sound was heard,
 Not a breath o'er the slumb'ring ocean stirr'd—
 Not a wave or a ripple to ruffle the stream
 Of silvery light from the moon's pale beam.
 Each star was bright as the glance of love,
 In the dark blue vault of heav'n above ;
 Each cavern and rock on the shore below
 Sparkled and shone with a diamond glow.

All is silent around :—
 Nay—list to that sound,
 Hark from cavern to cavern its echoes resound !
 And behold, from the shade
 By yon precipice made,
 Steps the form of a warrior richly array'd !

Who is it thus waking when even the deep
 In the silence of midnight seems hush'd into sleep ?
 When the wind and the billow have sunk into rest,
 Like the lamb in the fold, or the babe at the breast ?
 Who is it thus moodily paces the shore ?—
 'Tis the Lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More !

Long and earnestly looks he across the dark main
 As if seeking some object—yet seeking in vain—
 Not a speck meets his eye on its azure domain.

Then, weary with watching, he turns to depart
 With gloom on his brow and with grief in his heart,
 When slowly stealing on his ear,
 Each moment nearer and more near,
 A strain of dulcet music swells
 Soft as the sound of distant bells.
 Yet mortal hand could never wake
 Such sounds from lyre of earthly make ;
 And were such voice to mortal given,
 Cecilia's self would list from heaven.

1.

Naiads arise !

Arise from your slumbers, ye maids of the deep—
 The winds are all hush'd and the waves are asleep.
 Come forth then, come forth at your mistress's call,
 From pearl-studded cavern, from coral-built hall—
 Naiads arise !

2.

Naiads arise !

The May moon is keeping her vigil on high,
 The stars peering forth from the dome of the sky,
 Dull mortals are sleeping :—the earth and the sea
 And the regions of air to the Spirits are free—
 Naiads arise !

3.

Naiads arise !

Come forth from the depths of your fathomless home :
 Come forth—to the regions of earth let us roam.
 Let us gaze on the world as it slumbers above,
 And sing, as we rise, to the Godhead of Love—
 Naiads arise !

4.

Naiads arise !

Raise your voices on high—let each silvery note,
 Borne up from the deep, through the universe float ;
 And the spirits of earth and of heaven ere long
 Shall join in response to the Ocean-Nymphs' song—
 Naiads arise !

Such was the burden of the strain :
 It ceased—and all was still again.

Then, sudden there springs up a fountain of spray,
 And the rays of the moon, as reflected they play,
 Each tint of an exquisite rainbow display :
 While gently beneath it a wave seems to swell
 And slowly there rises a beautiful shell—
 Within it reclines—aye, Dunkerron, thy brow
 May well own the blush that suffuses it now.
 He were colder than thou who could feel no emotion,
 Yet gaze on the beautiful Spirit of Ocean !

Faintly would human words express
 That spirit's passing loveliness :
 Vainly would poet seek to tell
 How on her heaving bosom's swell
 The golden tresses rose and fell.
 Vainly would artist seek to trace
 The lines of that angelic face ;
 To paint that brow, or catch the hue
 Of that soft eye's ethereal blue.
 In vain would sculptor seek to mould
 The limbs those filmy robes enfold ;
 But vainer far were he, whose pen
 Should strive to paint to fallen men
 The look of spiritual grace
 Which play'd for ever o'er her face,
 Like some diviner beauty given
 To mark her for a child of Heaven !

Long, earnest and fixed was O'Sullivan's gaze,
 Each thought and each feeling seem'd sunk in amaze—
 When the beautiful spirit arose from her rest
 And calmly the wondering chieftain address'd—

“ Lord of Dunkerron, thou art here
 Thine earthly destiny to hear !
 I know thy thoughts, thy wishes—all :
 I know how prone thou art to fall
 Below the glory of thy name
 When urged by the unworthy flame
 Thy headlong passions ever raise
 To sear thee with its hellish blaze !
 But, shall their influence e'er drown
 The memory of thy sire's renown ?
 Shall woman's smile or rev'ler's jest
 Wither in thy degenerate breast,
 The recollection that thy race
 From none *of earth* their lineage trace :
 But from those demigods of old,
 Those heroes of immortal mould,
 Whose deeds still live from age to age—
 The theme of many a deathless page !

“ Nay, nay—once more I see it now—
 The pride of lineage on thy brow !
 Once more thou feel'st in every vein
 The blood no meaner race must stain :
 Once more, no mistress but thy sword,
 Thou art again Dunkerron's Lord !
 Oh, be thou ever thus—the same,
 The hero worthy of thy name ;
 For 'tis decreed beyond control,
 'Tis writ in the eternal roll
 Of Fate, that never to thy bed
 Shall one of Adam's race be led

Thy bride to be, thy name to share—
 Dunkerron, no—by Him I swear
 Whose fiat gave Creation birth,
Thou shalt not wed a child of earth !”

She ceased—and there seem'd as her words died away
 One moment a flush o'er her features to play ;
 Her eyes, too, so earnest, so flashing before
 When fix'd on the chieftain, now sought him no more ;
 But downcast their glance through the lashes' dark shade,
 Like the rays of the sun through a summer cloud, stray'd.

Can it be that an angel from heaven may know
 The passion of love for a mortal below ?
 Can it be that the Lord of Dunkerron may move
 The beautiful Spirit of Ocean to love ?—
 Though wild be the notion, yet see in his eyes
 The hope from her words, from her glances, arise ;
 And nought shall e'er quench it, and ne'er shall it rest
 Till the maiden herself to his bosom is prest,
 And there, on the shore of the fathomless tide
 Has plighted her troth as O'Sullivan's bride.
 Then swift as an arrow he plunged in the main
 As the maiden sank down 'neath the surface again.
 Down, down as she goes, still the chieftain pursues
 (Fear finds not a place in the hero who woes).
 Down, down 'midst the wonderful treasures that sleep
 Unknown and conceal'd in the vault of the deep,
 Untempted he passes, unheeding alarms,
 Till the beautiful spirit is clasp'd in his arms.

To the surface they rise and a stalactite cave
 Receives them together borne up from the wave.
 The Lord of Dunkerron then pours forth his tale
 Of love to the maiden, who, trembling and pale,
 Scarce heeds all the passionate words that she hears,
 So much for herself and her lover she fears.
 “ Stay, stay, I beseech thee, Dunkerron,” she cries,
 “ Thou know'st not the terrible danger that lies
 In the words that thou breathest—Dunkerron, arise—
 The spirit that stoops to feel love for thee—*dies !*”

Who shall paint Dunkerron now
 With glaring eye and knitted brow ?
 Who shall tell how burst on air
 His fearful cry of wild despair—
 While at the maiden's feet he falls
 And madly for her pity calls ;
 Beseeching her unsay again
 Those words of more than mortal pain,
 Or bid him on the instant die
 And end this dream of agony !

The maiden's cheek is pale as death,
 And thick and hurried comes her breath—

“Nay, courage!” she whispers, “O’Sullivan, hear!
To the chief of my race I will haste to appear—
I will kneel at his feet and for pity implore
That he’ll soften the doom, ne’er remitted before,
And yield me—the bride of O’Sullivan More.”

She is gone and the deep hath received her again;
The chieftain stands gazing and gazing in vain—
He sees not the sign of a ripple or wave
To mark where the spirit had pass’d from the cave.

But, sudden a tinge rises up on the flood—
He shudders—he staggers—oh, God, it is blood!
And the waves in their fury are lifted on high,
And out from the depths of the ocean a cry—
The accent of death—rends the vault of the sky.
’Tis *her* voice!—aye ’tis hers who one moment before
Had own’d that she loved him—her blood stains the shore
Where senseless and cold falls O’Sullivan More!

III.

Next morning the Lord of Dunkerron was found
In his chamber alone, lying flat on the ground
With a heap of small *billets-doux* scatter’d around.
So they lifted him up and they put him to bed
With a wet pocket-handkerchief tied round his head,
To draw off the fumes of the whiskey, they said.

The whole of the day
He kept snoring away,

And, at night, when his servants took one little peep,
They still found him lying there snoring asleep.
You’d have thought for a month he had not had a wink of it—
No one could tell what the devil to think of it. •

At length he awoke—rub’d his eyes, and seem’d trying
To find if he really was living or dying.
Then he look’d at the ceiling and look’d at the floor
As if he had never beheld them before—
But the truth is, he’d somehow got hold of the notion
He *ought* to awake on the shore of the ocean.

A beautiful spirit he’d *certainly* seen;
But whether that spirit was christen’d “Potheen,”
Or whether her home were earth, water, or air—
Was a matter he couldn’t decidedly swear.
He rose from his couch, donn’d the clothes that were nearest,
And found that his intellect wasn’t the clearest.
His brain seem’d a mill—how he wish’d it would cease
From grinding one moment and just have some grease!

What’s that thing on the floor?—it’s a pink *billet-doux*—
There’s a heap of them yonder of every hue.

The sight of them makes poor O'Sullivan worse,
 And he's half in a humour to bluster and curse
 The notes and their writers—but suddenly checks
 His very ungallant remarks on their sex.

Well—time and some excellent soda and brandy
 (A gentleman always should have such things handy)
 Stopp'd the mill that *would* grind in O'Sullivan's brain,
 And made him as fresh as a daisy again.

But the chronicles say
 That from that very day
 If a petticoat ever was seen in his way—
 If he caught the least sight
 Of a woman at night,
 He'd run like a hare in a deuce of a fright.

He lived and he died in the county of Kerry,
 The friend of the brave and the "pal" of the merry.
 In his castle the warmest of welcomes was given
 To men of all nations and ranks under heaven.

But to woman alone
 No favour was shown;
 And never through all his long life-time was known
 A maid, wife, or widow to enter his door.—
 The last of his race was O'Sullivan More!

Moral.

And now for my moral! Pause, reader, and think—
 Need I hint that it's highly improper to drink
 Such very strong "night-caps" ere going to bed,
 That you wake with a mill hard at work in your head?
 No—I'm sure that I needn't—at least not to *you*.
 You're a temperate man, sir, if noses speak true.
 Need I give you advice that it's certainly better
 To make love in person, instead of by letter?
 That the softest of language the heart can indite
 Looks silly when written in plain black and white?
 Of course not—so jewell'd, so dress'd, and so curl'd,
 I see, sir, that *you* are a man of the world.
 Then what *can* I say? Hath my legend no moral
 The author may tell and his reader not quarrel?
 Yes—fain would I think that the beautiful sprite
 Who came to the Lord of Dunkerron that night,
 May image some glorious vision that's past
 But once through our dreams—but whose traces still last;
 And aye, as they linger, leave something behind
 Of poetry's essence to freshen the mind,
 And teach us—though far from the sphere of their birth—
There's many a beautiful spirit on earth!

KIDNAPPED FOR A PORTRAIT.

FROM PAPERS FOUND IN THE POSSESSION OF AN UGLY MAN.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

IF I was asked to describe myself, I should try to do so, negatively,—thus, I have *not* bright crisp curling auburn hair,—nor coal black eyes,—neither have I an expansive forehead, a Greek or a Roman nose, and my mouth is not studded with mother-of-pearl teeth. I have, in short, none of the raw materials, from which poets, novelists and playwrights fabricate the article they call—Beauty. But if I was compelled to speak positively, I should make short work of the matter, and call myself an ugly man.

And depend upon it, however unromantic it may seem, there are more ugly heroes, ay, and heroines too, than handsome ones. The conduct of men from the deluge downwards proves it. Love (the true thing, I mean) is not mere fealty to a pretty face, for who cares for affection, that is only skin deep. Besides, everybody knows that the gaudy butterfly will turn out to be only a grub at last. True, chuckles vanity, but while it flutters it commands universal admiration—the eye-worship of the world. Well, let it. Love at first sight with such dolls may be forgiven; and if it lasts beyond the *honeymoon*, there is no help for the *lunatic*, for the odds are, that he becomes enamoured with his fetters, and wears them without raving.

Let the ugly take heart then, and though, like me, possessed of a turn-up nose, a strange lawless sort of mouth, kept open by tusks instead of teeth, and a couple of staring red eyes, yet they may have their oglings, their wanton looks, and languishing smiles. Nay, more, there is sure to be somebody who has the heart to relish and return them. Venus married Vulcan, you know; how the matter was brought about is no business for us ugly fellows to stand wondering at. It is enough to know that beauty sometimes chooses ugliness for its mate, and blindly loves it.

But though I do not pride myself upon the strength of mere *clay*, I have one mode of consolation common to most people whose perfections are all out of sight; for I have often noticed that where dame Nature has been most careful in her visible handiwork, such as tinting a blue eye, or polishing up a jet black one—planting a luxuriant crop of ringlets or moustaches, or in giving a girl the neatest ankle in the world, or a man the best-turned leg in ten thousand, she has been proportionably careless in her preparation of that invisible functionary—the *Brain*. I feel then that it is no matter if I am as ugly as a toad, so long as I carry a jewel in my head.

I acknowledge, however, that some explanation is necessary why an ugly fellow like me should have sat, day after day, with an unmeaning smirk upon my countenance, until it was committed to canvas. Were I a handsome man, indeed—but I forbear, my modesty faints before so strange an hypothesis—I must finish the sentence however—therefore, were I a handsome man, such conduct might perhaps be pardoned, but with such a face as mine, I feel it would be the height of impudence.

But it is time to speak of my kidnapping, and how it was brought about. I was, at the period of that event, a confidential managing man in one of the wealthiest firms in the city, and, as near as I can guess, about forty years old. I am not certain upon the latter point, for two reasons; first, I have no remembrance of my parents; and, secondly, my plainness is of that rugged, gnarled and puckered quality, that the footsteps of Time leave no visible impression on my face. I am alike in doubt whether I always lived in London, for I have no visions of buttercups and daisies daguerreotyped upon my memory during the sunny days of childhood; but as Nature generally takes care that these blissful reminiscences are not effaced even by the milderew dewing atmosphere and corroding influences of the city, I suppose that I always had.

Well, in the routine of business, it became necessary to send a confidential person to the Isle of Wight on affairs of considerable trust and delicacy, and even now I can call to mind the delight I experienced at the anticipated exchange of the heat and noise of London for the tranquil scenery and quiet elegance of this abode of natural beauty. Visions of green woods, flowery meads, bright sea-shores, rocks, glens and bays, all lit up by sunny weather, crowded upon my imagination.

I was consigned to a relative of one of our partners, who had retired to Cowes. He had been advised of my coming, and was on the look out for my arrival. On producing my letter of introduction, of course he stared at me; there was nothing unusual in that, for everybody did the same; but it was the manner in which he stared that surprised me. There was a sort of admiration in it, something like the delight of a virtuoso on finding a distorted ugly ornament of the middle ages. To do him justice, however, I must observe, that he was delicately sensitive in not wounding my feelings, for it was only by stealth that I was able to detect his stolen glances of astonishment at my singular ugliness.

As my business with him was a money transaction, it was ended in a few hours, and I then formed myself into a committee, and deliberated as to the most agreeable mode of enjoying the three days' grace allowed me, in a rambling tour through this beautiful island. But alas! I had reckoned without my *host*, for immediately after breakfast, just as I was about to start upon an unrestricted jaunt, he approached me with his blandest smile, and begged to be allowed to make a sketch of my head.

Good heavens! thought I. Is he joking? or does he mean to insult me? Alas, no; his enraptured manner soon convinced me he was sincere. It was admiration for my *picturesque* head that induced him to make such a request. What was I to do! I felt that it was impossible to refuse him so simple a demand—a demand, too, which most people would have considered flattering. Moreover, he was a particular friend of the "firm," and it might be impolitic to disoblige him. This consideration, and his singularly winning manners, induced me to accede to his whim, hoping that after an hour's study of my ugliness, he would be intimidated from further proceedings.

But I soon found that my host was an amateur artist, going about seeking whom he might devour. It leaked out, during the "sitting," that he had painted to death all his friends and relations—then his intimate acquaintances became food for his "palette." His taste then banqueted upon his cook and his footman, his housemaid and butler

—occasionally relishing a butcher boy or a baker. In this way he had indulged his appetite for painting until he had *taken off* the whole neighbourhood, for copies of these individuals were staring at me from the walls of his studio, in every imaginable attitude. But he seemed to have had a particular *gout* for a knowing-looking young imp, whose saucy laughing image was duplicated, as an Irishman would say, on every wall of his house. This genius turned out to be the "Doctor's Boy;" and my host informed me with a smile, that he had ordered lots of physic for the express purpose of taking—not the medicine—but the bearer of it.

It was my turn now—I was his next victim; for I soon found it was no joke to sit, hour after hour, in a room, darkened except in one spot, and on that spot I was placed, and whereon, by means of folding shutters, hearth-rugs, and window-curtains, and other artistic contrivances, a bar of sunlight was directed so as to stream down upon my *picturesque* head; and although this arrangement appeared to afford my tormentor infinite satisfaction, yet the sun nearly baked me with its heat, and intensified my ugliness with its brilliancy.

There was something positively wonderful in his zeal for what he called *his* art. It was quite overpowering, and I obeyed him as it were involuntarily—his wants and wishes were to me as his will, and they became for a time the necessity that determined my motives and directed my actions.

"Head a little more to the right," he would say. "There, that will do—just so;—there, don't move until I catch that expression—thank you! Now please to look as though you had just answered some gratifying question."

By some miracle or other, the look I conjured up seemed to be what he wanted, though how it was done is more than I can imagine. In this way he chattered on, regardless of my personal ease, absorbed in his own pursuit, occasionally breaking out into a violent fit of ecstasy at the astonishing "effects" he had brought out with my nose. Gracious heavens! thought I, as I silently witnessed how indefatigably he toiled. What wonders may be performed by enthusiasm!

Hour after hour rolled on, and the sun got lower and lower, and no respite came. My head was evidently a tit-bit, which he took especial care to cook and dress to his taste, for he seemed, as the hour of dinner arrived, to be riveted tighter than ever to his easel. I could, however, understand the cause of his zeal during the protracted leisure which the "sitting" afforded me for contemplation. He had languished under the tiresome sameness of abundance, a finished fortune, and completed hopes—anything for occupation. No such apathy had been my lot. I had for a life been immured in the feverish atmosphere of the city, and I yearned for the animated violences, and all the hurly-burly of the beach, with its bottom-sweeping seas, its foaming surfs, and invigorating gales. Alas! there I sat, in his elegant room, prisoned, a poor kidnapped victim—vacant, noteless, or sometimes napping brokenly, with no care to keep me awake, except how I might best prevent my heavy, drowsy head from rolling on the carpet.

At length dinner was announced, and, for that day at least, my wearisome labours were done; but only to be renewed on the morrow; for after breakfast mine host came to me again, with the same bland, winning manner, declaring at the same time that he was quite ashamed

to rob me of another bright day: "But really," continued he, "I am so convinced that *we* shall make such a likeness — besides, *we* are in such a capital pose, that you really must humour me! There, now," continued he, placing a chair for me, exactly on the same horrid spot I occupied yesterday, and forcing me into it, with a little amiable violence. So, yielding to his importunities, down I sat, and counted the same angles, crosses, and circles in the pattern of the carpet, through another brilliant summer's day.

And surely no scheme of torture ever surpassed what I endured that day and the one following, for I may as well state at once that he absorbed my "three glorious days." I endeavoured by every means in my power to sustain the fainting energies of my mind and body. I reflected upon the sufferings inflicted upon the Duke of Wellington and other illustrious individuals in this way, and I derived a sort of grim satisfaction from the knowledge that my misery was shared with others. I then speculated whether this particular sort of cruelty came within the meaning of "Martin's Act," and I felt convinced that it was unjust and unequal in its dispensation of punishment if it did not. At last, unable to support the intolerable monotony any longer, I fell asleep for a second, and started up with a feeling of having committed a kind of treason against good manners. This was the most palpable hint I had given my host of my exhaustion, but it had no other effect upon him than calling forth a fresh exhortation for further powers of endurance on my part, and then he should be able to finish by sundown. Well, to please him by an almost superhuman effort, I sat upright for five minutes, and then I caught myself napping again. Again I roused myself to renewed exertion. At last my host, like a good general, gave out his last orders, his tremendous warning, his "Up, guards, and at them!" his "England expects that every man will do his duty!" For with pompous solemnity he told me he was about to give my portrait the finishing touch, and he begged of me, entreated, nay, almost commanded me, if I had any love for his art, to keep my eyes open and my mouth shut for ten minutes more. I believe I behaved like a hero, for, though worn out in mind and body, and sick at heart and stomach, yet I managed to stare, nod, squint, and blink at him until he pronounced his *chef-d'œuvre* complete.

I wish I could describe the self-satisfied air of my tormentor, as he placed his labours in a good light, that I might enjoy a first view of his production, but that is impossible—I should be accused of amplification, of swelling out beyond the limits of nature and truth. It was evident from his manner that he expected to receive from me a large share of approbation, for his soul seemed too big for his body, and his perception of his own abilities was pitched on the most exalted scale. I believe I have already mentioned, that I am an ugly man, and for that reason I would have declined, if I could, having my portrait taken; it was, therefore, with a sickening foreboding of the truth that I turned my eyes towards the picture. It was just as I expected; there was my own impracticable countenance copied with a coarse fidelity, so far as related to everything you could swear to in a face, whether of flesh, blood, bone, gristle, hair or horn. I had several trifling excrescences on various parts of my face, and these were "stubborn facts," to which he had granted no indulgences. A nose was a nose, and an eye was an eye, and he would abide by them to the death.

I could now understand why he had, with such formidable gravity,

taken the bulk and bearings of my nose, the width of my mouth, and the length and breadth of my forehead, for these he had as geometrically fixed on the canvas as a surveyor would the width of the Thames or the height of Shakspeare's Cliff on a map.

"But surely," said I, with a tinge of bitterness in my voice it was impossible to conceal, "but surely there are certain intimacies of the countenance, if I may be allowed such an expression, connected with the characteristics, peculiarities of temper and feelings which are inseparably blended with our thoughts, that are indispensable in a correct portrait."

"My dear friend," he replied, "there is no subject, perhaps, on which opinion runs into more unreasonable caprices than on this of likenesses in portraits."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes: and this fact is the more extraordinary," he continued, "seeing that the matter is referable to definite rules and certain proportions."

"As far as eyes, nose and mouth are concerned," said I, "this may be true, but are there not certain mysterious lineaments, having nothing to do with the grosser attributes of mere features—certain fragile looks—tints and shadows of meaning, without which no portrait can be said to be a just representation of the original?"

But my artist was a matter-of-fact man; he either appeared not to comprehend me, or else his brush was incapable of arresting these fugitive shades of thought and expression. However, he was in ecstasies when I praised the vigorous reality with which he had delineated a bit of "still life," such as a prominent wart or lurking mole. He could, and in my case did, make a *copy* of all that *he* saw in my face—and yet it was not a likeness. The great cardinal signs of eyes, nose, and mouth were there, but he was incapable of doing the fancy-work—expression.

With suppressed emotions of regret and vexation I was compelled to order a packing-case from a neighbouring carpenter, to protect the odious daub from damage on its journey with me on the following morning to London. I was determined, however, that it should not long remind me of the torture I had endured, or of the delightful rambles it had been the occasion of my losing. For I internally swore, on the first convenient opportunity, to thrust it into the fire, and offer it up as a sacrifice to the memory of the "three glorious days" I had abandoned for its sake; vowing at the same time to resist for the future the cunning blandishments of all amateur artists who, attracted by my ugliness, might attempt to kidnap me to sit for my portrait.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JUDGE STORY,
OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.*

I HAVE just returned from the last sad ceremony of the interment of this great and good man. Under that roof, where I have so often seen him in health, buoyant with life, exuberant in kindness, happy in family and friends, I gazed upon his mortal remains, sunk in eternal rest, and hung over those features, to which my regards had been turned so fondly, and from which even the icy touch of death had not effaced all the living beauty. The eye was quenched, and the glow of life extinguished; but the noble brow seemed still to shelter, as under a marble dome, the spirit that had fled. And is he, indeed, dead, I asked myself,—he whose face was never turned to me, except in kindness; who has filled the civilized world with his name; who has drawn to his country the homage of foreign nations; who was of activity and labour that knew no rest; who was connected by duties of such various kinds, by official ties, by sympathy, by friendship and love, with so many circles; who, according to the beautiful expression of Wilberforce, “touched life at so many points,”—has he, indeed, passed away? Upon the small plate on the coffin was inscribed, “Joseph Story, died September 10th, 1845, aged 66 years.” These few words might apply to the lowly citizen, as to the illustrious judge. Thus is the coffin-plate a register of the equality of man.

At the house of the deceased we joined in religious worship. The Rev. Dr. Walker, the present head of the University, in earnest prayer, commended the soul of the departed to God, who gave it, and invoked a consecration of their afflictive bereavement to his family and friends. From this service we followed the body, in mournful procession, to the resting-place which he had selected for himself and his family, amidst the beautiful groves of Mount Auburn. As the procession filed into the cemetery, I was touched by the sight of the numerous pupils of the Law School, with uncovered heads and countenances of sorrow, ranged on each side of the road within the gate, testifying by this silent and unexpected homage their last respects to what is mortal in their departed teacher. Around the grave, as he was laid in the embrace of the mother earth, was gathered all in our community that is most distinguished in law, in learning, in literature, in station—the judges of our courts, the professors of the university, surviving class-mates of the deceased, and a thick cluster of friends. He was placed among the children taken from him in early life, whose faces he is now beholding in heaven. “Of such is the kingdom of heaven,” are the words he had inscribed over their names, on the simple marble which now commemorates alike the children and their father. Nor is there a child in heaven, of a more childlike innocence and purity than he, who, full of years and worldly honours, has gone to mingle with these children. Of such, indeed, is the kingdom of heaven.

There is another sentence, inscribed by him on this family stone, which speaks to us now with a voice of consolation. “Sorrow not as those without hope,” are the words which brought a solace to him in his bereavements. From his bed beneath he seems to whisper them

* “Orations and Speeches,” just published in America.

among his mourning family and friends; most especially to her, the chosen partner of his life, from whom so much of human comfort is apparently removed. He is indeed gone; but we shall see him once more for ever. In this blessed confidence, we may find happiness in dwelling upon his virtues and fame on earth, till the great consoler Time shall come with healing on his wings.

From the grave of the judge, I walked a few short steps to that of his classmate and friend, the beloved Channing, who died less than three years ago, aged sixty-three. Thus these companions in early studies—each afterwards foremost in the high and important duties which he assumed, pursuing divergent paths, yet always drawn towards each other by the attractions of mutual friendship,—again meet and lie down together in the same sweet earth, in the shadow of kindred trees, through which the same birds shall sing their perpetual requiem.

The afternoon was of unusual brilliancy, and the full-orbed sun gilded with mellow light the funereal stones through which I wound my way, as I sought the grave of another friend of my own, the first associate of the departed judge in the duties of the Law School,—Professor Ashman. After a life crowded with usefulness, he laid down the burden of ill health which he had long borne, at the early age of thirty-three. I remember listening, in 1833, to the flowing discourse which Mr. Justice Story pronounced, in the college chapel, over the remains of his associate; nor can I forget his deep emotion, as we stood together at the foot of the grave, while the earth fell, dust to dust, upon the coffin of his friend.

Wandering through this silent city of the dead, I called to mind those words of Beaumont on the tombs in Westminster:

“ Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royall'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died of sin,
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.”

The royalty of Mount Auburn is of the soul. The kings that slumber there were anointed by a higher than earthly hand.

Returning again to the grave of the departed judge, I found no one but the humble labourers, who were then smoothing the sod over the fresh earth. It was late in the afternoon, and the upper branches of the stately trees that wave over the sacred spot, after glistening for a while in the golden rays of the setting sun, were left in the gloom which had already settled on the grass beneath. I hurried away, and as I reached the gate the porter's curfew was tolling, to forgetful musers like myself, the knell of parting day.

As I left the consecrated field, I thought of the pilgrims that would come from afar, through long successions of generations, to look upon the last home of the great jurist. From all parts of our own country, from all the lands where law is taught as a science, and where justice prevails, they shall come to seek the grave of their master. Let us guard, then, this precious dust. Let us be happy, that though his works and his example belong to the world, his sacred remains are placed in our peculiar care. To us, also, who saw him face to face, in the performance of all his various duties, and who sustain a loss so irreparable in our own circle, is the melancholy pleasure of dwelling with household affection upon his transcendent excellencies.

His death makes a chasm which I shrink from contemplating. He was the senior Judge of the highest Court of the country, an active Professor of Law, and a Fellow in the Corporation of Harvard University. He was in himself a whole triumvirate; and these three distinguished posts, now vacant, will be filled, in all probability, each by a distinct successor. It is, however, as the exalted Jurist, that he is to take his place in the history of the world, high in the same firmament whence beam the mild glories of Tribonian, of Cujas, of Håle, and of Mansfield. It was his fortune, unlike many who have cultivated the law with signal success on the European continent, to be called as a Judge practically to administer and apply it in the actual business of life. It thus became to him not merely a science, whose depths and intricacies he explored in his closet, but a great and godlike instrument, to be employed in that highest of earthly functions, the determination of justice among men. While the duties of the magistrate were thus illumined by the studies of the Jurist, the latter were tempered to a finer edge by the experience of the bench.

In attempting any fitting estimate of his character as a jurist, he should be regarded in *three* different aspects; as a judge, an author, and a teacher of jurisprudence, exercising in each of these characters a peculiar influence. His lot is rare who achieves fame in a single department of human action; rarer still is his who becomes foremost in many. The first impression is of astonishment that a single mind, in a single life, should be able to accomplish so much. Independent of the incalculable labours, of which there is no trace, except in the knowledge, happiness, and justice which they helped to secure, the bare amount of his written and printed works is enormous beyond all precedent in the annals of the common law. His written judgments on his own circuit, and his various commentaries, occupy *twenty-seven* volumes, while his judgments in the Supreme Court of the United States form an important part of no less than *thirty-four* volumes more. The vast professional labours of Coke and Eldon, which seem to clothe the walls of our libraries, must yield in extent to his. He is the Lope de Vega, or the Walter Scott of the common law.

We are struck next by the universality of his juridical attainments. It was said by Dryden of one of the greatest lawyers in English history, Heneage Finch,

Our law, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all and fathomed all by him.

But the boundless ocean of that age was a *nare clausum* compared with that on which the adventurer embarks on our day. We read, in "Howell's Familiar Letters," the saying of only a few short years before the period of Finch, that the books of the common law might all be carried in a wheelbarrow! To coast such an ocean were a less task than a moiety of his labours whom we now mourn. Called to administer all the different branches of law, which are kept separate in England, he showed a mastery of all. His was universal empire; and wherever he set his foot, in the wide and various realms of jurisprudence, it was as a sovereign; whether in the ancient and subtle learning of real law; in the criminal law; in the niceties of special pleading; in the more refined doctrines of contracts; in the more rational systems of the commercial and maritime law; in the peculiar and interesting principles and practice of courts of admiralty and

prize ; in the immense range of chancery ; in the modern but important jurisdiction over patents ; or in that higher region, the great themes of public and constitutional law. There are judgments by him in each of these branches, which will not yield in value to those of any other judge in England or the United States, even though his studies and duties may have been directed to only one particular department.

His judgments are remarkable for their exhaustive treatment of the subjects to which they relate. The common law, as is known to his cost by every student, is to be found only in innumerable "sand-grains" of authorities. Not one of these is overlooked in his learned expositions, while all are combined with care, and the golden cord of reason is woven across the ample tissue. Besides, there is in them a clearness, which flings over the subject a perfect day ; a severe logic, which, by its closeness and precision, makes us feel the truth of the saying of Leibnitz, that nothing approached so near the certainty of geometry, as the reasoning of the law ; a careful attention to the discussions at the bar, that the court may not appear to neglect any of the considerations urged ; with a copious and persuasive eloquence which invests the whole. Many of his judgments will be landmarks in the law ; they will be columns, like those of Hercules, to mark the progress in jurisprudence of our age. I know of no single judge who has established so many. I think it may be said, without fear of question, that the Reports show a larger number of judicial opinions, from Mr. Justice Story, which posterity will not willingly let die, than from any other judge in the history of English and American law.

But there is much of his character, as a judge, which cannot be preserved, except in the faithful memories and records of those whose happiness it was to enjoy his judicial presence. I refer particularly to his mode of conducting business. Even the passing stranger bears witness to his suavity of manner on the bench, while all the practitioners in the courts, over which he presided so long, attest the marvellous quickness with which he habitually seized the points of a case, often anticipating the slower movements of the counsel, and leaping, or, I might almost say, flying to the conclusions sought to be established. Napoleon's perception in military tactics was not more rapid. Nor can I forget the scrupulous care with which he assigned reasons for every portion of his opinions, showing that it was not *he* who thus spoke with the voice of authority, but the *law*, whose organ he was.

In the history of the English bench, there are but two names with combined eminence as a judge and as an author — Coke and Hale ; — unless, indeed, the Orders in Chancery, from the Verulamian pen, should entitle Lord Bacon to this distinction ; and the judgments of Lord Brougham should vindicate the same for him. Blackstone's character as a judge is lost in the fame of the "Commentaries." To Mr. Justice Story belongs this double glory. Early in life, he compiled an important professional work ; but it was only at a comparatively recent period, after his mind had been disciplined by the labours of the bench, that he prepared those elaborate "Commentaries," which have made his name a familiar word in foreign countries. They, who knew him best, observed the lively interest which he took in this extension of his well-earned renown. And truly he might ; for the voice of distant foreign nations seems to come as from a living posterity. His works have been reviewed with praise in the journals

of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany. They have been cited as authorities in all the courts of Westminster Hall; and one of the ablest and most learned lawyers of the age, whose honourable career at the bar has conducted him to the peerage, Lord Campbell, in the course of debate in the House of Lords, characterized their author as "the first of living writers on the law."

To complete this hasty survey of his character as a jurist, I should allude to his excellencies as a *teacher* of law, that other relation which he sustained to jurisprudence. The numerous pupils reared at his feet, and now scattered throughout the whole country, diffusing, each in his circle, the light which he obtained at Cambridge, as they hear that their beloved master has fallen, will feel that they individually have lost a friend. He had the faculty, rare as it is exquisite, of interesting the young, and winning their affections. I have often seen him surrounded by a group,—the ancient Romans would have aptly called it a *corona* of youths,—all intent upon his earnest conversation, and freely interrogating him on any matters of doubt. In his lectures, and other forms of instruction, he was prodigal of explanation and illustration; his manner, according to the classical image of Zeno, was like the open palm, never like the closed hand. His learning was always overflowing, as from the horn of abundance. He was earnest and unrelaxing in his efforts, patient and gentle, while he listened with inspiring attention to all that the pupil said. Like Chaucer's Clerk,

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

Above all, he was a living example of a love for the law,—supposed by many to be unlovely and repulsive,—which seemed to grow warmer under the snows of accumulating winters; and such an example could not fail, with magnetic power, to touch the hearts of the young. Nor should I forget the lofty standard of professional morals, which he inculcated, filling his discourse with the charm of goodness. Under such auspices, and those of his learned associate, Professor Greenleaf, large classes of students of law, larger than any in England or America, have been annually gathered in Cambridge. The Law School is the golden mistletoe ingrafted on the ancient oak of the University;

Talis erat species auri frondentis opaca
Ilice.

The deceased was proud of his character as Professor. In his earlier works he is called on the title-page, "Dane Professor of Law." It was only on the suggestion of the English publisher, that he was prevailed upon to append the other title, "Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States." He looked forward with peculiar delight to the time which seemed at hand, when he should lay down the honours and cares of the bench, and devote himself singly to the duties of his chair.

I have merely glanced at his character in his *three* different relations to jurisprudence. Great in each of these, it is on this unprecedented combination that his peculiar fame will be reared, as upon an immortal tripod. In what I have written, I do not think I am biased by the partialities of private friendship. I have endeavoured to regard him, as posterity will regard him; as they must regard him now, who know him in his various works. Imagine for one moment the irrep-

rable loss, if all that he has done were blotted out for ever. As I think of the incalculable facilities afforded by his labours, I cannot but say with Racine, when speaking of Descartes, "Nous courons; mais, sans lui, nous ne marcherions pas." Besides, it is he who has inspired in many foreign bosoms, reluctant to perceive aught that is good in our country, a sincere homage to the American name. He has turned the stream of the law refluxing upon the ancient fountains of Westminster Hall; and, stranger still, he has forced the waters above their sources, up the unaccustomed heights of countries, alien to the common law. It is he also who has directed, from the copious well-springs of the Roman law, and from the fresher currents of the modern continental law, a pure and grateful stream, to enrich and fertilize our domestic jurisprudence. In his judgments, in his books, and in his teachings always, he drew from other systems to illustrate the doctrines of the common law.

The mind naturally seeks to compare him with the eminent jurists, servants of Themis, who share with him the wide spaces of fame. In genius for the law, in the exceeding usefulness of his career, in the blended character of judge and author, he cannot yield to our time-honoured master, Lord Coke; in suavity of manner, and in silver-tongued eloquence, he may compare with Lord Mansfield, while in depth, accuracy and variety of juridical learning, he surpassed him far; if he yields to Lord Stowell in elegance of diction, he excels even his excellence in the curious exploration of the foundations of that jurisdiction which they administered in common, and in the development of those great principles of public law, whose just determination helps to preserve the peace of nations; and, even in the peculiar field illustrated by the long career of Eldon, we find him a familiar worker, with Eldon's profusion of learning, and without the perplexities of his doubts. There are many who regard the judicial character of the late Chief Justice Marshall as at an unapproachable height. I revere his name, and have ever read his judgments, which seem like "pure reason," with admiration and gratitude; but I cannot disguise, that even these noble memorials must yield in high juridical character, in learning, in acuteness, in fervour, in the variety of topics which they concern, as they are far inferior in amount, to those of our friend. There is still spared to us a renowned judge, at this moment the unquestioned living head of American jurisprudence, with no rival near the throne, — Mr. Chancellor Kent, — whose judgments and whose works always inspired the warmest eulogies of the departed, and whose character as a jurist furnishes the fittest parallel to his own in the annals of our law.

It were idle, perhaps, to weave further these vain comparisons; particularly to invoke the living. But busy fancy recalls the past, and persons and scenes renew themselves in my memory. I call to mind the recent Chancellor of England, the model of a clear, grave, learned and conscientious magistrate, — Lord Cottenham. I call to mind the ornaments of Westminster Hall, on the bench and at the bar, where sits Denman, in manner, in conduct, and character "every inch" the judge; where pleaded only a few short months ago the consummate lawyer Follett, whose voice is now hushed in the grave; their judgments, their arguments, their conversation, I cannot forget; but thinking of these, I feel new pride in the great magistrate, the lofty judge, the consummate lawyer, whom we now mourn.

It has been my fortune to know or to see the chief jurists of our times, in the classical countries of jurisprudence, France and Germany. I remember well the pointed and effective style of Dupin, in the delivery of one of his masterly opinions in the highest court of France; I recall the pleasant converse of Pardessus — to whom commercial and maritime law is under a larger debt, perhaps, than to any other mind — while he descanted on his favourite theme. I wander in fancy to the gentle presence of him with flowing silver locks, who was so dear to Germany — Thibaut, the expounder of the Roman law, and the earnest and successful advocate of a just scheme for the reduction of the unwritten law to the certainty of a written text. From Heidelberg I fly to Berlin, where I listen to the grave lecture, and mingle in the social circle of Savigny, so stately in person and peculiar in countenance, whom all the continent of Europe delights to honour; but my heart and my judgment untravelled fondly turn with new love and admiration to my Cambridge teacher and friend. Jurisprudence has many arrows in her golden quiver, but where is one to compare with that which is now spent in the earth?

The fame of the jurist is enhanced by the various attainments superinduced upon his learning in the law. His "Miscellaneous Writings" show a thoughtful mind, imbued with elegant literature, warm with kindly sentiments, commanding a style of rich and varied eloquence. There are many passages from these which have become the common-places of our schools. In early life he yielded to the fascinations of the poetic muse; and here the great lawyer may find companionship with Selden, who is introduced by Suckling into the "Session of Poets," as "close by the chair;" with Blackstone, whose "Farewell to the Muse" shows his fondness for poetic pastures, even while his eye was directed to the heights of the law; and also with Mansfield, of whom Pope has lamented in familiar words,—

How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!

I have now before me, in his own hand-writing, some verses written by him in 1833, entitled "Advice to a Young Lawyer." As they cannot fail to be read with interest, I introduce them here.

Whene'er you speak, remember every cause
 Stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws—
 Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
 Let every sentence stand with bold relief;
 On trifling points, nor time, nor talents waste,
 A sad offence to learning, and to taste;
 Nor deal with pompous phrase; nor e'er suppose
 Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.
 Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
 And seem more striking, as it grows more loud;
 But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
 As naught but empty noise, and weak as vain.
 The froth of words, the schoolboy's vain parade
 Of books and cases—all his stock in trade—
 The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play
 Of low attorneys, strung in long array,
 The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
 That chatters on, and cares not how, nor why,
 Studious avoid—unworthy themes to scan,
 They sink the Speaker and disgrace the Man,
 Like the false lights, by flying shadows cast,
 Scarce seen when present, and forgot when past.

Begin with dignity ; expound with grace
 Each ground of reasoning in its time and place ;
 Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,
 Nor urge its power too little, or too much.
 Give each strong thought its most attractive view,
 In diction clear, and yet severely true.
 And, as the arguments in splendor grow,
 Let each reflect its light on all below.
 When to the close arrived, make no delays,
 By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,
 But sum the whole in one deep, solemn strain,
 Like a strong current hastening to the main.

But the jurist, rich with the spoils of time, the exalted magistrate, the orator, the writer, all vanish when I think of the friend. Much as the world may admire his memory, all who knew him shall love it more. Who can forget his bounding step, his contagious laugh, his exhilarating voice, his beaming smile, his countenance that shone like a benediction? What pen can describe these — what artist can preserve them on canvas or in marble? He was always the friend of the young, who never tired in listening to his flowing and mellifluous discourse. Nor did they ever leave his presence without feeling a warmer glow of virtue, a more inspiring love of knowledge and truth, more generous impulses of action. I remember him in my childhood; but I first knew him after he came to Cambridge, as Professor, while I was yet an undergraduate, and remember freshly, as if the words were of yesterday, the eloquence and animation with which, at that time, to a youthful circle, he enforced the beautiful truth, that no man stands in the way of another. The world is wide enough for all, he said, and no success, which may crown our neighbour, can affect our own career. In this spirit he run his race on earth, without jealousy, without envy; nay more, overflowing with appreciation and praise of labours which compare humbly with his own. In conversation, he dwelt with fervour upon all the topics which interest man; not only upon law, but upon literature, history, the characters of men, the affairs of every day; above all, upon the great duties of life, the relations of men to each other, to their country, to God. High in his mind, above all human opinions and practices, were the everlasting rules of *Right*; nor did he ever rise to a truer eloquence, than when condemning, as I have more than once heard him recently, that evil sentiment,—“Our country, *be she right or wrong*,”—which, in whatsoever form of language it may disguise itself, assails the very foundations of justice and virtue.

He has been happy in his life; happy also in his death. It was his hope, expressed in health, that he should not be allowed to linger superfluous on the stage, nor waste under the slow progress of disease. He was always ready to meet his God. His wishes were answered. Two days before his last illness, he delivered in court an elaborate judgment on a complicated case in equity. Since his death, another judgment in a case already argued before him, has been found among his papers, ready to be pronounced.

I saw him for a single moment on the evening preceding his illness. It was an accidental meeting away from his own house; the last time that the open air of heaven fanned his cheeks. His words of familiar, household greeting, on that occasion, still linger in my ears, like an enchanted melody. The morning sun saw him on the bed from which

he never again rose. Thus closed, after an illness of eight days, in the bosom of his family, without pain, surrounded by friends, a life, which, through various vicissitudes of disease, had been spared beyond the grand climacteric, that Cape of Storms in the sea of human existence :

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

He is gone, and we shall see him no more on earth, except in his works, and in the memory of his virtues. The scales of justice, which he had so long held, have fallen from his hands. The untiring pen of the author rests at last. The voice of the teacher is mute. The fountain, which was ever flowing and ever full, is now stopped. The lips, on which the bees of Hybla might have rested, have ceased to distil the honeyed sweets of kindness. The manly form, warm with all the affections of life, with love for family and friends, for truth and virtue, is now cold in death. The justice of nations is eclipsed ; the life of the law is suspended. But let us listen to the words, which, though dead, he utters from the grave : "Sorrow not as those without hope." The righteous judge, the wise teacher, the faithful friend, the loving father, has ascended to his Judge, his Teacher, his Friend, his Father in heaven.

OH ! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD !

Oh ! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise,—
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days ;
Bare floors were strewed with rushes,—the walls let in the cold ;
Oh ! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old !

Oh ! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were !
They threw down and imprisoned kings, to thwart them who might dare :
They ruled their serfs right sternly ; they took from Jews their gold,—
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old !

Oh ! the gallant knights of old, for their valour so renowned ;
With sword and lance and armour strong, they scoured the country round ;
And whenever aught to tempt them, they met by wood or wild,
By right of sword they seized the prize,—those gallant knights of old !

Oh ! the gentle dames of old, who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain :
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold :
Oh ! more like men than women were those gentle dames of old !

Oh ! those mighty towers of old, with their turrets, moat, and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep,
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold,
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old

Oh ! the troubadours of old, with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be—
For years they served their ladye love ere they their passion told,—
Oh ! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old !

Oh ! those blessed times of old, with their chivalry and state ;
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate,—
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told,—
But, heaven be thanked ! I live not in those blessed times of old !

M. A. B.

MADRILENIA;
OR,
TRUTHS AND TALES OF SPANISH LIFE.

BY H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

" — *Schöne tage in Aranjuez.* " — SCHILLER.

" Sweet, smiling village ! " — GOLDSMITH.

JOURNEY.—ARANJUEZ.—SIGHTS.—MARIQUITA.—CASA DEL LABRADOR.—
FOLLY.—FROLIC.

NEXT morning early I am to start for Aranjuez ; and having hastily packed up, I adjourn to the theatre with R—. He having examined Madrid during my stay in the country, had not accompanied me in my civic peregrinations, but had wandered and picked up smaller novelties with an observant eye. A lottery, a perpetual recurrence in this gambling capital, he said, had just been drawn, the first prize being about 800*l.* A little *employé*, who had fallen several times under my friend's displeasure at the *cafés*, had won it, and was very great on the event, when his uncle, a priest, appearing suddenly from the crowd, laid an embargo on the sum, and giving the fortunate youth a dollar for pocket-money, secured the amount in store for future days. R—'s glee was ferocious.

At the theatre we were much disappointed. We expected a good Spanish play, but found that Madrid has followed the great example of London, in playing exclusively French pieces on its stage. We had first a drama of Alexandre Dumas, a tedious, dreary tale, unrelieved by French dialogue or French acting, and a farce of Scribe followed, which suited better the strange language in which it was clothed. The Spanish actors speak in a peculiarly pompous manner, running over each sentence till they attain the last word, on which they remain ; galloping, as it were, to a hedge, and pausing till they get over ; then again going at full pace, till they find a similar obstruction, in the shape of a period.

In the morning at five o'clock, I was roused to start on my journey ; and, after a hasty toilet and breakfast, I embarked in the diligence, that started from the court of my *hostelrie*. My fellow travellers were a disagreeable merchant and a travelled youth, who was a glorious exception to the generality of adolescent Spaniards, being full of anecdote and fun. As an amusing excursion, he had been to China, taking England on his way back, and having only been absent a very few months, his ideas were very agreeably compounded of reminiscences of many lands. As I entered the diligence, he civilly said, " How do you do ? " in good English ; and having shortly after volunteered a song, in the same language, to cheer our third companion, who evidently wished to sleep, he struck up what must have been a Chinese ditty, accompanied by

shrieks and other additions of a somewhat North-American-Indian caste.

The road is frightfully dreary, a fit prelude to the spot we were about to visit ; and had I not been enlivened by my companion's vagaries and stories, it would have been very wearisome. Amongst other tales, he related one of modern date, of which the hero is a person now somewhat noted in the affairs of Spain. It may be true, but it seems to me to bear a strong verisimilitude to that species of narrative which is said proverbially to find readiest credence amongst a certain distinguished corps who assist in manning our wooden walls.

A young man had entered the diligence, which was to take him to Segovia. A place had been allotted to him in the *intérieur*, where on starting he found one only companion, a young lady, strangely travelling alone ;—her figure was all that it should be, but a mantilla covered her face. Consequently, to use the words of a novelist, “ a strange sensation suddenly took possession of him—Love entered his soul.” After some small civilities, he proceeded to take her hand, which she withdrew while she glared at him with two dark eyes through the lace that enveloped her. Again he took her hand ; he kissed it ; and feeling perfectly secure from intrusion, he insisted on her removing her veil. With this request, after some resistance, she complied, and her features fully answering all his expectations, he might have assured her of his approval ; but, as Segovia is approaching, he is compelled to leave her ; before doing so, however, the youth presses her to tell him where she lives, and as she leaves the diligence she gives him her address and name.

An hour has scarcely elapsed when he hastens to the house, which stands alone ; evidently but one family occupies it. He asks for Doña Eugenia, and is ushered into a room furnished with unusual comfort. The lady he seeks is sitting alone. She beckons him with a haughty gesture to be seated. Within doors his impertinence has quite deserted him, and having humbly obeyed her, she thus addressed him :

“ Señor Caballero,” she said, “ this morning a woman, a widow, and unprotected, was forced by affairs to leave Madrid. Her dueña at the last moment was taken ill ; her affairs at Segovia could not bear postponement ; she trusted to the gallantry of Spaniards to protect her on her road ; and how her hopes were realized you can inform her. But think not she who could not defend herself from insult, cannot take vengeance,”—and drawing a pistol, she presented it to his forehead and continued, “ Make your peace with Heaven, for the earth you see no more.”

He does not tremble, though he sees it is no jest ; his brow quails not, and the emotion that causes his voice to quiver is not that of fear. He looks the lady in the face and says—

“ *Quieres matarme porque te amo tanto ?* ” Wouldst thou kill me because I love thee so much ?

His eye, his voice and courage achieved the conquest he had commenced in the coach, and casting aside the deadly weapon, she told him she had but tried his love, which she was now convinced was equal to his pluck. It appeared, that she was the young widow of a late Cuban merchant, old, cross, ugly, and cowardly ; her married life had been very short ; and, in espousing the young lieute-

nant she endowed him with the wealth she had gained from her first husband.

The couple are now high in the estimation of Madrid ; the husband is a senator, the wife a lady of fashion ; but whether the tragic scene has ever again been enacted by them the narrator could not inform me.

This recital brought us close to Aranjuez ; and having crossed the Jarama by a fine stone bridge, and driven through a green, really green avenue of considerable length : then having again crossed a suspension bridge over the Tagus, we drove into the Plaza de S. Antonio. Having satisfied my appetite in the society of my new friend, I started, Guide in hand, to gaze on the wonders of this green oasis. He had frankly invited me to visit some friends of his, who were then staying in the village, his parents, I believe. They did not expect him home, he informed me, as he had last written to them, some six months previously, from Hong-Kong, announcing his intention of taking to himself a Chinese bride, and of establishing himself as a worshipper of Fo. As a preparation for this, he had enclosed the hair of his head, with the exception of a small portion growing at the crown, retained as the nucleus of a pig-tail, at the same time begging his parents to distribute it in equal proportions amongst his family, the only legacy he was ever likely to leave them. Thinking, under these circumstances, that I might find myself *de trop*, and not willing to embarrass the ebullitions naturally to be caused by this unexpected arrival, I assented to a meeting at a later hour, he having assured me that a short time would satisfy their mutual affections, and that he entertained strong ideas of starting for the river Amazon the following morning.

Perhaps a short historical sketch of Aranjuez will not be out of place, before I proceed to notice it topographically. It is a place of a thousand ; and the site seems to have charmed the Alcaldes, who, flying the broiling summer of La Mancha, sought to pasture their flocks amidst the network of streams that cool it. The Romans subsequently were attracted by the natural beauty of the hitherto nameless spot ; and, having there built, on the banks of the Tagus, a temple, dedicated to Jupiter, Aræjovis became its nomenclature, which has been corrupted into the historic name it now bears. On the foundation of the order of Santiago, its masters were enchanted by the shady prospects that Aranjovis (for such was its first corruption) presented ; and they consequently erected a country house, which was used as a hunting lodge, to which a small garden was attached. One house followed another in rapid succession, and the cottages of servants and followers soon amounted to a village, which, as well as others in the neighbourhood, became a dependency of the order. The chaplains of the parish church, Al-Pajés, still retain the badge of its first founders, as they wear the cross of Santiago. Later, *Los reyes Catolicos* and Charles V. began gardens, Philip II. wound up by building the palace which was executed in the Flemish style, under the direction of Juan de Herrera ; but Philip V., Ferdinand VII., and Charles III., each added to the structure. Charles IV. continued the building and the arrangement of some of the gardens ; and here he abdicated. During the French invasion, the place suffered much devastation, and still,

“ Amidst its bowers the tyrant’s hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all its green.”

But by the exertions of Queen Maria Christina, in the "Cambyses' vein" of language of the Spanish guide-book, Aranjuez is returning to its apogee.

Having secured the services of the head gardener and bailiff, or as he is sonorously termed, the *administrador of the gardens*, I proceeded to inspect the "Jardin de la Isla," the grounds immediately adjoining the palace. These gardens are situated, as their name implies, on an island formed by the Tagus, and one of its many tributary brooks. Elms, imported by Philip II. from England, here flourish in British grandeur, sucking nourishment from the river and fragrance from the atmosphere. Chestnuts rise in their native majesty, and a walk, forming one long vista, is interrupted frequently by transverse paths, in the confluence of which are placed fountains, works of art, embracing subjects classical and modern. First, you see the fountain,

"Herculis, Antæum procul a tellure tenentis."

Afterwards (I write from memory), is one of Apollo: then a fountain, round the margin of which are marked the hours of the day, the jet of water from the middle forming the index; then again, in a *bouquet* of cedars and lindens, Hercules and the Hydra; and further, the *Fuente de la Espina*, a bronze figure, relieving its finger of a thorn, while, from the capitals of four Corinthian columns, made of jasper, nymphs pour vases of water; a fountain of Venus, on which I shall be dumb: a fountain of Bacchus, of seagods, follow in quick succession; and on your return, you behold the poetic river pouring down with velocity in an artificial cascade, like an opportunity in the life of man—a sudden rush, and then speedy prosperity. Having gratified myself by the sight of these, and wandered, wondering as though I had suddenly been led into an enchanted region, feeling rather fatigued by the heat and the journey, I retired to refresh myself at mine inn, regaling myself in a darkened coffee-room, on iced drinkables. As I was thus seated, *papelito* in one hand, and glass in the other, a little girl, entering from the street, passed the door of the apartment towards a sort of bar which was placed further up in the corridor, opposite the public entrance. In her appearance there was something remarkably hurried, which struck me at the moment. A few minutes afterwards, on proceeding to my own room, I again saw her, in conversation with the daughter of my landlady; she started back on my approach, and as she looked at me I observed on her forehead a claret stain, which bore an exact resemblance to a *navaja*—an indelible mark, which appeared like a curse branded on her brow. Murmuring a few words of thanks to the landlady, who now stood by her daughter, the child retired, and seeing that her absence was evidently a relief to the pair, I inquired if there was anything remarkable about the damsel. The daughter gave a grave expression to her pretty face at my interrogatory, while her mamma, inviting me to finish my *sorbeta* in her parlour, unfolded the following tale, of what appears to me unaccountable infatuation, which, at the risk of being considered tedious, I will give as nearly as possible in the words of mine hostess, who delivered it as a good Spaniard should, with much extraneous matter, going into the minutest detail, and often into unnecessary digressions. I will confer on it as a title the name of the child whose appearance caused its narration.

Mariquita.

At Aranjuez, some twenty years previous to the relation of the story, there lived a youth of the poorer class, whose good nature and industry were the proverb of the village. His name was Julio. His disposition was naturally indolent, morally I mean, rather than physically; and although he was by no means deficient in understanding, he allowed himself to be guided by any person who, for any purpose, thought fit to undertake the task. Julio delighted in doing a kindness, and, as his goodnature equalled his ductility, he granted every request, whether it lay in his power or not. No one was more ready to play at the village dance than Julio; and though he loved to dance himself, he never thought of indulging in this predilection until his companions, knowing his weakness, insisted on his allowing some one else to take the guitar. It was to him always that damsels resorted who had quarrelled with their sweethearts, or youths who had fallen under the displeasure of their Chloe; for, on behalf of the first, he was best able to soften jealousy and extort promises of future amendment, and for the latter, he would smooth matters by appropriate words, nay, often by a small gift purchased by a sacrifice of part of his own scanty store, and presented as though from the culprit. Great were this charming young man's accomplishments; and not only were his companions, but the higher class of inhabitants, grieved when his facile disposition brought him into any scrape. It had always been supposed that Julio was attached to a young girl, with whom he had been brought up. His patrimonial cottage adjoined to that of her parents, and he had ever seemed to court her society more than that of his other fair acquaintances. As for her, she adored him. She was much of the same disposition as himself, and undecided; but in her love for him, she had come out of herself; she would have followed him to the scaffold, and would infinitely have preferred a disagreeable death in his society, than the most agreeable life without him. As yet he had scarcely sufficiently reciprocated her attachment; he liked her society; he perhaps did not object to her devotion! nay, he wished to marry her; but she had not inspired him with the same absorbing love she herself felt; she had not sufficient command over him to draw forth his passion in its full tide; and while that passion was accumulating, pent up for some event, she was content with his simmering affection. Her name was Faustina.

But his love was soon to be proved, and poor Faustina's heart was to be sorely tried. While she confidently looked up to him who was virtually her betrothed, she little thought how slight was the bond that attached him to her. She knew his love did not reach one tithe of that she would have wished, but she thought it infinitely more than what it eventually appeared.

An Italian family from Madrid came to reside during the spring months at Aranjuez. In their retinue came Ursula, an Italian *femme-de-chambre*, a woman whose name is never uttered in the *pueblo* but with a curse.

She was older than Julio, who became acquainted with her while employed in the house in his trade as carpenter; but as she saw his pliable disposition, and perhaps his nascent passion, her experience and acuteness taught her to turn them to account; and

in a short time she obtained such an ascendancy over him, that he became a perfect plaything in her hands. He ruined himself in purchasing presents for the artful woman ; he furnished her with all she required ; he gave her money ; in fact, had she requested his life, it would not have been considered an exorbitant demand. Ursula was handsome, tall, dark, and fierce-looking ; flashing eyes she had, with heavy arched brows ; and considering these advantages, folks wondered that she would condescend to turn her ideas so humbly ; but after inquiries showed that in her own land, and in Madrid, her conduct had been so very profligate, that all was now fish that came to her net, and that, to obtain the consummation of the wishes of every woman, a husband and independence, she must stoop far below what must have been her original expectations.

Meanwhile poor Faustina wept and prayed, now scorned by Julio, but pitied by the little world in which she had lived. She wept and prayed, but tears seemed to afford no relief to the maiden in her anguish, and prayers appeared to have lost their efficacy : they brought no success, nay, worse, no comfort. Still Julio pursued his headlong career, heedless of the past, the present, or the future. It was dreadful to see the change in him : he seemed as one possessed. The reckless passion that had been roused by the wily Italian, burst all bounds, knew no restraint, no path ; it was like a torrent that has been for some time dammed up, which, when set free, acknowledges no demarcation, no rule of banks or bed, but tears forward, involving in its impetuous rage the verdure and bloom that are around it.

Such was the state of affairs that occupied the attention of all the Aranjovites, when one morning Ursula the Italian disappeared. Julio was at work when the fact was communicated to him, which being done, he fell to the ground, as though the intelligence had struck him dead ; and when he recovered from the swoon, he raved, frantic. He wandered to Madrid, but could discover no intelligence of her ; he visited all the neighbouring towns, he inquired of the police, but no trace of the woman could be found, till at last the reaction of his spirits, after the tense excitement, the grief, the balked passion, seemed to have prostrated his senses ; he walked as a spectre, taking heed of no passer-by, callous to all changes, careless of remark and of appearance, a noonday ghoul preying on his own misery. But now the prayers of the poor girl who loved him so fondly seemed to her to have been granted. She had not besought a return of his former lukewarm regard, only an opportunity of proving her own devotion ; and in his dull apathy she indeed proved herself a loving woman.—She followed him in his walks, she arranged his cottage, sang to him the songs she thought he best loved ; nay, to cheer him, would endeavour to repeat the airs she had at times heard from the lips of her Italian rival, though the attempt was but a self-inflicted wound ; and in the heat of the day, she would take him often her own share of the domestic meal, or placing his unconscious head on her bosom, would tend him like a child, as he lay half sleeping, half senseless.

Her constancy received a qualified reward,—Count —, an officer having the chief authority in the royal demesnes, hearing the story, offered to Julio a good appointment in the gardens, with the proviso that he should espouse Faustina. To this Julio yielded

without a sigh, poverty was beginning to make itself felt, and having resigned all hope of happiness he did not anticipate increased misery. His marriage did not alter his late mode of life. Listless and stupid he wandered about the gardens, inspecting, with an uninterested eye, the workmen over whom he had been placed, and he would soon have lost his appointment had it not been for his wife, who, "tender and true," in addition to her household duties, executed those which had been committed to his charge, slaving night and day for him she loved, careless of suffering and of labour, her only object to win his approbation, and some, however slight, token of returned affection; but she laboured in vain; Julio did not see, or affected not to see, these exertions; he would enter the house or leave it, without uttering a syllable, while his wife continued her thankless office, rewarded only by her conscience. And how disheartening a task it is to practise self-denial unappreciated, to resign all for one who deigns not even to bestow a word of kind approval. But thus Faustina lived her life—one uninterrupted self-sacrifice. Alas! how often are such lives passed by women in every rank of life! How little can a stranger tell the heroism that occurs beneath the roofs of the noble or on the cold hearth of the beggar; at odd times, at sudden epochs, the world may hear of deeds practised, that, of old, would have deified the performer; but often, how often, will noble acts, such as these, receive a thankless return; years passed as this, acknowledged only when too late; their premium in life, perchance, may be harsh words or curses, or transitory tears may moisten the grave when the gentle spirit passes from its earthly frame. These observations may be just, but they are somewhat trite.

Thus they lived for five years, one pretty little girl being the only fruit of this union; a child who, in her earliest days, was taught to suffer, and who partook her mother's disposition, nay, even her mother's character, as it appeared tempered by the grief of womanhood; when one day, to the horror and disgust of the township, Ursula, the *terribila causa*, reappeared at Aranjuez. She was grown much older in appearance; years and evident care had worn furrows in her cheeks, but the flashing eye of sin was not yet dimmed, her head not bent, nor the determination that had of old gained such a baneful influence on the mind of Julio. One morning Faustina, leaving her house, beheld her husband in conversation with her rival. That day had sealed her doom. Morning, noon, and night, Julio was at the side of Ursula, as before, obeying her slightest command, grovelling at her feet like a slave; his ancient energy of passion had returned, but only to brutalize his nature; instead of cold looks to his wife, he now treated her with blows at the rare interviews he held with her; the cold apathy was changed into deep hate, and though no direct act of violence caused her death, the shock, the harshness added to neglect, soon broke her heart. Poor Faustina died, blessing with her latest breath, the being who had by his cruelty killed her, and deprecating even remorse to visit him, she left the world, in which she had loved in vain.

At her death Julio found himself comparatively wealthy, wealthy by her exertion, and ere another moon shone over his roof, his bride, the dark Italian, beat his child on the spot where the mother had so lately died.

Dark rumours soon spread over the village, a scowling Italian, given out by Ursula as her brother, came and took up his abode in her newly acquired house ; curious neighbours whispered tales how, peeping in at night, they had beheld the three deal heavy blows to poor Faustina's daughter ; screams often were heard from the desecrated habitation, and the child was never seen to leave the house. Julio had recovered, to a certain extent, the use of his faculties, and was enabled now himself to attend to his affairs, but his subordinates soon felt the loss of Faustina's mild rule, and with the discrimination of the Spanish peasantry attributed their sufferings not to the miserable tool, but to the fiend-hearted woman.

Julio was walking in the garden alone, during the time usually devoted to the midday sleep ; his underlings were reclining beneath the shade of the trees, and at last, overcome by the heat, he himself gave way to slumber ; his dreams were troubled, but were not of long duration, for he had not long lain himself on the sward, when he felt himself rudely shaken, and awaking, discovered an officer of justice standing near him, who desired his society. The alguazil led him to his own abode, and on reaching it, what did he behold ? His wife, who was then with child, pinioned, between two villagers acting for the nonce as constables, one of whom held in his hand a bloody *navaja* ; the brother (!), also pinioned, standing near her, and on the ground, surrounded by a knot of peasants, glad at the vengeance that was to overtake the guilty pair, he saw the child of Faustina, decapitated, dismembered, discovered thus on the floor of the cottage ere the murderous couple had been enabled to conceal the mangled remains. A workman, a near relation of Julio's first wife, who had by chance heard a suppressed scream in passing, hastily summoning assistance, had arrived in time only to apprehend the assassins, the shedders of innocent blood. There was no flaw in the evidence, and ere long, Ursula and her paramour, for such was the true relative position in which she stood with the stranger, were sentenced to the doom they so richly deserved. I have not, however, ended my narrative, but I will endeavour to curtail the rest of my history, to me the strangest part of it. Julio was not disenchanted ; by extraordinary exertions to save the mother of a child, shrewdly suspected not to be his own, he prevailed on his patron, Count —, to procure the commutation of his wife's sentence to a term of imprisonment, and though the murderer forfeited his life, the murderess escaped after some years' incarceration, having given birth to a child shortly after her trial, who, innocent, bore on her brow the mark of the instrument of her mother's crime ; and, can it be credited !—Julio took the woman to his home, his love unabated, his subserviency undiminished.

They now live in Aranjuez, and the child is left to wander about unnoticed, except with punishment ; my kind-hearted landlady alone feeds the poor creature, whom all others shun ; and even she feels uncomfortable in the presence of one born under such auspices. Her fellow townfolk, as they pass the scene of virtue and of crime, bless the memory of Faustina, and curse the life of Ursula, praying for the peace of the first one and of her child, and while execrating the latter, refuse shelter or relief to her innocent offspring, who, in

the universal spirit of poetry that reigns in Spain, is known far and near, and pointed to the stranger, as *La Hija de Sangre*, the Daughter of Blood.

Would that I were enabled to relate the tale with the unctious and gesticulation of my jolly landlady ! I have in vain endeavoured to follow in her path, but I find her nervous phrases grow commonplace beneath my treatment ; her burning epithets under my hand are twaddle. Gracious ! how her black eyes flashed with anger, or "melted to sorrow," during the recital ; and when she had done, I am not ashamed to say, I felt half inclined to follow the example of her daughter and maid, who were weeping copiously. "Fill up my glass, madam, with lemonade ; partake yourself of the intoxicating beverage ; drink to supply the moisture your eyes have wasted ; drown sorrow in the icepail, and *vogue la galère* ; in fact, cheer up, old gal ! while I go out to inspect the *Jardin del Principe*." I proceed down the Calle de Stuardo, and am admitted by a fine iron gate into a veritable garden of Eden. An immense flower-garden first bursts upon my view, but the glare and heat of the sun are so overpowering, I must follow the example of the workmen and workwomen, who, I see, are gradually slinking off to take a snooze. All nature is asleep, and finding, with little difficulty,

" —A tall grove, whose thick, embowering shade,
Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at midnight a dubious twilight made,"

near a running brook, I dispose myself to repose ; Gil Blas, that true picture of Spanish life, is my pillow ; I gaze upon the blue sky, gleaming through the verdant foliage, while turtle doves woo and coo above me, the heat being suitable to their ardent dispositions, though their feathered colleagues, like human beings, are taking a siesta. And now, a dream passes across my thoughts ; Schiller and his hero fit across my mind. 'Twas in these regions, this Tempe, that the deformed prince pondered on the bride, of whom his moody sire had deprived him, and here the play opens,—an unfit scene for grief, for in these gardens all should be gay, sorrow should fly the place considerately, and should not intrude itself to mar appropriate joy. But gaiety quickly makes its appearance. Lo ! down the broad streets sweeps a gallant cortége, Spain's young king showing England's heir the beauties of his dominions. There they ride, side by side, in amity, vieing in courtesy one with another ; Philip, most skilled in etiquette, restraining his ardent steed from advancing even his nose beyond that of the guest who is soon to be his brother. While Charles, gloomy amidst the gladness, thinking, perchance, of the fair princess he has seen practising her steps in Paris, strives to appear pleased, and to reciprocate the kindness of his host.

Then behind is Olivarez, the haughty count and duke, endeavouring to affect amusement at the impertinent sallies of Buckingham, minor grandees smiling at the mistimed jests of equivalent *attachés* of the prince's suite, and towards the end, perhaps, we may find Gil Blas himself disgusted at a poke in the ribs from Graham. I hear the quip and crank and merry joke, the forced jocosity of the Spaniards, the roar of the Britons, and the ringing merriment of the

damsels, which latter much resembles thy silver laugh, friend, who art now in the sunny land. I see the Vandyke men and the dark floating dresses of the maidens, the prancing charger and the light jennet, till a mosquito, or busy bee improving the shining hour, rouses me with its jarring sting. The gay vision quickly flits down the vista, and I awake to real Aranjuez, beautiful as any dream.

I hastily rose to betake myself again to sight-seeing, to patrol these gardens, the finest I ever beheld, and here I wandered, by the hour, in its groves. You walk through dense woods, often thinking that you lose your way, till in the most intricate windings you find yourself in a remote space surrounded with rustic seats, near some pavilion surrounded by a few French *parterres*, or suddenly you may find fountains equalling in magnificence those of the sister gardens. Thus I discovered the Fuente de Narciso, de Apolo, de Ceres, del Cisne, and, at length, one surrounded with coloured mosaic and pillars of rare stone. But after much walking I fall in with a guide who leads me with patriotic pride to the hidden pearl of the place—the *Casa del Labrador*, a fairy palace under the mock humility of its name, the approach to which is through a labyrinthine maze. Each room in it is simply a receptacle for works of art, being so itself; the staircase is all marble and *scagliola*, every apartment is mosaic or china, or curiously embroidered silk or choice fresco. There is one room full of clocks, one of which is in the shape of Trajan's column, a needle working its way by a cork-screw staircase on the exterior showing the hours. You open in another quarter a box where a parroquet, manufactured of enamel, sings, wags its tail, and shakes its wings. Jewellery lies about in confusion; at each step you tread upon a gem. This beautiful retreat, no portion of which is intended for habitation, is simply a smoking room for the miserable palace, and was the design of Carlos IV. But Nature far surpasses art to whatever pitch it may be carried: the cool groves and twittering of the birds, so uncommon in this sultry realm, struck one with a pleasing novelty, and the

“ Sylvan colonnade,
Aye list'ning to the native melody
Of birds sweet echoing through the lonely shade,”

is far superior to the gilded gewgaws that were the fancy of this great King of Spain.

The *pueblo* is laid out in broad Dutch streets, and gives the idea of a toy-box village of the Netherlands, placed in a tropical climate; but the bold peasantry, the fine men and lithe women of Spain, are more fit residents of a pretty hamlet, than the large trousered males and many-petticoated dames of that land of *canaux*, *canards*, *canaille*.

On my return to the inn I did not find my friend, and having dined alone, I adjourned in the dusk to stroll about *ad libitum*. I again approached the gardens, but seeing the labourers gradually leaving, I followed some of them to the church, the bell of which was tolling. I entered with them, and here in the large lane was assembled a devout congregation offering their thanks at the altar of God for bounties that had been vouchsafed to them. The service

was but short, and after it many left the building, while many stayed to pray in solitude; ay, after the toils of the day, fathers and mothers, before seeking repose, or enjoying the freshness of the evening, would kneel, with their hard-worked children, in gratitude prostrate on the cold marble floor. And why should such a practice be confined to lands which are scorned and contemned as semi-barbarous? Why should the consecrated house not in every state be open to the prayers of individuals, of those who wish to pray without the assistance of the hebdomadal sermon and the mercenary clerk? Progress may be a wonderful benefit. Protestantism is, no doubt, a very sensible institution; yet the first induces deification of art, a damning bigotry; the second, rationalism, nay infidelity. It is Protestantism that checks prayer and devotional feeling; it is in a land of progress only that sacrilege is accounted a virtue. Bedizened virgins and winking saints, no doubt, are wrong; but a diminution of religious fervour and a want of faith are infinitely worse.

The night soon overshadowed the world, but the stars shone forth cheerily, throwing light around, and I walked and wandered through the silent streets, through the deep groves in the soft breeze of evening, breathing the glory of the past, beneath the dark enamel of the sky I beheld studded with constellations, and I did not wonder at the canonization of the ancients rewarding their heroes with places in an ether, which seems to distil happiness; and thus, realizing the idea of that great transatlantic poet, were the "lives of great men made sublime," shining as pre-eminently brilliant in death as in life, and "leaving footsteps in the sands of time" to show what has been accomplished, and what great qualities still might achieve. As I thus strolled along the banks of the Tagus and crossed the suspension-bridge, a herd of asses passed me, and catching some of their mental qualities, I resolved on perpetrating a very ridiculous action, thinking it would be romantic. I rushed to mine inn full of the idea, and procuring pencil and paper and some towels, I determined to write an ode while laving my fevered limbs in the flowing waters of the Tagus. What an opening was there for morbid misanthropy, for that detestation of the world which poets are in the habit of affecting; the "jaundiced eye" would come in so well under the circumstances. I could cause all my prospects to be blasted, my plans of happiness frustrated, my duns numerous, my exchequer scanty. I should pervert everything; any man whom I found simply a bore should be manufactured into a deadly enemy, an *Iago*, who had wrongfully poisoned my mind, and I was to bid the forms of love and friendship "away," to rhyme with and make room for "canker and decay."

Seeking a spot more secluded than others in the neighbourhood of some canvas pavilions, which were placed for bathing purposes, I took a plunge into the stream, intending immediately to return for the writing materials; but disgusting bathos! I was up to my knees in slushy mud, the odour of which immediately revealed itself, and the heat of the day was also beginning to show its effects by the vapours that were distilled from the waters. In that "Gone was my gladness!" Finding a shallow nook near the cascade, I betook myself thither to wash off the filth, the collection of leaves and sand that stuck to me, and hastily drying and toileting, I returned home to

swallow some cordial antidote. I was afterwards informed that there was every chance of this prank inducing an ague ; even now I shiver at the thoughts of my folly.

The next night, after a walk, I again made a *sortie* to examine the village by night, and having wandered in the neighbourhood of some gardens, the names of which I forget, I again resorted to those "Del Principe." The Tagus, as though purposely, takes a sudden bend at the end of these gardens, and thus forms at one end a sort of cape : it washes them on either side for some distance. In the midst of my reflections I came suddenly on a *debarcadère*, commanded by two mimic fortresses, under which was a small yacht occasionally used by the Queen, whereto I found attached a small dingy, with sculls and apparatus ready. I piratically invaded her, and loosening the painter, stretched myself at full length, and dropped down with the stream, though my course was frequently impeded by the "shading elms" which protruded their gnarled stems a long way over the water. I glided on, and the sensation was "uncommon pleasant," for the branches at times formed a dense canopy over me, nearly hiding the twinkling stars, or occasionally allowing a full glimpse of the milky way, rendered more beautiful through the fantastic lattice. I kept near the bank, doubling the cape, for I did not wish to be seen.

At length I heard merry voices in laughter on the opposite bank, and was convinced it was one of the reunions, the consequence of the "gentler manners" of these "kinder skies." I heard music, saw persons dancing, and was determined to give myself a little amusement at their expense. Hiding myself, and keeping close to the bank by means of a boat-hook and the impending branches, when nearly opposite I pulled a large letter out of my pocket, and hastily folding it round a large dry twig which I found in the boat, I set fire to the whole, and threw it as far as possible towards the other bank. This, as I expected, attracted the attention of the festive throng, for they all rushed to the brink to observe the strange phenomenon. On finding that they were watching, I allowed the boat to swerve a little from the shade, keeping myself out of sight by lying flat on my back, and moving the boat slowly up and down the stream by means of the boat-hook and the bank, I thus gave it the appearance of a small and supernatural bark. I occasionally peeped over the side to see what was taking place, and stones were thrown at me. At length there seemed a stir, and a voice, which I recognised, shouted to the boat to show itself, as otherwise a gun was about to be discharged at it. Unwilling to meet with a fatal finale to the jest, I cried, in English, "All right !" and with a few strokes I attained the opposite shore. It was, as the voice had assured me, our friend of the diligence, who, with his family and dependants, were celebrating his return. They all gave me a most hospitable reception, the kindness of which was not a bit lessened by the strange mode of my introduction.

Then followed fun of every description ; we danced, and sung, and amused ourselves, my friend's two beautiful sisters playing a harp and guitar, while we danced with neighbours and peasants, the youth and myself occasionally relieving the fair musicians, by blowing into a flageolet, an instrument which was one of the pur-

chases he had made in his wanderings, and to the study of which I had as a child devoted some leisure hours.

“ And haply, though my harsh touch, falt’ring still,
 But mock’d all tune and marr’d the dancers’ skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wond’rous power,
 And dance forgetful of the *midnight* hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Would lead their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Would frisk beneath the burden of threescore.”

Little had I thought any of my schoolboy pursuits would hereafter turn to such good account. The grandsires and dames of ancient days began to feel fatigued, and it was time for us to move away, when Gonsalvo (so shall I call him) and his two sisters, with whom I had scraped up an intimate acquaintance, drew me aside, and imparted to me a plan. The sequel will explain what it was. We allowed the majority of the party to go homewards, and, with the addition of an old servant, whose only delight in the world was assisting his young master in his freaks, remaining a “square party,” we repaired to the “skiff on the shore,” and, sending the man forward, we all four embarked in the little boat, Gonsalvo and myself now drawing it on by means of the overhanging branches ; then again allowing it to glide down the stream, till, after shrieks of laughter, which must have aroused the naiads and the satyrs, we arrived at a creek near my inn. We here left the vessel, under the care of the jolly old domestic, and repairing to my habitation, we partook of apricots, cherries, and other inexpensive luxuries ; then we again betook ourselves to the boat, and rowing, and smoking, and laughing, while the young ladies sang, we gradually reached the parent vessel, and chained it in its place, not forgetting to leave some loose silver in it for the use of the boatman, who, the following day, spread over the village the report of a miracle, that in the night his patron saint had completed a sum he was in need of for a purchase. We wandered over the deserted streets and fields in the moonlight, to the *casa* of my friends, of whose existence even I was ignorant eight hours previously. I spent the whole time of my stay with this kind family ; and as they are about to pay a visit to the Crystal Palace, I trust the friendship thus romantically commenced, will not cool in this prosaic land.

RAMBLES IN SUSSEX.

THE WEALDEN.

BY THOMAS FORESTER, AUTHOR OF "EVERARD TUNSTALL."

"CAN these things be?" we may suppose to have been the exclamation of many a quiet citizen, as he has risen from the perusal of reports of recent atrocities in the counties of Surrey and Sussex. Such general insecurity of life and property would seem rather to belong to an age when every man's house and person were armed for defence, than to the middle of the nineteenth century, and to almost suburban districts. Little, perhaps, does our worthy citizen dream that, within less than two hours' journey of his gas-lighted, police-protected dwelling, there are vast tracts of land scarcely more reclaimed from a state of nature than they were five centuries ago, and presenting, at this day, much the same appearance as the frontier districts of some new American state, or colonial settlement.

The Wealds of Surrey, Kent and Sussex comprise, in their fullest extent, a space of a hundred and twenty miles in length, by thirty in breadth. In the sylvan character of the greater part of this extensive district may be traced the vestiges of a vast forest, which, in early times, overspread the whole face of the country. It was called by the Britons *coed-andred*, by the Romans *anderida sylva*; and it afforded an asylum to the aboriginal inhabitants from first, the Roman, and afterwards the Saxon, invaders of Britain. The surface being covered with dense woods, and the soil consisting, for the most part, of strata of sands and clay, very unfavourable to tillage, the Weald continued, for many centuries, almost uninhabited, and in this wild state served only to feed large herds of swine, which at the proper season were driven to its glades, and fattened on the acorns, under the charge of the Gurths of the thanes and freeholders who held estates on the borders.

As population and improvement made gradual advances, in the natural order of things portions of the best land were denuded of the timber and underwood, the plough was set to work, farms were inclosed, houses and churches built, and parochial boundaries established, till, at the present day the outlying portions of the Weald present much the same aspect as other cultivated districts; except that the thickly timbered banks and hedgerows of the inclosures, and the profusion of coppice-wood with which they are interspersed, remind the traveller of their former condition; and, seen from any elevation, even now give the face of the country the appearance of one continued wood.

But, though thus circumscribed, there yet remains an extensive district, large portions of which are still in a state of nature; and though there are included within the forest bounds, farms, and gentlemen's seats, and villages, yet the sites of these seem, as it were, carved out of the thickets which closely invest them. This wild tract of country in Sussex alone, may be estimated at not less than thirty miles in length from east to west, and ten in breadth. It includes Tilgate and St. Leonard's forests, and, with the exceptions

just stated, presents now much the same appearance as the rest of the Weald did some centuries ago. After this slight sketch of the nature of the country, it can be no longer a matter of surprise that it should be the resort of gipsies, trampers, and all manner of persons of doubtful character and occupation, nor that, to the facilities which it affords for the concealment of offenders, the prevalence of depredations in the surrounding districts may, in a considerable measure, be attributed.

That so extensive a tract of wild country is to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of London, was as little known to ourselves as it probably is to most of our readers, though it is intersected by railroads, and thousands of individuals daily sweep through its solitudes without any idea of its extent, or further acquaintance with its character, than what is afforded by the glimpses of woodland scenery which so rapid a transit allows. The recollection of these, however, and some other inducements, which may hereafter be adverted to, had raised in our minds the desire to become better acquainted with the features of this singular district; and when the season of the year impelled us, in common with all the rest of the world, to seek for some change and refreshment, circumstances not allowing a more distant excursion, we determined on devoting our short period of leisure to an examination in detail of the Wealden, and some other districts of Sussex, which we were induced to think offered reasonable attractions to people of our habits, and our modes of thinking. The scheme did not promise much, but as we could not revisit the glaciers of the Alps, the rugged passes of the Tyrol, or the pine forests of Norway, nor embark in any other plan of foreign adventure, we determined to make the best of our "home circuit." We were not disappointed; and if the friendly reader should, after this preface, be inclined to bear us company in our rambles, without expecting more than they are calculated to afford, we will hope that he too may not be disappointed. At least he may be enabled to form a better acquaintance with the leading features of the district than he probably possesses.

One of our rules of travel is,—and we recommend it to especial consideration,—to hurry with the greatest practicable speed over highways of all descriptions to the points nearest the scenes in which we are interested, and to make our progress through *those* as leisurely as possible. The utmost efforts of steam are not too rapid for the transit over a beaten track; to be able to penetrate into paths but little frequented, and to linger at will among the wilder scenes of Nature, requires that the rambles should be performed on foot.

On the present occasion there could be no hesitation as to the plan we should adopt; and a fine morning in the first week of August saw us crossing Westminster-bridge, in light marching order, on our way to an early train from the London-bridge station. A light knapsack contained a change of linen, socks, and shoes, and a few other articles of indispensable necessity. Strapped upon it was rolled a light waterproof overcoat. A travelling-map and pocket-compass, a clasp-knife, and a flask to "cheer but not inebriate," were severally disposed in the multitudinous pockets of our short-jacket. Our equipments had already served us in many a wild ramble, and thus ended, we stepped smartly along, grasping a stout walking-

stick, delighted to find ourselves once more under weigh. We had lain wind-bound for a week ; and as we passed through the Borough some heavy drops of rain led us to fear that our start was even now premature. However, we were soon under cover, shooting as rapidly as we could desire among the green hills and wooded slopes of Surrey ; the sun again broke forth, and when soon after seven o'clock, we disengaged ourselves from the long train which swept on towards the coast, and were set down at the unfrequented station of " Three Bridges," on the verge of the forest, the day promised to be everything that could be desired.

With the tact of an experienced campaigner, we caught sight of a cow tied to some neighbouring palings, and after draining a foaming bowl of new milk, with the addition of huge slices from the home-made cottage loaf, we again shouldered our knapsack and struck into the woods. The station is close to the village of Crawley ; from that point a branch railway diverges from the main line and skirts the forest to Horsham, our intended resting place for the night. We could now have reached it in half an hour, but, of course, that was not the object. So leaving it to the right, and passing the village of Worth on a knoll to the left, with its quaint tower rising out of the woods, we struck into the first path which seemed to take a south-westwardly direction through the heart of St. Leonard's forest, as that part of the Weald is called.

It must be confessed that our first impressions were such as we have often experienced when in search of the scenery we have expected to find in the old forests of England. In fact, it has well nigh disappeared ; and,—shade of Gilpin rest undisturbed !—the leafy honours of the last and noblest of them now quiver and bow before the storm which has gathered into blackness under the effects of official mismanagement and utilitarian zeal. Was there among the nobles of England, proud of their own ancestral trees and stately woods and spreading lawns, no one " first lord " gifted at once with the tasteful, and the practical genius of an Evelyn, who could protect the national forests from devastation, and by applying, in timely reforms to the public property, the same judicious care which he exercises in the profitable management of his own domains, avert the ruin which now threatens, root and branch, the last vestiges of the forests of merry England ? Duncannon ! where were your administrative talents ? Carlisle ! your poetic temperament ? And is it now too late ?

The forest of St. Leonard's presents but little of picturesque variety of thicket and glade, of open lawns dotted with spreading trees, and skirted with broken lines of dark wood. The soil, consisting chiefly of hungry sands, is unfavourable to the growth of timber ; the trees, therefore, generally are not of large size. Yet, still, as we threaded the tangled brakes, through forest paths which appeared to be rarely trodden—

" Dum Dryadum sylvas saltusque sequamur
Intactos,"

it was impossible not to feel the charm which woodland scenery possesses under any aspect. There was variety in the change from the broad avenues which intersected the forest, worn into deep ruts by the wheels of timber carriages, to the almost imperceptible

tracks, half overgrown with underwood, into which it was necessary to diverge for the purpose of keeping to the bearings of the compass ; and from the deep shade of the dark masses of trees, in an advanced stage of growth, rising out of impenetrable thickets, to the more open shaws or coppices where the sunshine gleamed cheerfully on the paler green of the young shoots, and flowers of bright colours bordered the path. Then, ever and anon, one lighted on a noble tree which the axe had spared,—majestic oak or shapely beech,—standing out upon some clear spot of greensward where cross-roads met, and pointing to ages when such giants of the forest held undisturbed sway over its wide circuit.

The great extent of this wild district, and its deep solitude (for we wandered for hours without falling in with any human habitation or meeting a single passenger), had just that solemn and soothing effect on the senses which we so much coveted. For there are times, after being “long in city pent,” when the spirit, exhausted with the weariness of the world, loathing its garish pleasures, and tired of its toils and tumults, yearns after scenes in which it can find fresh springs of thought, reviving its higher and better feelings, and, soaring above the influence of human passions and follies, be purified and reinvigorated in the contemplation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, and of Him in whom are all our fresh springs. Then we are not disposed to seek the scenes of cultivated nature, however exquisite, but those in which no hand of man appears, such as the hoary mountain-top, the deep untrodden forest. Not that, though the prevailing character of the present scenery was wild and solitary, it was without points of view where art had embellished the landscape and turned its natural beauties to good account, the more striking as they were rare. In the course of our walk, we came upon a wide opening in the forest, where among green meadows and cornfields, now yellow with ripening corn, a picturesque cottage-residence rose out of bowing shrubs, on a gentle elevation, from which fell away smooth lawns, broken by beds, glowing with brilliant flowers ; and fountains of the purest white threw up jets of water, plentifully fed by a forest stream, which poured its full tribute through the domain. The scene was in charming contrast with the surrounding woods, into which we again plunged.

There is great variety in the surface of the forest, which is generally undulating, and, towards the centre, swells into ridges of considerable elevation. The long lines of these, rising one above the other, clothed, as are their slopes, with thick woods, give an air of interest and grandeur to the features of the country. In this central ridge several rivers take their rise, some flowing northwards and falling into the Thames, and others, in the opposite direction, finding their way, through valleys in the South Downs, into the English Channel. Among the former, the chief is the Medway, and others sung by Pope in his “Windsor Forest :”—

“ The chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with British blood.”

Among the latter are the Arun, the Adur, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere, all forming harbours of more or less importance at their outfall on the coast of Sussex.

The glens, through which the springs which feed these rivers pour their tributary waters are, many of them, exceedingly beautiful. In one, near the sources of the Mole, we took our noon-day repast, well prepared to do justice to the contents of our wallet, and slaking our thirst with a copious draught of the sparkling stream; for here the naiad was in no "sullen" mood. Again and again we dipped our portable drinking cup into her silver urn, and we confess to having tempered the last draught from the contents of the flask. And now, resuming our kit, and bringing "right shoulders forward," we endeavoured to direct our march to the west of south, among a labyrinth of devious paths, in which we were often bewildered, and compelled from time to time to shape our course by the aid of the pocket-compass.

Much time was lost in these wanderings, but we took no account of that, till the sun began to verge towards the horizon, and it became apparent that if we did not mean to spend a night in the woods, we must direct our steps, without further delay, towards Horsham. Proceeding vigorously with this object, we had followed a broad waggon-road through a piece of coppice of last year's cutting, when the tracks of the wheels suddenly disappeared among the young growth, nor could the trace of them be recovered, though we made *casts* in various directions. It seemed probable that we might strike it off, on examining the verge of the clearing, in some opening of the full-grown coppice which ranged in straight lines on all sides of the portion which had been felled. But we were disappointed; we found a barrier of entangled brushwood, which could not be penetrated. On turning to cross the cleared spot, and make the attempt in a different quarter, we caught sight of a rough figure, which suddenly emerged from behind a pile of cordwood, and then another appeared: and thinking ourselves fortunate in having the means at hand of being set right on our road, we made hastily towards the spot; but the men vanished from sight as suddenly as they had presented themselves. Not King James was more startled, when

" Instant from copse and heath,
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe,"

than we were when our men of the woods so suddenly disappeared. We confess to having clutched our stout cudgel with a thrill of something more than surprise. It was originally intended for protection against no foe more formidable than a farm-yard dog, for until our arrival at Brighton a few days afterwards, we were quite unaware of the bad odour in which the forest was even then held, and that the murderers of Mr. Griffiths, the brewer, were supposed to be concealed somewhere in its precincts. We had no suspicion that the men, if they had any ill designs, were worse than woodstealers or poachers; and as it was no business of ours to interfere with their avocations, the momentary feeling gave way to the pressing necessity of extricating ourselves from the *cul de sac* in which we were involved; so having searched the underwood in the fruitless attempt to clear up the mystery, we charged the living fence "on right, on left, above, below," without, however, finding the vestige of a path through it. We ought, perhaps, in the first instance, to

have retraced our steps to the point at which we fell in with the waggon track which had led us astray. But that was more than a mile off, and we might have been in some dilemma there. The evening was closing, and we were beginning to be fatigued with exertions to which of late we had been unaccustomed. It was toilsome work, beating through the young underwood and stumbling over the sharp stools of the newly felled coppice; and the ground was in many places treacherous, from bogs covered with a rank growth of coarse herbage. At last, to our great delight, we struck the bank of a deep hollow-way, so overgrown with bushes that it was not discoverable till we were immediately on the brink. We "leapt the fence," and found a beaten track, which, following the direction of the setting sun, brought us to the outskirts of the forest, and the high-road leading to the town of Horsham. The long lines of park-palings in its suburbs, the avenues of trees, its grey church-tower rising out of a perfect grove of lofty elms, its narrow street of shops, and the open area of the market-place, are characteristic of the old town planted in the purlieu of the forest. Good fare and comfortable quarters prepared us, with nerves strong by exercise and spirits invigorated, for fresh adventures on the morrow,

"In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den."

Par. Lost, B. VII.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS.

WHEN Nations met of old, they bore,
 But trumpet, pennon, steel:
 Their gathering now is but to show,
 What Science can reveal.
 The ancients boast, was th' armed hosts,
 For ever ripe for war;
 But we with better spirit make,
 Sweet Peace our guiding star.

They come from free Columbia's plains,
 From Asia's mighty marts;
 While Afric blends her richest stores,
 With Europe's wondrous arts.
 What Earth provides, what Ocean yields,
 With works of hand and mind,
 We garner up to show the world
 God's goodness to mankind.

And may that watchful Providence
 Shed o'er our land His grace,
 To bless each thought and deed that may
 Improve the human race.
 Hail, England's Queen! oh, may thy reign
 Be held in every age,
 The glory, gem, and cynosure,
 Of history's glowing page.

DEATH OF THE MARTYR.

THE following letter, giving an account of the happy death of the famous martyr Balthazar Gerard, for the assassination of William of Nassau, the Prince of Orange, the constant enemy of the Holy Catholic Church, proves to a remarkable degree the height to which fanatical excitement will carry mankind during times of civil discord and religious disturbances. Before quoting the letter, we must premise that, in the year 1580, Alessandro Farnese, the Prince of Parma, who succeeded Don John of Austria in the government of the Netherlands, had taken Courtray, Tournay in 1581, and Oudenarde in 1582. All this had been done with the Walloon troops alone. After the conquest of Portugal by Philip II., the Spanish veterans, who had been previously removed, were again brought back to the Low Countries; and their presence speedily brought matters to a crisis. In 1583 Dunkirk was taken by storm; and shortly afterwards Nieuport and all the coast of the Netherlands, as far as Ostend, Dixmunde and Furnes was lost by the insurgents. The towns of Ypres, Bruges and Ghent surrendered to the Spanish veterans. With regard to all political matters the Spaniards were exceedingly forbearing, but in ecclesiastical affairs,—wherever the interests of the Church were concerned,—these same men were inexorable. Brussels soon fell into the power of the Prince of Parma, who then prepared to besiege the important town of Antwerp. All men's eyes in the Low Countries were turned to the Prince of Orange, as the only leader from whom they could expect relief in these times of oppression, while the Spaniards, on the other hand, thought nothing accomplished so long as the arch-enemy of their religion,—who had, moreover, promised to relieve Antwerp,—still lived: he alone was capable of sustaining the sinking fortunes of the Protestant insurgents. Meanwhile an exorbitant price had been set upon his head by the Spanish government. This, in conjunction with religious zeal, had already caused several fanatics to make repeated attempts upon the prince's life. "I know," says Ranke, in his history of the Popes, "of no greater blasphemy than that contained in the papers of the Biscayan Jaurequy, who was seized in an attempt upon the life of the prince. He wore, as a sort of amulet, prayers in which the merciful Godhead, which had manifested itself to man in the person of Christ, was invoked to favour murder." A share of the price of blood was promised to the Divine Persons:—to the mother of God, a crown;—to Jesus, a curtain or veil. Jaurequy was seized and executed; but, almost at the very moment of his execution, another assassin was on his way to carry out the execrable project, in the which he succeeded but too well.

Balthazar Gerard, a Burgundian by birth, had heard the sentence of outlawry pronounced against Jaurequy in Maestricht, and a strong desire of earning the crown of martyrdom, increased by the encouragement he received from a Jesuit of Treves, urged him to commit the deed. We learn from Catholic sources, that "he was a youth of eight-and-twenty, learned and eloquent," and that for seven years and a half he had entertained this project.

The Spanish writer from whom the following narrative is translated shall now tell the story of Balthazar Gerard in his own way. It is

difficult to say which is most to be deplored, the fanaticism which could urge a man to commit such a crime, or the revengeful feelings which could induce others to subject a fellow-creature to such tortures. The stoic fortitude displayed by the wretched fanatic was worthy of a better cause. The letter thus proceeds:—

“ Christ our Lord is he who conquers in all martyrs, and in him do they place their trust in obtaining all things. He hath promised to give them knowledge and power of speech, and they confess themselves, and are thankful to have thus received whatsoever be necessary to give answer to barbarians and infidels.

“ Balthazar Gerard of Besançon, a Burgundian by birth, and apparently about eight-and-twenty years of age, a youth of an excellent education, eloquent, and endowed with remarkable prudence and ability, did, at half past twelve on the tenth of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and eighty-four, perform a most famous and notable action, the which he had long meditated, and had made a vow to accomplish. He commenced it without delay, and performed it with success. This brave youth — considering for many years the perfidy and obstinacy of William of Nassau, the Prince of Orange, who, under the pretence of freedom and liberty, hath deprived so many souls of all hopes of eternity, and their bodies of all temporalities, and of the blessings of fortune,—determined to place himself in imminent risk of death. For much time, for the space of six or seven years, he waited until God should aid him in his divine will ; and looking well to the business in hand, he worked hard to carry it into execution against one who was a breaker of his plighted word, a traitor and a rebel to his prince, who had condemned him as such. Accordingly, when an occasion offered itself to convey a letter to the Prince of Orange, announcing the death of the Duke of Alençon, Balthazar Gerard seized upon it. He was received by the prince's suite at half past 12 o'clock on the 10th July, and immediately discharged an arquebuss upon the Prince of Orange as the latter rose from table. The arquebuss was loaded with three bullets, which struck the prince close to the heart, two inches below the nipple of the left breast, and killed him instantly. And as the prince fell to the ground the Burgundian fled, but was immediately captured close to the walls of the city. He retained to the last moment of his life the most extraordinary ease and presence of mind, and answered all the questions which were asked of him with the greatest prudence and freedom. The first thing he did was to account for his action to the governors of the town, and this he did with cogent reasons, in a clear and beautiful style, saying that he had performed a most excellent service to God, to his king, and to the Christian public. He gave up his body to the torture, which he knew awaited him ; and after this he said: ‘ I have now done my part ; do you now perform what appeareth to belong to your office. Let the torture chamber be prepared, for I have no wish to detain you any longer.’

“ That first night he was cruelly scourged with rods five several times, and his body was then anointed with honey, when a he-goat was brought, which, with its rough, prickly tongue should have licked his torn flesh and skin ; but the goat would not approach him. After this he was placed in the torture chamber, and tormented in various ways. He was stretched out on the rack, and on the ladder,

and was then tormented in various manners to prevent him from sleeping. Likewise, on the following days and nights, he was rigorously tortured with every possible cruelty, and being placed on the instrument of torture called the wooden horse, as much as one hundred and forty pounds' weight were attached to his great toe. After this, shoes made of new and untanned leather were placed on his feet, the shoes having been previously smeared with oil. He was then stripped and his body anointed all over with soap or butter, and he was placed near a large fire. Although his body was torn and lacerated with the stripes, and the hollows of his armpits and his sides were burned with a hot iron, they did place on him a shirt dipped in brandy, which they set on fire, and did likewise insert pins and needles between the nails of his toes and of his fingers. As he gave no sign of pain, they did now shave off all his hair, and did wash his body with filthy rinsings of water. They did then put upon him a garment taken from some sick man in the hospital,—others say, it belonged to a sorcerer or a witch,—thinking that in this manner they would break the enchantment by which they surmised he warded off feeling the torture. But all these inventions failed, and, in answer to their manifold questions how he managed to endure these excruciating torments, he replied, 'By God and patience!'

"When asked how it was that he neither moved a muscle, nor gave any sign of feeling these various torments, he said that, 'The prayers of the blessed produced in him this constancy and long-suffering.' He said to the consul, who wondered at seeing this constancy, 'In death, constancy will make itself evident.' Excepting during the time when he was tortured, he did talk with much gentleness, ease, and modesty, so much so that the very executioners, and those who assisted at his torture, were much amazed, and the standers-by were moved even unto tears. Some did say he was not a man, while others did much envy his excellent virtues; but they who do not believe in Christ Jesus, nor in his holy gospel, imitating the infidel Jews, asked him 'How long it was since he had commended his soul to Satan?' To these he replied with the greatest modesty, that 'He had never had any dealings with, or knowledge of, the devil.' He answered and defended himself in the same manner when the people called him traitor, and the murderer of the father of his country, together with other odious appellations; and this was not done once, but frequently: in such cases he bore all these calumnies and reproaches with exceeding great modesty and downcast eyes. He always gave answer unto the judges with gentleness and perfect freedom, and what was more extraordinary, he gave them thanks in that they had sent him food and drink while he was in prison, telling them that he would repay them these kindnesses. And when he was asked in what manner he intended to pay them, he replied, 'By praying for them, and by being their advocate in heaven.'

