



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/>



3 3433 08175331 5



*DA
BEAILEY'S
Digitized by Google

Bentley

Digitized by Google

5300

BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. LI.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL,
193, PICCADILLY.
1862.

 *The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.*

13 1877
NEW-YORK

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Lord Mayor of London ; or, City Life in the last Century. By William Harrison Ainsworth	1, 127, 237, 347, 457, 567
The Late Prince Consort	96
On the Lamented Death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort	31
Madame la Marquise	33
Stage Emotion. By Monkshood	45
The Moral Condition of the French	55
The Countess of Albany	67
Five Months in a French Pine Forest	78
England getting ready	83
To the most Illustrious Mourner in the New Year. By Mrs. Acton Tindal	91
The Worries of a Chaperone ; or, Lady Marabout's Troubles. By Ouida. Season the Third.—The Climax	92
Population and Trade in France. By Frederick Marshall : No. X.—Merchant Shipping	104
Crooked Usage ; or, The Adventures of Lorn Lorient. By Dudley Costello	115, 173, 270, 406, 550
Social Science and Sunny Scenes in Ireland	163
Table-Talk. By Monkshood	189, 312, 423
Scandinavian Travel	199
Chant for little Mary. By Mrs. Acton Tindal	209
A Real American	210
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage ; or, The Story of a Brodered Shield. By Ouida	221
The Death-Ship. From the Danish of B. S. Ingemann. By Mrs. Bushby	267
The Forgotten Dead	283
An Arab Village	292
An Autumn at Oedt	300
Edward Forbes the Naturalist	323
Favette and Thargelie ; or, My Pastel-Portrait by La Tour. By Ouida	333
Travels in Equador	371
A Dark Mood. By Mrs. Acton Tindal	379
Slavery in America	381
Recreations in Switzerland. An Ascent of Mont Combin from St. Pierre	389
History of the First Battalion of Royal Marines in China, from 1857 to 1859	398
Canterbury and its Archbishops	432
The Beauty of Vicq d'Azir. By Ouida	440
A Day with the Alligators	491, 650
A Summer in America	501, 661

	PAGE
Dreamland	510
The Convict System in the Colonies. By Captain E. F. Du Cane, R.E.	513
The Irish Widow. A Story founded on Facts	528
The Diet and Dainties of Australian Aborigines. By Alexander Andrews	544
All Saints' Eve. By Mrs. Acton Tindal	598
The World's May Meeting	601
The last Coquetry of Lady Caprice. By Onida	610
The Millionaire of Saintonge. By Dudley Costello	621
A Glance at Rome in 1862	637
The Poet's Dream. From the German of Heine. By Edgar A. Bowring, C.B.	647

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:

OR, CITY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the First.

GUILDHALL.

I.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ON the Ninth of November, 1761, there was great jubilation in the City of London.

On that day, the Right Hon. Sir Gresham Lorimer, Knight, draper, alderman for Cheap ward, and member of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Tailors, entered upon his duties as first magistrate of the first city in the world. Most auspiciously did his mayoralty commence. Called by the popular voice to the civic chair, his election had been almost unanimous, there being only one vote for the brother alderman, nominated with him by the livery; and when the choice of the court was made known by the Recorder, the announcement was received with great cheering. The applause was even more vehement when, being called forth, the Lord Mayor elect was invested with the chain, and returned thanks for the great honour done him. Subsequently, on his being presented to the Lord Chancellor by the Recorder, the approbation of the crown was very graciously communicated to him by his lordship. The farewell dinner given by Sir Gresham in conjunction with Sir Matthew Blakiston, the retiring Lord Mayor was remarkable, even in the City, for splendour and profusion, gave promise of many a glorious banquet to follow.

Special circumstances conspired to give additional lustre to our Lord Mayor's Day. Not only was he generally respected by his fellow citizens; not only was he certain of an enthusiastic reception from the thousands assembled to greet him on his way to Westminster; not only had unwonted care been bestowed on the procession destined to attend him; not only were some of the old civic pageants—the delight of the multitude—to be revived for the occasion; but on that day the young and newly-

* *All rights reserved.*

married George III. was about to honour the City with his presence—according to custom, it being the first Lord Mayor's Day after his coronation—to view the show, and partake afterwards of the grand civic feast at Guildhall.

As the young monarch would be accompanied on this occasion by his queen, the whole of the royal family and the court, extraordinary preparations were made for their reception. As usual, the day was kept as a general holiday. The shops were closed, and business altogether suspended. Bells were rung, guns fired, and other noisy demonstrations of delight made. Scaffoldings were erected by the City companies for the accommodation of their wardens and liverymen at various points calculated to command a good view of the procession. Many of the houses were richly decorated and hung with flags and banners, and arrangements were made for a general illumination at night. Four regiments of the London Militia were ordered to line the way from Temple-bar to the top of Ludgate-hill, and took up their position betimes. The Mounted Train Bands were stationed at intervals from Saint Paul's Churchyard to the Mansion House. All public vehicles were prohibited in the principal thoroughfares, and no private carriages were allowed to pass along Cheapside, or approach Guildhall, whence the procession was to start at eleven o'clock, except those belonging to the aldermen and sheriffs, or other personages connected with the show.

A vast and continually-increasing concourse filled Cheapside and the streets leading to Blackfriars, where the Lord Mayor was to embark in his state barge and proceed by water to Westminster, and a good many brawls and disturbances took place, which the combined efforts of the militia and the peace-officers scarcely sufficed to check—the mobs in those days being very turbulent and pugnacious, and exceedingly ready, not only with sticks and bludgeons, but with such weapons as nature had provided them withal. Broken pates, damaged noses, or darkened orbs of vision generally followed these conflicts. However, as on this occasion the bulk of the crowd consisted of decently-behaved citizens, who had brought their wives and daughters with them to see the lord mayor's show, the quarrels were of rarer occurrence than usual, and more speedily subdued. High and low, masters and apprentices, were dressed in holiday attire, and, to judge from their looks, full of glee, and bent upon enjoyment.

Fortunately for all concerned in the show, whether as actors or spectators, the day was remarkably fine. The sun shone forth brilliantly, gladdening every heart, while the prescriptive fogs of November held good-naturedly aloof.

Before proceeding further, it may be proper to say a few words concerning the hero of the day. Sir Gresham Lorimer's previous history is soon told, being unmarked by any exciting incident or adventure. His career had been simply that of a citizen, who, by in-



dustry and integrity, has risen from a humble position to wealth and distinction. Circumstances no doubt favoured him in his progress, but so they generally do the deserving. Born in Bucklersbury, about sixty years before the present important epoch in his history, Gresham was the third son of a drysalter, who had got into difficulties, and never recovered from them, but who was able to give his son a good education by placing him at Merchant Tailors' School, where the lad remained until his father's death, when he was apprenticed to Mr. Tradescant, a prosperous draper in Cheapside, who knew the family, and had taken a fancy to the youth. Gresham did not disappoint the expectations formed of him by his worthy master. Discreet, diligent, and shrewd, he soon became Mr. Tradescant's right hand. On the expiration of his term, he was made head clerk, and in a few years afterwards was taken into partnership by his employer, the firm thenceforward being **TRADESCANT AND LORIMER.**

Before attaining this position, which established his success in life, Gresham had lost his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, and to whose support he had of late mainly contributed. His brothers, Godfrey and Lawrence, neither of whom was distinguished by the same good qualities as himself, had left London to seek a fortune elsewhere, and had not since been heard of. It was then that Mr. Tradescant judged it the fitting season to put in execution a design he had long since entertained. The worthy draper was a widower, with an only child, a daughter, on whom all his hopes and affections were fixed, and there was no one, he thought, to whom her happiness could be more securely confided than Gresham Lorimer. Celia Tradescant responded to her father's wishes. Her heart was entirely disengaged; or, if she had any preference, it was for the very person selected for her. A few years younger than Gresham Lorimer, she had not failed to admire him, as they sat together in Mr. Tradescant's large pew in Bow Church, and looked over the same prayer-book. But to Gresham's credit, it must be stated that he had never ventured to raise his eyes towards his master's fair daughter, and it was only when placed on an equality with her that he thought it possible he might obtain such a prize. Even then it was necessary for Mr. Tradescant to make his intentions manifest before the young man dared to comprehend them. At last, however, the event so much desired by all parties was satisfactorily brought about. The young couple were married at the altar of the church where they had so often knelt together, and a very grand wedding it was. All Cheapside was alive that morning; musicians played before Mr. Tradescant's dwelling, and alms and viands were liberally distributed among the poor.

Who so happy now as Gresham Lorimer!—blessed with a very pretty wife, and partner in a very lucrative concern, which must one day be entirely his own. Brilliant, indeed, were his prospects, and

they continued undimmed to the very time of which we treat, except by such few mischances as are inseparable from human affairs. Having arranged matters to his satisfaction, good Mr. Tradescant committed the management of his business entirely to his son-in-law, and passed the remainder of his days in calm contentment with his beloved daughter, living long enough to see his grandchildren springing around him.

Several children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer, but of these the only survivors at the time of our narrative were three daughters and a son. Of these and their mother more anon, our present business being with Sir Gresham. His probity and honourable conduct gained him a very high character in the City. Necessarily, he had served as sheriff, or he could not have been elevated to the civic chair, and he had displayed so much efficiency in the discharge of his duties while holding that important office, coupled with so much liberality and hospitality, that he was then marked out for a still higher dignity, in case he should aspire to it.

It was during his shrievalty that he received the honour of knighthood from the late king, George II., and this circumstance was not less gratifying to himself than to his spouse, who had become much more consequential since her husband had risen in importance. Sir Gresham's next step towards the object of his ambition—for ambitious he undoubtedly was of becoming Lord Mayor—was his election as alderman. A vacancy having occurred in the court by the death of the alderman for Cheap Ward, Sir Gresham was chosen out of three candidates to fill the office. In this new position he speedily distinguished himself as an active and intelligent magistrate, a zealous administrator of the affairs of the City, and a watchful guardian of City rights and interests. No man, except perhaps his brother alderman, Mr. Beckford, had more weight with the common council than he, and as the City exercised considerable political influence at that time, his power was felt by the government.

Sir Gresham's elevation to the mayoralty was accelerated by an important political event, to which allusion must now be briefly made. During the late reign, and especially towards its close, Pitt's vigorous and successful conduct of the wars in which we were then engaged, had raised the national pride to such a pitch, that the mere idea of a peace—unless our foes should be thoroughly humbled—was distasteful to the country. Pitt was the people's minister, and the idol of the City. But on the accession of George III. it soon became apparent that a new influence was at work. Before mounting the throne this young prince had been entirely guided by his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, a woman of ambitious character and passionate temperament, who, in her turn, was governed by her confidential adviser the Earl of Bute. It was foreseen that, by the double influence possessed by this *parvenu* Scotch peer over the mother and the son, he must

needs play an important part in the direction of state affairs, and events speedily justified the correctness of these suppositions. Bute's aim was to be supreme in the cabinet, but speedily discovering that Pitt was an unsurmountable obstacle to his designs, and that so long as he continued in the ministry, uncontrolled sway would be impossible, he determined to remove him. With the exception of Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law, all the other members of the administration, including its ostensible head, the old Duke of Newcastle, showed themselves sufficiently complaisant, so that the "Favourite's" task did not appear particularly difficult. With the view of supplanting his rival, he contrived to inspire the young king with an inclination for peace, persuading him it would be most beneficial to the country, and well knowing that any such proposition made to Pitt in the present posture of affairs would encounter his violent opposition, and if persisted in, and carried in his despite, would infallibly cause his resignation.

The scheme proved successful. But the indignation of the whole country was roused against the intriguing "Favourite" by whose arts it had been deprived of a minister to whom it owed its greatness. Loud was the clamour against Bute throughout the land, and the Duke of Newcastle and his colleagues came in for a share of the popular obloquy. Even the young king himself was severely censured.

Of all Pitt's partisans in the City, and their name was legion, the most zealous and devoted were Sir Gresham Lorimer and Mr. Beckford, both of whom enjoyed a certain degree of his confidence, and when the patriotic minister resigned the seals as secretary, because his bold and judicious counsels of a prompt declaration of war against Spain, and the seizure of the Plate fleet before it could get into port, would not—owing to the wily machinations of Bute—be listened to by the cabinet, a meeting of the common council was summoned by Sir Gresham, and an address proposed to the retiring minister, another to the king praying Pitt's recal. Such a representation of the sentiments of the City could not be disregarded by his majesty. The indignant secretary, however, refused to return to office. But while declining his royal master's solicitations, he accepted the pension graciously offered him—an act that temporarily lowered him in the estimation of his City friends. A letter, however, subsequently addressed to them in justification of his conduct, completely restored him to their good opinion.

"There!" exclaimed Sir Gresham, after reading this letter to the members of the City senate. "I hope you are satisfied with our great statesman's explanation. I never doubted him for a moment, knowing him to be incorruptible, and solely influenced by the noblest and most patriotic motives. As to the pension, he deserves all that a grateful country can bestow upon him—ininitely more than he has yet obtained. His foresight and prudence will soon be made manifest. Government will be forced to follow out

his plans. But they can't get on without him. We must have him back again—in spite of my Lord Bute—and at the head of the administration. The sooner the 'Favourite' is dismissed the better. I hope he may hear what we think of him in the City."

The "Favourite" *did* hear of it, and contemptuously remarked that Sir Gresham Lorimer was a meddling blockhead, who had better stick to his shop, instead of interfering in matters that didn't concern him, and about which he knew nothing.

These few disparaging words served Sir Gresham more than the highest commendation could have done. From that moment the City resolved to avenge him upon the "Favourite." His name was in every man's mouth. They would have no other Lord Mayor. Lord Bute should learn what they thought of him and his sneers. If he treated the City with scorn, the City would pay him in his own coin—and with interest. He had sneered at Sir Gresham Lorimer, and called him "a meddling blockhead." Very well. "The meddling blockhead" should be Lord Mayor, and no other. The City was unanimous on this point. So Sir Gresham was triumphantly elected, as we have already described, and the laugh was then on his side.

As Lord Bute must needs accompany his royal master on his visit to the City, an opportunity would be afforded the citizens of showing the estimation in which they held him. They would likewise be able to manifest their opinion of Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, who were also to be the Lord Mayor's guests at Guildhall. It was plain that the day would be one of triumph to the late ministers, and of humiliation and mortification to the "Favourite."

II.

THE LADY MAYORESS AND HER FAMILY.

CONSTANT to the City, where he was born and bred, where the happiest hours of his life were spent and his fortune made, Sir Gresham Lorimer, on becoming wealthy and important, would not desert it, but proof against the solicitations of Lady Lorimer and his family, who would willingly have moved westward, continued to dwell in Cheapside, in the house where his business was conducted, and where his worthy and highly-respected father-in-law, Mr. Tradescant, had so long resided.

Situated on the same side as Bow Church, at the corner of Queen-street, the house was old-fashioned, having been built soon after the great Fire of London, but it was large and commodious, with extensive premises at the rear, and answered perfectly well the double purpose of a private dwelling and a place of business. The lower floor was devoted to the shop and warehouse, and entirely separated from the upper part of the house; an arrangement slightly differing from that observed during Mr. Tradescant's time, when the

apprentices lodged and boarded with their master. The habitation had a solid and rather heavy look, being totally devoid of ornament, unless the wide balcony on the first-floor could be termed ornamental. The private entrance was from Queen-street, and the porch over the doorway was handsome, its far-projecting roof being supported by carved pillars, and embellished with a scutcheon displaying the arms of the Tradescants. Within, a wide staircase conducted to a gallery opening upon several spacious apartments; in one of the largest of which, facing Cheapside, the family of the Lord Mayor, with his chaplain and some other guests, presently to be described, were assembled at breakfast about ten o'clock on the morning in question. His lordship himself had not made his appearance, being engaged with two of the aldermen and the sheriffs in another room, but was momentarily expected.

As it may perhaps surprise those unacquainted with civic usages to learn that the Lord Mayor had not yet quitted his private residence, it may be mentioned that time is always courteously allowed the retiring City magnate to remove, without haste or inconvenience, from the scene of his late grandeur. Sir Matthew Blakiston was therefore permitted to occupy the Mansion House for a few days longer.

At this juncture, our Lord Mayor's residence presented a much more imposing aspect than it ordinarily wore. The shop, of course, was closed. The balcony was overhung by a rich canopy, from which curtains of crimson damask were suspended, while in front were displayed two banners, on one of which the City arms were gorgeously emblazoned, and on the other the arms with which the heralds had furnished Sir Gresham. The upper windows were likewise decorated and hung with flags. The street was kept clear in front of the house, and for a considerable space on either side, by mounted troopers, and by a posse of peace-officers and staves-men. Queen-street was also kept clear as far as Watling-street for the Lord Mayor's state-coach, and for the sheriff's carriages. The whole of King-street, and the large area in front of Guildhall, were occupied by a throng of equipages of various kinds, and by a vast number of persons, some on foot and some on horseback, and many in extraordinary habits, connected with the procession, which was to start from this point. Here were drawn up the standard-bearers of the City companies, the bargemen in their liveries, the watermen carrying various colours, the beadles, the mounted trumpeters, the mounted guard, the ancient herald, esquires, armourers, ancient knights, armed cap à pie, yeomen of the guard, with a crowd of grotesque and fantastic personages belonging to the pageants. Besides these, and many others too numerous to particularise, there were three or four military bands, one of which, stationed in Cheapside nearly opposite the Lord Mayor's residence, enlivened the multitude collected thereabouts by the airs they played. Tall footmen in state liveries

wearing large three-cornered hats, laced and feathered, and carrying long gold-headed canes, congregated at Sir Gresham's door, which, being thrown wide open, admitted a view of other lacqueys and porters lining the passage, or standing at the foot of the staircase, all quite as grandly arrayed as their fellows outside, and quite as proud in look and deportment.

But let us now repair to the room where the breakfast party were assembled, and bestow a glance at its occupants.

The Lady Mayoress, it has been intimated, was a few years younger than her husband, and being still in remarkably good preservation, might be termed a fine woman. Her person was rather on a large scale, it is true, her features fat and rounded, and her once dimpling chin doubled, but her teeth and eyes were good, and she had an agreeable smile, and a generally pleasing expression of countenance. Her size, however, was vastly exaggerated by the outrageous dimensions of the hoops sustaining her pink satin gown, which was decorated to profusion with large bows of ribbon, cords, tassels, and wreaths of flowers, and festooned with great bands of parti-coloured silks; while her stature was increased in the same ratio by a surprisingly lofty head-dress, which rose full three feet above her brows, and might have over-balanced a less substantially-built frame. This monstrous "head," the interior of which (if we may venture to reveal the secrets of the toilette), was formed of tow, rose up smooth and straight as a wall in front, being stiffened with powder and pomatum, while the sides and back were covered with ranges of enormous curls, likewise plentifully besprinkled with powder. Some of these curls descended upon her ladyship's ample shoulders. But we have not yet done. The towering head-dress in question, which reminds one of Queen Huncamunca's, was hung over with ropes of pearls, and other jewels, decorated with ribbons in bobs and ties, and surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers. There seems little danger of such a mode as this being revived, but it may be well to remark, by way of caution, that, independently of the time occupied in its construction, the shape, which was calculated to last for a fortnight, could only be preserved by the wearer sleeping in a chair during the whole of the time.

Such, ladies, was a Lady Mayoress in the times of your great-grandmothers.

Separated from her mother by the Lord Mayor's chaplain, Dr. Dipple,—a fat, rubicund-visaged divine, attired in cassock and band, who looked as if he did not despise the good things of this world, and had assisted at many a civic feast,—was Lady Lorimer's eldest daughter, Lady Dawes, a lively, dark-eyed, coquettish, and very pretty widow of some three or four-and-thirty. Lady Dawes's rather full figure—for her ladyship promised in due time to attain to her mother's goodly proportions—was arrayed in a polonese of garnet-coloured lustring, made very high behind, and very low in front. Open from the waist, and

looped back so as to display a rich diamond-quilted petticoat, this very becoming dress was puffed at the sides with ribbons, and edged with lace. The half moon toupee, in which form her ladyship's raven tresses—now changed in hue by powder—were arranged, suited her to a marvel. Lady Dawes's features were by no means classical in outline. There was nothing severe, or chiselled, in their style. But without being regular, they were pretty, and their expression was eminently pleasing. She was the relict of Sir John Dawes, a rich old goldsmith in Gracechurch-street, whom we suspect she must have married for his money, for he had no other recommendation, and who had died a few years before, leaving her all his treasures. With her personal attractions and her wealth it will not be supposed that Lady Dawes lacked suitors—in fact, she had a great many—but she did not seem inclined to assume the matrimonial yoke for the second time.

The Lady Mayoress's second daughter, Mrs. Chatteris, who was likewise present with her husband Captain Chatteris, of the Honourable City Artillery—Tom Chatteris, as he was familiarly called—was also a very pretty woman, though in quite a different style from Lady Dawes, being a blonde, with soft blue eyes, a delicately fair complexion, and languishing looks. Lady Lorimer had been heard to declare that she did not know which of her two married daughters was the handsomest—she sometimes gave the palm to dearest Olivia, sometimes to dearest Chloris. But she never compared her youngest daughter, Millicent, with either of them. Mrs. Chatteris, however, was pretty enough to make any mother vain, and any husband jealous, though Tom Chatteris neither doted upon her nor was jealous. In fact, he rather liked to see her admired, and as Mrs. Chatteris had no objection to admiration, this did very well. Provided he was allowed to flirt as much as he pleased, Tom never thought of interfering with his wife's proceedings, and this mutual good understanding being arrived at, they lived together on the best terms possible. Sir Gresham would have liked to see a little more real conjugal regard on both sides, but as Lady Lorimer assured him that dearest Chloris was perfectly happy, he was fain to be content, simply remarking that “this was not the way married folk used to live together in former days.”

“Ah! but habits of life have greatly changed since our time, Sir Gresham,” observed Lady Lorimer.

“So it seems,” he replied, dryly; “but I am dull enough to like old manners best. I could never have borne to see any one make downright love to you, as I perceive some of those scented fops do to Chloris; and for all your pretended indifference, I don't think you would have liked me to run after every pretty woman I met, as seems to be the case with Tom Chatteris.”

“I don't think I should, my dear,” Lady Lorimer rejoined, quickly agitating her fan. “But *our* case is very different. *We*, you know, married from love.”

“Then you don't think people do marry from love now-a-days,

eh? At all events, I hope Milly won't follow her sisters' example in that respect."

"I shall be very glad if Milly marries as well as either of them, rejoined Lady Lorimer, somewhat sharply. "Dearest Olivia was the envy of all our City belles when she married that Croesus, old Sir John Dawes——"

"Well, I can't say that was a bad match, regarded in a pecuniary point of view," Sir Gresham interrupted; "but it was entirely your making, my love."

"So it was," she rejoined. "I take the entire credit of it. And dearest Olivia is greatly obliged to me, if you are not, Sir Gresham. What could she desire better?"

"Why, Sir John Dawes was twelve years older than myself, cried Sir Gresham. "I remember him when I was a boy and dwelling in Bucklersbury."

"Don't refer to that period, I beg of you, Sir Gresham. Sir John's years were a recommendation rather than otherwise, since they gave his wife the assurance of becoming the more speedily a widow. And he was obliging enough to gratify her, and to leave her ten thousand a year in testimony of his affection. If that can't be termed marrying well, I don't know what can."

"Well, well, my dear, I won't contradict you. Ten thousand a year is a jointure not to be despised, and Olivia may please herself, if she marries again, that's quite certain. But you can't say there were any such worldly advantages as those in Chloris's case, and you were as eager to bring about that match as the other. You know I objected to Captain Chatteris, and thought him too gay, too fond of pleasure—not quite steady enough, in short—but I suffered myself to be overruled by you."