"On the 17th of the same month of July, he was informed of the certainty of his approaching death, and on the following day the sentence was read to him, the which he heard with great peace and contentment, saying with the most holy Cyprian, 'Thanks be to God.' And then with signs of nothing but virtue, with a firm and constant heart, with a high colour in his cheek, and clear bright eyes, with his feet broken, lacerated, and burnt, and his fingers distorted, he entered the plaza, or amphitheatre, where he was to suffer death. He allowed

himself to be tied to the stake in the form of a cross, and showed no wavering, no sign of terror, in the sight of all the tortures, the memory whereof alone is sufficient to cause great terror and emotion; but he bore them all without flinching, in the presence of the whole city, in the same manner in which he had endured his past sufferings, and his blood hath sanctified us and our country, sowing the seeds for future martyrs. Because as tyrants and persecutors of the Church are unable to root out the seed of the martyrs, which is Christ, they do many times cut down the branches and offshoots which they see growing, not seeing, short-sighted mortals as they are, that by pruning they increase their growth.

“Gerard was tied then to the stake where he was to suffer death, and the executioners, with some trouble, and before his face, broke in pieces the arquebuss wherewith he had done this famous deed; nevertheless, he showed no sign of emotion. And while he was transported in prayer they undressed him and applied burning bits of wood to his flesh, the smell of which did pervade the whole plaza. After this the executioner took some strong pincers, with which they kept a strong hold upon his wrists; the executioners now seized a piece of red-hot iron which they applied to the muscles of his arms and legs; and while they were thus burning and torturing him, he continued steadfast in prayer, and never changed colour, nor did he move hand or foot, excepting that he raised his right hand and made the sign of the cross on his forehead with great appearance of reverence. After he was released from the stake, he did himself put on his clothes, and walked, as well as he was able, to the station assigned to him. The executioners then cruelly mutilated his body, and little by little cut a hole, in the form of a cross, in his belly, and extracted his entrails and his heart, the which were thrown on one side; meanwhile his lips never ceased praying. And as if his mouth could only speak what was virtuous, he never uttered a complaint, and thus with a colour always in his cheek, this great and excellent martyr, who must become the patron saint of his country, breathed his last, in the hopes of an immortal and glorious triumph, on the 14th July, being the Saturday before the eighth Sunday after Pentecost, half an hour before mid-day, on the self-same day in which I am now inditing this letter.

“His head was afterwards cut off and placed on the point of a lance before it was exposed on the walls of the city, where it appears more beautiful than many heads of living men. The body, cut into four quarters, was likewise stuck on four poles, and placed over the four principal gates of the city.”

Thus ends this contemporary letter, which we have extracted from some Spanish documents lately published in Madrid. But to show more fully the different modes in which crimes are viewed, when the passions of parties are in a state of fierce excitement, while Gerard was thus expiating his guilt at Delft, and expiring amid the curses of the people, the canons of Herzogenbusch were celebrating his achievement with a solemn *Te Deum*!

THE KAFFIRS AND KAFFIR WARS.

ACCOUNTS have just reached England of another daring outrage, recently committed by the Kaffirs on our unfortunate fellow-countrymen, located on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope; an outrage surpassing, in features of deeply laid treachery and subsequent bloody atrocities, all former onslaughts of a similar nature, so repeatedly, and ever so gratuitously committed by these "irreclaimable barbarians" on that fine, though always hitherto insecure, portion of our colonial territories.

Truly has it been observed that Kaffirland is the very "Algeria" of England! But, although France may be tormented with her possessions on the northern coast of Africa, in an equal ratio to what we experience from *our* possessions at the southernmost extremity of the same continent, yet there are features in the two respective cases, which admit of no further parallel or analogy; and, although productive of similar results, these features stand out, nevertheless, in the broadest light of unmistakable contrast and contradistinction.

By similar results, we mean to aver that Algeria and Kaffirland have both proved equally a drain on the respective resources—on the blood and treasure—of France and Britain; but that the causes which have led to such results are widely different both in their origin and source.

France, the aggressor, has been pouring forth her treasures and legions, to subdue a brave, though bigoted—a high-minded, though may-be barbarous nation—whose cause of patriotism, liberty, and self-defence, has, in common with that of Circassia, excited the interest and sympathy of the whole free and civilized world; and both Abdel Khader and Shamil Bey must ever, in the eyes of posterity and the page of history, hold a prominent place with other great characters, whose lives and energies have been spent in the best and noblest of any cause.

How differently is England circumstanced as regards Kaffirland, with its cruel, treacherous, aggressive, and plundering savage hordes!

It was formerly the fashion to extol to the very skies the imaginary victims of this—so mis-called—primitive, pastoral, and inoffensive race! The Kaffirs were long represented as a set of poor, harmless, nomadic shepherds, whose territories had been ruthlessly invaded by the "white man;" when whole tribes—men, women, and children—were, it was averred, barbarously massacred, without the slightest provocation, or carried off into hopeless captivity; whilst their only treasures: their herds and flocks, were forcibly seized and plundered by the grasping hand of the overbearing and rapacious colonist!

These fables were so perseveringly disseminated at home—their sanctimonious authors bore such undoubted credit for impartiality and truth—the cause of the "poor injured and ill-treated heathen" was so warmly taken up by a "religious British public"—that it became, with many, a question, how reparation could possibly be made to so injured and oppressed a race.

Even so late as the termination of the war of 1835, the delusion on this subject was so strong, that the colonial minister of those days, not

only justified the Kaffirs for having entered on that war, but actually rewarded them for all the devastation they then committed on the colony, by not merely surrendering our recent conquests, obtained in a purely defensive and retributive war, but by restoring to these incorrigible savages, other territories of which they had many years previously been—for former, and, as shall presently be shown, perfectly unprovoked aggressions—most justifiably dispossessed. This man, in power, who thus proved himself unfitted for his post, followed up so unheard-of a measure, by recalling from his government, with severe marks of disapprobation, the gallant veteran who had effected so much for his country's cause, and for the good of its colonial possessions in Southern Africa.

Such, followed by renewed outrages on the part of the Kaffirs, were the consequences of those mendacious reports—so industriously circulated, so credulously received at home!

These good old fabulous times, have however, it is to be hoped, at last come to a close. A set of ignorant and meddling missionaries, and other emissaries of Exeter Hall, had it then all their own way. Nearly every report from Southern Africa—nearly every work which had hitherto been written on that part of the world, bore undoubted marks of the tainted origin from whence it had derived its source. A very different class of authors* have, however, subsequently taken up the pen. The "truth" has at last been proclaimed; and the works published of late years, have done much to remove the veil which, in relation to South African affairs, had been so artfully thrown over the eyes of the British public at large, by, generally speaking, a set of low, uneducated, and designing men; who, under the cloak of religion, long exercised a most pernicious and unauthorised sway, over the fate and destinies, of our so long ill-used and suffering colonial brethren at the Cape.

In order to learn the real nature of our present relations with the native tribes bordering our frontier possessions to the eastward of the Cape, let the reader but attentively peruse the works lately referred to in the note, and he will, we feel convinced, be perfectly satisfied of the truth of those assertions which have just been made.

To save him, however, the time and trouble of wading through several voluminous documents, we propose in the following pages, briefly to give a rough summary of these our relations with the Kaffirs, together with a hasty sketch of the causes and origin of the present as well as of previous wars; and in so doing (with the authorities below quoted for our guides) doubt not but that the impartial reader will at once concede, that never in one single instance can the charge of aggression be laid at the door of the "white man."

The question has by the pseudo-philanthropists been often triumphantly asked: "What right Europeans had ever to invade and occupy the *territories* and hunting grounds of the Kaffirs?" and "if the latter had not an undoubted right to repel all such aggressive invasions?"

Let us now examine how far this accusation of invasion has been rightly laid to our charge, for on that important lever hinges the whole weight of the argument.

To begin from the beginning. When the Dutch, about two hundred years ago, first purchased of the *Hottentots* (not the Kaffirs)

* Amongst whom may be enumerated, Godlonton, Chase, Alexander, Ward, Napier, and Nicholson.

certain portions of territory at the Cape, it has been clearly proved (as a reference to the old official documents on the subject, referred to by the authors before-named, will show) that the Hottentot nation extended at that period as far eastward as our present possessions at Natal; and the *Kaffir* race was then unknown between the latter place and the Cape of Good Hope.

The Kaffirs, however, who appear to have come originally from the far interior of the north-eastern regions of Africa, kept pressing on the less powerful and warlike Quaiquæ or Hottentot race, till, about a hundred and fifty years ago, we hear of a powerful Kaffir chief, named Toguh, being established with his tribe on the banks of the Kyba, or, as it is now called, the Great River Kye.

About this period is recorded, in the old archives of the Cape, that the first collision took place between the Kaffirs and the Dutch (then in possession of the western portion of the Cape of Good Hope), on the occasion of a party of trading adventurers of the latter having travelled eastward of the Camtoos, for the purpose of trafficking with the Hottentot tribes still in occupation of that part of the country.

It is mentioned in the authenticated "Records of the Cape," that the Kaffirs, apprised of the vicinity of these traders, came, to the number of five or six hundred, "three or four days' journey out of their own country" for the purpose of attacking and plundering the party. The Kaffirs were, however, after three hours' hard fighting, repulsed, with the loss of many warriors, and but slight detriment to the Dutch, only one of whose party was then slain.

This was the *first* recorded Kaffir aggression and outrage committed on Europeans; committed too on peaceful traders; and in order to attack them; and for the avowed purpose of plunder, the Kaffirs then passed their own usual boundaries, and advanced far into the territories of several friendly Hottentot tribes.

We learn nothing more of the Kaffirs till the year 1738, when they appear to have driven back the Hottentots, as far as the Keiskamma; at which period it is stated that a small and inoffensive party of colonial Dutchmen ventured with their waggons into Kaffirland for the purpose of shooting game and trading with the natives; the *finale* of which expedition was, that nearly all those composing it were cruelly murdered by those treacherous savages.

Meanwhile the Hottentot tribes (notwithstanding the frequent charges of cruelty and oppression brought by writers of a certain class against the early colonists of the Cape), apparently in less dread of the Dutch than of their Kaffir neighbours, continued gradually to recede from the latter, and fall back on the western part of the Cape of Good Hope, leaving in their flight wide tracts of fertile, though at that period unoccupied land, between themselves and their pursuers; for in such a light, with regard to the Hottentots, must the Kaffirs of that period be undoubtedly considered.

These abandoned tracts were gradually tenanted by the Dutch; and thus the latter and the Kaffirs, continued steadily to approach each other, till at last, about the year 1770—after the Dutch had occupied the Zuureveldt or present district of Albany—the Great Fish River became the boundary which separated the wild and swarthy children of nature from the white and civilized man.

But civilization had little restraint upon the Kaffirs and their plundering propensities, which were sharpened by the tempting sight of

the flourishing herds and flocks of the neighbouring Dutch Boers, whose possessions they at this period began so unceremoniously to invade and plunder, that, in 1778, Governor Van Plattenberg deemed it requisite to proceed to the Zuureveldt, from his seat of government at the Cape, when the first Kaffir "treaty" was concluded, by which it was mutually agreed that the Great Fish River should henceforth be the definitive boundary between the two nations.

This treaty was observed by the Kaffirs with the same faith that has henceforth marked all subsequent conventions with them. Favoured by the dense thickets bordering the Great Fish River, they commenced, or rather continued, that never-ceasing system of robbery and plunder, which in 1781 gave rise to the formation of the first "commando" on record.

As this term is of such frequent recurrence in subsequent colonial warfare, it may not be deemed amiss, here to give the following extract, in which a "commando" has, with tolerable accuracy, been defined:— "A 'commando' was the hasty assemblage, at a given spot, of all the Boers, or farmers, residing in any part of the country, when, during a period of supposed peace, a robbery had taken place, and cattle been driven off by the Kaffirs. The party, whatever number they could muster, all mounted and armed, started, under the command of the Veldt-cornet, the Landdrost, or other leading men of the district; and, getting on the "spoor," or track, of the lost cattle, followed it up—sometimes for consecutive days—across the border, until they traced it to the kraal of the thieves, or to that where it had been by them conveyed.

"This object being effected, the chief of the kraal was next applied to, for the restoration of the purloined property. If he refused, and the commando considered themselves sufficiently strong, it was attempted to be recovered by force, when a conflict generally ensued, often attended with loss of life. If victorious, the Boers returned in triumph to their homes, bringing back the recovered cattle in their train, with, possibly, a few additional oxen, for the trouble they had incurred. On the other hand, were the party overmatched, they made the best of their retreat, either to seek for reinforcements, or to draw up a report of the circumstance to the official authorities. To such representations, attention was seldom or never paid; for the old Dutch colonial government had no more the power, than the subsequent English one displayed inclination, to assist the border colonists in the redress of their manifold wrongs. But whether successful or not in its results, an expedition of this sort always laid the foundation of ill blood, of repeated bickerings, and an endless series of aggressive and retributive movements on both sides."*

No doubt, in pursuance of this "commando" system, abuses sometimes took place; still, as it was the only sort of protection the colonists were allowed—it was, may-be, an evil, but most certainly an indispensable one; so much so, that long after the abolishment of the "commando" system, and so lately as 1847, Sir Henry Pottinger deemed expedient to put it once more virtually in force.†

The "commando," under "Lieutenant A Van Jarsfeldt, the commandant of the Eastern Countries of the Cape of Good Hope"

* From Napier's "Southern Africa," vol. i. p. 196.

† See Sir Henry Pottinger's Dispatch, dated Graham's Town, 26th June, 1847. "Blue Book" for 1848, p. 92.

(and whose report to the "Governor and Council" at Cape Town is dated July 20th, 1781), may be considered as the commencement of the first regular hostilities undertaken against the Kaffirs. They were then driven, with considerable loss of men and cattle, across the established boundary of the Great Fish River; the captured cattle were divided amongst the captors, and Van Jarsfeldt's proceedings met with the approbation of the Dutch government at the Cape.

Shortly after this event, a colonial Hottentot malefactor, named Umpkhola (by the Dutch called Ruyter), who had fled from the hands of justice, took refuge and settled in an unfrequented part of the Zuureveldt. Having collected around him a set of vagabonds similar to himself, he set up as their Captain, assumed the sovereignty of the territory where he had "squatted," and, for certain "considerations," entered into an arrangement with a Kaffir chief of the name of Zakab, by which he conceded to the latter, the privilege of using the Zuureveldt as a "hunting ground."

The exact nature of this transaction deserves to be borne in mind, as on it is founded the plea that the Kaffirs, having *purchased* the Zuureveldt from its *original possessors*: the Hottentots, had lawful claims to that territory previously to, and in preference to the Dutch.

The fact, however is, that this "purchase" (if such it could be called, when the seller had no right to dispose of what was not his own) was effected *after* the Great Fish River had, with mutual consent, been definitively fixed on by Van Plattenberg and the Kaffir chiefs as a boundary between the Kaffir and the Dutch territories; and this river still continued as the same line of frontier demarcation, when, in 1795, by our acquisition of the Cape of Good Hope, we succeeded to the rights and possessions of the Dutch in that part of the world.

It has been thus clearly proved, that no act of encroachment or aggression on the Kaffirs, had taken place up to the time when the supremacy of Britain was first acknowledged at the Cape. It remains now to be shown, that at no subsequent period were *we* ever the aggressors.

In consequence of the continued depredations which the latter had carried on at this time in the Zuureveldt, that fine province was at last entirely abandoned by its Dutch inhabitants; and in 1797, Lord Macartney, the British Governor at the Cape, thought it requisite to despatch a mission to the Eastern Frontier, for the purpose of endeavouring to re-establish there some sort of order.

The head of this deputation was Mr. Barrow, afterwards, for so many years, the well known Secretary to the Admiralty. He formed an alliance with Gaika, the subsequently notorious Kaffir chief, when it was again formally settled that no Kaffir should pass the boundary of the Great Fish River.

This first Kaffir "treaty" with the English, was as little binding to those savages, as all former conventions with the Dutch had ever hitherto proved; and at last their depredations on our territories reached to such an extent, that, in 1799, a force was despatched to the frontier, in order forcibly to drive them back within their own limits, across the Great Fish River.

This first British force, which, under the command of General Vandeleur, had to cope with the Kaffirs, met with no better success than many subsequent expeditions, undertaken against those treacherous and wily savages.

The Kaffirs professed repentance and submission: they sued for peace; and the General, thrown off his guard, was, near the Bushman's River, treacherously attacked by overwhelming numbers, defeated, and obliged to retire with loss, on Algoa Bay; when General Dundas, who then governed the colony, "patched up" an ignominious peace with the Kaffirs, and afterwards returned to the Cape.

Such was the termination of the *first* British Kaffir war, which, as may be well imagined, tended little to ensure future tranquillity to the frontier, or restrain the constantly recurring aggressions of our troublesome and restless neighbours.

The treaty of Amiens, which in 1803, restored the Cape to the Dutch, found the "frontier" in the same disordered state. In fact, the Zuureveldt had, in consequence of never-ceasing Kaffir depredations, been now completely abandoned by the Dutch Boers; and, although an edict was issued by that government, ordering them, under penalty of forfeiture, to return to their homes, so many murders and robberies were committed, that the poor people were forced again, the following year, to abandon their thresholds. On our recapture of the Cape, in 1806, we found the eastern frontier in, if possible, a more disordered state than ever; and to such an extent did the Kaffirs then carry on their depredations, that it was deemed, at last, requisite to take the most decided steps for their expulsion from our territories, which object was finally effected in 1812, by a British force under Colonel Graham, who drove these barbarians once more back to their own limits across the Great Fish River.

A treaty was now concluded with Gaïka, and affairs began to wear a rather more promising aspect, when suddenly—and without any previous warning—the eastern province was, in 1819, overrun by a most formidable horde of these savages, who, under their prophet, Makanna, made so unexpected an attack on Graham's Town, that Colonel Willshire,* the commandant, was nearly captured on its very outskirts, and the place itself was only saved by the promptitude and decision of the measures which he then immediately adopted for its defence.

He succeeded, with the small force under his command, in driving back, with considerable slaughter, the overwhelming numbers of his treacherous assailants, vigorously followed them into their own country, and there obliged them to sue for peace.

"This was granted, on condition of their surrendering their leader, Makanna, and giving up—in atonement for their past, and a security against future offences—that tract of country lying between the Fish and Kat rivers, on one side, and the Chumie and Kieskamma on the other."†

This, notwithstanding so much previous provocation, was our first measure of territorial *encroachment* on the Kaffirs; a measure adopted purely in self-defence, and to remove those incorrigible robbers from the dense thickets of the Fish River bush, which afforded them such a screen for their never-ceasing depredations on the colony.

The colonial boundary being thus thrown back to the Keiskamma, it was resolved that this "ceded district," as it was called, should be solely occupied by defensive military posts, and not inhabited by either colonists or Kaffirs. However, very shortly after this arrangement

* The present Major-General Sir Thomas Willshire.

† From Colonel Napier's "Book of the Cape," p. 116.

had been decided on—and with that usual vacillation of purpose which has ever marked all the proceedings of government with respect to this unfortunate colony—several Kaffir tribes, and amongst others that of Macomo, were allowed on sufferance, and pending their good conduct, to re-occupy this part of the country.

At this period (1820) the Zuureveldt, long since deserted by the Dutch, was, under the new appellation of Albany, colonized anew by British settlers; three or four thousand of whom came out to the eastern province, with the especial encouragement and sanction of the British government.

It was soon discovered that we had committed a serious error in allowing the Kaffirs to occupy the “ceded district.” Renewed aggressions were the consequence of this unadvised step; and, as a punishment for continued misconduct, Macomo was, in 1829, expelled from his location (on sufferance) there.

This measure is said to have been one of the leading causes to the fearful Kaffir irruption of 1834; for the unruly and vindictive savage, stirred up by missionary intervention, and an exhibition of imaginary wrongs, headed that formidable Kaffir invasion, which, without previous warning or any declaration of hostilities on their part, had well nigh obliterated from the map of south-eastern Africa, our possessions in that part of the world!

The particulars of this Kaffir war of 1834-35, have been so often detailed, that I shall not here attempt their recapitulation; suffice it to say that—although with most inadequate resources—Sir Benjamin d’Urban, ably seconded by Colonel (now Sir Harry) Smith, prosecuted the war with such vigour, that in September 1835 it was brought to a close by the submission of the Kaffirs, who then sued for peace; when a fresh “TREATY” (God save the mark!) was ratified, by which it was stipulated that the Gaikas, the T’Slambies, and several other minor tribes, should be “admitted and received as subjects to the King of England—to live henceforth under the protection and authority of English laws.” In short, the “treaty” with the Kaffirs, entered into at Fort Willshire on the 17th September 1835, converted the territories of the tribes therein mentioned into a *sort* of British dependency, called the Province of Adelaide; nominally—though only nominally—extending our sway as far as the Buffalo river, but without any means of enforcing the same.

It was Sir Benjamin d’Urban’s intention (founded on a thorough knowledge of the Kaffir character, and of the utter impossibility of expecting them to remain quiet within their former boundaries) to have expelled them root and branch beyond the Kye. Had it been practicable to have carried this resolve into execution, the subsequent wars of 1846, -47, -48 and -51, might possibly have been averted, many valuable lives, and colonial property to an immense amount, might have been saved; whilst the exchequer of Great Britain would most likely have been all the richer, by several millions of the standard currency of the realm.

Owing, however, to the paucity of means at his command, Sir Benjamin d’Urban was obliged to forego the project of driving these “irreclaimable barbarians” beyond the Kye.

Thus terminated the Kaffir war of 1834-5; and, considering the unprovoked treachery which marked its sudden outbreak, the severe losses it entailed upon the colony, and upon the treasury of Great

Britain, it were natural to suppose, that if any fault had been found by the authorities at home, with the terms granted to these savages by the governor of the Cape of Good Hope, such censure would have been applied to the extreme leniency of the conditions on which they had been granted peace. Far otherwise was, however, the case: the missionary and anti-colonial party had been busy at home, and succeeded so completely in deceiving Lord Glenelg (the colonial minister of the day), that he, with the most incomprehensible blindness, disapproved of all Sir Benjamin d'Urban's measures: caused him, with reprobation, to be recalled from the government of the Cape, and not only openly justified the Kaffirs for what they had done, but actually rewarded their conduct, by restoring to them—as already observed—the newly-acquired territories (our rightful conquest in a purely defensive war) but also those "ceded districts," which they had long since forfeited by previous misdemeanours.

After such a specimen of childish policy on our part, it was scarcely to be imagined by such as knew the nature of the Kaffir, that he would now long think proper to "sit still."

The ruinous war which "unexpectedly" broke out in 1846, and took us, as usual, unprepared and unawares, was still fresh in the recollection of all, when the last outrage, of which we have so lately received the accounts, has afforded another proof—if such were wanting—of the little reliance to be placed on any "treaties" with these treacherous and blood-thirsty barbarians, who, strange to say, still find ready advocates amongst many of our fellow-countrymen at home. It is, however, time that such delusion should have an end; it is time that all mistaken leniency towards these murdering robbers should be cast aside; that war should be carried on to the very knife; that they should be hunted out like wild beasts from their lairs, driven completely beyond the Kye; and, if any fresh "TREATY" be entered into with such incorrigible ruffians, it must be of such a nature as clearly to make them understand that a price will be put upon their heads, and that they will be shot down without mercy, whenever, on whatever pretence, they may be caught within the colonial boundaries.

Carry such a "treaty" as this, into effect;—keep a suitable force, with a chain of military posts on the frontier line of the Kye;—hang every traitor, whether black or white, priest or layman, who shall be found tampering with the enemy, exciting him to hostilities, or supplying him with fire-arms and ammunition;—with stern and unrelenting decision enforce measures such as these: and there will then, and not till then, be some chance of ensuring future peace and tranquillity to our colonial possessions on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope.

* The Kye was originally fixed on by Sir Benjamin d'Urban as the most appropriate colonial boundary, from the circumstance of its banks being to a certain degree open and divested of "bush." For a further elucidation of this subject, vide "Suggestions on the Defence of the Eastern Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope," at p. 180 of Colonel E. Napier's "Book of the Cape."

AN ICE-HILL PARTY IN RUSSIA.

THE reader, I hope, will have no objection to quit his comfortable fire-side, put on his furs and accompany me to a sledge, or ice-hill party.

An army of about ten or fifteen sledges, start from a house where all the party assemble, the gentlemen driving themselves, and each family taking some provisions with them. After about an hour and three-quarters' drive the whole caravan arrives at the house of a *starosto* (president) of the work-people employed by the foreign commercial houses in Russia. The *starosto* is usually a wealthy man, and mostly looked up to by his neighbours, as he has by some most extraordinary means acquired some few townish manners, which suit *his* country appearance as much as glazed boots, and a polka tie would suit the true English country farmer.

After their having warmed themselves before a good hot Russian stove, the party begin operations by getting the sledges ready, and ascending the ice-hills. The hills are made of a wooden scaffold, covered with huge bits of ice, all of an equal size, placed side by side so as to fit closely together. By being constantly watered they gradually become one solid mass as smooth as a mirror. The hill, which usually is of a considerable height, and rather sloping, ends in a long narrow plain of ice called the run, which is just broad enough for three narrow sledges to pass each other, and long enough to carry you to the foot of a second hill.

The sledges are usually of iron, long and narrow, and covered by cushions, often embroidered by the fair hand of a lady. They are low, and so constructed that they can hold one or two persons as the case may be. Both the run and the hill are bordered by fir trees on each side, and on such evening parties are illuminated with Chinese lamps placed between the branches of the trees. Fancy yourself on the top of the hill looking down this illuminated avenue of firs, which is reflected in the mirror of the ice, as if determining to outshine the lights on the clear sky, and the gay laughing crowds moving up and down the hills, and you have before you the finest and most perfect picture of sorrowless enjoyment as a striking contrast to the lifeless nature surrounding it. The briskness of the movement, and the many accidents happening to the clumsy members of the party, keep up the excitement, whilst the contest of young men to obtain this or the other lady for their partner on their down hill journey (not in life), never allows the conversation or the laugh to flag for one moment. I remember once getting into what school-boys would call an awful scrape with one of the ice-hill heroes. We both started together from the second hill on a race, and I, having a faster sledge, overtook him by the length of my conveyance, and arrived at the top of the hill before him. Seeing that the *belle* of the evening was disengaged, I approached her with all the formality with which the newly admitted youth requests the queen of a ball-room for the pleasure and honour to dance a polka with her, and asked her to go down. Forgetting a previous appointment with my former antagonist, she accepted my offer, and the latter just arrived in time to see us start from the hill. In his rage he

determined to do me some mischief by upsetting my sledge, as soon as he had an opportunity of doing so without any damage to another party. He soon had an occasion, but unfortunately I had a sledge with a lady before me ; passing me he hit me, and I hitting against the sledge before me without being able to avoid it, at the same time getting hold of his legs upset all three. Luckily no injury was done, as the whole lot were upset into the snow, to the great enjoyment of all spectators.

Gradually the time to retire approaches. The lamps begin to go out, and the hills, divested of their beauty, appear like the ruins of a magnificent city of olden times. Here and there you see a single lamp peeping out from the branches of the trees, wistfully looking round in search of its brothers, as if it wanted to assure itself of the absence of any other enlightening object.

The party go in to refresh themselves with tea and other warm beverages. The gentlemen wait on the ladies, and a new contest begins, as each tries to surpass the other in politeness and quickness. If it is a supper, you see these youthful and useful members of society running about with plates of sandwiches, or steering along with a cup of *bouillon* in one and a glass of wine in the other hand through the intricate passages formed by the numberless tables occupied by members of the fair sex. And then having, after a great deal of danger, at last arrived at their destination they find the lady they wanted to serve already provided with every necessary comfort ; and perchance she is so much engaged in conversation with their more fortunate rival that she cannot even give them a grateful smile for their trouble. Now the ladies adjourn, and the field of action is left to the gentlemen. All restraint seems to have gone. The clatter of knives, the jingling of glasses, the hubbub of voices, all this makes such a chaos of strange and mysterious noises, that it has quite a deafening effect. At last a cry of order is heard from the top of the table. One of the directors of the party, after having requested the audience to fill their glasses, in flowery language proposes the health of the ladies, which, of course, is drunk with tremendous applause, manifested by acts such as beating with the handles of knives and forks on the table, and clapping hands.

After several other toasts the party adjourn to join the ladies. Merry making now begins, and an hour or so is passed in social games, such as hunting the slipper, cross-questions, crooked answers and others. At last, the parties wrap themselves up again in their furs, and prepare to go home. On their homeward tour one of the finest phenomena in nature may perchance appear to them. A streak of light suddenly appearing on the horizon shoots like lightning up to the sky. One moment longer, and the whole sky is covered by such streaks, all of different colours amalgamating together, and constantly changing and lighting up the objects as bright as daylight. This is the Aurora Borealis, one of the numerous spectacles of Nature which the common people regard with astonishment, whilst the cultivated mind finds a sermon on the glory of our Maker in every object he meets on his journey through life ; looks at it with admiration and reverence.

THE EXECUTION OF FIESCHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PADDIANA."

ABOUT one o'clock on a cold winter night in 1835, a party of four persons were seated in the coffee-room of the Hotel Meurice at Paris. It was chilly, sloppy, miserable weather; half-melted snow mixed with the Paris mud, and a driving sleety rain hissed against the ill-fitting windows. Talk of the cold of London! when we have our clubs, and our curtained windows, and carpeted floors, and sea-coal fires, and our well-closed doors and sashes. Why, we have more real comfort in our three-pair-backs than their most splendid saloons, with all the mirrors, and painted walls, and timber-fed stoves can offer.

Englishmen carry their customs with them. Our four convives were drinking—not the wines of sunny France, but something much more appropriate and homely—a curiously fine sample of gin, artfully compounded into toddy, by Achille the waiter.

When the clock struck one, three of the party made a show of retiring; but the fourth, a punchy gentleman from Wolverhampton, entreated that the rest would not all desert him while he discussed one glass more—nay, perhaps would join him! But here Achille was inexorable. The master was in bed and had taken the keys.

"Call him up, then,—roust him out!"

"*Mais, Messieurs!* you would not disturb Madame! *ah, non!* Madame so tired—so delicate—so harassed with the noise all day—*ah, non!*"—and seeing the favourable impression, added a climax of silent pantomime to his eloquence. Raising his shoulders to his ears, spreading his hands to the front, and wrinkling his face into a smile, which said, "I knew you were too *galant* for that"—he bowed himself out.

Our four friends have taken their candles, and are moving from the room, when a cab drives rapidly to the door—there is a smart ring at the bell, and a gentleman in full evening dress, and enveloped in a Spanish cloak, hastily enters the room.

"Who is inclined to see Fieschi's head chopped off?" said the stranger, unfolding himself from the cloak. "The execution is to take place at daylight—I had it from a peer of France, and the guillotine has been sent off an hour ago."

"Where?"

Our informant could not tell. It was known only to the police—there was an apprehension of some attempt at a rescue, and ten thousand troops were to be on the ground. It will be either the Place St. Jaques, on the Barrière du Trône—the first most likely, let us try that to begin with, and there will be plenty of time to go on to the other afterwards: but we must be early to get a good place.

We are not of those who make a practice of attending executions with a morbid appetite for such horrors. Under any circumstances, the deliberate cutting off a life is a melancholy spectacle. The mortal agony, unrelieved by excitement, is painful in the extreme to witness, but worse still is reckless bravado. Rarest of all is it to see the inevitable fate met with calm dignity. Here, however, was a miscreant, who, to gratify a political feeling—dignified, in his opinion, with the name of patriotism

—deliberately fired the contents of a battery of gunbarrels into a mass of innocent persons, many of whom it was quite certain would be killed, for the chance of striking down one man, and probably some of his family. That this family, with their illustrious father, should have escaped altogether, is an instance of good fortune as remarkable as the attempt was flagitious. But the magnitude of the crime invested the perpetrators with a terrible interest, which overcame any lingering scruples, and the whole party decided upon setting out forthwith. We made for the nearest coach-stand, which was that upon the quay, near the Pont Neuf.

What terrible recollections is this old city of Paris invested with! scarcely a street, or a place, or a public building, that has not some dreadful story. Neither is there any—at least in Europe—where the midnight rambler is more apparently exposed to maltreatment. In London, even at the latest hour, there is a sense of security in the broad glare of gas, and the occasional policeman; but neither of these, except in a very few favoured spots, were to be found in Paris, in 1835. When the shops close, your only reliance is upon the light of other days, dangling from ropes across the street. No policeman is to be seen, and the scowling vagabonds—call them *chiffonniers*, or what you will—are about the very last kind of people which one would desire to meet by moonlight alone.

If ever ghosts are permitted to return to scenes of violence and crime, you might surely expect to meet them in Paris. In the short space between the hotel and the quay, we passed the spot where lay in one revolting heap—naked and exposed—the corpses of the fifteen hundred gallant Swiss guards, gazed at as a show during a whole forenoon, by the male and female thousands of Paris.

Of all street conveyances, the Paris *fiacre* is about the worst—it beats the London ‘jarvy’ by the longest chalk. Not only is it worse—those who have never seen it may perhaps think this impossible—but it is more rickety, more jingling, more utterly foundered, more powerfully ill-flavoured, more alarmingly nasty, than our own time-honoured conveyance. Scarcely had we taken our seats than we began to repent of, at least, this part of the adventure. There was a flavour of death about the cushions, which convinced one that by this particular coach “subjects” had taken their last drive to the hospitals. And not only was it vaulty and cadaverous, but from the floor arose a worse odour, as if some previous fare had left behind it a bad leg in the straw. The stomach of the Wolverhampton man was so powerfully affected that he was fain to keep a large portion of his person protruded through the window, adding thereby much to the close sufferings of the rest. The history of this gentleman afforded a melancholy instance of the misfortune of becoming independent. While engaged in business he had the bad luck to win largely by speculation in the Birmingham Railway, which induced him to retire and commence a life of enjoyment. With this view he brought his family to Paris, took five apartments at the best hotel, frequented all public amusements, and drank so much brandy to correct the acidity of the light French wines, that in little more than a twelve-month from the commencement of his career of pleasure, he found a resting-place in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

In something more than half an hour we jingled into the Place St. Jaques, and pausing at the corner, had the satisfaction to hear the

sounds of hammers busily plied upon a dark mass rising in the centre of the square ; it was the platform upon which to erect the guillotine. On all sides of this, workmen were busily engaged, their labour quickened by the exhortations of one who walked about, lantern in hand, upon the top. This was the executioner, who, seen by the light he carried, bore a remarkable resemblance to our great comedian, the late Mr. Liston. There was the same square form of the countenance, the small nose, the long upper lip, the mirth-provoking gravity, and the same rich husky chuckle. This curious likeness was at once acknowledged by all present, and an Englishman took the liberty of interrupting the grave functionary with the information that he was the very image of *le plus grand farceur que nous avons en Angleterre*, a piece of information which the French scion of the House of Ketch received, after the manner of Frenchmen, as a high compliment, being moved to bow and chuckle much thereat.

By this time the hammering had roused the dwellers in the place, and lights were seen rapidly moving about the windows. A café-keeper had opened his saloon, arranged his little tables, and was bustling about with his waiters attending to the wants of the guests already assembled. An execution is a godsend to the Place St. Jaques at any time, but the execution of three great state criminals such as these would go far to pay the year's rent of the houses. As cabs and *fiacres* began to arrive, we thought it necessary to make arrangement for securing a room from whence to see the execution, and chance conducted us to the corner house, one side of which looked upon the square, directly opposite the guillotine, from which it was scarcely fifty yards distance ; and the other side fronted the road by which the prisoners were to be conveyed from their prison to the scaffold.

After the manner of Englishmen, who do abroad what they would never think of at home, our party walked up stairs on the door being opened, and commenced a search along the passages, knocking at the doors of such rooms as were thought would afford a good view of the scene. In this we met with other parties of English and other foreigners, wandering about in the most authoritative manner, urging the people to get dressed and give up their rooms, and in the case of unbolted doors, intruding into several little scenes of domestic privacy. One gentleman—the people said he was either Russian or English—was already ensconced : he had taken a whole room to himself, paid for it, shut himself up in it, and fortified the door with such moveable furniture as could be made available, in addition to the door fastenings. Though the proprietor of the apartment had no doubt received an ample rent for the occupancy, yet he attempted, on the strength of a good offer, to introduce more tenants, palpably trying, by his own showing, to falsify the original contract ; but such attempts were without success. After several failures, through the bad faith and extortion of the different room-holders, who made little scruple of breaking through agreements and raising their price as fresh arrivals came, one of our party made a bargain, through the closed door, with an old gentleman and his young wife, Fanchon, to be received, at a Napoleon each, into their apartment as soon as they were dressed—the whole of the money to be paid down at once, upon the distinct understanding that no more persons were to be admitted. The old man was soon ready to give up the premises, but Madame, a demure-looking grisette, had no notion of appear-

ing in *deshabille* before so many strangers, and kept us waiting some time, notwithstanding the interior murmurs of "*Allons, Fanchon, dépêche toi,*" and the "Now, old girl—hurry with the room—never mind your stays," of some of the expectants outside.

We found the situation well adapted for our purpose, though only one window looked into the square, the two others were easily made to command a view of the scaffold, which was nearly in a line with that side of the house. Fanchon had also with much propriety made the bed, set the furniture to rights, raked up the ashes of the wood-fire, and put on another block or two; and the fact of meeting with an open fire-place instead of the eternal stove, made us feel at home at once. The Wolverhampton man declared that it was dangerous to British lungs to be out in these raw mornings in a foreign country without something warm to qualify the air; so a bottle of brandy was sent for to the neighbouring *café*, and our hostess had busied herself in producing hot water and tumblers, as if, through the frequenters of executions, she had arrived at considerable knowledge of the national tastes. Our ancient host, being accommodated with a cigar, narrated the particulars of the many beheadings which had fallen under his observation since his occupancy of the house. One may be mentioned as exhibiting a rare instance of irresistible curiosity. The man had been guilty of an atrocious murder, either of a wife or some near relative, and when his neck was placed under the axe, he contrived to slew himself partly round to see its descent, and had a part of his chin taken off in consequence.

About two hours before daylight a body of mounted municipal guards arrived, and formed round the scaffold. The object of this appeared to be to hide the proceedings as much as possible from those on foot, who could only hope for a very imperfect view between the bodies and the bear-skins of these troops. Soon after the municipal guard the infantry of the line began to arrive, and were formed in a circle four deep outside the municipals, and nearly as far back as the houses of the Place. A considerable crowd had also collected, though extremely orderly and good-humoured; in fact, to see the general hilarity, and listen to the bursts of loud laughter, it would seem to be regarded in the light of a *fête*. There was certainly no appearance of sympathy with the criminals. Finding the municipals so materially interfered with the show, the people soon began to occupy the trees and lamp-posts, the adjacent walls, and the roofs of the neighbouring houses; while the infantry, having piled arms, waltzed and danced to keep themselves warm.

Soon after daylight the hammering ceased, and the preparations appeared to be completed; and shortly afterwards strong bodies of cavalry began to take up their positions in all the streets leading into the Place. The first care of the officer commanding these was to clear the square entirely of all the people who had collected in rear of the infantry, and to drive them out along the adjacent streets; an order was also given to dislodge the people out of the trees, and from the walls and lamp-posts, and this caused much grumbling and swearing of all concerned. Some merriment, however, was excited by the discovery of some women in the trees, and their descent, superintended by the dragoons below, gave occasion for the exercise of much not over decent wit amongst the troopers. It struck me that in their manner of dealing with the crowd there was much unnecessary harshness on the part

of the troops, an irritability and fretfulness often exhibited by persons doubtful of their own authority, and very unlike the calm, good-humoured superiority with which our own men are wont to handle the masses.

Presently came two general officers with their staff, and each followed by a mounted "jockey," lads dressed as English grooms, of whom one, as well by his fair complexion and honest round face, the whiteness of his tops and leathers, and the general superiority of his turn-out, as by his firm and easy seat on horseback, was evidently a native of our own country.

About an hour after sun-rise three caleches came rapidly down the road, passing our windows, each carriage containing three persons, the condemned, and two police officers. The troops opened out, and the men were landed at the foot of the platform. It may be well to describe the general appearance of the scaffold.

On a platform about twelve feet square, and seven feet above the ground, are erected the two upright posts, between which is suspended the axe. They somewhat resemble a narrow gallows, scarcely more than a foot between the posts. The axe, which is not unlike a hay-knife, though much heavier and broader, is drawn up to the top of the posts, between which it runs in grooves, and is held suspended by a loop in the halyards, passed over a button at the bottom. The edge of the axe, as it hangs suspended, is not horizontal, or at a right angle with the post, but diagonal, giving the instrument a fearful power, in conjunction with its weight and long fall, of shearing through a resisting substance of many times more opposing force than a human neck. On the centre of the platform stands a frame, or large box, much resembling a soldier's arm-chest, about six feet long by two and a half wide, and probably as much high. One end of this abuts upon the upright posts, at the other end is a small frame, like a truck, connected about its centre with the chest by hinges, and with a strap and buckle, to make it fast to the man's body.

The prisoners having dismounted, were placed in a line on the ground facing the guillotine, their arms pinioned. They were very different in appearance. Fieschi had a most sinister and ferocious expression of face, rendered more so by the scars, scarcely healed apparently, inflicted by the bursting of his gun-barrels. He was plainly dressed, and appeared like a workman of the better class; his age about thirty-five. Morey was a man advanced in life, perhaps seventy; his bald head was partly covered with a black cap revealing the white hairs behind, and at the sides; he was a corpulent large figure, dressed completely in black, with a mild intelligent face, and altogether a very gentlemanly air and manner. Pepin was a small, thin-faced, insignificant man.

Pepin was chosen first for execution. Having been deprived of his coat and neck-handkerchief, and the collar of his shirt turned down, he was led by the executioner up the steps of the platform. He ascended with an air of considerable bravado, shook himself, and looked round with much confidence, and spoke some words which we could not catch, and which the executioner appeared disposed to cut short. Having advanced with his breast against the truck, to which his body was rapidly strapped, he was then tilted down, truck and all, upon his face; and the truck moving upon small wheels or castors in grooves upon the

chest, he was moved rapidly forwards, till his neck came directly under the chopper, when the rope being unhooked from the button, the axe fell with a loud and awful "chop!" the head rolling down upon the bare platform. After the separation of the head, the body moved with much convulsive energy, and had it not been made fast to what I have called the truck, and that also connected with the raised platform, would probably have rolled down on the lower stage. The executioner then held up the head to view for a moment, and I suspect, from some laughter among the troops, made a facetious remark. The lid of a large basket alongside the chest was then raised, and the body rolled into it.

Morey was the next victim. He ascended the steps feebly, and requiring much assistance; he was also supported during the process of strapping him. His bald head and venerable appearance made a favourable impression upon the spectators, and elicited the only expressions of sympathy observable throughout the executions.

Fieschi came last, and was the most unnerved of the three. He appeared throughout in a fainting condition, and hung his head in a pitiable state of prostration. Very little consideration was shown him, or rather he was pushed and thrust about in a way which was indecent, if not disgusting, whatever might have been his crimes. Some little difficulty occurred in placing his head conveniently under the axe, from a recoiling motion of the prisoner. He was certainly the least brave of the three. The executioner having rolled his body into the largest basket with the others, took up that containing the three heads, which having emptied upon the bodies, he gave the bottom of the basket a jocular tap, which, being accompanied with a lifting of his foot behind, and probably some funny and seasonable observation, created a good deal of merriment amongst the spectators.

The guillotine is apparently the most merciful, but certainly the most terrible to witness, of any form of execution in civilized Europe. The fatal chop, the raw neck, the spouting blood, are very shocking to the feelings, and demoralizing; as such exhibitions cannot fail to generate a spirit of ferocity and a love of bloodshed amongst those who witness them. It was not uncommon at this period in Paris to execute sheep and calves with the guillotine; and fathers of families would pay a small sum to obtain such a gratifying show for their children. In such a taste may we not trace the old leaven of the first Revolution, and the germ of future ones?

The fate of poor Dr. Guillotin was a singular one. He lived to see the machine which he had invented, from feelings of pure philanthropy, made the instrument of the most horrible butcheries, the aptness of the invention notoriously increasing the number of the victims who fell by it; and he died in extreme old age, with the bitter reflection that his name would be handed down to posterity, in connection with the most detestable ferocities which have ever stained the annals of mankind.

SCOTTISH HOSPITALITIES AT CHRISTMAS.*

MISS CATHERINE SINCLAIR has distinguished herself by the production of several excellent novels, and may without hesitation be classed among our cleverest and most agreeable lady-writers.

Lord and Lady Harcourt is an exceedingly attractive, skilfully-contrived and well-balanced story. It is sportive, pointed, sparkling; but the lighter portion is enhanced—set off to advantage by gentle gravity, shrewd reflection, and deep sensibility. It is not the plot, interesting as it is, that constitutes the chief charm of this tale: it is the variety and freshness of the characters, and the skill and spirit with which they are delineated.

Lord Harcourt, a too-easy and good-natured gentleman, verging upon forty, has chosen for his second wife a young Scotch lady of high birth, but little or no fortune. He communicates his intention, by letter, to Lady Axminster, the mother of his first wife, and to Lady Rachel, his sister-in-law, “a handsome, well-got-up and well-made-up spinster of about thirty-five, on whose behalf Lord Harcourt certainly never felt a momentary wish to vote for the New Marriage Bill.” These delectable ladies have resided for many years at the country seat of Lord Harcourt, Saxonborough Castle, of which they had obtained such a monopoly of occupancy that they had well nigh driven its owner from his paternal estate. Great, accordingly, is the uproar of astonishment and indignation on the part of the dowager and Lady Rachel—great is the perplexity of Caroline, a daughter of Lord Harcourt by his first wife, over whom the two ladies had acquired an ascendancy—when they became possessed of the fact that the peer, in preparation for an assembly of relations, connexions, and friends, is about to take possession of the castle with his bride. Here is the reception of the young wife:—

“Scarcely had Lady Harcourt time, with a look of trusting confidence, to reply, when the door opened, and, before she could quite recover her presence of mind, a procession entered, consisting of Lady Axminster, in the very deepest mourning that any ‘inconsolable war department’ could have furnished, and wearing a mourning brooch set in diamonds like a sarcophagus, followed by two slight figures dressed exactly alike, and their faces drowned in a torrent of ringlets. As Bertha had been prepared to welcome only one daughter, she felt for an instant perplexed by the apparition of two young ladies so exactly similar; but on a nearer view she perceived a very wide difference in age, and that the one rather more juvenile in dress was twenty years senior to her companion in countenance.

“Lady Axminster, tall, stiff, and perpendicular, had an exceedingly injured and angry melancholy look, as she advanced very slowly up the room, looking like Mrs. Siddons in the tragedy of ‘Isabella,’ while Lord Harcourt, turning away as if not yet aware of their presence, whispered to Bertha, before he hurried forward to meet the dismal-looking party, ‘I wonder what reception my bride is to receive from the three generations of ladies! Like the beef-eaters in ‘The Critic,’ their unanimity is always wonderful! As for my poor Caroline,

* Lord and Lady Harcourt. London, 1850.

she has never yet dared to imagine that her head is her own; but I must make some allowance to-day. Poor souls! their spirits on this occasion will of course be but half-mast high. I really do feel for old Lady Axminster!’

“Lady Axminster, when she could no longer procrastinate her meeting with Bertha, coldly extended her cheek to the young intruder, while Lady Rachel frigidly held out a stiff wooden-looking hand; after which both ladies instantly turned away, with pocket-handkerchiefs clasped to their eyes, in attitudes that might have been modelled in marble for a tombstone.”

Let us introduce the reader to a few of the characters sketched by the lively Miss Sinclair. Here are two to begin with:—

“The only individual who did not look cheerful or at his ease in the social circle at Saxonborough Castle, was Lord Kidderminster, a newly-made peer and cabinet-minister, who felt always overburdened with a sense of his own illustrious greatness, with a fear of compromising his dignity, with a proud assurance that all his ponderous remarks must lead to important consequences; with a conviction that whatever he said would be instantly circulated; with a fear that nothing he said could equal the expectations that might be formed of his conversational powers, and with anger if he were not listened to with unwinking interest: even a slight cough he thought disrespectful, and while he sometimes talked an entire pamphlet of nonsense on his favourite subject, currency, it was in a tone of such supreme, unquestionable superiority—in such a tone of consequential condescension—that all around felt annoyed or embarrassed. Lord Killarney was the only man living who could unpedestal this arrogant *parvenu* by never seeming to be aware of his over-awing self-importance, and who watched him with a face that seemed made for nothing but laughter and the broadest farce. When Lord Kidderminster talked very big indeed about giving his own support to the church and the government, as if neither could stand alone, Lord Killarney had several times driven him nearly frantic by asking, in an *à propos* tone, some of the most trifling questions imaginable; or, still worse, by taking it for granted he would be interested in some of the ridiculous conundrums occasionally circulating in society, or in the second-rate newspapers.”

We cannot resist giving the picture of the two sisters, Ladies Mary and Jane Arden, because it is a very adroit piece of character-painting, and because, moreover, it is a fair specimen of the keen sagacity with which the authoress never fails to inform her work:—

‘If there were a tender subject in any family, Lady Mary was certain by misfortune to hit upon it, and equally sure to give offence by doing so; yet she frequently wondered why, with all her endeavours to be liked, she seldom succeeded. Perhaps few girls ever did more kind actions on small means; such was her fate, however, that she always sacrificed more for her friends than any other person would have done, and yet she never could do quite as much as these friends expected. The more letters Lady Mary laboriously wrote, the more indignant they were if she suspended her correspondence for a day; the more pieces of beautiful work she embroidered for them, the greater became their expectations that she would add some yards to the gift; and the numerous old ladies whom she made a duty of calling upon, were always found by her in an uproar of reproachful indignation that she had not come sooner and oftener. It would have

taken ten lives to accomplish all that Lady Mary wished to do for her friends, and twenty lives to do half what they expected her to do, while nobody felt ever angry at Lady Jane, because nobody ever hoped to gain anything from her. She was utterly selfish as well as utterly careless of obliging, and as she continued equally indifferent whether people were pleased or the very reverse, no one could acquire any power over her feelings, and therefore nobody took offence. It was not worth while to be angry when it would give no pain to one who always seemed perfectly passive, as if the body had been brought into the room by mistake, without the mind."

It is now some ninety years since the farce of "High Life below Stairs" was ushered into the world, under the management of Garrick. It has caused many a hearty laugh during that period; but there are many, we suspect, who think it a gross exaggeration of the "goings on" of servants, even in that day. But this is by no means the case. On the contrary, laugh as successive audiences might at so sprightly an exposure of the evils ridiculed, it did little to check them; and at the present time they flourish in ranker luxuriance than ever. Let us hear Mrs. Middleton, Lady Harcourt's housekeeper. She has a true story to tell.

"There has been a perfect rebellion at the second table on account of our having stewed eels and salmon, instead of white fish, two days running, and I had to pass off the venison yesterday for mutton. Sir Roderick's gentleman objects to London porter and prefers the Dublin. My Lord Kidderminster's own man has the worst table at home, and is therefore, in course, the most particular here: he cannot suffer our famous home-brewed beer, but desires to have Bass's pale ale; and the whole are so particular in their wine, that Downie is quite beside himself. He said to Mr. Martindale only yesterday, that 'Many lawyers and clergymen, though they are gentlemen born, and are educated at Oxford, cannot have wine every day;' and Mr. Martindale only answered with great contempt, 'Poor wretches! I always pity them!' Lord Killarney's man, Mr. O'Neill, being only groom and valet, therefore not so high-bred as the others, then asked Martindale how the port is at his master's house, Athelstane Castle. Now, my lady, it is notorious that no wine at all is allowed there; so Mr. Martindale said that Mr. O'Neill had made a personal reflection. Some sided one way and some another, but now he is to be cut at the table, my lady, the same as an officer in a regiment. All their lordships' gentlemen are at sixes and sevens, and matters are likely to grow worse."

We must give one more extract from this clever and amusing story before we commend it to the attention of the reader. It must be premised, that Lord Killarney is no wit. It was not the intention of the authoress to represent him as one. He is a lively young Irish peer, who is content to make a fool of himself that he may the better play upon, and elicit the pompous pretensions of Lord Kidderminster, for the amusement of his listeners.

"Lord Killarney pretended to have been on the point of accidentally betraying some great political event about to take place, which he insinuated that Lord Kidderminster had confidentially entrusted to him, and to be putting his friend in mind, by cautious innuendoes, what the mystery was, without letting it become generally known. The pompous denials of Lord Kidderminster that there could be any secret

between them, and the leading hints suggested by his tormentor, to recall the pretended circumstance to his memory, became at last the broadest farce imaginable, especially as Lord Killarney's imitation of Lord Kidderminster's voice, manner, and phraseology, when he repeated the supposititious dialogue, were only too perfect.

"My servant has orders to shoot me if ever I seem in danger of disclosing *you know what*, Kidderminster. We public men have great responsibilities! When the innkeeper at your village altered the head of Charles Fox, on his sign-post, to yours, he should have put a finger to the lip in token of that secrecy which you and I must always observe, particularly now. Have you really forgotten what you mentioned in Ireland when we dined last August together in Dublin, at the Hasty-pudding-Club?"

"I dine at such a place! It is an entire mistake! I would as soon dine at the Black Dog in Wapping!" interrupted Lord Kidderminster, with a look of dignity. "Let me trouble you, Killarney, for a more probable story: it puts my hair on end sometimes to hear the nonsense you talk!"

"You told me, ten minutes ago, that, as I have seen Mother o'Pearl, you wish to know who was the father; and then you tell me, 'The venerable Bede!' Now, Killarney, I disapprove highly of such trifling with historical names. Being myself not unlikely to hold a somewhat conspicuous place in the future records of my country, I lend my countenance to nothing which gives a false impression of our distinguished predecessors in the annals of England. Historical novels, for instance, have a piebald mixture in them of truth and fiction, which perfectly adulterates our impression of men, manners, seasons, scenes, and facts."

"Exactly so!" replied Lord Killarney, deferentially. "Some future novelist will be placing you at the head of a Tory administration, and putting a chancellor's wig upon me! *Apropos*, what is the only wig a barber cannot make? You will be so diverted! An earwig!—And why am I over-head-and-ears in debt? Because my wig is not paid for!"

"But you wear no wig! Pray, Killarney, spare me any more such trash. You should be fined ten pounds for every conundrum."

"Could you oblige me by explaining," continued Lord Killarney, "why there are no horses in the Isle of Wight?"

"Are there none?" asked Lord Kidderminster, vaguely. "I was not aware of the fact."

"The reason is," replied Lord Killarney, "because the inhabitants prefer Cowes to Ryde! You do not look half amused, Kidderminster! *Ah! quel grand homme! Rien ne peut lui plaire!* Why am I like the Thames Tunnel? You will quite agree in this answer—'The greatest bore in England!'"

"There! that is one which I might have found out, being the only true answer given to-day. Now, positively, you have laughed enough this evening to wear out even the triple echo of Killarney. Your spirits really are much too high. Why don't you marry?"

"That would be a cure indeed; but would you have me break a thousand hearts to make one happy? Impossible! No! Cupid has emptied his quiver upon me in vain!"

THE BLIND LOVERS OF CHAMOUNY.*

It was during a second visit to the beautiful and melancholy valley of Chamouny, that I became acquainted with the following touching and interesting story. A complete change of ideas had become absolutely necessary for me, I sought therefore to kindle those emotions which must ever be awakened by the sublime scenes of Nature; my wearied heart required fresh excitement to divert it from the grief which was devouring it, and the melancholy grandeur of Chamouny seemed to present a singular charm to my then peculiar frame of mind.

Again I wandered through the graceful forest of fir-trees, which surrounds the Village des Bois, and this time with a new kind of pleasure; once more I beheld that little plain upon which the glaciers every now and then make an inroad, above which the peaks of the Alps rise so majestically, and which slopes so gently down to the picturesque source of the Arveyron. How I enjoyed gazing upon its portico of azure crystal, which every year wears a new aspect. On one occasion, when I reached this spot, I had not proceeded very far, when I perceived that Puck, my favourite dog, was not by my side. How could this have happened, for he would not have been induced to leave his master, even for the most dainty morsel; he did not answer to my call, and I began to feel uneasy, when suddenly the pretty fellow made his appearance, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and yet with caressing confidence in my affection; his body was slightly curved, his eyes were humid and beseeching, he carried his head very low, so low, that his ears trailed upon the ground, like those of Zadig's dog; Puck, too, was a spaniel. If you had but seen Puck, in that posture, you would have found it impossible to be angry with him. I did not attempt to scold him, but nevertheless he continued to leave me, and return to me again; he repeated this amusement several times, while I followed in his track till I gradually came towards the point of his attraction; it appeared as if a similar kind of sympathy drew me to the same spot.

Upon a projection of a rock sat a young man, with a most touching and pleasing countenance; he was dressed in a sort of blue blouse, in the form of a tunic, and had a long stick of *Cytisus* in his hand; his whole appearance reminded me strongly of Poussin's antique shepherds. His light hair clustered in thick curls round his uncovered throat, and fell over his shoulders, his features wore an expression of gravity, but not of austerity, and he seemed sad though not desponding. There was a singular character about his eyes, the effect of which I could scarcely define, they were large and liquid, but their light was quenched, and they were fixed and unfathomable. The murmur of the wind had disguised the sound of my footsteps, and I soon became aware that I was not perceived. At length I felt sure that the young man was blind. Puck had closely studied the emotions which became visible in my face, but as soon as he discovered that I was kindly disposed towards his new friend, he jumped up to him. The young man stroked Puck's silky coat, and smiled good-naturedly at him.

"How is it that you appear to know me," said he, "for you do not belong to the valley?" I once had a dog as full of play as you, and perhaps as pretty, but he was a French water spaniel, with a coat of curly

* From the French of Charles Nodier.

wool; he has left me like many others, my last friend, my poor Puck."

"How curious! was your dog called Puck, too?"

"Ah, pardon me, sir," exclaimed the young man, rising, and supporting himself on his stick. "My infirmity must excuse me."

"Pray sit down, my good friend; you are blind, I fear?"

"Yes, blind since my infancy."

"Have you never been able to see?"

"Ah, yes, but for so very short a time! yet I have some recollection of the sun, and when I lift up my eyes towards the point in the heavens where it should be, I can almost fancy I see a globe which reminds me of its colour. I have, too, a faint remembrance of the whiteness of the snow, and the hue of our mountains."

"Was it an accident which deprived you of your sight?"

"Yes, an accident which was the least of my misfortunes. I was scarcely more than two years old, when an avalanche fell down from the heights of La Flégère, and crushed our little dwelling. My father, who was the guide among these mountains, had spent the evening at the Priory; you can easily picture to yourself his despair when he found his family swallowed up by this horrible scourge. By the aid of his comrades, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and was thus able to get into our cottage, the roof of which was still supported on its frail props. The first thing which met his eyes was my cradle, he placed this at once in safety, for the danger was rapidly increasing; the work of the miners caused fresh masses of ice to crumble, and served rather to hasten the overthrow of our fragile abode; he pushed forward to save my mother, who had fainted, and he was afterwards seen for a moment carrying her in his arms, by the light of the torches which burnt outside; and then all gave way. I was an orphan, and the next day it was discovered that my sight had been destroyed."

"Poor child! so you were left alone in the world, quite alone!"

"In our valley, a person visited by misfortune is never quite alone all our good Chamouniers united in endeavouring to relieve my wretchedness; Balmat gave me shelter, Simon Coutet afforded me food, Gabriel Payot clothed me; and a good widow who had lost her children, undertook the care of me. She still performs a mother's part to me, and guides me to this spot every day in summer."

"And are these all the friends you have?"

"I have had more," said the young man, while he placed his finger on his lips in a mysterious manner, "but they are gone."

"Will they never come back again?"

"I should think not, from appearances; yet a few days ago I imagined that Puck would return, that he had only strayed, but nobody strays among our glaciers with impunity. I shall never feel him bound again at my side, or hear him bark at the approach of travellers," and he brushed away a tear.

"What is your name?"

"Gervais."

"Listen, Gervais; you must tell me about these friends whom you have lost;" at the same time I prepared to seat myself by his side, but he sprang up eagerly, and took possession of the vacant place.

"Not here, not here, sir; this is Eulalie's seat, and since her departure nobody has occupied it."

"Eulalie," replied I, seating myself in the place from which he had just risen; "tell me about Eulalie, and yourself; your story interests me."

Gervais proceeded:—

"I explained to you that my life had not been devoid of happiness, for Heaven compensates bountifully to those in misfortune, by inspiring good people with pity for their wretchedness. I lived in happy ignorance of the extent of my deprivation; suddenly, however, a stranger came to reside in the Village des Bois, and formed the topic of conversation in our valley. He was only known by the name of M. Robert, but the general opinion was, that he was a person of distinction, who had met with great losses, and much sorrow, and consequently had resolved to pass his latter years in perfect solitude. He was said to have lost a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; the result of their union, a little girl, had occasioned him much grief, for she was born blind. While the father was held up as a model for his virtues, the goodness and charms of his daughter were equally extolled. My want of sight prevented me from judging of her beauty, but could I have beheld her she could not have left a more lovely impression on my mind. I picture her to myself sometimes as even more interesting than my mother."

"She is dead, then?" inquired I.

"Dead!" replied he, in an accent in which there was a strange mixture of terror and wild joy! "dead! who told you so?"

"Pardon me, Gervais, I did not know her; I was only endeavouring to find out the reason of your separation."

"She is alive," said he, smiling bitterly, and he remained silent for a moment. "I do not know whether I told you that she was called Eulalie. Yes, her name was Eulalie, and this was her place;" he broke off abruptly. "Eulalie," repeated he, while he stretched out his hand as if to find her by his side. Puck licked his fingers, and looked pityingly at him: I would not have parted from Puck for a million.

"Calm yourself, Gervais, and forgive me for opening a wound which is scarcely yet healed. I can guess the rest of your story. The strange similarity of Eulalie's and your misfortune awakened her father's interest in you, and you became another child to him."

"Yes, I became another child to him, and Eulalie was a sister to me; my kind adopted mother and I went to take up our abode in the new house, which is called the Chateau. Eulalie's masters were mine; together we learned those divine strains of harmony which raise the soul to heaven, and together, by means of pages printed in relief, we read with our fingers the sublime thoughts of the philosophers, and the beautiful creations of the poets. I endeavoured to imitate some of their graceful images, and to paint what I had not seen. Eulalie admired my verses, and this was all I desired. Ah! if you had heard her sing, you would have thought that an angel had descended to entrance the valley. Every day in the fine season we were conducted to this rock, which is called by the inhabitants of this part 'le Rocher des Aveugles;' here too the kindest of fathers guided our steps, and bestowed on us numberless fond attentions. Around us were tufts of rhododendrons, beneath us was a carpet of violets and daisies, and when our touch had recognised, by its short stalk and its velvety disk, the last-named flower, we amused ourselves in stripping it of its petals, and repeated a hundred times this innocent diversion, which served as a kind of interpretation to our first avowal of love."

As Gervais proceeded, his face acquired a mournful expression, a cloud passed over his brow, and he became suddenly sad and silent; in his emotion he trod unthinkingly upon an Alpine rose, which was, however, already withered on its stalk; I gathered it without his being aware of it, for I wished to preserve it in remembrance of him. Some minutes elapsed before Gervais seemed inclined to proceed with his narrative, and I did not like to speak to him: suddenly he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away a disagreeable dream, and then turning towards me with an ingenuous smile, he continued.

"Be charitable to my weakness, for I am young, and have not yet learned to control the emotions of my heart; some day, perhaps, I shall be wiser."

"I fear, my good friend," said I, "that this conversation is too fatiguing for you; do not recall to your mind circumstances which appear so painful. I shall never forgive myself for occasioning you such an hour of grief."

"It is not you," replied Gervais, "who bring back these recollections, for these thoughts are never absent from my mind, and I would rather that it was annihilated than that they should ever cease to occupy it; my very existence is mixed up with my sorrow."—I had retained Gervais's hand; he understood, therefore, that I was listening to him.

"After all, my reminiscences are not entirely made up of bitterness; sometimes I imagine that my present affliction is only a dream—that my real life is full of the happiness which I have lost. I fancy that she is still near me, only perhaps a little farther off than usual—that she is silent because she is plunged in deep meditation, of which our mutual love forms a principal part. One day we were seated as usual on this rock, and were enjoying the sweetness and serenity of the air, the perfume of our violets, and the song of the birds; upon this occasion we listened with a curious kind of pleasure to the masses of ice which, being loosened by the sun, shot hissing down from the peaks of the mountain. We could distinguish the rushing of the waters of the Arveyron. I do not know how it was, but we were both suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of the uncertainty of happiness, and at the same time with a feeling of terror and uneasiness; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and held each other tightly, as if somebody had wished to separate us, and both of us exclaimed eagerly, 'Ah, yes! let it be always thus, always thus.' I felt that Eulalie scarcely breathed, and that her overwrought state of mind required to be soothed. 'Yes, Eulalie, let us ever be thus to one another; the world believes that our misfortune renders us objects only of pity, but how can it possibly judge of the happiness that I enjoy in your tenderness, or that you find in mine? How little does the turmoil and excitement of society affect us; we may be regarded by many as imperfect beings, and this is quite natural, for they have not yet discovered that the perfection of happiness consists in loving and in being loved. It is not your beauty which has captivated me, it is something which cannot be described when felt, nor forgotten when once experienced; it is a charm which belongs to you alone—which I can discover in your voice, in your mind, in every one of your actions. Oh! if ever I enjoyed sight, I would entreat God to extinguish the light of my eyes in order that I might not gaze at other women—that my thoughts might only dwell upon you. It is you who have rendered study pleasing to me—who have inspired

me with taste for art: if the beauties of Rossini and Weber impressed me strongly, it was because you sang their glorious ideas. I can well afford to dispense with the superfluous luxuries of art, I who possess the treasure from which it would derive its highest price; for surely thy heart is mine, if not thou couldst not be happy.'

" 'I am happy,' replied Eulalie, 'the happiest of girls.'

" 'My dear children,' said M. Robert, while he joined our trembling hands, 'I hope you will always be equally happy, for it is my desire that you should never be separated.'

" M. Robert was never long absent from us; he was ever bestowing upon us marks of his tenderness. Upon this occasion he had reached the spot where we were seated without our having been aware of his presence, and he had heard us without intentionally listening. I did not feel that I was in fault, and yet I was overwhelmed, embarrassed. Eulalie trembled. M. Robert placed himself between us, for we had withdrawn a little from each other."

" 'Why should it not be as you wish?' said he, as he threw his arms around us, and pressed us close together, and embraced us with more than usual warmth, 'Why not? Am I not sufficiently rich to procure you servants and friends. You will have children who will replace your poor old father; your infirmity is not hereditary. Receive my blessing, Gervais, and you, my Eulalie. Thank God, and dream of to-morrow, for the day which will shine upon us to-morrow will be beautiful even to the blind.'

" Eulalie embraced her father, and then threw her arms round me; for the first time my lips touched hers. This happiness was too great to be called happiness. I thought that my heart would burst; I wished to die at that moment, but, alas! I did not die. I do not know how happiness affects others, but mine was imperfect, for it was without hope or calmness. I could not sleep, or rather I did not attempt to sleep, for it seemed to me a waste of time, and that eternity would not be sufficiently long to enjoy the felicity which was in store for me; I almost regretted the past, which, though it lacked the delicious intoxication of the present moment, was yet free from doubts and fears. At length I heard the household stirring; I got up, dressed myself, performed my morning devotions, and then went to my window, which looked out upon the Arve. I opened it, stretched forth my head in the morning mists to cool my burning brow. Suddenly my door opened, and I recognised a man's footstep; it was not M. Robert; a hand took hold of mine—'M. Maunoir!' exclaimed I.

" It was a great many years since he had been to the Valley; but the sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand, and something frank and affectionate in his manner, brought him back to my remembrance.

" 'It is indeed he,' observed M. Maunoir, in a faltering voice, to some one near him, 'It is indeed my poor Gervais. You remember what I said to you about it at that time.' He then placed his fingers on my eyelids, and kept them up for a few seconds. 'Ah,' said he, 'God's will be done! You are happy, at any rate, are you not, Gervais?'

" 'Yes, very happy,' replied I. 'M. Robert considers that I have profited by all his kindness; I assure you I can read as well as a person who is gifted with sight; above all, Eulalie loves me.'

" 'She will love you, if possible, still more if she should one day be able to see you.'

“ ‘ If she sees me, did you say ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I thought he alluded to that eternal home where the eyes of the blind are opened, and darkness visits them no more. ’ ”

“ ‘ My mother, as was her custom, brought me here, but Eulalie had not arrived; she was later than usual. I began to wonder how this could have happened. My poor little Puck went to meet her, but he returned to me again without her. At length he began to bark violently, and to jump so impatiently up and down on the bench, that I felt sure that she must be near me, though I could not hear her myself. I stretched myself forward in the direction she would come, and presently my arms were clasped in hers. M. Robert had not accompanied her as usual, and then I began at once to feel sure that his absence, and Eulalie's delay in reaching our accustomed place of rendezvous, was to be attributed to the presence of strangers at the Chateau. You will think it very extraordinary when I tell you that Eulalie's arrival, for which I had so ardently longed, filled me with a restless sensation, which had hitherto been unknown to me. I was not at ease with Eulalie as I had been the day before. Now that we belonged to each other, I did not dare to make any claim on her kindness; it seemed to me that her father, in bestowing her on me had imposed a thousand restrictions; I felt as if I might not indulge in a word or caress; I was conscious that she was more than ever mine, and yet I did not venture to embrace her. Perhaps she experienced the same feelings, for our conversation was at first restrained, like that of persons who are not much acquainted with each other; however, this state of things could not last long, the delicious happiness of the past day was still fresh in our minds. I drew near to Eulalie, and sought her eyes with my lips, but they met a bandage. ’ ”

“ ‘ You are hurt, Eulalie ? ’ ”

“ ‘ A little hurt, ’ replied she, ‘ but very slightly, since I am going to spend the day with you, as I am in the habit of doing; and that the only difference is, that there is a green ribbon between your mouth and my eyes. ’ ”

“ ‘ Green ! green ! Oh, God ! what does that mean ? What is a green ribbon ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I have seen, ’ said she, ‘ I can see, ’ and her hand trembled in mine, as if she had apprised me of some fault or misfortune. ’ ”

“ ‘ You have seen, ’ exclaimed I, ‘ you will see ! Oh ! unfortunate creature that I am ! Yes, you will see, and the glass which has hitherto been to you a cold and polished surface, will reflect your living image; its language, though mute, will be animated; it will tell you each day that you are beautiful ! and when you return to me it will make you entertain only one feeling towards me, that of pity for my misfortunes. Yet what do I say ? you will not return to me; for who is the beautiful girl who would bestow her affection on a blind lover ? Oh ! unfortunate creature that I am to be blind ; ’ in my despair I fell to the earth; she wound her arms round me, twined her fingers in my hair, and covered me with kisses, while she sobbed like a child. ’ ”

“ ‘ No, no ! I will never love any one but Gervais. You were happy yesterday, in thinking we were blind, because our love would never be likely to change. I will be blind again, if my recovery of sight makes you unhappy. Shall I remove this bandage, and cause the light of my eyes to be for ever extinguished ? Horrible idea, I had actually thought of it. ’ ”

“ ‘ Stop, stop, ’ cried I, ‘ our language is that of madness, because we ’ ”

are both unnerved and ill,—you from excess of happiness, and I from despair. Listen,' and I placed myself beside her, but my heart felt ready to break. 'Listen,' continued I, 'it is a great blessing that you are permitted to see, for now you are perfect; it matters not, if I do not see, or if I die; I shall be abandoned, for this is the destiny which God has reserved for me; but promise me that you will never see me, that you will never attempt to see me; if you see me, you will, in spite of yourself, compare me to others,—to those whose soul, whose thoughts may be read in their eyes, to those who set a woman fondly dreaming with a single glance of fire. I would not let it be in your power to compare me; I would be to you what I was in the mind of a little blind girl, as if you saw me in a dream. I want you to promise me that you will never come here without your green bandage; that you will visit me every week, or every month, or at least once every year;—ah! promise me to come back once more, without seeing me.'

"'I promise to love you always,' said Eulalie, and she wept.

"I was so overcome that my senses left me, and I fell at her feet. M. Robert lifted me from the ground, bestowed many kind words and embraces upon me, and placed me under the care of my adopted mother. Eulalie was no longer there; she came the next day, and the day after, and several days following, and each day my lips touched the green bandage which kept up my delusion; I fancied I should continue to be the same to her as long as she did not see me. I said to myself with an insane kind of rapture, 'my Eulalie still visits me without seeing me; she will never see me, and therefore I shall be always loved by her.' One day, a little while after this, when she came to visit me, and my lips sought her eyes as usual, they, in wandering about, encountered some long silky eye-lashes beneath her green bandage.

"'Ah!' exclaimed I, 'if you were likely to see me.'

"'I have seen you,' said she, laughingly; 'what would have been the good of sight to me, if I had not looked upon you? Ah! vain fellow, who dares set limits to a woman's curiosity, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the light?'

"'But it is impossible, Eulalie, for you promised me.'

"'I did not promise you anything, dearest, for when you asked me to make you this promise, I had already seen you.'

"'You had seen me, and yet you continued to come to me; that is well; but whom did you see first?'

"'M. Maunoir, my father, Julie, then this great world, with its trees and mountains, the sky and the sun.'

"'And whom have you seen since?'

"'Gabriel Payot, old Balmat, the good Terraz, the giant Cachat and Marguerite.'

"'And nobody else?'

"'Nobody.'

"'How balmy the air is this evening! take off your bandage, or you may become blind again.'

"'Would that grieve me so much? I tell you again and again, that the chief happiness I have in seeing, is to be able to look at you, and to love you through the medium of another sense. You were pictured in my soul as you now are in my eyes. This faculty, which has been restored to me, serves but as another link to bring me closer to your heart; and this is why I value the gift of sight.'

“These words I shall never forget. My days now flowed on calmly and happily, for hope so easily seduces; our mode of life was considerably changed, and Eulalie endeavoured to make me prefer excitement and variety of amusement, instead of the tranquil enjoyment which had formerly charmed us. After some little time I thought I observed that the books which she selected for reading to me were of a different character to those she used to like; she seemed now to be more pleased with those writers who painted the busy scenes of the world, she unconsciously showed great interest in the description of a fête, in the numerous details of a woman's toilet, and in the preparations for, and the pomps of a ceremony. At first I did not imagine that she had forgotten that I was blind, so that though this change chilled, it did not break my heart. I attributed the alteration in her taste, in some measure, to the new aspect things had assumed at the Chateau; for since M. Maunoir had performed one of the miracles of his art upon Eulalie, M. Robert was naturally much more inclined to enjoy society and the luxuries which fortune had bestowed upon him; and as soon as his daughter was restored to him in all the perfection of her organization, and the height of her beauty, he sought to assemble, at the Chateau, the numerous travellers that the short summer season brought to the neighbourhood.

“The winter came at length, and M. Robert told me, after alightly preparing me, that he was going to leave me for a few days,—for a few days at the most,—he assured me that he only required time to procure and get settled in a house at Geneva, before he would send for me to join them; he told me that Eulalie was to accompany him; and, at length, that he intended to pass the winter at Geneva; the winter, which would so soon be over, which had already begun. I remained mute with grief. Eulalie wound her arms affectionately round my neck. I felt they were cold and hung heavily on me; if my memory still serves me she bestowed on me all kinds of endearing and touching appellations; but all this was like a dream. After some hours I was restored to my senses, and then my mother said, ‘Gervais, they are gone, but we shall remain at the Chateau.’ From that time I have little or nothing to relate.

“In the month of October she sent me a ribbon with some words printed in relief, they were these:—‘This ribbon is the green ribbon which I wore over my eyes—it has never left me; I send it you.’ In the month of November, which was very beautiful, some servants of the house brought me several presents from her father, but I did not inquire about them. The snow sets in in December, and, oh! heavens, how long that winter was! January, February, March, April, were centuries of calamities and tempests. In the month of May the avalanches fell everywhere except on me. When the sun peeped forth a little, I was guided, by my wish, to the road which led to Bossons, for this was the way the muleteers came; at length, one arrived, but with no news for me; and then another, and after the third I gave up all hope of hearing from my absent friends; I felt that the crisis of my fate was over. Eight days after, however, a letter from Eulalie was read to me; she had spent the winter at Geneva, and was going to pass the summer at Milan. My poor mother trembled for me, but I smiled; it was exactly what I expected. And now, sir, you know my story, it is simply this, that I believed myself loved by a woman, and

I have been loved by a dog. Poor Puck!" Puck jumped on the blind man.

"Ah!" said he, "You are not my Puck, but I love you because you love me."

"Poor fellow," cried I, "you will be loved by another, though not by her, and you will love in return; but listen, Gervais, I must leave Chamouny, and I shall go to Milan. I will see her. I will speak to Eulalie, I swear to you, and then I will return to you. I, too, have some sorrows which are not assuaged; some wounds which are not yet healed." Gervais sought for my hand, and pressed it fervently. Sympathy in misfortune is so quickly felt. "You will, at least, be comfortably provided for; thanks to the care of your protector, your little portion of land has become very fruitful, and the good Chamouniers rejoice in your prosperity. Your prepossessing appearance will soon gain you a mistress, and will enable you to find a friend."

"And a dog?" replied Gervais.

"Ah! I would not give mine for your valley or mountains if he had not loved you, but now I give him to you."

"Your dog!" exclaimed he. "Your dog; ah! he cannot be given away."

"Adieu, Gervais!"

I did not speak to Puck, or he would have followed me; as I was moving on I saw Puck looked uneasy and ashamed; he drew back a step, stretched out his paws, and bent down his head to the ground. I stroked his long silky coat, and with a slight pang at my heart, in which there was no feeling of anger, I said, go. He flew back to Gervais like an arrow. Gervais will not be alone at any rate, thought I.

A few days afterwards I found myself at Milan. I was not in spirits for enjoying society, yet I did not altogether avoid mixing in it; a crowded room, is in its way, a vast solitude, unless you are so unfortunate a person as to stumble upon one of those never-tiring tourists whom you are in the habit of meeting occasionally on the Boulevards at Tortoni's, or with whom you have gaped away an hour at Favert's, one of those dressed-up puppies with fashionable cravat and perfumed hair, who stare through an eye-glass, with the most perfect assurance imaginable, and talk at the highest pitch of their voice.

"What! are you here?" cried Roberville.

"Is it you?" replied I. He continued to chatter, but his words were unheeded by me, for my eyes suddenly fixed upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty; she was sitting alone, and leaning against a pillar in a kind of melancholy reverie.

"Ah! ah!" said Roberville, "I understand; your taste lies in that direction. Well, well, really in my opinion you show considerable judgment. I once thought of her myself, but now I have higher views."

"Indeed," replied I, as I gazed at him from head to foot, "you do not say so."

"Come, come," said Roberville, "I perceive your heart is already touched, you are occupied only with her; confess that it would have been a sad pity if those glorious black eyes had never been opened to the light."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? why, that she was born blind. She is the daughter of a rich merchant of Anvers, and his only child; he lost his

wife very young, and was plunged in consequence in the profoundest grief."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should think so, for he quitted Anvers, gave up his mercantile pursuits, which had never been more profitable to him than at that time, and, after making magnificent presents to those persons employed in his service, and pensions to his servants, left his house and occupation."

"And what became of him afterwards?" said I, somewhat impatiently, for my curiosity was gradually increasing.

"Oh! it's a romance, a perfect romance. This good man retired to Chamouny, where we have all been once in our life, for the sake of saying that we have been, though, for my part, I can never understand the charms of its melancholy grandeur, and there he remained several years. Have you never heard him mentioned? let me see, it's a plebeian name—M. Robert, that's it."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued he, "an oculist succeeded in restoring his daughter's sight. Her father took her to Geneva, and at Geneva she fell in love with an adventurer, who carried her off because her father would not have him for a son-in-law."

"Her father felt that he was unworthy of her," said I.

"Yes, and he had formed a correct opinion of him, for no sooner had they reached Milan than the adventurer disappeared, with all the gold and diamonds of which he had been able to possess himself; it was asserted that this gallant gentleman was already married, and that he had incurred capital punishment at Padua, so that the law punished him."

"And M. Robert?"

"Oh, M. Robert died of grief; but this affair did not create a great sensation, for he was a very singular man, who had some extraordinary ideas; one of the absurd plans he had formed was, to marry his daughter to a blind youth."

"Oh, the poor girl!"

"She is not so much to be pitied either; but look at her instead of talking of her, and confess that she has many advantages, with two hundred thousand francs a-year, and such a pair of eyes!"

"Eyes, eyes, curses rest upon her eyes, for they have been her ruin!" There is a leaven of cruelty in my composition, and I like to make those, who have caused others suffering, suffer in their turn. I fixed one of those piercing looks upon Eulalie, which, when they do not flatter a woman, make her heart sink within her; she raised herself from the pillar, against which she was leaning, and stood motionless and tremblingly before me. I went up to her slowly, and whispered, Gervais.

"Who?"

"Gervais."

"Ah, Gervais," replied she, while she placed her hand before her eyes.

The scene was so singular that it would have shaken the nerves of the most composed person, for my appearance there was altogether so sudden, my acquaintance with her history so extraordinary.

"Ah, Gervais," exclaimed I, vehemently seizing her at the same time by the arm, "what have you done to him?" She sank to the ground in a swoon. I never heard any more of her from that memorable night.

I entered Savoy by Mount St. Bernard, and again found myself once more in the valley of Chamouny. Again I sought the rock where

Gervais was accustomed to sit, but though it was his usual hour for sitting there, he was not to be seen. I came up to the old spot, and discovered his stick of *Cytisus*, and perceiving that it was ornamented with a piece of green ribbon, on which were some words printed in relief, the circumstance of his leaving this behind him made me feel very uneasy. I called Gervais, loudly; a voice repeated Gervais; it seemed to me like an echo; I turned round, and beheld Marguerite, leading a dog by a chain. They stopped, and I recognised Puck, though he did not know me, for he seemed occupied by some idea; he sniffed his nose in the air, raised his ears, and stretched forth his paws, as if he was going to start off.

"Alas, sir," said Marguerite, have you met with Gervais?"

"Gervais," replied I, "where is he?" Puck looked at me as if he had understood what I had said, he stretched himself towards me, as far as his chain would permit; I stroked him with my hand, the poor thing licked my fingers and then remained still.

"I remember now, sir, that it was you who gave him this dog to console him for one which he had lost, a little while before you came here; this poor animal had not been eight days in the valley before he lost his sight like his master."

I lifted up Puck's silky head, and discovered that he was indeed blind. Puck licked my hand, and then howled.

"It was because he was blind," said Marguerite, "that Gervais would not take him with him yesterday."

"Yesterday, Marguerite! what, has he not been home since yesterday?"

"Ah, sir, that is exactly what astonishes us all so much. Only think on Sunday, in the midst of a tremendous storm, a gentleman came to the Valley; I could have declared he was an English milord; he wore a straw hat, covered with ribbons."

"Well, but what has all this to do with Gervais?"

"While I was running to fetch some faggots to make a fire for drying M. Roberville's clothes, he remained with Gervais. M. de Roberville! yes, that was his name. I do not know what he said, but yesterday Gervais was so melancholy; he, however, seemed more anxious than ever to go to the rock; indeed he was in such a hurry that I had scarcely time to throw his blue cloak over his shoulders; and I think I told you that the evening before was very cold and damp. 'Mother,' said he, as we went along, 'be so kind as to prevent Puck from following me, and take charge of him; his restlessness inconveniences me sometimes, and if he should pull his chain out of my hand, we should not be able to find each other again perhaps.'"

"Alas, Gervais!" cried I, "my poor Gervais!"

"Oh, Gervais! Gervais, my son! my little Gervais!" sobbed the poor woman.

Puck gnawed his chain, and jumped impatiently about us.

"If you were to set Puck at liberty, perhaps he might find Gervais," said I.

The chain was unfastened, and before I had time to see that Puck was free, he had darted off, and the next moment I heard the sound of a body falling in to the depths of the Arveyron. "Puck! Puck!" shouted I; but when I reached the spot, the little dog had disappeared, and all that could be seen was a blue mantle floating on the surface of the waters.

DR. ACHILLI AND THE INQUISITION.—DR. TOWNSEND AND THE POPE.*

SUCH a detail of Romish practices and impurities; such revelations of fraud, and treachery, and malignity; of criminality in priests, and of the most degrading superstition in the people, it has rarely been our lot to meet with, and to mourn over, as displayed in a work very lately published by one who was, until very recently, Prior and Visitor of the Dominican Order, head Professor of Theology, and Vicar of the Master of the Sacred Apostolic Palace at Rome, &c. And yet Dr. Achilli speaks only of what he saw, of what he heard, and of what he did; and certainly it commends the writer the more highly to our notice, and proves the value of his testimony to the subjects of which he speaks, and the truth of all his details of dealings with the Inquisition, that Dr. Wiseman, as he says, has made him of late the subject of some very scurrilous observations in the "Dublin Review." This would imply that Dr. Wiseman fears the man, and fears his book; and that that most Rev. Doctor of Theology perfectly well knew how much Dr. Achilli could say of his most ambitious and crafty prelates, patrons, and brother cardinals at Rome.

Had Dr. Achilli, however, chosen to remain at Rome and to be subservient to the Pope in all things, to have stifled his conscience, and to have resisted the grace that was within him, he might have been, ere this, quite as great a prince in the Romish Church as Dr. Wiseman himself, and equally an archbishop and a cardinal; but his soul revolted at the gross frauds and deceptions he saw practised by the priests upon the people—at the abominable doings in the confessional—at the immorality and kuavery of the monks—and at the atrocities of the Inquisition; and as he made at length no great secret of what his thoughts on such subjects were, the Inquisition twice carried him off, to reflect upon these things in silence and solitude in their dungeons. From the second of these imprisonments he was released by a little artifice of the French military commission at Rome. He is now in this kingdom, and if he has the talents and acquirements which his countrymen gave him credit for possessing, and for which they would have raised him, it may be eventually, to the papacy, now is the time to work out for himself a distinguished name, as the ablest of the adversaries to the corruptions and deceptions of the Romish Church. His exposure, more in detail, of the abominable lives of the monks, of the fraudulent practices of the priests, of the horrors of the confessional, of the all-pervading influence

* Dealings with the Inquisition, or Papal Rome, her Priests, and her Jesuits, with Important Disclosures. By the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D.D. Hall and Virtue, 1861.

Journal of a Tour in Italy in 1850; with an Account of an interview with the Pope, in the Vatican. By the Rev. G. Townsend, D.D., Canon of Durham, &c. Rivington.

The Life of Wiclif,—Life of Bishop Jewel,—the Life of Archbishop Cranmer,—the Life of Archbishop Laud. By Le Bas. Rivington.

of the Jesuits, of the general policy of Rome, and its particular policy to ourselves, would form a work that would command the attention of the whole kingdom, and than which, none could be more acceptable and useful at this juncture; for in this country we know nothing, of our own knowledge, of Popery but its magnificence, its gorgeous ritual, its captivating snares for the senses, its seeming careful adaptation to every man's need, to every condition of man's being, its outward splendour and decorations; of its inward corruptions, if it has any, we, from our own experience, know nothing, but must look to be informed aright of these, to some one among them who has witnessed them—who has lamented them—who has endeavoured to extirpate them; and if he tells us, and proves to us, that they are so engrafted into the very system of Popery itself, that even the Popes themselves could not eradicate them—we should have the knowledge we so much need to estimate Popery at its worth—and to treat it according to its deserts.

There is, however, in Dr. Achilli's work a very large amount of information concerning the doings and principles—the organisation and machinery—the workings and objects of the Romish Church, that will be perfectly new to most readers; and it is a most amusing biography of the writer, equally as a very clever exposure of the system, which, from its ingenuity and complexity, its subtlety and tyranny, has received for its cognomen "The master-piece of Satan."

The success of this work, and eminently successful we judge it will be, will probably convince Dr. Achilli that he can be far more profitably employed for himself, and far more beneficially to the public, in writing books like these, which impart information upon matters of the highest interest to us, than in vain attempts to found an Italian Church on the ruins of the Papal. He is not designed by nature to become a founder of a new order of things, or an out-and-out reformer, like Luther, of what was corrupt in the old; he is too indeterminate in his views, too undecided as to whether the Episcopalian or the Presbyterian is the proper form of church government, and altogether indifferent whether the bishops are called pastors, moderators, inspectors, or superintendents. Nor are we concerned particularly with Dr. Achilli's opinions upon the religious reformation which he asserts is now going on, more or less openly, throughout Italy. Of this there can be no visible fruit, nor any sufficiently clear indication while foreign armies garrison the chief cities, and render impossible the expression of public opinion. The much-desired reformation, if it ever takes place, must begin from the priests themselves; and the education of the Romish priesthood is such, that we should say it was one the least likely in the world to make such men reformers.

Here is also another amusing book lately published, connected with the subject; and perhaps there is not another man in the kingdom who would have thought the thought that gave rise to this volume. A Canon of Durham, a Doctor of Divinity—but a Layman, in the Pope's judgment, and a Heretic in the bargain, forms the idea of travelling to Rome, to persuade the Pope to call a general council, for the express purpose of overthrowing all the decrees of the Council of Trent, and of undoing at once all that the Popes have ever done during fifteen hundred years. Such an instance is rarely heard of, of child-like simplicity, or of overweening vanity; but the canon was in downright earnest to carry out

his project, and flattered himself decidedly, for a time at least, that he should ultimately succeed in his undertaking; and that to him would belong the glory, through all the succeeding ages of time, of removing all the abuses, and corruptions, and imperfections of all Churches; and of reuniting all the Churches, and fragments of Churches in the world, into one whole, and of making one body of faithful and united believers, whose very first act would, of necessity, be to deprive the Bishop of Rome of all his assumed authority over other Bishops.

Nor can any romance equal in interest the details of the proceedings and conversations to which this thought and hope gave rise; and the interest of the work is sustained throughout; for to the very last the canon indulged in the delusive hope that his eloquence would win the Pope to his purpose; and we judge that he felt more indignation than he ought, when he discovered how he had, in private, by the Pope, been laughed at, and what a worse than profitless journey he had undertaken. But the book itself is nevertheless, for its very subject's sake, worth a thousand of the books that are yearly published; it is eminently a curiosity in its way; and the strong faith it displays—the strong measures it proposes, the formidable difficulties it overlooks—indeed, the utter impossibility of its demands, make it the most extraordinary book of the year; a book that will be valued and treasured long after we have ourselves been forgotten.

To show, however, the ridicule which the Papal Court attached to the whole proceeding, scarcely had the canon turned his back upon the Porta del Popolo, than Cardinal Wiseman, in the plenitude of his authority, sent forth with such a flourish of trumpets, his memorable manifesto from the Flaminian Gate, which proclaimed Rome's determined purpose to give up nothing, and to claim everything—to hurl defiance against the Protestantism of England, and insidiously to assert her right to give laws, and to demand the homage and obedience of the whole kingdom. It must certainly be acknowledged that Dr. Townshend failed utterly in his mission—it must, however, console him that he undertook it with the best intentions; and that he aimed at an object which was too high for any mortal man to attain to; had the result of his mission been otherwise than it was, had he succeeded, in persuading the Pope to persuade all the Catholics throughout the world, to disbelieve all that they have hitherto been taught to believe, of the mass, the invocation of saints, of purgatory, and so on, he would undoubtedly have immortalized himself as the most persuasive of men, as the most gifted, and the most talented, the most fortunate, and the most extraordinary man, that was ever heard of on the earth.

By a curious coincidence, there was laid on our table at the same time with these, *Le Bas'* admirable lives of men, whose names are to this day held in the utmost abhorrence in Rome.

The scenes enacted in these volumes, will, very many of them, there is strong reason to fear, be speedily repeated among ourselves.

Rome's aggression will probably soon raise up a strong Protestant reaction—and how that reaction will show itself must depend entirely whether the government will act for the nation in the matter—or whether, neglected by the government, the nation takes up the matter, and acts in its way for itself. By these volumes of *Le Bas*, English-

men, however, may be taught what they have to expect from Rome, should Rome ever again possess the power to persecute, and burn men at the stake, as she once possessed, and so mercilessly used. It is the old story over again ; we are contending with Rome at this moment, on the very same grounds—from the same causes, and for the very same objects, that our forefathers contended in days of yore, some centuries since.

It is the mass that Rome still wants to establish amongst us—it is the Bible that Rome still wants to take from us—it is our pence, and our allegiance, that Rome still demands of us—she wishes to enslave both our bodies and our minds to her behests—and to enforce upon us the most abject obedience to her will. Arrogating to himself the power of God upon Earth, and a jurisdiction equal to God's in the Heavens, he calls upon us to bow the knee before him, and, as God's Vicegerent, to worship him. Should we refuse, these volumes very significantly tell us what we have to expect from the Pope's mercy, should we ever need it ; and what we may expect from his vengeance, should the lightnings of his wrath reach us.

It is no child's play that we shall have with the Pope, when he seriously engages in the game, for the sovereignty of England ; it will be a life and death struggle, when we have to fight for our liberties with him ; —and, as the conflict is coming—as the day of battle is at hand, it would be well to know, what weapons he uses ; what are his most formidable means of attack ; what are his stratagems, and wherein consists his chief strength. What he has done to us in times past—what were his tactics then, it would be useful to know now, since to be forewarned is, in some measure, to be forearmed ; and Le Bas' little volumes very faithfully report what are, and ever must be, the causes of our contentions with Rome. What we shall become if she triumphs over us—what she will deprive us of, and reduce us to. From the first among the nations, enriching the world with our arts and our commerce—holding an empire on which the sun never sets, and which we are enriching, and blessing, and prospering, by civilization, just laws, freedom and good government—we should soon become, did the Pope bear rule in our land, as wretched as Catholic Ireland, and as abject and contemptible as the Roman States—that only state in all Christendom which has always within it organized bands of robbers and murderers, who are so well taught by the Sovereign Head of the Catholic Church, as especially to adore the Madonna, and especially to despise and disobey equally God as the Pope.

LATEST ACCOUNT OF NEW ZEALAND.

Pitfure, Nelson, New Zealand, July 18th, 1850.

SIR,—When I last had the pleasure of seeing you in London, you expressed a wish that I would write to you, and give you my opinion of New Zealand.

I arrived here on the 26th of March, just one hundred days from Plymouth, and landed in Otago, the southernmost settlement of the island. On entering the harbour, the scenery is grand as far as to Port Chalmers. The seaport of Duneden is from eight to ten miles further up. The passage thither is by boat. The scenery here is beautiful on both sides of the harbour the whole way, the mountains being wooded to the water's edge. On arriving at Duneden the wooded country is left behind. This is succeeded by a bleak country, the hills covered with fern, and exposed, I should say, to winds from the Southern Ocean for about twelvemonths. The country is of the same character until the Tierra Plain is reached, which is chiefly grass and swamp. There is, it is said, a fine country to the southward, called the Molyneux District, but this I did not see. I do not consider Otago to be a very desirable place. No doubt it may become a good country for stock, but it is too far south to have much trade. At present there is no business, and the people generally are discontented. I afterwards went to Cooper, which lies inside Bank's Peninsula. The harbour here is small, but it is easy of access; it is, however, exposed to wind. The plains lie behind a ridge of high hills, which separate them from the port. Round these hills a road at great expense is now being constructed, to connect the port town called Littleton with Christchurch, the capital, which is to be settled about eight miles from the former, on the plains, by a river, up which boats of small burden may convey goods and timber for the town and neighbouring country. The plains are of vast extent, about one hundred and fifty miles long, by fifty miles wide, grassy, intermixed with flax, with a great deal of swamp. Much outlay will be required to drain this, especially as labour will be expensive for some time there. As in all newly settled places, there is a great drawback here (in Port Cooper) arising from the want of timber for fuel, for fencing, and for building, for along the whole district there are only a few clumps of timber, and some of these intercepted by lofty hills, so that the greatest portion must be brought by boats from Bank's Peninsula for all purposes. It strikes me that this expense alone will be a great burden on the settlers. The plains run along the sea-coast, and there are no harbours except that at Littleton. It is a serious obstacle to have to bring produce so far to a sea-port; and being obliged to cross, moreover, a great many large rapid rivers, is a task not very desirable in this country, for they are generally very uncertain in spring and early summer, owing to the melting of the snow on the mountains. The soil on the plain is very good, generally a sort of alluvial clay, such as a deposit from the sea, and I have no doubt but the whole has been covered by the sea at some former period, as every inch of the land shows. The features of the country altogether are curious and extraordinary, differing so very much to anything I ever beheld at home. If coal is not found in the Port Cooper plains, I should say it will never do for a peopled district

and must therefore remain as a grazing country, which it is well adapted for, particularly for horned cattle on the plains and sheep on the hills.

My opinion is, that the Canterbury Association should use great caution in inducing emigrants to leave home before they ascertain whether there are coal and other necessaries for their use; for I assure you that fuel is very much wanted here in winter, the evenings, nights, and mornings being very keen, and often sharp frosts.

I next went to Wellington, which is a splendid harbour. It requires a good one, for it blows here with terrific violence. The country round the town is very hilly, and there is very little room for town accommodation, the town lying along the beech for about two miles, with a good many houses up the side of the hills. There is very little available land near the town, it being so exceedingly hilly. The valley of the Hutt lies about twelve miles from the town. It is very heavily timbered, but is in the course of clearing, and when it is cleared, the land will be of first-rate quality; but it is very expensive, say at the least 30*l.* per acre; when partly cleared they ask great prices for it, say 20*l.* per acre. When the whole of the Hutt Valley is cleared it will yield a plentiful supply to Wellington, but it will take a long time before this is done. The next available district to Wellington is Porerou, which is not valuable; then Rangitiki, an immense district of fine land, but valueless for agriculture; having no timber, it is all appropriated to sheep and cattle. The other cattle district is Wadrup, and this I believe belongs to the natives.

Next is Nelson, from whence I write, a very good harbour when the vessel is once inside, although care is required in effecting this. It is a nice site for a town, and is well sheltered, and lies to the north; very hilly around the town, but having a good road (for a colonial road) leading to the agricultural districts, which commence about two miles out of town, known as the Weanna Plains. Some of the land here is good, partly covered with fern, partly with flax. The flax land is generally better than fern land; it yields better crops, and is not so liable to get dry in summer. The wheat here is very fine, as are also oats, barley, potatoes, and turnips. The Company has disposed of all their lands hereabouts, with the exception of some hills. They have completely spoiled the Settlement. They first gave a re-selection of land to the original purchasers, and when they found they yielded to them, then asked for compensation for the loss they were at in not getting a title to their land. In this they yielded, and gave 150*l.* worth of scrip for every 300*l.* laid out, so that every inch of available land in the Settlement has been given away to parties buying land at home. In Nelson, the Company's agent had to return them their money, as they had no land here worth accepting, and any land which is purchased is from parties who were original purchasers, and they generally charge from 4*l.* to 6*l.* per acre for it in the rough. The next district belonging to Nelson is the Wairou, a large plain similar to Port Cooper, but smaller in extent, with splendid pasture for sheep and cattle, but like its neighbour, Port Cooper, with no timber on it. This district is all under sheep, and several gentlemen's sons from England are living in this dreary place, in a very comfortless manner, badly housed, and careless in their persons. The next district is called the Mahiaka; whither you must go by water. Here there are a good many families of respectability living, as there is plenty of fuel to be had. Next is

Masacar Bay, all forest, where they say there is coal, but it is doubted in Nelson whether it will turn out to be good. Fire-wood costs eighteen shillings per cord, of eight feet long, four wide, and four high, and which is very expensive. Labourers are the best off here, and they do exceedingly well; they have three and sixpence per day at present, and if they can keep cattle, they soon become very independent shepherds, and get thirty to forty pounds per annum, and rations. Ploughmen get from twenty-five to thirty pounds per year, and farm-servants are very scarce, and get good wages.

As regards the laying out capital in this country to any extent, I confess I cannot see my way. Of the lands purchased formerly here, there are none of them let to tenantry of any extent; the whole has been done by squatting hitherto; and those who have land to let at present, cannot get tenants, except a purchasing clause be introduced, and this only in favoured localities, and suburban lands. As for their country lands they are lying valueless, and will be so for years to come. With the exception of those occupying their own land, I cannot hear of any person deriving any benefit from the capital they have laid out here.

There are no lands now to be sold in this or the Wellington district; all is disposed of, except by second-hand. The only places where properties are now for sale, are Otago, where plenty may be had at one half, or even one quarter less than they originally cost; and as to Port Cooper, from what I see here and elsewhere, my own opinion is that it will not succeed, and that at the high price of three pounds per acre. Irish property being now in the market, and sold at a low price, I have no doubt Ireland will yet be a prosperous country, if well managed. It is, in my opinion, a better investment than New Zealand. The only thing that ever will pay here is sheep-keeping; the climate is beautiful, and the water good and plentiful.