"And very properly so, too, Sir Gresham. Where a daughter's happiness is concerned, no one is so good a judge of the means of ensuring it as a mother. Captain Chatteris and dearest Chloris seemed made for each other. You remember I said so when he danced with her at the ball at Goldsmiths' Hall, where they first met."

"I remember he was very assiduous in his attentions to you, my dear, and paid you nearly as much court as he paid Chloris."

"Mere fancy on your part, Sir Gresham. Captain Chatteris is the best-bred person I know. He has been brought up in a good school, which teaches that assiduous attention to our sex is the primary duty of man."

"The lessons he learnt at that school have not been thrown away upon him, it must be owned," laughed Sir Gresham. "He rarely fails to profit by them."

"And much to his credit, if he does," Lady Gresham rejoined. "To my mind, people can never be too polite. You would be none the worse yourself, Sir Gresham, if you imitated Captain Chatteris in that respect a little. However, let that pass. Tom's agreeable manners and good looks won dearest Chloris's heart, as you know,

and I could not refuse my consent to the union, though he wasn't quite so well off as might have been desired."

"Well off!" exclaimed Sir Gresham. "Zounds! he had less than nothing. He was over head and ears in debt."

"But he confessed his position so charmingly, and promised amendment so earnestly, that one could not fail to be pleased with him, and take him at his word. And you behaved nobly, as you always do, Sir Gresham. You not only paid his debts, but agreed to make them a handsome allowance on their marriage."

"Which they have always exceeded," observed Sir Gresham. "I hope Tom isn't in debt again. I shan't help him out of his difficulties a second time, I can promise him."

"If he owes anything 'tis a mere trifle. A few hundreds, which you will never miss, Sir Gresham, will set all right."

"Then he *is* in debt!" cried her husband, angrily. "Fire and fury! I've a good mind to turn my back upon him."

"No you won't, Sir Gresham," she rejoined, in the coaxing tone which seldom failed in effect. "You are far too kind, too generous for that. Set him clear once more, and I'll answer for his good conduct in future."

"I won't promise anything till I know precisely how much he owes, and whom he owes it to," said Sir Gresham. "When I am satisfied on these points I will decide. But it is not merely of Tom's extravagance that I complain, but of the bad example he sets to our son, Tradescant, who, I fear, is disposed to tread in his steps. Use all the arguments I please, I can't get the young scapegrace to attend to business."

"No wonder, Sir Gresham. Tradescant knows he is an only son, and he likewise knows you are very rich."

"Tom Chatteris takes care to impress that upon him pretty forcibly. What is more, he tries to make a fine gentleman of him, and teaches him to despise his father's business."

"Why you wouldn't have Tradescant a draper, Sir Gresham?" cried Lady Lorimer. "Surely, you intend him for something better than that!"

"And what better could he do than follow the business which his father and grandfather have conducted before him? Zounds! I'll have none of these fine airs. Tradescant is a son of a tradesman, and ought not to be ashamed of his origin. If he is, I'm ashamed of *him*. But he *shall* attend to business. He shall be seen in the shop. He shall stand behind the counter."

"He will die first. What! our son, Tradescant, measure out a few yards of cloth for a customer! Dreadful!—not to be endured!"

"And why not?" cried Sir Gresham. "I've measured many a yard of cloth in my day, and thought it no disgrace. But times are changed now. Sons begin where fathers leave off."

"And very natural too, Sir Gresham. Don't lower your son, I

that he thought her positively handsome—far handsomer, indeed, than either of his other daughters. But this no doubt was a mistake, and entirely attributable to his partiality. No one else discovered these beauties, because poor, retiring Millicent, who, kept in the background—"the proper place for her," Lady Lorimer said—was generally overlooked. It cannot be denied, however, that she had a very good figure; tall, slight, and perfectly formed. Her rich dark tresses were taken back from her smooth brow so as to form a very pretty toupee of moderate size, while her profuse back locks, which, when unfastened, fell down almost to her feet, were clubbed behind, and secured by a broad pink ribbon, tied in a bow. Her gown was of dove-coloured silk, long waisted, laced over the stomacher, and had short sleeves to the elbow, adorned with large ruffles. There was no other ornament about it. Her feet were quite as small and as pretty as those of her sisters, and this was the only point of resemblance between them.

Having thus completed the survey of the female members of our Lord Mayor's family, we will next glance at his only son, Tradescant. It will not be thought surprising that Lady Lorimer should deem it degrading in such a smart young gentleman as we are about to present, to pay any personal attention to his father's business. Tradescant was a beau of the first water. A richly-laced, maroon-coloured velvet coat, made in the extremity of the mode, with large cuffs, and without collar, and a long-skirted satin waistcoat, embroidered and laced like the coat, set off his really fine person; while cobweb silk stockings of a ruby colour, and shoes with diamond buckles in them, were equally advantageous to the display of his leg and foot, of both of which the young fellow was not a little vain. Ruffles of the finest Mechlin lace, a deep frill of the same material, and a muslin cravat completed his costume. A dishevelled peruke of flaxen hair assisted the rakish look and deportment he affected. But for this dissipated expression, and his extreme foppery of manner, Tradescant Lorimer might have been termed a very handsome, elegant fellow; but his graces, such as they were, were all external, for though not devoid of spirit, he was shallow-pated and frivolous, devoted to pleasure, led by his equally dissolute brother-in-law, Captain Chatteris, and preyed upon and duped by his other profligate associates. With the worst side of his son's character Sir Gresham was entirely unacquainted. He knew him to be idle and extravagant, but he did not know the sort of company he kept. He was aware that he frequented Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone Gardens, the Opera and the theatres, and he saw no great harm in this, but he never dreamed that he haunted taverns and gaming-houses, consorted with racing-men, and betted at the cock-pit. Had these proceedings come to his father's ears, Tradescant would have felt the full weight of the old gentleman's displeasure.

Conspicuous among the party at the breakfast-table was the

gay and good-looking Captain Chatteris, whose example and precepts had produced such pernicious effects upon his brother-in-law. A person of singularly fascinating manners, very lax in morals, very showy in appearance, possessed of high animal spirits, always engaged in pleasurable pursuits, Tom Chatteris was one of the most dangerous companions that any young man, constituted like Tradescant, could have found, and no wonder he was led astray. On the present occasion Tom's very handsome figure was invested in the uniform of the Honourable City Artillery, to which he belonged, and remarkably well it became him.

In addition to the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, Doctor Dipple, already casually mentioned, the breakfast party comprised some five or six gentlemen, all of whom were very elegantly attired—much in the same style as Tradescant himself, whose intimates they were. All these gay-looking personages were distinguished by easy and agreeable manners, and had quite the air of men about town. Noticeable among them—though not for good looks, for he was one of the ugliest persons imaginable, and squinted abominably—was a tall thin man of some three or four-and-thirty. He was rather more soberly attired than his companions, and had less of the air of a *petit-maitre*. Though his looks were almost forbidding, there was so much wit and drollery in his conversation, and so much mobility and expression in his features, that his ugliness was speedily forgotten. His obliquity of vision gave effect to his jests. This was no other than the well-known John Wilkes, member for Aylesbury, who afterwards became sufficiently notorious. An ardent admirer of the sex, Wilkes plumed himself upon his successes, and notwithstanding the personal disadvantages under which he laboured with them, there might possibly be some foundation for the boast. On the present occasion he was devoted to the beautiful Mrs. Chatteris, next to whom he sat.

On the fair lady's left, and seemingly bent upon disputing Wilkes's pretensions to her favour, was the other member for Aylesbury, Mr. Thomas Potter, son to an archbishop, and if good looks went for anything in such a contest, Tom Potter was sure of victory. Mrs. Chatteris's sweetest smiles, however, seemed to be reserved for the ugly wit.

Lady Dawes engrossed the attentions of the Earl of Sandwich, upon whom her charms had produced a decided impression; while her fickle ladyship, intoxicated by her new conquest, scarcely deigned to notice her old admirer, Sir Thomas Stapleton.

Only two other persons require to be mentioned. These were Sir William Stanhope and Sir Francis Dashwood; the former of whom chatted gaily with the Lady Mayoress, while the latter vainly endeavoured to amuse Millicent by his prattle. All his anecdotes and court scandal failed to extract a smile from her. She felt herself quite out of place in the present company.

None of the individuals we have mentioned must be regarded as the Lord Mayor's friends; they had come thither on his son's invitation. To most of them, Tradescant's promise that his sisters Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris—the repute of whose beauty had reached them—would be present, had proved a stronger lure than the show, which he held out as the main attraction, and they readily agreed to come and breakfast with him in Cheapside at this early hour. Both Lord Sandwich and Mr. Wilkes took care to let the ladies know what inducements had brought them there.

These gentlemen formed the dissolute and dangerous set to whom Tradescant had been latterly introduced by his brother-in-law, and as they were all persons of undoubted fashion, the young fellow was not a little proud of his fine acquaintances, not perceiving that they made him pay for the honour of their society. At Captain Chatteris's instance he had lately been made a member of the Dilettanti Club, held in Palace-yard, and participated in its nightly carousals and orgies. Better acquainted than her husband with Tradescant's mode of life, Lady Lorimer was not without anxiety about him, but partly deluded by the representations of Captain Chatteris, and blinded by partiality, she persuaded herself his follies were the mere effervescence of youth, and would soon pass off. Then Tradescant's fine acquaintances were exactly the sort of people to impose upon her. Were not some of them persons of rank and title, and all men of high breeding, wit, and fashion? Impossible he could go far wrong in such a set.

When the brilliant Lord Sandwich was presented to her on the morning in question, together with the captivating Sir Francis Dashwood, the handsome Tom Potter, and that drollest of mortals, Mr. Wilkes, her ladyship was quite enraptured, and thought her son might well be proud of such friends. Her two elder daughters were equally enchanted. Lady Dawes thought Lord Sandwich charming, and Mrs. Chatteris, though she could not conceal from herself that Mr. Wilkes was "a perfect fright," found him immensely entertaining, and far more agreeable than some handsome men—meaning his colleague, Tom Potter. The only person, as we have intimated, who was not delighted with Tradescant's fine friends was Millicent; but this was not surprising, it being quite understood that she had neither taste nor discrimination. "Strange, I can't get a smile from her, or elicit a remark," thought Dashwood, astonished at his failure. "The girl must be an idiot. Yet she looks intelligent, and has decidedly fine eyes. What the deuce can be the matter with her?"

However, the rest of the party got on remarkably well. There was a great deal of lively conversation and merriment, and they were all laughing heartily at one of Mr. Wilkes's funny stories, when the door was thrown open by the gorgeous footmen stationed outside it, and the Lord Mayor, in his scarlet and richly-furred robes, and wearing his chains and the collar of SS with a pendant jewel, entered the room.

III.

INTRODUCING THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN BECKFORD, AND ALDERMAN SIR FELIX BLAND.—AND SHOWING HOW HIS LORDSHIP RECEIVED A VISIT FROM A NEPHEW AND NIECE, OF WHOM HE HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE.

THE Lord Mayor looked extremely well. Tall, well proportioned, and stout, his bulkiness of person rather heightened his dignity of deportment than detracted from it. His pink cheeks, smooth-shaven and glossy, bespoke him no enemy to good cheer; but his eyes were bright, and his looks indicative of good health, and its best and surest promoters cheerfulness and kindness of heart. Though his face was round and full, its lineaments were regular, and of the genuine English stamp. His goodly person was arrayed in a full court suit, over which he wore his robes and chain, as already mentioned. A well-powdered tie-wig completed his costume.

The Lord Mayor was accompanied by two aldermen in their robes, and by the sheriffs, Mr. Nathaniel Nash and Mr. John Cartwright, likewise in their gowns and chains. Of the aldermen, the most worthy of note was a tall, stately-looking personage, whose features, rather quick and passionate in expression, and embrowned in hue as if by warmer suns than our own, were marked by a large aquiline nose and keen penetrating eyes. This was Mr. William Beckford, previously described as one of Mr. Pitt's most zealous adherents. A wealthy West India merchant, one of the representatives of the City in parliament, and alderman for the Ward of Billingsgate, Mr. Beckford had earned the goodwill of his fellow-citizens by unremitting attention to their interests both in the House and out of it, as well as by his praiseworthy endeavours to check the abuse of malt distillery, and the pernicious effects of gin-drinking. Somewhat hot in temper, no doubt owing to his West Indian origin, and apt to be overbearing in manner, Alderman Beckford could not fail to make some enemies, but those who knew him intimately, and could estimate his sterling qualities and generosity of character, admired and esteemed him. Amongst these was Sir Gresham Lorimer.

Very different from Mr. Beckford was Sir Felix Bland, alderman for Bassishaw Ward, who entered the room at the same time, but at once darted forward to pay his devoirs to the Lady Mayoress and her daughters. A stout, sleek little man, with the softest and sweetest expression of countenance and the smoothest manner, Sir Felix was profuse in compliments, and unsparing in professions of regard. Everybody with whom he claimed acquaintance—and he knew half the City—was his dearest and most valued friend. He was delighted to meet him, inquired about his wife and daughters—if he had any—and his family concerns—of which he knew but little, and cared less—with an interest that was really touching. There was something perhaps rather cloying in this un-

varying sweetness of manner, and the overdose of compliments as usually administered by Sir Felix seemed to savour of insincerity, but people will stand a good deal when their self-love is flattered, and there was no resisting the smooth-spoken alderman's blandishments and the gentle pressure of his hand. Besides, he had a great many good qualities, and, apart from his adulatory manner, which brought considerable ridicule upon him, was a very amiable, estimable person.

On the entrance of the Lord Mayor, all the party arose from the breakfast-table, though his lordship besought them to keep their seats, and Tradescant proceeded to present his new acquaintances to his father. While this was going on, and Sir Gresham was affably acknowledging the ceremonious bows made to him on all sides, Sir Felix Bland, as we have stated, had flown to the ladies, and began by showering compliments upon the Lady Mayoress.

"Your ladyship looks charmingly to-day," he said, in accents of the most fervent delight, and lifting his eyes towards her towering head-dress, as if quite dazzled by its beauty; "I declare I never beheld anything more majestic and imposing. Your perruquier—Le Gros, I presume—has done you justice. 'Tis a superb creation, and proves him to be a man of real genius in his line. But no wonder he felt inspired when he had such a head to deal with. Your ladyship knows I scorn flattery, but I cannot repress genuine admiration—as why should I? By-and-by, you will find my opinion of that ravishing head-dress confirmed by the universal rapture the sight of it will occasion. And what a day for its display! Could anything be more propitious? No fog—no rain—not even a cloud—but a sunshine worthy of June. Sure never was Lord Mayor so highly favoured as our dear Sir Gresham! But I felt it would be so. His lordship is lucky in everything, but in nothing more lucky than in the possession of the most adorable wife in the world."

"Really, Sir Felix, you quite overwhelm me," cried the Lady Mayoress, affecting confusion. "Were I younger, your compliments might turn my head. As it is, they make me feel quite vain, though I know 'tis mere flattery."

"Your ladyship does me a great injustice in taxing me with flattery. I value myself on my sincerity and candour. Thus, if your ladyship had not been dressed so divinely, and looked so bewitchingly, but had been as unbecomingly attired and as uncouth in manner as some City dames I have seen—I won't mention names—I should scarcely have hesitated to say so. But now I can assert, and without fear of contradiction, that we have a Lady Mayoress who for grace, dignity, and beauty—ay, beauty—has never yet had her peer."

"You are prodigiously polite, I vow, Sir Felix," replied the Lady Mayoress, upon whom these pretty things were not lost;

"and I am charmed to have won the approbation of a person of so much taste and discrimination. Your encouragement will help me to get through the day. To sit in a state chariot and be gazed at by thousands, is nothing; but to receive his majesty and the new queen, with the princess-dowager and their royal highnesses the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of York, and the young princes, my Lord Bute and the ministers, I feel ready to expire when I think of it."

"Your ladyship need have no misgivings. The king is affability itself, and her majesty is equally condescending. As to personal attractions and dignity," he added, in an under tone, but with significance, "I won't say—though I have an opinion—whether the advantage is likely to rest with the highest lady of the court or the highest lady in the City. One thing is quite certain," he continued, raising his voice, "if their royal highnesses the Duke of York and the young princes have the taste and discernment we give them credit for, they can't fail to go away with a very exalted notion of the loveliness of some of our City dames." And he bowed as he spoke to Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris.

"There I entirely agree with you, Sir Felix," observed Lord Sandwich. "Beauty seems to have established itself in the east, and it is there we must seek it, if we would behold it in perfection."

"Very true," rejoined Sir Felix; "and your lordship must be well repaid for your voyage of discovery."

"Sir Felix, you are intolerable. You will incur my severe displeasure if you go on thus," cried Lady Dawes.

"Nay, my dear lady, you must be angry with my Lord Sandwich, and not with me. My remark was general, but he gave it a special application, though I own I think him quite right."

"What is that you are saying, Sir Felix?" inquired Tom Potter, stepping towards them.

"He is matching the City belles against our Court belles," said Lord Sandwich.

"Then I'll support him," rejoined Tom Potter; "and we needn't go beyond this room to decide the point. If the Court can show any two equal to those we can here exhibit, I will yield—but not till then. I will back Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris against all her majesty's ladies and maids of honour for any amount that may be staked."

"Bravo! Mr. Potter—bravo!" exclaimed Sir Felix. "But let us wait till to-night before making the bet."

While this talk was proceeding, the rest of the company were presented to the Lord Mayor, and by his lordship to Mr. Beckford and the sheriffs.

"I am very much honoured as well as gratified by your presence on this occasion, gentlemen," said Sir Gresham, in a very urbane manner, "and I trust my son will take good care of you all. Mr.

Wilkes," he added to that personage, "I am particularly glad to make your acquaintance. I shall hope to see you often at the Mansion House, not as a guest merely, but as a friend."

"Your lordship does me infinite honour," replied Wilkes, bowing. "I shall not fail to profit by your very obliging invitation."

"You will always be welcome," pursued the Lord Mayor, "as will be all my son's friends. You will excuse me, I am sure, gentlemen, if I am unable to show you much personal attention now, but I am merely come to bid adieu to her ladyship before taking my place in the procession, which sets out at eleven o'clock from Guildhall."

"I quite envy your lordship," said Wilkes. "'Twill be a most triumphant day for you, and you will receive a general ovation from your fellow-citizens, who recognise in you the champion and defender of their rights. The gallant, gay Lothario—I beg his pardon; my Lord Bute I should have said—must be a bold man to face them on an occasion like the present."

"At all events, they won't welcome him as they will the minister he has supplanted, and whose laurels he would fain reap," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "The contrast will be striking, and, I hope, will convince his majesty that he has listened unwisely to the suggestions of a counsellor who has not England's true interests and welfare at heart. Before long the terms of the Family Compact between France and Spain will be revealed, and will fully justify Pitt's prescience. But it will then be too late. We shall have lost the rich galleons which might have been ours. Had Mr. Pitt's timely counsels been followed, we might have seized the Havannah, have occupied the Isthmus of Panama, and have directed an expedition thence against Manilla and the Philippine Islands."

"His majesty must be infatuated indeed if he doesn't find out how he has been deluded and misled," rejoined Wilkes; "but as to hoping for Lothario's dismissal, I fear that is out of the question. The Princess-Dowager of Wales will not allow her confidential adviser to be turned out."

"No scandal about her royal highness, Mr. Wilkes," interrupted the Lord Mayor, with a slight laugh. "My opinion of Lord Bute is no secret. Indeed, I believe it is to the public expression of it that I am placed in my present proud position. Still, I confess I would rather occasion should not be taken on this day for humiliating him."

"You cannot help it," said Alderman Beckford; "and it is well the young king should learn the truth, though it may not be altogether palatable to him. None of his subjects are more loyal and devoted than the good citizens of London, but they detest under-hand influence as much as they idolise true patriotism. Mr. Pitt will, therefore, have all their cheers to-day, and Bute their groans."

The company then mingled together, and a general conversation ensued, in the midst of which a servant in state livery entered

the room, and approaching the Lord Mayor, seemed desirous of communicating something to him in private.

"What is it, Tomline?" cried Sir Gresham, not understanding the man's manner. "Speak out."

"A young man outside is very desirous of seeing your lordship," replied Tomline; "when I say a young man, I ought to state that he has a young woman with him."

"Well, well, young man or young woman, I can see neither of them now. This is not a proper moment to intrude upon me. I have no time to spare. Tell them so."

"I have already told the young man that your lordship is just about to enter your state coach, but he won't be put off, and declares he will wait upon the stairs to speak to you."

"Why didn't you have the impudent rascal turned out of the house, Tomline?" cried Tradescant. "Egad, I'll do it myself."

"Hold!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor. "He has a young woman with him. What does he want, Tomline? Did he give no name?"

"Oh! yes, my lord, he gave a name, and that caused him to be admitted below. But I scarcely believed him."

"What reason had you for doubting him, sirrah?" cried the Lord Mayor, sharply. "What name did he give?"

"If I must speak out, he gave the same name as your lordship's," answered Tomline, reluctantly. "He calls himself Herbert Lorimer, and declares he is your lordship's nephew."

"My nephew!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor. "I never heard I had one."

"Oh! an impostor!" cried Tradescant. "I'll soon get rid of him."

"Stop!" exclaimed Sir Gresham. "The young man's assertion may be true. I had two brothers, Godfrey and Lawrence, whom I have not seen for fifty years. This Herbert, as he calls himself, may be the son of one of them; and if it should be so, possibly the young woman may be my niece."

"Your lordship has guessed aright," observed Tomline, "supposing any reliance is to be placed upon the young man's statements."

"This relationship is a mere trumped-up story," cried Tradescant. "His lordship won't see them. Send them about their business at once, Tomline."

"Not so fast," said Sir Gresham. "I must be satisfied that it is a trick before I send them away. Let them come in, Tomline."

"Excuse me, father, but you are very wrong," said Tradescant.

"Very wrong, indeed!" added the Lady Mayoress, coming up.

"I don't think so," replied the Lord Mayor; "and I am surely the best judge in a matter in which I am personally concerned."

Naturally, the incident had attracted the attention of the whole company, and when Tradescant hazarded a glance at his fashionable friends to ascertain what they thought of it, he was annoyed to

perceive them laughing and whispering together. As to the Lady Mayoress, no words can describe her annoyance. She agitated her fan violently. Her elder daughters were calmer, but even they seemed disturbed.

No one, however, was kept long in suspense. The door was almost instantly thrown open by Tomline, and a tall young man of some twenty, or twenty-one, leading a young woman, a year or so his junior, by the hand, was admitted. The marked resemblance between them proclaimed them to be brother and sister. The habiliments of both, of plain and homely stuffs, sober in hue, and evidently of provincial make, contrasted very strongly with the attire of the gay and fashionable company into whose presence they were thus thrown. But though he might fairly have been expected to be so under the circumstances, the young man did not appear in the slightest degree abashed. Ill displayed as it was by his badly-made apparel, his figure was a model of combined strength and symmetry. His features were handsome; his cheeks glowing with health; his eyes bright; and in place of a peruke he wore his own flowing dark-brown locks. But if he was unawed, his sister was not so. She shrank tremblingly from the curious gaze to which she was exposed, cast down her eyes, and evidently needed all the support of her brother's strong arm to sustain her. As he could not leave her, and she seemed unwilling, indeed almost unable to step forward, the young man remained stationary near the door.

There was a moment's pause, during which the Lord Mayor looked very hard at them. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, and not unfavourably impressed by the looks of his newly-discovered relatives, he advanced towards them, and addressing the young man in a very kindly tone, said, "So, sir, you call yourself my nephew, eh?"