SKETCHES IN ASIA MINOR, EGYPT, SYRIA, AND THE HAURAN.*

WE are never weary of reading what a classical scholar has written of classic lands, nor of hearing what a Christian pilgrim may say of his researches in Palestine.

Thus in the "Golden Horn" we can find much to interest us in the countries traversed, and much to admire in the observations made upon them; nor has the author contented himself with telling us an oft-told tale, or of confining himself to a beaten tract, since his descriptions and ideas are clearly original; and he found out new paths to walk in in districts but little known, and very rarely visited.

A too brief tour in Asia Minor, in the ancient Phrygia and Bithynia and in the Hauran district far to the eastward of Jordan to Bozrah and Damascus—are cases in point; and as Mr. Monk laments the circumstance, so may we, that he was not as ready with his pencil as his pen,

* By C. J. Monk, M.A. 2 vols.

since sketches of the magnificent ruins of cities long since overthrown, and which are altogether unknown to us, would have greatly added to the interest of these volumes, and increased our obligations to the author.

Of what he saw in Switzerland, Italy and Greece, Mr. Monk says nothing—his volumes commencing with his arrival at the Golden Horn, the beautiful harbour of Constantinople. This city and its suburbs he describes in the brief way that a passing traveller and a short sojourner should do, and he thence takes us with him into Egypt: we then accompany him in a Nile boat excursion to Philæ, and Luxor, and Karnac; and from Cairo we make a pilgrimage with him to Mount Sinai, and thence to Hebron and Jerusalem.

After a hasty visit to the Dead Sea, he journeys northward to Samaria and Tiberias, and crosses the Jordan to pursue his route through the villages of the Hauraan to Damascus; and from Damascus he makes his way to Beyrout through Baalbeck, Djourn, and Deir al Kammer.

It may well be imagined how much might be said by an intelligent and educated traveller upon visiting scenes so historically interesting as these: cities of undying celebrity; sites and ruins of endless fame; mountains like Sinai and Olympus, that to the Christian and the scholar will be ever memorable; nations and tribes so diversified, so barbarous and civilized, so luxurious and squalid, so lawless and so oppressed. Turks, Arabs, Copts, and Jews; Pachas and Sheiks, Emirs and Aghas, were the author's associates throughout his travels.

It is delightful to read of the noble traits of character some of them displayed; of their eager willingness to oblige and to serve, and really to do good without any hope or expectation of fee or reward. Every traveller, indeed, who has sought an interview or assistance from the Turk of high rank, has the same story to tell of their uniform kindness and ready help and immediate attention to all their applications; and English gentlemen now calculate upon these to a certainty, the Sultan's firman and a Pacha's bououralty securing to the traveller every assistance on his route, and every security to life and property that it is possible for power to give, or for any government to guarantee.

In entering, however, into the territories of the Hauraan Arabs, the author overstepped the boundaries in which he might have found safety; and, although he escaped harmless, it was owing entirely to the generosity of a Turkish Agha that he was enabled to pass through that interesting country without serious losses and misadventures. Much as we are tempted to make extracts, we refrain from it, and would refer the reader at once to the work, assuring him that he will find it a work abounding with information, and with anecdotes of persons and places—new, and curious, and interesting.

LITERATURE.

YEAST.*

ENTHUSIASM and fervid eloquence are the predominant characteristics of this remarkable book. The power and energy of the author are felt in the first page, and suffer no lapse or diminution to the last. They carry you on through a startling variety of strange, new opinions, doctrines and disquisitions, frequently, too, against your will, for it must be frankly avowed that there are many things in these pages which most people will find occasion to question and dissent from. In one aspect it is as unsatisfactory as it is original and forcible in all others. When you have closed the volume, and endeavour to fix the final impression it has made, you feel that the author has dropt you into 'a bewildering chaos of doubts, and left you there to extricate yourself as best you may. His aim is by no means clear. Sympathy for the poor, anxiety for the extension of education, and profound convictions on the practical side of Christianity, are so plain on the surface, that whoever runs may read; but his remedies for existing ills, the form of faith out of which they are to be wrought, and the regenerating agencies by which he believes the dead scepticism of society can alone be vivified into an active creed, are dim and perplexing. We do not see our way to the issue. He awakens us to an unhappy and somewhat distracting consciousness of surrounding evils, and confounds us in the effort to grapple with them. The book has an *unsettling* effect, singularly at variance with the earnestness of the writer—a quality which, in its very nature, presupposes a distinct and intelligible purpose.

The author throws himself with so much skill into the sophistries and dogmas of the various opposing reasoners and reformers he introduces as types of creeds and parties, that it becomes difficult in the end to ascertain his own views, and sift them from the conflicting casuistries he assumes with such freedom and facility. Yet in the midst of these difficulties, it is impossible not to be everywhere struck by the freshness and vigour of the treatment, and the boldness with which the largest topics are grasped and flung into the arena of discussion.

Considered simply as a story, the conditions of the plan are still more at variance with all received notions of structure. There is no doubt the fascination is sufficient to sustain your interest in the sayings and doings of every person who figures on the scene, notwithstanding that you are perpetually protesting against the extravagant improbabilities they are continually committing. Classes are here brought face to face that never in real life came into intimate collision; yet you are made to feel, you hardly know why or how, that there is a humanity in them superior to the conventions sacrificed in its development. The characters are forcibly drawn, and placed in effective situations. If you object to the elevated and energetic language in which some of them speak, palpably inappropriate to their social positions, your scruples are reconciled by the belief that it is the author who speaks through them,

* "Yeast: a Problem." Reprinted, with Corrections and Additions, from Frazer's Magazine. Parker.

and you are always willing to hear *him*. You soon abandon the expectation of dramatic individualization, and resign yourself to the strong current in which all the characters, doctors of divinity, game-keepers, lords of manors, and young ladies racked by doctrinal agonies, are swept down, indiscriminately, to a common destination. And some of these characters do things, not only irreconcilable with themselves, but inconsistent with all conceivable likelihood as regards the existing state of society; yet here again, as in all the rest, the power of the writing overcomes your objections, and you are ready to compromise even probability itself for the sake of the bracing winds, veering and gusty as they are, which produce such a high consciousness of elasticity and activity as you are careering through the book.

"Yeast" may be read as a novel, or as a picture of the new social theories that have latterly been floated into publicity by some of the profoundest thinkers amongst us. If it have not the effect of making converts to any special set of opinions, it will be sure, at least, to make novel readers reflect on subjects which are rarely brought under their notice, and to produce a disturbance amongst others who will open it in search of graver matters than the excitement of a fiction.

Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey. By Ellis and Acton Bell. A New Edition. Revised by Currer Bell. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Currer Bell has supplied us with a short biographical notice of her sisters Emily and Anne (Ellis and Acton), from which we learn that the two young ladies died within six months of each other. She has likewise touched upon other particulars in a manner that feelingly shows the regard in which she holds their memories. We should hardly have thought of offering an opinion upon "*Wuthering Heights*," and we shall not do so on "*Agnes Grey*," both having passed the ordeal of criticism; but Currer Bell advances such claims on behalf of the former work, that we must perforce briefly examine them.

Having told us that "*Wuthering Heights*" met with an unfavourable reception, except from one reviewer, "endowed with the keen vision and fine sympathies of genius," she proceeds to inform us that she now knows how it came to pass that her sister's book received no warmer welcome. The sum of her discoveries is this: that "other people" knew nothing of the author; were unacquainted with the locality where the scenes of the story are laid (the West-Riding of Yorkshire) that therefore the wild moors of the North of England can have no interest for them, and that the language, the manners, the very dwellings and household customs of the scattered inhabitants of those districts, being in a great measure unintelligible, must of necessity be repulsive to them.

Is it necessary to expend words in debating this point? That an author writing for the first time should be unknown to the public is by no means an uncommon case. Were it a hard one there is no help for it. As for the rest, is it not grievous to hear a woman of sense and talent talk such idleness? Is the love of novelty, inherent in human nature, to go for nothing? Do not Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, and many others, contradict this poor complaint? Why, the delinea-

tions of Yorkshire customs and manners, coarsely but strongly drawn, are by far the best and most attractive things in her sister's book.

Again ; it seems that we—"other people"—hardly know what to make of the rough strong utterance, the harshly manifested passions, the unbridled aversions, and headlong partialities of unlettered moorland hinds, and rugged moorland squires, who have grown up untaught and unchecked, except by Mentors as rough as themselves. Let not Currer Bell deceive herself, or endeavour, while vindicating her sister's claims to genius, to play the critic over the public. We *do* know what to make of these passions and prejudices. The question (of Currer Bell's own raising) is,—whether this knowledge had ever been acquired by her sister. Let the Editress herself speak towards this point. She says : "Where delineations of human character is concerned, the case is different. I am bound to avow that she had scarcely more practical knowledge of the peasantry amongst whom she lived, than a nun has of the country people who sometimes pass her convent gates." Well then : what after this remains ? Only to inquire whether the Authoress of "Wuthering Heights" has given us such a representation of human feeling and passion, in whatever form, as the world can recognise as standing within the wide circle of nature.

We say advisedly that she has not, and the one reviewer, when he ruled otherwise, must have had his keen vision mightily beclouded by his fine sympathies. He, we are told, discerned the real nature of the work : why has not Currer Bell explained it in her own words ? The truth is, there are no such people as Catherine Eamshaw and Heathcliff in Yorkshire, or anywhere else. It were a libel on that magnificent county to think otherwise. They utter strong and awful words, and perform grotesque and terrific actions, which give us to understand that some nasty passions are at work ; but all is hard, disproportioned, exaggerated—in a word, unnatural. The reader would feel disgust and detestation, only that he soon feels that the chief characters are out of their senses,—a circumstance of which the Authoress was not aware.

The Bards of the Bible, by George Gilfillan. Hogg, Edinburgh, 1851.

There is no little merit, in these times, in writing a book that it will be profitable to read twenty years hence ; and there is some little merit, in addition, in selecting to a good book a good title. Now the title to this can scarcely fail to arrest the attention, appealing as it does so forcibly to the imagination, and being, moreover, so well adapted to the subject the book discourses upon, which is to prove what honour and praise are due to the Poetry and Poets of the Inspired Volume. It is rarely indeed we meet with a book so original in all respects as this, or in which so many new trains of thought are suggested, so many new subjects for thought are presented, and in which so much of reflection and imagination are commingled. And it is written throughout as a bard would write of other bards whom he greatly admired ; whom he could only speak of but to praise, and never think of but with admiration ; and it is the heartiness with which the author enters upon his subject and pursues it, and the thorough goodwill he has to it, that forms one of the chief charms of his book. Nor is it possible at all times to restrain oneself from going

with him in his flights of imagination, although occasionally feeling that he is soaring in regions, rather perilous to rise to, and rather difficult to descend from; but his sincerity is so manifest, his confidence so strong, he sails about in such bright skies, and seems so perfectly at ease and self-possessed, and moves about so joyfully from one region to another, that he often entices the reader's imagination to roam with him, when he opens new views to the mind's eye, and makes many novel and improving remarks upon the numerous objects that successively pass under his observation.

Knowing pretty well what the acquirements of people in general are upon Scriptural subjects, we may in honest truth say, that whoever reads this book leisurely and attentively, will ever after read the Bible with increased pleasure, and with greater interest and profit; will understand it better and admire it the more; will discover beauties where others see only defects; will walk in a clear light, while others are groping in darkness.

Not the least interesting portion of the volume, is the Introduction, which is devoted to Considerations on the Bible, which the author describes as a non-scientific book, and the least theological of books— as neither a moral nor a scientific treatise; but an artless, loosely compiled little book, which has been exposed, through many ages, to the fire of the keenest investigation, and yet is, to this day, unhurt, untouched, with not one of the pages singed, with not even the smell of fire having passed upon it. He also considers that the Bible, as a book, is singularly independent of all others; imitates none, copies none, and hardly ever alludes to any other, whether in praise or in blame; that it is also unlike all others, and superior to all others; and his reasons for these assertions are as terse as they are apposite. The chapter on the general characteristics of Hebrew poetry, will be read with much pleasure, and more especially the chapter on the varieties of Hebrew poetry, and the various writers who have made this their subject. Of the poetry of the Pentateuch we expected more would have been said; but the writer's imagination was evidently captivated by the poetry of the book of Job, which has called out his highest admiration; and his remarks thereupon are many of them novel, and all of them interesting.

The poetry of the Book of Psalms is admirably commented on, and a nobler, or more spiritual, or more varied theme for a bard to expatiate upon, could scarcely be conceived. The two chapters, however, upon Solomon and his poetry, and upon the four greater Prophets, are perhaps the best in the volume; and they best display what the author's powers are, and what his taste, and judgment, and discretion.

His observations upon the poetry of the New Testament, are scarcely so happy, or so apposite, as are his observations on the Old; and for the reason, perhaps, that there is less of poetry ostensibly within them. Nevertheless, the chapter that treats of the poetry of the Gospels, is one of the most remarkable of the whole, for the vast variety of its ideas, and the peculiarity of its observations; nor are the chapters which are devoted to Paul, and to John especially, scarcely inferior to the best, although, to a writer of such an ardent imagination, the Apocalypse was a perilous subject to enter upon. The volume closes with some most able reflections upon the influences and effects of Scripture poetry, and upon the future destiny of the Bible; and very much is said on this last subject of the highest interest at all times, and of peculiar and, perhaps, intense interest at the present. What is, indeed,

to be the destiny of the Bible, the pure and uncorrupted Word, in our own land, and almost in our own time? The author's hopes predominate over his fears. But he evidently apprehends that a time of trial and perplexity is at hand, and that the Bible, to fulfil its mission, and to endure, even in the approaching evil day, must receive especial aid from on high. But, says the author in conclusion, "if we have in this volume taught one man to love the Bible more, or one to hate it less—if we have cheered but one spirit that was trembling for the Ark of God—if we have shot but one new pang of the feeling of the Bible's surpassing truth and beauty, across the minds of the literary public, or expressed but a tithe of our own youth-implanted and deeply-cherished convictions and emotions on the surpassing theme, then this volume, with all its deficiencies, has not been written in vain."

Francia; a Tale of the Revolution of Paraguay. By E. Clarence Shepard.

The conspiracy against the celebrated Francia, the tyrant of Paraguay, is the foundation upon which Mr. Shepard has constructed a story of some interest. The author is well acquainted with the country, and with the manners and customs of the people; and it is in this light, more particularly, that we accord our praise to the work; for the plot is slight, and is made subsidiary to the delineation of character, descriptions of scenery, and observations on the manners and customs of the people. The work may be viewed as an addition to our very scanty knowledge of the state of Paraguay. There is occasional force and power in the dialogue, which is agreeably felt, as the work is mostly composed of it. The story opens well in the Calle Mayor of Cordova del Tucuman in the ancient and hoary buildings of the University founded by the Jesuits, and concludes with the overthrow of the conspiracy against Francia, by the treachery of Pinto, and the exposure of the heads of the conspirators at the corners of the streets of Assumption.

Half Hours with the Best Authors. London: Charles Knight.

To such of our readers as have not had their attention drawn to, or have not had an opportunity of seeing, this admirable work, it will be doing a real service to give some account of it. Mr. Charles Knight is on the eve of completing these "Half Hours," which have been published weekly at the price of Three-halfpence. Each number consists of twenty-four large octavo pages, which supplies half-an-hour's reading of the best authors in the English language, for every day in the week,—the reading for the seventh day being selected from some theological writer of universal acceptance and authority. Thus, then, when the work is completed, for the sum of six shillings and sixpence, the purchaser will be in possession of four volumes, containing twelve hundred and forty pages, each volume embellished with a frontispiece on which the portraits of four celebrated men are exquisitely engraved.

We have been particular in entering into these details because this work is really *sui generis*. The idea was a most happy one; but not the least happy circumstance is, that it occurred to Mr. Charles Knight, who was so well able to execute it, and whose exertions for some years

past, towards popularizing our higher literature, have justly earned for him an enviable reputation.

After this, we need hardly say that the selections have been made with excellent judgment. Not only is a nice taste shown for the moral, the sound, and the practical; but there is a fine feeling for the imaginative and the beautiful. If we must hint a fault, we reluctantly say that, to whatever respect Mr. Knight's critical opinions may be entitled, his notices in this work being necessarily very brief, should have reflected,—particularly when they are of great men—the opinions of the critical world at large, and not his own. For instance, when he intimates that Spencer and Wordsworth are greater poets than Milton, we have a right to require reasons for so astounding a judgment; and when he tells us that Ben Jonson was “the dramatist of peculiarities, then called ‘humours,’” and that he was “for an age, and *not* for all time,” we cannot choose but smile, seeing that the extract he has given does not exhibit him as a dramatist of “humours,” and that the play from which it is taken has lasted two hundred and forty years. A dramatist of humours! What dramatist ever drew more *characters* than Ben? What poet ever produced more exquisite things in their way than his songs, his masques, and his “Sad Shepherd?” Not for all time! Ben Jonson will live whilst the English language endures.

Biblical Commentary on St. Paul's First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians. By Herman Olshausen, D.D. Clark, Edinburgh, 1851.

Among the most valued of the German Biblical commentators is Dr. Olshausen, whose Commentaries on the Four Gospels, and on the Epistle to the Romans, have been for some time before the public in the English language; and we are now presented with an able translation of his two Epistles to the Corinthians—epistles that are much misunderstood by the generality of readers, and that present difficulties of no common character, even to the earnest and serious student. The ability of the Rev. J. E. Cox, the translator, is very evident from the volume before us, since there are few German works more difficult to translate into English, than the theological works of Dr. Olshausen. He had his own peculiarity of style, and his thoughts were not the common thoughts of men's minds, and it was the less easy, in consequence, to express them in the common language of men. But the translation is a successful one, and to the reverend translator a large amount of praise is due for his faithful and judicious labours.

Of verbal criticism in this commentary we have nothing to spare, and yet there is sufficient for the purpose; but the commentator gave less heed to the individual words than to the general scope and purposes of the Epistles. His object was to enter into the mind of the Apostle, to understand his reasons for addressing the Corinthians as he did; to discover the heresies they held, and the errors they committed; by the arguments St. Paul used to disabuse them of the one, and to dissuade them from the other. His researches, to this end, lead him, in consequence, to examine thoroughly into every expression of the Apostle—to consider closely its general meaning and its express allusion—and to show its application in a general, or restricted sense, and equally to errors in doctrine as to errors in practice.



J. Baillie

... ..

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is now somewhere about fifty-three years since a volume entitled "A Series of Plays," by an unknown author, made its appearance. On the title-page of that volume the public were informed that in these Plays an attempt was made "to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy." This announcement was not very promising. Dramas constructed on a principle so narrow and restricted, must necessarily be deficient in some of the most obvious sources of general interest. With whatever partial success tragedy might wear such fetters, comedy at least could not endure them; and the unknown author, as if anticipating the objection, prefaced the plays with a long dissertation in defence of the new dramatic canon. This dissertation did not discover much critical sagacity, and asserted some glaring fallacies concerning the elements of which plays ought to be composed. Yet, notwithstanding the faults of the preface, and the defects of the plan laid down in the title-page, there was a certain vigour and freshness in the plays, a life-like simplicity and breadth of diction, which made an immediate impression upon the public. It was evident that they came from no common hand; and it was no less evident that the writer was a novice, and that the *matériel* was of a higher order than the judgment by which it was wrought into shape.

A second volume appeared in 1802, and ten years afterwards, a third volume completed the series. Long before the last volume was issued, Joanna Baillie's "Plays on the Passions" had become incorporated with our permanent literature.

That such plays should have been written by a woman was in itself marvel enough; but that they should turn out to be written by an unmarried woman, who had lived all her life in seclusion, and to whom the agonies and tortures depicted in her vivid scenes, must have been matter of pure speculation, "through the loop-holes of retreat" was almost incredible.

Sir Walter Scott appears to have been the first person who drew public attention to the new mine of poetry opened up on the banks of the Clyde; and being then in the ascendant, and having the power, by a single line of his magical octo-syllabic, to stir the pulse of curiosity from John o' Groats to Land's End, we cannot be much surprised at the *furor* he excited by describing the drama of "De Montford," as being so powerful that the swans of Avon,

"Awakening at the inspiring strain,
Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again!"

By Sir Walter's interest, a play called the "Family Legend," not forming one of the "Series of the Passions," but contained in a volume of miscellaneous dramas published between 1802 and 1812, was produced at the Edinburgh Theatre in 1809. Joanna

Baillie was then at the height of her reputation, although it had not yet had time to mellow into that fame which has since, and happily in her own life, placed her amongst the most honoured of our poets. Sir Walter's enthusiasm about her was creditable in every way to his feelings, and his appreciation of merit; but in dramatic affairs his judgment was not to be trusted, and a more judicious adviser would have counselled the withdrawal of the "Family Legend" from the ordeal he had taken much trouble to secure for it. The *prestige* of his panegyric, however, was irresistible, and expectation stood on tip-toe amongst the fashionable and intellectual circles of Edinburgh, to witness the performance of a piece which was to be introduced to the stage by a prologue of Scott's, and to be wound up by an epilogue written by the veteran Mackenzie. The result, which is described as a great success, must have been infinitely mortifying to the authoress. The play ran fourteen nights. Had it been a new comedy by Reynolds, or Morton, or the Younger Colman, or any of the popular play-wrights who fitted parts to their actors, as tailors fit coats, it would, in those play-going days, have run sixty or seventy nights. The piece was played in London, but produced no effect.

"De Montford" was brought out by Kemble, and was afterwards revived for Kean, and subsequently for Macready. This was the most likely of all the "Plays on the Passions" to secure success on the stage. The subject is striking and forcibly treated, and there are some strong points in the action which, although they can scarcely be called "situations" in the technical sense, are highly calculated to awaken the attention of an audience. Yet with these advantages, and the additional charm of admirable and careful acting, "De Montford" failed in Kemble's hands. It lingered only eleven nights.

The cause of the failure is evident enough—the unfitness of these plays for the stage. They were not constructed with a view to performance; and even if they had been, the dialogue would still be a hindrance. The remarkable prolongation of the incidents imparts a tediousness to the story which would put the patience of an audience to a severe trial; and the prolixity of the language, felt sometimes even in the closet, no effort or tact in the acting could lighten or relieve. The minutest details are described; there is nothing taken for granted; nothing insinuated or intimated; everything is laboriously related, or slowly transacted before your eyes. Nor are these the only reasons why the "Plays on the Passions" are ill adapted for representation. There is another reason why they are never very likely to achieve much popularity in the theatre. It is a peculiarity in their construction that, in most cases, you can see the catastrophe a long way. This is fatal. Surprise is, we admit, a mean source of dramatic interest, but it is a very important element, for all that, in a stage entertainment. The poet who cultivates Expectation aims at loftier results; but we are afraid that the miscellaneous public, accustomed to stimulants, will always prefer a drama that keeps wonder and curiosity on the stretch to a play which betrays its issues too soon, and leaves nothing in suspense from the first scene to the last.

Joanna Baillie, however, is not amenable to these tests. Her plays

were not intended for the stage, and neither the stage nor the public have any right to complain of the failure of an experiment which the author herself never contemplated. It is triumph enough for her reputation that, while play after play which has brought down the thunders of crowded houses, and produced a fever of excitement in their day, have dropped into oblivion one by one, her dramas have outlived them, and will continue to shine out steadily and calmly when centuries of these stage successes shall have been forgotten.

The original power exhibited in the "Plays on the Passions," constitutes their first and greatest claim to admiration. The diction is not entitled to the same praise. It is evidently founded on the Elizabethan age, when the drama, liberated from artificial fetters, adopted forms of development in which actual nature was more faithfully presented. But what was good in Shakspeare is not always good in his imitators, and hence certain antiquated phrases and attempts at humour which occasionally occur in Miss Baillie's dramas, must be regarded as deformities. The choice and use of these, however, cannot be dismissed as a mere accident, but as a part of the author's system. She advocates the employment of natural language in preference to the stilted phrasology which prevailed in the tragedies of her day, and the correctness of her notions upon that point is indisputable; but it was not necessary to go back to the sixteenth century for easy and homely diction, or to hunt up obsolete terms as the most proper medium for the expression of familiar emotions. These are errors of judgment, bringing in their train many venial faults; but the genius of the poet rises superior to them.

It is in the wonderful accuracy of her analyses of passion, in the truthfulness with which she depicts its gradual progress from the moment it obtains entrance until it masters the whole soul, and marks out the destiny of its victim; in the art with which she places her principal personages, so as to exhibit their mental characterization in the broadest light, and the skill she displays in the use of all accessorial agencies by which her main purpose can be illustrated or advanced. To these objects all others are secondary or of no importance. Plot, progress, action, all give way to the grand design of showing the influence of passion upon character, and opening the chamber of the heart that we may see the actual workings of the machinery within. The most glaring mistakes in mere structure often occur in these plays; great ends are sometimes brought about by the most inadequate means; the story lingers, the dialogue becomes wearisome, and people in whom we take no interest frequently stop the way to the exclusion of the prominent persons. Yet the force of the great current still carries us on. We feel the impulse and obey it, and are swept on with an energy so irresistible that we lose the consciousness of minor faults which it requires a very calm critical faculty to detect.

The excellence of Joanna Baillie lies chiefly, if not exclusively, in her tragedies. Here everything is subservient to a central purpose, and flows naturally into it. Even the seasons and the scenery are employed to strengthen the tone of the play, and give background and colour to its incidents. The ruined *château*, the weird wood, the savage sea, are invisible agents in the design, and sensibly affect the mind of the

reader, although he may be wholly ignorant of their influence. But there are no such resources in comedy, while the genius of the writer and the nature of her subjects were equally unfit to commit flirtation with that lively muse. The consequence is that her comedies, deficient in brilliancy and wit, and destined merely to exhibit a particular passion in a particular phase, at a serious risk of hitting only the ridiculous side of it, are little better than dull moral essays thrown into the form of dialogue, and diversified by some very curious comicalities. In the midst, however, of much that is improbable and poor in invention, there is a discrimination of character displayed in these pieces which will always reward the perseverance of the reader.

The "Plays on the Passions" are not the only productions by which Miss Baillie is known. She published three or four volumes of miscellaneous dramas, in which, casting herself upon broader ground, she gave free scope to her powers; yet none of them, strange to say, reached the height of poetical and philosophical merit achieved in those dramas which were written in trammels apparently destructive of freedom and elevation of treatment. In addition to these she gave a small volume of poems to the press; but, with the exception of two or three tender domestic pieces, it contained nothing calculated to improve her fame. These little poems, for the most part, were of a cast which took the public rather by surprise. People seemed to expect something very grand and profound from Joanna Baillie, and had some difficulty in believing that so fine a tragic poet could descend to the homely virtues of the fireside. But it was out of these homely virtues that Joanna Baillie drew all her knowledge of the human heart, and out of the sympathies and feelings they nourished that she derived the power of touching other hearts.

Her whole life, even in its zenith, was passed in comparative or complete retirement. Perhaps there never was a literary life so uneventful, so entirely shut up and enclosed in its own simple round of duties and affections. Even her celebrity, great as it was, and much as it exposed her to temptation, could never seduce into public. She was born at Bothwell, near Glasgow, close to the Clyde, and was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, and niece of the famous Dr. William Hunter. She had a sister, also a poetess, between whom and herself there existed the tenderest attachment. They were inseparable, and lived nearly their whole lives together. While they were both young they removed to London, where their brother, Sir Matthew Baillie, was in practice as a physician. The subsequent and final residence was at Hampstead, where the modest house of Joanna Baillie was constantly resorted to, not merely by the most distinguished people of her own country, but by Europeans and Americans. There is nothing more surprising in reference to the influence exercised by individuals over society than the effect produced by the publication of a small book in which some "touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The writer, translated into divers languages, becomes cosmopolitan in popularity, as well known in the remotest corners of the globe as in the next town.

Joanna Baillie's habits were simple and regular, in accordance with the repose and seclusion she loved; and in her immediate neighbourhood she was beloved for the benevolence of her life. Like

Humboldt she lived to enjoy the harvest of her fame, and to be assured of a judgment which posterity will honour and confirm. After having very recently prepared a new edition of her dramatic works she died towards the close of last February, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

POWERS' STATUE OF CALIFORNIA.*

“ Florence, Aug. 18, 1850.

“ DEAR BROTHER,—

“ We are all in quite good health, and I am getting along pretty well here, but have had some misfortunes lately. Both ‘ Eve ’ and my statue of Mr. Calhoun have had *miscarriages* at sea, but the former has been got up, and I am in hopes that the latter will yet be saved. Both are insured ; but still it is hard to have either of them lost. I dare say you will read all about these shipwrecks in your papers.

“ I am now making a statue of ‘ La Dorado ’ or California—an Indian figure crowned with pearls and precious stones. A kirtle surrounds her waist, and falls with a feather fringe down to just above the knees. The kirtle is ornamented with Indian embroidery, with tracings of gold. and her sandals are tied with golden strings. At her side stands an inverted Cornucopia, from which is issuing at her feet lumps and grains of native gold, to which she points with her left hand, which holds the divining-rod. With her right hand she conceals behind her a cluster of thorns. She stands in an undecided posture—making it doubtful whether she intends to advance or retire—while her expression is mystical. The gold about the figure must be represented, of course, by colour as well as form. She is to be the genius of California.

“ I could execute this statue on a colossal scale in bronze or marble, and it might be placed upon a pedestal out or in-doors. It might be set up, if preferred, at the entrance or at the landing of the harbour of San Francisco. The new *Goddess of Gold* ! Old Plutus is dead of chagrin since the discovery of California ; and I am making a substitute for him. Is she wanted in your city ? and will the good San Franciscans give me some of their gold for her ? An inscription upon the base or pedestal of the statue might commemorate the discovery of ‘ El Dorado,’ so long held as fabulous, and the statue would stand as a monument to the most wonderful event of modern times.

“ I have noted well what you said about ‘ *America*. ’ I think the statue will be popular. It will be eighteen months yet before it is done. The block designated for it is spotless, and that is a matter of great importance to the effect of the work.

“ Your affectionate brother,
“ HIRAM POWERS.”

* The above characteristic original letter, written to his brother in San Francisco, lately appeared in the “ California Courier.”

OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

THE activity of the Opera this year—notwithstanding some complaints and disappointments at our “Italian” house—has transcended all former seasons in our recollection. The few nights before Easter, usually of no more account than the vaudeville at a French theatre which plays the people into the house and settles them in their places before the curtain draws up for the real entertainment of the night, have been distinguished by unexampled novelty and brilliancy. The efforts made in both establishments to bring their strength early into the field, may be inferred from the vigour of their opening—Caroline Duprez inaugurating the first night at one house, and Grisi taking her old part in “Semiramide” in the other.

The most interesting incident of the season was that with which it began—the *début* of Caroline Duprez. The reputation of this young lady had already preceded her to this country, and although only a few months had elapsed since she made her first appearance in Paris, the utmost enthusiasm was excited by the announcement that Mr. Lumley had secured her services. The part chosen for her *début* was the same she had selected in Paris—*Lucia*; and we seldom witnessed a pause of greater curiosity than that which preceded her *entrée*. Her very youthful appearance, her slight and agreeable figure, and highly expressive features took the eyes of the audience before her voice made its appeal to their judgment. It was soon evident that the *débutante* had not only been taught most carefully, but in the best school. At first her execution seemed to want firmness and strength, although always accurate and full of feeling; but as the trepidation inseparable from the ordeal wore off, her voice came out with greater certainty and effect. She has ever since been gaining upon the town, making sure of every step of her progress, and decidedly advancing in the favour of the public. In the *Page* in “*Gustavus*,” *Amina* in “*Sonnambula*,” and *Adina* in “*L’Elisir d’Amore*,” she gained additional laurels, and discovered dramatic powers, and a capacity of florid vocalization, from which great results may be expected hereafter. The charm of her singing is two-fold—exquisite taste and perfect intonation. Her voice, beautifully clear, is very young, and when it ripens into maturity, retaining all its freshness and finish, she will achieve the highest distinctions of her profession. Some fears have been expressed lest her voice might be endangered by the early and severe exercise to which it is exposed; but we do not participate in that alarm. The only effect her labours at Her Majesty’s Theatre have as yet had upon her, is to give mellowness, power and freedom to her performances. Instead of detecting a physical failure from overwork, we found her in better voice and more elastic spirits the last night we heard her, than on any preceding occasion.

Perhaps the next event of importance at Her Majesty’s Theatre was the appearance of Mad’lle Monti, as *Fenella* in “*La Muta di Portici*,” the Haymarket version of “*Masaniello*.” This is a piece of acting possessing a merit very rare in its kind, and infinitely higher in its aim than a “mime,” to use the current phrase, ordinarily possesses the requisite intelligence to comprehend and cultivate. The

quietness of the opening rather puzzled the audience, who, out of their old traditions of stage wonders, expected to be startled all at once by something very new and surprising. Mad'le Monti, however, took no pains to surprise them, but reserved her powers till they were required by the demands of the scene. The first intimation of her genius—for genius it is—was when she pointed out her seducer. The expression was grand and full of condensed power. From that moment, she carried the audience with her in a state of the utmost enthusiasm to the close; and certainly a nobler piece of acting has seldom been witnessed than that in which she protects the man who has wronged her. The alternations of love and scorn—the pity striving with the hate—and the woman's nature vindicating its tenderness through the struggle, were passages of a quality so true and powerful that, even if the opera contained no other attraction, we should advise everybody not to lose an opportunity of witnessing this remarkable performance.

Another event connected with the same opera, from which great promise may be derived for the season to come, was the appearance of M. Massol in the character of *Pietro*. This was a success so decided that the management may be expressly congratulated upon it, the more especially in consequence of the special contrast it offers to the *Pietro* of Herr Formes at the other house. No two impersonations of the same part could be more unlike. M. Massol's *Pietro* is the most perfect Neapolitan fisherman in action, utterance, voice, and look, that can very easily be conceived; while Herr Formes converts him into a Mephistophiles. But it is not merely in the "getting up" and the acting that the difference is perceptible. The vocalization is equally opposed. Dramatic singing demands all that care in the delivery which is requisite to the discrimination of character; and where the perception of character is false, the lyrical expression will be false also. This was essentially the case with Herr Formes. He was too boisterous and rough, substituting broad, violent, energy for power and emotion. The Germans often make this mistake; the Italians very rarely. Whether it is their voluptuous climate, or their musical education, that gives them a superior vocal sensibility, we will not venture to suggest; but the Italians undeniably understand the value of *tone* in a higher degree than any other nation.

In other respects the "Masaniello" was better done at the Haymarket. Pardini, a new tenor, with an organ at once sonorous and energetic, was fresher and more vigorous than Tamberlik at Covent Garden, while the dances at the former house, including the fascinating "Tarantelle" of Ferraris, were incomparably superior to anything that can even be attempted in that department, with the limited resources of the latter establishment. But there are some points in which the comparison is highly creditable to it. The *Elvira* of Castellani is a charming bit of very lady-like vocalization, and much superior in sweetness and simplicity to the somewhat raw and excessive force of Mad'le Fiorentini. The choruses and orchestra, also, of Covent Garden cannot be too highly praised. The "Prayer" was perfection.

We are not chronicling these productions in the order in which they appeared, nor have we space to enter upon a critical examination of their merits in detail. The reader must consider us as merely gossiping with him at the end of the month on the most striking

points of the season, as far as it has gone; and it will be allowed, we suspect, that of all the performers behind the curtain, not one has acted so prominent a role as the fiend Influenza. Not satisfied with disabling Tamberlik, and forcing Madlle Angri to resign her character at a few hours' notice, to the diffident Signora Bertrandi, the fiend fell foul of Mario, when he had got half way through his part on the night of his *début*; and then springing over to the Haymarket, struck Pardini with a hoarseness at the close of the second act of "Masaniello," which compelled him to relinquish the part for the rest of the night to Paultier. Now, however, that we may hope for fine weather, if the east wind will let us have it, we trust the demon will suffer our music to emerge once more unclouded into the sunshine.

The return of Lablache in his old part of *Dr. Dulcamara*, ought not to be forgotten amongst the *memorabilia* of the last few weeks. His appearance in that immortal scarlet and gold, on his great chariot, is a picture which will be remembered hereafter as one of the traditions of the house. We ought to say that Calzolari's acting as *Nemorino* in this piece, "L'Elisir d'Amore," is an excellent piece of quiet comedy. He never loses his identity for a moment, and, without running into the least excess, shows the ludicrous side of the poor lover's trouble in its most humorous aspect all throughout. The art of making such scenes at once exceedingly comic and pathetic (because true) is within the reach of few performers. The *début* of Madlle Alaymo, in "Lucrezia Borgia" (a great success), the return of Sontag and Gardoni (the latter considerably improved in health), and the approaching appearance of Madlle Cruvelli in "Les Huguenots," are some of the stirring incidents at Her Majesty's house. The Cruvelli is spoken of as a marvel. She is a Prussian by birth, and her performance in "Ernani," supported by Mr. Sims Reeves (who is also engaged by Mr. Lumley), has created a sensation almost unparalleled in the musical circles of Paris. Alboni is shortly to make her re-appearance, and an engagement has also been entered into with De Beriot. At the Haymarket the novelties in preparation are so numerous as to ensure a rapid succession of changes to the end of the season.

Nor is there any deficiency of interest at the other house, although we hear less of exertion in the way of new pieces and new singer. The attraction here mainly rests upon established reputations. Grisi is in wonderful voice, considering how long that voice has charmed the world. If it have lost something of its freshness, there is still a mellowness and power in it, and a command of resources, which render it delightful. Grisi and Mario are the main pillars of the establishment; and for the rest the success must depend chiefly on the *ensemble*. Signor Stigelli, who has recently taken Mario's small part of *Rambaldo* in "Roberto il Diavolo," will be found useful and correct as a second tenor, which was much wanted at this establishment. We do not anticipate much from the promised production of "Fidelio." The memory of Malibran will not help Castellani in an undertaking which, even without such comparisons, is not very happily suited to her powers or her style. But she is a charming singer for all that, and always imparts a sense of pleasure to her audience.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF WASHINGTON IRVING.*

THE following characteristic letter of Washington Irving, written to his friend Jesse Merwin, of Kinderhook, the original "Ichabod Crane" of the "Sleepy Hollow" legend.

"Sunny Side, February 12, 1851.

"You must excuse me, my good friend Merwin, for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered. You can have no idea how many letters I have to answer, besides fagging with my pen at my own literary tasks, so that it is impossible for me to avoid being behindhand in my correspondence. Your letter was indeed most welcome—calling up as it did the recollection of pleasant scenes and pleasant days passed together in times long since at Judge Van Ness's, in Kinderhook. Your mention of the death of good old Dominie Van Nest, recalls the apostolic zeal with which he took our little sinful community in hand, when he put up for a day or two at the Judge's; and the wholesome castigation he gave us all one Sunday, beginning with the two country belles who came fluttering into the school-house during the sermon, decked out in their city finery, and ending with the Judge himself, in the stronghold of his own mansion. How soundly he gave it to us! how he peeled off every rag of self-righteousness with which we tried to cover ourselves, and laid the rod on the bare backs of our consciences! The good, plain-spoken, honest old man! How I honoured him for his simple, straightforward earnestness; his homely sincerity! He certainly handled us without mittens; but I trust we are all the better for it. How different he was from the brisk, dapper, self-sufficient little apostle who cantered up to the Judge's door a day or two after; who was so full of himself that he had no thought to bestow on our religious delinquencies; who did nothing but boast of his public trials of skill in argument with rival preachers of other denominations, and how he had driven them off the field, and crowed over them. You must remember the bustling, self-confident little man, with a tin trumpet in the handle of his riding-whip, with which I presume he blew the trumpet in Zion!

"Do you remember our fishing expedition in company with Congressman Van Allen to the little lake a few miles from Kinderhook; and John Moore, the vagabond admiral of the lake, who sat crouched in a heap in the middle of his canoe in the centre of the lake, with fishing-rods stretching out in every direction like the long legs of a spider? And do you remember our piratical prank, when we made up for our bad luck in fishing by plundering his canoe of its fish when we found it adrift? And do you remember how John Moore came splashing along the marsh on the opposite border of the lake, roaring at us, and how we finished our frolic by driving off and leaving the Congressman to John Moore's mercy, tickling ourselves with the idea of his being scalped at least?

"Ah, well-a-day, friend Merwin, these were the days of our youth and folly. I trust we have grown wiser and better since then; we certainly have grown older. I don't think we could rob John Moore's fishing canoe now. By the way, that same John Moore, and the anecdotes you told of him, gave me the idea of a vagabond character, Dirck

Schuyler, in my Knickerbocker history of New York, which I was then writing.

"You tell me the old school-house is torn down, and a new one built in its place. I am sorry for it. I should have liked to see the old school-house once more, where, after my morning's literary task was over, I used to come and wait for you occasionally until school was dismissed, and you used to promise to keep back the punishment of some little, tough, broad-bottomed Dutch boy until I should come, for my amusement—but never kept your promise. I don't think I should look with a friendly eye on the new school-house, however nice it might be.

"Since I saw you in New York, I have had severe attacks of bilious intermittent fever, which shook me terribly; but they cleared out my system, and I have ever since been in my usual excellent health, able to mount my horse, and gallop about the country almost as briskly as when I was a youngster. Wishing you the enjoyment of the same inestimable blessing, and begging you to remember me to your daughter who penned your letter, and to your son whom out of old kindness and companionship you have named after me,

"I remain ever, my old friend,

"Yours very truly and cordially,

"WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Jesse Merwin, Esq."

* The above interesting letter we have transferred from a late number of the "Literary World," where it first appeared.—ED.

THE JEW AT FAULT.

"Twas evening; in the Lane of Petticoat
 The last rays of the setting-sun shone clear;
 The hour of rest was come, and many a throat
 Which scream'd "old clothes" all day with shrillest note,
 Was moisten'd and refresh'd with floods of beer:
 Emanuel Moses eas'd his weary back
 Of the large load of bargains it had borne
 From Western regions; an enormous sack,
 Replete with hats, and boots, and coats well worn;
 His venerated Parent, graced by beard
 Of sixty summers' growth, and shaggy hair,
 Which scissor, comb, or razor, never clear'd,
 Approach'd in eager haste, and ask'd his heir,
 "Well, tell me what's the news? didst find the Earl,
 And get cash for the bill?" Emanuel sigh'd,—
 "I saw, but did not know him;—in the whirl
 Of London crowds his well-dress'd form I spied
 (The truth I afterwards through Luke descried),
 But head, and face, and chin with hair so sprouted,
 Whiskers and beard too bushy to describe,
 I never thought it was an English lord, and doubted
 If he were not a rabbi of our tribe:
 But the next time my chance I will not lose,
 Now that I know how nobles look like Jews.

THE SPORTING OUTLAW.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

" MISFORTUNE introduces some people to strange bed-fellows"—as the old saw runs—and, although I have no reason to hold myself more unlucky than my acquaintances are generally, I have consorted in my time with some curious specimens of the body politic. In amicable relations I have been, as I verily think, a favoured mortal; and although mine has been a blank ticket in the matrimonial lottery, I have numbered on the friendly list as many true Corinthians as any single sinner like myself had any right to calculate upon. Why I should have reached the place in the race of life I hold at present—and mine, gentle reader, is now "the run home"—ungifted with that choice article of household furniture which Horace (an unmarried poet, by the way) has been pleased to intitulate a *placens uxor*, is at times a puzzle even to myself. To use the *parlance* of the *Sunday Times*, which, in a column headed "Matrimony," propounds connubial overtures from modest gentlemen, who, to an interesting exterior, unite polished manners and an amiable disposition, so am I vain enough to think, that less worthy candidates than myself have worshipped in the hymeneal temple.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb,"

Saith the learned Theban in the play; but I dissent, *toto celo*, from the Doctor, and I firmly believe that the wilful concealment of a man's candle beneath a bushel, is little better than a suicidal act; and, as in this wicked world, no matter how miscellaneous your virtues shall be, your trumpet may nevertheless hang above your door to eternity, before your next neighbour will favour it with a blast, why, then, as I conscientiously opine, the only remedy for man's neglect, is to sound it yourself whenever you can find wind and opportunity.

Imprimis—I should wish it to be clearly understood, that a better looking sexagenerian would not have been encountered at the last cattle show. If I have eschewed matrimony, let no inferences be drawn from that circumstance unfavourable to my general *morale*; I hold myself to be a blameless citizen. From the opening of the present century, like Justice Woodcock, I have paid "scot and lot," rode honestly to harriers, when hounds relied rather upon the nose than the eye; and, if I came down at a rasper, I had time enough to get up again, recover my lost place, and see the finish handsomely. Old men are said to be egotistic; but, — it, I am not old—I was but a squeaker* when the French landed †—and although, from wind and condition, I would not back myself for a long *set-to*, I am man enough still.

Far be it from me to gainsay the respectability of the holy estate,

* *Squeaker* is a term applied in Ireland to a young grouse, able to take wing, but not sufficiently matured either to please the sportsman or the cook.

† Formerly, in the West of Ireland, the descent of Humbert, in 1798, was an event by which, *ante* or *post*, the peasantry referred all dates to.

albeit, that I have remained contentedly in single blessedness. My courage is of the prudential order, and on my part, a Benedictine visit to the altar, would now be a hazardous experiment. To make a clean breast, I will freely admit that I am slower than I used to be ; I have no objection to an open gate ; would rather that a fence were under five feet than above it ; have, for half-a-dozen years, generally declined country dancing ; and, like Bob Acres, will honestly confess that my toes are too *antigallican* to execute the rotatory movements of a waltz. I am not the man I was, when, two years before the advent of the French, I won the Knockcroghery Cup.* I would now decline a settlement on the pig-skin, if three miles of a sporting country were to be crossed—the same having an equitable proportion of double ditches, stumped hedges, and stone walls. We once could do that trick—but, as fat Jack says, a man cannot last for ever.

After the candid confessions I have made, I may prefer a fair claim to all privileges granted to approaching senility. If the experiences of half a century have not brought wisdom, it is not that mine has proved a common-place career, and that my rout, from Dan to Beersheba, all through, was but a barren journey. Like every story of a past life, in mine I have much to look back upon with pleasure, and more that will bring pain with the recollection. Is not this, after all, nothing but the ordinary visitation that the flesh is heir to?—a penalty that is entailed upon existence, and one that humanity must pay?

I never had the honour of inserting a leg under regal mahogany, but with every order in society besides, I have rubbed skirts, even from a duke's to a dustman's, and by turns I have been blessed or afflicted with associates good and bad. *One* has but recently shuffled off his coil. Like Rob Roy, he was a personage whom it would not be altogether safe either to ban or bless—and all I shall venture to add is, that once I could have better spared a better man, than

CAPTAIN MACGREAL.

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,”

And while some men are predestined to good luck, others—as a facetious countryman of ours would say when alluding to himself—“ had they been bound apprentices to hatters, then people would have come into the world without heads.” Great men and small men have indulged alike in dreams of incipient elevation. Napoleon, from an early age, looked forward to the purple ; and Nelson, when scarcely posted, declared that he would yet occupy a corner in the

* This once celebrated plate, which is now alluded to, was named after a large irregularly-built village, close to the scene where, for nearly half a century, the honour of becoming its possessor was decided. The country over which the cup-candidates contested the valued prize, is probably the most trying three-miles-surface, for horse and man, that the kingdom could produce. Hence, racing speed and superior fencing powers were required in the steed, while cool judgment, iron nerve, and a fixture on the pig-skin that was not to be disturbed, were indispensable qualities on which a rider could only repose his confidence. The character of the country may be imagined from one fact, that when, some half score years ago, the author visited Knockcroghery with a bold dragoon, one of the best and fastest of the Melton lot, his friend caudally declared that any man who kept a saddle and crossed the cup ground we then examined, might, after that exploit, back himself heavily to ride safely from Pandemonium to the Pole.

Gazette. He realized the boast; and yet my friend and camarado, *Shemus Rhua* (Red James), less fortunate, was never even favoured with a leader in the *Times*, although, as a set-off against this neglect, he held a conspicuous place for years in the *Hue and Cry*. The little Liberator, Master John, with feeble ululation iterates the deep diapason of his stentorian progenitor, and declareth to some dozen of the unwashed, that justice is refused to Ireland. Her harp, a jangling enormity, compared with which, to our fancy, a Highland bag-pipe would prove to be a discourser of eloquent music, like the halls of Tara, may be returned *non inventi*. Ireland, and all appertaining to her, is booked safe for oblivion; and, within another century. Captain Macgreal, like Fin MacCoul, Daniel the Liberator, the inventor of Parr's Pills, and the adventurous mariner who executed a hornpipe, for the first time, on the apex of the North Pole—all will be considered equally non-existent as Sinbad the Sailor, and all that they said and did so apocryphal, as to be held faith-worthy only by people who are true believers in the mayoralty of Lord Whittington, and on the strength of that authority would venture, as a safe speculation even in the present day, to send out an assorted cargo of live cats.

For many years after the insurrection of '98 had been suppressed, order conditionally restored, and life had become about as secure as it is at present, Ireland was sadly disturbed, although most of the patriots of the day had migrated to "The Land of the Free," as, *authoritate*, Master Jonathan, "The States," are thus designated. Unfortunately however, for the "Green Isle," too many of the delinquents preferred skulking at home, to squatting in the Yankee backwoods. And as one of the prevailing fancies of the lower Irish is their mischievous propensity for abetting any criminal evading justice—even with "blood beneath his nails"—as the old Highlanders would have termed it; and no matter how heinous his offendings, hospitality was then, as it will be now, most liberally extended.

But to return to the history of our old henchman, the gallant captain.

Shemus Rhua was in his prime while we were in the cradle; and when we were sorely afflicted for grammatical irregularities, by one of the most unrelenting pedagogues who ever repaid an offence against prosody by a birchen visitation, Captain Macgreal was a proclaimed outlaw, living after the fashion of Robin Hood. Strange as it may appear, the local police was so defective in those days, that two notorious criminals, each dubbed captain by the peasantry, remained openly in the country for years. The subject of this memoir was one; the other was a truculent scoundrel named Gibbons, whose felon career was unredeemed by a single mitigating deed.*

In our own remembrance, Macgreal, or, *ta copateeine* (the captain), as the country people designated *Shemus Rhua*, was a fine, athletic, well-featured fellow—a clean-built thirteen-stone man, without an ounce of exuberant condition. In height, he touched upon five feet

* Gibbons might have evaded justice for many years, but his profligate habits, and a constant exaction of black mail, had altogether weaned the sympathies of the country-people. He was, consequently, betrayed, captured in brutal drunkenness, carried off to Westport, and tried and hanged, before he had time to become sober.

ten, and was remarkable for an expansive chest, and square shoulders. He was long-armed and light-limbed: but nothing could be more correct than his personal proportions. A life spent mostly in the open air was favourable to health and manly energy, and hence, at sixty, Red James would have defied the ablest of the mountain herdsmen to have outworked him throughout a summer's day.

And yet, in the captain's career, there was much to overthrow the faith which water drinkers repose in their potations. The quantity of undiluted whiskey which Red James *could* drink, and *did* drink, was hardly to be calculated or believed. When not on the mountains with me, settled in the servant's hall, trying the river for a sea-trout, or occupied in leech craft, the commander's favourite haunt was some illicit distillery. There, seated beside a turf fire, intense enough to roast a sheep, Shemus would discuss alcohol from an egg-shell; and after a twelve hours' sojourn, he would toddle so steadily home to Old Head, that no one who encountered him by the way, would have suspected that he had been tasting the "barley bree" from cock crow to curfew.

A vagabond life was that only which the captain would lead, were his own fancy the director. Early in manhood he had, in an unguarded hour, committed matrimony; and, as we presume, for sins past and prospective, he stumbled on a thorough-bred Xantippe. Her tongue was not amiss; well, words break no bones; but the same remark would not hold good, if Mrs. Macgreal employed her bunch of fives—a style of appeal to the person the lady was nothing loth to resort to. The captain could thrash any man within the parish—and his better half could whip the captain, and, poor fellow! he felt and owned her superiority. The parties separated by mutual consent; and while the fair dame retained possession of the family mansion in the clachan, Jemmy occupied occasionally a cabin in a mountain village. It had little to recommend it but good air; and also—and that was an important consideration—that five long miles of hill and heather intervened between his selected domicile and that tenanted by the fair object of his early love.

There are secrets in every house—or a skeleton, as the Germans figuratively term domestic matters—kept generally behind the curtain. Now and again, half-a-crown might have been produced in a shebiene-house by the red-haired commander; but that was the casual gift of some sportsman whom he had encountered on the hill-side; and the tenure of the coin would be short indeed, if the potaine in the nearest hostelrie was only what it ought to be. Were it not, it would have been indignantly repudiated, for a better judge than the captain could not have been produced from one end of the barony to the other.

But his sojournings at his country residence were "few and far between." The commander's larder was, like his cellar, but lightly stocked. A corner at the kitchen fire at Old Head had much more to recommend it—and hence, six days out of seven, the ingle-nooks at eventide, were occupied by the man of war and a man of music, for the captain flanked the ample hearth on one side, and Corney Doolan, the lame piper, was seldom absent from the other.

The life led by Shemus Rhua was, on the whole, a happy one. Without any intervention by the Consistorial Court, he had effected a separation from a desperate virago. He was a householder when

he chose to occupy the premises, and when he took his departure, he merely locked his door, stuck the key into a hole above the lintel, and none during his absence disturbed the repose of his penates. His domestic establishment—two wiry-haired terriers—migrated with their master; and the cat, as was her wont, flitted to the next door, and there sojourned until her proprietor rekindled his fire. Gift-clothing from the shooting stock of ourself, secured for his outer man a respectable exterior. Did his shoe require a patch, the family artist applied it, and booked it to our account; and infirmities in the captain's hose were carefully attended to by our kitchen-maid. My lady wife contributed a weekly subsidy to furnish his seal-skin tobacco-pouch. He knew what, alas! better born men have too often been ignorant of, where a dinner could be always obtained; while a sleeping settle in the servants' hall was called the captain's *colliagh*.* Neither rent nor taxes broke the luxury of sound slumbers. In sooth, the captain was a happy man.†

The friendliest relations of life must terminate at last, and fate had ruled it that Shemus Rhua and I should part company. On both sides the event that caused it was unforeseen. A week before, the amity existing between Pylades and his companion of old, was not apparently more lasting than that between me and the worthy captain. The decree, however, had gone forth, and we were fated to dissolve our social and sporting partnership—for ever.

Two years had passed, and as many letters, indited by the school-master, declared that the red commander was inconsolable. His spirits were gone, and a bending knee and stooped shoulders announced that all physical elasticity was departed. At twilight, the disconsolate henchman might be often seen gazing mournfully at the deserted house, and a pent sigh that would escape from a bosom overcharged, and eyes, which occasionally betrayed womanly emotion, told how painful were the associations that the closed mansion

* A *colliagh* is generally a recess in the wall beside the fire; or a boxed-up compartment with a sliding door, to admit the occupying tenant.

† It will, probably, be a matter of surprise to an English reader, when I tell him, that to the wardership of a couple of criminals, and in the wildest localities of the far West, I entrusted the keeping of my goods and chattels, and the safe guardianship of all beneath my roof-tree. Contiguous to both my domiciles, a party of police were cantoned, and, as a magistrate, I could have commanded their services had I required them. At Old Head, I have been absent for weeks together; and, for household security, in the Captain I reposed my trust. In Ballycroy, a remoter and more dangerous abiding-place still, Jack Campbell—not Jack, the ex-Chancellor—enacted garrison-lieutenant whenever I was called from home. Would the most daring Alderman who ever ventured on a second basin of turtle soup, have entrusted consort and counting-house, man-servants and maid-servants, guns, single and double, and all his munitions of war, to the charge of a personage who had thrice held up his right hand at the general assizes, to plead “not guilty” to charges that imputed to him triple homicide? I *did so fearlessly*. As to the poor captain, he would have declared war to the knife against any who dared to offer insult to his lady's poodle; and if a child's tooth ached, could relief have been effected by a pilgrimage, Shemus Rhua would have assumed scrip and staff without a murmur. Campbell was a man of sterner mood, and he would have been no way dilatory, did circumstances require prompt action, in the employment of what Friar Tuck termed “the carnal weapon.” But that was a contingency not to be dreaded—his name was a tower of strength; and the most desperate felon that ever sought refuge in the wastes of Ballycroy, would have respected life and property, were it known to be under the *surveillance* of this formidable protector.

brought vividly to the looker-on. A third epistle reached me from the priest. The poor captain's race was run—he "slept the sleep that knows no breaking," and in the lonely burying-ground of Killgeever, the pilgrim had found his last repose.

"From the hour you left the country," said my kind friend, the parish priest, in his epistle, "poor Jemmy drooped, and in six months the *rhua* might have been exchanged for *bawn*,* for every hair was silvered. In heart and constitution he was alike broken; and although neighbourly attentions were kindly offered, he felt no pleasure in friendly intercourse; but after a twilight visit to Old Head, he would steal back to his lonely cabin, and there mope the night away.

"Three weeks before his death, his terriers sickened and died of distemper; and, to complete his losses, his cat was killed in the spring-trap of a fox catcher.

"'All are gone now,' he was often heard to mutter. 'He's gone,' meaning you; 'and so are all that were fond of me, and whom I loved!' And he would sigh as if his bosom was about to burst. 'Well—I'll soon go after the poor dumb creatures; and who knows how soon, in a better world, the master and myself may meet?'" * * *

Nearly a week had passed. Nobody had seen the Captain, and the key of his cabin was not in the hole above the lintel where it used to lie. Inquiries were made; and none, for past days, had met him. At last the neighbours became alarmed; and their fears for the missing man were excited, when the key was discovered inside his door. An entrance was forced, and doubts were converted into certainty. The race of life was ended, and the wanderer was at rest.

From appearances, the spirit passed when sleeping; death had gently claimed his penalty, and the parting struggle had been so brief, that time's exchange for eternity had been mercifully effected.

The news of the Captain's death flew over hill and valley with lightning-speed, and when the corpse was laid out at sunset, the village was densely crowded. Nobler displays might have been seen, as the rich and high-born were borne to that "end of all men"—the grave. But if tears be a silent and certain love-offering to the departed, none had that tribute of last affection more freely offered to his memory, than the wanderer who now reposes in the deserted cemetery of KILLGEEVER.

* *Anglicè—red for white.*

GIRAFFES.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

“ The admirablest and fairest beast that ever I saw, was a *jarraff*, as tame as a domesticall deere, and of a reddish deere colour, white breasted, and cloven footed. He was of a very great height, his fore-legs longer than the hinder, a very long necke, and headed like a camell, except two stumpes of horn upon his head. This fairest animall was sent out of Ethiopia to this great Turke's father for a present; two Turks, the keepers of him, would make him kneele, but not before any Christian for any money. An elephant that stood where this fair beast was, the keepers would make to stand with all his four legges, his feet close together upon a round stone, and alike to us to bend his fore legges.”—JOHN SANDERSON, 1591.

OF the many features which will hereafter stamp the nineteenth century as “*Centuria Mirabilissima*,” not the least will be the vast number of animals and birds introduced into Europe, and the great stride made in our knowledge of Natural History during its progress. The precise date of the extinction of a genus or a species has interest; the dodo of the Mauritius and the *dinornis* of New Zealand have disappeared within the historical period, and there is no reason to suppose that such gaps have been, or will be, filled up by new creations. Second only in interest to the occurrence of these blanks in the list of living inhabitants of the surface of this globe is the record of the introduction of a new race into a part of our planet where it was previously unknown. In such instances the last twenty years have been prolific; the graceful bower-birds and the *Tallegalla* or mound-raising birds, those wondrous denizens of the Australian wilderness, may now be seen in the Regent's Park for the first time in this hemisphere. For the first time, also, the wart hog of Africa there roots, and the hippopotamus displays his quaint gambols; and that “fairest animall,” the giraffe, is now beheld in health and vigour, a naturalized inhabitant of Great Britain.*

In the modern versions of the Old Testament, the fifth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, which enumerates animals permitted to be eaten by the Israelites, mentions “the hart and the roebuck, and the fallow deer, and the wild goat, and the pygag, and the wild ox, and the chamois.” It has been objected by able commentators, that instead of the chamois the giraffe was implied; and the commentator in the Pictorial Bible says, “The Arabic version understood that the giraffe was meant here, which is very likely to have been the case; for the chamois is not met so far to the southward as Egypt and Palestine. The giraffe, or cameleopard, is a singular as well as beautiful creature, found in the central parts of

* Our readers will be interested in knowing that, in addition to many important alterations and improvements in the Zoological Gardens, Mr. Gould, the most eminent ornithologist of the age, has permitted his magnificent and unique collection of humming birds—above two thousand in number, to be exhibited there during this summer. Language is totally inadequate to convey an idea of their beauty, and the public have great reason to congratulate themselves on having an opportunity afforded them of seeing this glorious collection,—on which we shall probably have something to say in the next Number.

Africa. The Jews had probably many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the animal while in Egypt, as had also the Seventy, who resided there, and who indicate it in their translation of the Hebrew name." Belzoni also notices the giraffe on the wall of the sekos of the Memnonium, and on the back of the temple of Erments. Thinking it possible that a representation of this animal might be found either in the triumphal processions or hunting scenes of the ancient Assyrians, we have examined the Nineveh marbles in the British Museum, but although elephants and very many animals foreign to Assyria are delineated, the giraffe is not among them.

Sylla held the office of quæstor in Numidia, and the Prænestine pavement, generally referred to him, represents the giraffe both grazing and browsing; but the living animal does not seem to have been brought to Rome before the time of Julius Cæsar: such at least states Pliny, who may be regarded as a good authority on that matter. "Two other kinds of beasts there be that resemble in some sort the camels; the one is called of the Æthiopians, the nabis, necked like an horse, for leg and hoofe not unlike the bæufe, headed directly like a camell, beset with white spots upon a red ground, whereupon it taketh the name of camelopardalus; and the first time that it was seen at Rome was in the games Circenses, set out by Cæsar Dictator. Since which time he comes now and then to Rome to be looked upon more for sight than for any wild nature that hee hath; whereupon some call her the savage sheepe."* It is pretty evident from this that Pliny himself never had the good fortune to see one of these most miscalled "savage sheepe;" but Gordian III. had ten living giraffes at one time, and though from their gentleness, ill-suited for the circus, they were well adapted to form striking features in the triumphal processions, for which purpose they were doubtless used.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century flourished Lorenzo de Medici the Magnificent: this illustrious man, like numerous other eminent characters, sought relaxation from the cares of state concerns, at a country-seat, and his villa of Poggio Cajano was a favoured residence. The lakes of this charming domain abounded with choice water-fowl, the woods with pheasants and peacocks from Sicily, and a collection of rare exotic animals increased the interest of the spot. Lorenzo was passionately fond of them,† and the Soldan of Egypt, hearing of his zoological taste, sent him a present of a giraffe; this animal throve greatly, and is said to have become very familiar with the inhabitants of Florence, stretching up its long neck to the first-floors of the houses to implore a meal of apples, of which it was passionately fond. The portrait of this giraffe is, we believe, still extant in the frescoes which adorn the villa of Poggio Cajano.

Three centuries and a half elapsed before another specimen of

* Holland's Plinie's Naturall Historie, B. VIII., c. xviii.

† Valori states that, "among the numerous horses kept by Lorenzo was a beautiful roan that on every occasion bore away the prize; when this horse happened to be sick or wearied with the course, he refused all nourishment except from the hands of Lorenzo, at whose approach he testified his pleasure by neighing, and movements of welcome, even when lying on the ground; so that it is not to be wondered at," says this author, by a kind of commendation rather more striking than just, "that Lorenzo should be the delight of mankind, when even the brute creation expressed an affection for him."

this animal was seen in Europe, and naturalists began to be sceptical as to its existence, when the liberality of another Pasha of Egypt dispelled all doubts. The governor of Sennaar having sent two young giraffes to the Pasha, his highness graciously determined to present them to the sovereigns of England and of France, and desired their consuls to draw lots for the choice. The result was, that the most vigorous went to Paris, and the feeblest came to England. Great were the rejoicings in the French capital at the arrival of this stranger; all classes were in a commotion at the event; the animal was conveyed in a sort of triumphal procession to the Jardin des Plantes: the picture-shops teemed with her portraits, and for several months little else was talked of. Every fashion was *à la giraffe*—ladies appeared, not

“Spotted like the pard,”

but like the camelopard; gentlemen bore her portrait on their handkerchiefs, whilst the vests of the dandies, and even their pantaloons, bore fanciful combinations of her spots. Ati, her keeper, a tall, fine-looking Arab, partook of her popularity; at first he appeared in the streets attired in the turban, vest, and full trousers of the East, but was so tormented by the attentions of the *gamins*, who were continually assailing him with “*Ati! Ati! comment va la giraffe?*” that, except when on duty with his charge, he was fain to affect the short-waisted coats and bell-crowned hats then in vogue. Every Sunday evening this worthy gentleman was to be seen at one of the *guingettes* in the neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes, dancing with all his might, and playing the agreeable to the *grisettes*, with whom he was extremely popular.

The giraffe destined for our sovereign was conveyed to Malta under the charge of two Arabs, and was from thence forwarded to London in the “*Penelope*,” which arrived on the 11th of August, 1827. She was conveyed to Windsor two days afterwards, and was kept in the royal menagerie at the Sandpit Gate. George the Fourth took much interest in this animal, visiting her generally twice or thrice a week, and sometimes twice a day. It would have been better if he had left her to the management of the keepers; but acting on some vague instructions left by the Arabs, his majesty commanded that she should be fed on milk alone, a most unnatural diet when the animal had attained the age of two years. From this cause, and in consequence of an injury which she had received during her journey from Sennaar to Cairo, the giraffe became so weak as to be unable to stand; a lofty triangle was built, and the animal kept suspended on slings to relieve its limbs from the support of its weight. The apparatus was provided with wheels, and, in order that she might have exercise, it was pushed along by men, her feet just moving and touching the ground. It may well be supposed that such an artificial existence could not be prolonged to any great length of time, and although the giraffe lived between two and three years, and grew eighteen inches in height, she gradually sank and died in the autumn of 1829, to the great regret of the king. Her body was dissected by the sergeant-surgeon, Sir Everard Home, and an account thereof published by him.

When these two giraffes were at Alexandria previous to their embarkation, they were one day ordered by M. Acerbi to be led up

and down the square in front of his house; among the crowd collected to enjoy this novel spectacle, were some Bedouins of the Desert. One of them was asked whether he had ever seen similar animals before? He replied he had not: and M. Acerbi asked him in Arabic, "Do they please you?" to which he replied, "Mustaib, (I do not like them)." On being pressed for the reasons of his disapproval, he answered, "that it did not carry like a horse, it did not serve for field labours like an ox, did not yield hair like a camel, nor flesh and milk like a goat, and on this account it was not to his liking."

Those who frequented the British Museum in the days of Montague House, shortly before the present building was erected, will remember a hairless stuffed giraffe, which stood at the top of the stairs, mounting sentry, as it were, over the principal door. This miserable skin was interesting, as being the remains of the first entire specimen recorded; its history was as follows. The late Lady Strathmore sent to the Cape, to collect rare flowers and trees, a botanist of the name of Paterson, who seems to have penetrated a considerable distance into the interior—sufficiently far at least to have seen a group of six giraffes. He was so fortunate as to kill one, and brought the skin home for Lady Strathmore; her ladyship presented it to the celebrated John Hunter, and it formed part of the Hunterian collection until a re-arrangement of that museum took place on its removal to the present noble hall in the College of Surgeons. This stuffed specimen, with many others of a similar description, was handed over to the British Museum, and for some years occupied the situation on the landing above mentioned; being regarded as "rubbish," it was destroyed, and the "stuffing" used to expand some other skin. There are now, however, two noble stuffed specimens in the first zoological room of the Museum; one especially remarkable for its dark-brown spots is no less than eighteen feet in height. It is from the southern parts of Africa, and was presented by that veteran zoologist, the Earl of Derby; the other was one of the giraffes brought by M. Thibaut to the Zoological Gardens.

The Zoological Society having made known its wish to possess living specimens of the giraffe, the task of procuring them was undertaken by M. Thibaut, who having had twelve years experience in African travel, was well qualified for the arduous pursuit.

M. Thibaut quitted Cairo in April 1834, and after sailing up the Nile as far as Wadi Halfa, the second cataract, took camels and proceeded to Debbat, a province of Dongolah, whence he started for the Desert of Kordofan. Being perfectly acquainted with the locality and on friendly terms with the Arabs, he attached them still more by the desire of profit; all were desirous of accompanying him in pursuit of the giraffes, for up to that time, they had hunted them solely for the sake of the flesh, which they ate, and the skin, of which they made bucklers and sandals. The party proceeded to the south-west of Kordofan, and in August were rewarded by the sight of two beautiful giraffes; a rapid chase of three hours, on horses accustomed to the fatigues of the desert, put them in possession of the largest of these noble animals; unable to take her alive, the Arabs killed her with blows of the sabre, and cutting her to pieces, carried the meat to their head quarters, which had been established in a

wooded situation, an arrangement necessary for their own comfort, and to secure pasturage for their camels. They deferred till the following day the pursuit of the motherless young one, which the Arabs knew they would have no difficulty in again discovering. The Arabs quickly covered the live embers with slices of the meat, which M. Thibaut pronounces to be excellent.

On the following morning the party started at daybreak in search of the young giraffe, of which they had lost sight not far from the camp. The sandy desert is well adapted to afford indications to a hunter, and in a very short time they were on the track of the object of their pursuit: they followed the traces with rapidity and in silence, lest the creature should be alarmed whilst yet at a distance; but after a laborious chase of several hours through brambles and thorny trees, they at last succeeded in capturing the coveted prize.

It was now necessary to rest for three or four days, in order to render the giraffe sufficiently tame, during which period an Arab constantly held it at the end of a long cord; by degrees it became accustomed to the presence of man, and was induced to take nourishment, but it was found necessary to insert a finger into its mouth to deceive it into the idea that it was with its dam; it then sucked freely. When captured, its age was about nineteen months. Five giraffes were taken by the party, but the cold weather of December, 1834, killed four of them in the desert, on the route to Dongolah; happily that first taken survived, and reached Dongolah in January, 1835, after a sojourn of twenty-two days in the desert. Unwilling to leave with a solitary specimen, M. Thibaut returned to the desert, where he remained three months, crossing it in all directions, and frequently exposed to great hardships and privations; but he was eventually rewarded by obtaining three giraffes, all smaller than the first. A great trial awaited them, as they had to proceed by water the whole distance from Wadi Halfa to Cairo, and thence to Alexandria and Malta, besides the voyage to England. They suffered considerably at sea during a passage of twenty-four days in very tempestuous weather, and on reaching Malta in November, were detained in quarantine twenty-five days more; but despite of all these difficulties, they reached England in safety, and on the 25th of May were conducted to the Gardens. At daybreak, the keepers and several gentlemen of scientific distinction, arrived at the Brunswick Wharf, and the animals were handed over to them. The distance to the Gardens was not less than six miles, and some curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, was felt as to how this would be accomplished. Each giraffe was led between two keepers, by means of long reins attached to the head; the animals walked along at a rapid pace, generally in advance of their conductors, but were perfectly tractable. It being so early in the morning, few persons were about, but the astonishment of those who did behold the unlooked-for procession, was ludicrous in the extreme. As the giraffes stalked by, followed by M. Thibaut and others, in Eastern costume, the worthy policemen and early coffee-sellers stared with amazement, and a few revellers, whose reeling steps proclaimed their dissipation, evidently doubted whether the strange figures they beheld were real flesh and bone, or fictions conjured up by their potations; their gaze of stupid wonder indicating that of the two,

they inclined to the latter opinion. When the giraffes entered the park, and first caught sight of the green trees, they became excited, and hauled upon the reins, waving the head and neck from side to side, with an occasional caracole and kick out of the hind legs, but M. Thibaut contrived to coax them along with pieces of sugar, of which they were very fond, and he had the satisfaction of depositing his valuable charges, without accident or misadventure, in the sanded paddock prepared for their reception.

The sum agreed on with M. Thibaut was 250*l.* for the first giraffe he obtained, 200*l.* for the second, 150*l.* for the third, and 100*l.* for the fourth, in all 700*l.*, but the actual cost to the society amounted to no less than 2386*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*, in consequence of the heavy expenses of freight, conveyance, &c.

During the following months of June and July the giraffes excited so much interest, that as much as 120*l.* was sometimes taken at the Gardens in one day, and the receipts reached 600*l.* in the week; they then decreased, and never, until the arrival of the hippopotamus, attained anything like that sum again. Shortly after their arrival one of the animals struck his head with such force against the brickwork of the house, whilst rising from the ground, that he injured one of his horns, and probably his skull, as he did not long survive. Guiballah died in October, 1846, and Selim in January, 1849; Zaida, that worthy old matron, is still alive, and may be recognised by her very light colour.

An unusual birthday *fête* was celebrated on the 9th of June, 1839, when Zaida presented the society with the first giraffe ever born in Europe; but alas! it only survived nine days. A spirited water-colour sketch was made of the dam and young one when a day old, by that able artist, the late Robert Hills; and we recently had an opportunity of seeing this interesting memento. Two years afterwards, a second was born, and thrived vigorously; this fine animal was sent to the Zoological Gardens at Dublin, in 1844. It was rather a ticklish proceeding, but was managed as follows:—He was taken very early in the morning to Hungerford Market, where a lighter with tackles had been previously arranged. With some dexterity slings were placed under him, and to his great astonishment, he was quickly swung off his feet, and hoisted by a crane into the lighter, and from the lighter, by tackle, on board the deck of the steamer; he had a fine passage, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the warm-hearted Hibernians, and is now one of the chief ornaments of the Dublin Gardens. Another remarkably fine male, named *Abbas Pasha*, was born in February, 1849, and is thriving in great vigour in the Gardens at Antwerp.

The giraffes at present in the Regent's Park are *Zaida*, with her offspring, *Alfred* and *Ibrahim Pasha*, *Alice*, presented by his highness, *Ibrahim Pasha*, and *Jenny Lind*, purchased by Mr. Murray. With the exception of *Ibrahim Pasha*, these are exceedingly good-tempered, but this fine animal is obliged to be kept separate, as he is very apt to fight with his brother. Their mode of fighting is peculiar; they stand side by side, and strike obliquely with their short horns, denuding the parts struck to the magnitude of a hand. One of them met with an awkward accident some time ago, which, had it not been for the presence of mind of Mr. H. Hunt, the head keeper, who has especial charge of these animals, might have been attended

with fatal consequences. In rising quickly from the ground, the giraffe struck the wall with such force that one of the horns was broken, and bent back flat upon the head; Hunt seeing this, tempted him with a favourite dainty with one hand, and taking the opportunity whilst his head was down, grasped the fractured horn, and pulled it forward into its natural position; union took place, and no ill effects followed. We may here remark, that the horns are distinct bones, united to the frontal and parietal bones by a suture, and exhibiting the same structure as other bones. The protuberance on the forehead is not a horn (as supposed by some), but merely a thickening of the bone. The horns of the male are nearly double the size of those of the female, and their expanded bases meet in the middle line of the skull, whereas, in the female, the bases are two inches apart.

Each of the giraffes eats daily eighteen pounds of clover hay, and the same quantity of a mixed vegetable diet, consisting of turnips, mangol-wurzel, carrots, barley, and split beans; in spring they have green tares and clover, and are exceedingly fond of onions. It was curious to see the impatience they exhibited in our presence when a basket of onions was placed in view; their mouths watered to a ludicrous and very visible extent; they pawed with their fore legs, and rapidly paced backwards and forwards, stretching their long necks and sniffing up the pungent aroma with eager satisfaction. Each drinks about four gallons of water a day.

Soon after the arrival of the giraffes at the Regent's Park, Mr. Warwick obtained three for Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Gardens. These were exhibited in an apartment in Regent Street, in the evening as well as by day; their heads almost touched the ceiling, and the room being lighted with gas, they were fully exposed to the influence of foul air, and, as might be expected, did not long survive. We have understood that Mr. Wombwell also purchased some giraffes on speculation, but was not more fortunate than Mr. Cross; indeed, of all animals, these are least adapted for the confinement and fetid atmosphere of a travelling menagerie.

It has been stated that giraffes utter no sound; we have, however, heard *Ibrahim Pasha* make a sort of grunt, or forcible expiration, indicating displeasure, and the little one which died bleated like a calf.

The extensibility, flexibility, and extraordinary command which the giraffe possesses over the movements of its tongue had long attracted notice, but it was reserved for Professor Owen to point out their true character. Sir Everard Home, who had examined the giraffe which died at Windsor, described the wonderful changes of size and length, which occur in the tongue, as resulting from vascular action, the blood-vessels being at one time loaded, at another empty; but the Hunterian professor proved that the movements of the tongue are entirely due to muscular action, and adds the following interesting remarks: "I have observed all the movements of the tongue, which have been described by previous authors. The giraffe being endowed with an organ so exquisitely formed for prehension, instinctively puts it to use in a variety of ways, while in a state of confinement. The female in the Garden of Plants at Paris, for example, may frequently be observed to amuse itself by stretching upwards its neck and head, and, with the slender tongue, pulling out the straws which are plaited into the partition separating it from

the contiguous compartment of its enclosure. In our own menagerie, many a fair lady has been robbed of the artificial flower which adorned her bonnet, by the nimble, filching tongue of the object of her admiration. The giraffe seems, indeed, to be guided more by the eye than the nose in the selection of objects of food; and, if we may judge of the apparent satisfaction with which the mock leaves and flowers so obtained are masticated, the tongue would seem by no means to enjoy the sensitive in the same degree as the motive powers. The giraffes have a habit, in captivity at least, of plucking the hairs out of each other's manes and tails, and swallowing them. I know not whether we must attribute to a fondness for epidermic productions, or to the tempting green colour of the parts, the following ludicrous circumstances, which happened to a fine peacock, which was kept in the giraffes' paddock. As the bird was spreading his tail in the sunbeams, and curvetting in presence of his mate, one of the giraffes stooped his long neck, and entwining his flexible tongue round a bunch of the gaudy plumes, suddenly lifted the bird into the air, then giving him a shake, disengaged five or six of the tail feathers, when down fluttered the astonished peacock, and scuffled off with the remains of his train dragging humbly after him.*

The natural food of the giraffe is the leaves, tender shoots, and blossoms, of a singular species of mimosa, called by the colonists *kameel doorn*, or giraffe thorn, which is found chiefly on dry plains and sandy deserts. The great size of this tree, together with its thick and spreading top, shaped like an umbrella, distinguish it at once from all others. The wood, of a dark red colour, is exceedingly hard and weighty, and is extensively used by the Africans in the manufacture of spoons and other articles, many being ingeniously fashioned with their rude tools into the form of the giraffe.

The class to which the giraffe belongs, is the deer tribe. It is, in fact, as pointed out by Professor Owen, a modified deer; but the structure by which so large a ruminant is enabled to subsist in the tropical regions of Africa, by browsing on the tops of trees, disqualifies it for wielding antlers of sufficient strength and size to serve as weapons of offence. The annual shedding of the formidable antlers of the full-grown buck has reference to the preservation of the younger and feebler individuals of his own race; but, as the horns of the giraffe never acquire the requisite development to serve as weapons of attack, their temporary removal is not needed.

When looking at a giraffe, it is difficult to believe that the fore-legs are not longer than the hind-legs. They are not so however, for the greater apparent length results from the remarkable depth of the chest, the great length of the processes of the anterior dorsal vertebrae, and the corresponding length and position of the shoulder blade, which is relatively the longest and narrowest of all mammalia. In the simple walk the neck is stretched out in a line with the back, which gives them an awkward appearance; this is greatly diminished when the animals commence their undulating canter. In the canter the hind-legs are lifted alternately with the fore, and are carried outside of and beyond them, by a kind of swinging movement; when excited to a swifter pace, the hind-legs are often kicked out, and the nostrils are then widely dilated. The remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching at regular

* Transactions of the Zoological Society.

intervals of the long black tail which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally giving the creature the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. The tail of the giraffe is terminated by a bunch of wavy hair, which attains a considerable length, but the longest hairs are those which form a fringe, extending about three inches on its under side. Two of these in our possession, from the tail of *Alfred*, are each rather more than four feet two inches in length; this long whisp of hair must be of great service in flicking off flies and other annoyances.

Major Gordon relates an anecdote of a giraffe slain by himself, which illustrates the gentle confiding disposition of these graceful creatures. Having been brought to the ground by a musket-ball, it suffered the hunter to approach, without any appearance of resentment, or attempt at resistance. After surveying the crippled animal for some time, the major stroked its forehead, when the eyes closed as if with pleasure, and it seemed grateful for the caress. When its throat was cut, preparatory to taking the skin, the giraffe, whilst struggling in the last agonies, struck the ground convulsively with its feet with immense force, as it looked reproachfully on its assailant with its fine eyes fast glazing with the film of death, but made no attempt to injure him.

Some of the best and most animating accounts of giraffe hunts are contained in the works of Sir W. Cornwallis Harris and Mr. R. G. Cumming. Of that magnificent folio, "Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of South Africa," by the former of these gallant sportsmen, we cannot speak too highly; it is equal in many respects to the truly superb folios of Mr. Gould. From it we extract the following spirit-stirring adventures.

"It was on the morning of our departure from the residence of his Amazoola Majesty, that I first actually saw the giraffe. Although I had been for weeks on the tiptoe of expectation, we had hitherto succeeded in finding the gigantic footsteps only of the tallest of all the quadrupeds upon the earth; but at dawn of that day, a large party of hungry savages, with four of the Hottentots on horseback, having accompanied us across the Mariqua in search of elands, which were reported to be numerous in the neighbourhood, we formed a long line, and, having drawn a great extent of country blank, divided into two parties, Richardson keeping to the right, and myself to the left. Beginning at length to despair of success, I had shot a harte-beeste for the savages, when an object, which had repeatedly attracted my eye, but which I had as often persuaded myself was nothing more than the branchless stump of some withered tree, suddenly shifted its position, and the next moment I distinctly perceived that singular form of which the apparition had ofttimes visited my slumbers, but upon whose reality I now gazed for the first time. Gliding rapidly among the trees, above the topmost branches of many of which its graceful head nodded like some lofty pine, all doubt was in another moment at an end—it was the stately, the long-sought giraffe, and putting spurs to my horse, and directing the Hottentots to follow, I presently found myself half-choked with excitement, rattling at the heels of an animal which to me had been a stranger even in its captive state, and which thus to meet free on its native plains has fallen to the lot of but few of the votaries of the chase;

sailing before me with incredible velocity, his long swan-like neck, keeping time to the eccentric motion of his stilt-like legs—his ample black tail curled above his back, and whisking in ludicrous concert with the rocking of his disproportioned frame,—he glided gallantly along 'like some tall ship upon the ocean's bosom,' and seemed to leave whole leagues behind him at each stride. The ground was of the most treacherous description; a rotten black soil, overgrown with long coarse grass, which concealed from view innumerable gaping fissures that momentarily threatened to bring down my horse. For the first five minutes I rather lost than gained ground, and despairing over such a country of ever diminishing the distance, or improving my acquaintance with this ogre in seven league boots, I dismounted, and the mottled carcase presenting a fair and inviting mark, I had the satisfaction of hearing two balls tell roundly upon his plank-like stern. But as well might I have fired at a wall; he neither swerved from his course nor slackened his pace, and pushed on so far ahead during the time I was reloading, that, after remounting, I had some difficulty in even keeping sight of him amongst the trees. Closing again however, I repeated the dose on the other quarter, and spurred my horse along, ever and anon sinking to his fetlock—the giraffe now flagging at each stride,—until, as I was coming up hand over hand, and success seemed certain, the cup was suddenly dashed from my lips, and down I came headlong—my horse having fallen into a pit, and lodged me close to an ostrich's nest, near which two of the old birds were sitting. Happily there were no bones broken, but the violence of the shock had caused the lashings of my previously broken rifle to give way, and had doubled the stock in half, the barrels only hanging to the wood by the trigger-guard. Nothing dismayed, however, by this heavy calamity, I remounted my jaded beast, and one more effort brought me ahead of my wearied victim, which stood still and allowed me to approach. In vain did I now attempt to bind my fractured rifle with a pocket-handkerchief, in order to admit of my administering the *coup de grace*. The guard was so contracted that, as in the tantalising phantasies of a night-mare, the hammer could not by any means be brought down upon the nipple. In vain I looked around for a stone, and sought in every pocket for my knife, with which either to strike the copper cap and bring about ignition, or hamstring the colossal but harmless animal, by whose towering side I appeared the veriest pigmy in the creation. Alas! I had lent it to the Hottentots to cut off the head of the hartebeeste, and, after a hopeless search in the remotest corners, each hand was withdrawn empty. Vainly did I then wait for the tardy and rebellious villains to come to my assistance, making the welkin ring, and my throat tingle with reiterated shouts. Not a soul appeared, and in a few minutes the giraffe, having recovered his wind, and being only slightly wounded on the hind-quarters, shuffled his long legs, twisted his bushy tail over his back, walked a few steps, then broke into a gallop, and, diving into the mazes of the forest, presently disappeared from my sight. Disappointed and annoyed at my discomfiture, I returned towards the waggons, now eight miles' distant, and on my way overtook the Hottentots, who, pipe in mouth, were leisurely strolling home, with an air of total indifference as to my proceedings, having come to the conclusion that 'Sir could not fung de kameel,'

(catch the giraffe,)—for which reason they did not think it worth while to follow me, as I had directed.—Two days after this catastrophe, having advanced to the Tolaan River, we again took the field, accompanied by the whole of the male inhabitants of three large kraals, in addition to those that had accompanied us from the last encampment. The country had now become undulating, extensive mimosa groves occupying all the valley, as well as the banks of the Tolaan winding among them, on its way to join the Mariqua. Before we had proceeded many hundred yards, our progress was opposed by a rhinoceros, who looked defiance, but quickly took the hints we gave him to get out of the way. Two fat elands had been pointed out at the verge of the copse the moment before. One of which Richardson disposed of with little difficulty, the other leading me through all the intricacies of the labyrinth, to a wide plain on the opposite side. On entering which, I found the fugitive was prostrate at my feet in the middle of a troop of giraffes, who stooped their long necks, astounded at the intrusion, then consulted a moment how they should best escape the impending danger, and in another were sailing away at their utmost speed. To have followed upon my then jaded horse would have been absurd, and I was afterwards unable to recover any trace of them. * * *

“Many days elapsed before we again beheld the tall giraffe, nor were our eyes gladdened with his sight until after we had crossed the Cashan Mountains to the country of the Baquaina, for the express purpose of seeking for him. After the many *contretemps*, how shall I describe the sensations I experienced as, on a cool November evening, after rapidly following some fresh traces in profound silence for several miles, I at length counted from the back of *Breslau*, my most trusty steed, no fewer than thirty-two of various sizes, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves that fluttered above their heads in a flowering mimosa grove which beautified the scenery. My heart leapt within me, and my blood coursed like quicksilver through my veins, for, with a firm wooded plain before me, I knew they were mine; but although they stood within a hundred yards of me, having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire.

“Notwithstanding that I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and in consequence of several of the remarkable spoors of these animals having been seen the evening before, had taken four mounted Hottentots in my suite, all excepting Piet had, as usual, slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly old-fashioned calf, stood directly in the path, and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her mischievous intentions, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same time putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and sudden clattering of the hoofs, away bounded the herd in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like leaps, and leaving me far in their rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant, and twice, on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence far in advance, their sloping backs reddening in the sunshine, as with giant port they topped the

ridges in right gallant style. A white turban that I wore round my hunting-cap being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged and trampled under foot by three rhinoceroses, and long afterwards, looking over my shoulder, I could perceive the ungainly brutes in the rear fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their spider-legs, their flight was greatly retarded, and by the time they had floundered to the opposite side and scrambled to the top of the bank, I could perceive that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The lordly chief being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe, and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder with my right hand, and drew both triggers; but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path to obstruct his progress. Mute, dignified, and majestic stood the unfortunate victim, occasionally stooping his elastic neck towards his persecutor, the tears trickling from the lashes of his dark humid eye, as broadside after broadside was poured into his brawny front.

‘ His drooping head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower.’

Presently a convulsive shivering seized his limbs, his coat stood on end, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, like a falling minaret bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the intoxicating excitement of that moment! At last then, the summit of my ambition was actually attained, and the towering giraffe laid low! Tossing my turbanless cap into the air, alone in the wild wood, I hurraed with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank, exhausted with delight, beside the noble prize that I had won.

“While I leisurely contemplated the massive form before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and wrapt in a hide an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength.

“Two hours were passed in completing a drawing, and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the ample tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measureless the most estimable trophy I had ever gained. But on proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the running brook, my chagrin may be conceived when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter and abscond. Being ten miles from the waggons, and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of saving my pet from the clutches of the lion, was to follow his trail; whilst doing which with infinite difficulty, the ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had

the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycom, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant. Returning to the giraffe, we all feasted merrily upon the flesh, which, although highly scented with the rank mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable, and losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarp'd hills, we did not finally regain the waggons until after the setting sunbeams had ceased to play upon the trembling leaves of the light acacias, and the golden splendour which was sleeping upon the plain had gradually passed away."

In curious contrast to this exciting and enthusiastic, but somewhat florid description, stands the very matter-of-fact account given by Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, of his first giraffe hunt, and his *sang froid* differs amusingly from the *furor* of his fellow Nimrod.*

Singular and striking as is the form of the giraffe, it only furnishes a proof of the wonderful manner in which an all-wise Creator has adapted means to ends. A vegetable feeder, but an inhabitant of sterile and sandy deserts, its long slender neck and sloping body, enable it to reach with ease its favourite food; leaf by leaf is daintily plucked from the lofty branch by the pliant tongue, and a mouthful of tender and juicy food is speedily accumulated. The oblique and narrow apertures of the nostrils, defended even to their margins by a *chevaux de frise* of strong hairs, and surrounded by muscular fibres by which they can be hermetically sealed, effectually prevent the entrance of the fine particles of sand which the suffocating storms of the desert raise in fiery clouds, destructive to the lord of the creation. Erect on those stilt-like legs, the giraffe surveys the wide expanse, and feeds at ease, for those mild, large eyes are so placed that it can see not only on all sides, but even behind, rendering it next to impossible for an enemy to approach undiscovered. As we reflect on these and numberless other points for admiration presented by the giraffe, we involuntarily exclaim with the Psalmist, "Oh, Lord! how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

"Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force:
All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate."

* A Hunter's Life in South Africa, vol. i. p. 302.

RAMBLES IN SUSSEX.

THE WEALDEN.

BY THOMAS FORESTER, AUTHOR OF "EVERARD TUNSTALL."

Who has not gazed with wonder and curiosity on the strange forms of gigantic reptiles, and other extinct species, which line the walls of that long range of apartments in the British Museum devoted to fossil collections? Many of the most remarkable specimens have been extracted from the quarries of Tilgate Forest, in which they had lain embedded since those changes in the earth's surface which caused the extinction of former tribes of living creatures, and by successive revolutions prepared it to become the habitation of created beings of higher and nobler organisation.

Thus the district to which our rambles had been directed presented other claims on our notice than the attractions of its present scenery. The great basin of the Weald, geologically considered, has features of singular interest. Of these it would be out of place here to attempt even a slight sketch; but as we pursue our walk it may not be amiss to contemplate the aspect which it probably presented long before man or any of the higher types of animal existence had appeared on this earth. It has been satisfactorily ascertained from the nature of the deposits, which are composed of a series of freshwater fossiliferous beds, chiefly of sand but terminated by a thick stratum of clay, that they were formed in an estuary, or at the mouth of some great river. At this time, all the great plains of Europe, and the districts through which the principal rivers now run were submerged; the great mountain-chains, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and Apennines, and others more to the eastward, appearing only as islands in an open sea. The land, most probably, extended chiefly in a westerly direction from the shores of England; and the story of the submersion of an ancient continent in the Atlantic, however fabulous in history, may be true as a geological event. By the drainage of this land a great river may have been fed, and from its ruins the Wealden strata appear to have been derived.

Assuming, then, and there is no reason to doubt, that we are now traversing the tract of country which was gradually formed at the mouth of this great river, let us, following a scientific guide, place ourselves in imagination on some projecting headland, commanding at once a view of the open sea which then covered the greater part of our island, and of the estuary in which sand-banks and islands, the more elevated parts of the present landscape, were in process of being deposited. Let us endeavour to recall the scenes which were then presented from such a point of view. Marvellous as they may appear they are not fabulous: the record of the truthfulness of the essential features of the picture is written in imperishable characters in the fossil remains, drawn from the district, to which we have already alluded. We invite the curious again to examine them with this, or some better, clue to their history.

The first object to attract attention on the shore of the ancient sea might be one of those crocodilian monsters, with long slender snouts and extremities admirably adapted for swimming, moving slowly towards the water, but when there, darting abruptly along, pursuing and de-

vouring the small fishes that swarmed about the shallows, a ready and abundant prey.

Further out at sea we could not fail of being struck with the appearance of that most gigantic of all reptiles the *Cetiosaurus*, rivalling the largest whales in bulk, easily recognised by the dark outline of its huge head raised partly above the surface to enable the animal to breathe, while, at the distance of some twenty yards from this, would be seen its great fish-like tail. Could our powers of vision enable us to see beneath the surface, there might also be observed those singular webbed-feet and enormous toes, armed with long powerful claws, which so strikingly characterised this creature.

Having thus obtained glimpses of the sea and its inhabitants, let us turn our attention to the adjacent land. The long-snouted and other crocodiles which have gorged themselves with fish in the shallow water, now sleep half-buried in the muddy and naked plains on shore. Some of them, eighteen or twenty feet long, seem to move on land with difficulty, their extremities being better adapted for swimming than walking. Presently a noise is heard, and a gigantic reptile advances, whose true nature and habits at first we are at a loss to understand. In its general proportions it is far longer, as well as taller, than the largest elephant, being from thirty to fifty feet in length. Its body hangs down to the ground, but its legs are like the trunks of great forest trees, and its feet form an ample base for the vast columns which press upon them. Instead of long tusks, large grinding teeth, and a trunk like that of an elephant, this animal has an elongated snout, armed throughout with ranges of sharp and strong knife-like teeth. The monster approaches, and trodden down with one of its feet, or caught between its long and narrow jaws, the basking crocodile, equally unable to escape or resist, is devoured in an instant.

Advancing inland, but still at no great distance from the shore, we find the shelving land clothed with vegetation, which, as far as can be judged from fossil remains, differed essentially from that which it now exhibits, and indicated a climate more resembling that of New Zealand than of England. Instead of the oak and the beech of the present forest, appeared tall palm-trees rising out of a luxuriant undergrowth of tropical plants, and lofty pines, not much unlike some species still existing in southern latitudes, crowned the tops of distant hills; while for the green verdure of our grassy plains we must imagine them overspread with brown ferns, some of them of gigantic size and rivaling in growth the forest trees themselves.

But a form stranger even than any of the monsters we have already described remains to be noticed. It is a flying reptile, its size varying in different species from that of a bat to that of a cormorant. The neck is long and outstretched like a bird's; but the jaws and head are those of a crocodile. It is furnished with five toes or fingers, one of which opens out and extends a membrane, forming a wing of large dimensions which enables it to rise into the air, flitting and hovering overhead; realizing and even surpassing in the conditions of its existence the wildest mythological accounts of flying dragons we have ever read.

There is scarcely any freak of the imagination, however wild or vague, that does not seem surpassed by the anomalous forms of these long-extinct reptiles. And yet in these hills and valleys do we find indisputable evidence of their former existence, until they were swept away by one of that series of revolutions by which the Great Creator

prepared this earth for becoming the scene of the last and most perfect of his wonderful operations, fitted for the habitation of higher orders of animal life, and of man, the crowning point in the long chain of existence, endowed with faculties to study the records and revelations of his inscrutable Providence.

We had abandoned ourselves to such contemplations till the whirr of a pheasant startled us as if a *pterodactyl* had flitted across our path, and in the sluggish movement of a heavily laden timber-carriage winding among the trees on the slope of a distant hill, we were ready to imagine the apparition of a *megalosaurus*, the hugest of the monsters that once dragged its unwieldy bulk through the depths of the forest.

Our course for the day lay through the heart of St. Leonard's and Tilgate forests, in a line somewhat to the north-east. If there were any direct track, we were not fortunate enough, nor in truth very anxious, to discover it. We had, indeed, made some inquiries at a lone farm on the skirts of the forest, where our appearance at first seemed to create a degree of alarm not very flattering to our personal pretensions. But a glance at the oil-skin pack and a map we happened to have half-unfolded in our hand, led to a happy and somewhat more favourable conjecture. "Were we employed in bill-sticking for an auctioneer?" And, "what sales were there forthcoming in the neighbourhood?" Though unprepared to supply intelligence on this interesting point, and our real designs in wandering through strange places seemed, after all, a mystery, we succeeded in establishing a good understanding with the young and comely mistress, and she led us, by a garden-path bordered with feathering bushes of bright fuschias, to a point which commanded a wide view of the forest ranges, enumerating, for our guidance, more corners and turnings than we were likely to remember.

However, crossing some deep glens, we reached, about noon, a sheet of water covering several acres, the sides of which were fringed with wood, and its shallow neck mantled with a waving growth of green rushes. Here we had recourse to the contents of our wallet, watching the while the evolutions of some broods of young wild-ducks, which, darting from the cover of the sedgy bank, wheeled in eccentric circles on the smooth surface of the pool. All else was still, except when, towards the close of our frugal luncheon, a shepherd left his flock browsing on a neighbouring fallow to inquire the time of day. The field was part of some inclosures reclaimed from the forest; a bootless labour it seemed, for the meagre appearance of the sheep, and the stunted growth of a crop of oats in an adjoining inclosure, sufficiently indicated the sterility of the sandy soil.

It was a relief to be again among the deep verdure of the woods, as we sped onward, not much enlightened by the attempt of our friend the shepherd to put us on tracks which were not to fail of leading us in the right direction. What mattered it if we wandered from it? The day was bright; there was freshness in the green woods, the sandy paths were smooth and firm to the tread, and, ever and anon, at some opening in the forest, there were noble beech trees which tempted to their shade when heat and fatigue inclined us to linger on our march.

Notwithstanding all hindrances, it was yet early in the afternoon when we broke from the forest paths on what was once the great Brighton road, in the days when the four-horse power—so soon to be supplanted by one of thrice, nay five-times, greater speed—was at its highest pitch of perfection. There were cottages scattered by the road-

side, at several of which we called to inquire the direction of Hand-Cross, the point of our present destination. They were almost deserted, the entire population being employed in the harvest. In a few instances, the family property had been left in charge of an aged dame, or children of tender years. To have plundered a hen-roost, or carried off a cheese or a side-of-bacon, would have been an exploit of easy accomplishment; the forest was close at hand; and one does not wonder that, with such facilities, this district should be the resort of the description of persons, to whose almost uncontrolled depredations it appears, unhappily, of late, to have been abandoned.

We had been commissioned to endeavour, when in this neighbourhood, to obtain tidings of a person respecting whom certain friends of ours were under some anxiety. The tale we had heard was not without interest. Agnes, the fairest flower of the forest, had, in the full bloom of her beauty, been transplanted from her native shades to the ungenial soil and atmosphere of the great city. There, to drop metaphor, the young girl was employed in some one of those ill-requited occupations which tempt, but to ruin, the unhappy victims who, in successive crowds, press towards the vortex of gaiety and dissipation, and fill up the ranks of the fallen and the dead. Agnes attracted the notice of a man of high rank but somewhat advanced age, and she listened to his proposals. Added to the exquisite beauty of her features and her form, there was an air of natural grace, and the witchery of a sprightliness, about the young girl which entirely captivated her noble admirer.

He became devotedly attached to her, and, after a time, sanctioned the connection by legal ties. She bore him several children; two or three sons, and a daughter. Her lord—one of the most distinguished ornaments of a corrupt but brilliant court—himself highly gifted, spared no pains or expense to add to the natural graces of the fair Agnes those accomplishments which he knew how to prize. His endeavours were successful, for her talents were equal to her beauty. It is needless to add that she was surrounded with all the luxuries and appliances befitting the rank and the taste of her noble partner. But these had few charms for her. In the suburbs of the great city she felt imprisoned, though all was bright and splendid around her. Her sprightly spirits failed: she sighed for her native wilds.