"Yes, my lord. I am Herbert Lorimer, son of your brother Godfrey, and this is my sister Prue."

"Herbert, eh! Prue, ah! Well, well, I don't doubt what you tell me. I can't doubt it, for you're both as like your father as can well be. Here's my hand, Herbert—here's my hand. Glad to see you both—very glad. Look up, child! Look up, that I may see your eyes. Ay, there it is—that's Godfrey's expression. I haven't forgotten it, though half a century has elapsed since I beheld him last. And how is he?—how is my brother?"

"Alas! my lord, he died some years ago at York," replied Herbert. "Prue and I are alone in the world."

"No, not alone, since you have found your uncle out. But why didn't you come to me sooner? And why, above all, choose a time like the present for making yourselves known?"

"We only arrived in town yesterday from York, uncle," said Prue. "I told Herbert our visit to-day would be very inopportune and improper, but he wouldn't be dissuaded. He said you would be glad to see us."

"And he was right," returned Sir Gresham; "but I should have been better pleased if you had come before. How was it you never wrote to me, or conveyed to me any tidings of your father's decease, or your own existence? How was I to know I had a nephew or niece if I never heard of them before?"

"All this requires explanation, which you shall have at the fitting moment, uncle," replied Herbert. "I have much to relate—much that will pain you to hear."

"Well, I've no time to listen to it now. Was ever Lord Mayor thus bothered when about to join his procession?"

"You hear that, Herbert," said Prue. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"No, not at all," he replied. "Since I've seen my uncle, and spoken to him, I'm quite content. So now, my lord, we humbly take our leave. Come along, Prue."

"Stay! stay!" cried Sir Gresham, "I must present you both to your aunt, the Lady Mayoress, and your cousins. You mustn't go away—you must spend the day here."

"But we shan't know what to do with them," whispered the Lady Mayoress. "Better let them go."

"Impossible! I couldn't do such a thing," rejoined Sir Gresham. "These are my poor brother Godfrey's children. I'm sure your ladyship will give them a hearty welcome."

"Your lordship's nephew and niece must of course be welcome," rejoined the Lady Mayoress, in a cold tone, and without extending a hand to either of them. "I wish they had stayed at York," she added to herself. "I wonder what brought them here."

Seeing the effect produced upon her by this haughty reception, Sir Gresham took his niece's trembling hand, and led her towards his two elder daughters, both of whom made her a very distant and formal courtesy, after which they turned their backs upon her. Millicent, however, received her with great affection, and strove by her warmth of manner to efface the impression produced upon her by her sisters. Tradescant was equally rude to Herbert, and scarcely deigned to notice him when his father introduced him. Captain Chatteris was still more impertinent, and placed the breakfast table between himself and the young man when the latter was brought towards him. Herbert's cheek was instantly in a flame, and he marched up to his sister.

"Come, let us go, Prue," he cried. "You said we should be unwelcome guests, but I didn't believe you. I was wrong to come here, and you were right in advising me to keep away. I didn't expect to be insulted in the house of my father's brother."

"Nor shall you be," rejoined the Lord Mayor, catching his arm. "Stay—I command you."

"Oh! pray stop, Herbert," implored Prue. "You won't disobey your uncle."

"Certainly not," replied the young man, halting.

"Hear me," cried Sir Gresham, glancing angrily round, "I

won't have my relatives rudely treated. I am not ashamed to own before all this company that I have risen from nothing—that I have gained the proud position I now occupy solely by my own exertions——”

“Oh! pray papa, don't say any more!” cried Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris together.

“Forty years ago,” pursued the Lord Mayor, disregarding their entreaties, “my prospects were no better than my nephew's in all probability are, and knowing how much I needed a helping-hand then, I shan't refuse him one now. On this day, above all others, I ought to be influenced by feelings of thankfulness and kindness, since I have obtained all I aspired at, and far more than my deserts.”

“Oh! Sir Gresham, I shall expire if you go on in this manner!” the Lady Mayoress exclaimed. “Consider, we are not alone.”

“That's the very reason I speak out,” continued Sir Gresham. “I wish everybody to know I am not ashamed of my origin. I have an honest pride referring to it. 'Tis one of the greatest privileges of the high office I now hold, that its qualifications are not exalted birth, or interest, but the good opinion and esteem of one's fellow citizens. These I have won, or I should not wear these robes to-day. But I should be unworthy of my office if I could forget my former position—if I could look coldly on my brother's children. I bid them heartily welcome. All who love me, and respect me, will follow my example. Nephew and niece, I am very glad to see you—and so is her ladyship—aren't you?”

“Delighted—since you will have it so, Sir Gresham,” the Lady Mayoress replied, trying to control her vexation.

“And so are my daughters, Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris—are you not, my dears?” pursued Sir Gresham.

But the ladies in question made no reply, but turned up their noses disdainfully.

“Tradescant,” continued Sir Gresham, “I insist upon your shaking hands with you cousin Herbert.”

“I am bound to obey you, father,” replied the young man, reluctantly complying with the injunction.

Seeing what was going on, and thinking he might be called upon next, Captain Chatteris sedulously applied himself to the viands on the table, and declined to look up. Millicent, however, did not require to have orders given her, for she said,

“I am very glad to see my cousins, and I am sure Prue and I shall become great friends.”

“I am quite sure of it,” replied her cousin, with a grateful smile.

“One word before I go, Herbert?” demanded the Lord Mayor. “What are your habits? What have you done? What are you fit for?”

“I can scarcely answer your questions, uncle,” returned the young man, modestly. “But my habits are regular, and I am accustomed to business.”

"Business—ha! Glad to hear it. What business?"

"My brother has just served his apprenticeship to Mr. Hornby, the mercer near the Micklegate, in York, uncle," interposed Prue; "and he has come to town, hoping you might befriend him. He has a letter of recommendation to you from Mr. Hornby. Give it to your uncle, Herbert."

"Not now," replied the Lord Mayor—"not now. If I find all as you represent it, Herbert, and you are not too proud, as some youngsters now-a-days are"—glancing at Tradescant—"to stand behind a counter, and attend to a customer, I'll place you in my shop."

"Good gracious, Sir Gresham, don't talk about the shop now!" cried the Lady Mayoress, with a look of dismay.

"Tut! tut! this is the very time to talk about it. But as I was saying, Herbert, I'll place you in my shop and give you the management of it, and if you satisfy me, on next Lord Mayor's Day I'll take you into partnership; and then it'll be your own fault if you aren't Lord Mayor yourself hereafter."

"Well done, my lord!" cried Alderman Beckford. "You have acted nobly. The City may well be proud of you."

"That it may indeed!" exclaimed Sir Felix Bland, while the room resounded with similar expressions of approval.

"I shall endeavour by my conduct to merit your goodness, uncle," said Herbert, with a look of profound gratitude.

Prue could not speak, but her moistened eyes showed how much moved she was by Sir Gresham's generosity.

At this moment, as if the crowd in Cheapside had known what was occurring, and desired to express their sympathy, loud shouts were heard, with which the Lord Mayor's name was mingled. Immediately afterwards the door was thrown open by two servants in state liveries, and the sword bearer, the common crier, the mace bearers, the water bailiff, and other gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's household were seen standing outside. All these personages were in their full habiliments of office. Two gentlemen in court suits, who were provided with white wands, and acted as ushers, then stepped in, and, bowing deferentially to the Lord Mayor, intimated to him that his carriage was waiting. On this, Sir Gresham bowed courteously around, and, being joined by his chaplain, quitted the room, followed by the two aldermen and the sheriffs. As he descended the stairs, preceded by the sword-bearer and the mace-bearers, and passed through the lines of servants, trumpets were sounded to announce his coming forth. The military band stationed in Cheapside began to play, and amid the cheers of all who could obtain a sight of him, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the Lord Mayor entered his magnificent state coach, to which six splendid iron-grey horses, highly caparisoned, and decorated with ribbons, were harnessed.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

We cannot hold Mortality's strong hand.

King John, Act IV. Sc. 2.

IN the full prime of manhood, and—but a few days before the blow fell which has filled an empire with mourning—in the plenitude of bodily health and intellectual vigour, Death has stricken down the foremost man of all the realm!

The Prince Consort of England—he whom every one loved and revered—is dead!

The Great Arrest was so suddenly made, that, spite of the hourly evidences of the insecurity of life, few were able, when the sad news was first bruited abroad, to believe that it could be true. Of the many who read in the daily newspapers that the Prince was suffering from indisposition, not one, perhaps, in a hundred thousand entertained the idea that danger lurked in the carefully-worded bulletin which conveyed the guarded intimation. A slight ailment, soon to pass away altogether, seemed all that threatened; till, on the third day after the first official announcement of the Prince's illness, words came of menacing import, which, in an instant, changed the current of popular thought, and awakened universal solicitude—a solicitude which deepened into anxiety as the day wore on, and manifested itself everywhere by eager, apprehensive inquiry. By this time the nature of the Prince's malady was generally known, and expectation tremblingly awaited the next intelligence, which, when it arrived, allayed the fears so promptly excited, and men once more calmly betook themselves to their several occupations. But scarcely was there time for mutual congratulation, before other news was received rendering the worst a possible event; and they who lay down to sleep in doubt awoke to the knowledge that, during the silent night, the spirit of the worn sufferer had "drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around the world!"

Gloomy, indeed, was every home in England when the shadow of this tidings fell upon it; but while each heart acknowledged the pang, individual sorrow was merged in one feeling of loyal affection for Her whose trial was the heaviest of all who mourned the dire calamity, and not a voice but rose in prayer to the Great Distributer of Good and Evil, that strength to bear the woe beneath which her soul fainted might in mercy be accorded.

All of us had cause

To wail the dimming of this shining star,

—but She the most: for in her bereavement were comprised the sum and substance of all that constitutes earthly happiness. The decree which went forth to grieve a nation severed from her side a husband than whom none could be more dearly or deservedly loved, a friend and counsellor such as the world rarely sees, a companion whose quick intelligence threw light on every subject, and whose affectionate nature made every day a happy one; the sharer in all her joys, in all her adverse dispensations—the chosen one of her heart, the father of her children!

Was never widow had so dear a loss!

—but bitter though the cup, and filled to the brim, the nation's prayer was heard, and the power to endure was granted. With that firmness of mind which is her special attribute, and even while her tears were welling fast, the noble assurance fell from her lips that the task of duty, how hard soever to fulfil, was not forgotten. Bright as had been her life-long example to her people, this great act of self-abnegation became its crowning ornament. Nor was assistance to bear her grief wanting in those who, in the next degree, were the most deeply afflicted. The Prince, whose day of rule is yet in the future—and long, we trust, to be a remote contingency—knelt also beside the bed of death, summoned thither by the affectionate foresight of his sister, her royal mother's chief support; and he, too, felt that however sacred his sorrow, the claim of duty was paramount even in that mournful hour. What sacrifice, indeed, might not be expected from children trained to the practice of every virtue!

Of all the men of modern time, who have occupied a place of eminence, none were of nature more pure, or character more free from blemish, than the late lamented husband of our Queen. Domestic in all his habits, yet with a capacity for mastering every question of public interest—political, scientific, or social—he was free from every ambitious taint or desire for worldly prominence, beyond the station which he was imperatively called upon to occupy. His mind was filled by the highest thoughts; the profoundest wisdom guided all his acts; and nothing that could advance the interests or promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures was neglected by him.

Let us turn now to glance at the outer life of one whose heart was so good, and whose mental endowments were so rare. It presents a career which might be called romantic, if, on close consideration, it were not found to be logically sequent upon the most natural causes.

In the most central part of Germany there lies an extensive tract of country, bounded by the Harz mountains, of superstitious memory, the rapid rivers Saale and Werra, and the dark forests of pine, called the Thüringerwald, which still retain their ancient name. This district, once ruled by the Landgraves of Thuringia, and later by the electors of Saxony, has long been broken up into several small duchies, the chiefest of which were those of Gotha and Coburg, distinct governments till their political union was effected under the appellation of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, on the death of the last *rejeton* of the former house. When this event took place—some six or seven-and-thirty years ago—Coburg was governed by Duke Ernest Anthony the First, a lineal descendant of that famous Elector of the Empire, who was the first to sign the Protest at Spires against the decision of the Diet of Augsburg, an act which principally served to give the designation of "Protestants" to all who were opposed to the Church of Rome. Independently of ancient lineage, traceable—as ancestry is traceable in Germany alone—to an ante-medieval period, here was an event to be proud of; but the family, of which Duke Anthony was the head, was destined to be more widely known by other than polemical illustration—by that softer influence, which has made, and sometimes marred, so many fortunes.

Of all the seven sons of George the Third, surviving in 1816, the two eldest only were married, and the second of these was childless. But the heir-apparent had a daughter, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, "the cynosure of every eye;" and in her the hope of perpetuating the House

of Brunswick was centred. How she became the wife of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg, the brother of Duke Anthony of that ilk, is too well known to need repetition here; equally familiar to all is the fact of her premature decease, while "the mother of a moment" which saw "blossom and flower lie wither'd on one bough." The hope and aggrandisement of the Coburg family, which Prince Leopold's marriage had promised, seemed, by this fatal occurrence, to have wholly past away; but the event itself was, by the inscrutable ordering of Divine Providence, the actual cause of its subsequent high position.

For the heritage of the first kingdom of the world to be without direct claimants was a state of things that could not quietly be contemplated, and straightway all haste was made to procure wives for George the Third's four remaining bachelor sons, the youngest of whom was upwards of forty years of age. On this occasion fortune again befriended the House of Coburg, the Duke of Kent—the second in succession to the throne after his two childless elder brothers—proposing for the hand of the Duchess Victoria, Duke Anthony's youngest sister, the widow of Prince Enrich Charles of Leiningen, then in her thirty-second year. Their union took place in 1818, and in the following year their only child, her present most gracious Majesty, was born.

Collateral elevation was achieved by Duke Anthony's sister's marriage, but this was not all: in the womb of fate was yet another event to raise it higher. In the previous year, before the thunder-cloud burst over his brother Leopold's head, Duke Anthony himself had courted and won for his bride the beautiful, accomplished, and only daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Altenburg. If, in a domestic point of view, this marriage did not prove a happy one, there was compensation—that ever-recurring balance of all things human—in the birth of two sons—the eldest, Ernest, in 1818, and the second, Albert, who first saw the light in the following year, in the old manor-house of Rosenau—"the meadow of roses"—a hunting seat of the Coburg family, about four miles from the capital. All the old cities of Central Germany abound in picturesque objects, and one of the most striking, as it is the most considerable edifice, is the old palace of Ehrenburg, a Gothic building dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, where quaintness of architecture still prevailed, though its medieval character was changing fast. Between Rosenau and Ehrenburg—both of these places well adapted to create an impression on minds susceptible of artistic teaching—the early years of the two young princes were passed; their careful father, who, doubtless, had a strong faith in the star of his House, bestowing upon them the best education that the Professors of Coburg could impart. With nothing to ruffle the even current of his life, save the death of his mother, when he was about twelve years old,

How happily the days of Thalaba went by,

enjoying the present, and dreaming, perchance, of a brighter future. That the future was not undreamt of by those who had the guidance of his "infant fortunes" is tolerably clear from what transpired in the interval between the completion of the young prince's youthful studies and his preparation for those higher ones which close the German student's educational career.

In the spring of 1836, the Princess Victoria of Kent had entered her

eighteenth year, and the age of William the Fourth, together with his not very robust health, rendered her early accession to the throne of England a not improbable event. Hers was a susceptible time of life, and if inclination were allowed to have any share in fixing her domestic position—and happily this was the case—the period had arrived when eligible claimants for her hand might fairly be offered to her choice. At this moment six young princes, four of them of her own blood, and two others, were in this advantageous position: George of Camberland, George of Cambridge, Ernest and Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and William and Henry of Holland. In May, 1819, they were all on the spot, conscious or unconscious rivals, as appears from the record which was kept by one who made a careful note of all contemporaneous events.

In Raikes's Journal for 1836 (which he wrote in Paris) are to be found the following passages, which will be read with interest, as they show how long before the event the marriage of Queen Victoria had been determined on:

“Monday, 30th May.—Travelling seems to be the rage with kings and princes. The King of Naples has set out on a foreign tour to various courts, it is said, in search of a wife. In England there are already arrived the Prince of Orange and his two sons, the Duke of Brunswick, and the two Princes of Saxe-Coburg: they all attended a grand ball on Monday evening, given by the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace, perhaps with the hope of interesting the Princess Victoria; indeed, as the Prince of Orange himself was formerly a candidate for the hand of the Princess Charlotte, it is not improbable that he has brought over his two sons with that view; but here again he meets with the two nephews of the hated Leopold, of whom he used to say: ‘Voilà un homme qui a pris ma femme et mon royaume!’”

“Friday, 17th June.—Lord Granville gave a grand dinner to the Princes of Saxe-Coburg, who are just arrived from England, which would rather encourage the idea of the future marriage.

“Saturday, 18th June.—I hear to-day that *the young Prince of Saxe-Coburg* is the destined husband of our Princess Victoria.”

As early, then, as the year 1836—nearly four years before the marriage actually took place—it was *une affaire arrêtée*, though, from another passage in the same Journal, the success of Prince Albert had not been permitted without an effort to contest it.

“Sunday, 18th.—(This is an error in the date). My old friend, General Fagel, who is come to resume his post as Dutch minister, seemed to confirm my speculations on the object of the Prince of Orange's visit to London. He said that the sons were fine young men, but rather stiff and formal in their manner, and that the intimacy of the young Saxe-Coburgs, through their aunt, the Duchess of Kent, would give them great advantages at Kensington; but he thought the son of the Duke of Cambridge would be the most popular marriage for the Princess Victoria, in the eyes of the English people.”

In Paris, Prince Albert and his brother were joined by the King and Queen of the Belgians, and with them they returned to Brussels, where they both won golden opinions—Prince Albert especially—from Professor Quetelet, and the English clergyman, who for some months directed their studies. After this came their University life at Bonn, the good fellowship of Burschenschaft being maintained amongst their comrades,

while the pursuits which were to crown them with knowledge and all graceful acquirements were earnestly studied. In the autumn of 1838, after completing three academical terms, Prince Albert set out for Italy, leaving behind him at Bonn not only a brilliant reputation for scholarship, but a name endeared to all for kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition. England owes much to the Prince's visit to Italy, for there he matured that knowledge of art by means of which he afterwards rendered so many services in this country. The summer of 1839 was the last which Prince Albert spent at Coburg, for towards the close of that year, accompanied by his brother, he came again to England, justifying by every indication the selection which had been made in his favour. He was now of legitimate age to woo his destined bride, and how his wooing prospered the world became soon aware. The Queen's choice was hailed with acclamation, and as if with a prophetic sense of its national value, for, during a full third of the span allotted to human existence, there was not a single day of the wedded lives of Victoria and Albert that did not furnish forth a bright example for the emulation of all.

Into the quiet domestic circle at Windsor, at Osborn, at Balmoral, it does not become us to penetrate, further than to add an echoing voice to that universal one which told, from year to year, of the well-deserved happiness which filled each several abode. How, indeed, could happiness have been absent there, for Providence was kind, visiting the royal pair with no domestic affliction—till, in the course of nature, only a few months since, her Majesty's mother died—and the lives of the Queen and Prince exhibited all private and public virtues.

Of these last—that eulogy of the Prince Consort, unsupported by facts, may not be our sole theme—we will speak in brief, but comprehensive terms.

To be useful was the great aim of his existence: to that end he devoted his untiring energies; and how he accomplished his object let the thousands who benefited by his zealous advocacy declare! It was not personal benevolence alone—though that was largely given—which constituted his claim upon their gratitude. His largeness of heart was not content with the free distribution of material bounty; he truly felt that in mental exertion for the good of his fellow-creatures resides the greatest power of usefulness. We accordingly find him, for a series of years and to the latest hour of his life, perpetually occupied in some great work of human improvement. To improve the physical condition of the agricultural labourer, by rendering his home at once more habitable and more healthy; to place the large class of domestic servants in a better and more deserved position; to inaugurate institutions for the comfort and sanitary advantage of the poorest; to aid, and actively aid, in projects for economising the expenditure and securing the gains of the hard-working community; to develop conditions favourable to the educational progress of all ranks of persons, having, above all, the cultivation of "the people" in view, though his views also embraced refinements in art which address themselves to the highest; these were the hourly occupations of the Prince, whose death has filled "the isles" with lamentation.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE CONSORT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

A CRY of horror, of dismay, and grief,
Is heard throughout the land! The startling tale,
The sudden blow, can scarcely gain belief.
Gloom sits on every brow, and every cheek is pale!

What fearful tidings these! That Death has crept,
With stealthy step, within yon palace walls,
And, from the mightiest on the earth, has swept
Away the dearest, to his cold, dark halls!

Inexorable Death! Why come to blast
The happiness that was so pure, so rare?
Why come the shadows of the tomb to cast
Over yon peaceful scene—to leave—despair?

Yet not despair, O Death! Thou hast no power
But o'er this mortal frame; *that* may decay
Within thy realm, the grave, yet in the hour
Man dies, he wakes to everlasting day.

Oh, Royal Mourner! raise thy thoughts above
To yonder spheres, where now his spirit strays,
In angel form, midst scenes of joy and love,
With glorious seraphs chanting hymns of praise.

Yet grief must have its course, and thou and thine
Must feel, while life exists, this stroke of fate—
Mysterious fiat of the will divine,
Such strange, unlooked-for evil to create!

Lady! with thee a nation sympathise,
And mourn their loss and thine; a people's wail,
From every saddened British home, shall rise.
Alas! alas! that tears can naught avail!

Where'er the time-worn flag of England waves—
And waves it not o'er the remotest part
Of earth, whose shores the world-wide ocean laves?—
Their Sov'reign's grief shall find an echo in each heart!

15th December.

MADAME LA MARQUISE:

A STORY PENDANT TO A PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.

SHE was bien belle, Madame la Marquise. Mignard's portraits of her may fully rival his far-famed Portrait aux Amours. One of them has her painted as Venus Victrix, selon the fashion of the day; one of them, as herself, as Léontine Opportune de Vivonne de Rennecourt, Marquise de la Rivière, with her crève-cœurs, and her diamonds, and her moqueur smile, showing her teeth, white and gleaming as the pearls mingled with her curls à la mode Montespan. Not Louise de la Beaume-le-Blanc, when the elm-boughs of St. Germain first flang their shadow on her golden head, before it bent for the Carmelite veil before the altar in the Rue St. Jacques; not Henriette d'Angleterre, when she listened to the trouvères' romances sung under her balcony at St. Cloud, before her young life was quenched by the hand of Morel and the order of Monsieur; not Athénaïs de Mortemart, when the liveries of lapis lazuli blue dashed through the streets of Paris, and the outriders cleared her path with their whips, before the game was lost, and the iron spikes were fastened inside the Montespan bracelets;—none of them, her contemporaries and acquaintances, eclipsed in loveliness Madame la Marquise. Had she but been blonde instead of brune, the brown Bourbon eyes would have fallen on her sans doute; she would have outshone the lapis lazuli liveries with a royal guard of scarlet and gold, and her friend Athénaïs would have hated her as that fair lady hated "la sotte Fontanges" and "Sainte Maintenon;" for their sex, in all ages, have remembered the sage's precept, "Love as though you will one day hate," and invariably carry about with them, ready for need, a little flacon of the acid of Malice, to sour in an instant the sugared cream of their loves and their friendships, if occasion rise up and the storm-cloud of rivalry loom in the horizon.