Her kind lord became the occupier of a lodge on the borders of the forest. With her forest-home, the spirit and habits of her youth returned. Forgetting the gay world into which she had been introduced, and no longer restrained by forms and habits to which she had unwillingly submitted, she spent whole days in roaming through the woods, re-visiting scenes, the early impressions of which years had not effaced from her memory, and re-acting, in wild caprice, the part of the village-girl. Such conduct could not fail of causing uneasiness, and, not unfrequently, serious alarm to her noble husband. The neighbours tell that, on one occasion, returning from London and finding her absent, he forthwith followed her into the woods, carrying with him some splendid article of dress which, in his fondness, he had brought for her from the great city; and how, upon receiving the gorgeous mantle from his hands, she flung it into the thicket. The significative action seemed to say:—"take back these emblems of worldly distinction, and leave me freedom!" But whatever temporary disagreements these caprices may have occasioned, the fair Agnes, still beautiful and charming, retained

her hold on the regard and esteem of her husband ; and there is no reason to think that she did not feel for him the affection and gratitude to which he was justly intitled.

Years passed away, and the gifted, the accomplished, but eccentric Lord A—— was numbered with his fathers. The greater portion of his income, being dependent on his life, ceased at his death. His property, which was not large, passed to the children of his first marriage ; and for Agnes and her offspring there was very slender provision. After his death, and released from his control, her habits became still more unsettled, and the friends of the children came to the determination of removing them altogether from her guardianship. The sons were placed in situations to qualify them for professional advancement, and the daughter, with a cruel, but perhaps necessary policy, was clandestinely withdrawn, and she never saw her again.

The shock was too severe for the susceptible temperament of Agnes. Her reason failed, and she was placed in an asylum for persons in that melancholy state. Time having partially mitigated her sufferings and her aberrations of intellect, she regained her liberty. We say, partially, for two powerful sentiments still haunted her, clouding her mind and producing hallucinations, from which she has never been entirely free, and which have given the whole tenor of her existence a character, to say the least, of extreme eccentricity. The one was, the natural and empassioned desire for renewed intercourse with her daughter ; the other, a perhaps unfounded apprehension that any attempt to accomplish the great desire of her heart would be followed by her being again placed in confinement. Shrinking then from the probable consequences of a direct avowal of her claims, the wretched mother was in the habit of watching, night after night, at the doors of the mansions where the young and the gay assembled in brilliant circles, for the chance of obtaining even a passing glimpse of her lost child. Lost indeed to her ; for among the lovely forms and blooming features she so eagerly scanned, it was never her fate to be blessed with the sight of those of her she sought.

It may easily be imagined what were her feelings, as she returned to her humble lodging, sick at heart with hopes frustrated, but again to be renewed only to meet with fresh disappointment. With a sense of independence that does her honour, the widowed Agnes has never made the high standing of her deceased lord the ground for claiming eleemosynary aid, but relinquishing all pretensions, and locking her secret in her own bosom, she has cheerfully subsisted on the very moderate annuity reserved for her support ; though with a characteristic improvidence her quarterly allowance speedily dwindled to a low ebb, and with native kindness of heart she is ever ready to share it with objects of her pity scarcely less indigent than herself.

Unsettled in her mind and habits, and above all things prizing her freedom of action, she has formed no fresh ties of home or companionship, but has led an erratic life, moving from place to place on the impulse of the moment. Some part of every year she spends in London, but soon wearying of its confined and crowded streets, she wanders about the country, as the fancy or caprice of the moment inclines. Her greatest pleasure is to revisit the scenes of her youth, and retrace those woodland paths, through which, child of the forest, she roamed at liberty, when her heart was light, and the world gave promise of which she had yet to learn the emptiness, in the sad experience of disappointed hopes and bereaved affections.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

BY LOFTUS BUSHE FOX.

I HAD just returned from Canada, where I had been on service with my regiment, and had left it in consequence of the death of an uncle, who, contrary to my expectations, had named me as his heir. The landed property to which I succeeded was very considerable, and situated in Ireland; to which country I proceeded without any delay, and at the time I speak of, was sitting in the breakfast-room of one of the best houses in Merrion-square, which had been my uncle's, and was now mine, awaiting the arrival of my agent, who was coming up from the country to meet me on important business connected with the estates. Now, though I felt no objection to be the possessor of a fashionable house in town, and of a fine ancestral place in the country, I had a very great objection to the trouble and *bother* which this acquisition of property had entailed upon me; and it was, therefore, in a mood which was, I fear, very far from being either amiable or resigned, that I contemplated the interview with Mr. B——. As a means of getting over the time, and of banishing unpleasant anticipations, I applied myself with unwonted energy to the perusal of the morning's paper, and having read the leading article and fashionable intelligence twice over, without, however, deriving much consolation from what I read, I turned as a last resource to the list of insolvent debtors, when my attention was suddenly riveted by a name there, which was quite familiar to me—"The Rev. William Shelton"—Shelton! and still it could *not* be Bill Shelton; my old *chum* at school and college. His father, General Shelton, was the wealthiest of Indian nabobs, and when I went out to Gibraltar, Shelton was going to be married to that scamp Tom Crofton's sister, and had then no more intention of entering the church than I had. Stranger things, however, have happened; the name, at least, was the same, and "the Reverend" prefixed to it, indicated that the poor fellow, whoever he might be, had seen better days. I determined that I would not leave the matter in any doubt, and starting up from my chair, I was dressed, and on my way to the Marshalsea in less than ten minutes.

I was sure of finding poor Shelton (if, indeed, it were Shelton) at the Marshalsea, for his name was classed amongst those most wretched of its wretched inmates, who, left without a friend or a shilling in the world, are confided as paupers to the custody of the Marshal, and are daily supplied by him with a small allowance of food for their subsistence.

I soon arrived at my destination, and inquired whether Mr. William Shelton was confined there, and if so, whether I could see him. The turnkey who opened the gate replied, that he was still there. "But he is not likely to remain long with us," he added; "he has been very bad all this week, and the doctor says that he cannot hold out for more than two days longer, at the farthest. If you wish to see him, come with me, sir; and, indeed, it will be a charity to do something for him; for never a one has been next or

nigh him since he came here, and he seems *bruck* down entirely, sir, and more 's the pity, for he has the cut of the *rale* gentleman about him after all."

I followed the compassionate gaoler through the dreary corridor of this abode of misery, until he stopped before a door at which he knocked, and a feeble voice, which though sadly altered, I instantly recognised to be Shelton's, desired us to come in. I entered, and the turnkey closed the door, and left us together.

Poor Shelton did not at first recognise me, for the narrow, dust-stained window, threw but little light upon the wretched apartment; but when I spoke, and called him by his name, he stretched out his wasted hand from the miserable pallet upon which he lay, and murmured as I pressed it, "How very kind, how truly kind of you; I did not think I had a friend left."

I could not speak, for I felt so inexpressibly shocked and overcome, that the words of comfort and commiseration which I would fain have uttered, died upon my lips. Even now I cannot bear to recall the scene. Suffice it to say, that under the influence of emotions, such as I had never experienced before, I stood in silence by his side, until he spoke again. He then related to me in feeble accents, which were often interrupted by a harassing and exhausting cough, the details of his hapless career.

"When I last saw you," he said, "I was about to be married to Crofton's sister, Mary. Her father and brother could with difficulty be induced to consent to a connection with the son of a man who had made his own fortune; and though, at length, they did consent, they never after her marriage treated her with the affection which her virtues and devotion so well merited. To me they were but barely civil. After we had been married two years, I received a letter from my father announcing his total ruin in consequence of the failure of his Indian bankers. This catastrophe completed the rupture with my poor Mary's family; but to you, who knew her so well, I need scarcely say that it made no change in her."

He need not have feared that I could for a moment have doubted her; little did he guess how passionately, though hopelessly, I had loved her.

"For some time previous," he continued, "I had entertained a strong desire to enter the church; you may not believe me, but the desire was sincere. My wishes, however, had been so strongly opposed by my father, that it was not until after his death, which took place shortly afterwards, that I was able to carry my intentions into effect. Sir Robert Crofton, when I had been ordained about a year, procured for me the presentation to a small living in the west of Ireland, with the intention, as he plainly intimated, of relieving himself from all further obligations; indeed, considering the extravagant life which both he and his son unfortunately led, I could not have expected any further assistance from him, even if he had been anxious to afford it. A diary which I occasionally kept, and which you will find in that little writing-case beside me (the only property I now possess) will give you some information as to the subsequent events of my cheerless life. But the recollections of the past are so agonising to me, that I dare not dwell upon them now. I would not wish to disturb by vain repinings, the blessed hope which I humbly entertain of being soon for ever reunited to those I loved so fondly here."

“ And Mary ! ” I involuntarily ejaculated.

“ Thanks be to God she is at peace.”

A cold shudder chilled through me as he spoke, and an exclamation of passionate regrets burst from my lips. But he heeded it not. His thoughts were far away, and on his wasted features there rested a fervent, trustful, I had almost said, a heavenly expression, that silently rebuked my selfish sorrow, and, abashed and humbled, I felt like a guilty creature as I stood by the side of the dying man.

He was now quite exhausted, and fell back into an uneasy sort of slumber. And as it now wanted but a few minutes of the hour at which I had appointed to meet Mr. B——, I left poor Shelton under the care of the turnkey, who promised not to leave him until my return, and took my departure with a heavy heart.

On my way home, I called at the house of a relative of mine, an eminent physician, and no less distinguished for his skill and experience as a medical man, than for his humane, gentle, and compassionate disposition ; one whose anxious endeavour it ever was, to soothe and alleviate the mental as well as bodily sufferings of his patients. Nor was I mistaken in supposing that he would promptly accede to my request ; that he would pay an immediate visit to the poor sufferer. “ I will not delay a moment,” he said, in a tone of great feeling, “ but I fear from what you have told me that I can be but of little service to him now.”

His carriage was at the door, and as he stepped into it, I heard him say to the servant, “ To the Marshalsea.” I then returned home, and as Mr. B—— had not arrived, I had time to look at some of the entries in the Diary which I had taken from Shelton’s desk. A few extracts from its melancholy records will be necessary to explain to the reader the causes which had reduced him to the state of destitution in which I found him :—

“ *June 25, 1845.*—Arrived last night at my new parsonage. A comfortable but rather gloomy house, with a few scrubby ill-grown plantations round it, very much neglected. The little lawn in stubble. No vestige of a flower-garden. However, Mary will soon set all that to rights. The last incumbent must have been a man of but little taste.

“ *27th.*—This day went over the parish ; find, as I feared, that I have but few Protestant parishioners, and most of these live at a great distance. Depend chiefly for a congregation upon the police and my own household. The population of this district very dense. The holdings very small. The quantity of potatoes grown here quite unusual.

“ *August 22nd.*—More at home now. Mary has made our little parsonage assume quite a cheerful and home-like aspect. Dined yesterday with Mr. O’Donoghue, the proprietor of the greater part of my parish. A hospitable and friendly man ; very large family, six sons, all doing, and to do nothing, with the exception of one whom they style “ Colonel.” He is intended for the army.

“ *June 25th, 1846.*—To-day is the anniversary of my first arrival in this parish. With what altered feelings do I now regard this place. At first a sense of duty alone reconciled me to the dreariness and loneliness of this most primitive part of the world. Now I am quite habituated to it, and have absolutely become attached to my

little rectory. I know every one in the parish, and am more than compensated for the absence of civilized society, by the friendly kindness, I might almost say, the confiding affection of the small farmers and poor people around us. By one I feel this kindness is most undeserved. But they could not but love my Mary; their earnest, unobtrusive instructress and adviser; their gentle, sympathetic nurse and comforter; their —. But I never could sum up half her matchless qualities.

"*Sept. 3rd.*—A strange rumour abroad. Pat Hennessey, who works in the garden, tells me that his brother, who holds a small farm close by, on examining his pits, discovered that a great portion of the potatoes had rotted away. I pray God this may not prove to be the case with other people, the consequences would be too fearful. Hennessey was always a bad farmer; so, perhaps, the calamity is confined to him.

"*Oct. 28th.*—The accounts of the country on every side are heart-breaking. The blight is universal. We are in God's hands, He alone knows, when or how the plague can be stayed.

"*June 25th, 1847.*—My second year in this place is at an end to-day, and oh, what a retrospect! A fearful winter have we gone through. But it is past; we suffered many privations, and our poorer neighbours still more; but hope has not left us yet; never did the fruits of the earth flourish more luxuriantly. Never had we a more glorious promise of an abundant harvest. All may yet be well—

‘ Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe,
When Nature speaks of joy and hope alone.’

"*Nov. 6th.*—Truly the Destroying Angel has again unsheathed his sword. All is desolation and despair. Hope has forsaken even the stoutest hearts. Saw O'Donoghue to-day; he is very desponding; says that he can collect no rents, and does not know where to get the money to pay the interest on the family incumbrances. Did not like to press him for my rent charge, but cannot do very much longer without it.

June 25th, 1848.—To-day I enter upon a fourth year of duty, which has now become painful and agitating. Once again summer is here, but this time its verdure and brilliancy but mock our misery. Famine and disease have filled every habitation with mourning and despair. O'Donoghue, utterly ruined, has fled the country, and my little income nearly gone in consequence, is still further diminished and almost eaten up by excessive poor rates. The state of destitution to which we are reduced few could imagine to be possible. Almost every little valuable I possessed has been disposed of, and an insurance on my life has been forfeited. Indeed we should have been without the means of subsistence, but for a temporary loan obtained at a most exorbitant rate of interest from that usurer, Hickman. I wish I could have avoided it. But Mary must not starve; she must never know what want is. Even as it is, I fear the misery around her has preyed upon her mind and injured her health—she looks pale, haggard, and dejected.

"*Sept. 20th.*—I am very unhappy about Mary, she is in a most delicate state of health. A letter from her brother which she re-

ceived yesterday, stating that the family estate was in the hands of the Jews, and that he was in the Queen's Bench prison, has given so severe a shock to her system. It is vain for me to try and blind myself to what is coming; she is sinking rapidly, yet without a murmur or complaint. In a few weeks we shall be without the means of subsistence, and must *she* die of want?

"*Oct. 30th.*—She is dead. For her it is well that it should be so, she never knew the utter destitution which now awaits me. I have resigned my living, for I am no longer able to fulfil the duties it imposes upon me. Friendless and broken-hearted, in a few days, I leave for ever this once happy home.

"*April 29th.*—An insolvent debtor, and in gaol. The pittance I endeavoured to obtain as a tutor has failed to satisfy Hickman's claims, and he is merciless. But my release from all my sorrows is, I trust, at hand. Weak and feeble in body, and prostrated in soul, I feel that my sad and weary pilgrimage will soon be at an end. And now, every thought, and hope, and wish, is fixed above."

These extracts will suffice to throw some light upon the painful events of a life of trials and reverses almost unexampled, and to account for the miserable termination of an upright and blameless career.

My agent had now arrived, and I was detained by him until a late hour in the evening, the business with which we were engaged being of so imperative a nature as not to admit of any postponement. As soon as I was able to get away, I sent for a car, and hurried to the Marshalsea, but I arrived too late. "It is all over with the poor fellow, sir," said the kind-hearted turnkey, as he opened the gate, and he spoke in a husky suppressed voice, as if he feared by his usual rough tones to disturb the dead man's eternal repose. As he was speaking Dr. S—— joined us; he had remained with Shelton to the last, and was now going to make some arrangements for the performance of the last sad offices. He informed me that when he arrived he found Shelton in a most excited state, and evidently enduring severe mental suffering. At first, he was unable to control his feelings; tears rolled down his cheeks, and the convulsive manner in which he clasped his hands, as he prayed in feeble, sobbing accents, betrayed the bitter anguish that was within. He at length became more composed, and lay perfectly still and almost motionless, for some time; when suddenly a deep flush overspread his features, he half-raised himself in his bed, and stretching out his arms as if to enfold some dear object near him, faintly murmured, "Mary." This effort was his last; the blood gushed in torrents from between his lips, and he fell back dead. He was faithful to the last. His heart's failing stream bore on it the name of her, who in weal and woe, in prosperity and want, as now in death, had ever been the pure, sole idol of his soul.

I parted with S—— at the gate, and proceeded to the room where lay Shelton's remains. His features had been composed, but the bed was still unarranged, and the coverlid stained with his blood, gave an indescribably ghastly appearance to the wasted features, still damp with the dews of the last mortal agony.

And was this all that remained of him whom fourteen short years ago I first met, a fair-haired laughing child, a spoiled child, an only

child; the heir, as we all supposed, to immense riches; without a care, without a sorrow or a want. Six years had but elapsed since I last parted from him in the first bloom of exulting manhood—flattered, caressed by all; beloved, oh! how well, by one. How brilliant, how radiant, were the sunny hopes that smiled upon his early path; and now——! I turned to the window with sickening revulsion of feeling, and opened it to admit the air, for I felt gasping for breath. The evening was still and calm, and the deadened roar of the great city came booming heavily on my ears; and to my saddened heart, it seemed to tell a mournful tale of young spirits too soon depressed, and opening hopes too early blighted, of fair unfulfilled promises, of beauty stricken in its pride, and manhood in its lustiness. We heed them not, but such sad realities are for ever before our eyes—

“ Still, as we downwards glide,
Life's ebbing stream
Shows at each turn some mouldering hope or joy,
The Man seems following still the Funeral of the Boy.”

Oh! vanity of vanities! and is this the world whose vanishing pleasures we pursue with such blind devotion, on which we recklessly lavish health, fortune, time. Fool, fool! I bitterly muttered, as I thought of many occurrences of my past life. But few years had passed over my head, and those unmarked by care, difficulties, or bereavement. I still trod the highway of life with unabated vigour; but of the fair flowers that once clustered round my path, how many, too carelessly gathered ere they blossomed, or too rudely trampled upon in their bloom, now lay withered, perfumeless, and dead. The remembrances of misspent hours, of neglected opportunities, of love and peace rejected, seemed to crowd upon my fancy like upbraiding spectres, and taunt, and mock at me; and I turned for refuge to the dead man's wretched couch. Yes, to that miserable, squalid, lonely pallet; to that pale, wasted, rigid corpse; for on those features so tried with sorrow, and worn by want, there rested an expression so calm and resigned, so full of joy and love, that the maddening emotions of my heart were stilled; and I gazed on in silence, wonder, and admiration, until as I gazed, a feeling of envy stole upon me. Yes, strong, young, wealthy, I stood in that wretched garret, and *envied* the broken-hearted pauper, who lay there, dead, friendless, and forgotten.

A plain white tablet in Glasnevin Cemetery marks the spot where poor Shelton lies, and thither do I bend my steps, when better feelings have the mastery over me, and purer aspirations fill my mind, and seem to derive strength and resolution, and to acquire piety and resignation, as I stand by the grave of

“ THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.”

A PICTORIAL TOUR TO ST. GEORGE BOSHERVILLE.

BY W. WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES BEYOND RAILWAYS," ETC.

"My dear friend, I have seen everything in Rouen, and I am heartily tired of it!"

"Tired of Rouen! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Tired of a city so celebrated in history; which has such churches, such houses, such wonderful relics of antiquity in every street! a city where Corneille was born, and Joan of Arc burnt! a city which is mentioned by the great Ptolemy as Rotomagus, by the Peutinger Table as Ratumagus, and by Ammianus Marcellinus in the more plural form of Rotomagi! Tired of Rouen, indeed! Pooh, pooh, nonsense! It's a joke, and a very bad one, too!"

The first speaker in the above dialogue was the writer of the present narrative; the second, his travelling companion and friend, Mr. Scumble, an amateur artist of signal ability, whose name the public cannot fail to recognise, when it is stated that he was the painter of that celebrated picture, entitled, "Landscape—sunset," which hung in the last Academy Exhibition but one, at the top of the Miniature Room, near the corner, on the left hand side as you go in. Besides his accomplishments as an artist, Mr. Scumble was an enthusiastic antiquarian: set him down before an old house, or an old church, and he was as happy as a hungry man set down before a good dinner. However, this latter phase of his character has been already sufficiently developed in the dialogue above reported, to which I now beg leave to return, confessing to the reader, as well as to Mr. Scumble, the humiliating truth—I was tired of Rouen!

I was tired of seeing the same toppling, quaint old houses in every part of the town; I was tired of innumerable Gothic churches, every one of which was sure to be under repair somewhere, and to have an ugly scaffolding hiding its beauties at the exact point where you most wished to behold them; I was tired of incessantly passing the birth-place of Corneille, a rickety, rotten building, which we were always sure to walk by accidentally, either going out, or coming home; I was tired of bad smells in the small streets, and of shabby shops in the large; I was tired of meeting, in the dull Boulevards and the mouldering melancholy squares, the same surly Frenchmen over and over again—those grim, barbarian grand-children of the polite people who still live before us, immortal, in the travelling experiences of Lawrence Sterne!

I was tired—doubly tired—of dining at the *table d'hôte* of our inn, where I sat opposite to a gaunt, hungry-looking English governess, who would improve herself by talking bad French to every one about her; where I had for my side companion, a corpulent German, who would comb his beard out smooth, between every one of the courses, from the soup to the dessert.

I was tired, again, of the *restaurant* on the quay, to which we retreated from the hotel. If I looked down the room, I saw nothing but a miserable, lean old woman, who presided over the place, displaying

her tawny neck and shoulders in a blue muslin ball dress, as she sat behind the counter serving out lumps of sugar, tooth-picks, and small change for the after-dinner wants of her customers. Then, if I looked out of the window, I saw nothing but a small plot of dusty ground, planted with dusty trees, up and down which there paced slowly and solemnly a little troop of French officers, all laced in so tight at the waist, that it was a perfect marvel how they managed to walk at all—one fat captain in particular being fast buttoned up and girded in all down his body, until he was black in the face, and looked likely to explode every moment under the excessive compression of his own regimentals! But, enough of the monotony and melancholy of a long stay at Rouen—when I told Mr. Scumble that I was tired of it, I told him the truth, and had good reason for telling it.

Our conversation took place during a sultry evening in August, in the garden of a coffee-house fronting the Seine. This garden was about the length and breadth of the street area of an ordinary London house—it was, in fact, a mere strip of ground reclaimed from the roadway, from which it was only separated by some dwarf palings. The verdure clothing this calm and pleasing retreat was contained in two wooden chests filled with mould, from one of which sprang erect a cedar of Lebanon—an infant cedar, two feet high. From the other arose a creeper, languishing in the last stage of vegetable atrophy. These two plants were constantly watered, clipped, pruned, examined at all possible points, referred to on all possible occasions by the master of the coffee-house, who spoke with more pride of his garden than of anything else in his possession. He pointed out the cedar of Lebanon to us the first time we passed through the dwarf palings and ordered a cup of coffee.

He was an old soldier—a *vieux sabreur*, as he called himself—and had served under Napoleon. He had fought in Italy and Egypt, at Austerlitz and Wagram, and through part of the battles in Spain. And now, after having seen all the carnage, the horror, the glory of war; after having lived through the convulsions of nations, and the wrecks of dynasties, here he was, at the end of his life, occupied in watering a plant or two in a strip of garden, and peaceably keeping a coffee-house in his native town. What contrasts there are in this wonderful existence of ours!—how variously and how often the scenes of strife and peace, of action and repose, can shift backwards and forwards, though the stage that shows them lasts after all but a few short years!

This *vieux sabreur* was a good fellow in his way—confident and hearty in his manners; oratorical and bombastic in his talk; and ready to eulogise his native town, as superior to every other place on the surface of the earth. Finding my accomplished companion, Mr. Scumble, by no means so entertaining as usual on the subject of Rouen, and not feeling particularly interested by his account of the ancient appellations given to the town by Ptolemy and the Peutinger Table, I determined to amuse myself a little with the old soldier, and risk an attack on his local prejudices, by telling him, as I had told Mr. Scumble, that I had seen everything in Rouen, and was heartily tired of it.

“See everything over again!” cried the *vieux sabreur*, setting down his watering-pot with a bang, beneath the cedar of Lebanon—“You can not see too much!—ascend once more the eminence of Mont St. Catherine—look down—*Mille bombes!*” (I translate the veteran literally, except in his oaths)—“*Mille bombes!* what do you behold beneath you?”

you may look on it for ever!—is it Rome? is it Venice? is it Alexandria? is it Jericho?—No! a thousand times, no!—it is better than all! for it is Rouen!”

“Very true,” said I, “but one may find it dull, if one stays too long at Rome, at Venice, at Alexandria, at Jericho—why not even at Rouen, at last?”

“Dull? Never!—Are we brave and gallant men?—if we are, we are never dull,” pursued the *vieux sabreur*, tossing off a glass of his own brandy (he always got eloquent on brandy). “I, on my part, you perceive, my dear sir, have never been dull!—was I dull in Spain, when your dragoons—*Sacré bleu!* they can fight; they are braves, your dragoons!—when your red cavalry laid me on my back, with a pistol-bullet in my leg, a sabre-cut on my side, and two more on my head; even *then*, am I dull, am I low spirited? No! I swear a little to console myself; and I am contented!—they make me swallow drugs—*nom d'une pipe!* such potions!—in the hospital—well! I swear a little more, I console myself a little more, I am still contented! They can't get the bullet out of my leg—I limp—they report me unfit for service—good!—perhaps, I swear at this again—but, *sacré mille tonnerres!* I console myself that I keep my leg—I never find myself dull—and I live; live, worthy sir, to thank your red cavalry for knocking me over; for, but for them, I should have followed the emperor into Russia, and left my carcass in the snow—*Mille bombes!* left it among Cossacks, who drink stinking lamp-oil, and eat their horse-flesh raw!”

“But to return to Rouen,” I resumed, anxious to bring the old soldier back to the subject from which he had slightly wandered. “Is there nothing new still to be seen?—if there were, for instance, a few excursions to be made in the neighbourhood.”

“There are!—*Credité!* there are!” answered the veteran—“I ask myself; I ask all my comrades; I ask the whole world, where are there such excursions as at Rouen? Can anybody tell me?—anybody!” continued the *vieux sabreur*, looking out boldly into the empty air, by way of apostrophising the whole solar system.

“There is St. George Bosherville,” said Mr. Scumble, joining in the conversation for the first time. “Bosherville possesses an old church—very interesting.”

“Good!” interposed the *sabreur*, catching the name. “Good! he speaks well, the friend of this worthy sir, at my side! Now, listen: you rise at five hours and a half, to-morrow morning—you take the boat—you ask to be disembarked down the river, at the road which leads to St. George Bosherville—then, you walk half an hour—three-quarters of an hour—which shall I say? *Mille z'yeux!* which shall I say?—well, you walk—you breakfast at Bosherville—you see all that is most magnificent, most sublime in landscape—you come back in the evening; and thank me, a thousand times thank me, for sending you to St. George Bosherville!”

Though this magic name, Bosherville, sounded to me excessively like the appellation of some sham settlement in an American swamp, I determined to follow the advice of the *vieux sabreur*, if only with the object of discovering a little novelty, and escaping from Rouen for one day at least. Excellent as a travelling companion, as well as an antiquarian, Mr. Scumble avowed his intention of accompanying me—partly for my sake; partly for the sake of the old church. Accordingly, we

saluted the veteran, who shouted fresh directions after us as we left him; packed up our sketching materials; and, rain or sunshine, desired the people at the inn to call us punctually at five the next morning.

I said we packed up *our* sketching materials; and I emphatically repeat it. I was an amateur artist, as well as Mr. Scumble. Though, as a painter, of vastly inferior calibre to that accomplished gentleman, my preparations for sketching were of far greater importance than his. I had with me a painting box (which I shall have occasion to introduce again hereafter), made to strap on to my shoulders, like a knapsack; and stocked with a wonderfully complete assortment of colours, brushes, mill-boards, palette-knives, palettes, oil-bottles, gallipots, and rags. Being of the inferior, or embryo order of artists, I, of course, required a perfect paraphernalia of materials to work with—gentlemen of amateur tendencies generally do. But, with Mr. Scumble, the case was different—to that skilful workman all tools were alike—give that colossal artist a sketch-book and a halfpenny pencil; and, scorning any assistance from India rubber, he could safely defy all competition, ancient or modern. I only introduce these remarks parenthetically, for the sake of properly explaining the epithet which adorns the title of the present narrative: we went to St. George Bosherville fully determined to make masterly sketches of any desirable objects that came in our way; therefore, our tour was essentially a “pictorial tour;” and therefore it is, I think not unreasonably, so entitled here.

Well: we arose at five o'clock in the morning. A large number of highly-respectable persons who get up very early—being, as I am inclined to think, affected with a restlessness of the circulation and a fidgety nervous fibre, which deprives them of the power of lying in bed after sunrise—are accustomed to elevate, or conceal, their infirmity by publishing it to the world as a sort of sanitary regulation. These are the people who prescribe early rising to others—without stopping to inquire about their constitutions and temperaments—as necessary to health and conducive to happiness. Renouncing all argument with persons so misguided, I merely beg to offer them a few facts for consideration. These facts are contained in the following true and carefully-digested statement of the effect of early rising upon the health and happiness of Mr. Scumble and myself, on the morning when we started for our memorable tour.

On being awakened, Nature, in the case of both the sufferers, immediately rebelled against being artificially startled from repose by a knock at the door. A painful disposition was observed in the eyelid to drop again the moment it was raised. The whole physical organisation sank under an uneasy sense of lethargy, and the breathing became slightly stertorous. On bringing the body, by a convulsive effort, into a sitting posture, a disagreeable tendency to immoderate and incessant yawning was immediately developed, which lasted throughout the greater part of the day, in spite of every effort to remedy it. (N. B.—both sufferers had gone to bed early). On stepping out of bed an unpleasant dryness in the mouth, accompanied by a taste of copper, brass, or other metallic substances, as well as by a slight headache, immediately supervened; and, like the tendency to yawning, continued, more or less, throughout the day. (N. B.—neither sufferer had eaten any supper). Lastly, the serenity of temper which peculiarly distinguishes Mr. Scumble and his companion, on all other occasions, was considerably ruffled on this.

They began by differing upon every possible subject of conversation ; and ended by relapsing into sulky silence. One of the enterprising tourists was so completely prostrated, that he cut himself while shaving ; the other was so totally unnerved as to tumble over his own painting-box. Three gallipots were broken, one tube of Prussian blue was burst, in that tightly-packed receptacle, at the moment of the concussion. Such is the true history, diagnostically treated, of the effects of early rising on the health and happiness of Mr. Scumble and his friend.

And now, to return to the narrative. It was a sunny, cloudless morning as we walked to the quay, and found the boat—a clumsy little steamer—just ready to start. We hastened on board, and immediately began to descend the river. I hope the worthy reader will not expect me to give any description of the scenery of the Seine in this place. My time was too fully occupied in yawning, and vainly trying to sit, stand, or lie down (I was not particular which) in a comfortable position, to leave me any opportunity for exercising the faculties of observation. I have a vague impression of passing multitudes of little islands crowded with trees ; of banks sometimes wooded and sometimes rocky ; of a great heat already in the atmosphere overhead : and of a strong smell of half-digested garlic, proceeding from a very orderly dozen or so of peasantry, who were our fellow-passengers. Beyond this, I remember nothing. At the expiration of an hour the engines were stopped opposite a miserable village, numbering some three or four houses—the best starting point, we were told, for St. George Bosherville. A boat, shaped like an exaggerated horse-trough, put off to the steamer ; we landed in it, and started at once for our place of destination, guided only by that simple yet comprehensive direction, “Go straight on !”

By this time we had begun to feel rather more than an agreeably sharp appetite for breakfast. We had set forth in too great a hurry to provide ourselves with anything from the hotel ; and no eatables of any kind—not even a piece of bread—could be obtained on board the steam-boat. We thought little of this, however, when we landed at the village by the river side. We were still innocent of suspicion—we still believed implicitly in the *vieux sabreur*, and the half-hour's walk before breakfasting at Bosherville. Mr. Scumble led the way along the road briskly, and I followed with my inestimable painting-box strapped over my shoulders. We overheard the villagers speculating about us, as we left them on the bank by the river. They decided that Mr. Scumble was a “milord,” and that I was his valet, appointed to carry my noble master's luggage after him in the box at my back.

For full half an hour we walked along shady lanes, thickly fringed on either side by walnut and pear-trees. Occasionally we passed a neat-looking cottage, surrounded by its own little plot of kitchen-garden, but no signs could we discern of a village or an old church. Even in the shade we could feel how hot it must be in the sunshine. The buzzing of insects sounded incessantly over our heads—no breath of air came to us—not a leaf moved on the trees around—the patches of cloudless sky that we now and then discerned, looked blazing hot. We were beginning to feel intensely anxious about breakfast, when an old beggar met us, and from him we determined to seek information. “Here's a *sous* for you,” said I. “Vive l'Angleterre !” answered the gratified and venerable mendicant. “Are we near St. George Bosherville ?” asked Mr. Scumble. “Never heard of such a place in my

life," replied the beggar. From this moment I date our first dread doubts of the veracity of the *vieux sabreur*.

Another half-hour's walking brought us out, more hungry than ever, upon interminable ranges of corn-fields. Here the sun poured down upon us uninterruptedly — I felt that my beloved painting-box was slowly broiling upon my back. No houses were to be seen, far or near — nobody appeared to direct us. I looked round despairingly on Mr. Scumble, who now walked behind me. That cultivated artist and philosophic man appeared to be dividing his time between wiping the moisture from his brow, and breakfasting *gratis* on ears of corn. As my painting-box was not quite "baked to a turn" yet, I followed his example, and, in the absence of manufactured wheat, began to prey vigorously on the raw material. The experiment was a perfect failure. The ears of corn refused to go any lower than my throat—one or two might accidentally descend a little further; but they were sure to be coughed up again immediately afterwards, all right and tight, into their old position. I gave it up, and resigned myself, thenceforth, an unresisting sacrifice to hunger and heat.

At last we met another living creature (I was about to call him a human being, but he was undeserving of the epithet), a dirty, hairy, sinister-looking wretch, mounted on a lean shambling horse—a miscreant of the melo-dramatic order, with a short pipe in his mouth, and pistols at his saddle-bow. In Italy we should have set him down for a bandit, taking a morning ride; but, being in France, we presumed him to be a horse-patrol. "St. George Bosherville?" we exclaimed interrogatively, as he passed. "Go on!" growled the fellow, savagely, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, stopping his horse, or vouchsafing even to look at us. Oh, for one of our "red cavalry," spoken of by the *vieux sabreur*, to lay that patrol on his back! *Nom d'une pipe!* the sight would have been almost as agreeable to us at that moment as the sight of a good breakfast!

We had now been walking from the river-side more than two hours, when suddenly we caught sight of a village—a very little one—but still a village. Oh, joy! oh, ecstasy! oh, welcome fulfilment of the long-deferred hope of the hungry and the hot! But no! Not joy, not ecstasy, not fulfilment of hope—but climax of despair! Misery of miseries, there is no church visible! *Mille bombes*, it is not Bosherville even yet!

A woman comes by as we make the above discovery—an old woman. She is riding on a mule, and (I blush while I write it) rides astride! Modestly averting our eyes, we address our regular form of interrogatory—"St. George Bosherville?"—to this aged Amazon. "Straight on," cries she, and kicks the mule on either side, and passes by, surly and un pitying as the horse-patrol himself.

There is no baker's shop, no inn to be seen in this accursed village. We must still go on, furious and famishing. At this hottest and hungriest part of our tour, I consider it, in every respect, a most fortunate circumstance that we met no children of fleshy appearance and tender years. *If we had!*—but I dare not pursue the subject; let Ghouls, cannibals, and shipwrecked sailors pause over this passage, and reflect. The mere mutton-eating part of the public had better for their own sakes, go on to the next paragraph.

Another half-hour of walking, and we begin to stagger: we can feel

ourselves growing thinner—collapsing altogether, as it were. But look! What appears now, at the very crisis of our sufferings? What building is that, down there, where the ground dips? A church! Gracious powers, *the church!* There *is* such a place as Bosherville, after all! The *vieux sabreur* is a veteran ignorant of distances, a superannuated military humbug; but he has not sent us in search of an utter myth. Breakfast, breakfast! Never mind stopping to look at the church; never mind the old Normans; never mind historical associations; never mind the beauties of nature. Breakfast! breakfast! breakfast!

We pass between two rows of miserable cottages—these must of course be only the suburbs of Bosherville. We meet a second old woman—a decent old woman, evidently incapable of getting astride upon a mule like the first. “Pray, madam, where is the hotel?” “Hotel!” she exclaims, bewildered; “we have got nothing but a public-house.” “No matter; where is the public-house?” “Here, close by; ‘The Piebald Horse,’ kept by the *Veuve Duval*.” And here it is, indeed. Come in, come in. Excellent *Veuve Duval*; glorious sign, “The Piebald Horse.” Something to eat at last; a bit of the piebald horse, himself, if you like; anything will do; oh, *Veuve Duval*, anything will do.

The hostess of “The Piebald Horse” was a corpulent woman; she had evidently never gone without her breakfast as long as we had, in the whole course of her life. She showed us into a long, low-roofed room, containing many chairs and tables ranged in regular rows. Oh, how cool the place looked! how cool it really was, after the scorching road. A ray of sunlight shone in at one window, as if to remind us of the contrast between the atmosphere within doors and the atmosphere without; it touched brightly some dishes ranged against the wall, and a part of the cool brick floor. “Quite an interior of *De Hooge’s*,” cried Mr. Scumble. Even at this supreme moment, the fiercest pangs of hunger failed to dim that poetic painter’s eye for the picturesque.

“Breakfast!” cried I, reckless of art and *De Hooge*. “Cold veal, *piqué?*” suggested that dear *Veuve Duval*. “Yes.” “Omelette?” “Yes.” “Poached eggs?” “Yes.” “Cheese?” “Yes.” “Bread? coffee? radishes? butter? wine? brandy?” “Yes.” “And, of course, you have got your own pocket-knives with you, like other people who come here?” concluded the *Veuve Duval*. This last question was rather puzzling; Mr. Scumble had a penknife in his waistcoat pocket; but could he cut an immense circular loaf of bread, the size, shape and colour of the wooden cover of a “wash-house copper,” with a penknife? Certainly not. I possessed two palette knives in my painting-box; but could I prostitute art by using a palette knife to eat my breakfast with? Never!

Ultimately, the *Veuve Duval* benevolently lent us her late husband’s own particular case-knife, and two immense steel forks from the kitchen. Furnished with these weapons, we began the attack. The cold veal was as solid and heavy a wedge of flesh as I ever remember to have encountered; but it was triumphantly demolished in a few minutes. As for the eggs, the omelette, and the cheese, they were the mere light infantry of the gastronomic forces mustered on the table; and they disappeared yet faster than the veal. Two bottles of wine, two cups of coffee, four glasses of brandy appeared one after another, as auxiliaries

on the field, and, one after another, were utterly annihilated on the spot. Finally, when the assault was over, when everything was destroyed, the generous victors freely consented to pay tribute for the devastation they had committed. The fine politely proposed to them, and as politely accepted, was two *francs*, or one shilling and eightpence each. Thus ended the memorable victory of British teeth over Gallic food, at the sign of "The Piebald Horse," St. George Bosherville.

After the breakfast was over, if I felt an inclination for anything in the world, it was, I think, for an hour or so of profound meditation, in a horizontal position, on one of the unoccupied tables around me. But I was not destined to enjoy any such luxury. No sooner was the animal part of Mr. Scumble duly refreshed, than the intellectual part resumed all its accustomed sway and activity. Again the enthusiasm of antiquarian research, the fire of pictorial ambition, burned within that capacious bosom, as my friend arose, and declared that it was now full time to examine the old church, and to sketch the beauties of Nature in all directions, wherever we could find them. Vainly did I plead for a half hour of delay. Mr. Scumble talked me down instantly with the old Normans and Gothic architecture, and exultingly ended his oration by pointing to my painting-box, and asking me whether I had carried it all the way to Bosherville for nothing?—And if not, then what had I brought it for? What, indeed! For my sins, I believe!—for my penance; for my inveterate incubus wherever I go. Why, ah! why, could not I be content with a sketch-book and a pencil? Why must I needs drag about with me this load of mahogany wood, this burden of strong-smelling paint, this absurd posse of materials complete enough to serve for a full-length portrait, or a life-size picture of the highest possible Art? I have committed one of those deplorable errors which may be most acutely felt as perfectly irremediable, on a hot day and after a heavy breakfast. Truly, and from my heart, can I now say it:—In an evil hour, oh, box, did I bring thee from London to the land of the Gaul!

But there was no resisting the reasoning of my friend. There lay the sun-baked box to confirm it, mutely eloquent, and not quite cold yet. Once more, therefore, did I strap on my burden, and sleepily follow at Mr. Scumble's heels.

When we got to the church—I believe it was a very old one; but I really know nothing about it—the door was locked. I sat down on the steps, and quietly went to sleep, while Mr. Scumble knocked, peeped through the key-hole, and walked round and round the building with a remarkable perseverance, which produced no effect whatever. I was aroused from my slumbers by hearing one of the villagers inform my friend that the beadle, who kept the keys, had carried them off in his pocket, and gone to work in the fields. To what particular point in the compass we ought to direct our steps in order to find this agricultural official of the church, the villager did not know. All he could say was, that the beadle sometimes came home to dinner at two o'clock; and that we had better apply to him, at that hour, in a little cottage situated just opposite to us. If we wanted to see the church, this was the only conceivable chance we had of getting inside of it.

Under these circumstances, I proposed to Mr. Scumble—as the best means of ensuring a meeting with the beadle—to leave me asleep on the church steps. I should thus be certain of attracting his attention

officially, whenever he passed me, whether early or late, on his way home to dinner. Having some small change ready in my pocket, I was perfectly willing to risk being apprehended as a sacrilegious foreign vagrant, for the sake of the facility which my plan offered for seeing the beadle, come home whenever he might; and informing him that *Monsieur Scumble, artiste et antiquaire Anglais, &c. &c.*, wanted the keys of the church. My friend, however, generously refused to allow me to sacrifice myself; and, saying that we could easily return to the beadle's cottage at two o'clock, proposed that we should ascend to a pine wood cresting a hill that rose behind the church—a shady place, where we might sketch trees and digest our breakfast in perfect contentment and tranquillity.

Away we went, up a road that led over some fields to the hill. Perhaps it was the breakfast; perhaps it was the exposed situation of the ground on which we were walking; perhaps the sun happened to be exactly vertical at that precise moment—but, whatever it was, we felt hotter than ever. By the time we had got half way to the wood, we were fain to take shelter under the mere atom of ragged shade supplied by a small and solitary apple-tree, standing in the middle of a parched, naked field. We tried the fruit—it was bitter as gall, dry as captains' biscuits.—We looked around us—where was the sublime landscape so much vaunted by the deceitful *vieux sabreur*? The old church was below us, white, bare, and insufferably glaring in the fierce sunlight; it looked little better than an old barn, with a steeple attached. The country around was nicely cultivated; and the distant view was comfortably closed in by trees and meadows. It was just that sort of scene which you pronounce “pretty,” as you drive through it; and which has no claims to your remembrance five minutes afterwards. Such was the place that we had starved and wearied ourselves to come and see! Day of disasters! what worse calamities and disappointments can you yet have in store for us? Bosherville, aptly-named Bosherville! have you nothing to offer to your deluded tourists but this?

We made but a short halt of it under the apple-tree. About ten minutes of the most uncomfortable repose possible, in that exposed situation, sufficed to re-animate us in our resolution to reach the pine wood on the top of the hill. Considering the intenseness of the heat, and the season of the year, our topic of conversation as we once more traced our way over the bare, scorched ground, was an alarmingly appropriate one—it was hydrophobia! Mr. Scumble was disastrously eloquent upon this subject; he quoted various “cases,” one more fearful than another; he harangued upon them in all their bearings, with a grim, solemn enjoyment of his own horrors, which it was truly edifying to behold—he was just launching into a furious diatribe against the whole canine species, when the words were suspended on his lips by a growl; a captious, dissenting, ferocious growl, close at his heels! He looked round; and there was a dog behind him!—a dog that had supernaturally stolen upon his security, avengingly marked out the calves of his legs for immediate sacrifice, exactly at the moment when he was advocating the annihilation of the whole dog species! To this day, I cannot believe that animal; that hideous, mangy, overgrown, blear-eyed cur, to have been mortal! His master—if he had a master—never appeared in sight; where he had come from; how he had managed to get close up to us, on a perfectly open road, without betray-

ing his whereabouts, it was impossible to tell. There he still stood, as we now faced him, coolly waiting his opportunity for a "bite," the living realisation of the subject of our talk—hydrophobia in his moist, fiery eyes; hydrophobia in his bared teeth and yawning jaws! hydrophobia in his stealthy, noiseless, cat-like tread! We went on, keeping a sharp look-out upon him; and he followed, keeping as sharp a look-out upon us—when we stopped, he stopped—when we spoke, he growled immediately, as if he longed to get hold of our very voices in some tangible shape, and worry them. He followed us in this way—just as the spectre-poodle followed Faust—to the very edge of the wood; watched us intently while we broke off for his especial benefit two of the thickest sticks we could find; uttered a long, low, dreary howl of mortification as we got them free to use; and then walked softly and slowly back again, along the road by which he had come. Of all the "running commentaries on a text" that I ever heard of, that portentous animal—as the running commentary on Mr. Scumble's dissertation upon hydrophobia—was the most remarkable and the most complete!

Our supernatural adventure with the dog thus brought to a happy termination, we had leisure to look around us in the wood. Part of it was overgrown with thick brambles and bushes; part, was delightfully covered with the softest and thickest moss, from which the stalwart young pines sprang up together in crowds. In this latter direction we turned our steps, and soon came to a halt. How grateful was the shade in these dim, quiet recesses of the wood!—how soft the natural bed which the mossy ground offered everywhere to our limbs! We thought on "As You Like It," and the Forest of Arden—on the complainings of the melancholy Jacques; on the philosophy of the exiled Duke; on all that gives to scenery and figures their endless and bewitching charm, in that loveliest pastoral picture which Shakspeare ever drew!

For some time we lay thus musing quietly in our comfortable retreat. If we had not been pursued by a fatality on that disastrous day, we should have wisely remained idling in the wood until the cool of the evening; and then have found our way back to Rouen as pleasantly as we could. But it was not thus written! My eye suddenly fell upon the unlucky painting-box, as it lay at my side. I felt that I must make a sketch, or cover myself with ignominy as an artist and a man! I had, more or less, sweated under that box since five o'clock in the morning—to take it back again without once having made use of it, was too ridiculous! Rousing myself, accordingly, from my sylvan day-dreams, I unpacked my materials, prepared my palette, seized my brushes and my bit of mill-board, and began to work resolutely and in a mighty hurry. A peep of distant country was just visible through the rows of pine stems—I was not particular—I had vowed to make a sketch, no matter what—so I sketched the pine stems and the distant country.

While I pursued my occupation, not one audible word dropped from the generally eloquent lips of Mr. Scumble, who now happened to be placed immediately behind me. At first, I attributed this to the practical check administered to that distinguished man, by our enemy the dog, during the discussion on hydrophobia; but, on turning round to assure myself of the truth, I discovered my friend extended flat on his back, and fast asleep already—with his drawing-book and pencil lying idle by his side. Easy

style of sketching from Nature that, Mr. Scumble! Quite a new and improved method for young beginners! Nice example, sir, of industry and enterprise to set to the humble individual whom you upbraided for inactivity in the parlour of the "Piebald Horse!" Oh, weak and faltering human nature, who shall number thy inconsistencies! Oh, genius, heaven-born genius, where is the moral apothecary who shall purge thee of all thy frailties!

I felt my own superiority, as I turned from the humiliating spectacle behind me, and resumed my work with redoubled ardour. I by no means, however, succeeded to my satisfaction—but what artist ever did? I ask it boldly, and defy contradiction from all the schools in Europe—what artist ever did succeed to his satisfaction, when he was sketching from Nature in oils? What is the whole process, but toil and vexation of spirit, difficulty and disappointment from beginning to end? For example; you want to take your view from a particular point—very good! place yourself at that point; and you are sure to find the sun shining *slap*—(I feel strongly on this subject, and must express myself in Anglo-Saxon)—I repeat it, therefore, shining *slap* in your eyes! Move away; give up; go into the shade; and, in the first place you always find yourself opposite the worst view of the subject you want to paint. Go on, nevertheless; and more trials are in store for you. If there is any moveable object in the scene—an old cart, let us say—the owner is sure to want to take it away by the time you have just sketched it in. Then, if the effect of light is sunny when you begin, clouds are certain to change it for you altogether, before you have half done. Then, every insect that can fly is sure to commit suicide on the oily surface of your picture—every vagrant morsel of dust is caught by it, as if by magnetic attraction—cattle will come all across a field to gather sociably round you, and poke down your easel. Pshaw! if it were my business, I could write treatises, volumes, libraries-full of books upon the antagonism of Nature and Art, viewed in this way! What are critics and writers on painting about? What are Academies and Lecturers about? Why don't they give us instructions how to act, under emergencies such as those I have hinted at above? Why don't the "potent, grave, and reverend signors" of the brush instruct "us youth" how to bear these trials; how to overcome them; how to get gnats, for instance, off a wet picture; or how to paint them into the picture, and make it look like "fine execution," if they cannot really be got off? Does the President of the Royal Academy want a good subject for his next address to the students? If he does, I make him a present of the subject of this paragraph; and shall feel honoured by receiving in return a printed copy of his composition, *gratis*, of course, and carriage paid.

Subject to most of the above-mentioned disadvantages of sketching from Nature, I nevertheless continued to paint with unflagging resolution. I added beauties; I corrected errors, until at last I succeeded in persuading myself—upon very sufficient grounds, as I am still disposed to think—that I had remedied my first deficiencies, and produced a work of the purest and most correct order of landscape art. At this stage of my proceedings—when I saw my mimic pine-trees palpably growing in beauty, my glimpses of horizon bathing themselves every minute in a more and more translucent atmosphere, under the application of the creative brush—I placed my sketch, in a slanting position, against the

stem of a neighbouring tree ; and retired to examine its effect artistically from a distance. This important action, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is only to be properly accomplished by letting the head fall a little on one side ; slightly frowning ; partially closing the eyes ; and slowly covering one object after another in your picture from sight, with the first two fingers of either hand. I have known some eminent painters who hum, whistle, sigh, or suck their teeth, while in this position of critical inspection—physical exertions, all or each of them, which have an excellent effect, especially when any uninitiated spectators happen to be by ; but which are to be only considered as purely optional, as slight additional graces, or ornaments, of no vital necessity to the proper process of taking a distant view of a work of art.

I remained for some time absorbed in the remote contemplation of my performance. When I at length returned to it—oh, fatal interval of easy approval and calm intellectual enjoyment!—what did I behold? A catastrophe perhaps unprecedented in the annals of Art—my sketch from Nature was covered with ants! I had unconsciously placed it for free exhibition before a nest of those industrious and inquisitive insects—and there they were insanelly struggling upon it, by dozens ; sticking in agonies on the tops of my pine-trees ; drawing black dots with their dying bodies all over my glimpses of sunny horizon. Strange as it may appear, I neither raved, groaned, invoked curses, nor tore my hair. I felt that this last calamity only added one more link to the intricate chain of failures in which fate had entangled our actions from the beginning of the day—the tour to Bosherville was evidently destined to be a complete and consistent succession of disasters from beginning to end. As I reflected on the subject in this light, a dreary comfort, a gloomy sense of satisfaction became awakened within me ; and I calmly set to work to dispose of my spoilt picture thus :—

After carefully cleaning and putting away my painting materials, I cut up from the ground, with my palette knife, a piece of moss the exact size of my sketch—which appeared by this time to be, as it were, *peppered* all over with ants. I then mournfully placed my work in the receptacle, or grave, which I had formed for it, and covered it over tight with the piece of moss. No tablet marks the spot—no epitaph arrests the passing stranger—the offspring of my genius lies buried in dread secrecy ; buried by its bereaved parent in a foreign land! Sneer not, inartistic reader—smile not, general public! You who would lightly say :—he was a fool for his pains ; he had better have thrown his sketch away at once, or wiped it out and kept the mill-board for another time!—pause in modest doubt, in reverent silence—you know not how sacred is the work to the worker—you cannot feel the sweet and soothing charm of such funeral obsequies as I here describe! And you, sympathising souls, select and sentimental few who long to drop a tear over the grave of the Bosherville landscape, accept my heart-felt thanks ; and comfort yourselves, I beseech you, with the consolatory reflection which, even at this distance of time, still comforts me under my loss : I have firmly imbedded a work of British art in the soil of France ; let Revolutions root up that sacred deposit of native English talent, if they can!

Just as the performance of the funeral was over, Mr. Scumble awoke, looking very dreamy and bilious, and complaining of a violent headache. He attributed this, generally to the breakfast, and particularly to the *Veuve Duval's* wine, which he took leave to consider the very reverse

of "a genuine article:" and I think he was right. Here was another disaster! Even our breakfast was no exception to the general rule of calamity—innocently seeking to refresh exhausted Nature, we were fated to batten on adulteration, and inherit indigestion for the remainder of the day. Well, well!—patience even yet! Still scornfully enduring the decrees of adverse fate, let us leave the wood and get back to the old church. But what time is it? Past three o'clock; and we are more than half an hour's walk from the beadle's cottage, where we ought to have arrived at two! Art has fatally beguiled one of us, and sleep the other! Good!—this last blow comes not unexpected—when everything else has deceived us, what man with a grain of philosophy can wonder that Time should turn Humbug too?

However, although we happen to be about an hour and a half too late, we will nevertheless leave the wood—the dark cemetery where my sketch lies interred amid the congenial charms of Nature—and go to the beadle's cottage. All human chances and changes are now alike unimportant to us, at St. George Bosherville—we will revisit the old church, as a matter of form; careless whether its door gives us entrance or not.

By the time we arrive at the cottage, it is four o'clock. We knock, but vainly: nobody is at home; the beadle has either never left his native fields, or has gone back to them after dinner. The beadle's kittens, three in number, spring out playfully upon us from a small hole in the beadle's door, and inhospitably fix their teeth and claws in the ends of our trousers: no other living creature appears. We walk back to the church—it is locked up still; and our last chance of any luck at Bosherville has gone. We peep through an open door in a wall at one side of the building; and behold the deserted garden of what was once a convent. It is a calm, cool, solitary place; with mouldering stone buildings running round three sides of it, and a deep well in the midst, overshadowed by olive trees. There is no sunlight, no sound, here; ages seemed to have passed since those cracked pavements and weedy walks have been trodden by human feet; the active world, ever changing, ever going on, all around, seems to have decayed and died on the rotten wooden threshold where we stand. Let us close the door, and depart. We are in no humour now for the mournful associations and the solitary worn-out places of the earth—we are, for the present, bilious and disappointed men, only fit, if we must moralise upon any subject, to moralise on ourselves.

There is now but one thing more to be done; and that is, to atone for the error we have committed in coming to Bosherville at all, by ascertaining the best means of getting back immediately to Rouen. For this purpose, it is necessary to return to that unprincipled vendor of adulterated wines, the *Veuve Duval*. Let us once again, therefore, seek the parlour of the "Piebald Horse."

Our hostess's information, when we applied to her, was of a somewhat indefinite and discouraging nature. The nearest road from Bosherville to Rouen was, she believed, more than four hours' walk; there were no carriages for hire, in the place; there was a public conveyance which occasionally passed through it in the afternoons, but not on stated days; in fact, the starting of this very independent and irregular vehicle was chiefly determined by the number of passengers who wanted to go by it. If they mustered numerously, the "conductor" gave the word

to depart—if not, he waited for a proper accumulation until the next day. “And suppose you wait now,” said the *Veuve Duval*, in conclusion, “and take your chance that our little *diligence* will pass to-day; it may come by in an hour or so; and it is your only chance, that I know of, for riding back to Rouen.”

Although we felt firmly persuaded that this last miserable “chance” of all would fail us, like the rest of our chances at St. George Bosherville, we took the advice of our hostess as readily, though not quite as confidently, as we had taken her wine. We lay down in a sort of indolent despair, to watch for the “little *diligence*” on a small patch of turf in front of the inn. The *Veuve Duval* reposed elegantly behind us, in a large arm-chair placed in her doorway—the *Veuve Duval*'s flock of poultry congregated about our prostrate forms—and the *Veuve Duval*'s small grandson, who had grilled one side of his infant-countenance by innocently falling into the fire, sat down upon my extended legs, and from that respectable position surveyed with lively curiosity the aspect of affairs in general. Afternoon was changing into evening; long shadows of trees behind us fell over the green; the atmosphere was exquisitely mellow and transparent; altogether we formed, with our surrounding scenery, what I consider was a charming little pastoral picture. Let some of my esteemed brother-artists who are in want of a good subject, take this. If they can only make the *Veuve Duval* fat enough, and young master *Duval* scorched enough on one side of his face, and dirty enough on the other—if they can but justly delineate the symmetrical figures and handsome, though somewhat despondent, features of the reclining tourists of Bosherville—why, then, let them feel assured of painting a picture which will be the glory of the British School, and the coveted object of purchase to the British Patron.

Time passed; but the public conveyance did not. At length, we heard a prodigious noise of rolling-wheels and jingling-bells; and a mighty, over-laden, over-filled *diligence*, thundered by us, as fast as six horses driven at a hand-gallop could draw it. Reckless of the crowded state of this vehicle, outside and in, I hailed it with the English “Hoi!” Mr. Scumble, with more presence of mind, shouted “*Arretex!*” in his most Parisian accent. Neither appeal produced the smallest effect; the *diligence* flew by furiously, and left us still quietly domesticated among the poultry on the green. When all noise had quite died away, the *Veuve Duval* oracularly informed us from her arm-chair, that the public conveyance we had just beheld was going from, instead of to, Rouen. No matter! If that *diligence* had been running straight on to Crim Tartary, we should have taken places, if it had stopped, for the sake of getting away from St. George Bosherville!

What was to be done? it was evening already. Were we to blister our feet by walking all the way back to Rouen? Or, were we to sleep at the “Piebald Horse,” and suffer from the vermin of the inn, as we had already suffered from the wine?—Impossible! We were still at the crisis of our doubt and despondency, when an idea, an inestimably practical idea, struck me. I advanced to the arm-chair of the *Veuve Duval*—I had previously asked her for a carriage: I now lowered my tone and submissively petitioned for a cart.

If carts had been scarce, I was prepared to offer a liberal reward for two wheelbarrows, and two strong men to wheel them. We were, however, spared the ignominy of entering the city of Rouen in wheelbarrows:

the *Veuve Duval* recollected one neighbour who had a cart, and another who had an old mare, which he would be delighted to drive for a pecuniary consideration. This was very soon agreed on; the cart was procured; the mare was harnessed; the driver smartly cracked his whip—joyful sights, joyful sounds! we shall get away from the “Piebald Horse” after all!

At first, I had considerable difficulty in inducing Mr. Scumble—who had a strong feeling for propriety, and a great regard for appearances—to enter the vehicle which my ingenuity had provided. Both cart and mare were very old—the first was without springs: the second without eyesight. A board stretched across the cart, and swinging loose from the sides by leathern thongs, was the seat provided for us. As for our coachman, his “box” was an old wooden chair, placed in the cart through the kind attention of the *Veuve Duval* herself. The mare’s reins were artfully compounded of leather and rope; and she was finely ornamented about the head and neck with rows of bells and tufts of scarlet worsted. I am not disposed to contend that our equipage was elegant; perhaps, it was vulgar—decidedly low. But it was picturesque; and therefore lovely to the artist’s eye—it offered a seat: could the wearied philosopher require more?

By some such arguments as these I succeeded in prevailing on Mr. Scumble to enter the cart. Our driver, a cheerful, sunburnt fellow, placed himself on his chair in front, shouting to the old mare certain cabalistic syllables, which sounded like, “Eh! hopp, hopp! yopp, yopp, ye-e-ee!” and we started at a jog-trot. It was the first sweet triumph of our disastrous day; we turned our backs at last upon St. George Bosherville.

Nothing, I apprehend, but the consciousness that we were escaping from the scene of our many discomfitures, could have enabled us to sustain, as we did, the intense misery of riding in our cart. The jolting and jiggling never ceased for a moment, even in the smoothest part of the road. If Mr. Scumble and I forgot to keep tight hold of our respective sides of the cart, some preternaturally concentric action was sure to rattle us slowly across our wide seat, and then closely jam us together, bobbing and jerking simultaneously, and rasping each other’s shoulders, as if we had been fastened together like the Siamese twins. As for our worthy coachman, his wooden chair being left unconfined, travelled of its own accord backwards and forwards, over the whole area of the front portion of the cart. But no changes of position, however undignified and extraordinary, affected the imperturbable good humour of that heartiest of French peasants. There he sat before us, bobbing up and down on his locomotive chair, until it made one giddy to look at his back. His blouse, filled by the evening air, was so inflated all round him, that he looked like a human balloon. He never ceased talking the whole way—sometimes to me, sometimes to my companion, sometimes to the old mare, sometimes to himself. He told us his own history, the history of the *Veuve Duval*, the history of the cart, the history of the mare; he expatiated on the harvest, on the scenery, on the weather; and he never wanted more encouragement to go on than such small answers as an occasional “Yes,” or “No” supplied. This taciturnity on our parts arose from no ill-feeling whatever; the fact is, the cart so jerked and tossed us about, that our teeth chattered as if with extreme cold, and we entertained the liveliest apprehensions

of inadvertently biting our own tongues off, every time we ventured to speak.

The moon had risen, and was shining calmly on the waters of the Seine, as we arrived at length at the outskirts of Rouen. Here Mr. Scumble stopped the cart, and insisted on walking the short remainder of our way back. My own wish was to drive boldly into the courtyard of the hotel, and exhibit to all the citizens (including the *vieux sabreur*) the best conveyance that Bosherville could provide. But I respected my friend's prejudices, and, aching in every joint, walked back with him to the inn.

What a day we had passed! What a subject we afforded for a new poem on the vanity of human wishes! Our brightest hopes of the morning had ended in famine, indigestion, fatigue; in failing to make the sketches we wanted to make, and to see the church we had expressly set forth to examine. But for all that, did we return disheartened?—did we grumble and moralise to each other about our accidents and misadventures? No! I am proud to say, we did better; we laughed over our disasters, as I have tried to laugh over them here. We ordered a famous supper, and a steaming bowl of punch; we warmed our hearts with conviviality until we bore not the slightest particle of malice to anybody in the whole world (not even the *vieux sabreur* himself, the prime cause of all our trials); and finally, we wisely determined to avoid the temptation to make any more excursions at Rouen, by going on to Paris the next day.

The morning comes, and we hold to our last night's resolution over the bowl of punch. A comfortable little open carriage waits us at the door—we fling our carpet-bags into it, and drive off to the railway-station. On our road we pass the coffee-house of the *vieux sabreur*. We observe him in his garden, watering the cedar of Lebanon just as usual. He hears us approach, sees our luggage, and drops his watering-pot in astonishment at our sudden departure. We wave our hands to him in token of a last derisive farewell. He is too bewildered to speak at that moment. It is only when we have driven by, that we can just hear him shouting to his wife inside the coffee-house:—

“*Mille bombes!* the Englishmen are leaving us! They cannot have seen St. George Bosherville!”

"OLD TIMES."

BY CAPTAIN BLUE ANCHOR, R.N.

WHEN H.M. ships of the Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Sir Edward Pellew, used to repair for the winter months to the Island of Minorca, there were often assembled from twenty to thirty sail of the line. The harbour of Port Mahon is one of the finest in the world, and the town as execrable. Various were the means adopted by the large assemblage of naval officers to relieve the *ennui* of the place. Among others the *montée* tables, a species of amusement similar to the too well known game of *rouge et noir*. Here were to be found Spaniards and English risking their doubloons or quarter dollars as their fancies or finances permitted, against the exhausting chances, or, more properly speaking, certainties of the table. It having been allowed that "time was made for slaves" who work, so these recreative dens were open at all hours of the day and night for those who chose to play. It was a pastime for which I had no great partiality, but acknowledge that at times I mingled with the throng.

One day, inclination leading me to stroll through the town, I entered the principal church. It is an edifice of cathedral form, but with no pretension to architectival beauty. The only object worthy of note is the organ, which I believe is the third largest in Europe, and occupying one entire side of the Church.

The intercourse of the Minorcian organist with British composers or their compositions must in those days have been extremely limited; for, either in compliment to the English officers who might be present, or as a display of musical talent, after the religious service was completed, he would strike up "Nancy Dawson," "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," and many other equally appropriate airs. I had not long entered the church on this occasion when I observed two females kneeling before the effigy of one of the 365 saints, some adorned with silver skewers sticking into them and other offerings of devotees, which occupied the numerous niches in the walls. One of the ladies was elderly, and not possessed of any very attractive charms; the other was the reverse in both points.

The description of a handsome Spanish woman has been so often "done into English" by those who have, and by those who have not, seen one, that I shall decline the repetition. They seemed to pay not the slightest attention to "Drops of Brandy," which was just beginning to stream forth from the magnificent instrument. Apparently having performed their orisons, they rose to take their departure. As the *spirited* air then playing possessed no novelty in my estimation, I thought proper to leave the church at the same moment. The assurance (some persons might designate it impudence) of midshipmen in "old times" was proverbial, especially after they had arrived at the years of discretion; it may, therefore, naturally be presumed that I was not long in introducing myself to the two ladies. Speaking but very indifferent Spanish, I was happy to discover that the younger one understood and spoke French. I was fortunate enough to succeed in gaining the favour-

able notice of both. I accompanied them home, about half a mile on the road to George Town, and it will by no means appear singular when I state that I became a constant—nearly daily—visitor.

I might be considered a great favourite with the old signora, at least as much as any *heretic* could be. As to Donna Angelina, her daughter, not having attempted any rhapsody on her beauty, I shall not dwell upon the impression I may perchance have made upon her. Of their history I could gather but little, or by what means they lived; apparently it was in affluence. They were not natives of Minorca, but of Barcelona; why or for what purpose they had come to the island was a mystery. My visits were frequently prolonged until nigh midnight, and I must acknowledge that I had been cautioned of the probability, that some morning I might be found among the missing.

It was about eight o'clock one evening, when there occurred a heavy storm of thunder, accompanied by extremely vivid lightning; the old lady became greatly alarmed, and soon went on her knees to prayers. Angelina followed her mamma's example, and having early imbibed the principle of *its* superiority over precept, I could not resist kneeling by the side of her. The calendar of saints appeared to be inexhaustible; they were invoked in a variety of tones of voice by the old signora, raising it to a higher pitch when addressing those whom she considered more powerful than the minors: then came occasional "Ave Marias," accompanied by a rapid enumeration of beads. Every fresh burst of the elements seemed to give increased impulse to her devotions, and I think at times, when the electric flash would illuminate the apartment, for we were otherwise in darkness, I could hear her mutter something allusive to the "cursed heretic" under the roof: this might be fancy, but it had a strong impress of truth about it. As to myself, I cared not if the storm had lasted for a week. I believe I may have placed my arm round Angelina's waist, but it was, as may be inferred, solely to support her in her excessive fright, for she, poor creature, gathered terror from her mamma. At length, as if exhausted by her continued supplication to her friends, the saints, the old lady proposed to send for Father Dominic, who lived not far distant. I have no doubt she thought the presence of the holy man would counteract the effect of my being in the house, that he would serve as a sort of non-conductor to the lightning, but not a servant was to be found. I am sure that I had no wish for Father D.'s company, so we all continued in the same position for half an hour longer.

Suddenly, as if the storm was about to exhaust itself by one mighty effort, the room was filled with the blaze of a most resplendent flash, and then followed a terrific crashing peal, shaking the house like the discharge of a twenty-four pounder loaded with percussion powder. The signora fainted and fell on the floor, but as she was kneeling at the time it was merely a change of attitude, and it would have been folly to have disturbed her. I cannot say whether Angelina also fainted, but she fell into my arms, and she might have remained in that interesting situation until the morning, but shortly afterwards the door was opened by a servant bearing a lamp, and introducing a gentleman muffled to the nose in a cloak. Both the domestic and the visitor seemed to regard the *tableau vivant* with astonishment. I was not at all disconcerted at the prominent situation that I must have displayed in the group; the only annoy-

ance that I felt was the interruption to the harmony of the arrangement. At first I thought it must be Father Dominic, but as he approached closer I discovered it to be a man of whom I had some knowledge,—Don Mosceno. I had seen him occasionally at one of the *montée* tables, and of which he appeared to be the proprietor. He saluted me very courteously, and the storm having abated the ladies were soon restored to a sense of consciousness, the elder one only requiring a liqueur glass of *eau-de-vie*.

Don Mosceno was about thirty, a short thick-set fellow of most villainous aspect. I had no idea, until that moment, that he was acquainted with my female friends. His stay was short: after speaking, in an under tone, for a few minutes with the signiora, and again saluting me most obsequiously, he took his departure.

As the night had cleared up I prepared to do the same thing. I had my sword with me, it was true, but the “regulation” ones of “old times,” as weapons of defence, were little better than toasting-forks—rather more ornamental than useful—consequently I had latterly carried a small *bull-dog*, which I knew, when he barked, would take effect at eight or ten paces. I took it from my pocket, and raising the pan to see if the priming was in its place, I fancied that I observed Angelina shudder, but thinking that it might arise from her dread of fire-arms, her agitation hardly occupied a second thought.

I made my adieus to the old signiora, and descended into the hall, followed by her daughter. On arriving at the foot of the stairs she stopped and motioned me with her hand to remain silent; she then left me for a few seconds. On her return she took off my cocked hat, and flattening it, put it under my arm, placing on my head a broad-brimmed and conical high-crowned beaver, then throwing over my shoulders a black cloak as capacious as a main-top-sail, transformed me into a very respectable looking bravo. The whole affair did not occupy more than a minute, and as she accompanied me to the door, I must plead guilty of taking a parting salute.

I was quite certain that some mischief was *afoot*, and that my pretty Spaniard was endeavouring to keep me clear of the *shoals*. The evening was beautifully serene after the discharge of the heavy artillery, and knowing the danger of hugging the coast too much, I took the centre of the road, keeping a sharp look-out both a-head and on the quarters. I had not proceeded more than a hundred yards from the house when I observed the figure of a man apparently coming towards me. I recognised the Don instantly; but my disguise was evidently most complete, for we passed within a yard of each other without notice. In less than a minute afterwards a female, whom I was convinced was Angelina, also met and rapidly passed me in silence. How she had got in advance of me was a puzzle, and whether it were mine or Don Mosceno's steps that she was tracking seemed equally mysterious.

Byron had not then sung—

“ Up rose the yellow moon ;”

nor had he informed us that it was the occasional residence of his satanic majesty; however, at this moment she burst through the clouds most gloriously. I looked behind me, but could see no one, and I was half inclined to turn and fathom the meaning of this “backing and filling.” I had not the slightest apprehension that the

Don would come to harm, but I was not quite so certain with respect to Angelina. A sudden curve in the road now entirely hid from view the ground I had passed over; I therefore leisurely continued my walk, considering that whatever scheme had been contemplated with regard to myself, had at least been frustrated by some means.

It would be extremely vulgar in these days, but was not thought so in "in old times," to sing—

"There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,"

and I was about to make the attempt, by way of enlivening myself, as well as my friendly companion, the moon, when, by some disarrangement, the hook of my sword-belt either became unfastened or broke, and my side-arms fell to the ground, causing a trifling noise. I had scarcely unfurled my *roquelare*, and was in the act of regaining them with my left hand, the other being occupied in sustaining my diminutive piece of ordnance, when a shadow, thanks to the glorious luminary, darkened the spot where I was stooping: raising my eyes, I beheld Don Mosceno within a yard of me, his arm upraised, and the moon beams glistening on the blade of a tolerably sized stiletto, very much resembling a pork-butcher's *couteau*. I had no time to ask him what he was going to do with it, or I might perchance have been so inquisitive; but, *par accident* only, my finger slightly came in contact with the trigger, and I was compelled to give him (what Professor Bachoffner would designate) a practical lecture on Chemistry—"exhibiting the effect of nitre and sulphur in combination with carbon"—some persons prefer the smell of powder to that of a pastile. The Don staggered back a few paces, and then quietly became recumbent. Knowing from experience, that the sudden introduction of metallic matter into the system generally creates extreme chillness, I threw to him my cloak, and after it my chimney-pot *chapeau*, being satisfied, that if he needed assistance he would soon receive it. I continued my walk and had not gone twenty yards when I perceived two females bending over him—doubtless Angelina, and perhaps her mamma—the latter, coming to inquire after the *heretic's* health. It is not improbable, but Father Dominic was speedily in requisition.

I was soon in the town, and at Grasini's hotel—where I had a cold partridge for supper, and amused myself with picking out the small shot that I found in the bird—to keep up the train of reasoning, which just then occupied my thoughts.

I was not at all communicative to any one afterwards, relative to my evening's adventure. Some weeks transpired before I took the same road, and when I did I found the mansion closed, and learned that its previous inmates had departed the island for Barcelona: whether Don Mosceno accompanied them, I remain to this day in perfect ignorance—this I do know, that he was never more seen at the *montée* table. I am rather inclined to think that he had played his last *coup de bonheur*.

I ascertained that the old lady was the chief proprietor of several of the gambling houses, and that the Don was her Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the intended of Donna Angelina—the ultimate accomplishment of which latter arrangement was rendered extremely questionable, by "this trifling affair in the moonlight."

POPE JOAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF OLD."

" I sing of that distinguished maiden, who,
 By studies grave in cœnobitic cell,
 Could for a while her nature so subdue,
 And drank so deep at learning's sacred well,—
 That versed in all philosophy she grew,
 And grasp'd at last the keys of heaven and hell !
 I mean to celebrate the manly Joan,
 Who from a cowl attained the papal throne !"

A FEW months since, chance placed in our hands the manuscript translation of a poetical biography of Pope Joan by an Italian author, Casti, who, with considerable pains, had developed his history by analysing the numerous writers who have entered the lists upon this long contested and still unsettled subject.

The poem opens with the extract prefixed to this article, and continues to the disastrous termination of Joan's singular career, in a diffuse but not uninteresting flow of verse, possessing, at any rate, the merit of displaying the conflicting opinions on this question, which at one period engaged the champions of the Reformed Church and the Roman Catholic fathers in a fierce and relentless controversy.

Curiosity has led us to consult a long list of authors whose labours supplied the material from which the poem is constructed, and the following notice of the heroine is the result of our desire to throw some light upon a subject which is enveloped in the dust of ages.

It is now nearly a thousand years since disputes have been raised respecting the existence of a Pope Joan,* who, it is supposed, succeeded Leo the Fourth, in the ninth century of the Christian era.

Each person, according to his conviction or preconception, has endeavoured to support his opinion with historical and chronological arguments, by the testimony of the most respectable writers, or by authentic chronicles and manuscripts carefully preserved in celebrated

* Examples have not been wanting in all ages of females, tired of the restraints to which their sex was subjected, adopting male attire, and not only mixing in the active affairs of life, but attaining great eminence by the cultivation of remarkable talents.

Eugenie, the celebrated daughter of Philip, governor of Alexandria, under the Emperor Gallien, disguised herself as a monk, and by her acquirements and close application, became abbot of the monastery she had entered. This history, the full particulars of which, for prudential reasons, we cannot detail, is narrated in a poem by Alcimus Avitus, Archbishop of Vienna in the sixth century.

Theodore of Alexandria, a female who lived under the Emperor Leo the First, having in her youth committed a grave fault, took the dress of a man, and became renowned for her piety and learning.

In the twelfth century, Hildegonde, excited probably by the example of Joan, assumed the attire of a man, took the name of Joseph, and passed her life in the odour of sanctity in a monastery of Cistercian monks.

To mention one instance only in later times, Joan's namesake, the Maid of Orleans, who evinced a decided predilection for the manly garb. On her trial it was alleged that she had dressed herself in clothes which had been placed within her reach in the prison cell, and she had not been able to resist the temptation of seeing herself once more in a masculine character.

archives and libraries. The singularity of the event, which has somewhat the appearance of being fabulous and absurd, and the great multitude of writers whose interest it was to discredit it, from the supposed injury such a circumstance might inflict upon the Apostolic See, have caused this point of ecclesiastical history to be contested, or regarded as a calumny introduced by the Reformers to vilify the dignity of the pontifical chair.

But however such history may have appeared alternately to the world as a fable, or an event of actual occurrence, during several ages, opinions have inclined to the latter decision, and it is somewhat curious to find that the Council of Constance, whilst severely criticising and condemning the works of the Reformer, Huss, exempted from blame those passages relating to Pope Joan, and thus tacitly acknowledged their veracity.

But without pretending to settle this question, and leaving to every one the liberty of believing whatever is esteemed most conformable to reason and sound criticism, we proceed to offer some brief particulars of the presumed life of this celebrated myth or personage, which have been transmitted from remote periods by successive authors, many of whom were Roman Catholics attached to the papal hierarchy, but whose convictions of the existence of a female pope would not admit of silence on this point. Indeed some writers in this category have even laboured to prove that the election of Joan to the papacy rather redounded to the honour of the See of Rome than otherwise, as it was the remarkable genius of the heroine that alone occasioned her elevation, thus proving the discernment of the consistorial dignitaries by whom she was elected.*

How far such opinions coincide with the doctrine of apostolical succession and the infallibility of the Roman Pontiffs might well be argued, though it is sufficiently notorious that in the long list of popes who entitled themselves successors to St. Peter, and the keepers of the keys of heaven and hell, are found many whose intrigues, adventures, and sensuality, greatly surpass the venality of Joan, in whose time the title of lover to some Roman lady was the only kind of merit that led to the pontificate. To cite a few instances only. Liberius was an Arian, Anastasius Nestor, Honorius Monothelite, and John the Twenty-third, were Atheists.

Cardinal Baronius styles Boniface the Sixth, and Stephen the Seventh, "rascals and execrable monsters," and the same writer mentions circumstances connected with other popes so frightful and revolting, that he expresses himself afraid they would be considered fabulous.

Genebrand, Archbishop of Aix, in his "Chronicle," written in the tenth century, affirms that during one hundred and fifty years the church was governed by nearly fifty popes, whose crimes were so flagrant, that each one rather deserved the title of *apostate*, than apostolic!

Again, Benedict the Ninth, Sylvester the Third, Gregory the Twelfth, and Alexander the Fifth, were deposed for their abominable practices; also, the infamous Borgia, Alexander the Sixth, whose character has been pourtrayed with consummate ability by the prince of modern novelists.

Gregory the Seventh, in council, decreed that the *popes had never erred, and never should err!* It is frightful to think of the effects produced by the papal excommunications in former times, when whole

* Jurieu, Hist. du Papiame, p. 3, chapitre ii.

countries were wasted and ruined, besides a fearful loss of human life. And then the Inquisition—but we will turn from these revolting pictures, and at once introduce Joan to our readers.

At the commencement of the ninth century, the Saxons having embraced Christianity after their subjection by Charlemagne, several learned Englishmen passed into Germany to instruct the new converts. Among the number was a priest, accompanied by his wife, whom, it is said, he had clandestinely carried away, and during their stay at Mayence she brought into the world a child, whose name was destined to become so celebrated in after years, and the subject of contention during successive ages.

This infant, to whom the names of Joan, Agnes, and Gilberta, have been indiscriminately applied,* grew with years beautiful in form, and endowed with a lively fancy. Her father, observing an intelligence rarely found in children of a tender age, sedulously cultivated her understanding, and was gratified on perceiving that her progress exceeded his fondest expectations. At the age of twelve years, her charms of mind and person, attracted the passionate attachment of a young monk in the Abbey of Fulda, likewise of English origin, who finding a reciprocity of feeling in the maiden, and aware that the rules of his order forbade him encouraging any hopes of being united to her, persuaded Joan to quit the parental roof, and follow his fortunes. For this purpose, disguising herself in boy's attire, she adopted the name John, to which she afterwards added the surname of "the Englishman."

To avoid discovery, for she had been closely pursued, and to enjoy the society of her lover, Joan entered the Abbey of Fulda as an acolyte, but a month afterwards quitted the monastery, and proceeded with her companion to England, where having congenial tastes, they applied themselves with great assiduity to a severe course of study, and the monk who had already acquired considerable renown for the extent of his abilities, speedily attained an eminent position in literature.

A difference of opinion exists with respect to his after career. Boccaccio and Filippo da Bergamo state that he died in England, and that Joan, who still retained her man's attire, speedily eclipsed all her fellow students by her remarkable abilities. Other writers affirm that she travelled for some time in Greece and Italy, accompanied by her lover, whom one writer terms her husband. Egnatius says that several degrees were conferred upon her at Paris, and she afterwards proceeded to Athens. Such testimony is likewise confirmed by other writers.†

This city of Greece, so celebrated in antiquity, however fallen from its former splendour, still possessed her schools, academies, and university, presided over by experienced professors. Joan remained there some years, devoting herself with ardour to learned pursuits, frequenting the public lectures, and arguing with the most subtle doctors difficult and abstruse points of philosophy. By dint of this severe application, Joan became proficient in every branch of literature, the belles lettres, the arts, profane history, science, and particularly theology; and to these gifts was added an eloquence so persuasive, that, according to Egnatius, "all those who disputed, or conversed with her, admired the graceful readiness and divinity of her understanding." It may, therefore, readily be

* She is also called Jutta in a German Chronicle, printed at Cologne in 1499.

† Filippo da Bergamo, *Supplem. Chron. lib. ii. an. 858*; and Gio. Naucleri *Chronica. Colon. 1579, Gen. 19, p. 713.*

imagined that with such surpassing talents, this female Crichton carried the honours from all the learned men who were then at Athens, and with one consent she was declared the principal ornament of the university.

Her husband (according to some accounts) dying at Athens, Joan determined upon quitting that city, and fixing her residence elsewhere, and the fame of the capital of the Christian world induced her to visit Rome. One reason for this preference to Italy might have been from the greater facilities that country afforded for concealing her sex, for it was a general practice at that epoch throughout the papal dominions to shave the face entirely.

It was to restore the custom of wearing long beards that the celebrated Pierius Valerianus addressed a speech to Hypolite de Medecis, who was created a cardinal in 1529, in which harangue it was expressly stated that the abolition of this usage had occasioned, in former years, the scandal of a female occupying the papal chair.

On being established in the Eternal City, Joan, who had taken the priestly vows before the altar of the Church of St. Martin, on the borders of Rome, commenced a series of public lectures, and taught in what was then termed the school of the Greeks, the principal place of learning at that time. Her duties were to explain the seven liberal arts, and particularly rhetoric. Saint Augustine, who had formerly occupied the same chair of philosophy, had rendered this college illustrious, but Joan greatly augmented its reputation, and not satisfied with merely performing the task assigned to her, the indefatigable lecturer taught divers branches of science, in which she was profoundly versed. In the ordinary lessons, public disputations, and harangues, in which Joan was engaged, she displayed so much subtlety and discrimination that she acquired the fame of being the most able doctor of the day, and was styled the prince of erudition. Besides her lectures being attended by people of the highest rank, cardinals, priests, and professors of all grades and talent, considered it their greatest privilege to become her auditors and disciples. Her conduct was no less honourable than her genius. The simplicity of her manners, the modesty of her speech, and austere mode of living, her devotion and charitable actions, were examples to all.

It is also affirmed that on an invasion of the Saracens, at that time formidable enemies of Rome, Joan materially assisted in chasing them from the Eternal City, not only by her sage counsels, but by her personal bravery, taking arms, and heading the populace in several sallies against their foes.*

It is true that hypocrisy lurked behind all this assumed excellence of character, but rarely has such duplicity been sustained with equal success for so lengthened a period. Joan deceived all the Christians in Rome, and won golden opinions from every one, "Chacun fut tout affectionné envers elle, et cette femmegagna le cœur de tous," says Du Haillan in his "History of France."

With such partiality in her favour, and having acquired so much credit and authority, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Joan should aspire to the pontificate, and Pope Leo the Fourth dying about this time, occasioned one of the most singular events that have ever tran-

* See Anastatius, *Life of Pope Leo the Fourth*, *Annali di San Bertin di Fulda*, e di Metz. *Signonio di regno Italiae*, lib. v.

spired at the papal court. It was in the year 853 or 854 that the throne of St. Peter thus became vacant, and an interval of fifteen days elapsed without a successor being appointed by the sacred conclave, but at length Joan being proposed as most worthy to sustain the high dignity, the cardinals, deacons, and priests, unanimously applauded the choice, and she was declared sovereign ruler of the Church of God by the title of Pope John the Eighth.

This occurred in the forty-second year of her age. The Italian poet says :—

“ For many nights upon the Vatican,
Screech owls were heard, and bats were seen to perch,
Before the time that John the Englishman,
Put on the triple mitre of the church.
Pope John the Eighth, his sacred title ran,
A parallel event defies research.
Grave history seems in fairy tales to dwindle,
When papacy thus falls beneath the spindle ! ”

Joan was accordingly anointed and duly installed pontiff, with all the ceremonies customary on these august occasions.*

Pannonius says :—

“ *Fœmina, Petre, tuâ quondam ausa sedere cathedrâ,
Orbis terrarum jura verenda dedit.* ”

Learned as she was, it was impossible that Joan could be ignorant of the law that forbade females exercising the sacred functions of the ministry, but she unhesitatingly undertook the exalted office to which she was elected, and for some time displayed so much wisdom in the government of public affairs, such energy in suppressing old abuses, and founding institutions of a more liberal tendency, besides fulfilling the duties of her station with hospitality and simplicity, that she was universally beloved. As sovereign pontiff, according to Du Haillan, she conferred holy orders, made priests and deacons, ordained bishops and abbots, chaunted mass, consecrated temples and altars, administered the sacrament, presented her feet to be kissed, and indeed performed all the functions the popes were accustomed to observe, with rigid exactitude.

Immediately on her accession she is said to have launched a bull of excommunication at Anastagius, her rival, and against iconoclastics, and Fozio, a recusant, who denied the Divinity of our Saviour.

Neither were her studies forgotten. Joan composed several introductions to masses which were, however, afterwards destroyed, when

* Platina, in his *Life of Pope John the Eighth*, says, “ by acute and learned public lectures and disputations, she (Joan) had procured for herself so much benevolence and credit, that on the death of Leo (according to Martinus) she was chosen pontiff by universal consent. ”

See also *Chron. Epp. Verdentium Script.* Brunser. tom. ii. p. 212. “ She was well brought up in her youth, excellently grounded in liberal studies, and bearing the clerical character, she was from her great reputation in the city, chosen Pope. ” Stello, a Venetian priest (*Vitæ*, 230, *Pont. Rom. papa.* 108, an. 852). says, “ she profited so much in her studies, by the masters she had at Athens, that when she came to Rome, there were very few equal to her even in sacred literature ; and there, by giving lectures and disputations, by teaching and preaching, she acquired the love and good graces of every one, to that degree, that, on Leo's death, as many writers affirm, she was chosen by universal consent to succeed him as Pope. ” In *Gio. Nauclero, Chron. Colonie*, 1579, we read, “ coming then to Rome, she gave public lectures, and had a great many public men for her scholars and hearers. And she obtained so much approbation, that, on Leo's death, she was created pope in his place. ”

her sex became known. She is also said to have written a work on Necromancy, which occasioned her being accused of witchcraft by "le bon, le docte, le sage, le tout humain, tout debonnaire et equitable André Tiragneau," as he is addressed by his more celebrated and eccentric friend Rabelais, and a belief afterwards prevailed that Joan to attain the papacy had sold herself to the devil.*

It was during this pontificate that the Saxon King of Wessex, Ethelwolf, with his son Alfred, afterwards the champion of his country, made a journey to Rome, laden with treasures for the pope. The Italian poet, from whom we have already quoted, thus alludes to this incident:—

" King Ethelwolf was credulous, devout,
Most docile, charitable,—not too sage,—
And therefore with humility set out
To Rome, upon a holy pilgrimage!
A work so meritorious he, no doubt,
Thought would indulgences fourfold engage:
Besides, he had a lurking wish to view
A pope, who, like himself, was Briton too!"

It is further stated that the royal penitent on his return to England ordered the tax of Peter-pence † to be levied throughout Wessex to recruit the resources of the papal treasury upon which large drafts had been made by some of the profligate predecessors of Joan.

In the time of this female pope also the Emperor Lothaire, already old, having embraced the monastic life and retired to the Abbey of Prome, left the empire to his son Louis the second, who went to Rome, and received the sceptre and crown from the hands of Joan with the papal benediction, and as some Protestant writers affirm, it was in favour of this same monarch that she accorded the privilege of the prescription of one hundred years, which is mentioned in the Gratian collection of decrees and councils.

At this epoch several earthquakes are reported to have taken place.

"In the year 856" (during the pontificate of Joan), says Petrarch, "there was a miraculous rain of blood in the city of Brixia, and in France were seen monstrous locusts, having six wings, six feet, and the teeth exceedingly strong; which flew in the air in a marvellous manner. They were afterwards all drowned in the English seas, but their bodies were cast on shore, infecting the air so strongly, that most of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood died in those parts."

But returning from these notices of contemporaneous history to the declining fortunes of the remarkable woman who claimed spiritual do-

* A poet of the country of Virgil, and superior of the Carmelites, represents Joan hanged at the gate of Hell with her paramour, so that the doomed as they go in may behold her.

" Hic pendebat adhuc sexum mentita virilem
Fœmina, cul triplici phrygiam diademate metram
Suspendebat apex, et pontificalis adulter."

† Peter-pence were paid on St. Peter's-day for alms to Rome, and lighting up the church in honour of the saint. Offa began this practice, and the yearly present was continued long afterwards.

Matthew of Westminster, Rodolfo di Diceto, Brompton, and Asserius, author of the Life of Alfred, relate this journey of Ethelwolf, and the tribute paid in the year 854.

The Chronicle of Nuremberg also speaks of this donation, the act of which was inserted in the Collection of Councils preserved by William of Malmesbury, &c.

minion over the world; whilst she had remained in poverty, devoted to study and tuition, Joan had conducted herself in a simple and becoming manner, and at the commencement of her elevation, she had not changed the austere habits and unostentatious piety she had successfully assumed to secure the good-will of all. But riches, idleness, and luxury, which had long influenced the court of Rome were not without their effects on the new pontiff. All her former associations were cast aside, and Joan yielded to the temptations that surrounded her with an ardour increased by the restraint she had imposed upon passions that a spark only could kindle. She became addicted to good living and intemperance. Every opportunity was afforded for the indulgence of her criminal instincts, and at length she selected a favourite to whom she confided the secret of her sex. By different writers he is represented as a domestic, *valet de chambre*, counsellor, chaplain, and, according to Du Haillan, a cardinal.

Joan's frailty could not long remain concealed. An old manuscript relates that one day, when she was presiding in the consistory, a person possessed by an evil spirit was brought before her to be exorcised.

Amongst other questions, Joan having demanded of the demon upon what terms it would quit the body of the sufferer,—“I will tell you,” replied the spirit, “I will leave when you who are pope and the father of men, shall see a child born from a female pontiff.”

“Papa pater patrum, Papisæ pandite partem,
Et tibi tunc edam, de corpore quando recedam.”

Rogation-day * having arrived, when special masses were accustomed to be said, and a solemn procession was made through Rome from the church of St. Peter to St. John Lateran, Joan, after the custom of the popes mounted on a mule, clothed in her rich pontifical vestments, and crowned with the tiara set forward, preceded by the cross-bearer, and accompanied by all the retinue of cardinals, clergy, troops, and a multitude of people of every class. But on arriving near the church of St. Clement and the Coliseum, or amphitheatre of Domitian, Joan was suddenly surprised by the pains of labour, and in presence of the entire population she brought a male child into the world who died immediately after seeing the light.†

The astonishment of the spectators, the scandal of the dignified fathers of the church, the trouble of devout believers, and the raillery of libertines, may be easily conceived at an event so singular and unforeseen.

It was impossible for any human being to sustain so terrible a reverse

* This festival of the church corresponds with the Roman sacrifices of the Ambarvalia, a ceremony performed with a view to procure from the gods a plentiful harvest. The victims of the sacrifice were led amidst a concourse of peasants three times round the cornfields, in procession, preparatory to being offered up.

Our classical readers will remember the passage relating to this in Virgil's *Georgics*, beginning with,

“Terque novas circum felix est hostia fruges,” &c.

† Theodoric de Nien, *Lib. de privilegiis*, &c.—Moltero, *Rom. Pont. Vitæ et Mores, disticis descripti*.—Scriptor. Brunser, tom. ii. p. 265.—Comp. Chron. Scrip. Brunser, tom. ii. p. 63.—Chron. Episc. Verdent. Script. Bruns. vol. ii. p. 212.—Stello, *Sac. Ven. Vil. Pont. Rom. pap. 108, an. 852*.—Du Haillan, *Histoire de France*, edit. Paris, 1575, p. 279.—Claude Fauchet, *Antiquités Gauloises*, liv. x. an. 854.—Lenfant, *Histoire de la Papesse Jeanne*.—*Chronica di Marco Guazzo*, Ven. 1553, p. 17.—Platina, *Vita di Giov. 8th Pont.* 106.

of fortune. The fear of chastisement from the hands of a furious and bigoted populace, the shame arising from the discovery of her sex in so flagrant a manner, during the solemnity of a public procession, added to the corporeal suffering she endured for want of assistance, all these circumstances combined were too much for exhausted nature, and at the same moment as her son closed his eyes in death, Joan surrendered her last breath, at the age of forty-four years.

In the surprise and anger of the moment it was expected that the bodies would be thrown into the Tiber, some feeling of pity prevailed, however, amongst the multitude, and they were allowed to be interred though not in consecrated ground.

The scene of this strange occurrence was selected as the place of burial for the defunct pope and her offspring, and they were laid in that spot without pomp and ceremony, or any of the honours that usually accompanied the popes to their last home.* Filippo da Bergamo says, "in tenebras exteriores sepulta est."

To preserve the memory of this event, a little chapel or temple was erected on the place where Joan expired; and it is affirmed that some remains of this structure were still to be seen at the end of the fifteenth century; and the same author states that a marble statue stood in the same spot, representing the female pontiff holding a child in her arms.

At a council of the fathers, it was ordained that in future the popes should not pass by the street where the scandal had occurred, and in consequence of this decree, on all solemn processions, the *cortège*, was directed to turn aside through several other streets, and avoid by a long *détour* the unhallowed spot; while to prevent a similar deceit being practised by any hardy adventurer, Benedict the Third, who succeeded Joan on the papal throne, ordered that a test should be applied on the election of all future pontiffs.

For this purpose a chair of white marble, perforated, was placed beneath the portico of the basilica of St. John Lateran's, and according to Platina, the last cardinal-deacon having satisfied himself that no deception was intended, proclaimed in a loud voice to the assembled multitude, "our lord is a male!" This custom prevailed until the fourteenth century. Urban the Sixth was installed in the throne of St. Peter with the same formalities according to the rites of the Roman church. Alexander the Sixth, although he had children (one of whom was the infamous Lucretia Borgia), was nevertheless compelled to submit to the same ordeal. The solemnities observed on this particular occasion are eloquently described by Bernardino Corio.†

There are different opinions with regard to the length of time Joan exercised the spiritual dominion of the Roman Catholic world, though most authors agree that her government lasted two years, five months, and some days.

We will conclude this article, by citing a few amongst the host of writers who have endeavoured to prove the existence of Pope Joan.

* Malleolo. De Nobilitate et Rusticitate. Dial. cap. 37, fo. 99.

† Among other writers who have alluded to this test are,—Platina, nella Vita di Giov. 8. Pont. 106.—Stello, Sac. Venet. Vit. Pont. Rom. papa 108, an. 852.—Filippo da Bergamo, Sup. Chron. lib. ix. an. 858.—Claude Fauchet, Antiq. Gauloises, liv. ix.—Jos. Pannonius.—Du Plessis, Histoire de la Papauté, p. 164.—Chalcondila de Reb. Turc. lib. iv., Paris, p. 160.—Luc d'Acheri, Spicil. Misc. Ep. p. 306.

Chronicles and Manuscripts.

An ancient Chronicle in manuscript, in the Library of St. Paul at Leipsic, commenced by Martin the Pole, and which finishes in the year 1261. Cat. p. 314, No. 47.

The Chronicle of Angelusius, published by Leibnitz.

Manuscript Chronicle of Geffrido, a priest of Misnia, from the beginning of the World to the year 1306, in the Leipsic Library. Cat. p. 156, 314.

Chronicle attributed to Martin the Franciscan, in manuscript, entitled *Flores temporum, anno 1292*, in the Senatorial Library at Leipsic.

A manuscript Chronicle in the King's Library at Berlin, which terminates in the year 1313. G. 9, No. 11.

A Chronicle entitled "Pomarium," by Pucebaldo of Ferrara, canon of Ravenna cathedral, and a cardinal. This manuscript is in the Library of Wolfenbuttel, and concludes in the year 1297.

The Chronicle of Soxomeno, a priest of Pistoja, to the year 1292, quoted by Ptolomy of Lucca. This work was seen by Mabillon in Italy (Itin. Ital. p. 173), and it mentions the female pontiff under the year 853.

The Chronicle of Ptolomy of Lucca, a Dominican and confessor of Pope John the Twenty-second.

Chronicle of the Popes written by D'Anger, prior of the order of the St. Augustine, and dedicated to Pope Urban the Fifth, in the year 1362. Pietro Scriverio obtained a copy, from which Vossius has extracted many lines, but Leibnitz has particularly preserved all that concerned Pope Joan.

Two copies of the Chronicle of Cologne, so called from being printed in that city, in old German, A.D. 1499, f. 119.

Hartman Schedel, a doctor of Padua, and author of the Nuremburg Chronicle, printed in 1493, mentions Joan, and gives her history, adventures, voyages, pontificate, and death, in a very circumstantial manner, and there is also a figure representing a woman wearing the tiara, and holding a child in her arms.

The Chronicle of Alsace and Strasburg, cited by Wolf and Zwinglius, and printed at Strasburg in 1696.

The Constance Chronicle in old Swiss, of the year 1400, cited by Wolf and Flaccius.

The manuscripts of Bernard Guy, Inquisitor of the Albigesi, preserved in the Libraries of Leida and Avignon, and in the *Flores Chronicorum* of Colbert.

The Letters of the Universities of Oxford, Paris, and Prague, one of which in 1380, to Pope Urban the Sixth, distinctly mentions Pope Joan. Edition 1520.

Ancient writers of Ecclesiastical History.

Martin the Pole, penitentiary of Pope John the Twenty-first and Nicholas the Third, records many particulars respecting Joan. Edition, Pasil, 1559.

Marian the Scot, a most intelligent writer, and a monk of Fulda, defended Gregory the Seventh against Henry the Fourth, and was consequently interested in sustaining the honour of the See of Rome. In the third book of his *Chronicles*, under the year 854, he mentions Joan, as successor to Pope Leo the Fourth.

Rodolphus, a friar of St. Germer, who flourished about the year 900, nearly fifty years after the female pontiff, is cited by Tritermius (*de Scrip. Eccles.* p. 259).

Otho, Bishop of Frisinga, uterine brother of the Emperor Charles the Third, and whose Chronicle terminates about the year 1146; Godfrey of Viterbo, who died about the year 1191, in his "Pantheon," and others, speak of the female pope.

Sigibert, a friar, a most veracious writer, who lived about the year 1100,—John of Paris,—Siffred, a priest of Misnia,—Landolf of Columna, canon of Chartres,—John Minorita,—Barlaamo, a Calabrian monk,—William Occum, an English Franciscan friar, and a host of other authors of the fourteenth century, mention the existence of Joan, and her elevation to the papal dignity.

Modern authors, who authenticate the history of Joan.—Torrecremata, a bigot, a cardinal, and a furious inquisitor, and Soto, a Dominican friar, delegate to the Council of Trent, and confessor of Charles the Fifth—both Spaniards, speak of the female pope as an acknowledged truth. Also, Petrarch, in his *Lives of the Pontiffs*, edit. 1468, and Geneva, 1625. Giovanni Boccaccio, "de claris mulieribus."

Coccio Sabellico, a Venetian in the *Enneadi*. Edit. Venezia, 1504. Nauclerus in his *Chronicles*, vol. ii. gen. 29. Colonia, 1579, p. 713. Platina, in his *Lives of the Popes*, dedicated to Sixtus the Fourth. Badio d' Ascensio, a Dutchman. Stello, in his *Vitæ di Pontifici*, dedicated to the Patriarch of Venice; and S. Antonino, Archbishop of Florence (*Hist. tom. ii. cap. 1*). Federico di Niem, Secretary to several popes. Martino Franco, Secretary to Felix the Fifth. Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, and one of the fathers of the Council of Constance. Calcondela, Pannonio, Cardinal Giacabazio, Contarini, Vago Giardino, and hundreds of other writers equally deserving of credit, mention the existence of Pope Joan.