She was a beauty, Madame la Marquise, and she knew it, as she leaned out over the balcony of her château of Petite Forêt, that lay close to Clagny, under the shadow of the wood of Ville d'Avrée, outside the gates of Versailles, looking down on her bosquets, gardens, and terraces designed by Le Nôtre; for though she was alone, and there was nothing but her little dog Osmin to admire her white skin, and her dark eyes, and her beautiful hands and arms, and her diamond pendants that glittered in the moonlight, she smiled, her flashing triumphant moqueur smile, as she whispered to herself, "Il m'aime—il m'aime! Pah! comment pourrait-il s'en empêcher?" and pressed the ruby agraffe on her corsage with the look of a woman who knew no resistance, and brooked no reluctance to worship at her shrine. Nothing ever opposed Madame la Marquise, and life went smoothly on with her. If Bossuet ever reproved her, it was in those anathèmes cachés sous des fleurs d'orange in which that politic priest knew how to deal when expedient, however haughty and relentless to the world in general. M. le Marquis was not a monstre sauvage like M. de Pardaillon de Gondran, would never have dreamt of imitating the eccentricity of going into mourning, but if the Bourbon ever had fallen on his wife, would have said, like a loyal peer of France,

that all his household treasures were the King's. Disagreeables fled before the scintillations of her smiles, as the bourgeoisie fled before her gilded carriage and her Flanders horses; and if ever a little fit of piety once in a while came over her, and the rococo, ill-bred, gobe-mouche Conscience whispered a *mal à propos* word in her delicate ear, she would give an enamelled lamp to Sainte Marie Réparatrice, by the advice of the Comtesse de Soubise and the Princesse de Monaco (who did such expiatory things themselves, and knew the comfort they afforded), and emerge from her repentance one of the most radiant of all the brilliant butterflies that fluttered their gorgeous wings in the Jardin de Flore under the sunny skies of Versailles.

The moonlight glittered on the fountains, falling with measured splash into their marble basins; the lime-leaves, faintly stirred by the sultry breezes, perfumed the night with their voluptuous fragrance, and the roses, twining round the carved and gilded balustrade, shook off their bowed heads drops of dew, that gleamed brightly as the diamonds among the curls of the woman who leaned above, resting her delicately-rouged cheek on her jewelled hand, *alone*—a very rare circumstance with the *suivie* Marquise de la Rivière! Perhaps Osmin did not admire the rare solitude, for he rattled his silver bells and barked—an Italian greyhound's shrill, fretful bark—as his quick ears caught the distant sound of steps coming swiftly over the turf below, and his mistress smiled as she patted his head:

“Ah, ha, Osmin!—vient-il?”

A man came out from under the heavy shadow of limes and chestnuts, whose darkness the moon's rays had no power to pierce, crossed the lawn just under the balcony, and, coming up the terrace steps, stood near her—a man young, fair, handsome, whose age and form the uniform of a captain of the Guards would have suited far better than the calotte and robe of a priest, which he wore; his lips were pressed closely together, and his face was pale with a *pâleur souffrante*, that consorted oddly with the warm, passionate gleam of his eyes.

“So! You are late in obeying my commands, *monsieur*!” Surely no other man in France would have stood silent beside her, under the spell of her flashing, dazzling glances, with such a tableau before him as Madame la Marquise, in her azure silk and her point d'Angleterre, with her diamond pendants shaking among her hair, and her arched eyebrows lifted imperiously? But he did; his lips pressed closer, his eyes gleaming brighter. She changed her tone; it was soft, *séduisant*, reproachful, and the smile on her lips was tender—as tender, *c'est-à-dire*, as it ever could be with the sneer that always lay under it; and it broke at last the spell that bound him, as she whispered, “Ah! Gaston, you love me not!”

“Not love you? O Heaven!”

They were but five words, but they told Madame la Marquise of a love such as she had never roused, despite all her fascinations and intrigues, in the lovers that crowded round her in the salons within, or at Versailles, over the trees yonder, where love was gallantry, and all was light comedy, with nothing so *outré* as tragedy known.

He clasped her hands so closely that the sharp points of the diamond rings cut his own, though he felt them not.

"Not love you? Great Heaven! Not love you? Would I did not Near you, I forget my oath, my vows, my God!—I forget all, save you, whom I adore, as, till I met you, I adored my Church. A woman has become my heaven, and I hug my sin as dearly as if it were my honour. Torture endured with you were dearer than Paradise won alone! Once with you I have no strength, you bow me to your will as the wind bows the lime-leaf; and a man drugged with delirious perfumes is not more irresponsible for his madness than I for mine. Oh! woman, woman! could you have no mercy, that with crowds round you, daily worshipping your slightest smile, you must needs bow *me* down before your glance, as you bow those who have no oaths to bind them, no need to scourge themselves in midnight solitude for the mere crime of Thought? Had you no mercy, that with all hearts yours, you must have mine to sear it and destroy it? Have you not lives enough vowed to you, that you seek to blast mine for ever? I was content, untroubled, till I met you; no woman's glance stirred my heart, no woman's eyes haunted my vigils, no woman's voice came in memory between my soul and prayer! What devil tempted you to throw your spells over me—could you not leave *one* man in peace?"

"Ah bah! the tempted love the game of temptation generally full as well as the tempters!" thought Madame la Marquise, with an inward laugh *sous cape*. Why did she allow such language to go unrebuked? Why did she, la belle des belles, to whom none dared to breathe any but words the most polished, and love vows the most honeyed, permit herself to be addressed in such a strain? Possibly it was very new to her, such energy as this, and such an outbreak of passion amused her. Dieu le sait! At any rate she only drew her hands away, and her brilliant brown eyes filled with tears;—tears *were* to be had at Versailles when needed, even her friend Athénais knew how to use them as the worst weapons against the artillery of the Evêque de Comdom—and her heart heaved under the filmy lace.

"Ah, Gaston! what words! 'What devil tempted me?' I know not whether love be angel or devil; he seems either or both! But you love me little, unless in that name you recognise a plea for every madness and every thought!"

The scarlet blood flushed over his face, and his eyes shone and gleamed like fire, while he clenched his hands in a mortal anguish.

"Angel or devil? Ay! which, indeed! The one when it comes to us, the other when it leaves us! You have roused love in me I shall hear to my grave; but what gage have I that you give it me back? How do I know but that now, even now, you are trifling with me, mocking at me, smiling at the beardless priest who is unlearned in all the gay gallantries of libertine churchmen and soldierly courtiers? My Heaven! how know I, as I stand beside you, whether you pity or disdain me, love or scorn me?"

The passionate words broke in a torrent from his lips, stirring the subdued stillness of the summer eve with a fiery anguish little akin to it.

"Do I not love you?" Her answer was simple; but as Léontine de Rennecourt spoke it, leaning her cheek against his breast, with her eyes dazzling as the diamonds in her hair, looking up into his by the light of

the stars, they had an eloquence far more dangerous than speech, and delirious to the senses as magician's perfumes. His lips lingered on hers, and she felt the loud fast throbs of the heart she had won as he bent over her, pressing her closer and closer to him—vanquished and conquered, as men in all ages and of all creeds have been vanquished and conquered by women, all other thoughts fleeing away into oblivion, all fears dying out, all vows forgotten in the warm, living life of passion and of joy, that, for the first time in a brief life, flooded his heart with its golden voluptuous light.

"You love me, Léontine? O Heaven! I have no strength to put away this joy; we are mortal, not Deity, that we should be blind, and dumb, and dead to the passion that beats within us. You love me? So be it—better torture with you than paradise alone; but beware what you do, my life lies now in your hands, and your love must be mine till death shall part us!"

"Till my fancy change rather!" thought Madame la Marquise, as she put her jewelled hand on his lips, her hair, perfumed with Eastern fragrance, softly brushing his cheek, with a touch as soft, and an odour as sweet, as the leaves of one of the roses twining below.

Two men strolling below under the limes of Petite Forêt—discussing the last scandales of Versailles, talking of the ascendancy of La Fontanges, of the Spanish dress his Majesty had reassumed to please her, of the Brinvilliers' Poudre de Succession, of the new château given to Père de La Chaise (that gentle royal confessor with absolutions ever ready to stretch to any point); of D'Aubigny's last extravagance and Lauzun's last mot, and the last gossip about Bossuet and Mademoiselle de Mauléon, and all the chit-chat of that varied day, glittering with wit and prolific of poison—glanced up to the balcony by the light of the stars.

"That cursed priest!" muttered the younger, le Vicomte de Saint-Elix, as he struck the head off a lily with his delicate badine.

"In a fool's paradise! Ah! Madame la Marquise!" laughed the other—the old Duc de Clos-Vougeot—taking a chocolate dragée out of his emerald-studded bonbonnière as they walked on, while the lime-blossoms shook off in the summer night wind and dropped dead on the grass beneath, laughing at the story of the box D'Artagnan had found in Lauzun's rooms when he seized his papers, containing the portraits of sixty women of high degree who had worshipped the resistless Capitaine des Gardes, from the Queen of Portugal and saintly dévotes, with critical and historical notices penned under each—notices D'Artagnan and his aide could not help indiscreetly retailing en petit comité and over soupers de minuit, in despite of the Bourbon command of secrecy—secrecy so necessary where sixty beauties and saints were involved! "A fool's paradise!" said the Duc de Clos-Vougeot, tapping his bonbonnière, enamelled by Petitot: the Duc was old, and knew women well, and knew the value and length of a paradise dependent on that most fickle of butterflies—female fidelity; he had heard Ninon de Lenclos try to persuade Scarron's wife to become a coquette, and Scarron's wife in turn beseech Ninon to discontinue her coquetteries; had seen that, however different their theories and practice, the result was the same, and already guessed right, that if Paris had been universally won by the one, its monarch would eventually be won by the other. "A fool's

paradise!" The courtier was right, but the priest, had he heard him, would never have believed; his heaven shone in those dazzling eyes: till the eyes closed in death, his heaven was safe! He had never loved, he had seen nothing of women; he had come straight from the monastic gloom of a Dominican abbey, in the very heart of the South, down in Languedoc, where costly missals were his only idol, and rigid pietists, profoundly ignorant of the ways and thoughts of their brethren of Paris, had reared him up in anchorite rigidity, and scourged his mind with iron philosophies and stoic-like doctrines of self-mortification that would have repudiated the sophistries and ingenuities of Sanchez, Escobar, and Mascarenhas, as suggestions of the very Master of Evil himself. From the ascetic gloom of that Languedoc convent he had been brought straight, by superior will, into the dazzling glare of the life at Versailles, that brilliant, gorgeous, sparkling, bizarre life, scintillating with wit, brimful of intrigue, crowded with the men and the women who formed the Court of that age and the History of the next—where diamonds were melted to brighten the wine, and every dish was a plat sucré if aqua toffania bubbled beneath—where he found every churchman an abbé galant, and heard those who performed the mass jest at it with those who attended it—where he found no lines marked of right and wrong, but saw them all fused in a gay, tangled web of two court colours—Expediency and Pleasure; a life that dazzled and tired his eyes, as the glitter of lights in a room dazzles and tires the eyes of a man who comes suddenly in from the dark night air, till he grew giddy and sick, and in the midst of the gilded salons, or the soft confessions of titled pécheresses, would ask himself if indeed he could be the same Gaston de Launay who had sat calm and grave with the mellow sun streaming in on his missal-page in the monastic gloom of the Dominican abbey but so few brief months before, when all this world of Versailles was unknown? The same Gaston de Launay? truly not—never again the same, since Madame la Marquise had asked, "Qui est ce beau prêtre?" of Saint-Elix, one day, had bent her brown eyes upon him, been amused with his singular difference from all those around her, had loved him, en passant, as women loved at Versailles, and bowed him down to her feet, before he guessed the name of the forbidden language that stirred in his heart and rushed to his lips, untaught and unbidden. He loved, and Madame la Marquise loved him. "A fool's paradise!" said the Duc, sagaciously tapping his gold bon-bonnière. But many a paradise like it has dawned and faded, before, and since, the Versailles of Louis Quatorze.