The celebrated Spanheim, Head Professor of the University of Leida, has with great erudition and labour, and more than any other writer, expressly treated upon this subject in a work entitled, "*De Papa Fœminâ inter Leonem IV. et Benedictum III.*" dedicated to the famous pensioner Heinsius, a great protector of literary men, and himself a celebrated author, well acquainted with ecclesiastical history. In this dissertation he has exhausted whatever relates to the subject; and from him Lenfant borrowed his accurate history of Pope Joan, printed at the Hague in 1736.

Another account of Joan was also published in Flemish by Egbert Grim, Professor at Wesel, who cites one hundred and thirty-five authors, the greater portion of whom were unknown to the apologist Blondello.

Alexander Cook, an Englishman, wrote a dialogue upon Pope Joan, full of erudite criticism, published in 1625; and John Huss, in his works, part of which were condemned by the Council of Constance, alludes several times to Pope Joan, an Englishwoman, named Agnes. Lastly, we may cite from the works of Elkanah Settle, who wrote a tragedy called the "Female Prelate; or, The History of Pope Joan." Elkanah underwent great tribulation on account of his zeal in denouncing the errors of a church which had then very powerful adherents, owing to the uncertainty of the Protestant succession.

A TOUR THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

It had long been my most ardent wish to visit thoroughly the Schwarzwald, that romantic haunt of the demon-robber and other notabilities of penny literature, whose lives and adventures had been so carefully treasured in my youthful days, to the sad shrinking of my schoolboy exchequer; and even in later days the interest had been kept up by the awe-inspiring descriptions of those red and ruthless ruffians only to be met with in the pages of Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school; and it was, therefore, with great satisfaction that I seized on a few leisure days to wander forth with knapsack on back, in search of adventures, of which I had often pictured myself the hero; and though as upon the traveller's first visit to the Rhine, the romance greatly exceeded the reality, I shall never regret the few happy days I spent, *procul negotiis*, on my first visit to the Dutch clock and straw-hat manufacturers of the Black Forest.

It was on a lovely morning in September, when the woods round Baden were beginning to glow with their varied hues of brown and red, that a German friend and myself started by the railroad for Freyburg in the Breisgau, from which place we had determined to commence our tour. As I had lived for a considerable time in Germany, my starched Anglicism had become rather limp, and I felt no repugnance to travelling in the *stehwagen*, or fourth class, which I have always found for short journeys, especially in summer, very agreeable. Our costume was after the German style, regardless of anything but comfort—a soldier's knapsack, a thin shooting-jacket, stout shoes, and linen trousers, with that most comfortable of all head coverings, the broad brown felt hat, between a Spanish *sombrero* and an English wide-a-wake, which I fancy is peculiar to the south of Germany. Since 1848, they have received the appellation of Heckerisher Hut, because worn by that worthy on his irruption into Baden, and have become a thorn in the eyes of the police. Indeed, so much have they excited their wrath that I was nearly becoming the victim of circumstances, and a denizen of a jail, in 1849, by walking in one of them through the streets of Mannheim. Add to this a large tobacco pouch pendent from the button-hole, and our dress is complete. We arrived at Freyburg about ten o'clock, and after breakfasting at the Zähringer Hof, went out to see the Cathedral. It is certainly the most perfect specimen of gothic in southern Germany, though put in the shade by its proximity to Strasburg, which all visit without casting a thought on this sister church. The spire is glorious, of the most elegant filigree work, and of extreme lightness. It is to be regretted that the choir is of much later date than the nave, which spoils the effect of the whole. One of its great perfections consists in its being completed, a peculiar merit in Germany, where nothing, from the constitution downwards, arrives at a happy and definitive conclusion.

Another great treat to me was the Kaufhaus on the Münster Platz, a very curious old gothic building, resting on arches, and decorated externally with metal statues.

It had been our intention to leave Freyburg for the Höllenthal

before dinner, but we fell in with some student friends, who insisted on our dining with them, and then going to their Bierkneipe to soak ourselves with beer. After various patriotic songs, expressive of the unity of Germany and its superiority to all other nations known or unknown, with a modest allusion to its extension as far as the German tongue is heard,* we took a reluctant adieu of our friends and the glorious cathedral, and started on our travels. Our road lay for some time through a fertile plain, covered with Indian corn and hemp, till we arrived at the entrance of the Höllethal, a most stupendous pass, especially at the part called the Höllesteig, a large mass of rock, cleft, as the country legend says, by diabolical interposition, though for what purpose is not known, and the gentleman in question has not condescended to explain. The great beauty of the pass consists in the tufted foliage of the masses of trees on either side, out of which large masses of rock project, while a rapid stream, studded with saw-mills and *châlets*, glides along between them. This, however, will be sadly diminished by the new road they were busily blasting on the top into Himmelsreich, and the principality of Sigmaringen. Immediately in the rear of the post-house at the further extremity of the valley, begins the road up the Feldberg, from the summit of which the Swiss mountains are to be seen; but as, in nine cases out of ten, the mist utterly destroys the view, we declined to mount the hills, though strongly pressed to do so by the guides, who make a comfortable living by conducting parties. There is certainly but little satisfaction in toiling from midnight till four in the morning up a rocky pass, even with the prospect of gazing on that Elysium of exiles, republican Switzerland. We were hardly settled in our quarters, and anxiously awaiting supper, when a heavy carriage and four, filled with an English family, arrived and disturbed our calculations. For not only had our knapsacks to yield the *pas* to the leathern imperials, but our supper, too, was gone, as every thing was straightway confiscated by the courier with many polyglott oaths, for his *herrschaft*, in spite of our violent reclamations. Never before had I looked with an eye of envy on the possessor of a carriage,—but what could we do? We retired sullenly to the *wirthstube* to refresh our wearied selves with black bread and Emmenthaler cheese, and then to bed, determined to be before-hand with the enemy the next morning. We accordingly rose with the lark, and by some judicious flattery to the cook, and the application of a thirty kreutzer piece, we obtained a dish of freshly caught trout, with which we made up for our last night's disappointment. After breakfast we inquired for a guide to Triberg in the Black Forest, put on our knapsacks and started. We soon arrived in Himmelsreich or Heaven, as the folks call a road between two potato patches, to distinguish it from the hell in the depths below. I looked round with delight, as the thought struck me that I was now in the Black Forest, but in vain, for no forest did I see, nor even trees, except a few jagged pines. This, then, was the end of my romance—my forest was an airy nothing—my robbers were metamorphosed into red waistcoated peasants, and my ruined castles were poor cottages in the midst of grass meadows! My disgust was excessive: I

* "So weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt
Und Gott in Himmel Lieder singt."

ARNDT'S *Vaterland Lied*.

determined to trudge doggedly on, and be pleased with nothing. In fact, my "English spleen," as the Germans have it, began to gain the upperhand.

We had not progressed any very great distance, when we heard a manly voice singing, as far as we could distinguish, the adventures of a Pfälzer, or inhabitant of the Palatinate, who, through lack of a better occupation, made a very rambling excursion from Neuschadt an der Haardt to Coshtanz (Constance) in search of the picturesque, and winding up every verse with an interminable chorus of "Littum, littum, littum li—littum li—littum li—littum, littum, littum li, lüchtig isht die Pälzerei." On drawing nearer, we saw, by the boots projecting from either side of his knapsack, that he was one of that migratory class of *Handwerksburschen*, so generally to be found in Nassau, Wurtemberg, and Baden, on account of the cheapness and goodness of the wine and beer. It is in fact rare to find a favourable specimen of this class in the northern parts of Germany, where their naturally lively temperament is deadened by the constant use of potato brandy, wine being too costly for such thirsty throats.

We learned a good deal from him about their habits and way of living, and I have condensed it, as it may give my readers some idea of them.

In all German towns, whether great or small, these gentlemen have one or more publics or houses of call. In the event of their not being successful in their search for work in the town, they call on the *herberge-vater*, generally a publican, for a night's lodging and board, which they almost always obtain, as well as a couple of kreutzer after breakfast the next morning to help them on their way. They are never allowed to stay longer than one night in a town in the event of their not obtaining work, unless illness intervene, when they are sent to the *armen haus*, a species of hospital and almshouse combined, supported by the corporation and voluntary contributions. Their public-houses are also, to a limited degree, maintained by the corporation, and each *handwerksbursch* who obtains work in the town is expected to contribute a trifle weekly during his stay.

Before the Revolution of 1848, the police were their greatest plague and terror, and they certainly showed great brutality and tyranny towards them. The slightest answer was construed by the inspector into impertinence, and rewarded by twenty-four hours black-hole, or two dozen blows with a hazel stick, and if any error occurred in their *wanderbücher*, they could esteem themselves peculiarly fortunate if they were not sent, under the escort of two *gensd'arme*, across the frontier to have it rectified, which of course seldom happened, as the inspector, who had made the mistake, would not furnish a proof of his own carelessness by any alteration.

In the course of conversation with our casual acquaintance, he told us an anecdote which afforded a laughable instance of the brutality of these *employés*, which he asserted to be strictly true, and was indeed fully borne out by the peculiar shrug of his shoulders at the reminiscence of the treatment he had met with.

Our friend was namely once warmly inflamed with a desire to visit Vienna, and be an eye-witness of the sports on the Prater, while his mouth watered at the thoughts of the countless *garküchen*, and the exquisite cheer to be had for almost nothing in a city which justly

ranks as the culinary metropolis among all *bonvivants*. He had therefore arrived in good condition at Passau, on the Bavarian and Austrian frontiers, and, after examining his purse and finding some three florins in it, he determined to expend one of them in taking a last farewell of his well-beloved *Baierisches Bier*. For, be it remarked, that the several German governments, in their paternal regard for their subjects, and their wish that none should be a burthen to them but themselves, have a law in force that every *handwerksbursch*, on his entering a country, should give valid proofs of his ability to support himself, by the display of a certain sum of money, differing in nearly every land, and in Austria amounting to two florins. Our friend, then strong in the consciousness of possessing the sum, which would clear him in the eyes of even the most rigid inspector of *Wanderbücher*, sate imbibing his beer and enjoying his *dampfnudeln*, till the shades of evening warned him to leave his comfortable quarters, and enter the promised land. He, therefore, crossed the bridge over the Danube, and soon arrived at the Austrian *douâne*. He boldly entered, and offered his *wanderbuch* to the inspector, who was mightily incensed at having to leave his dominos to attend to a paltry *handwerksbursch*. In this temper it may be easily imagined that he was only too glad to find a fault in the unlucky wight's book, and in this he was aided by a blot over the name of the town he had last quitted, the probable result of official carelessness. In spite of our wandering friend's representations, he was peremptorily ordered to re-enter Bavaria, and have his book rectified. With a heavy heart he recrossed the bridge, and presented himself and his book before the Bavarian inspector: but horror of horrors! on being ordered to show his money, he could only produce two florins, while the caution money for Bavaria was two florins twenty-four kreutzer. Here was a situation! He could now neither advance nor retreat, and so wandered like a perturbed spirit between the two frontiers. But still something must be done. He could not remain on the bridge all night, and the river to which he now and then turned his despairing glances, offered him but a cold place of rest. In consequence, he appealed to a mild-hearted *gend'arme*, when the inspector had retired for the night, and, after much negotiation, at length effected a bargain, that on the receipt of twenty-five blows with a hazel stick, as a punishment for transgressing the laws made and provided, he should be allowed to re-enter Bavaria. He received his dose, and, with aching shoulders, but a lightened heart, he passed the dreaded *douâne*, whistling as he went, though not from want of thought,

“ Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland ? ”

Of course we had a hearty laugh at his misfortunes, in which, after an attempt to look grave, he merrily joined, and allowed us to apologise for our want of courtesy, by accepting a choppin of wine at the first public-house we came to. This was a very curious peasant's abode, and is well worth describing, that the reader may know what he has to expect in the event of his visiting the Black Forest. The house was built on an incline, the ground-floor consisting of a stable, into which the kine entered in the rear. A massive wooden ladder led to the front-door, opening into an apartment over the stable, the immediate proximity of which was evidenced by

the peculiar odours which pervaded the *wirthstube*. An immense earthenware stove occupied nearly one side of the room, in which a fire was burning, though the thermometer must have stood at 70° in the open air, to subdue the moisture which impregnated the atmosphere, arising from the innumerable rills that flow together eventually near Donaueschingen, and give birth to the imperial Danube. A strong wooden balcony ran round three sides of the house in the Swiss style, in which hung Indian corn, dried *gangfische*, from the Lake of Constance, and two or three large glass-bottles, each containing four gallons of *kirschwasser*.

On entering the room, we sat down at a table, as far as possible from the stove, and ordered a bottle of that delectable beverage, six kreutzer wine. While looking round at the prints suspended from the walls, and consisting of a gaily painted Virgin and Child, Arnold von Winkelried's heroic death on the Austrian spears, and the Battle before Nancy, my companion happened to address me by the title of Engländer, the name, indeed, I almost universally bore; one of the peasants seated at a neighbouring table, spoke to me, to my great surprise, in excellent English, and asked me whether I was from London. It appeared, from his account, that he had travelled for several years in England and America with clocks; and had lately retired to enjoy his *otium sine dignitate* at the little town of Fürtwangen. He seemed, however, to be better acquainted with foreign parts than his own land, for on our stating that we lived at Baden Baden, he professed his ignorance of any such place.

After a short conversation, he offered his services as our guide to his native town, which we had previously made up our minds to visit, as it is the chief seat of the clock factory, and we were very glad to accept of his offer, from the thought that he would be of material use to us, by inducting us into the arcana of the art, which the inhabitants are loath to exhibit to strangers, from the fear of their fancied preeminence being filched from them. We therefore started with him and our *handwerksbursch*, and after a pleasant walk of about two hours, through grass meadows, and patches of Indian corn, arrived at the town.

It appeared, on our nearer approach, to be a straggling nest of *châlets* built round a staring brick edifice, the only sign of the masonic art in the place, and our conductor, with beaming looks of pride, informed us it was the catholic church erected lately at the expense of the Corporation, and by voluntary contributions. He cordially invited us to his own house, and urged us to share his dinner, which invitation we willingly accepted, curious as we were to inspect the *ménage* of a retired *Schwarzwälder*. His family consisted of two daughters and a son; the former as blooming as maidens can only be in the healthy mountain ranges, and dressed in short blue petticoats, scarlet bodices, and broad straw hats. I was introduced in due form as an Englishman, and, consequently, excited the proper amount of astonishment among the unsophisticated family, who had evidently been induced, by their father's tales of the wonders he had seen, to deem Englishmen an utterly distinct race of beings. However, dinner-time soon arrived to release me from my somewhat perplexing situation, and the girls were too busied in preparations for the simple meal, to have even time to stare at us. The modest repast was soon served and discussed; it consisted of a rice soup, a

piece of pickled pork, and some abominable *Bohnen schnitze*, French beans cut in pieces and laid in brine, and was wound up by a huge dish of boiled potatoes smothered in oiled butter, and rendered tasty by shreds of fried onions; this delicate regale being washed down by glasses of *Kartoffel Schnaps*, and accompanied by manifold regrets that he had no porter *bier* to offer us—the only pleasing reminiscence he seemed to entertain of England. By-the-by, how is it that all foreigners, especially Italians, soak themselves in England, with this decoction of tobacco juice, and liquorice water, which bears resemblance to nothing they have been accustomed to in their own country? After a pipe, our friend proposed a visit to a neighbour's house, to have a peep at the clockmakers. On entering, a most extraordinary scene was presented to us; the whole family, father, mother, sons, and daughters, were all busily employed in the manufacture of one or the other component parts of a clock. The father and elder sons were filing brass wheels, the daughters enamelling the faces, while the younger fry, down to the very smallest, were lacquering and polishing the cuckoos and other figures generally to be found decorating these specimens of the national industry. In a corner of the room two or three aged dames sate on lowly stools, diligently engaged in platting straw, afterwards to be formed into hats, somewhat resembling in shape the chimney-pots under which fashion compels us to crush our own heads, the usual Sunday decoration of old and young females in these happy valleys, where all are ignorant of tulle and lace, and a *Maradan* would starve for lack of occupation. They are of a bright yellow colour, caused by their being laid for several weeks to soak in a decoction of sulphur.

At about four o'clock, the one church bell was rung, and in a moment the whole population of the place flocked to the green, headed by a grey-headed fiddler, and a trumpeter of the Grand Ducal Life Guards, on furlough from Carlsruhe; and dancing (if indeed, it may be honoured with such a name) soon commenced. It consisted of a slow waltz, during which the couples moved in a very sedate and measured manner round the band, then suddenly loosing their hold of one another, performed something like the back step in the polka, then caught hold again, and recommenced the waltz. The most amusing part of the scene, was to observe the seriousness depicted on all their countenances, as all appeared deeply impressed with the solemn nature of their employment; not a smile was to be seen on their faces, and they evidently regarded dancing in the light of a daily labour. The village pastor presently joined the throng, and it was very pleasing to see the affectionate happiness of his flock; he had a joke for each, and as he passed the prettier of the village girls, he had ever something to whisper in their ears, which summoned up a ruddy blush.

With great reluctance we found ourselves compelled to leave this cheerful spot, but our time was limited, and we were driven by the lateness of the hour to start for Triberg, where we had arranged to pass the night. We therefore invited our *handwerksbursch* to accompany us, but no persuasion would induce him to leave. He, it seemed, found himself in a temporary elysium, and was much flattered by the universal attention he attracted through the elegance of his manners and his method of dancing, acquired in the tea-gardens and *guinguettes* of the many capitals he had visited. As he was evidently

determined to lie up in clover here, we buckled on our knapsacks, and, after a cordial farewell from our late host, whom, after great pressing, we dissuaded from his intention of acting as our guide to our destination, we trudged on under a hearty cheer from the whole population.

After a pleasant walk in the cool of the evening, we arrived at Triberg, where we put up at the "Goldener Löwe," a large rambling inn and mill combined, and after a comfortable wash, sat down to supper. And here let me give my humble tribute of thanksgiving for the dainty cheer we almost always found; for if the cutlets were woolly, and the soup innocent of meat, still could we not compensate for all this by eating our fill of trout, either boiled or fried, and taken before our very eyes from the wooden box in the stream that ran past the inn? And even if the wine more resembled vinegar than *steinberger*, still were we not thirsty and only too glad to get wine at all in these desolate regions, instead of having to make lime-kilns of ourselves by swallowing the fiery *kirschwasser*?

The next morning we went out to see the water-fall, formed by a pretty little rivulet, pouring over a succession of ledges from a considerable height, and after breakfast set out for Rippoldsau, our next night's station.

The road ran by the side of the brook through a valley, in my opinion the most sequestered and beautiful of all to be found in the Black Forest to Hornberg, an exquisitely situated town, under the protection of a frowning fortalice, now, happily for travellers, in a ruined condition; happily, I may say, both for their eyes and pockets, as the picturesqueness of the scenery is much enhanced by it, and at the same time their baggage is defended from the visitations of the light-fingered and heavy-armoured *raubritter* of yore.

From Hornberg to Wolfach I remember nothing worthy of mention, except the throng of peasants we met, dressed in their best, and making their way to mass, as it was Sunday morning. Wolfach is a fine old town, very pleasingly situated on the confluence of three streams, and full of old buildings which give the streets a very reverend aspect. As we were told there was nothing worthy of inspection between this place and Rippoldsau, we looked after a guide, who took us really a short cut, over a very steep mountain, to within some two hours' walk to our night quarters. From this spot the road was fine in the extreme, winding along at the base of precipitous mountains, rendered, by the savageness of the surrounding scenery and impending twilight, a fitting subject for a scene-painter wishing to represent the wolf's *schlucht* in "Der Freischütz." To add to the effect, a rattling shower soon peppered through the forest, no very pleasant thing, as such a storm inevitably brings about the traveller's ears a hail storm of pine-cones, as vicious as the shower which tormented Mrs. Sairey Gamp on the departure of her loving friend, and drove us at a rapid pace to seek the welcome shelter of the *Badhaus* at Rippoldsau.

Sweet, though delusive, were our anticipations! for, albeit, Rippoldsau ranks as number two among the numerous watering places of Baden, yet on our visit the season was over, and the hotel closed for the winter. Cold then was our welcome; for the landlord was vexed at having to make preparations for the reception of his two unwelcome guests, and giving up his pleasant *taroc* party in his own

sanctum to make room for us. Of course, there was nothing to eat, and but little to drink, except water, for an irruption of students had all but drained his cellar at the close of the season, and the landlord was already getting ready for his own migration to Offenburg, as, during the winter, the place is often hidden from sight by an avalanche of snow from the surrounding mountains. Even our sleeping apartments were close and unpleasant, for they had been shuttered up since the departure of the last *kurgast*. With heavy hearts and unsatisfied appetites (for how could a meal soup appease the hunger of persons who had been in the open air since four in the morning), we resigned ourselves to rest, fully determined to quit this inhospitable dwelling of Hygieia as soon as we possibly could. The water is very slightly saline, and remarkably effervescing, and in great demand through Baden and Wurtemberg, under the generic name of *sauer wasser*, as a substitute for Selters. Our road led us up a zigzag path to the summit of an excessively steep hill, whence from a summer-house, rightly for once termed a Bellevue, the most glorious view we had yet seen met our astonished gaze. Beneath us lay a panorama, equal to any of Burford's: the foreground was occupied by the lofty range of mountains which accompany the line of railroad from Oos to Renchen, while in the hazy distance Strasburg lay peacefully slumbering beneath the Vosges.

We could see on one side of us, and in almost startling proximity, the desolate Kniebis, with the Alexander's hutte, so called from the Emperor of all the Russias staying there for a couple of hours during the campaign of 1812; on the other, the Feldberg reared its summit to the skies; while at the extreme verge of the picture, the Donnersberg and Melibocus stood like twin giants protecting the father Rhine. A continuation of the same zigzag path led us to Griesbach, the blue smoke of the charcoal burners rising around us like incense to the morning sun. Griesbach is a very pretty spot, though the proprietor of it has been haunted by the demon of taste, and has done his utmost to ruin its natural beauties by the formation of namby-pamby cascades, to which he has given the mouthy appellations of the "Grössere und kleine wasserfall," and by the discovery of rocks, which he has christened "Teufel's Kanzel." "Teufel's Sprung," "Teufel's Stuhl," &c. The water here is warm, and bears some resemblance to our own Bath hot-wells in taste.

Our road again led us up a steep mountain, for never was there such a country for going up hill, and we then descended past Antogast, a deserted *badhaus*, very like a cotton factory, to Oppenau, where we made mid-day, as the Germans have it, though it was only ten o'clock; but we had a long day before us, and no comfortable place of rest between Allerheiligen and Forbach in the Murgthal. After our meal we went leisurely along a very beautiful road, running through cherry and apple orchards towards Allerheiligen, a place we had long wished to visit, from the accounts given us by our friends, who had been hitherto more fortunate than ourselves. From Baden there are two ways of reaching it, the one by railroad to Achern, and thence to the top of the waterfalls; the other far preferable, though longer, by going to Renchen, and taking a *char-à-banc* thence to the foot of the cascades. The latter I should decidedly recommend, as the effect is greatly improved, and the surprise is more startling, as nothing would lead the traveller to

conjecture he was near such an extraordinary place. After entering a narrow gorge between two frightfully rugged rocky walls, surmounted by a few jagged pines, the first waterfall presents itself to the visitor, and by mounting ladders and steps, he will pass four others, each more beautiful than the preceding, till he arrives at the ruins of the abbey, and the Forester's house, where refreshments can always be procured. In the mean while the carriage will have been driven round, and meet him at the top, to take him home by Achern, if he like it. There is nothing wonderful in these cascades; indeed they are very trifling, especially in the summer; but yet the wondrous gloom, only enlivened by a stray sunbeam, renders the whole scene most awe-inspiring. The abbey existed till 1801, when the French destroyed it, and the monks migrated. Those curious in the legends of the place can find them all in the books sold at the Trinkhalle at Baden, describing Götzenberger's frescoes, one of which refers to this very spot.

One great advantage among the mountains in this country is, that along the summits of nearly all of them, roads are formed for the carriage of firewood, and one of these we selected which led to the Mummelsee, and the Hornissgrunde. The prospect the whole way was much the same as that from the mountain above Griesbach except that the foreground here was studded with ruined castles, among which the Brigitten Schloss occupied the most prominent place. We found ourselves descending after a walk of some two hours, and arrived at a little village called Seebach, at the foot of the mountain, on the summit of which the Mummelsee lies embedded. A carriage-road runs from Achern, all the way to the lake, and it is well worth visiting by all those who have not seen the crater lakes in the Eifel, near Coblenz. It is almost circular in form, and to the water's edge is fringed by fir-trees.

A narrow winding path led from the lake to the summit of the Hornissgrunde, the highest of the mountains in this part of the country, whence a magnificent view awaits those who had not like ourselves been somewhat overdone with fine scenery. A round tower has been erected on it like the one on the Mercurius Berg near Baden, for the purpose of making geometrical surveys of the land. A laughable story was told me of this very tower. It appeared that the landlord of the "Felsen Keller" at Achern, on looking one morning through his telescope to see if any visitors were on the mountain, plainly distinguished a party of students diligently employed in affixing a gigantic Picture of Punch to the walls. He immediately persuaded a peasant, by the promise of a *kronen thaler*, to climb up the mountain, and fetch it away, which he succeeded in doing some two hours before the students arrived, who he was certain would favour him with a visit, as his beer was deservedly celebrated through the land. On their entering, what was their surprise, at seeing their own picture staring them in the face!

After enjoying the magnificent view, we retraced our steps to the banks of the lake, and then jogged merrily on, much delighted with all we had seen, to Forbach, the route from which place to Baden I will take another opportunity of describing.

One thing, however, let me add, the whole expense of our tour, including railroad fair to Freyburg, amounted to but 2*l.* 5*s.*

F. C. W.

RED HAIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PIPE OF REPOSEK."

In the general category of "red" the greater part of people one meets confound every description of hair which is neither black, nor brown, nor white, nor whity-brown. It may be the fiery Milesian shock—it may be the paly amber—it may be the burnished gold—it may be the

"Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun ;"

—*c'est égal*—it is all "red"—they have no other word.

And yet, under this general term are confounded the two extremes of beauty and ugliness—the two shades which have been respectively made the attributes of the angel and of the demon—we find that while, on the one hand, red hair (or rather a certain shade of it) has been both popularly and poetically associated with all ugliness, all vice, and all malignity, a more pleasing variety of the same hue has been associated with all loveliness, all meekness, and all innocence.

Thus Southey, in his vision of the "Maid of Orleans," after having taken the poor girl to a number of unpleasant places, introduces her to the following disagreeable personage :—

"From thence they came
Where, in the next ward, a most wretched band
Groaned underneath the bitter tyranny
Of a fierce Dæmon. His coarse hair was red—
Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot, and his face
Wrinkled with such a smile as malice wears
In ecstasy. Well pleased he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
Or probing with a poisoned lance their breasts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds."

This demon is Cruelty, and to his charge are committed all those who have exercised cruelty in their lifetime. Among others, "bad husbands," the poet tells us, "undergo a long purgation;" and serve them right too, but I would rather have handed them over for pickling to their mothers-in-law.

Thus we find that red hair, or rather a certain shade of it (be it understood that I always qualify it thus), as betokening a cruel and fiend-like disposition, is a part of the orthodox description of a professed executioner. Scott, in the "Talisman," gives Richard's headsman, "a huge red beard, mingling with shaggy locks of the same colour;" and in the very same scene introduces, as a most marked contrast, his beautiful Queen Berengaria, with her "cherub" countenance, and dishevelled "golden tresses."

It seems, likewise, to be considered the mark of a crafty and treacherous disposition. In Spain it is popularly known by the name of Judas hair, from a belief that the traitor disciple's hair was of that shade, and in all Spanish paintings he is distinguished from the rest of the disciples by the fiery colour of his hair. (See Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain"). To such an extent do the Spaniards carry their prejudices that the Castilians have a proverb, "De tul pelo, ni gato ni perro" (of such hair neither cat nor dog).

In our own country a similar belief seems to have prevailed, though unattended by the same unreasonable prejudice as in Spain. In Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It," *Rosalind* says of her lover—

"*Ros.*—His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia.—Something browner than Judas'.

Ros.—I'faith—his hair is of a good colour."

Having now seen a certain variety of red hair to be the attributes of the demon—the headsman and the traitor—we shall find another variety of the same hue to be one of the attributes of perfect beauty and innocence. In that most unequal poem, "The Course of Time," Pollok, describing the dawn, says it was :—

"As though the glorious, golden, bushy locks
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,
And in the temples hung of morn and e'en."

a bold step, by the way, beyond the sublime.

Thus, Tennyson's—

"Sweet girl-graduates, in their golden hair."

Thus, by an authority which it would be heresy to dispute, and to which even a French painter has deferred, she who was "fairest of her daughters," was adorned with locks of flowing gold. And, indeed, it would seem a natural thing for a person to suppose, if unassisted by experience—on two beautiful women being placed before him—the one with shining locks of gold, and complexion radiant as the light, and the other with raven tresses and olive cheek, that the former was the native of a bright and sunny clime, and that the latter had grown up in the shadow of the gloomy northern land. Milton, as a scholar and a traveller, could not have written his description in ignorance, but it was painted, no doubt, from a model of his own, and he *could* not have drawn the fairest of women after any other pattern than that of her who possessed his imagination as the ideal of womanly beauty.

Now were I to picture the first of women, I would give her an almost Indian dusk, and the Abyssinian large, sad, gentle eye (for the mother of mankind should have a touch of melancholy), and flowing tresses of raven black, and everybody would say it was nothing like her.

The talented authoress of "Jane Eyre," by the way, is very much dissatisfied with Milton's Eve (not with the colour of her hair, but with her culinary qualifications), and, making a mouthpiece of her heroine, Shirley, exclaims, indignantly, that she was not Adam's wife, but his "housekeeper." She accordingly tries her hand upon an Eve of her own, and produces a sort of misty angel instead of Milton's comfortable woman. Fie! Miss Bell! find fault with Eve for being a good housekeeper! What sort of prospect is that for your husband? I have an idea, however, that Miss Bell is better than her word, and could almost wager that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" makes first-rate apple-jelly.

To return to our subject: I have in the next place to draw the reader's attention to some of the more marked prejudices or predilections of different nations on the subject. Among all nations the ancient Egyptians stand preeminent for the violence of their aversion to red hair. Theirs was literally a *burning* hatred, for on the authority of Diodorus and others, that highly civilized people annually performed the cere-

mony of burning alive an unfortunate individual whose only crime was the colour of his hair. Fancy the state of mind into which every possessor of the obnoxious shade must have been thrown on the approach of the dreaded ceremony, each not knowing whether himself might not be selected as the victim. Let us try to realize a case. Suppose an individual, perhaps a most respectable citizen, of unblemished character, and with hair not so very red, only the supply has been unequal to the demand, and the more flagrant culprits have been used up—fancy the poor man rushing distractedly about, piteously asking his friends whether they think his hair is really so very red—fancy him, more eagerly than Titmouse, grasping at every receipt warranted to produce a deep and permanent black—fancy him sneaking nervously through the streets, imagining that every one who looks at him is saying to himself, "That's the man for the bonfire." What can the poor man do? If he were to flee to another city they would burn him all the more readily as being a stranger, in preference to one of their own townsmen. If he were to have an artful wig made, the perruquier might be a conscientious man, and feel it his duty to denounce him. The time draws nearer and nearer, and as the dread truth that his hair is unquestionably the reddest in the place begins to ooze out by degrees, his agony is redoubled. It is the last night, unable in the extremity of his anguish to form any plan, or take any measure, he passes the time walking distractedly about his house, exclaiming, "O this dreadful red hair!" The morning dawns, for the ten-thousandth time he rushes to his glass. Ha! what is this? His hair is no longer red, fear and anguish have turned it white. He leaps high into the air. "Ha—ha—cured in an instant!" But he dares not trust the evidence of his own bewildered mind. He calls all his household around him, and puts the question to each of his servants in turn, "What colour is my hair?" They all tell him it is white, and their looks of astonishment assure him that they speak the truth. A loud knocking is heard at the door. His heart leaps within him, yet he feels that he is safe. Then a horrible qualm comes over him, fear and anguish had turned his hair white—perhaps joy may have turned it red again. Once more he rushes to his glass. No, it is all right. But he cannot bear the suspense, and rushes to the door himself. He sees the priests come for him—the magistrates, and all the little boys. Some of them may be his friends, but it is a religious ceremony, and all private feeling must give way. However, they think it proper to look grave as they inquire, "Is Mr. — within?"—"I am, Mr. —," he cries with trembling eagerness. His fellow-townsmen are taken aback. They had known him well—many of them often dined at his house, and therefore it would have been interesting to see how he behaved when burnt (our amateurs will tell you that there is a great deal more pleasure in seeing a man hanged whom you know). However, there is no help for it—it would be monstrous to burn a man whose hair was not red. So they hypocritically congratulate him, and he goes off with a lightsome heart to see his neighbour burnt.

It is right, however, to remark, that Sir Gardner Wilkinson throws doubt on the whole story, upon the general ground that the Egyptians were too civilized a people to permit such a barbarous custom. Seeing, however, that it is not a couple of centuries since old women were served in the same way in England, I think his reason scarcely sufficient. As to the fact that this people had a violent antipathy to red hair, there is

no dispute, and the reason may probably be found in the circumstance of their being, as we learn from the sculptures, continually at war with a red haired people called the Rebo, and it is probable, that if the above savage rite was ever actually performed, the victims were the prisoners taken in war. Among their own nation red hair was very uncommon, for though it is found upon a great number of mummies, it is merely the effect of imperfect embalming, which has changed the natural colour of the hair.

It would appear, from the terms "red-haired barbarians," and "red-haired-devils," which the Chinese have been wont to employ towards us English, that in that country a similar antipathy prevails.

Now I want to know what right the Chinese have to call us "red-haired." They may call us "barbarians" or "devils," if they like, for that is a matter of opinion, but as to the colour of our hair that is a matter of fact, and I submit that they have no right to take the exception for the rule.

And here I would call attention to a curious coincidence of idea between these two people. It was in honour of Typho, or the devil, that the Egyptians annually burned a person with red hair, and "red-haired devils" is the term which the Chinese employ towards us, both nations appearing to associate the idea of devils with red hair.

Another idea suggests itself in connection with the above, namely, the deceptiveness of a great part of historical evidence. We say unhesitatingly, on the authority of the Egyptian monuments, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the Rebo, whom they soundly thrashed. Now will not future historians, if they trust to similar evidence, say as unhesitatingly, on the authority of Chinese records, that that people were at war with a red-haired tribe called the English, whom they soundly thrashed?

We find another instance of the manner in which this peculiarity of individuals has appeared so striking to an Oriental nation as to induce them to make it the characteristic of the people, in the prophecy current among the Turks, that Constantinople shall one day be retaken by a yellow-haired nation, in which prophecy the general opinion is that the Russians are referred to.

But we can scarcely wonder at the delusion of the Chinese respecting the colour of our hair, when we find that a similar idea (based probably on the same foundation as that of our selling our wives) used to prevail very generally among our well-informed neighbours across the Channel. I believe, however, that this impression has very much died away since a certain French traveller was candid enough to contradict it. "I spik," said he, "always de truth, and I vill say dat I *have* seen English which had *not* red hair."

If we turn to the ancient Romans we find that that people had as strong a penchant in favour of yellow or golden hair as the above-named nations had a prejudice against red. Among them yellow hair was so much admired that their ladies were in the habit of making use of cosmetics to change the colour of their raven locks. The hue most esteemed was probably a very dark shade, and almost a brown, as the epithet (*flavus*) made use of by Horace to describe it is the same which he constantly employs to describe the colour of the Tiber. Judging by what we know of the colour of the Tiber, the epithet appears to be by no means complimentary, but the affection of the Romans for their

river made them imagine it to be everything that was beautiful. In this respect they were the reverse of ourselves, who make a point of abusing the Thames, for the dirt we ourselves have put into it.

The predilection of the Romans has descended to the modern Italians, among whose women we find many beautiful varieties of the golden hue so much prized by the ancient connoisseurs among the ancient, as among the modern Greeks, we find a similar penchant, and the ancient custom of employing ornaments of gold to heighten the effect of the darker-coloured hair, as bronze is set off by or-molu, is preserved to the present day.

To the violent antipathy of the Spaniards I have already had occasion to allude. In our own country golden hair has always been admired, and in the Middle Ages a similar practice to that of the ancient Romans was in fashion among our ladies. They were in the habit of dyeing their hair yellow, and thinning their eyebrows—the latter custom exactly the reverse of that so common in the East.

In the Lowlands of Scotland yellow hair is a still more general favourite, for we find that of almost all the popular songs a “yellow-haired laddie,” or a “yellow-haired lassie,” is the hero, or the heroine, as the case may be.

On the other hand, among some of the Highland clans, red hair is regarded with so much aversion as to be considered a positive deformity. I remember an amusing instance of this, though I do not at present recollect the authority. A certain nobleman paid a visit to an old Highlander, and was introduced by him to his family, consisting of six fine, stalwart sons. The nobleman, however, happened to be aware that there were seven, and inquired after the absent member. The old man sorrowfully gave him to understand that an afflictive dispensation of Providence had rendered the seventh unfit to be introduced in company.

“Ah, poor fellow,” said the sympathizing visitor, “I see—some mental infirmity!”

“On the contrary,” replied the father, “he is by far the cleverest of the family—there is nothing the matter with his mind.”

“Oh, then, by all means let me see him,” said the nobleman, and while the old man went in quest of the unrepresentable youth, he prepared a kind word for the cripple, whom he expected to be produced. To his astonishment, however, the father returned, followed by a fine tall, handsome young fellow, by far the most prepossessing of the family.

“Excuse me,” stammered the nobleman; “but I—in fact—I—see nothing the matter with him.”

“Nothing the matter with him!” mournfully exclaimed the afflicted parent; “nothing the matter with him? Look at his hair!”

The nobleman looked, sure enough his hair was *red!*

It is probable that this bitter aversion may have originated in some quarrel between the different clans, as we find that there are clans in which red hair preponderates.

Sir Walter Scott seems to have had a decided penchant for golden locks—at least I judge so from the number of his heroines to whom he has given hair of that colour, and from the fact of his invariably comfortably marrying them, while their dark-haired companions are frequently much less satisfactorily disposed of. His reason for this seems

to be an idea that they are more gentle, less ambitious, and less apt to get into mischief. Thus the amiable, golden-haired, Brenna marries the interesting Mordaunt, while the dark-haired and high-souled Minna spills her affection upon a good-for-nothing pirate. Thus the gentle Rose Bradwardine marries the interesting Waverley, while poor Flora M'Ivor's gallant heart is wasted in chivalrous and unprofitable loyalty. I somewhat doubt the correctness of his theory, for I think the spirit of the old sea-kings not unfrequently descends with the inheritance of their golden hair.

RALEIGH AFTER CONDEMNATION.

AN HISTORIC ETCHING.

— How now !
 Within the narrow dock,
 How bears the prisoner's heart that shock,
 How wears the prisoner's brow ?
 Ah ! death in all its shades and forms
 Of battle, pestilence, and storms—
 Red in blood !
 Or ghastly o'er the whirlpool's flood,
 Or black as hell in midnight seas,
 Or hot and tawny in disease,
 — Too many-hued has stood nigh him,
 To scare with wonted aspect grim.
 With folded arms and changeless cheek,
 He gazed upon the circling crowd,
 Appall'd, remorseful, mute, and meek—
 And as he gazed, his eye grew proud,
 To read e'en thus his life's broad hand
 In impress on his native land.

But soon that crowd, those walls beyond
 It strays, with light more soft and fond,
 While wildering visions Memory sheds,
 As back a long, long flight she leads,
 Ere courts for him had charms and snares,
 Ere stormy manhood came with cares,
 To the sweet spring-time of Life's year
 In his own leafy Devonshire.
 Again he sees his mother's smile,
 His father's high and reverend brow,
 His sisters' voices round him ring,
 Like waves in moonshine—murmuring,
 And one approaches now,
 And fondly takes his spell-bound hand,
 And looks into his faded face,
 And asks him with such blessed grace,
 How he has been so long away
 From their sweet resting place ?

Her head is on his shoulder now,
 Her tresses float upon his brow,
 And hand in hand they stray beside
 Old Otter's blue and wimpling tide—
 Each well-known bower and rock.
 With cowslip, primrose, meadows bloom,
 The glad hills blush with scented broom,
 The woods are blithe with bounding deer,
 — His own witch-land ! 'Tis Devonshire.
 With brow upraised and lips apart,
 As if the tongue were but the heart,—
 His eye lit with ecstatic beam,
 The dreamer gazed—
 As that blest vision purely blazed.

The guards approach — and Raleigh's
 dream,
 Love, friends, and fields, and woods, and
 stream,
 Are vanished from the dock.

They lead him forth. The elders bow
 Before his broad and silvered brow,
 — The scholar and the sage.
 The young men note his haughty head,
 His eagle glance and warrior tread,
 — The hero of their age.
 But maidens see his lips in play,
 And shadows o'er his features stray,
 And know that many a gentler care
 That iron heart doth deeply share.
 And Raleigh ! heart more leal and true
 To England, and to manhood too,
 Ne'er pined in prison woe,
 And never was a nobler head
 To mark, devise, and frown on dread
 By baser craft laid low.

THE BARON OF HOHENSTEIN.

A NEW LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

ALL hail to the Rhine, to the glorious Rhine,
That flows through the land of romance and of wine !
All hail to the stream, on whose beautiful shore,
The city, the convent, the ruin all hoar,
The vineyard, the cornfield, the flower-deck'd plain,
Still crowd on the vision again and again,
As its waves rolling on to the ocean still flee,
Like the river of Time to Eternity's sea !

All hail to the stream on whose bosom now float,
Each summer and autumn, in many a boat,
Belgravia, the City, Tyburnia, May Fair,
Whitechapel and Bloomsbury, wandering there,
With passports and "Murrays," and plans of the routes,
And grammars and circular letters from Coutts.

All hail to the river, whose name is a sound
That hath woke, that *shall* wake, 'mid the people around,
Great thoughts and high hopes for the day that shall see
Its shores as one nation—the Fatherland free !
When the patriot songs in which Körner appeal'd
To Saxons the sword of their country to wield,
And strike at the victor who proffer'd them chains,
Once more shall resound, and their soul-stirring strains
Shall be *then* the "Te Deum" of Freedom's new birth—
The death-note of Tyranny banish'd from earth !

Well, it's all very fine
To say "Hail to the Rhine !"

(And I own I've a very keen taste for its wine.)
But what's that to do with this legend of mine ?
Let me see—now I have it. On one of its banks
Is a small slice of country, which now-a-day ranks
As a highly respectable duchy in size,
Though I very much doubt if its landmarks comprise
The extent of a good English county. It lies
On the *right* bank—its name is Nassau—p'raps you've seen
The Nassau balloon, which once took Mr. Green
An aerial trip over ocean and land
(To sail through the air, and to feel you command
The regions of space, seems uncommonly grand !),
And when he resolved "terra firma" to touch, he
Found himself safe in this same little duchy.

In Nassau is Schwalbach, a neat little town,
In the depths of a sweet pretty valley stuck down,

With a capital inn where you dine for a florin
 On excellent cookery, native and foreign.
 And then ev'ry night there 's a *soirée*, or ball,
 Where you polk, waltz, or *causes*, for nothing at all;
 With the fullest permission to play at roulette,
 And lose all your cash in "the very best set"—
Entre nous, the worst scamps that you 've probably met.

In Hohenstein Castle, on top of a hill
 Near this Schwabach—the ruins are standing there still—
 Dwelt Baron Von Günther, renown'd for his might,
 And his wealth, and his lands, and his love of a fight.

This last was a passion

Extremely in fashion

In those days of old

When—at least we 're so told—

To defend your own head, or to tilt at your neighbour's,
 Was the daily routine of a gentleman's labours.

Had he lived in *these* days,

He 'd have alter'd his ways,

And let off his passions, perchance, in orations
 'Mid that crowd of odd fellows, the "broadbrims" of nations—

The Bellicose-Peace-preaching gentry—as *them* I call

Who thunder so fiercely in ante-*polemical*

Speeches, to prove—I presume *by example*—

The mildness and beauty of Peace: (for a sample

Vide Copway the Reverend.)—Mars! if we 're still

To have war in *some* shape as Humanity's ill,

Shall it be but mere "Vox et præterea nil?"

Alas! alas! I'm much afraid

This Baron led a wicked life;

For surely 'tis an evil trade

To deal in nothing but in strife.

To sit at home and only plan

Within your wine-excited brain

How you can "burke" your fellow-man,

And make his blood your selfish gain!

Yet, I'm sorry to say,

The Baron each day

Sat scratching his head, in a petulant way,

And seem'd to be wrapt in as deep meditation

As a dramatist planning "a new situation;"

While for all of his thoughts he had only this text—

"Let me see now, which chap shall I pitch into next?"

Within the grim old castle walls

One ray of blessed sunlight falls.

Within those walls, whose stones might tell

Of scenes more dark, of deeds more fell

Than aught save demon thoughts could plan,

Though wrought by hand of sinful man—

Within those walls, as gems are said
 To lie within a reptile's head,
 Dwells one so rich in ev'ry grace
 Of mind and heart and form and face,
 That rarely hath all-bounteous Heaven
 Such matchless gifts to mortal given—
 So fair a brow, so bright an eye,
 Such moulded limbs that well might vie
 With aught of sculptur'd symmetry.

And who shall tell how pure each thought
 Within that heaving bosom wrought ?
 Ah sure, if peace and joy can e'er
 Be virtue's *right*, thou hast thy share—
 Poor flutt'ring heart that throb'bst within
 God's temple yet unstain'd by sin !
 But no,—alas ! Say thou, whose breast
 Is fill'd with love, canst *thou* taste rest ?
 Hath calm within thy bosom dwelt
 Since first Love made his presence felt ?

Not so. Thy heart may beat with joy,
 Thy thoughts bear less of gloom's alloy,
 Thy hopes, thy aspirations, all
 With rapture's tinge thy sense enthral ;
 Thou mayst drink deep of keen delight,
 Thy days, thy life, the world seem bright
 To thine entranced, enchanted, sight :
 Thou mayst taste more than Pleasure's hand
 Can lavish forth at Wealth's command ;
 Thou mayst e'en deem that thou art blest
 With ev'ry earthly joy thy guest :
 But thy heart's chamber still must own
 One vacant seat, if one alone ;
 And, till thy warmer raptures cease,
 One guest shall still be absent—Peace !

In Hohenstein Castle sits fair Geraldine,
 The loveliest maiden in Christendom seen :
 And she 's sighing, half gladly,
 And smiling, half sadly ;
 Half thinking, half dreaming—
 Her eyelids now gleaming
 With rapture,—now seeming
 Half moisten'd with tears—
 As a sunbeam appears,
 One moment all brightness—then wrapt in the shroud
 Of mist-woven darkness from summer-built cloud.
 At her feet lies a maiden who touches the strings
 Of a lute, and anon to her mistress thus sings :

1.

The words of love are spoken,
 The maiden hangs her head,
 And, mantling o'er her pale cheek,
 The tell-tale blushes spread.
 What joy is in her bosom
 And breathes in ev'ry sigh ;
 What rapture, vainly smother'd,
 Is sparkling in her eye—
 While, whisp'ring low and trembling,
 Close clinging to his side,
 The maiden breathes her promise
 To be the warrior's bride !

2.

The knight is in his armour,
 His steed is at the door,
 And ringing from the trumpet
 Loud peals the note of war.
 Beside her lord, all silent,
 With eyes that tell of tears,
 And smile that struggles faintly,
 A noble dame appears.
 " Cheer up, cheer up ! my fair one,"
 The knight hath fondly cried,
 " No tears must stain thine eyelids,
 Thou art a warrior's bride !"

3.

The castle halls are silent,
 The warrior is gone
 To battle with the foeman—
 The lady mourns alone.
 Before the holy image
 Within her lonely bower,
 In pray'r, and, aye, in weeping
 She counts each weary hour.
 " E'en now," she thinks, " the fatal lance
 May pierce my lov'd one's side—
 Oh, God ! it is a fearful thing
 To be a warrior's bride !"

4.

The day is past—he comes not
 To greet his bride again :
 Night dons her cloak of sable—
 She watches still in vain.
 She seeks the field of battle,
 And calls his name around,
 And ere the light of morning
 Once more her lord is found.

In death's embrace he 's sleeping,
 And, clay-cold by his side,
 Her head upon his bosom,
 Sleeps now—the warrior's bride !

Count Adolphus of Griefenstein—Jove ! what a name
 For a hero !—to Geraldine's heart had lain claim :
 And he had it and kept it, and valued it too—
 Which *last fact is tout autre chose, entre nous.*
 He was what ladies call “ such an elegant creature ”—
 That is handsome in figure, and perfect in feature,
 Well-dress'd, easy-manner'd, smooth-tongued, and all that—
 A bit of a rake and as poor as a rat !
 From the last fact you 'll guess
 What a deuce of a mess
 There was likely to be
 When the Baron Von G.
 Should happen to see
 The state of affairs, and to which happy quarter
 Master Cupid had carried the heart of his daughter.

Oh, tell us, papas,
 And avow it, mammas,
 Who have daughters to marry and sons too to settle—
 In your wakings, your dreams,
 Your plottings, your schemes,
 Are not half of your thoughts about “ plenty of metal ? ”
 Does one of you care
 The price of a hair
 About talents and morals, and virtue and beauty ?
 Do you value true love
 At the price of a glove,
 Or prate of one feeling but “ filial duty ? ”
 Do you think of a heart
 Except as a part
 Of the bargain you fancy is easily bought
 With money and rent-rolls and pleasures ? In short,
 In your criminal catalogue is there a sin
 So awful, so deadly as—shortness of “ tin ? ”

So the Baron Von Günther he stamped and he swore—
 No baron, I hope, ever cursed so before—
 When he heard that the elegant count, as we 've seen,
 Had gain'd the young heart of the fair Geraldine.

As he raved and he ranted, the servants assembled
 At dinner stopp'd eating and drinking, and trembled.
 The cook said “ My eye ! ” and the scullions said “ Crikey ! ”
 And the butler observed “ if he e'er heard the like, he
 Just wish'd he might choke ”—while each groom and each flunkey
 Turn pallid, and felt most unpleasantly “ funky.”
 In fact—to say all that the force of words *can* say—
 He was like Mr. Bland in an extravaganza.

'Then he called for his armour, his sword, and his spear,
 His horse, his retainers, from far and from near ;
 And he swore that he 'd cut young Adolphus's throat,
 And he 'd pitch him to rot in his own castle moat ;
 He 'd smash down his walls, he 'd smash windows and glasses,
 He 'd smash his relations—the penniless asses—
 He 'd smash all his servants, he 'd smash his old “mammy,”
 He 'd smash all his friends, he 'd smash *ev'ry one*—damme !

Father Anselm was a friar all shorn,
 With a rusty old cassock all tatter'd and torn,
 A smooth-sounding voice, and a rubicund face—
 As e'er over Rhenish and ven'son said grace.
 Of course it was dirty—I speak of his “phiz”—
 A thorough-bred, fusty old monk's always is :
 It's part of his vows to the church of the Pope
 To cut his connection with water and soap.

Father Anselm was the ghostly confessor,
 And ever had been,
 Of the fair Geraldine.

Though he 'd nothing to do but to shrive her and bless her.
 For she had n't a sin
 Of all that were in

The list that was writ in the book that he gave her,
 Intended, he said, to instruct her and save her
 From sins that could never have enter'd her head
 Unless the same “Guide to Confession” she 'd read.

The father was not a bad fellow—at least
 He was n't so bad for a monk or a priest :—
 He 'd a kind of affection too—something between
 Admiration and pity—for poor Geraldine.
 He hated her father ; he knew him a brute
 (Who did n't send much to the convent, to boot).
 He liked the young Count, and he 'd no great objection
 To help him to marriage, provided detection
 Were out of the question : because he well knew
 If the Baron should find out that *he* had to do
 With the matter, he 'd hang him as soon as a peasant
 And blow the whole convent to —— somewhere unpleasant.

Father Anselm was taking a stroll—
 Walking, no doubt, for the good of his soul—
 Thinking of masses and thinking of sermons
 (Terrible fellows to *think* are those Germans) ;
 Thinking of martyrs and saints and their hist'ries ;
 Thinking of convents, confessions, and myst'ries ;
 Thinking of all that he 'd done, good and evil—
 Striking the balance 'twixt him and the devil :
 Thinking—the saint here gave way to the sinner—
 Thinking of what he should have for his dinner.

It's all very fine,
 But a friar must dine—

He's a stomach to fill, sir, like yours or like mine.
 And to talk about "Mammon,"
 To say he should cram on
 Dry bread and dried herbs and cold water's all gammon!

And I freely confess
 That I don't think the less
 Of the friar, nor vote him a bit of a glutton,
 If he did feel inclined
 To discuss in his mind
 The relative virtues of beef and of mutton.

Count Adolphus of Griefenstein knows that the priest
 Walks just at this time in his garden—at least
 He has heard so—and, therefore, determines to meet him
 And ask for his blessing and pray and entreat him
 To hit on some plan,
 Or devise how he can
 Get safe to fair Geraldine's bower and carry her
 Off from her wicked "Pa's" castle and marry her.

So, ere the good priest had quite settled each question
 Touching his duties, his sins and digestion—
 Just at that end of the garden which lay
 Hidden from prying eyes—right in his way
 The Count stood;—he'd hit off the time to a nicety—
 Adolphus cries "Hail!" and the priest, "Benedicite!"

Why weeps the lady Geraldine?
 Why in her anxious glance is seen
 The cast of gloom that should not throw
 Its cloud upon so fair a brow?
 Why rests the lute untouch'd, unstrung,
 To whose sweet notes whilome were sung
 Full many a lay and ballad choice
 By Geraldine's soft, plaintive, voice.

Why kneels fair Geraldine in pray'r—
 With heaving breast, dishevell'd hair,
 Not praying silently to Heav'n
 For sins (how slight!) to be forgiv'n;
 But calling on the Virgin's name
 In voice whose sobbing tones proclaim,
 More clear than words, the inward smart
 That rends, that rankles in, her heart.

Alas! she prays that *he* may live:—
 That Heav'n in pity will not give
 Her lover to the wicked hands
 Of those who serve her sire's commands;
 That saints above—that God will save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave!

Surely, if ever pray'r avail,
 If ear to mortal plaint be given—
 Such pray'r as this can scarcely fail
 Before the throne of pitying Heaven!

Suddenly Geraldine springs to her feet;
 There's a step at the door, and she rushes to meet—
 Good Father Anselm, dress'd in cassock of hair
 And a hood that's drawn over his face with great care,
 In fact, all in perfect pontifical dress,
 But somehow, it seems, with remarkably less
 Of steady, grave style in his manner of "going,"
 Than friars and priests are accustom'd to showing.
 And as soon as he enters he shouts "Geraldine!"
 And—oh! really I wish that I'd left out this scene—
 The lady gives one little shriek—not a cry
 Of pain or affright, such as you, sir, or I
 Might give while a dentist was drawing our grinder,—
 But something much milder, much softer, much kinder,
 Much more like a cry of delight than alarms—
 And threw herself into his clerical arms!

And now let us turn somewhere else: let us see
 The deeds of our choleric Baron Von G.
 He rides to the castle of Griefenstein straight,
 And wont for his whole troop of followers wait,
 But he gallops away till he reaches the gate.
 Then he shouts to the warder, "Throw open the portal,
 Or I'll batter it in and smash ev'rything mortal!"

The warder looks up, takes a rub at his eyes,
 He never before felt such sudden surprise—
 And he cries, "Who are *you*, sir? You'd better be civil,
 Or you and your threats, too, may go to the devil.
 As for knocking the gate in, it's rather too tough;
 If you try on that game you may chance get enough
 Of smashing yourself, my old boy; and look here—
 I don't think *this* looks like respect or like fear."

Thus saying, the coarse-minded warder arose,
 And placing his thumb to the tip of his nose,
 Extended his fingers, completing outright
 The expressive dumb-show yeleft "taking a sight."

How the Baron did storm! how he dash'd at the gate
 At the risk that he'd smash his own steel-cover'd pate.
 How he roared to his men to commence the attack,
 To charge and to cut and to hew and to hack,
 Till a mighty big stone was flung down on his back;
 'Twas hurled by three men who defended the walls,
 And with such unexpected an impetus falls,
 That the Baron von G. is knock'd head over heels,
 And a very bad pain in the back, too, he feels.

And as he lay sprawling
 And fruitlessly bawling,
 "Charge again there, you numskulls, we 'll lick 'em well yet,"
 It strikes him it was n't quite prudent to get
 So deep in this mess till he'd got his full forces
 Of retainers and weapons, and engines and horses.

At length he gets up, and still bursting with ire,
 Determines awhile for fresh aid to retire :
 An order that gives most complete satisfaction
 To the men on both sides who've been called into action.

And as he turns round
 To retire from the ground,
 The coarse-minded warder cries, "Good bye, old cock—
 I'm afraid that you got an unpleasantish knock ;
 But a nice cooling diet—no Rhenish or ven'son—
 Will soon make it heal, if you rub in gum-benz'n."

The Baron returns to his castle again,
 Choking with anger and groaning with pain.
 He takes off his armour and solemnly swears,
 "He wont go to bed, and he wont go upstairs ;"
 And, as he thus says, with such fierceness he glares,
 That to hint that he *ought*, not the leech even dares.

Sudden a thought seems to strike him. He springs
 To his feet and the marble-paved corridor rings
 With the sounds of his footsteps :—to Geraldine's bower
 Why hastens her father ? What thunder-clouds lower
 O'er Geraldine's fate ? Would he strike in her youth
 Such goodness, such beauty, such virtue, such truth ?

Her door is thrown open—she's there, nor *alone*,
 But, pale and unmoved as an image of stone,
 She stands ; and she clings to the form of a priest—
 So proclaim him his clerical vestments at least—
 But no ! there's more pride in that attitude lies
 Than a priest may well show—to the Baron's fierce eyes,
 In spite of the cassock in which he is dress'd,
 Count Adolphus of Griefenstein's self stands confess'd !

You may fancy whatever you please of the rage
 Which followed, I really can't sully my page
 In painting it. Still it was very soon over ;
 For, making a rush at poor Geraldine's lover,
 The Baron stopp'd suddenly, fell on the floor,
 And never stirr'd arms, legs, or body, once more.
 Death's arrow for once in the right mark had hit—
 He was dead as a nail—he'd gone off in a fit !

They call'd for assistance ; they sent for the leech,
 But all was too late ; he could only just preach

About blood to the head, apoplexy, and all
 The symptoms, that laymen "a sudden death call."
 As for both of the lovers, I fear that my diction
 Would fail to convince of their "heartfelt affliction :"
 And so I'll forego any long explanations
 Regarding the state of their inmost sensations.
 I suppose that in duty they tried to feel griev'd—
 But I'm told that they also felt vastly reliev'd !

Slowly from out of the castle-gate
 Moves a long and funeral train
 In all the mockery of state—
 E'en in his shroud is Man still vain !

And he that lies in yonder shell,
 O'er which the velvet pall is flung—
 The crowd that follows knew him well,
 The land with his foul deeds hath rung.

And where is he that mourns him now
 In all that woe-apparel'd crowd ?
 Within whose breast, upon whose brow,
 Is heav'd the sigh, or hangs the cloud ?

Is there a man whose lips can name
 One act of good, of kindness done ?
 One deed to chequer his dark fame
 With ray of light ?—alas, *not one !*

Yet do they bear him to the tomb,
 In pomp, and pride, and pageantry—
 The sinner waiting God's just doom !—
 Say, is not this arch-mockery ?

Think'st thou, vain man, the nodding plume,
 The sable pall, the gorgeous hearse,
 Can add distinction to the tomb,
 Purchase one sigh—avert one curse ?

Ah, no !—be sure the heart-wept tear,
 By sorrowing virtue truly shed,
 Shall throw more lustre on the bier,
 Shall give more honour to the dead—
 Than all the wretched pomp of woe
 That wealth-born vanity can show !

Moral.

To clerical gents, of the Romish persuasion,
 Who've lately, I fear, given too much occasion
 To evil-tongued folks to make sneering remarks
 Regarding the duties of reverend clerks,

I would just say a word.—If you happen to catch
 A wealthy young girl—try and find her “a match.”
 Or leave her, at least, to find one for herself,
 Who ’ll love her for something more precious than pelf;
 And don’t shut her up in some nasty old hole
 Of a convent, and call it “the good of her soul.”
 If you do as I say, I’ve the firmest conviction
 You ’ll get something more than *the Pope’s* benediction.
 While throughout all the land that we live in, at least—
 Though it is n’t instinctively fond of a priest—
 You ’ll gain more respect and more praise (*I for one* aver)
 Than by sacking her money and making a nun of her!

To choleric fathers who ’re fond of good wine
 (Rather stronger, perchance, than what comes from the Rhine)
 Let me hint, there ’s a great deal of danger in swearing
 And cursing, and raving, and storming, and tearing.
 Not to mention the sin—it ’s extremely unpleasant
 To all who unluckily chance to be present,
 When an elderly gentleman, apt to behave so,
 May chance to *explode*—and go off to the grave so.

My task is completed—my ink is run dry—
 Yet my pen seems to linger—I scarcely know why.
 Can it be that there ’s something still left me to tell?
 Or is it the dread of that sad word “Farewell”
 That throws o’er my spirit its magical spell?
 I know not, good reader: well, well then, we part—
 The pleasure is yours—mine alone be the smart!
 Stay a moment—I have it—I knew I ’d left out
 The chief thing I wanted to lecture about;
 It ’s too late for *that*—I must give it up now—
 But still I must write, ere I make you my bow,
 One truth, beyond all, which my verses proclaim—
 That “*smashing*” is always a dangerous game!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SETTLER AT THE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

So spake the Power, and with the lightning's flight,
For Afric darted, through the fields of light;
His form divine he cloth'd in human shape,
And rush'd impetuous o'er the "*Rocky Cape*."

From MICKLE's Lusiad of CAMOENS, B. I.

THE long wished-for peace of 1815, with its obvious consequent advantages, was, like all earthly blessings, followed by a few concomitant evils; and, as if to prove that human happiness can never in this sub-lunary world be unaccompanied by a certain degree of alloy—the stagnation which ensued after the cessation of such prolonged hostilities—by depriving them of occupation, and of their usual means of livelihood, drove thousands of the inhabitants of England into—in many cases—almost hopeless penury and want.

Nor were the inconveniences caused by this sudden reaction, felt by the poorer classes alone; for strange to say, the olive-branch of peace cast into an unwelcome shade, many who had long prospered under the glittering shield of Bellona; and all ranks appeared to suffer and consequently grumble—more or less—after having finally attained what for a long series of years had been the almost universal prayer of the nation.

When civilians—people, whose normal state, might naturally have been considered that of peace—when *they* complained of the "pressure of the times," it were but natural to conclude that the sons of Neptune and of Mars, "whose occupation appeared now to be fairly gone," should, by the ensuing "absorptions," reductions, disbandments, and "payings-off" which then took place, be likewise greatly sufferers by the pacific results, immediately following that brief campaign, so successfully terminated by the glorious day of Waterloo.

Like many other jolly "subs"—reckless soldiers of fortune—who, whilst "spending half-a-crown out of six-pence a day," had little to depend on save the profession of arms—I found myself, on the withdrawal of the army of occupation, snugly placed, for a most indefinite period of my natural life, on the obscure shelf of "half-pay," in consequence of the reduction of the battalion to which I had then the honour to appertain; and under whose tattered, though ever unsullied banners, I had borne my share of the brunt of war.

I was well aware, that without the requisite qualifications of a very extraordinary degree of merit, or — what was of far more avail — the advantages of riches, high birth, and aristocratic connexions, a man circumstanced as I then happened to be, had little or nothing to look forward to from that profession, which he had embraced in days more promising to the aspirant for honours, advancement, and military renown.

An innate sense of modesty, completely precluded all idea of building any foundation of hope as to future employment, on the score of my unworthy deserts (whatever those might happen to have been); and being perfectly cognizant that I could not, with any chance of success, claim alliance — even the most remote — to either a peer of the realm,

an aristocratic member of parliament, or even a plebeian *millionaire* : I philosophically resigned myself to the decrees of fate, put down as a dead loss the time and labour spent—together with the few buffets I had received—in my country's cause ; and being still young and in the full enjoyment of vigour, spirits, and health, I anxiously, and not very despondingly, looked around for the means of turning these, my only worldly riches and possessions, to greatest advantage and account.

England had, by the recent treaty of Paris, been confirmed in her late conquest of the Cape of Good Hope — a part of the world which, for a century and a half, had been under the dominion of the Dutch, and of which little was known in this country until Mr. Barrow in his very interesting work, fully and most ably pointed out all the advantages of its acquisition, more especially in connexion with our commerce and establishments in the East.

About the period I allude to—in 1818 and 1819—the British government first earnestly turned their attention to what was then very judiciously considered, as likely to prove a capital safety-valve to England, by “letting off,” into the far regions of Southern Africa, a considerable portion of an idle, discontented, unoccupied, and—in many cases—starving population.

The measure was warmly advocated in both houses of parliament, and, during the concluding session of 1819, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made that flaming speech, descriptive—in certainly most exaggerated terms—of all the capabilities, and more than Arcadian qualifications of Southern Africa, and particularly of those provinces bordering the eastern frontier of our possessions at the Cape of Good Hope.

A statement thus officially made, caused thousands—many of whom were not comprised among the poorest and lowest classes of the realm—to be most anxious to try their fortunes in this newly-discovered Eden, where mankind was reported to be able to reap almost without sowing, and to lead a life of perfect ease and comfort, with little or no concomitant toil or trouble !

In the house of Lords, the subject was expatiated on, with an equal degree of false colouring and exaggeration : a vote of fifty thousand pounds was eventually passed to promote this design—and to such a pitch was excited the mania for emigration, that a member of the house of commons, and, moreover, a professedly staunch defender of the rights and liberties of the subject, moved that :—“If men under certain circumstances (meaning able-bodied parish paupers) were unwilling to emigrate, it might even be advisable to transport them without their consent.” *

I dilate at some length on all those particulars, because I may hereafter have occasion to show, how sadly we (for I acknowledge myself to have been one of the deluded) were subsequently disappointed in hopes thus cruelly and unjustifiably raised—and how ill the unfortunate settlers of 1820, were subsequently requited, for the readiness with which they responded to these loud and eager appeals for emigration on the part of the British government.

Not only was it unnecessary to have recourse to the unconstitutional

* It may not be uninteresting to such as take an interest in the Cape of Good Hope, to state, that this very circumstance was adverted to in the House of Commons, during the lengthened debate on the affairs of that colony, which recently took place, on the 10th of April, 1851.

measure of deportation, above alluded to, but thousands and thousands of volunteers for expatriation instantly presented themselves, amongst whom, as I have already observed, were many respectable families in the middling ranks of life.

Circumstanced as I have described myself to have then been : a young, sanguine, and ardent soldier—on “half-pay”—I thought I could not do better than to seize opportunity by the forelock, by embarking in a scheme, which presented to my vivid imagination, all the charms and attractions of novelty and adventure, in a distant, an almost unknown land ; and where indistinct visions of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Cortez, and Pizarro, floated, may be, in the far vista of prospective events, amongst the constantly recurring day-dreams of an excited and youthful mind.

For my own part, I had nothing to lose and nothing to fear ; almost friendless and alone in the world, I had full scope and every inducement—without any counterbalancing drawback or encumbrance—to urge me forward in a career, where, by unaided exertions of my own, I might possibly explore some path leading to wealth, honour, and distinction in this new and hitherto little known “El Dorado” of the South.

With far different feelings from these, did an esteemed old friend and quondam brother officer, offer to join me, in this my projected expedition to the antipodes.

Captain Smith (so we will call my worthy friend), after many long years of fighting, and, I may add, *bleeding*, in his country's behalf, had—under the same act which caused *me* to retire from “public life”—been likewise placed on that wretched pittance of “half-pay,” out of whose slender resources, he had a wife, and (to use an Irishcism) a large “small” family to educate and support, whilst obliged to keep up that appearance of respectability, imperatively enjoined by the customs of society, and naturally expected from his position in life.

Desponding as were the circumstances and prospects of my poor friend Smith, even *he* felt excited ; and his hopes were greatly raised with the brilliant accounts—circulated “by authority”—of those new Elysian fields, whose gateways were now thrown open to an expectant multitude, invited by every blandishment to pass their portals, to wander at large in this new Arcadia, and gather there “à discretion” its golden fruits !

So completely did my poor friend give way to the popular delusion of the day, that—in order more effectually and readily to embrace an opportunity which he apprehended might possibly slip through his hands—he recklessly cast everything on a single die : realized the value of his commission by immediately selling out of the army ; and resolved, with his whole family, his goods, chattels, and household gods, to abandon for ever the land of his fathers, and wander forth, in quest of expected competence and ease, to more sunny regions and to happier climes.

“ Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale—
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.”

On the manifold privations and discomforts to which we were exposed during the voyage to the Cape, it were here needless to expatiate. Emigrant ships are bad enough in the present day ; at the time I refer to, they were considerably worse, in every possible respect, and it was with no slight feelings of satisfaction, that in the month of March, 1820,

part of our little fleet, which had left the shores of Old England freighted with between four and five thousand Emigrants, came at length to an anchor in Table Bay.

My friend and his family, with most of the other passengers on board our vessel, had engaged their passages for Port Elizabeth. Having, however, been strongly advised—for the purpose of making a “reconnoissance,”—to halt at the Cape, I effected a landing there, though not without considerable difficulty; as, in consequence of the appearance of small-pox on board of some of the emigrant ships, they had, on their arrival, been instantly put into quarantine.

Magnificent and unique as is the appearance of Table Bay whilst approaching it from the sea, it has been so frequently and so well described, that I shall not now try my reader's patience by recapitulating an oft-told tale, with the chief features of which he is probably already well acquainted; should however, such not happen to be the case, let him forthwith procure, and attentively peruse Barrow's far-famed “Travels, in Southern Africa;” a book, which although—I must by the way observe—containing many glaring inaccuracies when treating of the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape, and of their relations with the native tribes may, generally speaking, be considered as a standard work on that part of the world, and be perused with considerable advantage as well as amusement, not only by the “arm-chair” fire-side reader at home, but likewise by the intended emigrant to those distant shores.

Leaving therefore to others, a description of Table Bay and mountain, with the adjacent scenery around, I shall mostly confine myself to the immediate object of my visit to Cape Town: which was principally to make further inquiries as to the particulars and capabilities of the place of our final destination in the eastern province of Albany; and likewise to lay in such requisite articles and supplies, both for myself and my friends, as I had, on good authority been informed, were more cheaply and more readily to be procured at the Cape than in England, and which could not at any price be obtained in that remote province where we were about to pitch our tents.

I do not here purpose to try the patience of the “indulgent reader,” by recapitulating from my “log” those diurnal notices, which with praiseworthy perseverance, I daily jotted down as the results of my observations in a “strange land;” but shall confine myself to such portions of those learned lucubrations, as may perchance afford him amusement, combined with some little information relative to the condition of the Cape of Good Hope as it was in the year 1820 (a condition which, by the bye, has not—until very lately—been materially altered).

For an account of the Cape colony, from its first possession by the English in 1795 until 1802, Mr. Barrow's work—as before remarked—may, with the few exceptions also referred to, be depended upon, as containing an accurate relation of facts, combined with some of the soundest political views.

The Cape was—as every reader is probably aware—given up by us to the Dutch, about the year 1803, in consequence of the treaty of Amiens. It was again recaptured by a British force under Sir David Baird in 1806; and next, in 1814, by a convention between England and Holland, was ceded in perpetuity to the British crown, when it was *supposed* to be admitted to all the commercial and other rights, immunities and advantages, of its newly-acquired “parent” state.

So far back as 1808, the actual slave trade, or legal *importation* of slaves, was abolished at the Cape, but the emancipation of such as were already in the colony—and of which I shall probably have occasion hereafter to speak—did not take place for many years subsequent to the first named event.

I must premise—lest I should be accused of sailing under false colours, and of attempting to be very learned at another's expense—that all this wonderful information, together with most of that, wherewith I mean now to edify my readers, was abstracted from certain diaries, journals, and notes, which had for years and years remained “perdue” at the bottom of an old sea-chest, and which—as far as relates to the first subject of my lucubrations—were chiefly “logged down” after partaking of sundry cups of “tea-water,” and many a friendly pipe, with Mynheer Jan Van Hartzfeldt; whom, with my old chum “Jack Brown”—the constant companion of my few weeks' wanderings about Cape Town and its vicinity—I beg to take the opportunity of now introducing to my readers' acquaintance.

Jack and myself, had in former days, been old school-fellows and contemporaries of nearly equal standing; whilst, at the memorable period when I obtained my first commission in His Majesty's —th Regiment of Foot, poor Jack—who would gladly have given all he possessed to have likewise donned the crimson garb of war—found himself, much against his will, perched on a high stool behind the counting-house desk of a near relative: a wealthy London merchant, likewise a connexion—though a very distant one—of my own; who, in the course of time, for certain cogent reasons, transferred Jack's services to Mynheer Jan Van Hartzfeldt—a former Dutch partner of the firm of Gainsborough, Brown and Co., and subsequently their valued correspondent at the Cape—to whom, on my departure from England, I was duly furnished with a letter of introduction, and—what I considered far better—with one of credit, from my kind-hearted old “city” relative.

The impatience one always feels to set foot on “terra firma,” after a protracted and disagreeable voyage, my wish to present the above important document, to become acquainted with “Mynheer,” of whom I had heard frequent honourable mention made, and the natural desire to shake once more by the hand, my old friend and school-fellow “Jack Brown,”—all these circumstances combined, will no doubt satisfactorily account for some little irritation which, I am bound to confess, I experienced at the unexpected obstacles to my going ashore, arising from the conscientious scruples of the Cape Town board of health.

Those scruples were, fortunately for me, finally overcome, and leaving all my heavy baggage under the care of my friend Captain Smith, to proceed with him round to Algoa Bay, I at last gladly found myself—in company with a good-sized carpet-bag on board a small shore boat, and rowing merrily towards the pier.

Previously, on coming to an anchor, I had taken measures of communicating my arrival, through Jack Brown, to Mynheer Jan Van Hartzfeldt; it was chiefly through his influence that those obstacles to my debarcation had at length been removed; and, on setting foot ashore, the first person I met was “rollicking Jack,”—as he was always called at school,—and from whom, as I anticipated, I experienced the most warm and hearty reception.

“Welcome! old fellow! welcome—

“ To Cape Town’s sounding shore
Where hungry lions now no longer roar,”

exclaimed he, in his usual well-remembered and joyous boisterous tone. “ So,” added he, releasing my tingling fingers from his iron grasp, “ so you’ve turned, or are about to turn the sword into a ploughshare, a woodman’s axe, or an elephant hunter’s ‘ roer,’ as the case may be ; your red coat into a ‘ kaross ;’ and if not destined to become a field-marshal, or general-in-chief of the new settlers, I expect at least to hear of your shortly heading a ‘ commando’ of Boers and Hottentots, and sending hither droves of captive cattle and Kaffirs, to divert the solitude of their prophet Makannah, in his ‘ otium cum dignitate’ retirement at Robben Island !”

“ No fault of mine, Jack,” replied I, “ if I’ve been obliged to cut and run—*hemigrate* as some of my polished shipmates call it—and become settler, squatter, or whatever you please. ‘ Rebellion came in my way, and I met it.’ I was, after a good many hard knocks—as I dare say you know—shoved on the shelf, with little better provision than ‘ midshipman’s half-pay,’ and I thought this new ‘ El Dorado,’ about which so much has been said at home, gave a fair opening to any man who does not like to see the grass growing under his feet, and his grinders growing rusty for want of mastication.”

“ I only wish, old fellow ! I were going with you,” replied he ; “ and, ’twixt you and I, I’ve written home for leave to take a trip to the frontier. What a glorious spree ! You will no doubt have lots of elephant-shooting, lion-hunting, and very likely an occasional crack at the Kaffirs ; for I’ll be bound for it, *they* will soon prevent the grass from growing under your feet ; and as for ‘ mastication,’ ’tis said that when they catch a fellow in war-time, after a little preliminary torture, they invariably ‘ masticate’ his heart, liver, and lights.”

“ A very encouraging picture you draw there, Jack,” observed I ; “ and whilst dealing out so liberally your honours, you might as well at once have dubbed me ‘ King of the Cannibals,’ considering that my destination is to be little more than a hundred miles from so amiable a set of savages.”

“ Ah, my boy ! take my word for it, whatever they may have told you at home, you’ll be sent much nearer than that, to the Kaffirs. But, nevertheless,” added he, “ I would give a trifle to be of your party, and don’t yet despair of our having a sporting ramble together in the Cowie or Fish River Bush, which, some of these days, you will, I dare say, know somewhat more about.”

“ I should say you’re much better here, Jack,” observed I, as, looking with no little degree of astonishment at the broad clean streets, neat houses, and motley population which we passed on our way to the town residence and office—which Jack facetiously called the “ tronk ” or lock-up house—of the old Dutch merchant ; because there, much against his will, he was daily immured and chained down for a number of consecutive hours to the desk. “ It must, however,” observed I, “ be rather an improvement on the dark little office at Messrs. Brown, Gainsborough, and Co.’s ?”

“ Why, yes ; ’t is certainly a degree better than the fog, and smoke, and smut of that confounded ‘ city.’ Here, a man can at least have a mouthful of fresh air—sometimes even more than he likes—he can occasionally stretch both limbs and lungs with a scramble up Table Mountain, a gallop over the Flats, or a cruize in the Bay. The Dutch

'Frauleins' are nice looking, larking girls; and old 'Van Riebeck'—as the 'governor' is called—though certainly rather a 'rum cove,' is a good hearty old cock as ever breathed. But you will soon be able to judge for yourself. I suppose you can't speak Dutch; but, from having been so long in London with the old 'firm,' he knows English as well as you or I."

This dialogue had brought us into a vast and magnificent "plaza," or square, framed in on one side by the frowning masses of Table Mountain, on the other by the bright waters of the Bay; and adorned with long avenues and clustering groves of dark, towering, fan-like Italian pines, which cast their broad shadows on the clean, substantial, comfortable-looking buildings, surrounding the "Herregracht;" for in such an uneuphonous and unpoetic denomination (which may be translated as: the "gentleman's ditch") did this splendid area then—and does still—rejoice.

The size and massiveness of the white flat-roofed buildings, with their bright green doorways, window-frames, and venetians—the venerable time-wrinkled trunks and gnarled branches of gigantic trees, that would not have disgraced a nobleman's park at home—all gave the idea not of a recent colonial settlement (such as English colonial settlements, however long established, generally have the appearance of being), but of a city, stamped with the impress of antiquity and of the civilization of ages.

The business "office," forming part of the winter residence of old Van Hartzfeldt, stood on the western face of this splendid square.

"Here is the 'trunk,'" said my friend, "where I daily do penance for my manifold sins. Prepare your credentials, for you are about to appear in the august presence of the redoubted old governor 'Van Riebeck.'"

The old gentleman here alluded to, when we entered the official domain, was so busily engaged at his desk, as at first not to be conscious of our arrival. My friend Jack, who, spite of his reckless disposition, evidently stood in no small degree of awe of his patron, seemed unwilling to interrupt him in his apparently arduous occupation, and I had thus full leisure to survey old 'Van Riebeck,' as he was called, when he was not in the least aware of being the object of so searching a scrutiny.

Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt possessed one of those peculiarly Dutch figures and physiognomies which we are so apt to associate in imagination with the picture of his celebrated countryman, Dirk Hatterick, who has been immortalized by the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The shiny bald head, thinly surrounded by a scanty fringe of snowy locks, together with a wrinkled "wooden" countenance, intently bent over a ponderous ledger,—and surmounting a compact, short, and powerfully-built frame, liberally shrouded in old Falstaff's favourite costume—a redundancy of fat—would have led one to imagine that the owner thereof must have passed at least his seventieth year; but when his clear, grey, calculating eye was suddenly cast upwards towards me, I then thought he might possibly number two, or even three lustres less.

Having already received his London correspondent's letter of introduction and recommendation in my behalf, his reception was warm and cordial in the extreme, and marked with that characteristic frankness, and ready hospitality, peculiar to the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape. After briefly stating—what he was already probably acquainted with

from the contents of the letter he had received—that my object in leaving for a time my party, and landing at Table Bay, was in order to obtain every possible intelligence concerning the place of our destination, together with such articles and supplies as were mostly needed by embryo settlers on the frontier, and which I had heard had better be laid in at the Cape—I proceeded to request that he would kindly put me in the way of procuring the same, and give me any information which his experience in such matters might suggest.

“Well, Captain,” began he, in capital English, and with only the slightest perceptible touch of foreign accent.

“Only—I am sorry to say—Lieutenant, Mynheer,” interrupted I.

“Well, Major, or Captain, or Lieutenant, I shall be equally glad to serve a friend of my very esteemed correspondent, from whom you have brought so strong a letter of recommendation. You will find it expensive to live here at an hotel; there is a room ready prepared for you at my house at Wynberg, where we will do everything in our power to make you comfortable. Being a military man, you must know that duty should be attended to before pleasure; and, meanwhile, as Mr. Brown tells me you and he are old friends and schoolfellows, I will leave you to his care, till after office hours, when you shall accompany me to your new quarters.”

This was too good an offer to be declined; returning him, therefore, my best acknowledgments for his proffered hospitality, I immediately made my exit with Jack Brown, who forthwith ordered such refreshments as a man relishes most after a protracted voyage; and I was presently revelling at “tiffin” (as the old Indians here used to call the mid-day repast) in all the long since forgotten luxuries of a juicy slice of cold roast beef (not of the salt junk genus), white newly-baked bread, fresh butter, and the most delicious of grapes. To any professed epicure or gourmand, I would strongly recommend a long voyage on board an ill-provided emigrant ship, in order that he may really enjoy his first repast ashore!

“Hold hard!” at last exclaimed my friend, after looking on for some time with unfeigned astonishment at my extraordinary gastronomic performances; “pray reserve a corner for dinner, or rather supper; for Mynheer, like most of his countrymen, always dines early at his office; and ’t is one of his peculiarities not to be over pleased, when his guests fail to do justice to his hospitable evening board.”

“Now,” continued he, “come and see my den; these are, as I have already explained, the old governor’s winter quarters, which he will now shortly occupy; during the summer months he takes refuge at Wynberg (where we are going this evening) from the glare, heat, dust, and southeasterly winds; which latter, in particular, are the everlasting curse of Cape Town; I have likewise a little snuggerly at the country house, but this is my chief abode, and I therefore keep here most of my valuable traps.”

On ascending to what he called his “den” I found, as I had fully anticipated, all the glorious confusion of an artist’s abode, for Jack Brown—as in our school-boy days—appeared still devoted to canvas and paint, the palette, and the brush.

Years and years had rolled by, since our first acquaintance had begun, but from earliest childhood, I can still well remember his devotion to the fine arts.

The next heir of the opulent, but childless, "city" merchant—the head of the old established firm, I have before alluded to, and from whom I had brought my credentials to the Cape—Jack, had by his kind-hearted relative, been "consigned" some two or three years before to the charge of old "Van Riebeck," in hopes that a residence in the anti-classical land of Southern Africa, might—by obliterating all recollections of Moreland and Wilkie—induce him to stick more closely to the dry details of a profession, in whose mercantile mysteries, Jack's uncle had resolved that he should become a proficient like himself—other cogent reasons for his exile might likewise have existed, and to which I may have subsequently to allude.

Jack—who was an adventurous spirit, and had no objection to see a little of the world—did not very strenuously oppose this plan; but in acquiescing to his uncle's wishes, he secretly resolved, that if banished from home, the embodied spirit of Apelles, in the shape of a palette and brushes, should likewise accompany him thence. How he was subsequently enabled during his exile, under old Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt's roof, to turn them to such account, will, in due time, be satisfactorily explained.

Jack and myself, as I have already observed, had always been great "chummies" in our school-boy days, but at the conclusion of those happy times, he—with every probability of becoming one day the possessor of enormous wealth—was, much to his disgust, condemned to all the monotonous drudgery of the desk, and envied not a little, what he considered my far more brilliant prospects, in being appointed to an ensigncy by purchase in a "marching" regiment of the line—a boon which I owed to Jack's kind-hearted and wealthy relative, who thus most liberally provided for one, having, from our very distant relationship, so little claims on him as myself.

Thrown thus into completely different spheres of life, Jack and myself nevertheless kept up—as is very rarely the case—the recollection of our early companionship, by a never-ceasing interchange of friendly correspondence; and, whilst he often expressed regret at not being able to witness the campaigning scenes which I often described from the classical, the romantic and *artistic* lands of Camoëns and Murillo—I must confess, that with every commendable feeling of military ardour,—when the excitement of active service occasionally became somewhat chilled and damped by such dull realities of everyday campaigning life, as a wet, fireless, and supperless bivouac—or a freezing winter's night passed out on piquet, maybe amidst the snow-capped Pyrennees; on such occasions as the above—but I believe *only* on such—to my shame be it confessed, that I would often have been glad to have struck a bargain with Jack—and willingly have concluded, as we say in the army, an even "exchange" without "difference," between his position and my own!

Years and years had now elapsed since we had met, and as we sauntered out arm-in-arm into the town, many were the recollections of by-gone days then mutually recalled.

Surely no purer, no nobler, sentiment can exist, than those hallowed ties of confiding friendship, which sometimes unite congenial spirits in their younger days; for age and hard-earned experience, gained by communion with a selfish world, too often blunt those finer and sublimer feelings so peculiar to early youth.

As seated on a rustic bench, under the dark shadows of that noble grove of ancient pines which still borders the northern face of the Heerengracht square, and commands a full view of Afric's southern bulwark of cloud-capped mountain rock—time flew unheeded and unconsciously away—and the past having been fully discussed, brought us to the relation of events at the actual period I describe.

Jack entered fully into our mutual hopes, prospects, and expectations; and in the full and unrestrained *épanchement* of the moment, frankly admitted that, as far as his future movements were concerned, there was now a "lady in the case"—no other than the niece of old Van Hartzfeldt, to whom he had irrevocably lost his heart, whose affections he had by slow degrees imperceptibly won, and whom—as usual with most lovers, when portraying their mistress's attractions—he described as a very model of beauty, talent, and amiability—in short, as the very *acmé* of perfection itself.

"But," continued he, "you will see my little Annëjje this evening, and be able then to judge for yourself.

"As for the old 'governor' you will find him, as I have already told you, an excellent sterling old fellow, although a strange compound of originalities and apparent contradictions—through the whole of which occasionally glance forth many traits indicative of a good heart, and the most unbounded generosity,—but darkened, on the other hand, by national and local prejudices, which even a residence of so many years in England has not been able entirely to root out.

"In old Hartzeldt, the inherent love of gain, which so conspicuously pervades the Colonial Dutch character, is strongly counterbalanced by a natural generosity of disposition, which even behind the counter, manifests itself in a thousand different ways; his ideas of economy—sometimes carried to excess—as often give way to most unbounded hospitality—of which you will no doubt receive full evidence, whilst residing under the shelter of his roof.

"Strong in his predilections and his antipathies, neither of which he takes any trouble to control or disguise, and openly avowing himself a warm friend or a bitter enemy, he professes about as much respect for a missionary as he does for a Kaffir, most cordially—and I believe with equal good reason—hating both these 'gentlemen in black,' both of whom he ironically represents as wearing the livery of the same master; but whilst even indulging in his peculiar, dry, quaint strain of sarcastic wit at the expense of the former—or, in short, of any other class or individuals who happen to come under the shadow of his dislikes—he cannot bear the least raillery if directed personally at himself, or even against his own nation at large; and I have seen the old gentleman excited to almost a degree of frenzy, on being once told by an English merchant, in the course of an angrily contested argument, that he and every other Africander (as colonial Dutchmen are called) had, like so many slaves or bullocks, been sold to the British government by their own sovereign, at the rate of thirty-three pounds sterling per head.*

This is indeed the tenderest point on which you can touch the Dutchmen of the Cape; for, though kind to a degree to their slaves, such is

* By the treaty of Paris, concluded in 1814, our possession of the territories at the Cape of Good Hope was confirmed by the King of the Netherlands, on payment of three millions sterling by the British Government; owing to subsequent mis-management on our part, this has proved rather a dear bargain!

their utter contempt of the state of slavery, that their pride is sorely wounded at having thus been made what they consider an object of barter; whilst—to acknowledge the truth—the neglect England has ever manifested towards their welfare—not to say the injustice and oppression with which they have been treated—owing, it is said, chiefly to shameful intrigues and misrepresentation—together with the marked indifference our government has constantly manifested towards the white colonial population of Southern Africa—all this has been by no means conducive in allaying that strong feeling of aversion which a conquered people must necessarily feel towards their conquerors, when the latter, by tyrannical measures, are ever reminding them of their unfortunate and abject condition.”

“This,” observed I, “is an ugly picture which you have drawn of the conduct of—as we call them in the army—the ‘authorities’ with regard to the Dutch colonial inhabitants of the Cape; it is only to be hoped that they will deem it requisite to evince a little more paternal treatment towards all of us, their fellow countrymen, who have just come to try our fortunes in this outlandish part of the world.”

“However, a truce to politics, for I suppose that all you and I can say on the subject, will not mend the matter in the least. And now tell me, Jack, something more about this pretty little ‘Fraulein’ who appears to have bored such a hole in your very susceptible, but at one time, very inconstant, heart.”

This was evidently a tender subject; Jack winced a good deal from the probe; he, however, acknowledged that Annetjie Hartzfeldt and himself were already engaged, that the “governor” was supposed to know how matters stood, but that for reasons most valid, but too manifold to enumerate here, they had as yet forborne to broach the subject to the latter—that, for the present, nothing had as yet been decided on, and that they were doing, what many others have under similar circumstances done before them; that is to say, were trusting to what might be brought about by the revolving course of events.

“But hark,” said Jack, evidently wishing to broach another theme, “listen to the rising commotion around; do you not hear those ominous melancholy sounds—nature’s lamentations—creeping through the dark drear canopy of foliage overhead! Behold those fantastic gnarled old branches of the ancient pines, writhing as if in agony, in vain endeavours to escape the ‘torments’ of the coming south-easterly gale; look at the ‘spirit of the storm’ wrapped in yon drear mass of vapoury clouds, creeping so slowly and stealthily along the rocky battlements of Table Mountain, till it will presently expend its fury on the devoted town below.”

“Most justly did old Diaz call this the ‘Capo dos Tormentos,’ or Cape of Storms, the very ‘habitation of the winds;’ the head-quarters of old Eolus, who is now about to give us such a specimen of his powers as will probably, during the night, drive some of the unfortunate emigrants out to sea; however, better thus, than be in Table Bay during one of those north-westers, which, as our winter approaches, may shortly be expected to set in.”

“If we do not, however, speedily beat a retreat, we shall be smothered in one of yonder whirlwinds of dust and pebbles, which are frisking so nimbly about on the parade.”

So saying, Jack rose from his seat, and hastily led the way—both of

us, meanwhile, manfully clutching our respective hats—towards a fine pile of buildings situated at one of the western extremities of the square, and into which now also rapidly fled a large group of idlers, who had till then been apparently lounging about the door.

“This,” said Jack, “is what is called the ‘Colonial Buildings,’ at whose entrance are daily assembled all those gossiping idlers which the ‘south-easter’ has just dispersed. Several of the public offices are under this roof, and likewise the Colonial Library, first established some sixty or seventy years ago by a German emigrant called Nicholas Van Dessin, who devoted thereto most of his time and means, in collecting books, maps, &c., and thus formed the nucleus of what is now one of, perhaps, the finest libraries in the world. It is always the favourite haunt of old Van Hartzfeldt; who, whenever he has half an hour to spare, is sure to be found here rummaging over all the old musty records and histories of the Cape, of which he is now a complete walking chronicle; and hence some wag once dubbed him, ‘Governor Van Riebeck:’ the original founder of the Dutch colony at the Cape, a most worthy and respected personage, whom the old gentleman—as you will soon learn—takes the opportunity of quoting on every possible occasion; and pray humour him a little, by bestowing all the attention you can command, whenever he may indulge in this antiquarian vein.”

“Just the thing, above all others, which I like,” replied I, “you know—though I dare say you have long since forgotten it—that I am much given to this sort of propensity myself—rummaging over ‘musty parchments,’ as you call them, ransacking the corners of old buildings and playing all sorts of antiquarian pranks, was ever my delight. In Spain I had rare opportunities of indulging this fancy; and being most anxious to learn all I can about the early history of the Cape, which information is apparently difficult to procure at home, I shall most assuredly take every opportunity of ‘drawing out’ the old ‘governor,’ as you call him; and sucking his brains to the best of my poor ability of all those ‘modern’ antiquities which you describe it to contain, for they cannot be, at most, of above a couple of hundred years’ growth.”

* * * * *

The extreme violence of the gale having now subsided, we made the best of our way back to the office, where we found old Van Hartzfeldt—who had concluded all his business for the day—now ready to start for Wynberg. A lumbering old *calèche* stood at the door, in which we were soon battling onwards against so strong a south-easterly blast, that on surmounting a gentle eminence a short distance from the town, our crazy vehicle fairly came to a stand-still; the difficulty was, however, surmounted by a little persuasion of voice and whip—we continued gradually to progress along the base of the “Devil’s-hill,” or as Van Hartzfeldt informed me—whilst Jack slyly nudged me with his elbow—was anciently—and I confess I thought very appropriately—called “Windeberg,” by the original Dutch settlers at the Cape.

“The first time,” added the Antiquary, “the first time old Van Riebeck travelled in this direction, he was—as is duly recorded in his excellent and interesting journal—a manuscript copy of which I shall be most happy to show you—he was, I say, greatly astonished at a phenomenon, which you will presently witness, and at which you will yourself be no doubt equally surprised.”

OBSERVATIONS ON POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1797.*

The following Original Letter of the Hon. W. Pinkney † to a distinguished resident in Maryland, contains some interesting observations on the leading English political characters of the time.

“London, 9th Feb. 1797.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for requesting to hear from me, but I did not intend to wait for such a request. I wished to feel a little at home before I troubled you with a letter, and a stranger in London continues a stranger for some time. I find it difficult even now to accommodate myself to a world in all respects new to me. My habits were at variance with a London life, and habits contracted at an early period, and long cherished, are stubborn things. I have, however, made a virtue of necessity, and struggled with considerable industry to like what I must submit to whether I like it or not. Still I cannot look back upon my own country without strong regrets. Absence has consecrated and swelled into importance the veriest trifles I have left behind me. You have doubtless experienced this enthusiastic retrospect, and know with what soft and mellow colouring imagination paints the past in a situation like mine, and how the visionary picture indisposes one to the scenes of the moment.

“Upon the whole, however (when I can keep down the picture-drawing propensity), I manage better than I expected. I have found here those whom it would be want of liberality not to esteem. I have much to amuse and more to instruct me. Our circle of acquaintance is a pleasant one, and as extensive as we wish it; and if I did not find some *friends*, too, in such a place as London, I should be afraid that I did not deserve any. In short, my time passes *agreeably*, though not so *happily* as in Maryland. My fancy is more amused, and my understanding more widely occupied, but the *heart* is not so much interested. It is the misfortune of almost all travellers that they set out with expectations so extravagant that their gratification is absolutely impossible. This was in a great measure my case, and the consequence has been frequent disappointment.

“I presume it is to be attributed to my too sanguine anticipation that I have seen Mrs. Siddons in her most favourite characters without emotion or approbation; that I have heard Mr. Fox on the most interesting and weighty subjects without discovering that he is an orator; that I have heard Mr. Grey on the same occasions without thinking him above mediocrity; in short, that I have seen and heard much that I was told I should admire without admiring it at all.

“Mr. Pitt, indeed, has not disappointed me. He is truly a wonderful

* The above letter we have transferred from a late number of the “Literary World,” where it first appeared.

† In 1796, William Pinkney was selected by Washington as one of the Commissioners, on the part of the United States, to settle the claims for British spoliations. Christopher Gore, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was the other American Commissioner. Dr. John Nicholl and Dr. John Anstey were the British Commissioners, and the fifth (appointed by lot) was Colonel John Trumbull. Mr. Pinkney arrived in London on July, 1796, and remained in England until 1804 (August), when he resumed his professional pursuits in Maryland.

man. I never heard so clear and masterly a reasoner, or a more effectual declaimer. They have all one fault, however; they do not understand the power which may be given to the human voice by tones and modulation. In consequence of our public character, you and myself are allowed to sit under the gallery of the House of Commons, a privilege of which you will suppose I do not omit to avail myself. I could sit there for ever to listen to Mr. Pitt. In argument he is beyond example correct and perspicuous; and in declamation, energetic and commanding. His style might serve as a model of classic elegance, and has no defect, unless it be that it is sometimes overloaded with parenthesis. You have seen and heard him, and therefore need not be told that his manner is against him. His voice is full and impressive, and his articulation unusually distinct. I thought at first that his pronunciation was too precise and analytic. It is, in fact, a sort of spelling pronunciation, that gives unnecessary body and importance to every syllable; but I am now familiarized with this scholastic particularity, and hardly feel its impropriety. I observe that he as well as Mr. Fox closes his periods with a cadence unknown in America. I think it unmusical and harsh. It is, however, so completely fashionable that you meet with it even in Westminster Hall.

"Of Mr. Fox, I think that he has a vigorous mind, but that he is a speaker *in spite of nature, and his stars*. He is, notwithstanding, generally powerful in debate. I have heard Mr. Erskine once in the House of Commons. I thought nothing of him; but I am assured by good judges that *at the bar* he is formidable and indeed eloquent, although he makes no figure in parliament. I do not understand this, but I know one half of the fact to be true in Mr. Erskine's case.

"Mr. Secretary Dundas is mediocre, and I incline to think that in America the *art of speaking* is more advanced than in any other country. We have, it is true, swarms of mere *praters*, but we have also more (I mean a greater number of) able speakers than are to be found here or elsewhere. The bar in this country are sound lawyers, but nothing more. In America they are something more.

"Perhaps in all this I make my estimates a little too partially, and with too much pride of country about me; but I am writing to you who have the same prejudices and can make allowances for me.

"Your sincere friend,

"WM. PINNEY."

THE UNPRONOUNCEABLE WORD.

I GAVE my dear Lubin a rose,
Which he sweetly accepted of me;
What he gave in return, I suppose,
A secret for ever must be;
'Tis a sweet little exquisite word
Among lovers that only is heard;
Which I ne'er could pronounce, I confess,
But which you, if a lover, may guess;
It begins with a *K* and it ends with an *S*.

CHARLES DE LA PRYME.

LITERATURE.

Lelio, a Vision of Reality; Horror; and other Poems. By Patrick Scott. London: Chapman and Hall; 1851.

The principal poem in this volume is a work of extraordinary merit, whether we regard its moral purpose or the manner in which it is executed. Its object is to illustrate the power of conscience; but the author avails himself, of course, of a poet's licence to make wide digressions from his theme, and takes a vast survey of creation and the history of the human race. It is in the scenes in Hades that the specific purpose of the poet appears most distinctly. We are in them introduced to a series of personages who, while they moved on earth, in assuming the character which they judge most conducive to their interests, have at the same time representatives below who are constrained by necessity to utter their real sentiments and develop their genuine views. This poem, "Lelio," is in some sense dramatic; that is to say, the narrative is carried on by means of dialogue, while the scene is frequently shifted, sometimes to the remote solitudes of space, sometimes to the nether world, sometimes to the surface of the earth, where a limited number of human agents enact their parts with much force and vivacity. The love story is simple but significant. A libertine is introduced, employing the ordinary arts of seduction to win from the right course a girl of simple and pure manners, living remote from the great world, in that sort of seclusion which many consider most conducive to the growth of virtue. Mr. Scott is not of this opinion. His heroine, Ilya, is innocent, but, in the philosophical sense of the word, without virtue, which is a habit of the mind acquired by contending with difficulties. Ilya is simple, blameless, but impassioned, and therefore liable to be hurried away by temptation. She is tempted, and would fall, but that her domestic affections check accidentally the current of voluptuousness. We are not quite sure that the author intended to teach how much better it is to reveal to the youthful mind the nature of the world it has to live in, the defects and imperfections of society, and the weakness of those moral idiosyncracies which flourish in the shade; but the moral results clearly from his drama, which is, in many places, full of movement and vitality. "Horror," which follows it, is wild and extravagant, but full of lyrical beauties. "Life and Death," and "The Soul and its Dwelling," are noble and metaphysical. "Calanus" is a specimen of oracular magnificence. "Alexander" is full of martial vigour; and of the other smaller poems, each is distinguished in its way for some peculiar excellence. The volume, therefore, lies clearly out of the common order.

The Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lyme, in Kent. By Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.: Smith, London.

In this calculating age it is refreshing to pause and look back upon the traces of by-gone times; to dive into the mists of antiquity, and

ponder over that period of our history in which the Roman, with all his pride and power, was a sojourner in the land. But more especially ought we to feel interested in that portion of our island which the conquering Cæsar first beheld in all its rich forest beauty, when swamp and wild, and massive woodland constituted its features.

Mr. Roach Smith's work on Richborough and Reculver, &c., is eminently calculated to satisfy those who feel an interest in exploring the footsteps of the Romans in Britain. In fact, the author has so fully traced out and delved into every portion of the localities he treats of, that he elucidates the every-day life of the Roman as plainly as if we beheld him before us.

Richborough (where Cæsar first landed on the Kentish coast), is now for the first time *fully* described. It was the spot on which the legions of Rome first made a stand against the wild race they came to conquer, and where, after the turmoil of battle, the glittering cohorts (throwing aside their arms) commenced building one of those adamantine fortresses, whose stupendous strength and durability remain to point out their grandeur and power.

We have here also a description of the Roman Castrum at Lyme (commonly called Stutfall Castle), and of which little was before known. The perseverance and research displayed throughout the entire work, render it a most important and valuable contribution upon the subject. Strange to say, until of late years, when such men as Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Rolfe, and one or two others, have succeeded, by their industry and learning in fully searching out and describing these Roman strongholds, they seem to have been as unknown and unnoticed as if the mists of the marsh land in which they are situated, had the power of rendering them invisible.

Want of space hinders us from pointing out more particularly the various matters of interest contained in this volume, together with the beautifully executed drawings with which Mr. Fairholt has enriched it, but we feel assured it will be sought after by all intelligent readers from its merit and the stores of knowledge it contains.

Anecdotes of the Aristocracy. By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. 2 vols. Churton.

These volumes, as their title professes, are a collection of episodes of ancestral story, and anecdotes of many whose names stand high, and are well known amongst the aristocracy of Great Britain. The strange and stirring events with which the work abounds, are for the most part pleasingly narrated. In a few instances, perhaps, they are extended to a somewhat unnecessary length. The volumes altogether are of great interest, and, we doubt not, will be eagerly sought after by many whose names and connexions render them interested in the extraordinary transactions in which their ancestors figured.

The old and trite notion, that fiction is less strange than fact, is here also fully exemplified, since, some of the narratives Mr. Burke relates of many of the best respect in our Island (whose names are familiar to us as household words, and whose present representatives

are daily to be seen) would furnish forth the plot either of romance or drama. Nay, "so strange and so unnatural" are some of the deeds enacted by men living in a more rude and warlike age, that the story of their lives would scarce be credited in a romance. From the crusades to the last generation, Mr. Burke gives us many such episodes. Stories of love, and war, and crime, which, perhaps, some of those nearly connected with the actors would rather not have seen reproduced to the world after the hand of time had partially obliterated the record.

On the rise and fall of families, Mr. Burke has much to say. The Plantagenets, the Staffords, the Nevilles—the three most illustrious names in the roll of England's nobility, have their story to tell, exemplifying

"How chances mock, and changes fill, the cup of alteration."

Such records are indeed full of interest to readers of every class; and amongst the singular instances of the decadence of families, we find accordingly the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet following the craft of a cobbler at Newport, in Shropshire:—

"The aspiring blood of Lancaster"

in like manner has indeed "sunk in the ground," and its princely stream but lately flowed through humble veins; for amongst the lineal descendants of the Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward the First, and entitled to quarter the royal arms, we find one George Smart, a butcher in Hales Owen, and one George Wilmot, a turnpike-man near Dudley; and again, amongst the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, we have Stephen James Penny, late a sexton in St. George's, Hanover Square.

Such is the decadence of the royal, the once proud Plantagenets, and such is the mournful story of many a knightly and noble race besides. "The halls that once knew them know them no more." Their names are forgotten, and save perhaps a half-obliterated scutcheon, carved upon their crumbling towers, nought remains to point out where they once dwelt in all the pomp and pride of feudal power.

In pursuance of this theme, Mr. Burke shows in a descendant of the once proud Gascons, an unweighing spendthrift, whose career was suddenly cut short by the halter. Another brother of the same house, given to courses as wild if not as wicked, we find *playing at put* in an ale-house, and finally dying in an old hostelry, whilst travelling as a carrier to London. The Scotch and Irish family annals exhibit examples as striking. As an instance of the former country, we have John Earl of Traquair, cousin of King James VI., in an antique cloak and tattered trunks, begging with bated breath and humble attitude for a bawbee in the Canongate; and in the latter, under the frieze coat of many an humble peasant, flows the blood of Ireland's ancient kings, the O'Rookes, the O'Reillys, the O'Brians, and the O'Sullivan. Such is the natural decline, the inevitable destiny, sooner or later of all things human, and out of this theme and others pertaining to his subject, he has produced a most amusing and instructive book.

Pique: a Novel in Three Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is an agreeable and well-written novel of high life, and will be peculiarly acceptable to those who prefer to follow the progress of a series of circumstances that call forth the gentler emotions, rather than to be introduced to scenes rampant with the stormy displays of passion. The object is to exhibit the baleful effects of pique when it is encouraged to pursue its workings upon those we love. If this intention is not fully carried out, the interest of the story is no loser by that circumstance. Earnestly, and with unswerving perseverance to the final end, to show to what pique will first lead, next follow, and at last drive its victim, were the work of a high talent, content to inflict a large amount of pain for the chance of effecting a complete moral cure. Mildred, the heroine, with all her faults, cannot but be a favourite, and the characters generally are drawn with delicacy and skill. We willingly recommend these volumes to the public, and shall be glad to welcome a second work by the amiable and sensible authoress.

The Bye-Lanes and Downs of England, with Turf Scenes and Characters. By Sylvanus.

Some of these life-like pictures of men and manners, "high-mettled racers," and sweetly drawn rural scenes, having served to amuse the readers of this "Miscellany," we are in a manner compelled to dismiss the volume in which they now appear in their entirety with a more chary notice than might otherwise have been justly awarded to it. At the same time, we cannot refuse a word of well-merited praise to the author of a vigorous, truthful, and entertaining work; the more especially when, amidst the palatable effervescence of his dashes at life, he has earnestly and successfully made it his aim to infuse the spirit of a good purpose.

As a review of the Turf and its motley *dramatis personæ*, as well as being a history of racing from the earliest times, the work, having been written from a practical knowledge of the subject, is one of the most interesting books of the season.

. Want of space compels the Editor to omit reviews of the following works, Henderson's "Excursions in New South Wales,"—"The Wife's Sister,"—Hon. and Rev. W. H. Villiers Stuart's "Eve of the Deluge,"—Baron Prochazka's "Revelations of Hungary,"—Bercastle's "Voyage to China." They will be noticed in our next Number.



1750-1751

W. D. D. D. D.

Portrait of a young man, 1750-1751, by W. D. D. D.

Portrait of a young man, 1750-1751, by W. D. D. D.

HORACE WALPOLE AND THE LITERARY WORLD
OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

WITH A PORTRAIT OF GRAY.

THE names of the writers whose correspondence is now before us, for more than half a century occupied no inconsiderable space in the world of letters. From the death of Gray till the rise of Cowper, Mason perhaps ranked as the first and foremost in the poetic list, and when a new and more brilliant school arose, his name still appeared among the rising constellation, with scarcely diminished lustre. Walpole too did not neglect to avail himself of the usual advantages which his situation in life presented to him from his earliest years, to collect his various stores of literature and art, to extend his acquaintance with them in many directions, and to present from time to time to the public the result of his elegant and curious researches. Mason's reputation rested, however, on what he himself published in his lifetime; and when he died, the friend, in everything so capable and so willing to have given to us such a memorial of the departed poet, as would have precluded the necessity of any other, was himself taken away, when his task of love was scarcely begun. In this respect the too early loss of Dr. Burgh can never be repaired; and when at length his collected works appeared, without a note, and without a name, it appeared that a few sermons, which Mason had printed, but never published, were all that were added by the hands of his executors.

With Walpole the case was altogether different. Friends were not wanting both able and willing to do justice to his memory; large stores of literature were discovered, in quality equal or superior to what he had previously given to the world. His chests and cabinets were found filled with manuscript collections of a nature to excite and gratify curiosity with the results of personal observation and reflection. The history of our two latest reigns passed in long review before him; the doors of the council-chamber seemed unlocked at his touch; the debates of the senate were listened to by him, and reported in a manner that impaired nothing of their former beauty. Political intrigues, party differences, personal anecdotes, many of them unsuspected, untold and unknown, were to be found in those mysterious volumes; the saloons of fashion, and even the closets of the courts were displayed with open and unguarded doors,—

Apparent domus intus, et atria longa patescunt.

And added to these curious and interesting memoirs, a supplement of Correspondence was unfolded, so extensive and so various as in itself to form a history of all passing events, and of all distinguished persons. Large portions of these have been published, and yet, numerous as are the volumes they form, a considerable addition might be made to them, not inferior in interest to the others. Walpole's life was prolonged to an unusually extended age, and it might almost be said with truth, that his pen, that unwearied recorder of all that his curiosity had collected,

* The Correspondence of Horace Walpole and the Rev. W. Mason, A.M. &c.
VOL. XXIX.

— of all his knowledge, all his reflection and all his wit,—dropped at last reluctantly and slowly from his feeble and dying hand.

The fame of Walpole must rest, we think, more upon the *general* impression produced by his various writings, than by any particular example. It is true, that from a late high authority we hear “that he produced the first romance and the last tragedy of modern times;” and indeed, it is acknowledged that the “Castle of Otranto” is invaluable, not only for the wild interest of the story, but as the first modern attempt to found a tale of amusing fiction upon the basis of the ancient romance of chivalry. This original sketch has by subsequent writers been spread upon a larger canvas, and expressed in bolder colours, but the effect which has been gained to please the many, has been purchased, we think, at the expense of that discretion and propriety which satisfied the few. No one of his successors in the same line equalled him in the knowledge which he brought to the subject, and which enabled him to treat it with such eminent success. Whoever reads this romance with attention, and with a due acquaintance with the subject, will feel that it is the work of an *artist*, whom his previous studies had furnished with all that was requisite for the purpose of his task. Thus he avoided all incongruities, he overcame many difficulties, and he was enabled to produce the full impressions intended by him. For ourselves, we must own, we prefer it to all its imitations, both in its plan and execution. The plan we like, as it leaves us still surrounded with all the enchantments it has raised, to linger still, if so we love to dwell, amid the transitory *realities* of fiction; and we prefer the chaste, temperate and moderated system, in which the descriptive parts are executed, to the more lavish and expanded form in which they appear in the pages of later writers. — Of the “Mysterious Mother,” Mr. Walpole cannot be acquitted of want of judgment and taste in the selection of the subject. To write a play that he *should be afraid would be read*, was a blunder we could hardly suppose he would have made; yet, when printed at his private press, it was distributed only among a few particular friends, with the strictest injunctions of secrecy; first, as regards its execution. A writer of reputation in that line of composition (whom we presume was Isaac Reed) says, “that for nervous, simple and pathetic language, each appropriated to the several purposes of the drama; for striking incidents, for address in conducting the plot, and for consistency of character uniformly preserved through the whole piece, it is equal, if not superior, to any play of the present century.” We may add, before we leave the subject, that the late acute and eminent critic, George Steevens, intended to have reviewed the piece on its appearance, and give specimens, but he learnt that Walpole would have been annoyed, and though his review was in type, even then he reluctantly cancelled every line.

It is, however, more particularly as a letter-writer that Walpole is now before us; and we may, without assuming too much confidence, assert, that with but one exception he has no superior in our language, in that most pleasing and difficult species of composition. Whether he might have been indebted to some foreign writers for the first sketches or manner of the style he adopted, we cannot say; but certainly he had no model in his own. Yet perhaps Madame de Sevigné, a great and deserved favourite, may be traced in him, as she is said to have been by a high authority in some happy peculiarities in the style of Gray, but the success

of Walpole is to be found in his taste, his knowledge, his familiarity with the best society, his acute observation, his satire—alike playful or severe—his power of drawing lively pictures of passing events, his epigrammatic expression, his vivacity, and fire, and energy, contrasted with his playful and lighter touches, his storm and sunbeam ;—these are the elements of his great success ; these are the causes of the interest with which we listen to any topic that drops from his pen ; to private anecdotes, to public occurrences, to histories of his illness, to the bitter expression of his dislikes, to his strong antipathies, his violent partialities, his warm flatteries, his inconsistent opinions, his gross invectives, his amusing stories, his whims, his caprices, his prejudices, and his penetration.

The correspondence of Walpole varies much in subject and style, according to the correspondents he addresses. The letters to Horace Mann, who was living abroad, relate more fully the party feelings and political changes and striking events of the day : to Lady Ossory, he conveys the lighter stories and amusing anecdotes, and *amolli* scandal of the social scene ; while in those now before us, a much larger store is appropriated to literature, and art, and poetry, to historical descriptions and antiquarian research.

Mason was an indefatigable writer, especially in poetry. He left behind him much which still remains in manuscript, and some that he wrote has perished. His reading was confined, partly from an habitual weakness of sight, and partly from the habit he preferred of original composition. His library was small, and consisted almost entirely of light literature, poetry, and poetical criticism. He had no literary neighbours in the country, but he maintained a regular correspondence not only with Gray, as is well known, and whose letters to him are printed, but with Bishop Warburton, Bishop Hurd, Lord Harcourt—a nobleman of much accomplishment—with Whitehead the laureat, Dr. Burgh, and others, through such communications becoming always informed of the literature of the day. Sterne he appears to have met at York, but only a distant acquaintance existed between them ; and his metropolitan—who was both a scholar and a gentleman—was the unceasing object of his satire and his scorn.

Mason's fame as a poet will be built on his two tragedies ; what else he has left must be considered only as accessories—as the ornaments of the poetic temple. And yet these have the greatest defect, which surely that species of poetry can possess, that they are not essentially *dramatic* in their character. They are not fitted for the stage. They never had, or could command success in the Temple of Melpomene.

Non Di non homines, non concessere columnas.

This is partly owing to the plan he adopted of forming them after a classical model too simple and austere for public taste, partly from some defects inherent in the stories which he selected for representation. In "Elfrida," we find that her character, as there delineated, is opposed directly to the historic truth,—we think, also, that of *Osgar*, the father, to be a positive failure, and the catastrophe altogether unsatisfactory. A king who cannot control even the lowest of his appetites and passions—a father who sacrifices all natural feeling and parental love to a base desire, that does not deserve the name of *ambition*, and a plot which ends by the lady going into a convent, from which she could

get out whenever she pleases, are not exactly such materials as are likely to command the success of the drama. Yet this play, failing in its *dramatic* qualities, is not devoid of *poetic* beauties. The descriptive parts are elegant; the moral just, and the sentiments are expressed with that propriety and elegance which their nature required. Some of the imagery is adorned with much beauty of allusion, and with the richness of metaphorical decoration; and if the choral parts are not in design sufficiently woven into the general structure of the fabric (which must be considered a great defect), and if they do not attend and accompany the narrative in its progressive development, yet, considered as lyrical compositions, they are deserving of no common praise. No doubt there is a want of the fire of creative genius in all Mason's poetry—there is a want of idiomatic freedom and interest in his language; but then these qualities belong only to poets of the first order, and he would have been content and perhaps proud to be placed, as a willing disciple, in the chaste, correct, and careful school of Racine.

His second drama is generally and judiciously ranked as far superior to the former. We think that Gray said "one was the offspring of a boy, and the other of a man." And yet if this praise is to be given to "Caractacus," it is given to a drama possessing few of the highest qualities of tragedy,—the awful conflict of great passions, the prophetic terrors of guilty designs, the torments of baffled ambition, the wrongs of unresisting innocence, and the last sighs of that broken spirit, which looks for refuge only to the grave. Still we must not overlook the strains of noble eloquence and pathetic feeling which rise above the general level of the other parts. And if Mason had been content to contract his poetical ornaments of language, and to present his muse in a plainer and simpler robe, he would have satisfied our judgment and swayed our passions in a far greater degree than he has.

Mason never could have given us anything like the last act of "Zanga," for that was beyond his powers; but he would have presented us with specimens of finished elegance, of correct taste and cultivated talent, which at once would act on the imagination and produce a moral impression on the mind. Of his other dramatic compositions, as he would himself have placed them in a lower order, it is not necessary to speak; the play of "Argentile and Curan" has an ease and facility in its movements, and a grace and variety in its language which will repay the perusal, were it only for its bringing to us a pleasing recollection of the notes it has borrowed from the ancient drama. The "English Garden" was a great favourite with its author, though not with the public, and has, we fear, shared the fate of most didactic poems: since it has been thought that if it is the design to *teach* without amusing, the didactic lesson had better be expressed in the plain and brief medium of prose. It seems deficient in warmth of colour, in variety, in contrast, and, indeed, the art which it is intended to explain is cultivated by a very small and select portion of society. Some have not that delicate refinement to feel its beauties, and some of bolder and more creative imagination look down upon it with indifference. Though Mason had no claim to the rank of a scholar, or a Divine, and though his classical acquirements were very limited, yet he had many and various accomplishments and natural gifts, which he cultivated with care. He could use the pencil with facility; and his compositions on sacred music, which are

printed in the third volume of his works, show a very considerable and practical acquaintance with the subject. A gentleman whose professional attainments in this branch of the art stamps a value on his judgment has said "it cannot be doubted that he was a man of great musical knowledge, a classical judge of the better class of compositions, and one who appreciated the sublimity of our cathedral writers during the Tudor period." And another Professor of standard authority (Mr. Tebb), observes—"that though he unduly depreciated *elaborate harmony, and would have lowered the clerical system to a parochial standard*, yet at the same time he brought a true religious feeling to the duties of his office, and in this respect we must believe that his influence was salutary in an age when the ritual of the church was looked upon, even by the highest dignitaries, with an apathy which to those of our generation must appear marvellous."

To Gray he was more particularly attached, we think, than to any other of his friends; he felt his superior genius, he respected his various and eminent acquirements; he profited by his able and judicious criticisms, and he valued the worth of his friendship, with corresponding affection. To him, Gray, with his dying hands, confided the distribution of his worldly property; and the more important trust of his literary reputation; and Mason, as will be seen in the present correspondence, returned with fidelity the charge committed to him. With a pious care, not often surpassed, he raised the great and faithful monument to the memory of his departed friend, which all who have read his "Memoirs" will remember with delight; and if later editors, having access to the same materials, have been able to indulge our natural curiosity, with a fuller view of the poet and the scholar, they have had reason at the same time to acknowledge the judgment and caution with which Mason *selected* what appeared to him sufficient to form the desired portrait, while he laid aside all that might be deemed unnecessary, or, so recently after Mr. Gray's death, injudicious and imprudent to make public. Time has now removed those objections which arose from the delicacy of friendship, and so raised and extended the fame of the poet, that not only is there scarcely anything he left that might not be printed with propriety, so finished and exact were all the productions of his pen; but that the manuscripts of his which have recently appeared, after a close and long seclusion, have only served to extend his fame, and to evince a deeper research, and a curiosity and diligence, that seemed scarcely satisfied with exploring every avenue of science and learning. Of Mason's satirical productions the first volume of this Correspondence contains a more ample account than was ever before given; indeed, they now change what was conjecture into certainty. Mason was as bitter a politician, as he was an elegant poet; he was at the head of the Yorkshire petition. He was an eager disputant in the American war, and he was in his later age, alarmed and disgusted at the French Revolution; both *his* Whiggism and Walpole's were at once frightened from their propriety by a shock which came with something different than the faction of a party warfare. And Mason, even in his "Essay on Church Music," could not refrain from alluding "to that political revolution which with sanguinary fury is now hurrying to its crisis, while these sheets are revising for the press." Some of his satires, his epigrams and his political squibs still remain unprinted; he was indiscriminate in selecting his quarry. He would

attack the monarch and his metropolitan one day, and the lowest scribblers, like Shebbeare and the Grub-street crew, the next. When at college he "lampooned one of the first characters in the university in very scurrilous verses;" which verses existed only in the possession of a very learned and amiable scholar and divine of his own county, and the memory of which he took care, as he promised, should die with him.

Let us not, however, take our hand from this very unfinished portrait, before we remove any unfavourable impression which might have been made while we were representing but one side of a character which certainly admitted very unusual contrasts. It is said by those who knew him, that his temper was irritable and petulant, and to strangers his demeanour is reported as cold and repulsive. He is said to have, as one of his contemporaries expresses, "a constitutional hatred of subordination;" and he is also said to have had no relish for what Swift calls the *trumpery* and rubbish of general society; but on the better side, we must remark, that his friendship lay among men of the highest character and principles and station; as a churchman he never departed in the least from the right and pure standard of doctrine; he was independent in spirit, liberal in the use of his ample fortune; discharging all the duties of his calling with diligence and punctuality; and in his writings and conduct, showing a mind deeply impressed with feelings of piety, which were seen more strongly to display their pure and benign influence, as the shadows of age were closing upon him.

Mason did not publish on any of the subjects connected with his profession, with the exception of one sermon preached in York Cathedral in 1788, to promote a petition to Parliament for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, but he left several in print, which were printed by his executors, and form the fourth volume of his collected works. Most of them were delivered by him when Chaplain to the King, and preached either at St. James's Chapel or Kensington; the last time he addressed his Majesty's Household was at St. James's, in Lent, March 24, 1771. But we must now turn to the more immediate subject of our notice, and make a few extracts, such as time and space allow, from the correspondence; giving rather casual notices, than parts of more continued subjects; because in the object we have in view, we have only room to show the manner in which they are treated, not the inherent value or weight of the matter discussed, which would require a wider page. The first extract relates to the "Heroic Epistle," and the reader cannot fail to observe the extreme caution and *finesse* with which this subject is also treated in these letters, and that with reason; for at the time it was printed, Mason held his Chaplaincy to the King, who is the subject of something more than the poet's ridicule. The satire came out in the early part of 1773, and Mason resigned his Chaplaincy in the August of the same year: it was high time he should!

Speaking of his interview with his patron and friend, Lord Holderness, Mason says, "Our talk was entirely on general subjects and literary matters, such as Sir John D. (Dalrymple), and An. Stuard's (Andrew Stuart) book, and the 'Heroic Epistle.' I controverted none of his opinions; only as he seemed to think that the Epistle had merit, I ventured to say that I thought it worthy of Soame Jenyns, had it suited his polite sentiments; he replied, 'So it was, but Jenyns would never have used that *harsh* kind of satire.' From his Lordship's account I find that it is generally supposed to be *Temple Lutterell's*, although Almon

declares it to be the work of a young man, and his first work. After all we live in an age of miracles, that two such writers as he and Junius should keep themselves concealed," &c. The notes to this Poem were written by Walpole, and the correspondence was conducted with such punctilious caution, that much of it, in distrust of the post office, was sent by private hands. After the marriage of Walpole's niece with the Duke of Gloucester, he became more suspicious of the public conveyance, and in those days it was not very scrupulously conducted.

When Mason was collecting his materials for a Life of Gray, Walpole, and other early friends of the poet, furnished him with such writings or other records for themes, as related to his personal history. It became, among other things, necessary to explain in some degree the cause of the rupture between himself and his friend, which took place when abroad, which was of course much talked of at the time, and interpreted according to the feelings or friendships of persons connected with them. Walpole writes when the book appeared, "Of my two friends and me, I only make a most indifferent figure. I do not mean with regard to parts or talents. I never, one instant of my life, had the superlative vanity of ranking myself with them. They not only possessed genius, which I have not, great learning, which is to be acquired, and which I never acquired; but both Gray and West had abilities marvellously premature; what wretched boyish stuff would my contemporary letters to them appear, if they existed, and which they both were so good natured as to destroy. What unpoetic things were mine at that age, some of which unfortunately do exist, and which I yet could never surpass; but it is not in that light I consider my own position. We had not got to Calais before Gray was dissatisfied, for I was a boy, and he, though infinitely more a man, was not enough so, to make allowances. Hence am I never mentioned once with kindness in his letters to West. This hurts me, for him as well as myself. For the oblique censures on my want of curiosity I have nothing to say. The fact was true. My eyes were not purely classic, and though I am now a dull antiquary, my age then made me taste pleasures and diversions merely modern. I say this to you, and to you only, in confidence. I do not object to a syllable. I know how trifling, how useless, how blameable I have been, and submit to hear my faults, both because I have had faults, and because I hope I have corrected some of them, and though Gray hints at my unwillingness to be told them, I can say truly that to the end of his life, he neither spared the reprimand, nor mollified the terms, as you and others know, and I believe have felt." Again he says, "I am sorry to find I disobliged Gray so very early. I am sorry for him that it so totally obliterated all my friendship for him; a remark the world probably, and I hope, will not make, but which it is natural for me, dear sir, to say to you. I am so sincerely zealous that all possible honours should be done to my two friends, that I care not a straw for serving as a foil to them; and as confession of faults is the only amendment I can now make to the one disobliged, I am pleased with myself for having consented, and for consenting as I do, to that public reparation," &c. I am charmed with your idea of the cenotaph for Gray, and would not have it wait a moment for my approbation. I do not know what my lines were, for I gave them to you, or have burnt or lost them, but I am sure yours are ten times better, as anything must naturally be, when you and I write on the same subject. I prefer Westminster Abbey to

Stoke or Pembroke Chapel, not because due to Gray, whose genius does not want any such distinction, but as due to Westminster Abbey which would miss him, and to humble the French, who never had had a Homer or a Pindar, nor probably will have, since Voltaire could make nothing more like an epic poem, than the 'Henriade,' as Boileau and Rousseau have succeeded so little in Odes that the French still think that ballad-wright, Quinault, their best lyric poet, which shows how much they understand lyric poetry. Voltaire has lately written a letter against Shakspeare (occasioned by the new paltry translation which still has discovered his miraculous powers), and it is as down-right Billingsgate, as an applewoman would utter if you overturn her wheelbarrow. Poor old wretch! how envy disgraces the brightest talents! How Gray adored Shakspeare! Partridge the Almanac-maker perhaps was jealous of Sir Isaac Newton. *Dr. Goldsmith told me he himself envied Shakspeare*, but Goldsmith was an idiot, who once or twice a fit of parts. It hurts one when a real genius, like Voltaire, can feel more spite than admiration, though I am persuaded that his rancour is grounded on his conscious inferiority. I wish you would lash this old scorpion a little, and teach him awe of English poetry.

The following account of T. Warton's History of English Poetry does not do justice to a work of great learning, and of much judicious and elegant criticism. But Walpole did not like this kind of research, however necessary for a History of Art in its infancy and progress, as such as Gray himself would not have disdained! and Mason not only laughed at antiquaries and their pursuits as subjects for his wit, but had no apparent liking for Warton, who had once worsted him in a conflict of his own seeking; for all must own the superiority of the "Triumph of Isis" to the "Complaint."

"Well, I have read Mr. Warton's book, and shall I tell you what I think of it? I never saw so many interesting particulars crowded together with so little entertainment and vivacity. The facts are overwhelmed by one another, as Johnstone's sense is by words. They are all equally strong. Mr. Warton has amassed all the parts and learning of four centuries, and all the impression that remains, is, that these figures had no parts or learning at all. There is not a gleam of poetry in their compositions between the Scalds and Chaucer; nay, I question whether they took their metres for anything more than for writing prose. In short, it may be the genealogy of versification, with all intermarriages and anecdotes of the family; but Gray's and your poem might still be executed. I am sorry Mr. Warton has contracted such an affection for his materials, that he seems almost to think that not only Pope, but Dryden himself, have added few beauties to Chaucer," &c. He then mentions the death of Goldsmith, with some variation from the accounts generally received. "The republic of Parnassus has lost a member. Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved, if he had continued James's Powder, which had had a much effect, but his physician interposed. His numerous friends neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written epitaphs on them all, some of which hurt, and, perhaps, made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary. The poor soul had sometimes passed through never common sense."

We turn from Learning to Wit,—from the cloister to the court, fr

the poet to the peer, and from Green Arbour Court to Walpole's favourite study at Strawberry, and see him with a volume we well remember in his library, filled with his notes, lying before him.

"I was too late for the post on Thursday, and have since got Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which without being well entertained I sat up reading last night till between one and two, and devoured above a hundred and forty. To my great surprise, they seem really written from the heart, not for the honour of his head, and, in truth, do no great honour to the last, nor show much feeling in the first, except in wishing for his son's fine gentlemanhood. He was sensible what a cub he had to work on; and whom two quartos of licking could not mould, for cub he remained to his death. The repetitions are endless and tiresome. The next volume I see promises more amusement, for, in turning it over, I spied many political names. The more curious part of all is, that one perceives by what infinite assiduity and attention his Lordship's own great character was raised and supported,—and yet in all that great character, what was there worth remembering but his *bon mots*; his few fugitive pieces that remain, show his genteel turn for songs and his wit. From politics, he rather escaped well, than succeeded by them. In short, the diamond owed more to being brilliant and polished, and well set, than to any intrinsic worth or solidity.

"Lord Chesterfield's Characters are published, and are not even prettily written, as might have been expected. They are not so much as terse and quaint, which would not indeed have made them better, but they are even vulgar and ill-expressed. One would think he did not know the personages well with whom he had been so conversant. This is not from prejudice that I speak, *for my father's is tolerably impartial, and in some parts just*; yet as it was preserved by his Lordship, so many years after the confutation was notorious, it shows old prejudice to tax him with having sacrificed everything to the purpose of making a great fortune. He was born to £,500*l.* a year, left a nominal estate of 8000*l.*, and died 50,000*l.* in debt. Tom Wyndham was more ingenuous, even though in opposition and in the height of the clamour. Going to see Longleat, built by Sir John Thynne, steward to the Protector Somerset, and the man who showed the house (which, by the way, is a town in comparison) saying, 'It is a large house, but we don't pretend that it rivals Houghton,' Wyndham replied, 'No! yet I believe Mr. Jenkins (my father's steward) has not built such a one.' The character of the Queen is equally unjust; avarice was by no means her failing. Lord Hardwicke is as ridiculously exalted. More, Bacon, Clarendon, were nothing to this mirror of magistrates: you would think that Lord Chatham could have out-reasoned Lord Mansfield, as easily as his thunder shook that aspen leaf. I do not recommend to your friend to copy these portraits in encaustic."

From the subject of Gibbon's history, Walpole's line of study laid somewhat wide apart; its great merits, its considerable defects, its luminous arrangements in some parts, and its perplexing obscurity in others, are too well known now to be discussed. Besides, Walpole cared little for that portion of it which to many would be of the highest interest; the rise of the great theological parties and heresies in the early days of Christianity:—

"Lo! there is just appeared a truly classic work: a history, not majestic like Livy, nor compressed like Tacitus, not stamped with cha-

racter like Clarendon ; perhaps not so deep as Robertson's Scotland, but a thousand degrees above his Charles ; not pointed like Voltaire, but as accurate as he is inexact, modest as he is *tranchant*, and sly as Montesquieu, without being so *recherché*. The style is as smooth as a Flemish picture, and the muscles are concealed and only for natural uses, not exaggerated like Michael Angelo's, to show the painter's skill in anatomy, nor composed of the limbs of clowns of different nations, like Dr. Johnson's heterogeneous monsters. This book is Mr. Gibbon's 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' He is son of a late foolish alderman—is a member of parliament, and called a whimsical one because he votes variously, as his opinion leads him ; and his first production was in French, in which language he shines too. I know him a little, never suspected the extent of his talents, for he is perfectly modest, or I want penetration, which I know too, but I intend to know him a great deal more," &c.

In a subsequent portion of his correspondence, it appears that he did know him a *great deal more*, and increased admiration does not seem to have followed improved acquaintance.

"*Appropos* to Gray—Johnson's Life, or rather criticism on his Odes, is come out ; a most wretched, dull, tasteless, *verbal*, criticism—yet timid too ; but he makes amends, he admires Thomson and Akenside, and Sir Richard Blackmore, and has reprinted Dennis's criticism on Cato, to save time and swell his pay. In short, as usual, he has proved that he has no more ear than taste. Mrs. Montague and all her *Mænades* intend to tear him limb from limb for despising their moppet Lord Lytleton. You will be diverted to hear, that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense, I gave it, but, alas ! with too much sincerity. I added, 'Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry *you* should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan history. There is so much of the Arians, and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians ; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it.' He coloured, all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles, he screwed up his button mouth, and, rapping his snuff-box, said, 'It had never been put together before,' *so well*, he meant to add, but gulped it. He meant *so well* certainly, for Tillemont, whom he quotes in every page, has done the very thing. Well ! from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week ; nor has sent me the third volume as he promised. I well knew his vanity even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably. The History is admirably written, especially in the characters of Julian and Athanasias, in both which he has piqued himself on impartiality. But the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots, that would choak anything but Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles. David Hume and Adam Smith are *legislators* and sages, but the homage is intended for his patron, Lord Loughborough,—so much for literature and its fops !"

We are not aware of any but a superficial account of the speech alluded to in the following passage ; but for this and for specimens

of the same kind, we would wish that Walpole had spent his life, on the benches of the House, as reporter alike of its wisdom and its wit. A few such *etchings* of the best parts of speeches is all we want :—

“ *Apropos*, his (Burke’s) last Friday’s parody of Burgoyne’s talk with the Indians, was the *chef d’œuvre* of wit, humour, and just satire, and almost suffocated Lord North himself with laughter ; as his pathetic description of the barbarities of the cis-Atlantic army—

‘ Drew iron tears down Barré’s cheek,’

“ I wish I could give you an idea of that superlative oration. He was pressed to print it, but says he has not time during the Session. How cold, how inadequate, will be my fragment of a sketch from second, third, and thousandth hands ; yet I must send you a bit of a daub with probably even the epithets wrong or misplaced, though each was picturesque. Well ! though I can neither draw nor colour, *invenies etiam disjecti membra* ! Hurlothrumbo exhorted seventeen Indian nations, who so far from understanding the Hurlothrumbic dialect, are probably almost as ignorant of English. He exhorted them by the dictates of *our* holy religion and by their reverence for *our* Constitution, to repair to his Majesty’s standard. Where was that ? said Burke : on board Lord Dunmore’s ship ; and he exhorted them (I suppose by the same divine and human laws) not to touch the hair of the head of man, woman, or child, while living, though he was willing to deal with them for scalps of the dead, being a nice and distinguished judge between the scalp taken from a dead person, and the head of a person that dies of being scalped. Let us state this Christian exhortation and Christian injunction, said Burke, by a more familiar picture. Suppose there was a riot on Tower-hill. What would the keeper of his Majesty’s lions do ? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts, and then address them thus ? My gentle lions, my humane bears, my sentimental wolves, my tender-hearted hyænas, go forth ; but I exhort ye, as ye are Christians and members of a civilized society, to take care not to hurt man, woman, or child, &c. Barré’s codicil was to threaten to paste on churches this memorable talk, under the injunctions of the bishops for a fast. Governor Johnstone said he rejoiced there were no strangers in the gallery, as Burke’s speech would have excited them to tear the ministers to pieces, as they went out of the house,” &c.

Now from the senate, let us walk to the theatre ; for there the great beauty of the day is witnessing the effects of her own dramatic genius, and the “ *side boxes are bowing from their inmost rows.*”

“ Lady Craven’s comedy, called the ‘ *Miniature Picture*,’ which she acted herself, with a genteel set, at her own house in the country, has been played at Drury Lane. The chief singularity was, that she went to it herself the second night, in form ; sate in the middle of the front row of the stage box, much dressed with a profusion of white bugles, and plumes, to receive the public homage due to her sex and loveliness. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Harcourt, Lady Edgecumbe, Lady Ailesbury, Mrs. Damer, Lord Craven, General Conway, Colonel O’Hara, Mr. Lenox and I were with her. It was amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself, but there is such an integrity and frankness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents, that she speaks of them with a *naïveté* as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the gods. Lord Craven, on the contrary, was quite

agitated by his fondness for her, and with impatience at the bad performance of the actors, which was wretched indeed; yet the address of the plot, which is the chief merit of the piece, and some little pencilling, carried it off very well, though *Parsons* murdered the Scotland lord, and Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favourite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms or him.

"There is a very good, though endless prologue, written by Sheridan and spoken in perfection by King, which was encored (an entire novel the first night, and an epilogue, that I liked still better, and which was full as well delivered by Mrs. Abington, written by Mr. Jekyl. The audience, though very civil, missed a fair opportunity of being gallant for in one of those —logues, I forget which, the noble authoress mentioned, and they did not applaud, as they ought to have done exceedingly, when she condescended to avow her pretty child, and when she there looking so very pretty. I could not help thinking to myself, how many deaths Lady Harcourt would have suffered, rather than encounter such an exhibition. Yet Lady Craven's tranquillity had nothing displeasing; it was only the ease that conscious pre-eminence bestows on sovereigns, whether their empire consists in power or beauty. It was the ascendant of Millamont, and Lady Betty Modish and Indamora, and it was tempered by her infinite good nature, which made her make excuses for the actors, instead of being provoked at them," &c.

We must sit out another piece before we leave, for such plays as such authors are not of every-day occurrence, and now, alas! in the later days,

"The players and we are luckily no friends."

"I wish it was possible to give you a full account of a tragedy that has just been lent to me,—an adequate one is totally impossible. The Bishop-Count of Bristol, whom I met t'other night at Mrs. Delany desired to send me a play, that he confessed he thought equal to the noblest flights of Shakspeare. Such an honour was not to be refused. Arrived the thickest of quartos, full as the egg of an ostrich: with great difficulty I got through it in two days. It is on the story of Lord Russel. John Lilburne himself could not have more Whig zeal. The style extremely deficient in grammar, is flogged up to more extravagant rants than Statius's or Claudian's, with a due proportion of tumbles in the kennel. The devils and damnation supply every curse with brightness, and hell's sublime is coupled with Newgate, St. James's, and Stocks Market; every scene is detached, and each as long as an act, and every one might be omitted without interrupting the action, for plot or conduct there is none. Jefferies and Father Peter open the drama and scourge one another up to the blackest pitch of iniquity. They are relieved by Algernon Sidney and Lord Howard. The first rants like a madman, and damns the other to the pit of hell. Lady Russel is not whit less termagant. The good Earl of Bedford, on the contrary, is as patient as Job, and forgets the danger of his son, to listen to the pathetic narrative of his old steward, whose wife had been Lord Russel's nurse, and died at seeing him sent to the Tower. The second act begins and never ends, with Lord Bedford's visit to Newgate, where he gives money to the jailer for leave to see his son. The jailer chous him, calls himself emperor of Newgate, and promises to support his dignity by every act of royal tyranny; compares himself to Salmonet

and talks of nabobs, Stock's Alley, and Whitfield. Lord Russel comes to the grate, gives more money, equally in vain. At last the monarch jailer demands one thousand pounds. Russel promises it; the jailer tenders a promissory note. Lord Russel takes it to sign, and finds it stipulates seven thousand pounds, and so on. King Charles and the Duke of York enter, quarrel about religion, but agree on cutting Lord Essex's throat, with many such pathetic amenities. The last act contains the whole trial *verbatim*, with the pleadings of the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals. Tillotson and Burnet are called to the prisoner's character,—in vain—he is condemned. Lord Bedford falls at the king's feet, begging his son's life; the King tells him he teazes him to death, and that he had rather be still in Scotland, listening to nine hours' sermons, delivered

‘ — through the funnel
Of noses lengthened down into proboscis.’

This is the only flower I could retain of so dainty a garland. The piece concludes with Lady Russel's swooning on hearing the two strokes of the axe," &c.

The following extract relates to Mason's translation of Fresnoy on the Art of Painting,—a treatise in Latin hexameters, which had the honour of being translated by Dryden in prose, and which Mason has made readable in good easy verse; but the best parts of it are the critical notices by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the end. He who could write them, may surely be permitted to have the credit of having written his own Lectures.

"I have got your Fresnoy; it is a new proof of what I have long thought, that there is nothing you cannot do, if you please. This is the best translation I ever saw; there have been disputes between literal and paraphrastic translations, and no wonder, for a third sort, the true, was not known. Yours preserves the sense and substance of every sentence, but you make a new arrangement, and state and express the author's thoughts better than he could. Horace would have excused you if you had been simply familiar in a didactic poem, but you would not be so excused, nor allow yourself negligence in your poetry. You have exchanged the poverty of Fresnoy's Latin for Pope's rich English, and every epithet contributes its quota to every precept, and develops it. This is in the style of none of your other works, and though more difficult as masterly as any. In short, I have examined it with admiration, and only wonder how, with such power, and knowledge of the subject, you could confine yourself to the *matter* of the original. The shackles of translation have neither cramped your style, nor rendered it obscure; you have enriched your author without deviating, and improved his *matter* without adding to it, which is an achievement indeed. I do not flatter you,—nay, you know I am frank enough upon most occasions, and were I porter of the Temple of Fame, I would not open the door to one of your babes, if it was not like you."

To this Mason answers:—

"I ought to thank you for your favourable (I fear too favourable) opinion of my translation of Fresnoy; it is a work begun in early youth, and which crept on at very distant and idle intervals; it was near being published twenty years ago, but Mr. Gray and Dr. Hurd thought a translation of such a poem would do me little credit;

yet now, when I resolved upon it, for the sake of inducing Sir Joshua to comment upon it, I will own I revised it so very carefully, that I do not think there are ten lines in the whole that are precisely the same they were when my two critics saw it; and as, by practice the knack of rhyming is much more my own, so I really do hope, in point of versification (considered as a translation), it will pass muster; I cannot, however, think it has much original ease about it," &c.

Walpole's hatred to Dr. Johnson was caused by his Tory politics, his High Church theology, and his *grandiloquent diction*, that very diction being the great and leading point, for which he is lauded in his monument in St. Paul's; he says,

"I think I shall soon compass a transcript at least of Gray's Life by Demogorgon for you. I saw him last night at Lady Lucan's, who had assembled a *blue stocking* meeting in imitation of Mrs. Vesey's Babels. It was so blue, it was quite Mazarene-blue. Mrs. Montague kept aloof from Johnson, like the West from the East. There were Soame Jenyns, Persian Jones, Mr. Sherlocke, the new court wit, Mr. Courteney, besides the out-pensioners of Parnassus. Mr. Wraxall, was not, I wonder why, and so will he, for his popping into every spot, where he can make himself talked of, by talking of himself: but I hear he will come to an *untimely beginning* in the House of Commons."

Then with Dr. Johnson he also hated the Scotch.

"Pray look into the 'Critical Review' but one, there you will find that David Hume, in a saucy blockheadly note, calls Locke, Algernon Sidney, and Bishop Hoadly, *despicable writers*. I believe that ere long the Scotch will call the English *lousy*, and that Goody Hunter will broach the assertion in an anatomic lecture. Not content with debasing and disgracing us as a nation, by losing America, destroying our Empire, and making us the scorn and prey of Europe, the Scotch would annihilate our patriots, martyrs, heroes and geniuses. Algernon Sidney, Lord Russel, King William, the Duke of Marlborough, Locke, are to be traduced and levelled, and, with the aid of their fellow labourer Johnson, who spits at them while he tugs at the same oar, Milton, Addison, Prior, and Gray, are to make way for the dull forgeries of Ossian, and such wights as Davy and Johany Hume, Lord Kaims, Lord Monbodo, and Adam Smith. Oh! if you have a drop of English ink in your veins, rouse and revenge your country. Do not let us be run down and brazened out of all our virtues, genius, sense, and taste, by Laplanders and Bœotians, who never produced one original writer in verse or prose."

The following diatribe on epic poems, contains in a small compass, a good specimen of truth and error, of correctness in one place, and exaggeration in another, all compactly and substantially put together, according to the manner in which the *master of the sentences* chose to express himself at the moment.

"*Epic poetry* is the art of being as long as possible in telling an uninteresting story: and an *epic poem* is a mixture of history without truth, and of romance without imagination. We are well off when from that *mealliance* there spring some bastards called episodes, that are lucky enough to resemble their romantic mother more than their solemn father. So far from epic poetry being at the head of composition, I am persuaded that the reason why so exceedingly few have succeeded, is from the absurdity of the species. When nothing has been impossible to genius in every other walk, why has everybody failed in this but

the inventor Homer? You will stare, but what are the rest? Virgil, with every beauty of expression and harmony that can be conceived, has accomplished but an insipid imitation. His hero is a nullity, like Mellefont and the virtuous characters of every comedy, and some of his incidents, as the Harpies and the ships turned to Nymphs, as silly as Mother Goose's tales. Milton, all imagination, and a thousand times more sublime and spirited, has produced a monster. Lucan, who often says more in half a line than Virgil in a whole book, was lost in bombast if he talked for thirty lines together. Claudian and Statius had all his fustian with none of his quintessence. Camoëns had more true grandeur than they, but with grosser faults. Dante was extravagant, absurd, disgusting, in short a Methodist parson in Bedlam. Ariosto was a more agreeable Amadis de Gaul, and Spencer, John Bunyan in rhyme. Tasso wearies one with their insuperable crime of stanza, and by a thousand puerilities that are the very opposite of that dull dignity which is demanded for epic: and Voltaire, who retained his good sense in heroics, lost his spirit and fire in them. In short, epic poetry is like what it first celebrated, the heroes of a world that knew nothing better than courage and conquest. It is not suited to an improved and polished state of things. It has continued to degenerate from the founder of the family, and happily expired in the last bastard of the race, Ossian," &c.

We shall add a few miscellaneous extracts, as our eye glances on many others while we pass along the pages, in few of which it would be difficult not to find something either instructive or amusing, or rather both blended together by his light and easy pen.

"Madame du Deffand said nothing on the strawberries and cream, nor if I asked her, would she probably remember to answer. She never interested herself about Rousseau, nor admired him. Her understanding is too just not to be disgusted with his paradoxes and affectations, and his eloquence could not captivate her, for she hates eloquence. She likes no style but Voltaire's, and has an aversion to all modern philosophers. She has scarce mentioned Rousseau, living or dead; and d'Alembert was egregiously mistaken in thinking she wrote my letter to him. Rousseau would have been still more offended had he known how very little she ever thought on him. She was born, and had lived in the age of true taste, and allowed nobody but Voltaire to belong to it. She holds that all the rest have corrupted their taste and language. *La Fontaine* is her idol; that is; simplicity is!" &c.

"I here send you an original indeed—the preface to 'Rousseau's Mémoires,' which is got out, though the work itself, is, I believe, not yet published. The style, the singularity, the intolerable vanity speak it genuine—nay, so does the laboured eloquence, which would be sublime, if it were not affected phrenzy and worse. I wish you not to give copies, because, should it be discovered, I should be said to have spread it to his prejudice; yet I have none, nor am angry with him by the common rule, because I offended him. So far from it, I have always allowed his masterly genius, and was only angry with him for his own sake, that he, who was born to be superior in common sense, should have stooped to build his fame on paradox, and seemed to choose rather to be talked of for the singularity of his writings, than for their excellence. But this preface goes much farther, *He aims at being the capital figure at the last day,*" &c.

“ My history is a romance of the amours of Eleanor of Aquitaine, Queen of our Henry the Second. She is in love with somebody, who is in love with somebody else. She puts both in prison. The count falls dangerously ill, and sends for the Queen’s physician. Eleanor hears it, calls for the physician, and gives him a bowl which she orders him to prescribe to the count. The doctor hesitates, doubts, begs to know the ingredients. Come, says her Majesty, your suspicions are just—it is poison—but remember it is a crime, I want from you, not a lecture, go and obey my orders. My captain of the guard and two soldiers shall accompany you, and see that you execute my commands, and give no hint of the secret—go; I will have no reply. The physician submits, finds the prisoner in bed, his mistress sitting by. The doctor feels his pulse, produces the bowl, sighs, and says—‘ My dear friend, I cannot cure your disorder, but I have a remedy for myself,’ and swallows the poison. Is not this entirely new? It would be a fine *coup de théâtre*, and yet would not do for tragedy, for the physician would become the hero of the piece, would efface the lovers; and yet the rest of the play, could not be made to turn on him.”

The first of the following extracts brings us in company with the two men of *wit* of the day; the second with the man of *wisdom*.

“ T’other night at Brookes’s the conversation turned on Lord Falkland. Fitzpatrick said he was a very weak man, and owed his fame to Lord Clarendon’s partiality. Charles Fox was sitting in a deep reverie, with his knife in his hand. ‘ There,’ continued Fitzpatrick, ‘ I might describe Charles meditating on his ruin of his country, ingeminating the words ‘ Peace! Peace!’ and ready to plunge the knife in his own bosom.’—‘ Yes,’ rejoined Hare, in the same ironic, dolorous tone, ‘ and he would have done so, but happening to look on the handle of the knife, he saw it was silver, and put it in his pocket.’ The other is an anecdote more fit to rank with the former part of my letter. Sir John Hawkins told it to me last Sunday. When Dr. Johnson was at work on his Shakspeare, Sir John said to him, ‘ Well, Doctor, now you have finished your dictionary, I suppose you will labour your present work *con amore* for your reputation.’—‘ No, sir,’ said Johnson, ‘ nothing excites a man to write but necessity.’ This was but the text—now for the illustration. A clergyman told Sir John very lately, that being with Johnson, he said to him, ‘ Doctor, you have such command of your pen you can do anything: I wish you would write me a sermon.’—‘ No, sir,’ said the Mercenary, ‘ I cannot write but for money; since I have dealt with the heathens (the booksellers), I have no other inspiration. I knew they could not do without me, and I made them pay five guineas a sheet for my *Rasselas*; you must pay me if I write for you.’ And the five guineas per sheet, no doubt, was the price; but I do not know why he called the booksellers *heathens*, unless for their worshipping such an uncouth idol as he is; yet, he has other motives than lucre,—prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry, are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper,’ &c.

If it is any pleasure to see portraits of themselves drawn by painters, and to read autobiographies and confessions, we may find in the extracts below some hints from the fountain head, enabling us to form our opinions of Walpole’s private qualities and political attachment. It was not necessary for Walpole to assume so much modesty and

humility regarding his own work and reputation; for he seldom expressed judgments about matters which lay apart from the line of his own studies, and in them he had a very extensive, and, generally speaking, an accurate knowledge. He was, certainly, as regards works of art, occasionally wrong, but we think mostly in cases where he endeavoured to *persuade himself* that he was in the right. He wished to think well of that which he desired to possess; and his judgment gave way to his will.

“ My humility is so predominant, that I am afraid of pushing it to affectation, upon my conscience. I had rather waive the distinction your friend Mr. Gilpin is willing to pay me. Any interested view he cannot have, for I have neither wealth nor credit, and were it not presumption, would add, never *will* have either. But it is solemnly true, that I have so mean an opinion of myself, that I know not how to consent to any honour. Genius I absolutely have not—taste, if you please—for of that I should be no more vain than of personal beauty, but I have so much littleness in my mind, such a want of virtue, that any praise to my understanding makes me cast my eyes inwards with contrition and disgust. Would not an idol of mud blush if it could, at seeing itself crowned with laurel? Having made my confession to you, my confessor, do what you please, but save me from compliments and from *Honourables*—there I am proud not humble. I am thoroughly convinced that that wretched ray of an earldom procured me half my little fame. Things I have published without my name, though not worse than their baptized brethren, have perished in their merited obscurity. I can smile at it, but at least it makes me set no value on my literary reputation,” &c.

“ Our writers have been disputing for these hundred and sixty-six years on Whig and Tory principles. Their successors, who, I suppose, will continue the controversy, will please to allow at least, that if the ministers of both parties were equally complaisant when in power, the splendour of the crown (I say nothing of the happiness of the people, which is never taken into the account) has constantly been augmented by Whig administrations, and has faded (and then and now a little more) when Tories have governed! The reason is as plain: Whig principles are founded on sense; a whig may be a fool, a tory must be so: the consequence is plain; a whig, when a minister, may abandon his principles, but he will retain his sense, and will therefore not risk the felicity of his posterity by sacrificing everything to selfish views. A tory attaining power, hurries to establish despotism: the honour, the trade, the wealth, the peace of the nation, all are little to him, in comparison of the despotic will of his master; *but are not you glad I write on small paper?* ”

And now, before we depart, let us lay aside all our graver thoughts our studious pursuits, our literary jealousies, our political animosities,—dismiss for a time, art, and science, and literature—leave Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court, and even Mason himself in his garden at Aston, and accept the card of invitation to Strawberry Hill; begging our readers not to overlook the portrait so happily introduced of the family living at Bushy, when Lady Charlotte Lindsay did not unfortunately appear to form an agreeable foil to Lady Laura Waldegrave.

“Lady Laura will describe to you a most brilliant *fête* that I gave her and her sisters and cousins last Thursday. People may say what they will, but splendid as it was, I am not of opinion that this *festiva-
nieces* was absolutely the most charming show that ever was seen. I believe the entertainment given by the Queen of the Amazons to the King of Mauritania in the Castle of Ice, and the ball made for the Princess of Persia by the Duke of Sparta in the Saloon of Roses were both of them more delightful, especially as the contrast of the savage Africans with the shining whiteness of the Thracian heroines, and the opposition between the nudity of the Lacedemonian generals and the innumerable folds of linen in the drapery of the Persian ladies, may have been more singular than all the marvels in the Castle of Strawberry last Thursday. To be sure the illumination of the gallery surpassed the palace of the sun; and when its fretted ceiling, which you know is richer than the roof of paradise, opened for the descent of Minerva in the full moon, nothing could be more striking. The circular drawing-room was worthy of the presence of Queen Bess, as many of the old ladies, who remember her, affirmed; and the high altar in the tribune was fitter for a Protestant king's hearing mass than the chapel at Lord Petre's. The tapestry bed in the great chamber looked gorgeous (though it had not an escutcheon of pretence like the Duchess of Chandos's while her father and brother are living) and was restrewed with roses for a hymeneal; but alas! there was the misfortune of the solemnity! Though my nieces looked as well as the household notwithstanding *I was disappointed of the house of North to set them* and though I had sent out one hundred and thirty cards, in this regard there are no swains who are under my own almost climacteric. I had three Jews of Abraham's standing, and seven Sarahs who still talk of the second temple. The rest of the company were dowagers and maidens, with silver beards down to their girdles; Henry and Francis whose doves have long done laying; the curate of the parish; Brisc the second-hand silversmith; Mr. Raftor; and Lady Greenwich in riding-dress, for she came on her own broom. You may perhaps think that some of the company were not quite of dignity adequate to such a high festival, but they were just the persons made the most happy by being invited: and as the haughtiest peers stoop to be civil to shopkeepers before an election, I did not see why I should not do, out of good nature, what the proudest so often do out of interest. I do not mention two ancient generals, because they have not been beaten out of America into red ribbands, nor a Judge Persin, who had solicited me to invite his daughters,” &c.

We now only add that we are induced to hope, before long, by the advertisement which we have seen, to have another volume of *Maxims* placed before us, with a correspondence, of equal interest to the present, with his friend, and our great lyric poet, and very learned scholar Thomas Gray.

HUMMING BIRDS.

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

When the morning dawns, and the blest sun again
 Lifts his red glories from the eastern main ;
 Then, through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews,
 The flower-fed Humming Bird his round pursues ;
 Sips, with inserted tube, the honeyed blossoms,
 And chirps his gratitude as round he roams ;
 While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
 Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
 What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly !
 Each rapid movement gives a different dye.
 Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show—
 Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow.—WILSON.

STERN, bigoted, and cruel, were those fierce rapacious men, the Spanish conquerors of Mexico: men cast in an iron mould which rendered them insensible to all ordinary emotions. It is, however, recorded of Cortez and his companions that as, on their route to Cempoalla, they marched through a wilderness of noble trees, from whose branches the most beautiful blossoms were suspended, and trod under foot wild roses, honeysuckles, and sweet smelling herbs—expressions of admiration escaped them; and when in addition to these charms of vegetation clouds of gorgeous butterflies arose and birds of glorious plumage filled the air with delicious melody, the apathy of these warriors was completely overcome, and they involuntarily burst forth in exclamations of delight, terming the country a terrestrial paradise, and fondly comparing it to the fairest regions of their own sunny land.

First in beauty among those birds which struck them with admiration were the *Tomineos*, or Humming-birds, which, as old Herrera says, they doubted whether they were bees or butterflies; and civilized man has since vied with the Indian in inventing expressions of admiration of these fair objects. But here—as on other occasions—the child of nature has proved the better poet, and no term has been invented more expressive than their Indian name *Guarocigaba*, which signifies the *Beams or Locks of the Sun*. Before this, the *cheveux de l'astre de jour* of Buffon is a tame comparison.

It is an interesting fact, that, as a general rule, birds of the most brilliant plumage are found in those parts of the world where the sun shines brightest, the flowers are the loveliest, and where gems and precious metals abound, as if Nature had bountifully brought together the objects most attractive to man. The rubies and the emeralds of the earth are, however, cast into the shade by the living gems which float in the air above them.

Holding a sort of analogy to the Mosaic work of the Italians, and like it, standing unrivalled, was the wonderful featherwork of the ancient Mexicans. Doubtless it was the beautiful plumage of the birds of their forests, which first suggested this admirable art: but of these the one held in the greatest respect by them was the humming bird. It was their belief that Toyamiqui, the spouse of the God of

War, conducted the souls of warriors who had died in defence of the gods into the mansion of the sun, and there transformed them into humming birds; they believed, also, that the humming bird, like the dove of Noah, went forth from the ark and returned with a twig in its mouth. Thus endeared to them by association and venerated by tradition, this diminutive bird supplied them with the choicest materials for the art in which they most delighted—the *plumaje* or feather embroidery with which they could produce all the effects of delicate pictures. The most airy tints of landscape, the most complicated combinations of flowers were alike imitated with marvellous fidelity, and the following anecdote, related by Antonio de Herrera, proves their skill in figure painting:—"Don Philip, the Prince of Spain, his schoolmaster did give unto him three figures or portraitures made of feathers, as it were to put in a breviarie. His Highness did show them to King Philip his father, the which his Majestie beholding attentively said that he had never seene in so small a worke a thing of so great excellency and perfection. One day as they presented to Pope Sixtus Quintus another square bigger then it, wherein was the figure of St. Francis, and that they had told him it was made of feathers by the Indians, he desired to make a trial thereof, touching the table with his fingers to see if it were of feathers."

We can fancy the worthy old gentleman fingering these beautiful works of art with the curiosity of a schoolboy, but his test was certainly less destructive than that of Peter the Great at Copenhagen, who being shown a choice Mosaic flattened a pistol bullet against it to decide the fact of its being made of stone! Herrera goes on to say that "they make the best figures of feathers in the province of Mechonacan, and in the village of Poscaro. The manner is, with small delicate pinsors they pull the feathers from the dead fowles, and with a fine paste they cunningly join them together."*

The feathers were, in reality, fixed on a very fine cotton web, and were wrought into dresses for the wealthy, also hangings for palaces and ornaments for the temples. Zuazo extols the beauty and warmth of this fabric, saying—"I saw many mantles worked with feathers of the humming bird, so soft, that passing the hand over them they appeared to be like hair. I weighed one of these which did not weigh more than six ounces. They say that in the winter one is sufficient over the shirt without any covering, or any other clothes over the bed."

One of the noblest aviaries in the world was that attached to the palace of the ill-fated Montezuma. Here were collected the scarlet cardinal, the golden pheasant, the endless parrot tribe, and hundreds of humming birds, which delighted to revel in the honey-suckle bowers. Three hundred attendants had charge of this aviary, and in the moulting season it was their especial duty to collect the brilliant plumage for the use of the numerous Sultanas who employed their days in this feather embroidery: old Gomara, who had a fine eye for the picturesque, and who saw the Tlascallan army decked out in all their plumed array, says, "They were trimme felowes and wel armed according to their use, although they were painted so that their faces showed like divels, with great tuffes of

* Antonio de Herrera. Description of the West Indies. Purchas, vol. iii.

feathers and triumphed gallantly." Doubtless the scene must have been brilliant, for all the chiefs wore plumes and gorgeously embroidered surcoats, and there were banners and devices worked in gaudy hues, whilst the national standard displayed in exquisite feather-work and gold the armorial ensigns of the state.

"Others of higher office were arrayed
In feathery breastplates of more gorgeous hue
Than the gay plumage of the mountain cock,
Or pheasant's glittering pride.

The golden glitterance, and the feather mail
More gay than glittering gold ; and round the helm
A coronal of high upstanding plumes
Green as the spring grass in the sunny shower ;
Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood
The clustered holly ; or of purple tint
Whereto shall that be likened ; to what gem
Indiademed ? what flower ? what insect's wing ?

Not only was the great hall of justice called the "Tribunal of God," festooned with feather tapestry embroidered in beautiful devices of birds and flowers, but above the throne was a canopy of resplendent plumage, from the centre of which shot forth rays of gold and jewels. But, perhaps, that which consecrated the humming birds most in the estimation of this superstitious people was its connection with the Mexican God of War. This terrible idol, whose altars constantly reeked with the blood of human sacrifices was Huitzelopotchli, a name compounded of two words signifying "humming bird" and "left," from the left foot being decorated with the choicest specimens of this favourite plumage.

Among the presents sent by the ill-fated Montezuma to Cortez, and transmitted by him to the Court of Spain, where from their novelty and beauty they excited the greatest possible sensation, were two birds of featherwork and gold thread, the quills of their wings and tails, their feet, eyes, and beaks being of gold ; they stood upon reeds of gold raised on balls of featherwork and gold, with tassels of featherwork hanging from each. There were also sixteen shields of precious stones with brilliant feathers hanging from their rims, five beautiful feather fans, and the choicest specimens of feather-tapestry.

The humming bird tribe is nearly confined to the tropical portions of the New World ; the southern continent as far as the tropic of Capricorn, and the great archipelago of islands between Florida and the mouth of the Orinoco, literally swarm with them. A high temperature is, however, by no means essential for their existence, as the most beautiful species are found at an elevation of from seven to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and one of remarkable brilliancy inhabits Chimborazo, at the height of fifteen thousand feet. Other species live in the dreary climate of Terra del Fuego ; and Captain King saw many of these birds flitting about with perfect satisfaction during a heavy snow-storm near the straits of Magellan. In the humid island of Chiloe the humming birds darting between the dripping branches, agreeably enlighten the scene—and Juan Fernandez—sacred to early associations—has two species peculiar to itself. Captain Woodes Rogers, who visited this island in 1708, and took Alexander Selkirk from it, says, "And

here are also humming birds about as big as bees, their bill about the bigness of a pin; their legs proportionable to their body. Their feathers mighty small but of most beautiful colours. They are seldom taken or seen but in the evening, when they fly about, and sometimes when dark into the fire." *

It is from the noise produced by the vibration of its wings that the humming bird derives its name; for rapidity of flight it is quite without an equal, and to this end the shape and structure of its body beautifully tend. In no birds are the pectoral muscles—the chief agents in flight—so largely developed, and in none are the wings and the individual feathers so wonderfully adapted for rapid locomotion; the tail, though presenting every conceivable modification of form is always made available as a powerful rudder, aiding and directing the flight; the feet, too, are singularly and disproportionately small, so that they are no obstruction to its progress through the air. Several species have the feet enveloped in most beautiful fringes of down, as if each were passed through a little muff, either white, red, or black.

The eggs of humming birds are two in number, white, and of an oblong form; but the nests in which they are contained are almost as marvellous as the birds themselves. What will be said of a nest made of thistledown?—and yet one is to be seen in Mr. Gould's collection. The finest down, the most delicate bark, the softest fungi, the warmest moss—all are made available by the different species of these lovely birds, and not less various are the localities in which the diminutive nests are placed. A tiny object is seen weighing down the streaming leaf of a bamboo overhanging a brook; it is one of these nestlets attached to the point of the fragile support, and waving with it in the breeze. Another tribe prefers the feathery leaves of the fern, whilst the tip of the graceful palm leaf is the favourite bower of a third species; but in every instance, the spot is admirably selected to preclude marauding serpents, or monkeys, from destroying the eggs and callow young.

The down of the cotton tree, banded round with threads of spiders' webs, forms the fairy abode of the Mango humming bird. This silky filamentous down is borne upon the air, and though so impalpable as to be inhaled by man in the breath he inspires, it is diligently collected by these little creatures. They may be seen, suspended in the air, battling with a puff of down, which, sailing with the gentle breeze, coquettishly eludes the stroke of the eager beak: filament after filament is however secured, and borne in triumph to complete the elfin bower.

There builds her nest, the humming bird,
 Within the ancient wood,
 Her nest of silky cotton down,
 And rears her tiny brood.

Preparatory to the nidification is the important preliminary of courting, and on this delicate proceeding Mr. Gosse throws light. In a cage were placed two long-tailed males and a female. "The latter interested me much," says he; "for, on the next day after her introduction, I noticed that she had seated herself by a male, on a perch occupied only by them two, and was evidently courting

* Harris's Voyages, vol. i. p. 157.

caresses. She would hop sideways along the perch, by a series of little quick jumps, till she reached him, when she would gently peck his face and then recede, hopping and shivering her wings, and presently approach again, to perform the same actions. Now and then she would fly over him, and make as if she were about to perch on his back, and practise other little endearments.* We regret to say that the cold-blooded long-tailed gentleman was utterly indifferent to all these delicate attentions, and sat gloomily chewing the cud of his own reflections; a few days afterwards, the lady-bird made her escape, and we hope soon ceased to wear the willow.

The same able observer gives the following account of the nest-building of one of these elegant birds. The scene was at a place called Bognie, on the Bluefields Mountain, in Jamaica. "About a quarter of a mile within the woods, a blind path, choked up with bushes, descends suddenly beneath an overhanging rock of limestone, the face of which presents large projections and hanging points encrusted with a rough tuberculous sort of stalactite. At one corner of the bottom there is a cavern, in which a tub is fixed to receive water of great purity, which perpetually drips from the roof, and which, in the dry season, is a most valuable resource. Beyond this, which is very obscure, the eye penetrates to a larger area, deeper still, which receives light from some other communication with the air. Round the projections and groins of the front, the roots of the trees above have entwined, and to a fibre of one of these, hanging down, not thicker than a whipcord, was suspended a humming bird's nest containing two eggs. It seemed to be composed wholly of moss, was thick, and attached to the rootlet by its side. One of the eggs was broken. I did not disturb it, but, after about three weeks, visited it again. It had been apparently handled by some curious child, for both eggs were broken, and the nest was evidently deserted. But while I lingered in the romantic place, picking up some of the land shells which were scattered among the rocks, suddenly I heard the whirr of a humming bird, and, looking up, saw a female *Polytmus* hovering opposite the nest with a mass of silk cotton in her beak. Deterred by the sight of me, she presently retired to a twig a few paces distant, on which she sat. I immediately sank down among the rocks, as quietly as possible, and remained perfectly still. In a few seconds she came again, and after hovering a moment, disappeared behind one of the projections, whence, in a few seconds, she emerged again and flew off. I then examined the place, and found, to my delight, a new nest—in all respects like the old one—unfinished, affixed to another twig not a yard from it. I again sat down among the stones in front, where I could see the nest, not concealing myself, but remaining motionless, waiting for the *petite* bird's reappearance. I had not to wait long. A loud whirr, and there she was, suspended in the air before her nest. She soon espied me, and came within a foot of my eyes, hovering just in front of my face. I remained still, however, when I heard the whirring of another just above me—perhaps the mate—but I durst not look towards him lest the turning of my head should frighten the female. In a minute or two the other was gone, and she alighted again upon the twig, where she sat some little time

* "The Birds of Jamaica," by P. H. Gosse, 1847.

preening her feathers, and apparently clearing her mouth from the cotton fibres, for she now and then swiftly projected the tongue an inch and a half from the beak, continuing the same curve as that of the beak. When she arose, it was to perform a very interesting action; for she flew to the face of the rock—which was thickly clothed with soft dry moss, and, hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss, until she had a large bunch of it in her beak. Then I saw her fly to the nest, and, having seated herself in it, proceed to place the new material, pressing, and arranging, and interweaving the whole with her beak, while she fashioned the cup-like form of the interior by the pressure of her white breast, moving round and round as she sat. My presence appeared to be no hindrance to her proceedings, though only a few feet distant. At length she left again, and I left the place also. On the 8th of April, I visited the cave again, and found the nest perfected, and containing two eggs, which were not hatched on the 1st of May, on which day I sent Sam to endeavour to secure both dam and nest. He found her sitting, and had no difficulty in capturing her, which, with the nest and its contents, he carefully brought down to me. I transferred it—having broken one egg by accident—to a cage, and put in the bird. She was mopish, however, and quite neglected the nest, as she did also some flowers which I inserted. The next morning she was dead."

When looking at humming birds—some not bigger than a humble bee, and blazing with all the refulgence of the brightest jewels—it is scarcely possible to imagine how they can be obtained without serious damage to their beauty. Some writers have stated that they are shot with charges of sand; others, that water is the missile—but they are mistaken; various methods are certainly employed, but neither of those. The little creatures are sometimes shot with small charges of "dust-shot," as the smallest pellets are called; frequently the keen eye and steady hand of the Indians bring them down by an arrow from their blow-tube; a third mode is to watch them into a deep tubular flower, and to secure them with a gauze net, which is skilfully thrown over it.

Very many humming birds were caught by Mr. Gosse, with a common gauze butterfly net, on a ring a foot in diameter. The curiosity of humming birds is great; and on holding up the net near one, he frequently would not fly away, but come and hover over the mouth, stretching out his little neck to peep in. Often, too, when an unsuccessful stroke was made, the bird would return immediately, and suspend itself in the air, just over his pursuer's head, or peep into his face with unconquerable familiarity. But, when caught, they usually soon died; they would suddenly fall to the floor of the cage, and lie motionless, with closed eyes. If taken into the hand, they would perhaps seem to revive for a few moments, then throw back the pretty head, or toss it to and fro as if in great suffering, expand the wings, open the eyes, slightly puff the feathers of the breast, and die. Such was the result of his first efforts to procure these birds alive; but he was subsequently more fortunate.

Collecting the nests of humming birds in the West Indies, requires some care, on account of the great number of venomous serpents which frequent the thickets.

While Alexander Wilson, the subsequently celebrated ornithologist, was struggling against poverty in his early days as a weaver, he was much importuned by a shopmate to write him an epitaph. This individual had excelled in little, except, to use the expressive Scottish word, *daundering* about the hedge-rows on Sundays, in search of birds' nests. After much pressing, Wilson complied, and hit off the following :—

Below this stane John Allan rests,
An honest soul, though plain ;
He sought hail Sabbath days for nests,
But always sought in vain.

Had Mr. Allan pursued his nidal investigations in Jamaica, his curiosity might have met with an unpleasant check. A young gentleman of similar tastes, observing a parroquet enter a hole in a large duck-ant's nest situated on a bastard cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young. Arrived at the place, he cautiously inserted his hand, which presently came into contact with something smooth and soft ; he thought it might be the callow young, but having some misgivings, descended and procured a stick ; having again mounted, he thrust in the stick, and forced off the whole upper part of the structure, when, to his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous yellow boa was disclosed, his jaws retaining the feathers of the parroquet, which had just been swallowed. The serpent instantly darted down the tree, and the curious youth descended scarcely less rapidly, and fled, cured for a time of bird-nesting.

A story is told of a trick played upon an enthusiastic foreign naturalist, on his landing at Rio Janeiro, by certain middies of the ship which had carried him out. The worthy *savant* was very stout, very near-sighted, and very eager to collect humming birds. The young gentlemen therefore determined to make merry at his expense in the following manner :—Having caught several large blue bottle flies, they stuck them over with small bits of gay peacock feathers, with two long plumules behind, by way of tail ; the wings were left free. Then carefully placing the chairs, boxes, and crockery of the doctor's apartment in every possible direction, they turned their insect 'daws' loose into the room, and quietly awaited the result in the adjoining chamber. Presently the victim was heard creaking slowly up the stairs, anathematizing the heat and puffing for breath. He entered his room, the door closed, and there was a pause. Very shortly, a tremendous scuffling and rushing about commenced ; chairs were heard to fall, crockery to break, and at last the smash of a looking-glass completed the scene. The wags now entered the room, and found the doctor with his coat off in a state of great excitement ; his eyes were filled with tears, and he was actively rubbing one of his shins. " Good gracious ! my dear sir, what's the matter ? Is it a *coup de soleil*, or—the brandy, eh ? " " No, sare ; neither one nor de oder," replied he, with intense earnestness ; " I was catch de charmánt littel bottel-blue homing bairds, but dey be so *dam* wild." His indignation, when the explosion of now irrepressible laughter proclaimed the trick, was marvellous to behold.

Wilson, in his " American Ornithology," states, that Mr. C. W. Peale told him that he had two young humming birds, which he had raised from the nest. They used to fly about the room, and would frequently perch on Mrs. Peale's shoulder to be fed. When

the sun shone strongly in the chamber, they have been seen darting after the motes that floated in the light, as fly-catchers would after flies. In the summer of 1803, a nest of young humming birds, nearly ready to fly, was brought to Wilson himself. One of them flew out of the window the same evening, and, falling against a wall, was killed; the other refused food, and the next morning was all but dead; a lady undertook to be the nurse of this lonely one, placed it in her bosom, and as it began to revive, dissolved a little sugar in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill, and it sucked with great avidity; in this manner it was brought up until fit for the cage. Mr. Wilson kept it upwards of three months, supplied it with loaf sugar dissolved in water, which it preferred to honey and water, and gave it fresh flowers every morning, sprinkled with the liquid. It appeared gay, active, and full of spirit, hovering from flower to flower, as if in its native wilds; and always expressed, by its motions and chirping, great pleasure at seeing fresh flowers introduced to its cage; every precaution was supposed to have been taken to prevent its getting at large, and to preserve it through the winter; but unfortunately it by some means got out of its cage, and, flying about the room, so injured itself that it soon died. A striking instance is mentioned by the same author, of the susceptibility of some humming birds to cold; in 1809, a very beautiful male was brought to him, put into a wire cage, and placed in a shady part of the room, the weather being unusually cold; after fluttering about for some time, it clung by the wires, and hung in a seemingly torpid state for a whole forenoon; no motion of respiration could be perceived, though at other times this is remarkably perceptible; the eyes were shut, and when touched by the fingers it gave no signs of life or motion; it was carried into the open air, and placed directly in the rays of the sun, in a sheltered situation. In a few seconds respiration became apparent; the bird breathed faster and faster, opened its eyes, and began to look about with as much vivacity as ever. After it had completely recovered, it was restored to liberty and flew off to the withered top of a pear tree, where it sat for some time, dressing its disordered plumage, and then shot off like a meteor.

Though some humming birds are gifted with powers of song, the greater number give utterance to a note not unlike the scraping of two boughs, one against the other. The following spirited description of Mr. Nuttall, of that beautiful species, the ruff-necked humming bird, applies very generally to the class. "We now for the first time saw the males in numbers, darting, burring, and squeaking in the usual manner of their tribe; but when engaged in collecting sweets in all the energy of life, it seemed like a breathing gem or magic carbuncle of glowing fire, stretching out its gorgeous ruff as if to emulate the sun itself in splendour. Towards the close of May, the females were sitting, at which time the males were uncommonly quarrelsome and vigilant, darting out at me as I approached the tree, probably near the nest, looking like an angry coal of brilliant fire, passing within very little of my face, returning several times to the attack, striking and darting with the utmost velocity, at the same time uttering a curious, reverberating, sharp bleat, somewhat similar to the quivering twang of a dead twig, yet also so much like the real bleat of some small quadruped, that for

some time I searched the ground instead of the air for the actor in the scene. At other times, the males were seen darting up high in the air, and whirling about each other in great anger and with much velocity."

The luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and the varied richness of its hues, is dwelt upon with admiration by all travellers; and such a scene as the following is a fit palace for Nature's most glorious gems; it is a description of 'the Bluefields Ridge' in Jamaica. "Behind the peaks, which are visible from the sea at an elevation of about half a mile, there runs through the dense woods a narrow path just passable for a horse, overrun with beautiful ferns of many graceful forms, and always damp and cool The refreshing coolness of this road, its unbroken solitude, combined with the peculiarity and luxuriance of its vegetation, made it one of my favourite resorts. Not a tree, from the thickness of one's wrist up to the giant magnitude of the hoary figs and cotton-trees, but is clothed with fantastic parasites; begonias with waxen flowers, and ferns with hirsute stems, climb up the trunks; enormous bromelias spring from the greater forks, and fringe the horizontal limbs: various orchidiæ, with matted roots and grotesque blossoms, droop from every bough, and long lianas, like the cordage of a ship, depend from the loftiest branches, or stretch from tree to tree. Elegant tree-ferns and towering palms are numerous. Here and there the wild plantain or heliconia waves its long flag-like leaves from amidst the humbler bushes, and in the most obscure corners over some decaying log, nods the noble spike of a magnificent *limodorum*. Nothing is flaunting or showy: all is solemn and subdued; but all is exquisitely beautiful. Now and then the ear is startled by the long-drawn measured notes, mostly richly sweet, of the *solitaire*, itself mysteriously unseen, like the hymn of praise of an angel." Such is the glorious scene rendered still more attractive by the long-tailed humming bird, which resorts thither in hundreds to feed on the scarlet "glass-eye berries." These little fellows, and indeed the whole tribe, are so pugnacious, that two of the same species can rarely suck flowers from the same bush without a rencontre. The Mango exceeds all others in pugnacity, and Mr. Gosse describes a scene to which he was witness. "In the garden were two trees of the tribe called the Malay apple, one of which was but a yard or two from my window. The genial influence of the spring rains had covered them with a profusion of beautiful blossoms, each consisting of a multitude of crimson stamens, with very minute petals, like bunches of crimson tassels. A Mango humming bird had every day, and all day long, been paying his devoirs to these charming blossoms. On the morning to which I allude, another came, and the manœuvres of these two tiny creatures became highly interesting. They chased each other through the labyrinth of twigs and flowers, till an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, until they nearly came to the earth. It was some time before I could see with any distinctness what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid as to baffle all attempts at discrimination. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and thus fastened

both twirled round and round in their perpendicular descent, the point of contact being the centre of the gyrations, till, when another second would have brought them both on the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for about a hundred yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, he chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time;—I could not help thinking in defiance; in a few minutes, however, the banished one returned, and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought on another chase and another tussle Sometimes they would suspend hostilities to suck a few blossoms, but mutual proximity was sure to bring them on again with the same result. In their tortuous and rapid evolutions the light from their ruby necks would now and then flash in the sun with gem-like radiance, and as they now and then hovered motionless, the broadly expanded tail—whose outer feathers are crimson purple, but when intercepting the sun's rays transmit orange-coloured light—added much to their beauty. A little Banana Quit that was peeping among the blossoms on his own quiet way, seemed now and then to look with surprise on the combatants; but when the one had driven his rival to a longer distance than usual, the victor set upon the unoffending Quit, who soon yielded the point, and retired humbly enough to a neighbouring tree."

The flight of the humming bird from flower to flower has been described as resembling that of the bee, but so much more rapid, that the latter appears a loiterer by comparison. The bird poises himself on wing while he thrusts his long slender tubular tongue into the flowers in search of honey or of insects; he will dart into a room through an open window, examine a bouquet of flowers with the eye of a connoisseur, and, *presto!* is gone. One of these birds has been known to take refuge in a hot-house during the cold autumnal nights, leaving it in the morning, and returning regularly every evening to the chosen twig in its warm palace.

For though he hath countless airy homes
To which his wing excursive roves;
Yet still from time to time he loves
To light upon earth, and find such cheer
As brightens his banquet here.

The Mango Humming Bird is familiarly known to the negroes of Jamaica by the name of the "Doctor Bird," said to have been thus derived. In the olden time, when costume was more observed than now, the black livery of this bird among its more brilliant companions, bore the same relation as the sombre costume of the grave physician to the gay colours then worn by the wealthy planters, whence the humorous comparison and name. It might, with equal propriety, have been called the Parson, but in those days ecclesiastics were but little known by the negroes.

Mr. Gosse observed that the bunch of blossom at the summit of the pole-like papaw-tree is a favourite resort of this species, and, taking advantage of this, succeeded in catching a fine live specimen. "Wishing," says he, "to keep these birds in captivity, I watched at the tree one evening with a gauze ring-net in my hand, with which I dashed at one, and though I missed my aim, the attempt so astonished it, that it appeared to have lost its presence of mind, so

to speak, flitting hurriedly hither and thither for several seconds before it flew away. The next evening, however, I was more successful. I took my station and remained quite still, the net being held up close to an inviting bunch of blossom; the humming birds came near in their course round the tree, sipped the surrounding blossoms, eyeing the net; hung in the air for a moment in front of the fatal cluster without touching it, and then, arrow-like, darted away. At length one, after surveying the net, passed again round the tree; on approaching it the second time, perceiving the strange object to be still unmoved, he took courage and began to suck. I quite trembled with hope; in an instant the net was struck, and, before I could see anything, the rustling of his confined wings within the gauze told that the little beauty was a captive. I brought him in triumph to the house and caged him, but he was very restless, clinging to the sides and wires and fluttering violently about. The next morning, having gone out on an excursion for a few hours, I found the poor bird on my return dying, having beaten himself to death.

Two young males, of the long-tailed species, were subsequently captured, and, instead of being caged, they were turned loose into a room. They were lively, but not wild; playful towards each other, and tame to their captor—sitting on his finger, unrestrained, for several seconds at a time; on a large bunch of *Asclepias* being brought into the room, they flew to the nosegay and sucked while in Mr. Gosse's hand; these and other flowers being placed in glasses, they visited each bouquet in turn, sometimes playfully chasing each other, and alighting on various objects. As they flew, they were repeatedly heard to snap the beak, at which time they doubtless caught minute flies; after some time, one of them suddenly sunk down in one corner, and on being taken up, seemed dying; it had perhaps struck itself during its flight; it lingered awhile and died.

Another of these long-tailed humming birds, brought alive to Mr. Gosse, became so familiar, that even before he had had the bird a day, it flew to his face, and perching on his lip or chin, thrust his beak into his mouth. He grew so bold and so frequent in his visits as to become almost annoying, thrusting its protruded tongue into all parts of his mouth, in the most inquisitive manner; occasionally his master gratified him by taking a little syrup into his mouth, and inviting him to the banquet by a slight sound, which he soon learned to understand. Mr. Gosse had now several pets of this beautiful species, and it was interesting to observe how each selected his own place for perching and for roosting, to which he invariably adhered, a peculiarity which caused many others to be caught, for, by observing a place of resort, and putting a little bird-lime on that twig, a bird would be captured in a few minutes. Of the birds in this gentleman's possession, one would occasionally attack a gentler and more confiding companion, who always yielded and fled, whereupon the little bully would perch and utter a cry of triumph in a succession of shrill chirps. After a day or two, however, the persecuted one would pluck up courage, and play the tyrant in turn, interdicting his fellow from sipping at the sweetened cup; twenty times, in succession, would the thirsty bird drop down on the wing to the glass, but no sooner was he poised and about to insert his tongue

than the other would dart down, with inconceivable swiftness, and, wheeling so as to come up beneath him, would drive him away from the repast; he might fly to any other part of the room unmolested, but an approach to the cup was a signal for an instant assault. When these birds had become accustomed to the room, their vivacity was extreme, and their quick turns caused their lovely breasts to flash out from darkness into sudden lustrous light, like rich gems. Their movements in the air were so rapid as to baffle the eye. Suddenly the radiant little meteor would be lost in one corner, and as quickly, the vibration of its invisible wings would be heard behind the spectator,—in another instant it would be hovering in front of his face, curiously peering into his eyes with his own bright little orbs.

Of twenty-five of this species taken, only seven were domesticated, and there was much difference in the tempers of these: some being moody and sulky, others wild and timid, and others gentle and confiding from the first.

It is just possible that these pages may be perused by some one under favourable circumstances for the capture of humming birds. To them the following remarks founded on the experience of Mr. Gosse, may prove acceptable. There should be a very capacious cage, wired on every side, in the bottom of which a supply of decaying fruit, as oranges or pines, should be constantly kept, but covered with wire that the birds may not soil their plumage. This would attract immense numbers of small flies which would in conjunction with syrup afford food for the birds. It was observed that on opening the basket in which newly caught humming birds were confined, they would fly out, and soar to the ceiling, rarely seeking the window. There they would remain on rapidly vibrating pinions, lightly touching the plaster with the beak or breast every second and slightly rebounding: after a time they became exhausted and sank rapidly down to alight; they would then suffer themselves to be raised, applying their little feet to a finger passed under the breast; they were then gently raised to their captor's mouth, and would generally suck syrup from the lips with eagerness. When once fed from the mouth the birds were always ready to suck afterwards, and frequently voluntarily sought the lips: after a time a glass of syrup was presented to it instead of the lips, and it soon learned to sip from this, finding it as it stood on a table; it was then considered domesticated.

Not the least curious part of the structure of humming birds is the tongue, which consists of two tubes laid side by side like a double-barreled gun, but separated at a short distance from the tip, where each is somewhat flattened. This tongue is connected with a very beautiful apparatus, whereby it can be darted out to a great length, and suddenly retracted. The food of humming birds consists of insects, and the honeyed juices of flowers, and with this tongue the latter are pumped up. The mode of catching insects is interesting. I have (says Mr. Bullock*) frequently watched with much amusement the cautious peregrination of the humming bird, who advancing beneath the web (of the spiders) entered the various labyrinths and cells in search of entangled flies, but as the larger

* Six Months in Mexico.

spiders did not tamely surrender their booty, the invader was often compelled to retreat: being within a few feet I could observe all their evolutions with great precision. The active little bird generally passed once or twice round the court as if to reconnoitre his ground, and commenced his attack by going carefully under the nets of the wily insect, and seizing by surprise the smallest entangled insects, or those that were most feeble. In ascending the angular traps of the spider great care and skill was required; sometimes he had scarcely room for his little wings to perform their office, and the least deviation would have entangled him in the complex machinery of the web, and involved him in ruin. It was only the works of the smaller spiders that he durst attack, as the largest rose to the defence of their citadels, when the besieger would shoot off like a sunbeam, and could only be traced by the luminous glows of his refulgent colours. The bird generally spent about ten minutes in this predatory excursion, and then alighted on a branch of an *avocata* to rest and refresh himself, placing his crimson star-like breast to the sun, when there presented all the glowing fire of the ruby, and surpassed in lustre the diadem of a monarch.

The mode in which the humming birds in Mr. Gosse's possession partook of their favourite banquet of syrup was very characteristic. These volatile geniuses would not condescend to such a matter of fact proceeding as to fly straight to the glass — by no means; they invariably made a dozen or twenty distinct stages or swoops, each in a curve descending a little—then ascending again and hovering a second or two at each angle. Sometimes when they arrived opposite the cup more quickly than was intended they would retreat again, as if, as with hydropathic patients, a certain number of "turns" were indispensable before breakfast. When this proceeding was completed and the appetite had acquired the proper razor edge, they would bring their tiny feet to the edge of the glass, insert the sucking tongue in its contents and take a draught of nectar.

One of the earliest notices of humming birds occurs in the writings of Antonio de Herrera, who, by the way, rejoiced in the title of "*Coronesta Mayor de las Indias y Castilla*," and died in 1625. In his "*Historia General*" he says, "There are some birds in the country (Mexico) of the size of butterflies, with long beaks and brilliant plumage, much esteemed for the curious works made of them. Like the bees, they live on flowers and the dew which settles on them; and when the rainy season is over, and the dry weather sets in, they fasten themselves to the trees by their beaks, and soon die; but in the following year, when the new rains come, they come to life again." The same writer says, that the women and girls of the Caribbee Islands, especially Martinico, hung humming birds from their ears as pendants, and very elegant ornaments they doubtless were. Our knowledge of the tribe is very recent. Linnæus was not acquainted with more than half a dozen species; and Mr. Bullock states, in the Catalogue of his well-known Museum, in 1812, "This case contains nearly one hundred various humming birds, and is allowed to be the finest collection in Europe." Subsequently, the late Mr. George Loddiges, of Hackney, brought together a noble collection; but it was reserved for Mr. Gould, the great historian of the feathered race, to display to their full extent the marvellous treasures of this wonderful tribe. In his collection, at the present moment one of

the great features of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, there are upwards of three hundred species, and more than two thousand birds. Within the last two months, a wooden building, in the Swiss style, has been erected for its reception on the south side of the gardens, the dimensions being sixty feet by thirty. It is lighted exclusively from above, the glare being mellowed by neat calico hangings, suspended beneath the skylights. The walls are papered with very elegant and appropriate designs, and are adorned with framed illustrations from Mr. Gould's work on the "Trochilidæ;"—themselves marvels of art: the general effect of the apartment is most charming. The birds themselves are in glass cases, mounted in white and gold, and disposed in three rows down the room. Consummate skill has been displayed in the arrangement of their contents, in order that the colours or peculiarities of each group may be displayed to the greatest advantage. Here, for instance, are a pair of exquisite little creatures, absorbed in amorous dallying: there, two blazing gems, engaged in furious combat. In one spot, birds are tranquilly pluming their feathers, and in another they are sipping imaginary nectar from choice flowers. Not only are the birds shown, but their habits are still further elucidated, by the introduction of their nests and eggs; indeed, the illusion of reality is complete, from the skill with which some are displayed feeding the half-fledged young, whilst other proud mothers are sitting in their Lilliputian nests, apparently as in life, listening to the tender lays of their more gorgeous mates.

Not the least remarkable feature of this collection, is the short period in which it has been formed; though to those acquainted with the energetic character of Mr. Gould, it is scarcely matter of surprise. That gentleman turned his attention for the first time to the subject, on the conclusion of his great works on the birds and mammals of Australia, about five years ago; entering on it with a zeal for which he is unsurpassed, he soon found himself in possession of sufficient materials to publish the first fasciculus of a work on "Trochilidæ," or Humming Birds, which bids fair to be absolutely unrivalled. Shortly after this had been issued, the author discovered a method of painting on gold and silver, whereby he succeeded in attaining the long-sought desideratum, that beautiful metallic flashing lustre so marked in this class. Regardless of the heavy sacrifice, he immediately recalled the copies which had been issued, and replaced them with others, coloured in the improved manner. It is with specimens of these plates that the walls of the room are adorned.

The sight of this collection can scarcely fail to excite a desire to possess some living specimens of these precious gems. It may be done with less difficulty than is imagined by attending to the instructions already given, and by caging the birds immediately before the sailing of the vessel. If a steamer, large bunches of fresh flowers might be obtained for their refreshment at St. Thomas, Bermuda, and the Azores; and thus we may hope to see these lovely creatures domesticated in our conservatories, as we have already seen far rarer and more singular animals acclimated in our menageries.

THE EXPEDITION TO CHANTEMERLE.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

So easy is every description of travelling now, that an adventure on the road is a real boon for the romantic wanderer who is in search of stirring incidents, and such a one is in duty bound not to grumble at anything out of the ordinary course. Even in Switzerland it will in future be difficult to get into danger, now that a railroad is about to be established from one end of the country to the other; and as for France, the ways are made, in general, as ready as in England. One is obliged to take advantage of accident to procure oneself the pleasure of a fright; and I contrived to attain the desired end last spring, while I was staying in the capital of Touraine.

I was on a visit at one of those numerous chateaux which lie scattered over the pretty *coteaux* bordering the Loire, sufficiently removed from the railroad which brings the traveller from Paris, and rapidly conducts him from town to town till Nantes itself concludes his journey.

There are many inconsiderable villages in the neighbourhood of the country-house of which I am speaking, to reach which, as the roads are by no means very good in certain parts, light, covered cars, called *carrioles*, are generally preferred to more elegant carriages, as a means of transport.

The vehicles used by the country gentry in France, who are seldom what in England is called rich, are not remarkably well built or well appointed, but they answer the purpose for which they are intended quite as well as if they were. The harness is somewhat slovenly, and the panels are not particularly brilliant, but the wheels are strong, and the single horse that draws the *carriole* is usually good. The driver is generally arrayed in a blue blouse, and does not present much the appearance of a first-rate coachman; but he is rarely deficient in skill, at least Jerome, the young boy who was employed as charioteer by my friend Madame Poullain, deserved to be held in the highest esteem as an excellent whip; he was somewhat daring and intrepid, but, nevertheless, most fortunate in getting triumphantly through all the difficulties he delighted in courting.

Madame Poullain was a widow with an only child, a son, who was an extremely precious personage, and the care both of his health and education occupied her whole thoughts. She had, in fact, no other occupation, and it was a labour in which she delighted, although her extreme anxiety for her beloved Gustave caused her to be in a perpetual state of nervousness on his account.

The boy, who was about fourteen, was neither better nor worse than most boys of his age; but both his health and temper threatened to be injured by the over care of his mother: she trembled at every breath of cold air that blew upon him, and imagined him subject to every malady of which she had ever heard the name; he was consequently preserved with so much care, that his naturally healthy constitution stood a chance of degenerating into delicacy, and, by dint of over-watchful attention and too minute investigation of every book into

which he was allowed to look, his mind was becoming enfeebled in an equal degree with his body.

Although Madame Poullain was better pleased that her son should never quit the pretty gardens and grounds which were his own, she could not resist an occasional outburst of spirit, which excited Gustave to desire a change of scene; she was aware that these ideas were aroused within his breast by the almost sole companion of his sports and his walks, Jerome, the young groom and general attendant, who was only a year or two older than himself, and a remarkably strong, stout, joyous, and enterprising personage. Young Gustave was excessively attached to him, and, as he was the son of one of her favourite servants, Madame Poullain was quite disposed to be indulgent to the chosen playmate of her treasure.

It happened, that, while I was staying at her house, one of these fits of adventure, excited, I fear, this time by my anecdotes of travel, came over the mind of Gustave, and he urged his mother to take him and her guest to see some friends of theirs at the little town of Chantemerle, a few leagues off, where they had long promised to spend the day.

As I knew the country to be extremely pretty on this route, and as the morning was very fine when the proposition was made, I seconded the wish of my young friend, and, there being no reasonable objection to produce, a gracious consent was given, and Gustave ran delightedly out to the stable to order the *carriole* and Jerome to be instantly in attendance.

Quite as ready as his young master, Jerome busied himself without loss of time in preparing his good steed Grisonne for the expedition, and we were soon seated and *en route*.

I had been a good deal amused by the pardonable vanity of my friend, as we were standing at the window watching the movements of the two boys, both animated with the same gaiety, while the carriage was being arranged.

"Look!" said she to me smiling, "what a difference between them, so near of an age as they are,—how strangely Nature delights in variety! Observe the heavy step and coarse air and voice of that good Jerome and the light graceful way in which my Gustave springs about, his musical laugh, and pretty fawnlike action; the other is as tall and strong as if he was half-a-dozen years older; but no attention or training could ever make him look like a gentleman, or my son like a peasant."

"He does not seem to want mind," I replied, "to judge by his intelligent eyes,—perhaps, if he had been as tenderly nurtured, he would bear comparison better: but, however, he has probably acquirements fitted for his station, which may give him a better equality than refinement could."

"He is an excellent creature," said Madame Poullain, "but has no capacity whatever; I have tried to teach him with Gustave, thinking it would assist the dear child to have a companion in his studies, but he is a hopeless dunce and I am obliged to give him up."

"Well, he has harnessed Grisonne admirably, and has been very quick about it, at any rate," I answered, as we were summoned to take our seats in the *carriole*.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the morning; there had been a good deal of rain for several days before, and large drops yet lingered

on the laurels, which the dancing sunbeams turned to emeralds; every bush was vocal with the song of birds; the sky was as blue as the bright rushing river, by the side of which we pursued our way for some time, till we turned off into one of the valleys which led to the road to Chantemerle. It was on the banks of one of the numerous tributary streams of the Loire, that we travelled, and the road was raised and paved, as is usual in that part of the country where inundations so often occur. We were struck as we advanced by the fact that the small river was greatly swollen, so much so, that in some places the meadows were quite under water, and the waves extended to the very edge of the road.

"I had no idea the water was so much out," said Madame Poullain, in an uneasy tone; "the sky is not so bright, either, as it was; it feels damp,—do, Gustave, button your *paletôt*—I trust we shall not have rain!"

"If we do," exclaimed Jerome, looking back with a jocosé air, and that familiarity so remarkable among his class, "it will do the *carriole* no harm; the canvas has been fresh painted, you know, and the hoops are all sound—I saw to that."

"That will not prevent one's catching cold," said Madame Poullain. "Don't look out, dear Gustave, lean back in the corner; this damp air can do no good."

"Pity Master Gustave didn't take a glass of Cognac before starting," exclaimed Jerome; "there's nothing like it for keeping out the fog."

"Who taught you that?" cried Gustave laughing.

"Why, old Baptiste, to be sure," replied the charioteer; "and taught me more than that, to do my exercise, and handle a gun—no one knows better."

"Ah," said Madame Poullain, "you learn that quicker than reading, I dare say."

"That's true, madame," cried Jerome, giving a gentle lash to old Grisonne; "what good would it be to me to make out black marks on paper?—suppose I could read, that wouldn't help me to feed the pigs, or tend the cattle one bit better."

"No," said his mistress; "but your young master can tell you that books improve the mind, and enlighten the understanding."

"I fancy my head's much harder than Master Gustave's," said Jerome, grinning; "and every time I try to learn, I have such a fit of yawning, that I don't think it's safe on my shoulders."

With this remark, which amused both boys, Jerome began vigorously urging on his steed with those choice exclamations so frequently in use with French drivers of all ages and sizes.

"The rain wont be long before it comes down pretty sharply," said he, looking knowingly at the heavy clouds, which by degrees had so increased as to obscure the bright sky which had promised so fairly. In a short time his prediction proved true; violent showers succeeded each other at short intervals, till at length the sun entirely disappeared, and the whole face of heaven was covered with a veil of mist.

Grisonne put forth her liveliest speed, and trotted along the uneven road at a good pace; but, as we advanced, we observed that the depth of water on each side seemed increased, the wind rose, and the murmur of the river became louder. Instead of the blue, glassy surface which we had so lately admired, a mass of thick, yellow water was rolling at

our feet, and, splashing up against our wheels, presently convinced us that the influence of the rain was felt by the overflowing tide.

Jerome stopped his horse suddenly with a jerk and ceased the song he was singing.

"What's the matter?" cried Madame Poullain, leaning out with an agitated countenance.

"It's very odd," replied Jerome, looking rather bewildered; "I passed this way early in the morning and saw all the meadows on this side; the water must have overflowed terribly in two or three hours."

"But there's no danger, is there?" said Madame Poullain, turning pale.

"I can't tell till we get to the crossway," replied he; "the road dips down there—we shall soon see if it's under water."

The mother looked at her son with an uneasy expression.

"Sit back, dear Gustave," said she, "and hold your handkerchief to your mouth. Take my place, I shall sit in front and watch the road."

But the driving rain, which now descended in torrents, prevented either her or I from seeing a yard in advance; the horse, in spite of all the threats and encouragements of Jerome, advanced but slowly, half blinded as the poor animal was by the sleet in his eyes, when, on a sudden, we were startled by loud cries, which proceeded from the right of the road. We looked in the direction and saw a boat, containing five or six men, who were making energetic signs to us. Jerome stopped the car.

"Go back, go back!" shouted the men in the boat.

"Can't we get by the cross road?" called Jerome.

"No," was the reply; "the bridge is broken in four places."

Madame Poullain uttered a cry of terror.

"Where are you going?" asked the boatmen.

"To Chantemerle," replied Jerome.

"Chantemerle has been under water these two hours," shouted the men.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Madame Poullain; "and what has become of the people?"

"No harm to their lives," was answered, "but they had to fly for it."

At the last words the boat, carried along by the current, was swept out of sight into the depth of the thick fog, which now enveloped every object.

We all looked in extreme terror at each other. I am not naturally very courageous, but I gathered a little strength in observing the weakness of my two companions.

"There is nothing to be done," I exclaimed, "but to hasten back as quick as possible."

Gustave, disengaging himself from his mother's arms as I spoke, looked up, speaking with an effort,—

"Yes, yes," said he, "there is nothing to fear, for we know the road that way is clear."

"Oh, let us turn then instantly," cried Madame Poullain, "and go back."

Jerome did not speak, but gave a rapid glance around him: at last he said,

"Go back!—how are we to do it? how shall we pass the great poplar?"

"How?" cried Gustave, "why, as we came."

"That's just it," replied Jerome; "the water was then within two feet of the road, and, by the time we get back, it will have risen to double that."

"You think then," said I, "that it is rising?"

"Why," replied he, "look at that bit of a willow below us; only just now it was as long as my whip out of water, and now one can only see a little bunch of leaves."

"Not even that now," exclaimed Gustave; "it's gone altogether!"

"If we try to go back we shall be drowned, as sure as that willow-tree is," said Jerome.

"What, then, are we to do?" cried Madame Poullain, clasping her hands.

"We have nothing for it," said Jerome, coolly, "but to get on as well as we can to the cross road, when we shall strike into the road to La Brichère, which goes up the hill, and will take us away from the waters."

"Are you sure of that?" cried Madame Poullain.

"You shall see!" exclaimed Jerome resolutely, applying a vigorous cut to Grisonne.

The unfortunate Madame Poullain, however, by no means certain of the judgment of our young guide, tried every now and then to stop him to advise and consult; but he assumed a dogged obstinacy, and answered, without much respect for his mistress,

"This is no time for talking,—don't you see that every moment the water is gaining on us, and if we don't manage to get to the cross road in double-quick time, we shall be up to our necks. Get on, Grisonne! get on, good old girl, if you value your skin!"

"It seems to me, mother," said Gustave, who was leaning out of the car, "that we are driving right into the flood."

"So we must," said Jerome sharply; "we must go down first in order to go up afterwards!"

"But the water gains upon us," shrieked Madame Poullain. "Stop! Jerome,—I forbid you to go on!—you are driving us to destruction!"

"Don't I tell you, madam," replied Jerome, with compressed lips, and almost fiercely; "don't I tell you I am saving the whole lot of us! It's impossible to go back."

"He's right, mother," cried Gustave, standing on the bench of the car, and looking behind him; "the waters have covered the whole road by which we came."

"We are lost then, — we are surrounded!" cried the mother. "Wretched boy! where have you led us!—let us get out!"

"Get out!" exclaimed Jerome; "what for? Do you think, mistress, it's easier to save yourself on foot?"

"Gustave, my darling child!" sobbed Madame Poullain; "it is I who am to blame,—it was I who conducted you into this danger! Oh, save my son—save my Gustave!"

I endeavoured, as much as fear would let me, to reassure both mother and son, who sat locked in each other's arms. I felt singular confidence in Jerome, and continued to repeat that the danger was not so great as they feared.

Jerome had meantime got off his horse, and had gone forward to examine the road. In a minute he rushed back, seized Grisonne by the

bit, and began urging her to advance. On we went floundering into the water, which dashed up against the car with furious noise; the mother and son at intervals called out loudly to Jerome to take care, but he heeded not their exclamations; keeping steadily on, exerting every nerve, and having his eyes fixed on the trees in the meadows below the road, the tops of which were still above the inundation.

Presently the old mare made a sudden stop; panting, breathless and terrified, she refused to move another step, in spite of the threats and entreaties of her driver, setting her front feet firmly and defying his efforts. He called out sharply,

"The car is too much loaded for Grisonne—Mr. Gustave must get out."

"What! into the water!—oh, not for worlds," cried Madame Poullain; "I will get out myself."

"No, no, mother," exclaimed Gustave, suddenly roused, "that shall never be. You are right, Jerome; Grisonne will soon get us out of this scrape, when she hasn't so much weight behind her."

So saying, before his mother could stop him, Gustave had slipped out of the car, and was in the water up to his waist.

"He will be drowned!" shrieked Madame Poullain.

"No fear," cried Jerome; "we shall get out of it now we are at the worst,—look at the trees on the two sides of the road down there; as long as we see them we are safe. Here, Mr. Gustave, catch well hold of her bridle; one is master of a horse when one once holds him by the mouth. A little to the right, Master Gustave; I see a current here, a proof that there's a ditch. Come, get on, Grisonne! that's a good old girl; you shall have double allowance if you bring us out of this. There—that's it—we're beginning to rise—see—see—the water isn't near so deep, it only reaches to my knees now!"

Our satisfaction was great indeed when we could no longer doubt that the road had taken an upward direction; Grisonne toiled gallantly, the two boys encouraging her efforts, and we at last reached a level which was above the inundation.

"You may let go the rein now," said Jerome.

"Get into the car again, my dear child," cried Madame Poullain.

"It's better Master Gustave should walk," observed the young driver; "it will prevent his getting chilled."

The mother saw that he was right, and offered no further opposition.

"Is it far now to reach home?" she inquired.

"Home!" exclaimed Jerome. "Why, mistress, only look back where we've been—we must swim if we expect to get home."

We had arrived at the height of the little hill we were mounting, and on looking round us, we perceived the whole extent of our danger. Everywhere nothing appeared but broad sheets of water, with villages submerged, and trees just peering above the flood. A chain of small hills alone seemed to have escaped, on one of which we were perched.

"What is to become of us?" cried Madame Pullain, "I see no signs of a house of any kind."

"Yet there must be some not far off," I remarked, "for I see poultry in yonder field, and they probably belong to a farm."

Jerome, with a smile of approbation at my sagacity, immediately continued his route, and it was not long before we arrived at out-houses, and in due time at the farm itself: the inhabitants of which came run-

ning out to receive us, and, with endless exclamations, began showing us all sorts of hospitality.

Gustave was soon placed before a large fire, and every precaution, which circumstances allowed, used to obviate the possibility of his catching cold, while Jerome, who appeared perfectly careless of the thorough wetting he had had, busied himself in tending his faithful steed which had done such good service.

The best clothes of the farmer's son were immediately produced to supply a change of garments for the young gentleman who sat shivering by the fire, and a table was readily prepared for the dinner of the unexpected guests, at which Madame Pullain requested that a knife and fork should be laid for the enterprising guide to whom we were so much obliged.

With all the disposition in the world, not only to do justice to the viands set before us, but also to gratify our hospitable entertainer, it was with infinite difficulty we could manage to eat or to appear to eat the fare set before us, for in the smoking dishes, prepared with all the skill of the rural cook, the predominant smell of garlic made itself but too apparent. I did my best, and Madame Poullain exerted all her courtesy, but poor Gustave could not touch either the cookery or the black hard bread, and when he thought to take refuge in the wine, he found it so sour and sharp that it set his teeth on edge, and coloured his lips blue.

We were amused, meantime, to see with what real enjoyment Jerome threw himself on the repast we, in vain, endeavoured to honour. He made no pause, except to hold out his plate or his glass for more, while the farmer's wife stood by in ecstasies at the compliment he paid to her skill. When he desisted at last from his agreeable labours, his eyes were bright and his cheeks full of the glow of health, and he formed a remarkable contrast to poor Gustave, who still shivered with hunger and cold.

The only good bed in the house was by Madame Poullain's desire got ready for him; but although the best blankets and mattress were put in requisition, the bed was much less soft than that he had always been accustomed to, so that my poor young friend lay tossing and tumbling without a hope of sleep, and began to show symptoms of fever, which terrified his mother, who resolved to send off without delay to the next village in the hope of finding a medical man.

With this intent she went herself out to the stable, and there found Jerome comfortably asleep on a bundle of fresh straw, enjoying his dreams. She woke him up, and desired him to mount Grisonne without a moment's delay, and set forth in search of a doctor.

He was soon ready, and with all the promptitude in the world galloped off to the rescue, while the poor mother took her place by her son's bed-side watching his every breath, and at last she had the satisfaction to hear that he ceased moaning, and by degrees fell into a gentle slumber.

She was still watching him, and I had taken my post at the door looking out for the return of the messenger, when the sound of wheels gave me a hope of what in reality had occurred.

Jerome had met in the village, not the doctor he had been sent in quest of, but a familiar friend of Madame Pullain's, a medical man who was in the habit of paying frequent visits at her house, and, having called

while we were out, and being alarmed when he heard of the inundation, had travelled in the direction he supposed it likely we should take. He thus met the messenger, and forthwith turned his horses' heads our way.

The invalid was soon pronounced capable of travelling, and our adventure ended in taking our places in Monsieur Armand's comfortable carriage, in which we were conducted by a longer but safe route, back to the chateau, while Jerome and Grisonne took their time in returning as it best pleased the young driver.

Monsieur Armand, who was somewhat of a philosopher, seized this opportunity slyly to insinuate his opinion of education in general, and the advantages of bringing up young men in habits of hardihood and endurance. My friend, Madam Poullain, did not venture a remark, but it might have been owing to this little incident that a short time afterwards she yielded to the advice he had long given that her son should be sent to the public college at Blois, where he became, before many months were over, one of the strongest, gayest, and most healthy looking boys there, having gained in manliness what he lost in delicacy, and looking little less able to contend with the accidents of the country than Jerome himself.

WAR AND PEACE.

BY JAMES STONEHOUSE.

THE warrior waves his standard high,
 His falchion flashes in the fray :
 He madly shouts his battle-cry,
 And glories in a well-fought day.
 But Famine 's at the city gate,
 And Rapine prowls without the walls,
 The country round lies desolate,
 While Havoc's blighting footstep falls.
 By ruined hearths—by homes defiled—
 In scenes that Nature's visage mar :
 We feel the storm of Passions wild,
 And pluck the bitter fruit of war.

The cobweb hangs on sword and belt,
 The charger draws the gliding plough ;
 The cannon in the furnace melt ;
 And change to gentle purpose now . . .
 The threshers swing their pond'rous flails ;
 The craftsmen toil with cheerful might,
 The ocean swarms with merchant sails,
 And busy mills look gay by night.
 The happy land becomes renowned,
 As knowledge, arts, and wealth increase,
 And thus with Plenty smiling round,
 We cull the blessed Fruits of Peace.

Everton.

THE "PHENOMENON" OF THE CAPE OF GOOD
HOPE.

"South-eastern gales, with reckless sway,
Now madly sweep o'er Cape Town bay,
And fleecy clouds are gath'ring still
Around the 'Table' and 'Devil's' hill."

"THERE is," saith old Kolben, in his "History of the Cape," written upwards of a hundred and fifty years ago, "there is a tract of land, contiguous to the grove of oaks called the 'Round Bush,' which during the time the south-east winds reign, is infested with the most impetuous whirlwinds; an evil which for many years deterred every one from cultivating it; and it lay open as common pasture, yielding, indeed, plenty of grass. At length one Van der Byl craved it of government, and had it granted him. He ploughed and sowed it with corn; and everything prospered till the crop was come almost to maturity, when the south-east wind taking place and blowing a terrible storm, the whirlwind seized the corn here in such furious eddies, that the earth with the corn upon it was torn up in several places, and almost every grain of the whole produce shaken out of the ears; a devastation that banished for ever all thoughts of sowing it again. The whirlwinds often tear up and blow away the very grass here, when it is suffered to grow to any considerable height."

Such was the quotation alluded to by Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt—and to the papers from whence it was extracted, he subsequently referred me for "chapter and verse"—as we at length, after many an effort, succeeded in rounding this still wind-swept point of land, apparently the vortex, where the angry spirit of the Antarctic Æolus still concentrates, like in former times, all the fumes of his blustering wrath.

As in the days of the old Prussian author from whom the above extract is given, and who thus wrote about the year 1705, this promontory or spur of the Devil's Mountain, running down towards the top of Table Bay, now presented the self-same aspect of barrenness and desolation which he then described: blinding whirlwinds of dust wildly careered across a desert space of ground without the covering of even a single blade of grass; and whose bare, yellowish, sun and wind-dried surface, was only broken here and there by a few—and a very few—clumps of stunted, dwarfish-looking trees, all growing in the same leaning attitude towards the Bay; turning their faces, as it were, away from, whilst lowering and crouching before that ever-persecuting blast!

Most gladly, after having surmounted the apex of the hill, did we recede from this desolate looking spot; leaving, likewise, apparently behind, the blustering progeny of old Æolus, whose very nursery it would seem to be. Descending now to the eastward, and circling along the Devil's Hill, we approached the pretty village of Rondebosch, surrounded by orchards, gardens, and vegetation of every kind, intermingled here and there with noble-looking oaks, whose wide-spreading, gnarled branches, were scarcely stirred by a gentle, passing breeze—so suddenly did the tempest we had recently encountered appear to have died away.

"I am not sorry," observed I, "that the squall we fell in with yonder, on the hill, has blown itself away. I really thought at one time it would have sent the very teeth down our throats, or—as the sailors say—torn the buttons from off our coats; but I suppose it was too violent to last long."

"Not last," quoth Mynheer, in rather a reproachful and deprecating tone: "why, go back *now* towards Roede Bloem—go back to-morrow—go back three days hence—go back whenever you will, as long as you see those clouds sailing so rapidly overhead, and congregating in dense white masses along the edge of the Devil's Hill, you will find the same whirlwind lashing that devoted spot; its parent, the 'south-easter,' rushing down every gully, and sweeping, as you experienced to-day, the dust and very pebbles off the streets of Cape Town into the angry waters of the Bay."

"These raging whirlwinds—this local calm—yonder woolly mass of cloud, apparently nailed to the mountain's brow, are the very 'phenomena' to which Mynheer before alluded," Jack gravely chimed in, treading at the time most unmercifully on my toes, "and which Van Riebeck mentions in his journal so far back as 1550,—is it not so, Mynheer?"

"Not 1550, but 1653," replied the good old gentleman, eagerly taking up the cue, without being apparently in the least conscious that Jack was only trying to 'trot him out;': "it was in his journal of —, let me think what day,—however it was about this very season of the year after his arrival; but I will refer to the passage by and by—that this phenomenon was first noticed by that great and enterprising man; for you must allow the 'Table Cloth,' as yonder dense mass of vapour is usually called, well to deserve the term, no less than the extraordinary influence it, or rather the mountain which attracts it, appears to have on the course of the south-easterly wind, of the prevalence of which it is always one of many indubitable signs. Watch that remarkable looking cloud: with a howling tempest around,—it appears like part of the rocky masses to which it adheres, and as if rooted to the lofty spot where it seems immoveably to hang. This day at Cape Town—whilst to leeward of Table Mountain—you felt the violence of the south-easterly wind, and more recently, as you justly observed, the very buttons were nearly blown off your coat; yet here, placed as we are to windward of the hill, we scarcely feel a breath of air."

What Mynheer averred, was no less strange than true; for as we continued to skirt the eastern base of the hills, all traces of this "visitation of the winds" gradually died away; and whilst high aloft, in the boundless fields of ether, driven by an invisible power, the fleecy clouds sailed in rapid succession along, and accumulated in dense masses about the battlemented brow of the Devil's Hill, above the beautiful landscape through which we now wended our way, the latter reposed in the peaceful stillness of a perfect calm.

"'Tis, indeed, as you say, Mynheer, quite a phenomenon," replied I, "and such a one as I have never, in all my travels, ever beheld till now,—but, pray tell me, how can you account for the same?"

"That," said Mynheer, "is a question easier put than solved, and about which few people appear to agree. The peninsula of the Cape, the 'Cabo dos Tormentos,' of Vasco de Gama and of Bartholomew Diaz, has often been most appropriately called the 'palace of the winds,' and capacious indeed, would require to be the urns wherein old Æolus

could enclose either a real north-wester, or a stiff south-easterly gale, which are here during different periods of the year, the two prevailing 'monsoons' as they used to be called by the mariners of old, and as they are often termed by the 'old Indians' at the Cape, to the present day."

"During our southern winter—from May till September—the north-west wind is in the ascendant, bringing with it heavy rain and storms; whilst during the summer months, are most prevalent the south-easterly gales, of whose violence you have to-day had but a very slight specimen indeed; although sufficient, perhaps, to give you an idea of their influence on this most curious phenomenon; and which, as far as I can learn, is throughout the world, peculiar to the locality we are now in.

"Its cause, as I have already observed, has been variously accounted for by nearly every author who has written on the Cape. You shall see, when you have leisure, what some of our old writers—such as Kolben, Halley, Scheuchzer, and Varenus, say on the subject, and also what is Barrow's opinion thereon; for notwithstanding the abuse he so unsparingly, and I may say unjustly, lavished on my poor fellow countrymen in this part of the world, he was evidently a man of first-rate talent and research; and his authority, especially on scientific matters, may, generally speaking, be safely relied on.

"My own opinion of the particular action of the south-easterly winds in this locality, is, that the adjoining hills are possessed of some magnetic power, which so forcibly draws towards them the wind and vapours wafted across the Antarctic Ocean,—that in their direct course to the focus of attraction—the summit of the hills—the space to windward at their immediate base, is passed over, without feeling the effects of the gale then sweeping through the upper regions of the air; and thus forced along over Table Mountain, it next rushes down the 'kloofs' and gullies *débouching* on the town; which hence, although to leeward, experiences on such occasions the greatest violence of the storm. The stillness of the atmosphere, which during the prevalence of the south-easterly winds, we always enjoy for several miles on this side of the mountain, may likewise be partly attributed to those spurs of the Windeberg which throw out their ramifications towards the 'flats,' as we call those extensive sandy plains on our left.

"This is, however, only *my* idea of the subject which, if you have time, will be well worth your investigation; and I can, if you wish it, refer you by and by to the passages in point, contained in the various authors I have mentioned."

As I really took an interest in the subject, and wished, moreover, to give pleasure to my worthy host by humouring his little peculiarities in this way, I professed the utmost desire to acquire the information he alluded to. He took me afterwards at my word—placed in my hands a whole library of old works relating to the Cape, many of which I managed hastily to skim through, and even contrived to make a few extracts from the same: these have for years been lying slumbering in happy ignorance of their fate, at the bottom of the venerable old "sea-chest" I have had occasion to mention before; and although I purpose not to inflict on the "indulgent" reader the whole results of these my abstruse studies whilst enjoying at Wynberg the hospitality of my good friend, Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt, perhaps the following specimens there-

from, regarding the cause of the "phenomenon," may not be deemed wholly uninteresting, and out of place; or if so, they can easily be set aside, passed over unread, and the narrative resumed wherever they may be brought to a close.

Amongst sundry old records relating to the Cape, which Mynheer Hartzfeldt had discovered whilst rumaging the old folios and musty manuscripts of the Dessinian Library, may, under the head of "Van Riebeck's Journal of October 4, 1655," be found the following papers relating chiefly to the "phenomenon" alluded to in the foregoing pages—but every here and there a hiatus unavoidably occurs, owing to that portion of the original writing having been obliterated by time and by decay.*

"Oct. 4th, 1655.—The commander, Riebeck, went out to the back of the mountain, near the wood, to see whether the south-east wind blew there as violently as here . . . the wind could scarce be felt there, while the *cloud* was still rolling thick over Table Mountain, showing that the gusts were falling heavily in the valley about the fort . . . but there was the finest weather in the world; the wind appears to die away upon the windward side of the mountain, making a very pleasant atmosphere in the valleys there, which are of very rich ground, watered by such fine streams that it is delightful to see it; it is a pity that, from want of hands, they cannot be brought under cultivation, for wheat and other grain would no doubt thrive there . . . and many people might earn a subsistence by agriculture . . . nothing is wanted but hands, and if we get a few slaves, we design to make a small trial next year; the worst is, that it will be necessary in the first place to build a tolerable house, capable of defence,* to protect the lands to be cultivated, which will be rather expensive for the company, and would be better done by free colonists." †

"Oct. 15th, 1656.—Strong south-east winds; the Commander, therefore, went to the corn land at the Rondebosjen, to see whether it blew as hard as at the fort . . . at Rondebos the wind would scarce have moved a straw . . . while at the same moment it blew harder than ever at the fort, so that it clearly appears that we shall not be subject to the same winds as here, and the less so the further off."

Fifty years after the above was written, Kolben, in his work on the Cape of Good Hope, gives the following description of the effects of the south-east wind:—

"When the south-east wind rages, the Table Valley is torn with furious whirlwinds; owing, without doubt, to the hills which enclose the valley on all sides, excepting that towards the north-east, which is quite open, and is the only outlet the south-east wind has."

After alluding to the cloud-capped appearance of Table Mountain and the Devil's Hill, during the prevalence of this wind, Kolben further observes:—

* An anachronism of little importance is here committed, inasmuch as part of these papers were only compiled and translated by Lieut. Moodie, R. N., about the year 1838, by authority of Sir George Napier, then Governor and Commander-in-Chief at the Cape.

† The "defences" here alluded to, were to guard against the predatory attacks of the Hottentots, who had already begun to manifest their plundering disposition; they, however, continued to be treated with the utmost forbearance by the new settlers, amongst whom, notwithstanding the want of labour, the question was never once mooted of reducing *them* to "slavery" even during the time of war.

“ The cloud, on the Table—and the Devil’s Hill, is in my opinion, made up of an infinite number of small particles, first driven by the easterly winds (which reign in the Torrid Zone, with very little discontinuance throughout the year) against the hills at the Cape corner of Africa, facing the east, and contiguous to the sea. These particles, being thus stopped in their career, are pressed together and become visible, in small assemblages, or clouds; in which bodies they are driven up to the summits of those hills; where they are pressed with such violence by the upper air, that when they get to the opposite descents, they are hurried down the same with such fury, that they make a sort of furrows on the sides of the hills. At the feet of those hills these particles become again invisible: and pass over the valleys very briskly to the opposite hills, of which are the Table—and the Devil’s Hill; where they are repelled with such violence, that they turn about and become whirlwinds. In these eddies they are driven up to the summits of the Table—and the Devil’s Hill; which being much higher than the other hills, the pressure of the air on their summits is stronger than it is on the summits of the others; and these particles are therefore, hurried down from thence into the Table Valley with greater fury, causing dreadful whirlwinds and hurricanes.”

I shall conclude these quotations on the “phenomenon” of the “Table Cloth” and strange effects of the south-east wind, with an extract from Barrow’s “Travels in Southern Africa.” and then leave the reader to form his own conclusions on a subject which appears never to have been as yet accounted for in a satisfactory manner:—

“ A single glance at the topography of the Cape and the adjacent country, will be sufficient to explain the cause of this phenomenon, which has so much the appearance of singularity. The mountainous peninsula is connected with a still more mountainous continent, on which the great ranges run parallel to, and at no great distance from, the sea-coast. In the heat of the summer season, when the south-east mousoon blows strong at sea, the water taken up by evaporation is borne in the air to the continental mountains, where, being condensed, it rests on their summits in the form of a thick cloud. This cloud, and a low dense bank of fog on the sea, are the precursors of a similar, but lighter, fleece on the Table Mountain, and of a strong gale of wind in Cape Town from the south-east. These effects may be thus accounted for: the condensed air on the summit of the mountains of the continent, rushes, by its superior gravity, towards the more rarified atmosphere over the isthmus, and the vapour it contains is there taken up and held invisible or in transparent solution. From hence it is carried by the south-east wind towards the Table and its neighbouring mountains, where, by condensation, from decreased temperature and concussion, the air is no longer capable of holding the vapour with which it was loaded, but is obliged to let it go. The atmosphere on the summit of the mountain becomes turbid, the cloud is shortly formed, and, hurried by the wind over the verge of the precipice, in large fleecy volumes, rolls down the steep sides towards the plain, threatening momentarily to deluge the town. No sooner, however, does it arrive, in its descent, at the point of temperature equal to that of the atmosphere in which it has floated over the isthmus, than it is once more taken up and ‘vanishes into air—to thin air.’ Every other part of the hemisphere shows a clear blue sky undisturbed by a single vapour.”

The dissertation about the "phenomenon," its causes and effects, had brought us by this time, well on our way towards Wynberg, the road winding through a beautiful and highly-cultivated country, and passing numerous estates, farm-houses, and villas, such as the "Grange," Eckestenberg, and many others, all surrounded by pleasant gardens, revelling in a luxuriant vegetation, partly European, and partly of a tropical character. The hedges of cactus and of the graceful aloe, here contrasted strongly with those composed of the pomegranate, the quince, the myrtle, and geranium, intermingled with the green flexible tendrils of the vine, over which waved apple and pear trees in full bearing, that would not have disgraced the orchards of Kent or Devon, in our own "merrie" isle.

But I recollect my attention being most forcibly struck amidst all this prodigal display of the riches of Flora and Vertumnus—by—in what I had always considered as a "new" country—the height and size of antique and venerable-looking aspens, pine trees, and magnificent old oaks;—all of which had—as Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt informed me—been originally brought by the first settlers from their own "Fatherland."

On clearing the "pinal"—as in Portugal and Spain, we used to call those sort of woods—on emerging from its dark shadows, rendered still more dense by the short, uncertain twilight of this southern clime, we again entered on a tract of cultivated land, dotted here and there with gardens and houses, whose white gables peered distinctly through the approaching darkness which now began to envelope everything around.

We had arrived at Wynberg—the end of our pleasant drive. The old *calèche* turned off from the main road we had hitherto followed, and threading through masses of shrubbery, drew up alongside of the "Stoep," of—as far as I could judge by the little remaining light—a well-built, substantial, old-fashioned looking country-house.

We entered a mansion evidently more intended for comfort than display, and were welcomed by a spare, staid, elderly lady, and a plump, pretty, fair-haired girl, of apparently about eighteen years of age—the former of whom I was introduced to as the maiden sister of our host, whilst in the latter I immediately recognized the charming little "niece," whom Jack Brown had in the forenoon very accurately described, when making me the confidant of his tender passion.

Miss Rachel—Van Hartzfeldt's sister—was lean, and stiff, and starched, as is often the case with maiden ladies of fifty or sixty years of age. She, however, gave me quite an "English" shake of the hand (for the good old Batavian fashion of saluting the fair sex was then fast going out of vogue), and—what I concluded to be—a hearty welcome in Dutch; and whilst the charming little Annetjie did the same in the prettiest of broken English, and with the most perfect grace and affability of manner, I could not help casting at Jack an approving glance as to the good taste he had displayed. Nor did I, after a short residence at the Cape, consider it as matter of surprise, that the beauty, pleasing manners, and engaging vivacity characterizing the Dutch damsels there, should have captivated many of our countrymen, particularly amongst that numerous class of Anglo-Indians, who flying thither to prostrate themselves at the altar of Hygeia, have often, on returning to the East, found themselves securely bound to that of Hymen, by the blind-folded, though all-powerful little God! Neither was it matter of surprise—considering the details with which I was subsequently made acquainted—

that my susceptible friend should in this instance have been caught in a noose, which has so often entangled many a more experienced and longer-headed man than himself.

Annetjie Van Hartzfeldt, with that full development of womanhood, which so precociously ripens in the genial clime, and under the glowing sun of the south, had in reality scarcely attained to sixteen years of age. On the first establishment of my friend under the roof of old Van Hartzfeldt, she was a mere child, and had then been consequently treated by him as such.

Deprived from her infancy of the advantages of parental care, Annetjie had been entirely brought up under the auspices of her nearest remaining, kind hearted-relations—old Van Hartzfeldt and his sister Rachel. It cannot therefore be matter of surprise, that on his arrival at the Cape, my friend Brown should have found the pretty and interesting little orphan, a spoiled, self-willed, and not particularly well-educated child.

No pains or expense had, on the other hand, been spared in the instruction of my friend; who, although a wild, reckless youth, naturally possessed first-rate intellectual powers; and these had been sedulously improved by careful culture; whilst at the same time the highest notions of honour and probity had been most fully instilled into his mind—principles which a career of early folly and dissipation (the real cause of his exile to the Cape) had never been able to efface.

Jack Brown and the little Annetjie shortly became sworn allies and friends. True, she then spoke no other language save her own, but Jack soon picked up enough of the lingo to enable her to make him the confident of all her girlish joys and sorrows; she gladly availed herself of his offer to teach her during his moments of leisure the English language, and whatever other accomplishments he could impart. She would often hang over his easel, whilst he copied in oils, for her uncle, sundry old-fashioned prints and paintings relating to the times of Van Riebeck or Van der Stell; and thus finally became an apt scholar in that most fascinating art.

Jack having an inkling for music, likewise instructed Annetjie in playing the guitar—and in short, during the course of three or four years' tutoring of this kind, he taught her all the accomplishments he had ever learnt. He had, moreover,—which might have been foreseen—taught himself, by slow degrees, to become devotedly attached to his fascinating pupil, now no longer a child; and it would appear that *she* had likewise learnt to love him fondly in return.

Such was the state of affairs in Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt's domestic establishment, when I was for the first time introduced to his pretty little niece: the perfect *beau ideal* of the—generally speaking—very attractive Dutch ladies of the Cape.

“And now, captain,” said the old gentleman, who persisted in giving me that exalted title, of which travellers are so fond. “Now, captain, a hearty welcome to you at my humble abode; don't mind any of our old-fashioned Dutch ways, which to an Englishman may, perhaps, at first appear rather strange; but make yourself at once completely at home. My sister does not speak English, you must either teach her, or get this little minx to interpret for you,—whichever you like best. Mynheer Jan Brown, pray make yourself useful and show the captain his room—and do you, Annetjie, see that supper is got ready—for we are starving;

do all the honours of the house, and speak English for both aunt Rachel and yourself."

Supper was in due time announced; a formal grace was pronounced by Myuheer, and we — at least, I can answer for myself — lost no time in attacking the substantial fare with which the capacious and hospitable board was spread, at the favourite meal of the Dutch inhabitants of this part of the world.

I had now, for the first time in my life, the opportunity of beholding that degraded condition, to which one portion of mankind has, from the earliest ages in the world, forced a large amount of his fellow-creatures to submit. I of course allude to that state of bondage which was then imposed on a great number of the coloured population at the Cape; for during our plentiful repast, we were waited on entirely by slaves.

To an Englishman there is something so odious in the very word, that one's best feelings are instantly aroused at a sound, connected by preconceived ideas, with all that is most degrading and wretched in the human state; and I could at first scarcely bring myself to the belief, that the cheerful contented-looking beings, who noiselessly glided about behind our chairs, belonged to this unhappy class.

Even at the period to which I allude, strenuous efforts were being made by philanthropic individuals and societies in England, and generally speaking by the British nation at large, to put a stop to the odious traffic in human flesh. Various schemes to that effect were then in agitation, as regarded the Cape; Government had already taken up the subject, but with a strange inconsistency—only equalled by that of our Transatlantic brethren of the United States—whilst openly condemning the system, and seemingly devising every plan for its more speedy abolishment, the British Government actually at this period, maintained for the public service, an establishment of two hundred slaves at the Cape of Good Hope!

The "slave lodge" where they were kept, situated in the public gardens at Cape Town, and perhaps—as illustrative of this wretched system—was not inappropriately placed within the precincts of the *ménagerie*, where other captive denizens of "Afric's torrid zone," were then likewise forcibly detained in durance vile.

"It is to be regretted," says an intelligent writer of that period, "after the abhorrence which Parliament has so frequently expressed of the continuation of slavery in all its forms that an institution of the kind is permitted to exist at the Cape, under the protection of its Government, and that it should be continued on its present footing."

Many were the schemes devised at that period for the abolition—consistent with some show of justice to the slave-owners—of the state of slavery at the Cape—amongst others was that of purchasing for emancipation the whole of this class within our South African territories; but when it was ascertained that their number amounted to upwards of thirty-four thousand, which at the average price of fifteen hundred rix-dollars each (considerably above 100*l.*) this plan would have burthened the English people with more than four millions of the standard currency of the realm; it consequently, like others of a more feasible nature, fell for the time to the ground; whilst the slave proprietors were kept in a constant state of anxiety and suspense, as to the measures which would eventually be decided on, with regard to what at that time constituted so considerable—and chiefly as regarded their agricultural

interests—so important a portion, of unquestionably their legitimate private property.

The thirty-four thousand persons above adverted to, as constituting the slave population of the Cape, might be divided into three separate classes: the Negro, the Malay, and the Africander, or Creole slaves.

The Negro—the least valuable of the three—emanated, in general, not from the same source from whence has flowed towards the New World so large a stream of its coloured population—namely, the Western Coast of Africa; but from the eastward of the Cape: from Madagascar and the Mozambique; whilst the introduction of Malay slaves originated in the intercourse which constantly took place between the early Dutch settlers, and their commercial establishments at Batavia, and other places in the Eastern Archipelago, from whence was likewise imported the first breed of horses introduced into Southern Africa.

Whilst the Mozambiques were chiefly employed in the rougher drudgery of field labour, as “hewers of wood and drawers of water”—the very helots of the land—the Malay slaves—who professed a religious creed (more than the generality of the former class could boast of), and acknowledged Mahomet as their prophet—were chiefly engaged in occupations where some degree of intellect and ingenuity are required—the men being mostly employed as carpenters, shoemakers, cabinet-makers, &c.; and the women as domestic, and sometimes as confidential servants.

With the acuteness and ingenuity peculiar to their race, this class combined all its most vicious characteristics; amongst which a spirit of extreme vindictiveness bore a very prominent place; rendering them not unfrequently objects of dread and suspicion to their masters. At the time I allude to, many of the Malays at the Cape had managed to purchase their emancipation, and formed, consequently, a portion of the free inhabitants of the colony.

The class last-mentioned: the Africander, or Creole slaves, were considered by far the most valuable of the three. This race, originally derived from the intercourse of a European, or Cape Dutchman, with a coloured slave woman, had, in many instances (from the length of time which had elapsed since this amalgamation first took place) gradually lost all its more prominent African attributes, and assumed the hue and appearance of the inhabitants of the South of Europe.

Many of the Creole or Africander slave women possessed, and still continue to possess, beauty, grace, and attraction, in no inconsiderable degree; and I well remember how forcibly the coquettish little Eva—the favourite slave girl of Annetjie Hartzfeldt—used often, with her fine jet black eyes and raven locks—her slight though voluptuous form, and graceful gait—to remind me of those dark beauties of Portugal and Spain—

“ Whose o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart—
Whose very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.”

Although the slaves of the Cape of Good Hope might be divided into the three separate classes above adverted to—still, many other

varieties of the human race, doomed to the same cruel fate, had likewise found their way to this distant part of the world.

During the earlier times of the Dutch occupation, slaves were not only imported from the Eastern Archipelago, but likewise—as Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt informed me—in some instances, from the continent of India; whilst more lately, small numbers had come from Congo and Angola on the western coast of Africa; and even—though such instances were rare—from the far interior of that—to so great an extent—still unknown portion of the globe.

As an example, I may mention the young slave who was appointed to attend upon me during my residence at Wynberg, whilst under Mynheer Van Hartzfeldt's hospitable roof. His name was Mohilah: he resembled in appearance neither the Western Negro nor the Eastern Mozambique, but possessed many of the characteristics which I afterwards observed as peculiar to the Bechuana race. He had been imported in a vessel from Congo or Angola, but described himself as coming from a country situated “many moons” from the sea coast. I obtained from Mohilah at the time I now allude to, a vocabulary of several words of his native tongue, which—on subsequently comparing with the idiom spoken by the Kaffirs—led me to conclusions with which I shall not now trouble my forbearing and indulgent Reader. Before, however, dismissing the subject of slavery at the Cape of Good Hope, it may not be out of place to observe, that in spite of all the vituperations cast upon the Dutch colonists for their alleged ill-treatment of the natives of that part of the world, not a single instance can be brought forward—from the earliest times of its occupation—of their having ever reduced to that abject condition either Hottentots or Kaffirs; although so frequently engaged in warfare (always of a defensive nature), more especially against the latter barbarous tribes, who ever encroaching on the colonial boundary, were as great a source of trouble and annoyance to our predecessors in Southern Africa, as *we* continue to find them to the present day.

As regards the “Bosjesmans,” or “Bushmen,” the case was different;—but for the present, I must defer to notice this last extraordinary race.

THE FRENCH TRANSLATOR.

“ALL sciences a fasting Monsieur knows;”

Thus Johnson wrote with truth and urged with hate;
And a hard task a Frenchman lately chose,

In his own tongue our Shakspeare to translate;
And treating of the line Othello speaks,

“Sir, she can turn and turn, go on and turn,”

(Found in the scene where publicly outbreaks

The jealous rage that in his soul did burn),

Saw but one cause for turns so quick and strange,

And render'd it, “*Elle valse tout comme une ange.*”

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SINCE the first establishment of the Royal Academy, no one of the annual exhibitions of that institution has, we think, ever been opened on so important an occasion for the fame of British Art, as this exhibition of the year 1851. Among the vast congregation of foreigners assembling in London, by far the greater number have now to learn for the first time what the English School of Painting really is — have now to discover what our English artists really can do. Under such circumstances as these, it must be felt as a matter of the last importance, that the present exhibition in Trafalgar Square should be the best, or at least one of the best, that has ever been opened to the public. We feel sincere gratification in being able to state, that this year's display on the walls of the Academy is well worthy of the occasion. There may be some unfortunate instances of comparative failure, or total incapacity, among the works exhibited; but our greatest painters have vindicated their greatness nobly; and their younger brethren, the rising men of the profession, have, with few exceptions, made a marked advance towards a higher degree of excellence than they have hitherto reached. In a word, this eighty-third annual exhibition of the Royal Academy contains an unusually large number of pictures, of which as a nation we may fairly feel proud; and from which our foreign visitors may well learn to appreciate the excellence, the originality, and the cheering onward progress of English Art.

The number of works of painting, sculpture, and architecture exhibited this year amounts to thirteen hundred and eighty-nine — a formidable array even to look through, much more to criticise. As the best method of performing the complicated task before us, we will begin where the numbers begin in the East Room, taking the figure subjects first, then the landscapes, then the portraits; and concluding with a word or two on the sculpture. It must be perfectly obvious to everybody that, within the limits of such a notice as this, it will be impossible to review as much in detail as we could desire many works of considerable merit. We must be content with merely directing the reader's attention to several pictures, which will amply repay his most careful consideration.

On entering the East Room, and going round it under the guidance of the Catalogue, the first figure-picture which will attract the spectator is Mr. Hart's "Benvenuto Cellini," instructing one of his pupils. The design of this work is exceedingly simple; the colour warm and mellow, perhaps rather too much so. Further on, past some portraits and landscapes, appears Mr. Uwins's "Ulysses in the Island of Calypso." The upper part of the picture displays much of the painter's wonted grace and refinement; the lower part is less felicitous — the attitude of Ulysses striking us, especially, as being somewhat unnatural and constrained. Frankly let us own it, we never feel so ready a sympathy with Mr. Uwins's genius as when he gives us those brilliant and truthful illustrations of Italian life, which first won him his reputation, and which perhaps prejudice us a little, in spite of ourselves, against even his best efforts in other branches of art.

Passing on, we next observe a crowd of spectators gathered before one picture, looking long and attentively at every part of it; and with good reason; for this picture offers a subject which is universal in its interest, and which is treated by one of the most original and most graphic painters of the age. It is "Caxton's Printing Office," represented by Maclise. The great and striking characteristic of this noble work is its perfect verisimilitude — the scene looks as if it must really have occurred exactly as we see it painted. In the middle of the composition, Caxton is exhibiting the first proof sheet taken from the first press ever set up in England, to Edward the Fourth. The Queen and the young princes stand near, looking on with eager curiosity. Each side of the picture is occupied by the workmen in the printing-office. The illuminator, the wood-engraver, the book-binder, the compositor, the pressman, are all placed before us, each with the materials of his craft scattered about him. The astonishing varieties of expression and character exhibited in the different groups must be seen, and, let us add, studied also, to be properly appreciated. We will merely direct attention here to the expression and attitude of the printer's boy, who is holding up the proof sheet before the King; to the vacant, wondering countenance of one of the young princes; to the calmness and elevation, the mental anxiety and physical fatigue beautifully developed in the face of Caxton. In these, and in many other instances which we have not space to particularize, there are evidences of such masterly adherence to the truth of Nature, combined with striking dramatic power, as Mr. Maclise has never surpassed, and we even think, not often equalled, in any former work. In all its multifarious details, the picture is managed with the most consummate skill; firmness and finish are carried to their climax in the painting of the different objects in the printing-office, and the general tone of the colour recalls, we are glad to say, much of the power and brilliancy of the best of the artist's earlier works.

Very different are the impressions we derive from the next picture we see, Mr. Dyce's "King Lear and the Fool in the Storm." Who that remembers this artist's exquisite "Jacob and Rebecca" of last year — and once seen, could any one forget it? — who would imagine such a failure to be possible as he now exhibits? The Fool is represented to us as sprawling on his stomach, kicking up his heels, and poking his little finger into one corner of his mouth. The King sits swinging his arms about in true theatrical frenzy; his beard is blown out stiff and straight in every hair; and his face is *tattooed* with some of the most astonishing light brown wrinkles we ever beheld, even on canvas. Did we dare imagine such a desecration of Shakspeare, as a pantomime called "Harlequin King Lear," here we should certainly have a correct representation of the manner in which Clown and Pantaloon might be expected to perform the parts of the Fool and the King.

Mr. Herbert exhibits a single figure of Daniel in his boyhood, from a Scripture composition now in progress. The conception of the character is noble, and it has been nobly worked out. Both in the attitude of the figure and the expression of the features, the same grandeur is preserved, without an approach to anything that is meretricious or exaggerated; without any appearance of trickery

in colour, or artifice in arrangement, to detract from the simple, solemn, scriptural beauty of the painter's idea. We earnestly hope, for the sake of the public taste, now rapidly becoming vitiated by the imbecile profanities exhibited in our shop windows as devotional prints, that this picture will be engraved; and engraved at such a price as may place it within the reach of the general purchaser.

The contemplation of such a work of art as Mr. Herbert's unfits us for any lengthened examination of Mr. Chalon's picture of the "Seasons," which hangs near it. We observe that the allegorical nymphs are gracefully and prettily painted, and pass on — after a pleasant glance at two truthful little pictures by Mr. Webster — to Mr. Charles Landseer's "Cromwell reading an intercepted Letter of the King's." The composition is carefully treated; the scene on the battle-field of Naseby presents itself clearly in its different aspects, and the portraits of Fairfax, Skippon, and Ireton are so introduced as to increase legitimately the historical interest of the subject.

The new President's "Ippolita Torelli," a female figure in a partly reclining attitude, next presents itself. The picture displays all Sir Charles Eastlake's well known delicacy of touch and finish of execution; the refined features and gentle expression of "Ippolita," possessing at the same time that calm poetic beauty which this painter has often before presented to us in his female heads, but never more successfully than on the present occasion.

Mr. Leslie gives us this year the scene from "Henry the Fourth," in which Falstaff administers a mock rebuke to the Prince, in the character of the King. Always admirable in displaying on canvas that highest and truest humour which never degenerates into vulgarity or exaggeration, the painter has equalled his best efforts in impersonating the character of the Prince, to our thinking the most successful figure in the picture. We have all the mischief and recklessness of "Hal" developed in his countenance; and yet, rake as he is, his birth and breeding are expressed, or rather *suggested*, with consummate ability, both in his features and bearing. We may also mention the "hang-dog" look of Bardolph; the hearty enjoyment in the face of the Hostess; and the timid glance of astonishment cast by the "drawer" at the Prince, as all in Mr. Leslie's best manner, that manner which places him alone and unapproached among the artists of his age. If we might hint an objection to any part of the picture, it would be to the figure of Falstaff, which strikes us as somewhat conventional. If Mr. Leslie had trusted as thoroughly to his own genius here, as in other parts of his work, might he not have made Falstaff as complete a creation of his own on canvas as all the other figures in this delightful picture?

Never do we remember to have seen Sir Edwin Landseer to such advantage as we see him this year, in his Scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is hardly too much to say of this picture, that it is in the very spirit of Shakspeare himself. The delicacy and loveliness of Titania; the dense, asinine stupidity of the transformed Bottom, we might have expected to find what we find them here; but in his manner of embodying the Fairies, we must confess that the painter has taken us by surprize, high as our estimate has always been of his abilities. The exquisite fancy, the

mixture of quaint humour and poetic beauty exhibited in the impersonation of Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, &c., cannot be too highly praised, as the completest realization of the Fairies of Shakspeare ever displayed on canvas. Even in the more mechanical qualities of "surface" and "execution," this picture is one of the very best the artist has produced; witness the painting of the two white rabbits in the right-hand foreground, which in our opinion carries the power of illusion as far as illusion will go.

Stopping for a moment, to admire Mr. Uwins's charming little picture of "The Parasol," we arrive opposite Mr. E. M. Ward's "Royal Family of France in the Prison of the Temple." There is real pathos, of the simplest and most impressive order, in this fine picture. We look at the beautifully-conceived sleeping figure of Louis the Sixteenth; at the expression of the Queen, who is mending his coat while he slumbers; at the Dauphiness watering the lily already drooping in the glass; at the Dauphin mending his shuttle-cock, the last plaything left to him; and we acknowledge that the scene is presented to us with a touching truth to Nature, and a graphic eloquence of expression, which move our sympathies even more than our admiration. In displaying, as a contrast to the mournfulness and resignation of the royal prisoners, the group of revolutionary ruffians just seen behind them smoking and playing cards in an outer room, Mr. Ward has shown how admirably he understands the dramatic connection between the pathetic and the terrible; while, in grappling with the technical difficulties of his art, he has advanced this year to a degree of excellence, which even his heartiest admirers of former seasons can hardly have been prepared to see.

In "Hogarth brought before the Governor of Calais as a spy," Mr. Frith gives us another of those character-pictures by which he has honestly won a high reputation. He is still as excellent as ever in the more refined subtleties of expression. In the face of Hogarth, we have all the characteristic coarseness and wit of the great painter, capitably combined with his look of reckless unconcern, and his malicious enjoyment of the perplexities of his military judge. The rest of the personages in the picture are not less happily hit off—the dirty, scare-crow French soldiery of the day, and the courteous but rigid commanding officer seated bolt upright in his arm-chair, being especially remarkable as excellent and careful representations of national character. The more initiated among the visitors to the exhibition, will not fail to recognise in the "painting" of this picture a remarkable purity and truth—a bold and most successful attempt to treat a simple daylight effect in all its simplicity, without the slightest adventitious aid from artificially bright lights or dark shadows, in any part of the canvas.

With this work, we take our leave of the figure subjects in the East Room—Mr. Redgrave's "Flight into Egypt" (the only remaining picture), being one of those commonplace attempts to be solemn by dint of dingy blue, yellow, and brown, worked into a high state of polish all over sky, earth, and figures, which proclaims its own mediocrity too palpably to need any remark whatever on our parts.

Beginning, in the Middle Room, with Mr. Poole's "Goths in Italy" (No. 344), we are forcibly impressed by a certain air of barbaric grandeur and simplicity—a striking wildness and mystery

—spread over the whole picture, which is admirably in keeping with the subject. Whatever he may paint, Mr. Poole always works powerfully and originally—always produces, as in this instance, an effect which is peculiarly and distinctively his own on the mind of the spectator. Far different is the case with Mr. Hook, who has attempted the well-worn subject of the “Brides of Venice.” Here we see nothing but several pretty girls clothed in pretty dresses, disposed in pretty attitudes, and assuming pretty expressions—not the Brides of Venice, but modern young ladies personating their characters in a drawing-room “Tableau.”

Mr. Brown’s large and elaborate picture of “Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance to Edward the Third,” deserves to be mentioned by us with that respect which hard work honestly persevered in throughout, should always command. It must be confessed, however, that we looked with regret at the whole composition, as a work in which the confusion of the figures, and the absence of any attention to harmony, had seriously damaged the effect of many detached parts that were individually excellent. We hope to see Mr. Brown doing more justice to his own industry and intelligence on a future occasion.

Mr. Cope’s picture (in three compartments) of “Laurence Saunders, the second of the Protestant Martyrs in the time of Mary,” takes rank among the noblest productions of modern art. In the first division, the wife of the martyr, with her infant child in her arms, is seen ringing at the prison door, to ask a last interview with her husband. The attitude of the figure is simple, the expression of the features free from even an approach to exaggeration; and yet what unutterable woe there is in those calm, piteous eyes! what meek piety, what solemn resignation in that sad, pure face! The second compartment shows us the interior of the prison. The wife has been refused admission, but the gaoler has brought in the infant to receive its father’s farewell. The yearning fondness, mingling with saintly patience and firmness, in the martyr’s countenance—the attitude of the child stretching out its little face and arms towards its father—must be seen, and pondered over; not described—no mere words could do it justice. In the third division, we behold the martyr going out to the pile on which he is to be burnt—his courage undiminished; his trust unshaken—an impressive conclusion to the story of an impressive picture. If this work appealed less eloquently to the best and purest feelings of the spectator, we might take some exception to the manner in which it is painted—in the sense of *workmanship*. But, seeing it what it is, we feel that slight technical objections would be petty and misplaced, applied to such a picture as this—a picture of “High Art,” in the most elevated and comprehensive meaning of the term.

In “Rinaldo destroying the myrtle,” Mr. F. R. Pickersgill has not got beyond respectable mediocrity. Not even by accident does he appear to have hit on anything original, in characterising, composing, or colouring any one of the numerous figures in his picture. We turn with pleasure from this work, and from the execrable vulgarity of Mr. Brodie’s “May and December,” to Mr. Frost’s “Wood-Nymphs.” The painter’s refined feeling for form appears here to as much advantage as ever; the faces of his nymphs are still exquisite in their pure, ideal loveliness—would we could add that

the glow and richness of colour, hitherto undeveloped in his works, were apparent on the present occasion. This is all that Mr. Frost wants; and to accomplish this, he need only learn to feel due confidence in the resources of his own genius.

If "Nell Gwynne" could return to life with such a face as Mr. Egg gives her in his picture of this year, could the man be found, who would not be just as anxious to kiss her, as "Mr. Pepys" himself? The present is, in many respects, the best work the painter has produced. The greedy anxiety of Pepys to make the utmost of the kiss he is allowed to snatch from "Poor Nelly," is a capital piece of expression; full of comedy, yet free from coarseness. Equally good is the jaded, rouged face, and arch, vagabond look of the "player-woman" who is having her shoe put on. All the other figures in the picture are simply and naturally introduced—there is nothing that looks artificial in any part of the arrangement. The painting, too, is admirably firm and forcible; and the colour—saving a little tendency to yellowness, in parts—displays a truth and richness well deserving of especial notice and praise.

We would fain delay over Mr. E. M. Ward's "John Gilpin;" but our narrowing space obliges us to leave it with a passing word of commendation, as worthy in its spirit and humour of the immortal ballad which it illustrates. Going on, round the remaining figure-pictures in the room, we do not find much to delay us. Mr. Faed's "Cottage Piety" is nothing but a mechanical imitation of the manner of Wilkie, which we need not stop to criticise. Nor do the "Dover Hovellers," by Mr. Hollins, incline us to make any long pause—three more intensely uninteresting men than these same "Hovellers," we never saw on canvas. Mr. Elmore's "Hotspur and the Fop" demands, and has, our best attention. The picture is finely drawn and composed, and, in many places, very well painted. The "Fop" is the conventional fop—a gentleman whom we are heartily tired of seeing represented; but the group carrying the dead body, and the expression and position of Hotspur, are full of dramatic energy. Mr. C. Collins's "Convent-Thoughts" we intend to notice further on, with the works exhibited in the West and North Rooms, by Messrs. Hunt and Millais—the novel and strongly-marked style which these three artists have adopted alike, warranting us in reserving their pictures for special and separate remark.

Not forgetting to admire, as we go, Mr. Frith's pretty "Gleaner," we now pass into the West Room. Here are two Scripture-subjects, by Messrs. Dobson and O'Neil; some "Arcadians" by Mr. Patten; and a "Defeat of Shylock" by Mr. Hook, all of very ordinary merit. Mr. Goodall's "Raising the May Pole" is a great improvement on his latter works. It is clever in design and arrangement, and presents some excellent effects of colour. Mr. Kennedy, in his "Theodore and Honoria," works in so blotchy and patchy a style, that his canvas looks as if it had broken out into an eruption of paint—while Mr. Horsley, in "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso" goes to the opposite extreme, and produces a surface as smooth and cleanly as a new coach panel. Mr. Stone's "Scene from the Merchant of Venice" is, we think, destined to please very generally. The female figures are elegantly and beautifully conceived—the men are the best Mr. Stone has ever painted, showing far more of masculine character and energy than we remember in any of his former works. Mr. John-

ston's "Family Worship" gives us the old story—the family party are all trying to look pious; and the effect of colour is of the usual "dim, religious" treacle-brown hue, which seems to be a staple commodity of all domestic-devotional pictures of this class. Mr. Armitage's "Samson," is a work of great power and imagination—bold and original enough in conception to give goodly promise for this artist's future career, provided he guards himself rigidly against even a tendency to extravagance and display. We have rarely seen a larger canvas covered to smaller purpose, than by Mr. Barker; whose "Incident in the life of William Rufus" would have been more fitly exhibited on the side of a caravan, than on the walls of the Academy. Mr. J. H. G. Mann—a name new to us—has painted a very nice little picture of a "Mother and Child." Of Mr. Le Jeune's "Sermon on the Mount," we can only say that the artist will best show his reverence for sacred things, by never again attempting a Scripture subject.

The North Room has been made a new room this year, by hanging pictures in it, instead of architectural drawings; which have been removed to the Octagon Room. By this excellent arrangement, extra and well-lighted space has been gained for the young painters especially; who, with not more than one or two exceptions, have been treated on the present occasion with perfect justice—nay, with extreme liberality in some cases. For example, Mr. Rankley's "Pharisee and Publican," and Mr. Solomon's "Oliver Goldsmith"—the first of which strikes us as a display of sentimental mock-piety; and the second, as a clumsy caricature—are so hung as to appear under every possible advantage of position to any spectator who may be able to discover the merit in them, which we cannot discern. In truth, the chief attractions to us, in the North Room, are the landscapes, which we have yet to notice. We remember nothing which it is necessary to particularise, but two clever animal pictures by Mr. Ansdell, and the "Woodman's Daughter," by Mr. Millais. The mention of this last work reminds us that it is now time to offer our promised remarks on, what is called the "new," or "Pre-Raphael" style.

The characteristics of this style, in the eyes of the general spectator, may, we think, be pretty correctly described as follows:—an almost painful minuteness of finish and detail; a disregard of the ordinary rules of composition and colour; and an evident intention of not appealing to any popular predilections on the subject of grace or beauty. The most prominent representatives of this new school are Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt; whose pictures we are now about to notice.

Mr. Collins's picture, in the Middle Room, is entitled "Convent Thoughts;" and represents a novice standing in a convent garden, with a passion-flower, which she is contemplating, in one hand, and an illuminated missal, open at the crucifixion, in the other. The various flowers and the water-plants in the foreground are painted with the most astonishing minuteness and fidelity to nature—we have all the fibres in a leaf, all the faintest varieties of bloom in a flower, followed through every gradation. The sentiment conveyed by the figure of the novice is hinted at, rather than developed, with deep poetic feeling—she is pure, thoughtful, and subdued, almost to severity. Briefly, this picture is one which appeals, in its purpose

and conception, only to the more refined order of minds—the general spectator will probably discover little more in it, than dexterity of manipulation. Mr. Millais aims less high, and will therefore be more readily understood. He exhibits three pictures. The first represents a girl standing in an attitude of extreme weariness, in the chamber of an ancient mansion. The dress of the figure, the stained glass on the windows, the stool from which she has risen, all display the most dazzling and lustrous richness of colour, combined with high finish of execution. In the second picture, “The return of the Dove to the Ark,” we have only the wives of two of Noah’s sons; one holding the dove, the other caressing it. Here, every stalk of the straw on which the figures are standing, is separately painted; the draperies are studied and arranged, with great skill and power; and the flesh-tints are forcible in an extraordinary degree. The third picture, “The Woodman’s Daughter,” is more remarkable for the landscape than the figures. The woody background of the scene is really marvellous in its truthfulness and elaboration. Mr. Hunt exhibits one work—“Valentine receiving Silvia from Proteus;” and exceeds, in some respects, even Mr. Collins and Mr. Millais in the intricacies of high finish, and in minute imitation of the minutest objects in nature. “Silvia” is kneeling upon some dry leaves, treated with an elaboration beyond which art cannot go. The drapery, too, of this figure is painted with the most masterly firmness, brilliancy, and power; every inequality of the wooded background is represented with admirable fidelity to nature; and the patches of sunlight falling upon shady places through gaps in the trees above, shine with a dazzling brightness which never once reminds us of the trickeries of the palette—which is the evident result of the most intelligent and the most unflinching study.

Such are some of the most prominent peculiarities of these pictures which come within the limits of so brief a notice as this. If we were to characterise, and distinguish between, the three artists who have produced them, in a few words, we should say that Mr. Collins was the superior in refinement, Mr. Millais in brilliancy, and Mr. Hunt in dramatic power. The faults of these painters are common to all three. Their strict attention to detail precludes, at present, any attainment of harmony and singleness of effect. They must be admired bit by bit, as we have reviewed them, or not admired at all. Again, they appear to us to be wanting in one great desideratum of all art—judgment in selection. For instance, all the lines and shapes in Mr. Collins’s convent garden are as straight and formal as possible; but why should he have selected such a garden for representation? Would he have painted less truly and carefully, if he had painted a garden in which some of the accidental sinuosities of nature were left untouched by the gardener’s spade and shears? Why should not Mr. Millais have sought, as a model for his “Woodman’s Daughter,” a child with some of the bloom, the freshness, the roundness of childhood, instead of the sharp-featured little workhouse-drudge whom we see on his canvas? Would his colour have been less forcible, his drawing less true, if he had conceded thus much to public taste? We offer these observations in no hostile spirit: we believe that Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt, have in them the material of painters of first-rate ability: we admire sincerely their earnestness of purpose, their originality of thought,

their close and reverent study of nature. But we cannot, at the same time, fail to perceive that they are as yet only emerging from the darkness to the true light; that they are at the critical turning point of their career; and that, on the course they are now to take; on their renunciation of certain false principles in their present practice, depends our chance of gladly welcoming them, one day, as masters of their art—as worthy successors of the greatest among their predecessors in the English school.

With these observations, we take our leave of the figure pictures, and proceed to the landscapes.

Mr. Stanfield's most important picture this year, is the "Battle of Roveredo." We remember no work by the great landscape painter which better displays his powers than this. The moment taken, is when the troops of the French Republic were crossing the Adige. The stir and confusion of the scene are represented in the most masterly manner. The picturesque buildings in the middle distance, the hills beyond, and the snowy Alps, towering over all, are painted with that remarkable facility in rendering space, distance, and effect, for which Mr. Stanfield is unrivalled. The power of this picture is, indeed, extraordinary—its variety of objects, its brilliant colour and free forcible execution, "tell" upon the eye at almost any distance. There is a Dutch View (No. 48), by the same painter, which is especially remarkable for the beautiful modelling of the sky—and a sea-piece (No. 743), which is one of the freshest and finest works of this kind that he has ever produced.

Mr. Roberts, in the "Interior of the Church of St. Ann, at Bruges," triumphs as successfully as usual over all architectural complications, without ever confusing, or wearying the eye. We notice particularly the painting of the wood-carving running along the wall of the church, as a specimen of that perfect execution which exactly hits the medium between extreme finish and extreme freedom of handling. The "Surprise of the Caravan" (in the Middle Room) by the same artist, is a gorgeous eastern scene, bold and powerful in treatment, and strikingly brilliant in effect.

Mr. Creswick's pictures this year would amply justify his election as an Academician—were any such justification wanted. His best work is "The Evening Hour" (No. 147). The effect of fading light on the foliage and water is beautifully conveyed—the whole picture looks, indeed, as if it must have been painted in the open air, so admirable is it as a study of the light, shade, and colour of nature.

Mr. Danby has a "Winter Sunset" (in the Middle Room), in which the frosty stillness of the atmosphere, the solemnity of the clear darkening sky, and the last fiery reflections from the setting sun, are depicted with a grandeur of feeling and a vigour of treatment deserving of the highest praise we can accord. Equal to the works of the best Dutch masters in truthfulness, this picture possesses, in our opinion, a poetry and beauty of effect which, with the single exception of Rembrandt, the old painters have never rivalled.

Mr. Lee's landscapes are too patchy in execution, and too meagre in colour, to please us, this year. "The Market Cart" (No. 55) is the best of his productions. Mr. Witherington studies carefully from nature; but his colouring is raw, and he is sadly wanting in

sharpness and firmness of touch. Mr. E. W. Cooke has made a great advance on the present occasion. His "Views of Venice" (Nos. 539 and 732), are by far the best things he has ever done. They are clear without hardness—brilliant and forcible, without exaggeration of colour—and (we speak from experience) excellent as truthful representations of the scenes they depict. Mr. Linnell is too uniformly yellow and brown, in his "Woodlands"—we infinitely prefer his smaller picture (in the North Room), which has great breadth and beauty of effect, especially in the sky. Mr. Redgrave's "Woody Dell" (No. 443), proves to us that he ought, for the future, to confine himself entirely to landscape. As a study of foliage, this picture is the truest and the best in the present exhibition.

Want of space prevents us from doing more than indicating the following landscapes, as well deserving of attention:—In the East Room, Mr. J. D. Harding's "Bonneville," Mr. Jutsum's "Devonshire Coast," Mr. E. Lear's "Town in North Albania," Mr. Creswick's "Valley Mill," and Mr. Middleton's "Clovelly." In the Middle Room, Mr. Creswick's "Over the Sands," Mr. R. C. Leslie's "Hermitage Rock," and Mr. Stark's "Forest Farm." In the West Room, Mr. G. Stanfield's "East Tarbet," Mr. Gudin's "North East Coast of Scotland," Mr. Danby's "Ship on Fire," Mr. Back's "Caerhyh Church," Mr. Danby's "Summer Sunset," and Mr. Raven's "Scene in Eridge Park." In the North Room, Mr. Middleton's "Fair day in February," Mr. A. J. Lewis's "Lane Scene," Mr. J. Danby's "Blackrock Castle," Mr. De Groot's "Anxious Moment," and Mr. G. A. Williams's "Evening of a stormy day."

Of the portraits this year, taken generally, it would be most charitable to say as little as possible. They are the worst part of the exhibition. The portrait-art of England seems to be declining lower and lower—we look in vain for the simple arrangement and grand colour of the works of our early school. Both are gone; and, in their stead, we have feebly-painted ladies and gentlemen, grinning and attitudinising like so many mountebanks. For instance, Mr. Knight paints a portrait of Mr. Barry (No. 85); and, because he happens to be a celebrated architect, thinks it necessary to make him flourish a pair of compasses, with a smile of unutterable triumph. Mr. E. Williams paints a huge portrait of Moritz Retzsch—who, by the way, if this is a good likeness, must be one of the dirtiest of men—and figures him forth, fiercely drawing attention to himself with two of his fingers, as if he was saying:—"Come! look at me! see how my hair wants brushing, how my face wants washing, how my shirt-collars want ironing!—see what a sublimely slovenly man of genius I am!" If this be portrait painting, how preferable are the daguerreotypes in the shop-windows!—*they* show us, at least, what the dignity and simplicity of nature really are.

Among the exceptions to the mass of mediocre portraits exhibited this year, we may especially mention Mr. Herbert's two children (No. 33), a work admirable for truth, simplicity, and power, in spite of a little hardness and quaintness. Again, Mr. Maclise's portrait of Macready in the character of "Werner," is a noble reminiscence of the great actor in one of his greatest parts. Mr. Grant, too, has a portrait of Mrs. Livesay (No. 190) full of grace and beauty; but marred by carelessness in drawing and execution. Sir J. Watson Gordon comes nearer to the good old style than any

of his contemporaries. His portrait of Sir John Pakenham displays great simplicity and power; but he must beware of a tendency to dinginess and blackness which we observe in some of his other works. Beyond the productions we have now noticed, we remember no mentionable portraits above mediocrity. *Beneath* mediocrity—far beneath it—there are many more that we could particularize; but it would be to no purpose to comment on them here. Most of these pictures are evidently the result of a natural incapacity which no advice could ameliorate, and on which it is therefore unnecessary to dwell. Let us, rather, go down at once to the Sculpture Room—here, at least, the eye will not be repelled by crudities of colour—here it is sure to find refinement and repose.

The best statue this year, is Mr. MacDowell's "Psyche"—a very beautiful idea, beautifully developed—pure, simple, and poetical, like all the sculptor's works. In Mr. Legrew's "Rachel," the forms have been well studied; the dead child hanging over the mother's knee is finely imagined—at once impressive and true to nature. Mr. Hancock's "Youth and Joy," and Mr. Marshall's "Hebe Rejected" are both works of great merit—the latter especially pleased us, by its refinement and simplicity. The remaining statues—there are comparatively few in the room, on this occasion—do not appear to possess more than ordinary interest, or to display more than ordinary ability. As for the busts, we must confess that our recollection of them is very confused. We have a general remembrance of heads of ladies with poetical features, and classically-dressed hair, and heads of gentlemen with muscular noses and mouths, and majestic necks and shoulders; but to mention any individual heads among the collection, is beyond our power. We leave the task of criticism here—and in the South Room, where miniatures by hundreds bewildered us even more than the busts—to our readers; and take our leave of the Royal Academy, our last visit confirming the impression derived from our first, viz.—that, with the single exception of the portraits, this is one of the best exhibitions that has been opened to the public for many years back.

SONG FROM THE GAELIC.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

"LOVE, will thou trust thyself with me?"
 Whispered a bold and gallant rover;
 "In distant lands I thought of thee,
 And 'midst the wild cry of victory,
 Thou wert before me."

The lady's eyes so bright and blue
 Turned on the knight, but not in sorrow,—
 "I ever knew thee leal and true,
 And I will wed thee, love, to-morrow,
 And love thee dearly."

RAMBLES IN SUSSEX.

THE WEALDEN.

BY THOMAS FORESTER, AUTHOR OF "EVERARD TUNSTALL."

SUCH was the story with which our friends introduced their request that we would make inquiries after one in whose fortunes they appeared to take a lively interest. "We have not heard of her," they said, "for a long time, and we are not without fears on her account. Age does not seem to weaken her roving propensities, and we should not be surprised to find that she has been lost in a snow-drift, or sunk exhausted and lifeless under a hedge."

"She is suspicious of strangers," they added, "but using our name, you may possibly obtain an interview, and, should that be the case, you cannot fail, even now, to be struck with the traces of beauty and gleams of a bright and sparkling intellect which still evince that the forest girl was no ordinary character."

It may be easily conceived that our curiosity was roused by this little history, and we readily undertook to comply with our friends' wishes; and accordingly we had shaped the present day's journey in some measure with the view of satisfying it and endeavouring to find means of relieving their anxiety. There was no great difficulty, without having to make any unnecessary revelations, in obtaining a clue to the object of our search. There was even reason to believe that we tracked the wanderer to one of her favourite haunts; for as we entered the sitting-room of an elderly female, who had been pointed out as familiarly acquainted, if not more nearly connected, with her, a door was suddenly closed, and there was a rustling of female apparel, which led us to suspect that she was not far distant. Mrs. R.—, however, was not disposed to be communicative, though there was something in her manner which seemed to tell that she knew more than she felt inclined to impart to a stranger. She was yet handsome, though advanced in age, and her dress being of the fashion in vogue fifty years ago, she was in herself a perfect study; and there was that about her whole appearance, and in particular a merry glance yet lurked in her eyes as we spoke of her friend, which conveyed the impression that she, too, if country-bred, had not always blushed unseen, and spent her sweetness in the forest shades. Indeed, there was a considerable resemblance in her features to what we had pictured to ourselves of the fair Agnes as she was described by our friends.

Finding that we could make nothing of our visit, beyond what might afford relief from any immediate anxiety, we recrossed the little orchard which, loaded with fruit, lay between the house and the sunny side of a forest road, and made the best of our way, intending to reach a village on the eastern skirts of the forest before nightfall. But the evening was far advanced when it found us following a by-road, which in its windings was provokingly tantalizing, as often diverging from the point on which we were bent as promising to further us on our course. It appeared to be little frequented, and we passed no habitation till, at length, we considered ourselves fortunate in discovering a small house

by the wayside, which a weather-beaten sign over the door, difficult to be deciphered in the fading twilight, indicated to be some sort of place of refreshment. Nothing could be more gloomy and uninviting; but shelter, of any kind, was not now to be rejected.

It was an agreeable surprise to find that the interior of the dwelling was belied by its outward appearance. Lifting the latch, we found ourselves in a neatly-swept kitchen. A fire of billet-wood, for which the neighbouring *shaws* offered an abundant supply, was cheerfully burning on the hearth, over which an iron pot hung suspended. A female, of middle age, was engaged in cutting rashers from a side of bacon, and as she turned, with apparent surprise, to learn the object of our unexpected visit, there was something in her whole appearance which struck us as very different from what we might have expected. To the inquiry whether she could supply us with something for supper, and a clean bed, she replied, after a moment's hesitation, and in very civil phrase, that if we could be content with humble fare, she would answer for the rest.

A small parlour opened out of the kitchen, which was not only very neatly furnished, but there were several articles which seemed much out of place in an abode of such humble pretensions. Of course, we were very well satisfied, and getting our hostess to transfer some of the half-burnt billets from the hearth to the parlour-grate—for, after a long day's march and being much heated, one felt chilly even on a summer evening—we extemporized a sofa with some of the chairs, and making the knapsack a pillow, lay much at our ease, pondering on the circumstances which gave a singular character to the sequestered abode on which we had lighted.

Not the least of these was the appearance of our friendly hostess; for not only was her dress and her general demeanor superior to that of the class to which she might have been supposed to belong, but she wore several rings, apparently of value, and as she stooped to arrange the fire, we got a glimpse of a watch in her bosom, of the same material as the gold chain round her neck to which it was attached. We had not lain long in the sort of reverie into which we had fallen when the outer-door was opened, and a man's voice in the kitchen made it known that the mysterious female and ourselves were no longer the only inmates of the lone dwelling. And now the sounds of the rashers hissing in the frying-pan were mingled with those of a muttered conversation, but in tones too indistinct for us to catch its import, as we would have given something to be able to do.

Our reflections were soon interrupted by the reappearance of the woman carrying a smoking dish of the rashers laid upon a snowy pile of potatoes, the produce doubtless of the great iron pot; in the discussion of which we became too heartily engaged to give any further heed to what was passing in the next apartment. The ale was unexceptionable, and by the time we had quelled all danger of insurrection from bacon and beer,—read it not ye of the silver-fork school, who know little what it is to plod through by-ways at the rate of twenty miles a day,—by the time we had settled matters with a tumbler of punch, ordered, after all, more “for the good of the house,” than for our own,—though our “doctor” tells us otherwise,—we had become entirely oblivious of the mysterious circumstances which had roused our curiosity.

Presently, however, additional voices were heard in the kitchen,

which gave reason to conjecture that the new comers were of a much coarser description than its previous occupants. They spoke in loud and rough tones, and there were apparently words of high controversy amongst the party; in which the woman, replying sharply to the newcomers, seemed to take a considerable share. Our curiosity again excited, we listened for a while, but, without becoming actual eaves-droppers, to which we were not inclined, we could make nothing of it. They might be charcoal-burners, *Carbonari*—we once knew something of them—dropped in for their evening potation; or, at the worst, they were poachers. What was it to us? We were drowsy, it was getting late, and we would leave our noisy neighbours to themselves, and go to bed.

Rapping loudly on the table, the sounds of strife in the kitchen were hushed, and our hostess appeared with a smile on her countenance to conduct us to our chamber. We did not fail, as we passed through the kitchen, to take a rapid glance at its present company, who were seated round the fire with drinking cups on the table. One was of very decent and respectable appearance, and we presumed he was the master of the house. However, he rather avoided our scrutiny, as did one of the two others, than whom more truculent looking fellows it has seldom been our lot to fall in with; and the worst of the two glared on us as we passed with a look of dogged ferocity which we could not easily forget.

The floor above was divided into three parts—the centre, open to the roof, seemed to be a receptacle for a variety of articles of a very miscellaneous kind; but there was a truckle bedstead, with coarse bedding, in one corner. At the further extremity a door was ajar, which afforded a glimpse into an apartment which seemed decently furnished, and we concluded was the family room. Our own chamber at the other end of the building proved to be all that had been promised, and more. As our conductress placed the candle on the neat dressing-table, we could not help remarking that she had late visitors.

“In our way of life,” she replied, “we have rough company sometimes; but we cannot shut the door against them. They will not disturb you, sir,” she said pleasantly, as she left the room, wishing us a good-night. We determined that no thought of them should—though things looked somewhat suspicious. It had been our lot often to fall in with more questionable company. There was a good lock to the door, which we fastened, and then, having said our prayers, resigned ourselves to the embraces of sleep with a zest to which we were inclined as well by the unexpected state of comfort in which we found ourselves as by the fatigues of a hard day’s march. For a short time the sound of voices came softened by distance from the floor underneath, but we soon fell into a happy state of oblivion.

Nor was our rest disturbed. We are sorry to disappoint any of our kind and sympathizing readers, who may be expecting a story of midnight horrors, or at least alarms, as the sequel to our tale. There are all the materials for a romance after the most approved fashion; but at present we are dealing with facts, and are anxious to be abroad in the forest again. All that we have to add is, that we slept till the sun, shining through the white curtains of the latticed window, warned us that it was time to be stirring; and, upon descending the stairs we found the house as solitary and quiet as it was upon our first entrance.

The coffee was prepared, and the round table in the little parlour had been neatly spread. Breakfast finished, we paid our bill—asked no

questions—and taking a courteous leave of our obliging hostess, shouldered our pack and went on our way, making very light of matters which had somewhat startled us the night before. Probably we should never have thought of them again, much less would they have found a place in these sketches, had not, some months afterwards, the report of a variety of outrages perpetrated in that neighbourhood recalled the circumstances, which seemed to be of a suspicious character, to our memory, and, however trivial in themselves, given a sort of importance to them. For we reflected that where there were robberies on such a wide scale there must be resorts for planning them, receivers of the stolen property, and receptacles for depositing them; and that it might be possible we had inadvertently stumbled upon one of these. We beg it, however, to be distinctly understood, that great as is our horror at such atrocities, and our commiseration for elderly ladies roused at midnight to surrender their watches and jewels to fierce men with blackened faces, no summons or subpoena shall induce us to aid the efforts of the detective police in discovering the whereabouts of our kindly hostess, to whom, perhaps, we owe the safety of our own watch and purse. She kept faith with us, whatever may have been her dealings with others.

And now, somewhat varying our plan, we struck into Tilgate forest in a northerly direction. An hour's walk brought us to a rivulet which joined the infant Medway a little below; and pursuing a path parallel with the river, we followed its course to a point where it is crossed by the Brighton Railway, the scenery of the forest being of much the same description as it had been on the preceding days. At this point, however, coming out of a plantation of tall firs, and descending a sandy road towards the river bank, a few objects well grouped made a pleasing picture. There were piles of the newly felled pines, sawyers busily plying their tasks, and stacking the fresh-sawn planks, the resinous fragrance perfuming the air. Cows were feeding on a little green plot of meadow on the river bank. Rough shanties had been raised of slabs, and the smoke of cooking arose among the trees. The scene reminded us of such things on a larger scale in other lands.

The deep cuttings of the railway, which we crossed and recrossed several times in the course of the morning, afforded an excellent study of the deposits of which the Wealden formation in the neighbourhood consists. We were not, indeed, fortunate enough to discover any remains of a jaw, or even a tooth, of an extinct reptile, but in many places the slabs of sandstone exhibited the lines of a strong ripple-mark, such as is left on the sands of the sea-shore when the tide recedes. Between these were beds of clay, many yards thick, the cracks and fissures in which gave indications of their having been exposed to the sun and air, so as to become indurated before the next layer was thrown down upon it. The quarries from which Dr. Mantell, of Lewes, obtained the fossil remains which are now in the British Museum, we found were not at present worked. At one time, iron-ore, in considerable quantities, was dug in the forest; and, as it was smelted on the spot with charcoal made from the neighbouring woods, there is no wonder that the timber should have been rapidly thinned. So enormous is the consumption of cordwood, when used for this purpose, that in Sweden and Norway there are laws limiting the quantity of charcoal to be consumed in the foundries in any one year. In the course of our rambles we lighted upon a heap of scoræe where one of the furnaces had formerly stood; and were told that

there is a tradition in the neighbourhood that the massive iron-railing which incloses St. Paul's Churchyard was forged from the ore smelted in the forest. Such things were: now, half the timber remaining in its woodlands would hardly suffice for the manufacture of the rails of one of the iron roads which traverse it.

Upon reaching its outskirts, our object was to track across the inclosed country for East Grinstead on the borders of Surrey. There was no direct road, and it was not without difficulty, that we were able to keep to something like the right line of march. The paths we followed led us for nine or ten miles through an undulating country in which the inclosures were generally small, and so surrounded by belts of hedge-row timber as to retain the true character of the Weald. The farm-houses were, for the most part, picturesquely placed on some gentle knoll, and corn-mills stood among green meadows, beside the streams in the valleys. Numerous bands were busily employed in the corn-fields; and great was the change from the wild and secluded scenes in which we had been wandering for the last few days.

The church-tower and town of East Grinstead, conspicuous on a high ridge, was in sight for some miles before we reached it. We slept at a house in the suburbs, to which we were attracted by an array of beautiful flowers, which gave its ample bay-window the appearance of a little conservatory. Our admiration of them soon established us in the good graces of the "neat-handed Phyllis," the daughter of the house, who, while she tended to our wants, seasoned our evening meal with talk of her favourite plants, many of which were really choice specimens, and did credit to her care and her taste.

In the broad valley between the town of Grinstead and the bold declivities of Ashdown Forest, secluded among lofty trees, stand the ruins of Brambletye House, best known as the opening scene of a novel of considerable repute. The scene was well chosen, both from the historical associations connected with the building, and the wild character of the neighbouring forest. But of the former the talented author did not feel bound to avail himself much further than in selecting a scion of the noble house of Compton, to a branch of which the estate belonged at the time of the Civil Wars, for the hero of his tale. To us it had the additional interest of having passed from the Comptons, and subsequently the Gorings, by inheritance, to a kinsman of our own, the late worthy possessor, whose society we had an opportunity of cultivating many years since on the banks of the Arno; nor did we forget a former pilgrimage to the field of the battle of Hopton Heath, far away among the moors of Staffordshire, where a brave cavalier of the same name and lineage charged with three of the Comptons, sons of the Earl of Northampton, who was nephew to the presumed builder of Brambletye. The eldest son, Lord Compton was wounded. Our brave kinsman fell in the battle, and the Earl himself, refusing to take quarter when the swords of the Roundheads were at his throat, was put to death. We lingered among the ivied ruins, musing on times long past. One of the towers, the arched entrance, and the lofty walls of the hall are still in good preservation, the quoins of the angles being as sharp and perfect as when they were first built.

Ashdown Forest has the character of an open heath, partially sprinkled with underwood, and rising to a considerable elevation, Crowborough Hill, the highest point, being eight hundred feet above the

level of the sea. We toiled up its long acclivity, and were rewarded by a splendid panoramic view of the whole range of the South Downs from Beachy Head, the eastern extremity, to the borders of Hampshire; the Isle of Wight appearing like a cloud resting on the sea beyond. The nearest ridge of the Downs was about twenty miles distant; the intervening country, though inclosed and cultivated, being deeply wooded, forming, in fact, a continuation of the Wealden district. It was not our intention to wend our way through it, as we had hitherto done. The further plan of our route embraced the range of the South Downs, and the coast-line of Sussex; but the railway was within reach to whirl us over less interesting ground to the point at which we should start again on our rambles a-foot. So after consuming the last contents of our wallet, lying on the grass on the sunny side of a brake of thorns in full view of the bold sweep of the escarpment of the South Downs, whose springy turf we speedily hoped to tread, we descended the hill, and made the best of our way for Balcomb, a railway station on the borders of Tilgate Forest, not far from the point at which we had taken our departure from it the preceding afternoon. It was a long pull, through the same description of country we had traversed to arrive at Grinstead; and, after strolling up (while waiting for the train) to the little isolated church, an ancient structure, recently restored in excellent taste with the beautiful grey sandstone of the forest, we were not sorry to doff our knapsack, and, for the present, to find ourselves sweeping through the Weald at the rate of thirty miles an hour, happy in having satisfactorily terminated our forest rambles, and anticipating, for the morrow, "fresh fields and pastures new."

A RIDDLE.

WHATEVER to my charge in trust is placed,
 I guard securely in my grasp encased,
 Unless, when changed my doom, I hold within
 The things that wish to see and to be seen.
 With silvery tones at times I ring most clear,
 At times strike harshly on the troubled ear;
 At times I'm all for work—at times for play,
 Or show of gaudy colours a display.
 When strong I'm eager in my grasp for gold,
 But when you find me of a slighter mould,
 Joined to a band I'm hurried far and near,
 With treasures ever yet to female dear,
 And now, when Christmas all its pleasures lends,
 May you be cheered by me from many friends!

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE ROCKS OF SINAI.*

THE subject of Mr. Forster's work (as the author remarks) "addresses itself not to the learned only, but to the English reader. Sinai, especially, appeals to all who hold Revealed Religion dear." Some of our readers may require to be told, that inscriptions, in a character hitherto undecyphered, "are found in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai; or, to speak more accurately, in the valleys and hills, which branching out from its roots, run towards the north-west, to the vicinity of the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez; insomuch that travellers now-a-days from the Monastery of Mount Sinai, whatever route they take (for there are many), will see inscriptions upon the rocks of most of the valleys through which they pass, to within half a day's journey, or a little more, of the coast. Besides these localities, similar inscriptions are met with, and those in great numbers, on Mount Serbal, lying to the south of the abovenamed routes; as also, but more rarely, in some valleys to the south of Mount Sinai itself.

"But the valley which beyond all the rest claims special notice, is that which stretches from the neighbourhood of the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez, for the space of three hours' journey (from six to seven miles), in a southern direction. Here, to the left of the road, the traveller finds a chain of steep sandstone rocks, perpendicular as walls, which afford shelter at mid-day and in the afternoon from the burning rays of the sun. These, beyond all beside, contain a vast multitude of tolerably well-preserved inscriptions; whence this valley has obtained the name of Wady Mokatteb, or 'the written valley.' Adjoining it is a hill, whose stones, in like manner, are covered with writing; and which bears the name of Djebel Mokatteb, or 'the written mountain.'

"Intermingled with the inscriptions, images and figures are of very frequent occurrence; all the work of art, if art it may be called, executed in the rudest style, and evidently with the same instrument as that employed in executing the inscriptions."

These inscriptions, Mr. Foster argues, and we think successfully, to have been the work of the Israelites, during their passage through and sojourn in the Wilderness. The idea is not new; for about A.D. 519, a merchant of Alexandria, Cosmas by name, visited on foot the peninsula of Sinai; and was the first to discover, or at least to make known to the world, the fact that such inscriptions existed. "By certain Jews, who formed part of his company, and who professed to understand and interpret their meaning, these inscriptions, Cosmas further relates, were assigned to the age of Moses and the Exode, and ascribed to their own ancestors, the ancient Israelites, during their wanderings 'in the desert of Sin.' The high antiquity implied by this Jewish tradition was corroborated to the eye of the Egyptian voyager by a most remarkable

* The One Primeval Language, traced experimentally through Ancient Inscriptions in Alphabetic Characters of lost powers, from the Four Continents; including the Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai, &c. By the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D. London. Bentley, 1851.

circumstance, namely, that many of the inscriptions in question were upon broken-off rocks, lying scattered over the valleys; rocks which had fallen, at unknown periods, from the cliffs above, self-evidently by reason of the wear and tear of the winter torrents in the lapse of ages."

Cosmas embodied his report of what he saw and what he heard, in a work entitled "Christian Topography;" but it lay unheeded for nearly twelve centuries. At length, in 1707, the celebrated Montfaucon published for the first time, an edition of the "Christian Topography," with a Latin version and notes; in which, while bearing honourable testimony to his author's good faith, he contemptuously sets aside, without pausing to examine, the assigned date and origin of the inscriptions themselves.—"Nos sane Cosmam Hebræorum mendacio deceptum probabilius existimamus."

Afterwards some few specimens of the inscriptions in question, taken by different hands, were given to the world at intervals; until a more abundant supply was afforded by Mr. G. F. Gray, whose collection of one hundred and seventy-seven fairly copied Sinaitic inscriptions appeared in 1830, in Vol. ii. Part I. of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.—The appearance of this more abundant harvest engaged the studious attention of one of the first orientlists of Germany. The result was the publication, in 1840, by the late Professor E. F. F. Beer, of Leipsic, in his work entitled "Studia Asiatica," of "A Century of Sinaitic Inscriptions," comprising a selection of examples from the several collections previously published. To this collection Professor Beer prefixed an introduction, an alphabet, and his own translations. He pronounces the inscriptions to have been executed, in the fourth century, by certain Christian Nabathæans, who, he imagines, made pilgrimages, from motives of piety, to the sacred locality of Mount Sinai, and for want of better employment, thus amused themselves during the heat of the day, whilst halting under the shady resting-places!

The Professor's theory, based upon a very slight foundation, is, in our opinion, completely overset by Mr. Forster, who shows the high probability of Cosmas's account (derived from his Jewish companions) being the true one; and this, even before any attempt is made to decipher the meaning of the inscriptions themselves. But, on applying the latter test, corroboration of the strongest character is superadded: following Mr. Forster's interpretation, we then find, recorded upon the rocks, several of the principal events of the Exode; the hurried flight of Pharaoh from the returning waters of the Red Sea; the healing of the bitter springs of Marah; the miraculous supply of winged fowl; the uplifting of Moses' hands at the battle of Rephidim, with the names of Aaron and Hur as his supporters; the miracle at the water of Meribah; the plague of fiery serpents, &c.; in several instances the meaning being illustrated by pictorial representations of men and animals. The well-earned reputation of a writer so distinguished as Mr. Forster is justly calculated to inspire confidence in the correctness of his general conclusions: nevertheless, as to some few of his minor details, we must respectfully crave leave to suspend our judgment. Still, enough is advanced to impress upon his main argument the stamp of high probability, and to invite, or rather to demand, the fullest and most impartial

consideration, removed alike from credulity on the one hand, and, on the other, from the irrational scepticism of the Frenchman and the German.

We cannot help expressing our regret that Mr. Forster has not in his present work specifically explained the mode in which he obtained the key to the language of the Sinaitic rocks. For this he refers the reader to a previous work already well and favourably known, his learned "Historical Geography of Arabia." But we think the present publication would have been more complete and satisfactory in itself had it contained the desired explanation. The account in the former publication is in the highest degree interesting. Here we can only indicate its main outline. One Abderrahman, governor of the province of Hadramaut, in the earlier half of the thirteenth century, narrates, in an official Report rendered to the Caliph, a visit which he made to a fortress on the coast east of Aden. He omits the name of the place, designating it only as a castle of the once powerful Adites, a tribe celebrated in Arabian history; but he gives a minute description of it, and, amongst other particulars, transcribes a poem which he found cut in the living rock close by the gate of the fortress. The Arab historian, Al-Kaswini, who flourished about half way between Abderrahman's day and the present time, has handed down to us an extract from the above Report, including the description of the place and the poem; and, fortunately, he gives the latter, not in the dialect in which it was written, but rendered into modern Arabic. Mr. Forster succeeded in identifying, beyond all question, the nameless fortress of the Adites with a place now called Hisn Ghorab, on the coast about two hundred miles east of Aden, where in 1834, an inscription in an unknown character, but tallying in every other respect with that recorded by Al-Kaswini, was seen and carefully copied by certain officers of the "Palinurus" surveying vessel; and published by one of them, Lieut. Wellsted, in his "Travels in Arabia." On comparing Al-Kaswini's translation of the poem with the original, thus recently brought to light, the language of the original proved in effect to be an extremely primitive dialect of Arabic, written in a character totally different from that now in use, and containing words which, though now obsolete, are still preserved in the old Arabic lexicons. It may be added that the fact of Hisn Ghorab having been an Adite fortress is confirmed by the contents of the poem, which would appear to have been inscribed on the rock shortly before the commencement of the Egyptian famine recorded in the Book of Genesis. The Sinaitic inscriptions are in the same character and language; that language, Mr. Forster considers to have been "The One Primeval Language" when "the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech."

CHATEAU GHISMONDO ; OR, THE APPARITION.*

ONE evening, when I was sitting with a party of friends at twilight, and several of them had related marvellous tales of haunted houses, witches, &c., I was called on in my turn to tell a ghost story, and was desired to think of one without unnecessary delay. "I shall find no difficulty in complying with your request," said I, "for I once witnessed the strangest apparition you can possibly imagine. But, observe, what I shall narrate is really no fiction; it is a simple fact, which I shall eventually explain." My friends drew their chairs eagerly towards me, and waited with considerable anxiety for me to commence my tale:—

It was towards the latter part of the year 1812, when I was captain in the dragoons, that I was garrisoned at Gironne, in the department du Ter. My colonel found it necessary to send me to Barcelona, where, on the day following Christmas-day, a market—celebrated throughout Catalonia for the horses which it offered for sale—would be held as usual. He deemed it advisable that two lieutenants of our regiment should accompany me; the name of one was *Sergy*, that of the other *Boutraix*; they happened to be my particular friends. It will be as well for me to give you a slight sketch of the character of each of these men, as they took a prominent part in the story I am going to tell you.

Sergy was one of that description of young officers that the schools then frequently sent forth into the world; and, at first, he had to overcome some antipathy and many prejudices before he was liked by his comrades—but for this a very short time sufficed. His countenance was extremely pleasing; his manners were excessively refined and elegant; he possessed ready wit and brilliant imagination, and his bravery was undoubted. There was scarcely any accomplishment in which he did not excel, but his delicate and sensitive organization rendered him particularly alive to the charms of music. He would be filled with enthusiasm, and tears of emotion would start into his eyes on listening to an instrument touched by a skilful hand, or to a beautiful voice, especially if it was a woman's voice, and that woman was pretty. His raptures were then frequently like those of a delirious person, and I really sometimes trembled for his reason. After what I have just said, you will very naturally imagine that *Sergy's* heart was particularly susceptible of love: indeed, I scarcely know when he was free from one of those violent passions, upon which the whole of a man's after-life would seem to depend. Fortunately, the exalted nature of his imagination kept him from any of the excesses of this passion. He sought for a mind as ardent as his own, with which he could entirely sympathise, and he was constantly deluding himself with the idea that he had at length met with a being perfectly suited to him; so that the idol of one day was cast off the next, when he found that she was without the charms with which his imagination had invested her. When he had arrived at the humiliating conviction that he had been mistaken, he was in the habit of remarking, that the unknown object of his

* From the French of Charles Nodier.

wishes and hopes was not an inhabitant of the earth ; but he still continued to seek, and, of course, to be deceived again, as he had been a thousand times before. From his natural excitability and extraordinary sensitiveness, he was disposed to lend a ready ear to the marvellous : perhaps he was superstitious from the nature of his education ; but, at any rate, his peculiar disposition rendered him still more so. His belief, therefore, in the imaginary mistress, which the world of spirits had destined for him, was not a mere freak of fancy— it formed the favourite subject of his thoughts and dreams.

Boutraix offered a complete contrast to Sergy. He was a tall, robust fellow. Like Sergy, however, in being full of honour, integrity, and bravery ; but his features were common-place, and his mind resembled his features. He could form no notion of that love which was the result of one mind sympathising with another—the love of the head and heart, which was sufficient to influence a man's whole life, he believed it to be a pure creation of poets and novel-writers. He occasionally indulged himself in the love which he did understand, but he allowed it to occupy no more of his time than it merited. To the pleasures of the table he was not equally indifferent, and he was always the last to quit it ; unless, indeed, there was a lack of wine. His intellectual life was composed of a very limited number of ideas : some of these were so completely fixed in his mind, that it was impossible to root them out. The difficulty he found in proving anything by sound argument, induced him to deny everything. Any conclusion which had been rationally drawn from belief or feeling, was treated by him as an absurdity. He would shrug his shoulders, and exclaim : “ 'Tis all fanaticism or prejudice ! ” if the person obstinately persisted in his opinion, he would then quietly lean on the back of his chair, and continue to whistle till the discussion had ended. Though he had never read more than two pages of Voltaire and Piron, whom he considered a philosopher, he believed himself perfectly acquainted with those authors, and quoted them on all occasions. But, with all his oddities, Boutraix was an excellent fellow, and, above all, a capital judge of horses.

As we were to choose our own conveyance to Barcelona, we resolved to avail ourselves of the *arrieros* (or carriers) which are to be seen in numbers at Gironne. We presumed too much, alas ! on the idea that we should be able to meet with one whenever we wished. Christmas-eve, and the market which was to take place on the following day, drew numbers of travellers from all parts of Catalonia ; and, unfortunately, we had waited till the very day for procuring a vehicle. At eleven o'clock of that morning, we were still looking out for an *arriero*, and there was only one which we had a chance of securing, and that was just ready to start from the door.

“ Curse your carriage and mules ! ” shouted Boutraix, who was mad with rage—and he seated himself on the shaft. “ May all the devils of hell be let loose on your path ! What ! do you not now intend us to go by you ? ”

The *arriero* shook his head, and drew back a step or two.

“ God have you in his holy keeping, Master Estevan,” said I, with a smile ; “ have you any passengers ? ”

“ I certainly cannot correctly say that I have *passengers*, but I have one *passenger*,” answered the *arriero*, “ and he is the Seigneur Bas-

cara, the manager of the theatre, who is going to join his company at Barcelona; he remained behind to accompany the baggage—I mean to say that portmanteau full of finery and gewgaws, which would scarcely furnish a load for a single donkey.”

“ Ah, ah! Master Estevan, nothing could happen better; for your carriage has room for four persons. The Seigneur Bascara will, I dare say, willingly allow us to pay our share of the journey, and he may pocket the money, for we shall say nothing about the arrangement. Be so good as to ask him if he will permit us to accompany him.”

Bascara readily agreed to our proposal, and we started at noon from Gironne. The morning was as beautiful a morning as could be expected at that time of year; but we had scarcely passed the last houses of the town before the light mists, which we had previously observed gathering in the sky, changed into a thick rain. This, in a short time, came down in such torrents, that the roads became very heavy and dangerous in parts, and at sunset we found ourselves a long distance from Barcelona. At length we reached Mattaro, where we resolved to sleep, simply because our equipage could go no farther; but, alas! there was no accommodation for us at the inn.

“ Some fatality seems to pursue us on our journey,” remarked the *arriero*, when he informed us of this misfortune. “ There is actually no lodging left for us, except in the Château Ghismondo.”

“ We will soon see if that is the case,” exclaimed I, as I leaped from the chaise. “ I require a stable, a room, and refreshments,” said I to the hostess, in that kind of imperious tone which we had generally found to answer on these occasions; “ and these without loss of time; it is in the service of the emperor.”

“ Heyday, captain,” cried the good dame, with the most perfect assurance; “ if the emperor himself were to apply for a lodging, he would not even find standing room in our hostelry. Provisions and wine you can have in plenty; for, thanks to heaven, there is no difficulty in procuring them in a town like this. But, on my word of honour, there is not lodging to be had—save in the Château Ghismondo.”

“ I only wish this terrible castle was really not far off,” said I; “ for I would certainly sooner pass the night in it, than in the street.”

“ Well, that’s not at all a bad idea; the Château Ghismondo is only three-quarters of a league from here, and shelter is to be found in it at all times and seasons: though people seldom avail themselves of this advantage; you Frenchmen are not men to yield a comfortable lodging to the devil. If you like this plan, your carriage shall be filled with everything necessary to make you pass a merry night, unless you happen to be disturbed by some mysterious visitor.”

In ten minutes after this discussion our conveyance was so crammed with good things, that the smallest person could not have inserted himself. We had resolved to proceed on foot.

“ Where are we to go, captain?” asked the *arriero*, who was a little surprised at our preparations.

“ Where are we to go?—my poor Estevan! why, to the Château Ghismondo, in all human probability.”

“ To the Château Ghismondo! Then may the blessed Virgin

have mercy upon us. My mules would not even dare to undertake the journey there."

"They will undertake it, however," and I slipped a few pieces of money into his hand; "for they will have a luxurious feed after their fatigue; and remember, my good fellow, there are three excellent bottles of old wine of Palamos for yourself."

"Do we really go to the Château Ghismondo?" inquired Bascara. "Are you aware, gentlemen, what the Château Ghismondo is? Nobody has ever sought shelter there with impunity, or without having made a previous compact with the evil spirit. No! not for millions would I enter it: no, I am quite resolved not to attempt it."

"I am quite certain that you will accompany us. However, my excellent Bascara," said Boutraix, while he circled the manager with a muscular arm, "would it become a brave Castilian to be scared away from a place on account of an absurd tradition? No, no! proceed, my good Bascara, and rest assured that if the devil attempts to molest you, Lieutenant Boutraix will step in between you. By heavens, I should only like to witness such a thing."

In the meantime we had advanced some way on our road, but I must say that the mules did not press forward very willingly, for they were already much overworked and required provender.

"After all," observed Sergy, "we have not yet heard why the Château de Ghismondo is such an object of dread to so many people. Perhaps it is haunted by ghosts."

"More likely by robbers," replied I; "there is generally some foundation for these superstitious terrors."

"Is it possible," said Estevan, in a faltering voice, "that anybody is unacquainted with the history of the Castle of Ghismondo? If the gentlemen would like to know anything about it, I shall be very happy to satisfy their curiosity; for my father was once inside it. Ah! he was a good creature, God forgive him for loving drink a little too much."

"Pray tell us the story," cried Sergy, eagerly.

"Oh, that unfortunate Ghismondo!" said Estevan, and then he lowered his voice to a whisper, as if he feared to be heard by some unseen witness. "Unfortunate he was, indeed," continued he, "for he drew upon himself the inexorable anger of God. At the age of twenty-five, Ghismondo became the head of the noble family of Las Sierras, which is so celebrated in our chronicles; it is about three hundred years ago since the time of which I am speaking, but the exact year is mentioned in the chronicle. He was a handsome, generous, and brave knight, and possessed such captivating manners, that wherever he went he was welcome; but, unfortunately, he was rather fond of bad company, and did not keep in mind the fear and love of God. At length he became so notorious for his profligacy, and his prodigality had so completely ruined him, that he was obliged to shut himself up in the very castle in which you have so imprudently resolved to spend the night, for this was all that was left of his rich patrimony. In this retreat he passed the rest of his days, being delighted to escape his creditors and the many enemies which his reckless passions had made him. His companions were an esquire (who had led as bad a life as himself), and a young page, the corruption of whose mind had far outstepped his years. There were besides, in the castle, a few armed men, who had joined in

many of the crimes of Ghismondo and his two friends, and who had therefore resolved to follow his fortunes. One of the first expeditions which Ghismondo undertook after he had established himself in the *château*, was for the purpose of procuring himself a companion of the other sex; and, like the vile bird which defiles its nest, he selected his victim from the bosom of his own family. Some said, however, that Inez de las Sierras (this was the name of his niece) had not been unwillingly carried off.

"However that may be, it is certain that all at once the fair Inez, who had received a Christian education, became horror-struck at the sinful life she had been leading. Her soul had suddenly been illumined by a ray of divine grace, and at midnight, on this same night of the year which recalls to the mind of the faithful, the Saviour's birth, she entered the banqueting hall, contrary to her usual habit, where these three wicked men were seated round the hearth, and were indulging in the most awful excess. Her faith so completely inspired her that she forgot all fear while she addressed the three sinners, and pictured to them in the most eloquent words, the wickedness of their deeds, and the horror of that eternal punishment which awaits all those who turn not from their evil courses. She wept and prayed, and threw herself at the feet of Ghismondo, and as she placed her white hand on his heart, which had so lately beaten with the emotion of love, she strove to awaken in his breast some feelings of humanity. But, alas! she had undertaken a task beyond her strength, for Ghismondo, being stimulated at length by his barbarous companions, plunged his dagger into her bosom."

"The monster!" exclaimed Sergy, deeply affected by the story.

"This horrible crime," pursued Estevan, "did not in the least diminish their mirth, and they continued to drink and sing licentious songs in the presence of the dead body, till three o'clock in the morning, when the men-at-arms, who had discovered that the sounds of revelry had ceased, entered the banquet hall, and found four bodies stretched on the ground in the midst of pools of blood and wine. The three drunkards were carried off to their beds, and the corpse was placed in its winding sheet. The vengeance of Heaven, however, did not sleep, for Ghismondo's eyes were scarcely closed when Inez entered his chamber, she was pale and covered with blood; she wore a shroud, and soon held forth a flaming hand, which she at length placed heavily on his heart, on the exact spot on which she had laid it a few hours before. Ghismondo seemed nailed to the bed by some irresistible power, and in vain attempted to escape from the horrible apparition; he could express his agony only in sighs and groans. The flaming hand appeared actually fastened to the place, and the heart of Ghismondo burnt and continued to burn until sunrise, when the phantom disappeared. His accomplices were visited in a similar manner by the ghost of Inez. The next day, and every day during that never-ending year, the three wretched men sought each other's eyes, to learn, if possible, from their expression, the nature of their dreams, for they did not dare to speak upon the subject. The love of excitement and gain, however, soon plunged them into fresh crimes, and at night they revelled in all kinds of excess, in order to drive away thought, and to keep off sleep as much as they could, because they dreaded its approach on account of their nightly visitant.

"At length the anniversary of the 24th of December arrived, and the three friends were sitting as usual round the hearth at their evening meal. Suddenly, just as the clock struck twelve, they heard a voice in the adjoining gallery, and in a few seconds afterwards Inez entered the banqueting hall.

"Here I am," cried she, and she cast aside her funeral drapery, and sat down with them, richly dressed, as she used to do.

"To their infinite terror, she began to eat bread and drink wine as if she were living, then she proceeded to dance and sing, and to amuse them as had been her wont; all at once her hand began to blaze just as they had seen it in their dreams, and she placed it on Ghismondo's heart, as well as on the esquire's, and the page's; instantly all was over, for, in a few minutes, the heart of each of these sinners was reduced to cinders. The men-at-arms came into the banqueting hall as usual at three o'clock, and this time they had to carry away four dead bodies.

"But this is not all," pursued Estevan. "And I entreat you to listen to me for an instant before you decide on spending the night in the castle. Since the death of Ghismondo, his retreat has become hateful to everybody, and is left in the possession of the devil; even the road which leads to it is deserted, as you may observe; all that is known now is, that every year, on the 24th of December, at midnight, each window in the *château* becomes immediately illuminated, and those who have had courage to enter the dread abode, have seen the spirits of the knight, the esquire, and the page, and Inez, visit the banquet hall, and have witnessed the same scene as I have described on that memorable 24th of December. This is the doom assigned to them till the end of all time."

These last words made Boutraix burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Go to the devil," cried he, while he slapped the *arriero* familiarly on the shoulder; "nothing but prejudice, my good Castilian; this is one of the old grandmothers' tales of the superstitious times which are no longer credited in Spain. Come, spur on your mules, I would drink a toast to Satan himself to see the supper sooner prepared."

"These were exactly my father's words," remarked Estevan.

"Well, but," said Sergy, "you have not yet told us what your father saw, that so terrified him."

"Exactly what I mentioned before, gentlemen; after having passed a long gallery of portraits, he came to the entrance of the banqueting room, and there he saw the ghosts of Ghismondo, of his esquire and page, and beheld Inez showing them a bleeding wound in her bosom, and she began to dance and to approach him with the others, when suddenly my father remembered the horrible story which he had heard, and sank to the ground as if he were dead, and when he came to himself the next morning, he found himself on the steps of the parish church."

"Where he had fallen asleep the night before," said Boutraix, "because he had taken too much wine; it was a drunkard's dream, my poor Estevan; but this infernal *château*, are we never to reach it?"

"We are here at last," said Estevan.

"And not too soon, for I actually hear thunder, a most extraordinary thing at this time of the year," observed Sergy.

"It may always be heard at this particular season, near the Château Ghismondo," replied the *arriero*.

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when a vivid flash of lightning darted from the heavens, and displayed the white walls of the old castle to our view. The chief entrance appeared to have been long closed, but the principal hinges had broken away from the stones which supported them, owing to the action of the air upon them for centuries, so that we managed with our swords to carve a passage through the crumbling doorway, and immediately found ourselves in the fore-court. On its left was a projecting roof, which formed a covering to a kind of cattle shed; this had been formerly used as a shelter for the horses of the governor of the castle from the inclemency of the season; we were exceedingly delighted when we perceived this rough stable, for it was just what we required for housing the mules and carriage.

"This will do famously for my mules," cried Estevan, who appeared more contented and composed than he had been during the journey, "and you know, gentlemen, that there is a proverb which says, 'that the muleteer is always comfortable wherever his mules are well lodged,' and I feel, with a little bit of something to eat, and the three bottles of wine which the captain promised me, I shall do well."

"Here they are," exclaimed I, "and two loaves and a quarter of roast lamb besides, for your supper; you will not fare badly, I think; and now, having taken care of your comfort as well as the mules, we must lose no time in preparing our own repast."

We lighted four torches, and then mounted the grand staircase, which was strewn with dust and litter; when we reached the landing-place on the first story we rested a moment to take breath; on our left was a long corridor, which was so narrow and so dark that our torches could not pierce its obscurity; immediately before us was a door, or rather there had been one, which led to various apartments; we continued to pursue our inquiries, and at length we entered a gallery, the walls of which I perceived were hung with portraits; to these I eagerly drew the attention of my companions, who had not yet remarked them.

"Yes, pictures," cried Boutraix, "as certain as there is a God in heaven. Is it possible that the drunken father of that simpleton of an *arriero*, could have come as far as this?"

"Impossible, you know," remarked Sergy, with a scornful smile, "for, if you remember, he fell asleep on the steps of the parish church, because he was so tipsy that he could go no farther."

"My good fellow, I am not asking you for your opinion," said Boutraix, while he produced his eye-glass, and began to examine minutely the broken frames. "Yes, they are actually pictures, and, if I mistake not, they are portraits of the family of Las Sierras."

Sergy meanwhile had seized a torch, and was gazing eagerly at one of the portraits.

"Look," cried he, "look at this knight of the gloomy countenance, this must be Ghismondo himself; how admirably the painter has expressed in his young features all the lassitude of voluptuousness, and the wear and tear of crime! It makes one melancholy to look upon it."

"Well, the portrait next to it," said I, "will refresh your eyes,

after gazing at its gloomy companion," while I inwardly smiled at his conjecture ; " it is the portrait of a woman, and if it was in a better state of preservation, and nearer to us, you would certainly fall into raptures on the charms of Inez de las Sierras, for you may easily imagine it is her. What an elegant and dignified figure, and what a graceful attitude ! what an arm and hand ! This is exactly what Inez ought to be."

" And what she was," said Sergy, with warmth. " Come here," cried he, while he dragged me after him, " I have found a good light for it, and have managed to catch the expression of the eyes. I never beheld eyes which appealed more completely to the soul—'t is life-like."

" Wait, wait a moment," exclaimed Boutraix, whose tall figure enabled him to reach the frame ; " there is a name written here in German, or Hebrew, for aught I know," and he grasped hold of the picture ; " I would as soon take the trouble of explaining the Koran," said he.

" Inez de las Sierras, Inez de las Sierras," cried Sergy, enthusiastically ; " read for yourselves."

" Hither gentlemen, follow me," shouted Boutraix, who had left us looking at the portraits. " Here is a hall of reception, which will make us forget all regret at quitting Mattaro ; why, faith, 't is a banquet room worthy of a prince."

The hall to which Boutraix drew our attention was in a much better state of preservation than any other part of the castle ; it was lighted at one end by two very narrow windows, which, from their particular position, had remained tolerably uninjured from the effects of age and climate. The hangings of printed leather, and the strange antique chairs gave to the whole apartment an air of rude magnificence ; there was a round table, too, which immediately brought to our recollection the impious revels in which Ghismondo was said to have indulged.

It cost us several journeys to bring hither our provisions, as well as wood for making a fire ; we found everything safe, however, even Bascara's trunk of finery, and at length we had carried in all the good cheer for our evening meal.

" I should not wonder," remarked I, " if our party of to-night were to add a fresh pretext for the credulity of the inhabitants ; it is just the hour when Ghismondo is said to come every year to take part in his infernal banquet, and our lights, which must be seen through the windows, will certainly cause the superstitious to think that a feast of demons is going forward ; I dare say it was upon a similar circumstance that Estevan's story was founded."

" And perhaps, too," remarked Boutraix, " some persons who happened to be here on a 24th of December, amused themselves in dressing up and performing the parts of Ghismondo and his comrades ; now, here is a knight's suit, which seems as if it had been made for the captain, and there is another which I think will make me look the picture of the esquire, this page's coquetish costume is admirably adapted for relieving the drooping though handsome countenance of my good friend Sergy ; pray confess that this is a glorious idea of mine, and that it promises us a night of glorious fun and gaiety."

While Boutraix was chattering, he had attired himself from head

to foot, and we had followed his example, laughing heartily all the time.

"But who is to personate the fair Inez, we never thought of that; it seems to me that no one could better perform her part than the amiable Bascara, to whom nature has been very bountiful in external gifts, if he would only do us this favour."

"Gentlemen," replied Bascara, "I have no objection to assist in any joke which does not concern the welfare of my soul, but in this affair my conscience will not allow me to join; you will learn, perhaps to your cost, that you cannot brave the powers of hell with impunity."

"That will do, my good fellow," exclaimed Boutraix, "keep your chair, and eat, drink, pray, and sleep; don't alarm yourself, Inez never comes till dessert, and I only hope she may come."

"God preserve us from such a thing!" cried Bascara.

Our supper was ready, and accordingly we seated ourselves; I took a place opposite the fire, Boutraix, the esquire, was on my right hand, and Sergy, the page, on my left. Inez's seat was opposite to me, and was unoccupied. I glanced round the table, and perceived that, notwithstanding our attempt at a joke, we were all mightily serious. Sergy, who was always more easily impressed than Boutraix and I, seemed more affected by the scene than we were. We drank plenty of wine, not having much else to do; at length we discovered, by our watches, it was exactly twelve o'clock, we took another bottle of wine, and when we had nearly finished it we shouted out joyfully, "Midnight, and Inez de las Sierras has not yet visited us," and we laughed merrily that we should all have happened to make so absurd an observation.

"Zounds!" cried Boutraix, as he attempted to rise, though rather unsteadily; "we will drink the health of the demoiselle Inez de las Sierras, and her speedy deliverance from torment."

"To the health of the fair Inez," said Sergy.

"To her health," replied I, as I touched their glasses.

"Here I am," answered a voice which seemed to proceed from the adjoining gallery of pictures.

"Humph!" muttered Boutraix seating himself again, "it's not a bad joke whoever has played it."

I looked behind me, and saw Bascara pale and trembling with fear.

"That rogue of a muleteer has taken too much wine," said I, "and is amusing himself at our expense."

"Here I am! here I am!" repeated the same voice, "a hearty greeting and welcome to the guests of the Château Ghismondo."

"It is a woman's voice, and a young woman's too," said Sergy, and he rose from his chair with elegant self-possession.

Precisely at the same moment we perceived a white phantom at the farther end of the hall; suddenly it moved towards us with great rapidity, and when it reached us, it threw off its winding-sheet.

"Here I am!" said the phantom, and seated itself in Inez's place, at the same time it sighed deeply, and pushed aside its long black hair, which was carelessly confined with bows of cherry-coloured ribbon; none of us had ever beheld such refined and regular description of beauty.

"There is no question about its being a woman," said I in an

under tone, "and since we are all agreed that whatever happens must be explained by some natural circumstance, we have nothing to do but to follow the rules of French politeness,—the result will clear up the mystery, if it can be cleared up."

We resumed our seats, and offered refreshment to the unknown, who appeared to be perfectly famished; she eat and drank without speaking; in a few minutes, indeed, she seemed to have forgotten all about us, and each of us fell into a train of thought, as if some fairy had exercised her influence over us. Bascara had fallen at my feet, and looked exactly as if he were dead; Boutraix scarcely breathed, and his tipsy riotousness was exchanged for profound dejection. Sergy was quite as powerfully affected, but in a very different way—his eyes were fixed upon the apparition with all the ardour of love, and he appeared fearful of losing sight of her for a moment, as if he dreaded that she would vanish like a beautiful dream. The unknown was not more than twenty years of age, but misfortune or death had imprinted on her features that peculiar character of unchangeable perfection, of never-varying regularity, which the chisel of the ancients has perpetuated in the figures of their gods. I was more struck, however, with her dress than with her features; I felt persuaded that I had seen the same costume only a short time before, and I soon recollected that I had observed it in Inez's portrait in the gallery. Her attire seemed to belong to the same period as our own, but it was not quite so fresh; she wore a gown of green damask, which was still very rich, but faded and creased; it was ornamented with discoloured ribbon, and must certainly have belonged to the wardrobe of a lady who had died a century before. I almost dreaded to touch it for fear I should recognise the cold humidity of the tomb, but I refused to indulge in an idea, which to a reasonable mind was so utterly absurd.

"Pray what occasions this silence, noble knights?" said she at length with a reproachful smile; "when I entered the banquetting-hall it resounded with your mirth and merry peals of laughter, and now you are all mute and grave as if I had disturbed your gaiety."

"Pardon us, Madame," replied Sergy, "it is the sudden and unexpected appearance of a person endowed with so many charms which has rendered us all dumb with admiration."

"My friend does us only justice," said I; "it is impossible to express the feeling which your presence excites, your visit was altogether so astonishing to us, for how should we expect it in these ruins which have been so long left desolate?"

"You must be welcome, Madame, wherever you make your appearance; we wait respectfully till you choose to inform us to whom we have the honour of addressing ourselves, before we pay you those attentions which we owe you."

"My name!" said she eagerly,—"what, do you not know it? God is my witness that I only came because you called me."

"You only came at our invitation?" stammered forth Boutraix, and at the same time he covered his face with his hands.

"Certainly," replied Inez, "I understand propriety too well to think of intruding myself: I am Inez de las Sierras."

"Inez de las Sierras!" cried Boutraix, more terrified than if he had seen a thunderbolt fall at his feet.

I examined her steadily, still I could not trace anything like falsehood or pretence in the expression of her countenance.

"Madame," said I, while I endeavoured to appear a little more calm than I really felt; "though the disguise which we have adopted from innocent exuberance of spirits may not be exactly fitted for so holy a day as this, be assured that beneath it you will find men who are not to be moved by any consideration of fear. Whatever your name may be, and whatever your motive for concealing it, you may rely on receiving a hearty and respectful welcome from us, and we will willingly acknowledge you Inez de las Sierras for the time, if it suits your fancy, for circumstances authorise your droll whim, and so much beauty gives you the right to personate her; it is a *prestige* which is all-subduing, but we beg you thoroughly to understand that this confession, which costs little to our politeness, cannot be extorted from our credulity."

"I have not the slightest wish to impose upon your credulity," replied Inez with dignity, "but surely no one will refuse to believe my name is Inez de las Sierras, when I declare it to be so in the house of my fathers. Heaven knows," continued she, with rapidly increasing emotion, "I have paid too dearly for my first fault, to imagine that God's vengeance is satisfied by this expiation; but may the mercy which I expect from him at last, and in which I place my sole hope, abandon me, and may I finally be delivered up to the torments which now devour me, if I speak not the truth, and Inez de las Sierras is not my name; yes, I am Inez de las Sierras, the unfortunate and guilty Inez! What interest should I have in assuming a name which I have so many reasons for wishing to conceal? and what motive have you for disbelieving the already sufficiently painful confession of an unfortunate creature whose fate should inspire nothing but pity?"

Tears filled her eyes, and Sergy, who was much moved by her distress, drew closer to her.

"But I have a proof, Seigneur," added she, while she hastily unfastened a bracelet from her arm, and pushed it contemptuously towards me; "this," continued she, "is the last present my mother made me, and the only valuable jewel which is left to me from all that I inherited from her; now judge for yourselves whether I am of such base origin as to minister to the amusement of the populace."

I took up the bracelet and examined it minutely, and soon discovered that the name of Las Sierras was wrought in emeralds in the centre of it. I immediately handed it to her, and bowed respectfully at the same time.

"If you want further proof," cried she in a state of delirious excitement, "look, look!" and she tore open the clasp of her dress, and displayed the scar in her bosom—"this is where the dagger struck me; surely the account of my misfortunes must have reached you?"

"Ah, woe is me! ah, misery!" cried Boutraix, and he rose from his chair in a state of inexpressible agitation.

"Oh, men, men!" exclaimed Inez bitterly, "they feel no compunction in killing women, but they fear to look upon their wounds."

Inez became calm, and we all again relapsed into silence, and this time it remained long unbroken. Boutraix was in a state of speechless terror, and incapable of reasoning; Sergy had given himself up

to the delicious raptures of a growing passion, and I to the profound meditation of those great mysteries upon which I had so often speculated, but which I now scarcely ventured an attempt to fathom. Meantime, the expression of Inez's countenance became more animated—at length she said :

“ But, gentlemen, I must apologize to you for so long delaying to acknowledge the honour which you did me when I entered the hall,” as she spoke, she rose from her seat with the most perfect grace, and presented her glass to us, while she added, “ Gentlemen, Inez de las Sierras, in her turn, drinks to your health. To you, noble knight, and may heaven smile graciously on all your undertakings. To you, melancholy esquire, whose natural gaiety seems disturbed by some secret grief, may happier days restore you to unclouded serenity. To you, handsome page, who appear to be occupied by more pleasing and gentle thoughts, may the woman who is fortunate enough to possess your love be worthy of it, and if you do not yet love, may you soon bestow your affection on a beautiful creature who loves you in return.”

“ I love, I love for ever !” cried Sergy, “ who could behold you and not love you ! To Inez de las Sierras ! to the beautiful Inez !”

“ To Inez de las Sierras,” said I, as I rose from my chair.

“ To Inez de las Sierras,” murmured Boutraix, without changing his position, and, for the first time in his life, he drank this health, solemnly, without sipping his wine.

“ To you all,” replied Inez, and she touched her glass for the second time with her lips, but she did not empty it.

Sergy took it up eagerly, and drained it at a draught ; I scarcely know why, but I would have given anything to prevent him. I pictured to myself that he was drinking to his death.

“ This is one of the most agreeable evenings I ever remember to have spent,” pursued Inez, “ we are all so happy and gay ; the only thing which we want is a little music ; do you not think so, Seigneur esquire ?”

“ Oh !” cried Boutraix, who could scarcely articulate, “ does she intend to sing ?”

“ Sing, sing,” said Sergy, while he touched her beautiful hair with his trembling fingers ; “ I, who love you so deeply, ask it as a favour.”

“ I will with great pleasure, if I can,” replied Inez, “ but I fear that my voice is much spoilt by dwelling in these damp vaults ; formerly it was very clear and rich ; now too, alas, I remember only melancholy songs, and these are scarcely fitted for so gay a meeting as the present ; but wait, wait an instant,” cried she, and she raised her glorious eyes to the vaulted roof, and warbled a few enchanting notes : “ I shall sing you a romance called *Nina Matada*, it will be new to me as well as to you, for I shall compose it as I proceed.”

It would be impossible to give an idea of the song which Inez improvised for us, or to describe the emotion we all felt, she seemed as if she were absolutely inspired. Sergy wept, shouted, and laughed, he appeared mad with excitement ; and as Inez grew more impassioned in her strain, even Boutraix awoke from his apathy, and fixed two large eyes upon her, which expressed astonishment and pleasure. A cry of enthusiasm burst from us all when Inez concluded her song.

"Alas!" cried she, "I cannot sing as I used. Oh! Sergy," continued she, looking tenderly at him, "one must be loved to be able to sing."

"Loved!" exclaimed Sergy, and he covered her hand with kisses; "you are adored, Inez; if you require merely the devotion of a heart, of a life, to inspire your genius, you have it; sing, sing, Inez, sing for ever!"

"I used to dance, too," said Inez, as she leaned confidently on Sergy's shoulder; "but how is it possible to dance without instruments? how extraordinary, some good genius must surely have slipped these castanets into my band," and she unfastened them with a merry laugh.

"Oh! irrevocable day of damnation," said Boutraix, "at length you have arrived, the last judgment is at hand,—she is actually going to dance."

While Boutraix was thus muttering to himself Inez had risen from her seat, and had commenced a few steps to a slow measure, in which she displayed as much grace as dignity: by degrees she passed from the grave and majestic movements with which she had at first enchanted us, to one exceedingly rapid, and full of animation and voluptuous ease and gaiety,—sometimes we lost sight of her, indeed, scarcely heard her, when she approached the other end of the hall, then suddenly she bounded towards us, and passed so close to us, that she almost touched us with her dress, and thus she appeared and disappeared again and again. At length she came up to us with a most winning expression of countenance, with her head gracefully bent, and her beautiful arms stretched towards us, as if she was imploring us to follow her, or to detain her.

Sergy could not resist her look of entreaty.

"Oh! stay, stay," cried he, "or I die."

"I must go," replied she, "and I shall die if thou dost not follow me; soul of Inez, wilt thou not come?" she sank upon her chair, and threw her arms round Sergy,—she seemed to have forgotten us. "Listen, Sergy," continued Inez, "when you quit this apartment, you will see on your right a long narrow gallery, you will have some distance to go after you have entered it; you must be sure to step carefully over the broken flags; you must pursue your way without turning to the right or left, it is impossible that you can lose yourself; when you reach the end of the corridor, you will see a staircase which will take you from story to story, till you reach the subterranean vaults; you must then go straightforward again for some time, till you come to a winding staircase, and then I shall be your guide, for you will find me at the top of it. You must not be annoyed with my owls, for they have long been my sole companions, they know my voice when I call. But, come, come, do not delay; will you come?"

"Will I come!" cried Sergy; "Oh! rather would I meet with eternal death than not follow you wherever you went."

"Who loves me, follows me," replied Inez, with a wild ringing laugh; she picked up her winding-sheet, and moved towards the farther end of the hall, which was so obscure, that she was soon hidden from our view, and we saw her no more.

Boutraix and I held Sergy forcibly back. "Monsieur," said I, "as your elder, as your friend, and as your captain, I forbid you to

move a step; remember that by want of care you may not only sacrifice your own life, but ours. Does it not occur to you that this fascinating woman is, perhaps, the instrument employed by a band of robbers, who live concealed in these old ruins, for the purpose of separating us, that they may more easily overcome us? I can understand your unfortunate prepossession and pity you; but you are responsible for our lives, and must not indulge in it."

Sergy seemed much agitated by many and diverse feelings, but at length he yielded to our powerful entreaties and arguments, and sank dejectedly on his chair.

"Gentlemen," said I, after a few minutes had elapsed, and we were a little more composed; "there is a mystery in what we have just seen, which no human intelligence can fathom, though there is no doubt but that some natural circumstance would solve it at once. As we are, however, not likely to become acquainted with the cause of what we have seen, we must be careful not to relate to any one what has happened to-night, in order that we may not encourage those idle superstitious tales, which are unworthy the belief of Christians and philosophers. Besides we must not compromise the honour of three French officers, by narrating an occurrence, which, though very extraordinary I allow, may probably be explained some day, and expose us to public derision. I swear, therefore, on my honour, and I expect you to join me in the same solemn oath, never during my whole life to speak of what we have witnessed to-night."

"We swear," cried Sergy and Boutraix.

"I swear by the blessed Jesus, whose nativity we commemorate to-night," said Bascara.

"Amen," replied Boutraix, solemnly, while he embraced Bascara with fervour and sincerity.

The night was now far advanced, and at last, being overcome with fatigue, we fell into an unquiet sleep. I think I need scarcely tell you by what dreams it was disturbed. A glorious day shone upon us the following morning when we awoke, and we reached Barcelona without exchanging a word. Two days after we were in Gironne, where our regiment awaited an order of departure. The reverses of the grand army obliged the Emperor to assemble his choice troops in the north. Thither Boutraix, Sergy, and I proceeded together. Boutraix had become quite serious since he had spoken to a soul which had escaped from Purgatory; and Sergy, after he had fallen in love with a phantom, did not seek for a new mistress. In the heat of the battle of Lutzen he was by my side, suddenly I felt him give way, his head drooped on the neck of my horse, and I discovered that he had received a mortal wound.

"Inez," murmured he, "I go to meet you," and he breathed his last sigh.

A few months after the army entered France, the peace was signed, and a great many officers laid down their arms. Boutraix entered a monastery, where, I believe, he still is; and I retired to the little estate which I inherited from my father, and resolved to spend the rest of my days on it; and this is the conclusion of my story.

"Well, but," asked one of my friends, "if it was not a real apparition, what was it really?"

Though all that I have related appears very extraordinary, nay,

impossible, yet it is accounted for by a most natural chain of circumstances. I have just mentioned that after the peace was signed, I retired to my father's estate: well, I resolved, before I finally settled down there, to travel for a short time. I hesitated for a little while what place I should visit first. A thousand happy recollections made me yearn to see Barcelona once more, but even if I had remained any longer in doubt, a kind letter and invitation which I received from a dear friend there, would certainly have determined me to adopt this course. The very evening of the day on which I arrived at Barcelona, my friend, Pablo de Clauza, insisted on my going with him to the theatre, where a celebrated actress, called La Pedrina, was to make her first appearance.

"This virtuosa is so capricious," remarked he, "that perhaps she may take it into her head to leave to-morrow."

I forgot, when I agreed to accompany my friend, that I had made a resolution on the night Inez de las Sierras visited us in the Château Ghismondi, never to listen to another female singer or dancer after her; however, the arrangement could not now be altered. When I entered the theatre, I fell into a kind of reverie, from which I was not even roused by the entrance of La Pedrina, and, as I had shaded my eyes with my hand, I only became more buried in thought, when the burst of enthusiasm which greeted her, had subsided. At length I removed my hand from my eyes, and gazed around me, and the next moment a shriek of astonishment escaped me, and I darted to the front of the box, while I stared wildly on the stage. Yes! it was Inez, actually Inez de las Sierras, whom I saw before me.

"Are you sure," said I to my friend, when I felt a little more composed, "that this is La Pedrina? do you know that she is an actress? are you quite certain that she is not an apparition?"

"I have not the slightest doubt," replied my friend, "that she is an actress, and a very extraordinary one, too; no singer has ever yet been compared to her; and the enthusiasm which you manifest for her has been shared by most persons."

The emotion which I discovered at intervals during the rest of the evening was attributed by my companion to my due appreciation of La Pedrina's merits. When we reached home, and sat down to supper, we could talk of nothing else but the gifted actress.

"The interest with which this extraordinary woman inspires you," said Pablo de Clauza, addressing himself to me, "can hardly be increased by the knowledge of her adventures. La Pedrina does not belong to that class from which actresses generally spring, she is connected with one of the noblest families in Spain, and her real name is Inez de las Sierras. In consequence of some popular tradition, which was not altogether without foundation, the family of De las Sierras was obliged to leave the country; and to take advantage of the new discoveries made by navigators, and to settle with all its wealth in Mexico. The unhappy fatality which had hitherto pursued the house of De las Sierras, did not cease to influence its career even when removed to other lands. At the commencement of the present century, the last of the noble Seigneurs of De las Sierras still lived in Mexico; his wife was dead, but she had left him one little girl, called Inez, who was about six or seven years old. She was most happily endowed by nature, and the Marquis spared no expense in the culture of her mind. It would have been a very fox-

tunate thing for him, if the education of his only child had been sufficient to absorb all his care and affection ; but, alas ! he soon felt an aching void in his heart, which he sought to fill ; he loved, and believed himself loved in return ; he was proud of his choice, and rejoiced to think that his dear Inez would have another mother and such a mother. Inez soon perceived to her misery, that, instead of having made a new friend, she had found a bitter enemy. She now looked upon her accomplishments, which had hitherto been cultivated merely as a source of amusement, as perhaps the only means of her future subsistence. She resolved henceforth to devote much more time to them, and at length her industry and perseverance were crowned with such complete success, that she could no longer meet with masters to teach her. One day the dead body of the Marquis was brought home, he was pierced by many wounds, but there were no circumstances connected with the assassination which could throw any light on the subject. Inez's father had a rival before his second marriage, and public opinion unhesitatingly fixed the crime upon him ; and when he soon after married the widow of the Marquis de las Sierras, it became a general conviction that he was the murderer. The poor Inez was now alone in the house of her fathers, for she lived with two people with whom it was impossible for her to sympathise. About this time she became acquainted with a young Sicilian, who called himself Gaëtano Filippi, and whose previous life seemed somewhat involved in mystery. His conversation was agreeable, though rather frivolous ; he had some slight knowledge of the arts, and was superficially informed on many points ; but to the ingenuous and unsuspecting Inez he was all that was manly, generous, and fascinating, and she gave her whole heart to him, never doubting that he loved her devotedly, as he declared. When he went to her stepmother to ask for Inez's hand, she peremptorily declined his proposals, and her husband behaved precisely in the same manner ; they were not very scrupulous, and perhaps they began to imagine that they might make their fortune by Inez's talents. The husband had, however, another reason for objecting to her marriage with Gaëtano, for he loved her himself, and only a few weeks before, had the wickedness to declare his guilty passion to her. This circumstance, and her affection for the Sicilian, made her offer little resistance to Gaëtano's plan of carrying her off, and he had no difficulty in convincing her that all her father's possessions belonged of right to her ; accordingly, at the end of a few months the lovers sailed from Mexico for Cadiz, loaded with gold, jewels, and diamonds,

“ The apparently devoted attentions of Gaëtano, for some time after they were settled in Spain, prevented her from noticing how objectionable the society frequently was, to which her husband introduced her, but when he became less affectionate to her, and she began to feel that she had not acted rightly in appropriating so much of her father's fortune, then it was that she observed that among all her husband's acquaintance there was not one with whom she could the least sympathise. By degrees he grew colder and colder in his manner, and one morning, when she arose and went in search of him as usual, but could find him nowhere, her anxiety became extreme ; the next day, the next night, and many days passed, and still no tidings of Gaëtano, and at length when she discovered that the few jewels which she had left were missing, the frightful certainty

that her husband had quitted her for ever, at once took possession of her mind. Her only resource was now in her talents; she resolved to become an actress, and to take the name of La Pedrina, in order that her unworthy relations might not recognize her, and avail themselves of her exertions. She appeared first at Madrid, where her success was immense, and her beauty and talents drew thousands of adorers to her feet. Unluckily, the fame of La Pedrina soon reached Gaëtano's ears, and he left his hiding-place, and surprised his wife one day by a visit while she was at Barcelona. He knew too well the influence which he had over Inez, and he determined to exercise it to the full extent, for he was sure that her gains must be considerable, and was anxious to make himself master of them. How Gaëtano managed to justify himself to his wife I cannot imagine, but nothing is impossible to an artful mind, and Inez still loved her husband dearly, so that she longed for any excuse to be reconciled to him. He told her that he had just returned from Sicily, where he had been in order to prepare his friends to receive her as his wife; he said that his mother had actually accompanied him to Spain in order that she might the sooner embrace her daughter-in-law. Judge, then, of his distress when he arrived at Barcelona to learn that she was celebrated as an actress! was this the reward of so many sacrifices—of so much love! The poor Inez threw herself into his arms and breathed only words of joy, gratitude, and remorse. But when they were going to leave Barcelona, Inez's suspicions were slightly awakened by the anxiety which Gaëtano displayed to secure all her money and treasures, and to stow them in the carriage—she began to think he was much more occupied with her wealth than with herself.

Four days after a travelling-carriage was seen before the door of the Hôtel d'Italie, an elegant-looking lady and gentleman were observed to alight by the passers-by, the former was La Pedrina, the latter was Gaëtano. A quarter of an hour after the young man left the hotel, and directed his steps towards the port. The non-appearance of Gaëtano's mother confirmed the fears which Inez unfortunately had soon begun to entertain, and on his return from the port, she overcame her natural timidity sufficiently to explain all her apprehensions, and the consequence was that a most violent altercation ensued between them, which was resumed several times during the night. At sunrise the next morning Gaëtano was observed to look pale, disordered, and agitated, when he left his room; he gave numerous directions to the servants about some chests, which he wished to have placed on board a vessel, and accompanied them himself, while he carried in one hand a small and exceedingly strong-looking box; he paid the servants very handsomely for their services, said he need not detain them, and begged them not to disturb the lady till his return. The chief part of the day wore away, and the gentleman did not make his appearance; this so astonished the people of the hotel, that they went down to the port to look for the vessel in which they had left him, but they found that it had just set sail, and, in spite of themselves, they experienced a gloomy kind of presentiment. The unbroken silence which pervaded Inez's apartment rendered them doubly uneasy, and when they perceived that the door of the chamber was not fastened inside, and that the key was removed from the lock, they did not hesitate to force it open. A

horrible spectacle met their eyes, the unknown lady was stretched upon her bed, and appeared as if she were asleep if she had not been bathed in blood. She had been stabbed in her bosom during her sleep, and the dagger still remained in the wound. When the medical men arrived they soon discovered that the unknown lady was not dead, though in the most dangerous state, and for many days it seemed impossible that she could survive. At the end of a month, though she was convalescent, the fits of delirium had not entirely left her, and in a short time it became certain that the poor creature had recovered her physical strength, but not the use of her senses—she was quite mad.

Some sisters of charity undertook the charge of her, and bestowed every kindness and attention upon her. Her malady was not of a violent and morose nature, but manifested itself in fits of tender melancholy, and she was so sweet and gentle in her manners that she was an object of general pity and love. She often had lucid intervals, and by degrees they occurred oftener, and lasted longer, so that great hopes were entertained of the ultimate recovery of her reason. As she was perfectly quiet, she was allowed to wander for hours where she liked, unattended and unwatched, so that at length she took advantage of this freedom to run away; and this happened two days before Christmas-day. Her kind friends immediately endeavoured to trace her. At first they had no difficulty in following her route, because she was in the habit of dressing herself up in some faded and theatrical garments, of which Gaëtano had not thought it worth while to rob her; but at Mattaro they lost all clue of her, and they at length concluded that she had destroyed herself. The wonder which her disappearance created in the minds of everybody ceased at the end of two or three days, and in a few days more the affair was no longer mentioned.

“I dare say,” said Pablo, after a pause, “that you have heard of the strange tradition connected with the Château Ghismondo. Well, up to the year 1812, the present generation had not witnessed anything to verify it; but on the Christmas-eve of that very year, there was no doubt that there were some extraordinary persons feasting, upon the occasion, in the *château*. The apartments which had been so long gloomy and desolate, were observed to be brilliantly illuminated, and some passers-by distinctly heard sounds of revelry, and a beautiful female voice pouring forth the most enchanting melody. The government, who were little disposed to share in the popular credulity, ordered a strict search of the old castle to be made; not that they believed it was inhabited by demons, but they imagined it might be a rendezvous of conspirators. The result of the visit of the officers of justice was, that it confirmed the reports respecting the mysterious guests, for remnants of the feast were found, and a great many empty bottles of wine. (At this portion of my friend’s narrative, I could scarcely restrain a smile, for I remembered Boutraix’s unquenchable thirst and immoderate libations.) But what was still more extraordinary, an officer actually found a poor mad girl in one of the subterranean vaults, and who, far from endeavouring to avoid him, flew towards him, and exclaimed—‘Is it indeed you? Oh, how long I have waited for you;’ when she was brought out into the light of day, however, and discovered her error, she burst into tears.

You must already have guessed that the young girl whom I have just mentioned was 'La Pedrina.' She was immediately sent back to Barcelona, and placed under the care of a physician, who was particularly skilful in the kind of malady under which she laboured. He was rewarded for his care and attention to her, by seeing her perfectly restored to her right mind. In the course of time she appeared on the stage again, with what success you know, for you witnessed the bursts of rapturous enthusiasm with which she was greeted last night. Though, when she recovered, she was closely questioned about that memorable Christmas-eve, she never could distinctly remember anything relating to it, but she did not seem surprised that she had been found in the Château de Ghismondo, as, during her lucid intervals, she had often wandered in its neighbourhood, and gazed with interest on the dwelling-place of her forefathers."

The emotion which I displayed at the conclusion of Pablo di Clauza's story, astonished him exceedingly, and rendered him not a little curious. In consequence, I was induced to relate to him all the curious circumstances connected with that extraordinary Christmas-eve of 1812. With these you are already acquainted, and Pablo di Clauza's account of the actress will, I think, sufficiently prove to you that the ghost by whom we were visited in the *château* was of a very harmless description, though I am sure you must find ample excuse for three young officers being somewhat startled by so unexpected a guest. My friends thanked me heartily for my story, and our little party broke up for the night.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

" Multo
Fumat odore."—HORACE.

WHO but a smoker knows what real enjoyment is? When wearied with mental exercise, what bliss is in a pipe! When tired out with physical exertion, what rest is in a pipe! When in a raging passion, what soothing power is in a pipe! If any vexation or misfortune befall you, seek refuge in a pipe, and, after half-a-dozen draws, you will be prepared to look with contempt or pity on all sublunary grievances.

Yet I would not be understood to say that a smoker is not capable of deep feelings, as well as any other of the race of mortals—far from it. He can love, he can hate, he can grieve, he can rejoice, as well as any of them; and, indeed, many of those whom I have known to possess passions stronger than ordinary, were good smokers, though perhaps not of that class who "smoke their intellects away," to which class I belong, as I was recently informed by one who "does not at all object to a pipe in a quiet way, on the contrary, takes one himself occasionally."

Thus much by way of preface.

The evening was well advanced, when, wearied by my exertions during the day, I began to think of retiring. Drawing my easy

chair to the fire, I filled my pipe, and having lighted it, smoked in silent contemplation, feeling at peace with mankind. It was burnt out, and lighted for the second time, when, watching the clouds of smoke which, issuing from the bowl and my lips, curled up towards the ceiling, I saw in the midst a little personage who seemed to make himself comfortable enough in an atmosphere in which any reasonable being of the same size would have been stifled. Fancy, thought I, and smoked the harder: at last, when the cloud was so dense that I could no longer see what had attracted my attention, I heard a voice, apparently proceeding from the darkness, chanting in a low but clear tone:—

Mortal, from our halls so bright,
I am sent to earthly light ;
She who deep within the earth,
Dwelling in the central fire,
Rules the spirits from their birth,
Yielding all to her desire,
Sends me hither unto thee :
Earthly mortal, follow me !

All power of resistance seemed to be taken from me ; a darkness passed before my eyes, and I sank through the floor, the spirit, as I suppose it called itself, accompanying me, singing the while with immense glee :—

Home to our realms so bright,
Down through the earth we fly ;
Unknown to mortal might,
Unseen by mortal eye.
Home ! home ! home !
There 's joy in the sound ;
We fly to our home, our home,
Deep under ground.

The song and our journey were simultaneously ended : I sank to the earth, if earth it could be called, in a trance, which continued for I know not how long, and from which I was roused by the most sweet and delicious strain of music that I had ever heard.

I had been hitherto in the most perfect darkness, but was now suddenly dazzled by the most intense and brilliant light conceivable, which, for a short time rendered me as incapable of seeing anything as the darkness had previously done. When at length able to look about me, I was struck with astonishment at the splendour with which I was surrounded. I stood in a spacious hall, divided into aisles by two rows of massive columns, which, rough as though set with precious stones, sparkled in the rays of the light proceeding from the upper end of the hall. The sides of the cavern, similarly adorned, presented a most beautiful appearance, whilst under a canopy, resembling a large shell, resplendent with its various colours, stood, in bold relief from the sea of light behind it, a throne formed, as well as I could judge, of pure gold, and ornamented with rich, but fanciful, carving. Here I was at present seemingly alone ; but from the voice I had heard, and the music which still proceeded, I concluded that the hall must be tenanted by some invisible powers. When my first astonishment had subsided, I began to wonder whether it would be possible or becoming the character of a gentleman, to appropriate some few of the sparkling gems which abounded in such profusion. Calling to mind, however, the story of Sir Gawaine, I came to the conclusion

that it would be unadvisable to make the attempt, a resolution which was not shaken when I heard a new voice, in rather startling proximity to myself, considering that I could not see the owner of it, singing:—

Dangers and agonizing pains
Await the greedy;
But rich rewards and costly gains
The humble needy.

I again began to be rather alarmed at the situation I was in, not being accustomed to the society of the invisibles, nor relishing the “dangers and agonizing pains” with which the unseen singer was so composedly threatening me.

Left to my own reflections, tired of the solicitude, and wondering on what account I had been sent for, I was glad to see a white mist gathering on the throne, and to hear the first voice singing:—

Mortal forms, and mortal features,
Spirits, at their pleasure, wear;
For to mix with mortal creatures
Such a burden they must bear.

Start not then, thou child of clay,
At the form which meets thy sight;
Here, to it obedience pay,
As thou wouldst in earthly light.

As the song ended, the mist which had been gradually thickening, appeared, seated on the throne, the exact image of one whom I had long known and loved; to know and to love being, in this instance, synonymous terms. So true was the likeness, that I made a frantic effort to rush to the Eidolon, an effort which was rewarded by my being thrown backward with considerable violence, while a voice sang over me:—

Rash child, forbear! the Spirits' Queen
No mortal eye before hath seen;
And woe to that mortal who would dare
To touch without her express desire
The ruler of the powers of fire,
The ruler of the earth and air.

To strive against fate was impossible, and I knew to my cost that any physical effort on my part would be of no avail; besides, my fear began to return, accompanied by an eager curiosity to know what was to follow. The silence was broken by the queen exclaiming, in the voice which had before sounded so familiar to me, and which, aided now by my sight, I at once recognised as that of her whose form she wore:—

Spirits of earth, spirits of fire,
Spirits of air, fulfil my desire;
Hastily clothe you with forms to be seen,
Fleshly in substance, earthly in mien;
Ranging yourselves in order due,
Fitting to meet this mortal's view.

The astonishment I had felt on having my sight restored, was completely eclipsed by that which I now experienced on seeing the spacious hall, containing, but a few moments before, to all appearance, no living creature but the throned Eidolon and myself, swarming with human figures, almost all of them resembling beings with

whom I was acquainted. Men and women, friends and enemies surrounded me on all sides. All the figures, standing in attitudes of deep respect, faced their queen; and truly that respect was at the present time well merited by the goblin monarch. I am afraid that her beauty was of a nature too dazzling to be confined in words; but as an act of homage to her whose form she had taken, "whose I am, and whom I serve," let me try.

Almost diminutive in stature, her figure proportionably slight, was yet most exquisitely formed, and shown to advantage by the closely fitting robe of silvery white. Her beautifully rounded arms and tapering fingers were bare, nor were they ornamented further than by a slight ring of gold round the left arm, she being, I suppose, perfectly aware that nothing of that kind was necessary. Her robe, slightly caught up, in consequence of the half reclining position in which she was placed, displayed the neatest little foot and ankle conceivable, although they were not, as were her hands, in *etate natura*. Her dark hair, slightly confined by a small coronet of gold set with pearls, flowed in long ringlets about her shoulders. Need I say that her face was in no degree inferior to the rest—to describe it were impossible—I must leave it to the imagination. And though we are told, that

"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that 's broken presently,"

yet there are few amongst us who can look on it with the philosophical indifference hinted at by our poetical father. I can't.

Such as I then saw her was the queen to whom all the humanized spirits paid their reverence. Even *they* seemed to be aware that she had assumed a form more than usually "bright and fair," as bursting into a cry of admiration, they sang a wild chorus of exultation:—

Never before had I heard such a thrilling and passionate burst of song. Talk of "God save the King," as sung by a generous and intelligent British public; an unmelodious row in comparison. Nor did the queen seem regardless of the devotion paid by her subjects, though she made little manifestation, except a slight and graceful inclination of her head. Waving her hand, silence was obtained on the instant, so perfect, that, but for my eyes, I could not have imagined any living thing in the neighbourhood. Then taking up her parable, H. S. M. (Her Subterrene Majesty) began:—

Hundreds of years have passed away
Since I became the Spirits' Queen,
But yet they seem as yesterday,
So rapid have they been;
And mortal features seem to me
Familiar now as then they were,
When I, from regal duties free,
Disported in the upper air;
Though, since I wore the royal crown,
Since spirits trembled at my frown,
I ne'er have left that pure domain
O'er which, by Fate's decree, I reign.
Then, mortal, list! while I unfold
Those secrets which were never told,
Before this time, to mortal ear,—
List! list, in silence and in fear.

What time the mountains far and wide,
 Raised high their heads in conscious pride ;
 What time the ocean rolled its waves
 Restrained by every shore it laves ;
 What time the planets, shining bright,
 On fruitful fields first shed their light,
 And man rejoicing in their glow,
 Dreamed not of misery or woe ;
 We too were formed, to rule his fate.
 The destiny of small and great
 Was given to us, and as *we* will,
 Each human impulse wanders still.

'Tis ours to raise or overthrow,—
 'Tis ours to aid Ambition's flight,
 Or plunge it from its loftiest height
 Into the lowest depths of woe,—
 'Tis ours o'er wars and strife to reign,
 Rebellion's gloomy crest to rear,
 To quell it suddenly again,
 Lost in the gulf of servile fear.
 Thou couldst not name from History's page,
 Nor from the blackened rolls of crime,
 One deed of triumph, rapine, rage,
 For which we did not mark the time.

Then, mortal, of our power divine,
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be thine.
 Hence, speedily declare
 To the Spirits of Air,
 To the Spirits of Earth, to the Spirits of Fire,
 The choicest boon which thy soul can desire.

To think that I, an inconsiderable unit of the human race, should not only be thus made acquainted with the secret springs of its government and destiny, but should have it put into my power to obtain, by the mere expression of a wish, whatever I might desire, seemed too much good fortune to be real.

There was, however, no doubt in the case. There sat the queen, still in the form of my beloved Mary ; around me were all the imps and hobgoblins put into respectable forms for at least once in their lives, and all waiting for the announcement of my wishes.

What then should I ask for ?

I was sufficiently poor to covet riches ; should I ask for wealth ? sufficiently ignorant to desire knowledge ; should I ask for wisdom ? sufficiently weak to wish for strength ; should I ask to be made like unto the Burner of Foxes ? Sufficiently ill-favoured to wish for beauty ; should I ask to be made like unto the son of Peleus ? In short, it would be difficult to tell what I did not think of desiring, nor did such thoughts occupy long. Grouping the several ideas into one, what, I inwardly exclaimed, should hinder me from desiring that wonderful compound of horn and copper which I have so often longed for : I do not remember that the veracious historian of its powers tells us that it was destroyed in its disappearance, and it is by no means impossible that these imps may know where to find it.

Quickly I determined ; hastily I pronounced the words

“ALADDIN'S LAMP.”

The queen was beginning to speak, with the intention, I suppose, of ordering it to be brought, when a quantity of dust entered my mouth. I started, and lo, it was all smoke !

THE DEVONSHIRE-HOUSE THEATRICALS.

THE amount of our self-imposed taxation for charitable objects is unknown. It is impossible to get at the statistics of our voluntary benevolence, it flows through such innumerable unseen channels, to say nothing of the public ways by which contributions are collected—the Dinner, the Charity Sermons, Local Associations, Ladies' Committees, Societies, Subscription Lists. There is no country in the world so heavily taxed; yet there is no country in the world that taxes itself so heavily for the comfort and support of the sick and poor, independently of the compulsory provision which the state enforces for the same purposes. Our public is undoubtedly the most tender-hearted public on earth. Every isolated misfortune brought to light at a police office, produces a shower of donations in the letter-box, like manna in the desert. Infinite are the capabilities of our sympathy, which, like the proboscis of an elephant, can lift a man or pick up a pin. No section of the panorama of life contains half so wide a range of character and action as might be exhibited in a comprehensive view of our voluntary charities, beginning at the top of the scale with Hospitals and Alms Houses, Baths and Soup Kitchens, and running down through inexhaustible Cases of Distress to the minor details of Broken Legs; Widows and Orphans, whose natural protectors have been smashed in railways, or blown up in mines, or precipitated from tops of houses, or otherwise cut off by accident or design; wandering people, who have "known better days," and are found sleeping in dry arches and entries; suicidally disposed females; heroic fishermen; deserted wives; and the tens of thousands of debatable shapes of eccentricity, bordering on crime. The money expended in England in private contributions to such objects, exceeds in amount the voluntary charities of the whole of Europe added together.

In the distribution of this universal benevolence, all classes and conditions are more or less helped and aided. Nor is this all. It diffuses amongst the people a desire to help themselves. A saving principle enters into our social charity, and co-operates with it. Individuals gradually form combinations, not merely for the purpose of giving assistance to others in distress, but of placing themselves beyond the want of it. The effect of our voluntary aid is, happily, not to make its recipients depend less upon their own exertions, but to make them exert themselves the more, that they may attain the proud position of extending similar aid to those who are struggling below them. It is not all a cry to Jupiter: the sturdy English people love independence, and know its value too well not to put their own shoulders lustily to the wheel.

Out of these noble and energetic agencies come Funds and Endowments for all manner of decayed hands and brains. The haberdasher, the victualler, the carpenter—every trade, calling, and profession, has its *refugium* in one way or another, its resource in sickness, its little annuity in old age, or its house of retreat to end its days in. These arrangements arise partly from the general care and benevolence of society, and partly from the provident efforts of the industrial classes to provide against calamities which the most watchful prudence cannot always avert. Almost every occupation—or order—dependent on its own exertions

for sustentation and success, has some recognised and established refuge—*except Literature and Art*. The reason is, perhaps, to be traced, on the one hand, to the reluctance which men who confer benefits upon the world feel at receiving as an obligation that which, strictly regarded, is but a trifling instalment of the debt which the world owes them; and, on the other hand, to the want of that union and forethought amongst themselves, which is common to the meanest handicrafts, but rarely found in association with intellectual pursuits.

We do not join in the cry that society is to blame exclusively for this extraordinary blank in the catalogue of our provident institutions. Much responsibility, no doubt, rests upon society in this country for its treatment of its Prophets and Teachers; but the whole blame is not with the public; it lies in no inconsiderable measure at the doors of the authors and artists themselves, who have not hitherto made sufficiently strenuous and persevering efforts to achieve their own independence.

The chief claim which the new proposal for founding a "Guild of Literature and Art" appears to possess on the support and confidence of the public at large, is this,—that it is based upon a principle which makes provident habits a condition of admission to its advantages, and that the means by which it proposes to work out its results, are such as to insure internal coherence and co-operation, to the utmost practicable extent. These are important elements in a scheme that has for its object the union of men whom, by the very nature of their studies, and the peculiarity of their way of life, it has always been found difficult to bring to act effectively together. The discovery of a common interest on the neutral ground of a life insurance office is the one admirable feature of this project upon which we rely for its ultimate accomplishment.

The details of the plan have been already so extensively published that we shall here allude only to its leading features. The Guild is to be an Institute for the reception of literary men and artists—to consist of a certain number of free residences, of members with a salary of two hundred pounds a year each, without a house, or one hundred and seventy pounds with a house, a warden with a salary of two hundred pounds, and Associates with a salary of one hundred pounds. To these emoluments certain duties are attached, which, though apparently slight, are quite enough to elevate the character of the Institution and its members. These duties are to consist of lectures, which each member will be required to deliver; so that, while he receives a permanent benefit from the Guild, he will be permitted to feel that he renders some help, and discharges some responsibility in return for it. But no man can be a candidate for admission to the Institution, who does not come with an insurance of some sort in his hand. As a good deal of misconception has gone abroad upon this point, it is right to observe, that the required insurance may be entered into at any office, or in any form required by the convenience, or adapted to the circumstances of the insurer. Arrangements have been made with one particular office, which offers the temptation of a deduction of five per cent to the members of the Guild—an advantage which individuals could not obtain, and which would be conceded only to a body. But no candidate for admission to the Guild is required to insure in that office. It is at his own option to pay five per cent more, at any other office, if he prefer it.

Such are the broad features of the plan. New considerations may arise in the working out of the design, and some modifications may be

adopted in the details. We presume it is open to any alterations in the machinery, which closer and more matured observation may suggest ; but we trust that the principle on which it is founded will be preserved in its integrity. It was not to be hoped that a project of this kind, dealing with elements which are said, proverbially, to be incapable of fusion, should have been launched without being assailed with doubts and objections, or that the first outline should have been perfect.

The adverse criticisms, however, which have appeared on the Guild are highly encouraging, and exhibit in the fullest light the absolute want of such an institution. The doubt is whether it can be carried into execution. To confine its advantages only to such literary men and artists, as insure their lives, is considered in one quarter to be destructive to the very object at which it aims, seeing that of all classes these are the last amongst whom insurances are cultivated. The objection is a curious one, and is worth noticing, as it really involves the strongest imaginable argument in favour of the design. The classes by whom insurances are least cultivated, are exactly the classes most in want—not of that sort of eleemosynary help which merely checks the ravages of waste and imprudence, and bequeaths no permanent good—but of a self-protecting institute, which shall introduce amongst them those habits of economy and foresight in which they are confessedly deficient, and by which they may be lifted above the necessity of seeking for occasional assistance. The fact that artists and literary men—as a body—do not insure, is the very reason why insurance is adopted as a qualification of admission to the Guild. The first object of the Guild is to make them insure—to induce them to be provident—to tempt, or allure them into the adoption of those domestic safeguards by which more worldly men fence round their hearths, during their own lives, and amass something to leave behind them to their children. It is, in short, this feature which distinguishes the project from all others that have gone before it, and which, we think, entitles it to the most earnest support of all classes of the people.

All classes are indebted to Art and Letters. The subscription to this Guild is not an offering of alms—it is an acknowledgment, very short of what we all owe, to the civilisers who, from our youth upwards, have nurtured in us whatever we have of good, have directed our intelligence, elevated, refined and purified our tastes, and bestowed upon us those possessions which adversity cannot diminish, and which alone of all our acquisitions can be said to be absolutely our own and inalienable. They may strip me of my worldly goods, said Tasso, deprive me of my friends, and deny me air and light, but they cannot rob me of my knowledge ! In a country like England, that has so much reason to be proud of her superiority in every department of intellectual labour, it is an anomaly and a stigma that no institution exists which offers permanent and effective succour to writers and artists. An effort is now being made in the right direction, and from the brilliant auspices under which it has been inaugurated, and the success by which it has been attended, we hope that the reproach which we have suffered to cling to us so long is about to be removed at last.

The first step taken towards the accomplishment of the desiderated object was a grant of land for the erection of the buildings, given by Sir Bulwer Lytton, on his estate at Knebworth, and a comedy written by him expressly for the purpose, and presented to the distinguished amateurs whose performances are already known to the public. With this double

act of munificence, as a hopeful beginning, the promoters of the Guild put out their prospectus.

If the history of this project should ever come to be written, it will present some memorabilia of more than ordinary interest. Not the least curious incident among the preliminary arrangements for bringing out the comedy, and putting the machinery for further operations in motion, was that of building a portable theatre, which could be set up anywhere, like a house of cards, taken down in a few hours, and packed up again to be sent off to its next destination. The advantage of this portable theatre is obvious. It can be set up anywhere, and it saves the expense—a serious item—of hiring a playhouse to act the comedy in. But these are not the only considerations that invest the little moveable stage with an amount of interest which, probably, never before clustered about an undertaking of this kind. The scenes are voluntary offerings from some of our most distinguished artists, and as the scale is small, and the audience necessarily closer to the stage than at the large houses, these paintings approach almost to the finish of cabinet pictures, in the delicacy and carefulness of their details. The act drop, by Roberts; a scene in Old London on the Thames, by Stanfield; a street, by Grieve; interior, by Pitt; a "Murillo," by Absolon, and a tapestry chamber by Haghe, present an ensemble of the highest attraction. It would be difficult, within the same compass, to imagine a more complete or exquisite structure than this theatre, as it appears in the Picture Gallery of Devonshire House, its rich proscenium being made to blend and harmonize most skilfully with the gorgeous embellishments of that magnificent apartment, while all the accessories in the way of light and colour contribute in various ways to enhance the beauty and splendour of the *coup d'œil*.

In this theatre, on the 16th of last month, the new comedy was acted before the highest audience that could be collected in this country. A box had been raised on one side, communicating with one of the drawing-rooms, for the Queen and Prince Albert, and the seats to the back of the gallery were filled by an assemblage, the character of which were happily anticipated in a passage of the play, which Mr. Dickens delivered with significant point and emphasis. It is in a scene where a fashionable lord, touched by the integrity of a poor author, apostrophises the sufferings of Genius, and predicts the coming of a happier time and a juster age—of which that memorable night might be fairly regarded as the threshold.

"Ah, trust me, the day shall come, when men will feel that it is not charity we owe to the ennoblers of life—it is tribute. When your order shall rise with the civilization it called into being; and, amidst some assemblage of all that is lofty and fair in the chivalry of birth, it shall refer its claim to just rank amongst freemen, to some Queen whom even a Milton might have sung, or a Hampden have died for."

The comedy, written with a view to the illustration of the objects it was intended to serve, contains other passages and allusions equally calculated to awaken attention to the position and the rights of men of genius, and which must be always sure to take effect in the acting. The character of a rising member of parliament, who begins as a writer, and works his own way to political influence, appears to have been designed to exhibit the rewards that wait upon self-reliance and honourable perseverance, although the force of the moral is slightly diminished by the discovery that he owes much of his successes to the secret helps by which

(unknown to himself) his career has been sustained. Ruminating upon the condition of a starving author, he, too, prophesies a happier destiny for letters.

“ I've been a writer myself. But the remedy? A state may but humble by alms; a minister corrupt by a bribe: what patron then for letters! The public? —yes, for the prosperous. And for those who with toils as severe, but with genius less shaped to the taste of the many, can win not the ear of the day, why perhaps in some far distant age, when eno' of the strong have dropped to death broken-hearted, and eno' of the weak (bowed down by the tyrant necessity), have veiled in shame and despair the eyes that once looked to the stars; then rival children of light may learn at last, that the tie they now rend should be the bond to unite them, and help one another.”

It is in expressions like these that the motive and spirit of the comedy come out; and, although the story only incidentally bears upon the fortunes of Literature, there is enough of occasional reference in it to the toils and disappointments of genius to link it with a telling effect to the interest of the occasion.

The plot is not striking. It is in characterization the comedy excels. There are a great variety of individuals, all strongly contrasted, from the city popinjay to the best bruiser of the day. Every character has its own costume, and every member of the company is accordingly fitted with a part which, whether it be large or small, whether it developes an original nature or merely carries a label, is distinguished by some attribute which enables him to stand upon his speciality. This method of composing a dramatic work is excellently adapted to the end for which this comedy was written. It diffuses the individual interest over a large surface, and enables the cast to embrace a list of names that may be fairly said to reflect almost every form of art and authorship.

The picture which the comedy gives us of the forlorn condition of *David Fallen*, an author of the days when Sir Robert Walpole was minister, belongs to a past age, and a state of manners and social relations totally different from our own. It was the time when a Duke desired an author to stay and feed with his lacqueys, and when Dr. Johnson was treated like a menial by an Earl. We have already outlived that degradation. Literature and art are no longer neglected and despised; and, as this very occasion shows, may proudly lift up their heads amongst the noblest and the highest in the land. The salutary change that has taken place in this respect could not be more remarkably evinced than in the princely hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire to this Company of Amateurs, and the earnest interest he took in their proceedings from the commencement of the rehearsals to their last performance. The debt which the Guild owes to his Grace cannot be overrated. In throwing open his mansion to their representations, he surrendered nearly the whole of the grand suite of rooms to the uses of the actors. The risk and trouble which the necessary alterations occasioned, and the unavoidable occupation of the library, and several other costly apartments, during a period of several weeks, involved an amount of inconvenience which even the most zealous Patron of letters might be excused for declining to incur. But the Duke of Devonshire showed by the spirit of kindness and urbanity with which he made these sacrifices, how lightly he estimated them in comparison with the amount of service which, by his hospitable and courteous example, he hoped to render to the cause.

If he had rendered no greater service than in showing us that the days of the *David Fallens* are over, he would have done enough to entitle him

to the highest distinction that can be conferred upon him, in the records of the Institution which his munificence has mainly helped to endow. Here is *David Fallen's* autobiography; where shall we now look for the Grub-street it depicts?

"I entered the world, devoted heart and soul to two causes—the throne of the Stuart, and the glory of letters. I saw them both as a poet. My father left me no heritage but loyalty and learning when he fell at Marston Moor. Charles the Second praised my verse, and I starved: James the Second praised my prose, and I starved: the reign of King William—I passed *that* in prison. The ministers of Anne offered me a pension to belie my past life, and write odes on a Queen who had dethroned her own father. I was not then disenchanted—I refused. That's years ago. If I starved, I had fame. Now came my worst foes, my own fellow writers. What is fame but a fashion? A jest upon Grub-street, a rhyme from young Pope, could jeer a score of grey labourers like me out of this last consolation. Time and hunger tame all. I could still starve myself: I have six children at home—they must live."

We have made an unquestionable advance since that day. There is want enough, and calamity and struggle enough amongst all classes of writers,—but they hold a higher status than they did. The distance between them and the upper ranks of society is abridged. The two aristocracies have come nearer, and know each other better, and the intercourse has improved both. They have discovered in each other qualities for which they never gave each other credit before; they have found out their common humanity, and have learned to appreciate more truly than they did, that moral and intellectual superiority, which lifts up the humblest man, and to which the loftiest must bow. This is much, but it is not all; much more yet remains to be done. Literary and artistic people have been too much scattered. They have had no common centre, no bond of union, no concentration of any kind from which they could acquire internal strength to fortify their position. This is what is wanted, and what the "Guild of Literature and Art" proposes to attempt. The time is auspicious for it; and the result of the opening experiment abundantly justifies the expectation that the attempt will be crowned with success.

The first performance at Devonshire House produced a sum of 1250*l.*, which, with the amount secured by the sale of the reversionary interest in the comedy to the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, amounted to nearly 1800*l.* This sum included a donation from the Queen of 150*l.*, and the rest was made up of single tickets at 5*l.* each. The receipts on this occasion are, we believe, without precedent, and must have exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the originators of the project; and the more especially, as only two days before upwards of 700*l.* had been subscribed at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund Society, for purposes of nearly an analogous character. That noble institution, which administers with such delicacy and discretion to the urgent wants of literary men and their families, frequently averting by a little timely aid the most fatal consequences, occupies ground wholly distinct from the Guild. The operation of the Guild—if it operate effectively—will be to decrease the number of claims upon the Literary Fund, and to enable that Society to bestow larger grants upon the applicants it relieves. And as the object which the Guild finally proposes, of supplying a refuge to its members in old age and the decline of the powers, cannot, we believe, be embraced by the Literary Fund, whose responsibility is already heavy enough, the two Institutions may be regarded as exercising a beneficial

action on each other in sustaining at different periods and under different circumstances the class to whose interests they are both dedicated.

After the splendid hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire, it ought not to be forgotten that the largest contributions which have been, or are likely to be, made to the new institution are those which are made by the amateurs themselves. Nothing could be done without them. They embody and enforce the principle. They give it shape and utterance, and have rallied round it the beauty and the chivalry of the kingdom. Nor is this all. To them the sacrifice of time is a serious consideration. The rehearsals and other contingencies that wait upon the production of the play, and the contemplated performances of it in the principal towns of the kingdom, involve an outlay of time which, upon the whole, will be equivalent to a very magnificent donation from each individual. Nor can the design be carried out without much private expenditure and personal inconvenience, in addition to the time taken from profitable pursuits and devoted to this noble purpose. It is right that this should be known, and that higher motives than the pleasure of indulging a fancy for acting should be recognised in the exertions of the authors and artists who have taken the lead in this project, and upon whose combined efforts its ultimate fate depends.

A second performance took place at Devonshire House on Tuesday, the 27th ult., and on that occasion the attractions were enhanced by a new farce, called "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," and a ball and supper. The appearance of the theatre at this reception presented little difference from that which it exhibited on the former; except, perhaps, that the excitement of a ball in prospect diffused a livelier feeling amongst the audience.

On the second representation, the comedy appeared to greater advantage than on the first. It went more glibly, to use a theatrical phrase, the actors were more easy in their parts, and the striking points and situations were thrown out into stronger relief. It is one of those plays that rest solely on the strength and weight of character and dialogue, and which cannot fail to improve upon its audiences with each repetition.

But we must say a word about "Mr. Nightingale's Diary." The plot and treatment of this piece have been evidently assigned with a view to the capabilities of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Lemon, for a variety of highly contrasted impersonations; and a more successful effort, both in design and execution, has seldom been made. The action turns on the plans of an imposter to deceive a hypochondrical gentleman, and their frustration by the lover of the gentleman's niece, who hopes by this means to reconcile the uncle to his marriage. All this goes for nothing. The niece and the lover are shadows in their affectionate relations to each other, and the tender passion out of which the imbroglio is supposed to issue, may be dismissed as a myth. The real interest consists in a series of assumptions not only excellently conceived in the dialogue, but inimitably rendered in the acting. The vivacity of this smart farce told with remarkable effect after the stately and comparatively sombre tone of the comedy.

We cannot convey any correct notion of the eccentricities embodied in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," but the flavour of its rich humour may be inferred from the following sample which, delivered by Mr. Dickens, in the living manner of *Mrs. Gamp*, drew down bursts of applause. The speaker is supposed to be claiming the mothership of a son who is claimed by her antagonist. "Who," exclaims the pretender on the other side,

“ who saw your first tooth drawn, gave you medicine when you were sick, and made you so when you was n't ! ” To which her irritated opponent replies,—

“ Me, ma'am, as is well beknown to all the country round, which the name of this sweetest of babbies as was giv' to his own joyful self when blest in best Whitchapel mixed upon a pincushen, and mother saved likewise, was Absalom. Arter his own parental father, as never (otherwise than through being bad in liquor) lost a day's work in the wheelwright business, while it was but limited, Mr. Nightingale, being wheels of donkey shays and goats, and one was even drawed by geese for a wager, and went right into the centre aisle of the parish church on a Sunday morning, on account of the obstinacy of the animals, as can be certified by Mr. Wigs the beadle afore he died of drawing on his Wellington boots, to which he was not accustomed, arter a hearty meal of beef and walnuts, to which he was too parshal, and in the marble fountain of that church, this precioucest of infants was made Absalom, which never can be unmade no'more, I am proud to say, to please or give offence to no one nowhere and nohows.”

Isolated from the context, this passage loses much of its effect ; but even thus isolated, the richness of the humour is unmistakable. It is *Mrs. Gamp* returned in the flesh, with her long involved sentences, and her perpetual recurrence to self and personal experiences, and her odd jumble of things, all tending, however, to an end of some sort, but hopelessly entangled and incoherent in form and sequence.

With the Comedy and Farce, the broad mirth of the latter coming with its welcome sunshine after the graver and more sententious dialogue of the former, the success of the amateurs in their labours to raise funds for the Guild, may be looked forward to with hopefulness. A large sum has been already collected—altogether, perhaps, something close upon 2500*l.* ; and there are expectations of another kind beyond this, from which equally beneficial results may be anticipated. Mr. Martin is understood to have promised to paint a picture which shall embrace portraits of every person engaged in the comedy, including also the author's portrait, each in the costume of his part. The profits of this picture, and the engraving which will be made from it, will form a considerable accession to the Fund.

Authors and artists are doing their part, it only remains for the public to imitate their example. In the catalogue of names engaged in these amateur theatricals, we find that the company is composed of twelve authors and three artists, that seven artists have painted the scenes, and that further help has been placed at the command of the company in any way in which it can be made available, by the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy. Under auspices such as these, the design ought to prosper. But nothing of this kind can prosper in England, unless the public take a direct and immediate interest in its success. To them, therefore, we look for the means by which the plan is to be practically accomplished. It is not merely by attending amateur plays the requisite funds are to be collected, but by donations and annual subscriptions. In no country on the face of the globe is this necessity of descending into the pocket and opening the purse-strings better understood than in England ; and, therefore, we say with confidence to the universal public, “ See what literary men and artists are endeavouring to do, at a great sacrifice to themselves, for the purpose of establishing the new Guild. Sustain them in their exertions by losing no time in coming forward and subscribing. First, satisfy yourselves that the project is sound, and that it is entrusted to safe hands, and then—send in your subscriptions.”

LITERATURE.

Rambles beyond Railways. By W. Wilkie Collins.

We all of us know men who have travelled on the continent, who have visited Paris, Madrid, Seville, Rome, Florence, and Venice. Many of us know men who have ruined their complexions in the Indies; and some few of us have met with adventurous travellers who have penetrated into the great Desert of Sahara, have dined with the King of Dahomey, and have visited the Whiteman's Grave. A trip to Venice is now as easy and as often undertaken as in Horace Walpole's time was a trip to Paris. A matter of a few hours transports a man from the omnibuses and bustle of Fleet-street, to a boat on the lake Lemana. The Rhine has ceased to be fashionable, and no one is stared at in society unless he has been to the Pyramids, or spent some few years rambling amongst the inhabitants of the Pacific.

But Cornwall is still a virgin land, not as yet penetrated by fashion. There are still mail-coaches, large inns, and postboys there. Old customs and legends cling to the Land's End; holy wells and Druid relics are still found; and hospitality holds forth his jovial hand to welcome the stranger. In addition to these incitements to visit a part of the world, almost as little known as Iceland, we can give others. The pilchard fishery, the mines, the Loggan Rock, Kynance Cove, St. Michael's Mount, Loo Pool, &c., are curiosities which, if they existed in France, would long since have attracted the butterfly world from their haunts in Belgravia.

We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of a work lately published, entitled "Rambles beyond Railways," by Wilkie Collins, who travelled through Cornwall as a pedestrian, taking his notes by the wayside. Mr. Collins has already earned fame by his historical novel, "Antonina," in which instance he had the boldness to select a theme which taxed even the power of Gibbon. His success is well known to the public, and the character of Antonina will not die.

In this new work Mr. Collins speaks to us "of the remotest and most interesting corners of our old English soil;" he tells us "of grand and varied scenery; of mighty Druid relics; of quaint legends; of deep, dark mines; the venerable remains of early Christianity; and the pleasant primitive population of the county of Cornwall."

A keen lover of the picturesque, and a capital sketcher of character, with a certain quiet dry humour, and a disposition to look on the sunny side of things, Mr. Collins is just the sort of man with whom we should like to take rambles beyond railways, not merely in his book, but with himself. Guide-books, ordinarily speaking, are dull, heavy books; useful enough for the purpose of finding out a locality, to learn the date of a church, and the names of the celebrated inhabitants of a town; but impossible to be read in the chamber. Mr. Collins, however, has given us a book which will interest as much as instruct; a volume to read on the sofa, or peruse in the study. It will moreover serve the purpose of a guide-book, and we subjoin a sketch of his route taken through Corn-

wall, which is given by the author, with the belief that it may afford useful hints to persons likely to travel in that county.

ROUTE.	DISTANCE.	INN.
Plymouth to St. Germain's..	Fourteen miles (by water)..	The Anchor.
St. Germain's to Looe.....	Ten miles.....	The Ship.
Looe to Liskeard.....	Nine miles.....	Webb's Hotel.
Liskeard to Lostwithiel....	Eleven and a half miles....	The Talbot.
Lostwithiel to Fowey.....	Eight miles.....	The Ship.
Fowey to St. Austle.....	Nine miles.....	Lynn's Hotel.
St. Austle to Truro.....	Fifteen miles.....	Pearce's Hotel.
Truro to Falmouth.....	Eleven miles.....	Royal Hotel.
Falmouth to Helston.....	Twelve miles.....	The Angel.
Helston to Lizard Town....	Twelve miles.....	Lizard Town Inn.
Helston (through Marazion) to Penzance.....	Thirteen miles.....	The Union Hotel.
Penzance to Trereen.....	Eleven miles.....	Loggan Rock Inn.
Trereen to Sennen (Land's End).....	Six miles.....	First and Last Inn.
Sennen (by Botallack) to St. Ives.....	Twenty miles.....	Stephen's Hotel.
St. Ives to Redruth.....	Fourteen miles.....	Anderson's Hotel.
Redruth to Perranporth (Ex- cursion to Piran Round)..	Ten miles.....	Tywarnhayle Arms.
Perranporth to St. Columb Major (Excursion to Vale of Mawgan).....	Fifteen miles.....	Red Lion.
St. Columb Major to Camel- ford.....	Twenty miles.....	The King's Arms.
Camelford to Tintagel.....	Seven miles.....	The Stuart Wortley Arms.
And Tintagel to Boscastle..	Three miles.....	The Commercial Inn.
Boscastle to Launceston....	Eighteen miles.....	The White Hart.

There are twelve illustrations to the work, drawn on stone by H. C. Brandling. Both in the selection of subject, and the mode of treatment, these illustrations are good, and a manifest improvement on a former work by the same artist. We would particularly note Kynance Cove and Land's End for the spirit with which they are executed.

Realities. A Tale. By E. Lynn, Author of "Amymone," &c.

Talent every one will readily accede to Miss Lynn, and her courage is as great as her talent. Here we have before us a young lady, a sort of English George Sand, preaching Socialism and Chartism, in a novel which sometimes startles by its power, and then revolts by its sentiments. The heroine, a very handsome girl, impulsive and generous, is a socialist, as Miss Lynn would have socialists be, and her life is spent in a constant warfare with the received opinions of the world. She looks upon kings as the curse of nations, has a secret approbation for Danton and Mirabeau, thinks "Madame Roland the grandest woman (except Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc, and the Maid of Saragossa) that the world ever saw." She is the reputed daughter and heiress of wealthy and aristocratic parents, but in reality a changeling. Forward,—a girl who will have her own head, she does what she likes, is at length disgusted with home, and comes to London to be an actress. And here commences the interest of the story, which in spite of some improbabilities, is considerable. She falls in love with Vasty Vaughan, the manager of the theatre, a libertine and a married man (but of this last circumstance she is ignorant), makes a triumphant

debut, lives in the same house as the manager, spends a day at Richmond with him, finds out by means of his wife, who is a street-walker, that Vaughan is married, leaves him, falls in love with and marries Percival Glynn, an elocutionist and a chartist. A young clergyman of the Calvinistic order is introduced who is made to pour out "fiery words of wrath and pain," and Edward Mantell is offered by Miss Lynn as a type of what is now called the Low Church. His character is well-drawn, his enthusiasm, earnestness, and courage, redeem him from the dislike usually invited by a bigot. But he is not a type of the Low Church, which ranks amongst its members many of the really working clergy, men who have as much charity as those who have more form.

As a foil to Clara, the heroine, Emmeline de Montfort is brought on the stage, becomes the new love of Vaughan, but herself loves a noble lord. She is a well-depicted character-less character, with long light ringlets, blue eyes, small hands and feet, and a host of dangling chains, charms, bracelets, &c. There are some minor characters introduced, more or less well sustained, Old Hugh perhaps being the best of these.

We are afraid that Miss Lynn will find that the publication of this work will draw upon her the censure of those who are not altogether the "slaves of convention," "Christian ladies and gentlemen," and so forth. The work has no doubt been suggested by the letters which have appeared from time to time in the *Morning Chronicle*, and which have aroused the public mind, which will not rest satisfied until the social condition of the lower classes is considerably ameliorated. The author has seen these letters through a magnifying glass; her strong imagination has cast a dark colouring over what was before sufficiently hideous. She has given us no Rembrandt picture, such as would really represent life; no gleam of light relieves the revolting misery and crime which she exhibits. Rich men do not step in to aid the struggle of poverty; poor people are driven by a necessity to commit sin in order to live. Fatalism, materialism, chartism, and socialism are the doctrines inculcated in "Realities." When we add that the Divine Author of Christianity is here styled the first socialist, we have said enough to disgust most people.

The perusal of the work leaves a very painful impression, and not all its eloquence can compensate for its unhealthy tone. It is a protest against the laws which bind society; a vehicle for the publication of all the immoral doctrines, the propagation of which has caused such misery in France; and a sad stain on the literary reputation of one of the most gifted authors of the day.

Everard Tunstall: a Tale of the Kaffir Wars. By Thomas Forester, Author of "Rambles in Norway."

This work is likely to attract attention at the present time, when there is some anxiety felt respecting events in Kaffirland. The author resided amongst the frontier farmers for nearly twelve years, from 1835 to 1846, and had the boldness to make a pilgrimage into Kaffirland, during a period of some excitement, and when the Kaffirs were smarting under recent chastisement. Although the work was written some years since, when the scenes were fresh in the author's memory, and completed before the new Kaffir war, they have an application to present times, as

much as if the work had been indited yesterday. Interwoven with the story are sketches of scenery, character, manners, and customs, which afford us as good an insight into life at the Cape, as that sprightly and very clever novel the "Initials" gave us last year into German life. But Mr. Forester has not been so successful as the author of the "Initials" in his manner of introducing his valuable experience into the novel. His work is at once a book of travels and a work of fiction; and we should have preferred to have read a separate work from the same pen which should have embodied his accurate information upon the affairs of this disastrous colony.

Everard Tunstall is a young emigrant of good family, whose father dies leaving the son in indifferent circumstances. He determines upon emigration, especially as Colonel Hamilton, the father of his beloved Julia, will not assent to a match under present circumstances. He is placed by the kindness of a friend at the Cape with Van Arnevelde, the Africander, a selfish, scheming politician, who intrigues right and left. The Africander's daughter falls in love with Everard, and is herself loved by a Kaffir chief, Clu Clu, a generous, disappointed lover. The character of Johanna is nicely drawn, and there is a subtle discrimination about most of the characters which imparts an individuality to them. The defence of Rosendat is very well told, and is full of life and action.

The predominant features of Everard Tunstall are the fidelity and finish of the scenes. We could quote, and had marked for extract, twenty to thirty different passages, which are so many pictures executed with an attention to detail, an apparent fidelity, and a finish which remind us of the Flemish school of painters who have brought before our eyes the home-life of their countrymen in so truthful a manner. But we abstain from taking these pictures from their frames, for we believe that they will be more appreciated where the author has placed them.

The accurate information respecting an important colony gives to this work a value which rarely belongs to a novel; whilst, though not an exciting romance, it is not deficient in that quiet, well-sustained, and healthy interest, which the more stirring, sometimes less truthful, works of fiction usually lack.

The Earthly Resting Places of the Just. By the Rev. Erskine Neale. Longman, 1851.

Books of this description are exceedingly valuable, from their silent but impressive manner of teaching the beauty of holiness in the truly Christian characters they bring under our notice. No dogmas are laid down, no peculiar doctrines of the faith are urged or insisted upon as essential to the life of a believer, but the pious and consistent life of various Christians of all classes, and of different creeds, is very briefly, and, because briefly, the more powerfully detailed. Mr. Neale can at all times write well, and his style of writing in this instance is admirably suited to his subject, and we know not a book of its size and its cost that we could more cordially recommend, as a present to the young, and as a means of leading them to love virtue for its own, and to practise benevolence for its own reward, than the little excellent volume before us.

The notices of Richard Reynolds the Quaker, of Mrs. Trimmer, of Mrs. Lawrence, must interest every reader; and those upon John West and William Adams, will be new to most persons. Leigh Richmond, Scott, the Commentator—Archbishop Sangcroft, and Queen Adelaide, are public characters—but their good works and their good thoughts are not too well known and are very judiciously, we judge, as they are very ably, here set forth for the information and admiration of the rising generation.

The subject altogether is one in which we think much valuable Christian knowledge may be conveyed; it supplies a means of teaching religion in a very pleasing and practical manner; and places characters before us that it is delightful to contemplate, and which many amongst us, we hope, will be emulous to imitate. We would suggest, however, that should other volumes on the same subject succeed this, brevity should be considered, and an avoidance of all facts and circumstances not bearing directly upon personal character. The notice on Queen Adelaide is overcharged with irrelevant matter, having nothing whatever to do with her eminently charitable life, nor with those good deeds and benevolent thoughts which alone give her a place in this most amusing and improving volume.

The Wanderings of Mrs. Pipe and Family to View the Crystal Palace. Designed and Etched by Percy Cruikshank. Spooner, London.

This little work depicts with broad humour the whimsical adventures of an "operative" family, preparatory to and during a visit they pay to the "Crystal Palace;" in the course of which Mr. Pipe makes the acquaintance of "one of them foreigners," and the rest of the family become separated.

There is some appearance of coarseness in the execution of these etchings, which may arise from their having been transferred instead of being printed from the steel plates.

Revelations of Hungary. By the Baron Prochazki. London: William Shoberl, 1851.

The second title of this work ought to have been its prominent one. It is, indeed (with the exception of a Memoir of Kossuth), neither more nor less than "Leaves from the Diary of an Austrian Officer who served during the late Campaign in that Country," and has no claim to the title of "Revelations of Hungary."

We have no right or reason to doubt that the Baron Prochazki is a brave officer, and that he served with military credit during the late war; but he held no post of command, and, accordingly, what he has to tell us of the conflicts in which he was engaged cannot fairly claim from us such gravity of attention as would be extended to the narrative of one who had conducted great military operations, or who had, as one of the chiefs of the army, cooperated in effecting them.

But if no large amount of importance can be conceded to the judgments of the Baron when he speaks as a soldier, still less respect can be offered to his opinions when he discourses as a politician. We have

no space, and, if we had, we feel small inclination to argue anew the Hungarian question. We shall, in this short notice of the Baron Prochazki's book, purposely avoid doing so, contenting ourselves with the expression of a belief that, as between Austria and Hungary, there is much to be said on one side and something on the other, and that no writer on the late Hungarian insurrection has yet applied himself to a consideration of more than one side of the question.

When, therefore, we say that small weight is to be attached to our author's political opinions, it is not because he is an Austrian, but because while he may be, and probably is, a thoroughly honest gentleman and a patriot, who would not consciously colour or distort facts, it is impossible to place reliance, nay, even to accord a momentary assent to the statements of one who takes occasion to boast that he is an "an *enthusiast* in the cause of loyalty." We cannot recognize such a person as one entitled to speak and to be listened to. Loyalty is a duty, and may be claimed from all his subjects by a sovereign who has sworn to maintain a Constitution, and who is faithful to his solemn engagements; Loyalty has been sometimes heightened into a sentiment, and the cause of Liberty has never been the better for it; but when Loyalty is inflamed into a passion, it may be, as it often has been, made the ready and relentless tool of Despotism. The zealot becomes the blind and furious slave of tyranny, and having "made a solitude and called it peace," sheaths his sword under the fond delusion that he has shown himself a patriot.

The author should not, to use his own words, "have been tempted to add to the diary a short biographical sketch of Kossuth." Memoirs of living men are not often good for much, being commonly written by friends or admirers, whose testimony cannot, of course, be safely relied on: but when—a very rare case—they are written by declared enemies they are viewed with a feeling which may indeed attract the reader's sympathy towards the subject of the Memoir, but which hardly ever creates a favourable opinion of the biographer. Besides, the Baron tells us that he does not, like the worshippers of the Hungarian, "deem him worthy of mention." This is very sad. But what does the author really mean? Men, bad or good, who attain to historical importance will and must be mentioned. Massaniello and Rienzi cannot be ignored, and Nero, although not "worthy of mention" with praise by the strict moralist, will nevertheless figure in Roman history.

Valetta. By the Author of "Denton Hall." London: J. C. Newby, 1851.

There is not much in "Valetta," considered as a story, and a little labour on the part of the author would have sufficed to improve it. An old, vulgar, but shrewd curmudgeon — an attached female domestic — a half-educated, loving girl, who runs off with a "Captain bold of Halifax," that fertile and selfish military man, and a scheming niece who hovers over the sick bed of her uncle with a view to a will in her favour—these are not characters we are unaccustomed to encounter in fiction.

But these characters, depicted in "Valetta," are drawn with no ordinary amount of cleverness and skill. The peculiarities of Squire Hardyman

are brought out with such sharpness and point that he may fairly be pronounced an original. Valetta is invested with a distinct individuality, and her sister Rhoda, too young for a character, is an interesting picture of promising childhood. The author, we are assured, was not aware when he was delineating Peggy Franks, that his fancy-sketch had been coloured by the Piggotty of Mr. Dickens. Lest we should be mistaken, we repeat that the resemblance is clearly not intentional on the part of the author; let us add, too, that it is not such a resemblance as many would easily recognise.

No common observation of life is apparent in this novel, which abounds in passages that show, if not a deep knowledge of human nature, powers of reflection of no mean order. The style is sparkling and epigrammatic, sometimes amounting to wit — we mean true wit, such as was meant by that term when it was the fashion for, or the faculty of, gentlemen to be witty.

The Eve of the Deluge. By the Hon. and Rev. H. W. Villiers Stuart. London: William Shoberl, 1851.

This a theme which has been chosen by poets and by painters, but is now for the first time, we believe, selected for the subject of a prose tale. In no form in which we have seen it was it endurable; for no human imagination can conceive the awful circumstances that attended the Deluge, as no human learning has ever been able to tell what was the state of the world when the vengeance of the Almighty descended upon it. We are told, indeed, "That the wickedness of man was great in the earth;" that "The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence," and we must conclude, therefore, that the world was full of the vilest wickedness and the utmost moral and sensual degradation. But from what height the antediluvians fell, and to what depth they descended, has not been given to the people of the second world to know.

When we say—as we are bound to do—that the "Eve of the Deluge" is a failure, we are not so much questioning the ability of the author, as indicating the enormous difficulties which any writer must surmount before he can give us an impressive picture of so tremendous an event as the Deluge.

The principal character in the tale, Riesen, the king, is drawn larger than life, but conveys no gigantic effect to the reader. The other characters call for no special remark. This tale is the mistake of an amiable and accomplished gentleman, incapable of grappling with so vast and fearful a subject as, in an unlucky hour, he chose for the exercise of his powers; but we think he would succeed in the graceful and the domestic of modern life.

The Wife's Sister: or, The Forbidden Marriage. By Mrs. Hubback. London. William Shoberl, 1851.

The Authoress tells us in her brief preface that the events which her tale records cannot again occur; that no individuals can now be placed in similar situations; that her work was written previously to the great agitation on the question of the law of marriage, and that she has not published it with the ambitious intention of settling a much-debated point.

After reading the preface, we could not help thinking it strange that Mrs. Hubback had not published her tale some years since; after reading the work, we should have wondered that it was published at all, only that we knew the "agitation of the question of the law of marriage" had not at that time subsided, and that the title of the work was framed to attract those, on both sides of the question, who were yet involved in that agitation.

We are not about to weary the reader with a recapitulation of the ingenious arguments, set forth in pamphlets and urged in parliament, by which the existing law of marriage was sought to be advocated and condemned. Suffice it, that whilst, on the one hand, no wilful immorality was ascribed to those who had contracted marriages within the prohibited degrees, no righteousness overmuch was insinuated against those who protested against such marriages. The question simply was, whether, under all the circumstances which had been made rife and general in the listening ear of the public, such marriages should continue to be prohibited. During the present Session, the House of Lords has decided in favour of the existing law: in the next Parliament, however, in all probability an attempt will be made to reverse that decision.

By giving a brief outline of the story of "The Wife's Sister," we think it will be seen that not only has Mrs. Hubback not written her work "with the ambitious intention of settling a much-debated point," but that no conclusion, argument, or even inference can be drawn concerning it either way.

Mr. Cecil Mansfield, a gentleman of large property, marries a young lady, who dies in giving birth to twins. Her twin sister, resident in the house of her brother-in-law, takes charge of the children, and fulfils the duties of her voluntary office so admirably, that the widower, after a due time, finds himself in love with her, and seeks to make her his wife; whereupon, she pleads:

"We cannot, must not marry, Cecil. We are brother and sister, you know."

"We are not, I deny it—it is an imaginary tie which binds us: one which Mary's death for ever severed," cried he, impetuously.

"But the law forbids it," murmured she.

"No, the law allows it," he exclaimed. "I grant there is an old, obsolete, forgotten statute on the subject," &c.

It thus appears that the girl herself had strong doubts as to the validity of such a marriage. Nevertheless, she consents, and actually does marry Mr. Cecil Mansfield in four-and-twenty hours thereafter, without waiting for her father's consent, which she entertained grave suspicions would be withheld.

They have a daughter, and about the same time the twins by the former marriage are carried off by some complaint. Now, then, an occasion is presented, when an uncle of Cecil, Mr. Henry Mansfield,—who had "quarrelled with his only brother about their father's will," may profitably bestir himself. He is a very bad man, we are told, and has an eye to his nephew's property. Having a daughter, a handsome girl (and of course the cousin of Cecil) who has an eye to him, they conspire to withdraw their relative's allegiance from his wife. Whilst the uncle disputes the validity of the marriage in the Ecclesiastical Court, the cousin exerts all her fascinations to win or to entrap Cecil. They are successful in both cases. The marriage is declared invalid. Cecil marries his cousin.

What does this story prove—what does it show? Had the “wife’s sister” been quite unaware of any legal objection to the marriage; had her father in equal ignorance, sanctioned it, there would have been a case to go to a jury of sentimental young ladies. But there is nothing of the sort. It is idle to tell us that the uncle was a bad man, eager for wealth, and anxious that the family estate should have descended to his daughter’s eldest child. He might have had right principles and acted in the same manner. He said that the marriage was illegal and therefore invalid,—and it was so.

But looking at “The Wife’s Sister,” as a story merely, it is by no means a pleasant one. We cannot take the amount of interest in the heroine which is claimed for it by the Authoress. The precipitancy of her marriage, without any adequate cause assigned by the lover is, under the circumstances, altogether inexcusable; and if we are inclined to feel with her that she has some right to complain of her blockhead-scamp of a *quasi* husband for marrying his cousin so very soon after her marriage has been declared invalid, we do not feel that right strengthened when we see that she herself is inclined to fix her affections on another man. Cecil, his uncle and cousin, are odious and contemptible beings, whom we feel we ought not to have been troubled with.

A Voyage to China. By Dr. Berncastle. London: William Shoberl, 1850.

This is on the whole a very readable book. The Author touched at the Cape both on the voyage out, and on his return; but he stayed so short a time in that Colony that he is unable to tell us anything new about it. Neither has he anything novel to communicate to us respecting Bengal, so much having been written of late years concerning that Presidency. That which will be most interesting to the reader is the account he gives of the manners and customs of the Chinese, much of which will be new to the general reader, the whole being written in a very attractive manner.

These volumes would have been all the better by the omission of the last chapter. It will be in the memory of most of our readers that Earl Grey, last year, endeavoured to impose a certain number of convicts upon the Cape, and that the Colonists resisted that measure as one calculated to degrade, and in a very brief space of time to ruin that Colony. So successful was their resistance to this obnoxious measure, that Lord Grey was compelled to submit. After a five months’ stay, the “Neptune” convict ship departed from the shores of the Cape, and it is quite certain that no future attempt will be made to force convicts upon South Africa.

Why then tell this unpleasant story over again? Wherefore devote pages to show, and not in the most courteous terms,—quoting, too, the intemperate language of Lieut.-Colonel Napier—that the Colonial Minister was utterly wrong and ill-advised in this matter? Has he not made all the reparation in his power by withdrawing the vessel containing the convicts, and by that act making it understood that the wishes of the Colonists, in that particular, shall hereafter be respected? Has not Earl Grey, like the prudent Scotchman on a different occasion, gone “bock again?” It might have been “an evidence of imbecility, or ignorance, without parallel on the part of a British Minister,” but why denounce it after the cause of complaint has been withdrawn?

INDEX

TO THE TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME.

A.

Achilli, Dr., and the Inquisition — Dr. Townshend and the Pope, 439.
Archangel, Recollections of, 203.

B.

Baillie, Joanna, a Biographical Sketch, 453.
Baron, The, of Hohenstein. A New Legend of the Lower Rhine, 538.
Bayonne, A Trip from, across the French Frontier to Fuenterrabia, by Lieut. L. G. F. March, 88, 213.
Beck's, Baroness Von, Memoirs, 113.
Black Forest, Tour through the, 523.
Bell's, Robert, Ladder of Gold. An English Story, by Robert Bell, Author of "Wayside Pictures," &c., 75, 172.
Blind Lovers, The, of Chamouni, 428.
Brinley Richards, 221.

C.

Ceylon and the Singhalese, 224.
Chantemerle, Expedition to, by Miss Costello, 599.
Château Ghismonda; or, The Apparition, 637.
Churchyard Bride, The. An Irish Legend, 248.
Collins', W. W., Twin Sisters. A True Story, 278; Pictorial Tour to St. George Bosherville, 493.
Confessions of a Rejected Suitor, 330.
Costello's, Miss, Expedition to Chantemerle, 599.
Court, The, of Francis I., 109.
Curiosities of Eccentric Biography, Mary Baker, or Caraboo; and Johanna Southcott, by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A., 15, 180.

D.

Death of the Martyr, Balthazar Gerard, 404.
De la Pryme's, C., Lucy Neal, Latine Reddita, 153.
Devonshire-House Theatricals, 660.

VOL. XXIX.

E.

Emma and Eginard, A Story of the Days of Charlemagne, 154.
Eta's New Year's Hymn, 87; Raphael's Portrait, painted by Himself, 277.
Execution of Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin, by the Author of "Paddiana," 418.
Extraordinary Honeymoon, 292.

F.

Fairholt's, F. W., Curiosities of Eccentric Biography, Mary Baker, or Caraboo, 15; and Johanna Southcott, 180.
Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin, by the Author of "Paddiana," 418.
Forester's, T., Rambles in Sussex—The Wealden, &c. 398, 482, 628.
Forster's, Rev. C., Primeval Language, 634.
Fox's, L. B., Insolvent Debtor, 487.
French Translator, The, 627.

G.

Gaelic, Song from the, 627.
Gathering of the Nations, Exhibition of 1851, 403.
Gerard, Balthazar, death of, 404.
Gipsy, The, 263.
Good Hope, Recollections of a Settler at, 549; The Phenomenon of, 607.
Gough's, Lord, late Victories in India, 335.

H.

Her Majesty's Theatre, 1851, 337.

I.

Ice-hill Party in Russia, 416.
Inscriptions on the Rocks of Sinai, 634.
Insolvent Debtor, by Loftus Bushe Fox, 487.
Irving, Washington, Original Letter of, 461.

J.

Jew at Fault, The, 462.

Joan, Pope, An Historical Inquiry, by the Author of "The Monks of Old," 513.

Joanna Baillie; a Biographical Sketch, 453.

K.

Kaffirs, The, and Kaffir Wars, by Lieut.-Colonel Napier, 408.

Kidnapped for a Portrait. From Papers found in the possession of an Ugly Man, by Robert Postans, 371.

L.

Ladder of Gold, The, an English Story, by Robert Bell, Author of "Wayside Pictures," &c., 75, 172.

Latest Account of New Zealand, 443.

Layard, Dr. and Nineveh, 102.

Literary Men of the Last Half Century, 343.

LITERATURE:

The Duchess, 109; Lyrics of the Heart, 110; Ladder of Gold, 111; Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon, 224; Edwardes' Year on the Punjaub Frontier, 233; The Bridal and Bridle, 292; Blunt's Beauty of the Heavens, 329; Thackwell's Second Sikh War, 335; Nichol's Planetary System, 339; Fergusson's Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored—Portrait of Louis Philippe and of the Queen of the French, 340; Knox's Game Birds and Wild Fowl—Mrs. Hall's Pilgrimages to English Shrines—Christmas with the Poets, 341; Titmarsh's Kickleburys on the Rhine, 342; Lord and Lady Harcourt, 424; Monk's Golden Horn, 445; Yeast: a Problem, 447; Ellis and Acton Bell's Wuthering Heights and Agnes Gray, 448; Gilfillan's Bards of the Bible, 449; Shepard's Francia—Knight's Half Hours with the Best Authors, 451; Olshausen's Biblical Commentary, 452; Lelio: a Vision of Reality—Smith's Antiquities of Richborough, 563; Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, 564; Pique—Sylvanus' Bye-Lanes, 566; Rambles Beyond Railways, by W. Wilkie Collins, 668; Realities: A Tale, by Miss Lynn, 669; Everard Turnstall, by Thomas Forester, 670; The Earthly Resting Places of the Just, by the Rev. Erskine Neale, 671; Wanderings of Mrs. Pipe, 672; Revelations of Hungary, by Baron Prochazki, 672; Valetta, 673; Eve of the Deluge, 674; The Wife's Sister, 674; A Voyage to China, by Dr. Berncastle, 676.

Lucy Neal, Latinè Reddita, by Charles de la Pryme, 153.

Lyrics of the Heart, by Alaric A. Watts, 110.

M.

M. A. B.'s Quarrel by Post, 43; Poet's Love, 193; Oh! Let Me love Thee, 291; Oh! the Pleasant Days of Old! 384.

Madrilenia; or, Truths and Tales of Spanish Life, by H. Drummond Wolff, 22; Tertulia—the Country Drive—Adventures at Church—the Country Party, 194; Village Dance—Boadilla—Madrid—Sights—Ballet—Dos de Mayo—Buen Retiro—Carlism Conspiracy—Museo—Theatre—Tale, 308; Journey—Aranjuez—Sights—Marquita—Casa del Labrador—Folly—Frolic, 385.

March's, Lieut. L. G. F., Trip from Bayonne across the French Frontier to Fuenterrabia, 88, 213.

Margaret, Queen of Scotland, Memoir of, 318.

Maxwell's, W. H., Sporting Outlaw, 463; Song from the Gaelic, 627.

Mayhew's, Horace, Visit to a Very Great Man, 82.

Memoir of Queen Margaret of Scotland, Sister of Henry VIII., 318.

Monoculus, The, 96.

My Volunteer Troop in Kafirland, 355.

N.

Napier's, Lieut.-Col., Kaffirs and Kaffir Wars, 408.

New Year's Day, 1.

New Year's Hymn, by Eta, 87.

New Zealand, Latest account of, 443.

O.

Observations on Political Characters in 1797, 561.

Oh! let me love thee, by M. A. B., 291.

Oh! the Pleasant Days of Old, by M.A.B. 384.

"Old Times," by Captain Blue Anchor, R.N., 509.

Opening of the Opera Season, 458.

Original Letter of Washington Irving, 461.

P.

Phenomena, The, of the Universe, 329.

Philomele, Saint, or the Two Popes, 207.

Pianist and Patriot. A Sketch. By the Author of "Leoni Vermont," 131.

Pictorial Tour to St. George Bosherville, by W. W. Collins, 493.

Pipe, A., of Tobacco, 655.

Poet's Love, A, by M. A. B., 193.
 Political Characters in 1797, 561.
 Pope Joan. An Historical Inquiry, by
 the Author of "The Monks of Old,"
 513.
 Postans, R., A Strange Dish; or, A Mid-
 shipman in a "Mess," 166; Kidnapped
 for a Portrait. From Papers found in
 the possession of an Ugly Man, 371.
 Powers' Statue of California, 457.
 Press of 1850, The, 107.

Q.

Quarrel, A, by Post, by M. A. B., 43.

R.

Railway Mania, The, 111.
 Raleigh after Condemnation, 537.
 Rambles in Sussex. The Wealden. By
 Thomas Forester, Author of "Everard
 Tunstall," "Rambles in Norway,"
 &c., 398, 482, 628.
 Raphael's Portrait, Painted by Himself,
 by Eta, 277.
 Recollections of Archangel, 203.
 Recollections of a Settler at the Cape of
 Good Hope, 549.
 Red Hair, by the Author of the "Pipe
 of Repose," 532.
 Richards, Brinley, 207.
 Riddle, A, 633.
 Riesen-Gebirge, or Giant Mountains of
 Bohemia and Silesia, in the Autumn of
 1850, 44.
 Royal Academy, Exhibition of, 617.

S.

Saint Philomele; or, The Two Popes,
 207.
 Science versus Sentiment, 14.
 Scottish Hospitalities at Christmas, 424.
 Sketches in Asia Minor, &c., 445.
 Some Account of Judge Story, of the
 United States. By Charles Sumner,
 376.
 Southey, Robert, 115.
 Spirit of the Ocean. A Fairy Legend,
 361.
 Sporting Outlaw, by W. H. Maxwell, 463.
 Story, of the United States, Some Ac-
 count of, by Charles Sumner, 376.
 Strange Dish, A; or, A Midshipman in a
 "Mess," by Robert Postans, 166.

T.

Tour through the Black Forest, 5, 23.
 Tour through the Riesen-Gebirge, or
 Giant Mountains, of Bohemia and
 Silesia, in the Autumn of 1850, 44.
 Trip of "The Dilettanti" to Göttingen,
 by One of that Respectable Company,
 293.
 "Turning out a Bagman." A Legend of
 Brighton Downs, 257.
 Twin Sisters, The. A True Story, by
 W. Wilkie Collins, Author of "Anto-
 nina," 278.

U.

Unpronounceable Word, The, 562.

V.

Valley, The, of Bunnoo, and the Siege
 of Mooltan, 233.
 Visit to a Very Great Man, A, by Horace
 Mayhew, 82.
 Von Beck's Memoirs, the Baroness,
 113.

W.

Walpole, Horace, and the Literary World
 of the 18th Century, 567.
 War and Peace, 606.
 Watts', A. A. Lyrics of the Heart, 110.
 Wiggins', The, Musical Party of, 300.
 Wolff's, H. D., Madrilena; or, Truths
 and Tales of Spanish Life, 22; Tertulia
 —The Country Drive — Adventure at
 Church — The Country Party, 194; Vil-
 lage Dance — Boadilla — Madrid —
 Sights — Ballet — Dos de Mayo — Buen
 Retiro — Carlist Conspiracy — Museo —
 Theatre — Tale, 308; Journey — Aran-
 juez — Sights — Mariquita — Casa del
 Labrador — Folly — Frolic, 385.
 Wonders of the Heavens, The, 339.

Z.

Zoological Notes and Anecdotes. — Bears
 — Wolves — Giraffes — Humming Birds,
 by the Author of "Lord Bacon in Ad-
 versity," &c., 30, 264, 469, 585.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Dr. Austin Layard	1
Robert Southey	115
Sir Harry Lawrence	233
Joannie Baillie	453
Thomas Gray	567

END OF THE TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
 Printed by S. BENTLEY and Co.,
 Bangor House, Sho Lane.