He loved, and Madame la Marquise loved him. Through one brief tumult of struggle he passed: struggle between the creed of the Dominican abbey, where no sin would have been held so thrice accursed, so unpardonable, so deserving of the scourge and the stake as this—and the creed of the Bourbon Court, where churchmen's gallantries were everyday gossip; where the Abbé de Rancé, ere he founded the saintly gloom of La Trappe, scandalised town and court as much as Launay; where the Père de la Chaise smiled complacently on La Fontanges' ascendancy; where three nobles rushed to pick up the handkerchief of that royal confessor, who washed out with eau bénite the royal faux pas, as you wash off grains of dust with eau parfumée; where the great and saintly Evêque de Comdom could be checked in a rebuking harangue, and have the tables turned

on him by a mischievous reference to Mademoiselle de Mauléon ; where life was intrigue for churchmen and laymen alike, and where the abbé's rochet and the cardinal's scarlet covered the same vices as were openly blazoned on the gold aiguillets of the Garde du Corps and the costly lace of the Chambellans du Roi. A storm, brief and violent as the summer storms that raged over Versailles, was roused between the conflicting thoughts at war within him, between the principles deeply rooted from long habit and stern belief, and the passions sprung up unbidden with the sudden growth and gorgeous glow of a tropical flower—a storm, brief and violent, a struggle, ended that night, when he stood on the balcony with the woman he loved, felt her lips upon his, and bowed down to her feet delirious and strengthless.

"I have won my wager with Adeline ; I have vanquished mon beau De Launay," thought Madame la Marquise, smiling, two days after, as she sat, en negligé, in her brodered fauteuil, pulling Osmin's ears, and stirring the frothy chocolate handed to her by her negro, Azor, brought over in the suite of the African embassy from Ardra, full of monkeyish espièglerie, and covered with gems—a priceless dwarf, black as ink, and but two feet high, who could match any day with the queen's little Moor. "He amuses me with his vows of eternal love. Eternal love ? Quel conte bleu ridicule ! how de trop we should find it, here in Versailles ! But it is amusing enough to play at for a season ; and he loves me, mon pauvre Gaston. No, that is not half enough—he adores ! He loves me *pour moi-même*, the others love me *pour eux-mêmes* : a very great difference ; n'est-ce-pas, Osmin ?"

So, in the salons of Versailles, and in the world, where Ninon reigned (and made her reign so brilliant that she held the court in contemptuous disdain as hors du monde), by the jeunesse dorée, while they laughed over Hathelin's mischievous caricature that had cost its graver the Bastille, and by the dames de la cour, while they loitered in the new-made gardens of Marly, among other similar things jested of was this new amour of Madame de la Rivière for the young Père de Launay. "She was always eccentric in fancy, and he *was* very handsome, and would have charming manners if he were not so grave and so silent," the women averred ; while the young nobles swore that these meddling churchmen had always the best luck, whether in the bonnes fortunes of amatory conquest, or the bonnes bouches of fat lands and rich revenues. What the priest of Languedoc thought a love that would outlast life, and repay him for peace of conscience and heaven both lost, was only one of the passing bubbles of gossip and scandal floating for an hour, amidst myriads like it, on the glittering, fast-rushing, diamond-bright waters of life at Versailles !

A new existence had dawned for Gaston de Launay ; far away in the dim dusky vista of forgotten things, though in reality barely distant a few short months, lay the old life in Languedoc, vague and unremembered as a passed dream ; with its calm routine, its monastic silence, its unvarying alternations of study and prayer, its iron-bound thoughts, its rigid creed. It had sunk away as the peaceful grey twilight of a summer's night sinks away before the fiery burst of an artificial illumination, and a new life had dawned for him, radiant, tumultuous, conflicting, delicious—that dazzled his eyes with the magnificence of boundless riches and unrestricted extravagance ; that charmed his intellect with the witty corruscations, the

polished esprit, of an age unsurpassed for genius, grace and wit; and that swayed alike his heart, his imagination, and his passions with the subtle intoxication of this syren of Love, whose forbidden song had never before, in faintest echo, fallen on his ear. Far away in the dim, lifeless, pulseless past, sank the memory of the old Dominican Abbey, of all it had taught him, of all it had exacted, in its iron, stoical, merciless creed. A new life had arisen for him, and Gaston de Launay, waking from the semi-slumber of the living death he had endured in Languedoc, and liked because he knew no other, was happy—happy as a prisoner is in the wild delight with which he welcomes the sunlight after lengthened imprisonment, happy as an opium-eater is in the delicious delirium that succeeds the lulling softness of the opiate.

“He loves me, poor Gaston! Bah! But how strangely he talks! If love were this fiery, changeless, earnest thing with us that it is with him, what in the world should we do with it? We should have to get a *lettre de cachet*, and forbid it the Court; send it in exile to Pignerol, as they have just done Peguilan de Lauzun. Love au sérieux? We should lose the best spice for our wine, the best toy for our games, and, mon Dieu! what embrouillemens there would be! Love au sérieux? Bagatelle! Louise de la Vallière, petite sottise, shows us the folly of that; but for its Quixotisms she would now be at Vaujours, instead of buried alive in that Rue St. Jacques, with nothing to do but to weep for ‘Louison,’ count her beads, and listen to M. de Condom’s merciless eloquence! Like the king,

J’aime qu’on m’aime, mais avec de l’esprit.

People have no right to reproach each other with inconstancy; one’s caprices are not in one’s own keeping; and one can no more help where one’s fancy blows, than that lime-leaf can help where the breeze chooses to waft it. But poor Gaston! how make *him* comprehend that?” thought Madame la Marquise, as she turned, and smiled, and held out her warm jewelled hands, and listened once again to the passionate words of the man who was in her power as utterly as the bird in the power of the snake when it has once looked up into the fatal dazzling eyes that lure it on to its doom.

“You will love me ever, Léontine?” he would ask, resting his lips on her white low brow.

“A jamais!” would softly answer Madame la Marquise.

And her lover believed her: should his deity lie? He believed her! What did he, fresh from the solitude of his monastery, gloomy and severe as that of the Trappist abbey, with its perpetual silence, its lowered glances, its shrouded faces, its ever-present “*Memento mori*,” know of women’s faith, of women’s love, of the sense in which *they* meant that vow “à jamais”? He believed her, and never asked what would be at the end of a path strewn with such odorous flowers. Alone, it is true, in moments when he paused to think, he stood aghast at the abyss into which he had fallen, at the sin into which, a few months before, haughty and stern in virtue against the temptation that had never entered his path, he would have defied devils in legion to have lured him, yet into which he had now plunged at the mere smile of a woman! Out of her presence, out of her spells, standing by himself under the same skies that had brooded over his days of peace in Languedoc, back on

his heart, with a sickening anguish, would come the weight of his sin; the burden of his broken oaths, the scorch of that curse eternal which, by his creed, he held drawn down on him here and hereafter; and Gaston de Launay would struggle again against this idolatrous passion, which had come with its fell delusion betwixt him and his God; struggle—vainly, idly—struggle—only to hug closer the sin he loved while he loathed; only to drink deeper of the draught whose voluptuous perfume was poison; only to forget all, forsake all, dare all, at one whisper of her voice, one glance of her eyes, one touch of the lips whose caress he held would be bought by a curse through eternity.

Few women love aught "for ever," save, perchance, diamonds, lace, and their own beauty, and Madame la Marquise was not one of those few; certainly not—she had no desire to make herself singular in her generation, and could set fashions much more likely to find disciples, without reverting to anything so eccentric, paysanne, and out of date. Love *one* for ever! She would have thought it as terrible waste of her fascinations, as for a jewel to shine in the solitude of its case, looked on by only one pair of eyes, or for a priceless enamel, by Petitot, to be only worn next the heart, shrouded away from the light of day, hidden under the folds of linen and lace. "Love one for ever?"—Madame la Marquise laughed at the thought, as she stood dressed for a ball, after assisting at the representation of a certain tragedy, called "Bérénice" (in which Mesdames Deshoulières and De Sévigné, despite their esprit, alone, of all Paris and the court, could see no beauty), and glanced in the mirror at her radiant face, her delicate skin, her raven curls, with their pendants shaking, her snow-white arms, and her costly dress of the newest mode, its stomacher gleaming one mass of gems. "Love one for ever? *Ma foi!* il est joliment exigeant, monsieur mon prêtre! — mais je l'aime maintenant; c'est assez pour moi, et il faut que ce soit assez pour lui." It was more than enough for his rivals, who, not having rococo Languedoc taste for an amour éternelle, bitterly envied him this amour passagère; courtly abbés, with polished smiles, and young chanoines, with scented curls and velvet toques, courtiers, who piqued themselves on reputations only second to Lauzun's, and hommes du monde, who laughed at this new caprice of Madame la Marquise, alike bore no good-will to this Languedoc priest, and gave him a significant sneer, or a compliment that roused his blood to fire, and stung him far worse than more open insult, when they met in the salons, or crossed in the corridors, at Versailles or Petite Forêt. "Those men! those men! Should he ever lose her to any one of them?" he would think over and over again, clenching his hand, in impotent agony of passion that he had not the sword and the licence of a soldier to strike them on the lips with his glove for the smile with which they dared to speak her name; to make them wash out in blood under the trees, before the sun was up, the laugh, the mot, the delicate satire, which were worse to bear than a blow to the man who could not avenge them.

"Pardieu! le plus grand miracle est de guérir de la coquetterie! Madame must be very unusually faithful to her beau prêtre; she has smiled on no other for two months! What unparalleled fidelity!" said the Vicomte de Saint Elix, twisting his long blonde moustaches with a sneer.

"Jealous, Léonce?" laughed the old Duc, whom he spoke to, tapping the medallion portrait on his bosbonnière. "Take comfort: when the weather has been so long fixed, it is always near a change. Ah! M. de Launay overhears! He looks as if he would slay us. Very unchristian in a priest!"

Gaston de Launay overheard, as he stood by a croisée at Petite Forêt, playing with Osmin—he liked even the dog, since the hand he loved so often lay on its slender neck, and toyed with its silver chain—and, sworn as he was to the service of his Church, sole mistress as his Church had been, till Léontine de Rennecourt's eyes had lured him to his desertion of her, apostate in his own eyes as such a thought confessed him to have grown, he now loathed the garb of a priest, that bound his hands from vengeance, and made him powerless before insult as a woman. Fierce, ruthless, longing, for revenge upon these men seized on him; devilish desires, the germ of which till that hour he never dreamt slumbered within him, woke up into dangerous, vigorous life. Had he lived in the world, its politic reserve, its courtly sneer, its light gallantries, that passed the time and flattered amour-propre, its dissimulated hate that smiled while plotting, and killed with poisoned bosbons, would never have been learnt by him; and having long lived out of it, having been suddenly plunged into its whirl, not guessing its springs, ignorant of its diplomacies, its suave lies, termed good-breeding, its légères philosophies, he knew nothing of the wisdom with which its wise men forsook their loves and concealed their hatreds. Both passions now sprang up in him at one birth, both the stronger for the long years in which a chill, artificial, but unbroken calm, had chained his very nature down, and fettered into an iron monotony, an unnatural, colourless tranquillity, a character originally impetuous and vivid, as the frosts of a winter chill into one cold, even, glassy surface, the rapids of a tumultuous river. With the same force and strength with which, in the old days in Languedoc, he had idolised and served his Church, sparing himself no mortification, believing every iota of her creed, carrying out her slightest rule with merciless self-examination, so—the tide once turned the other way—so the priest now loved, so he now hated.

"He is growing exigeant, jealous, presuming; he amuses me no longer—he wearies. I must give him his congé," thought Madame la Marquise. "Ce jeu d'amour éternel, it is very amusing to play at for a while, but like all things, il vous ennuie when it has lasted some time. What does not? Poor Gaston, he loves me as I have not been loved; it is his provincial ideas, but he will soon rub such off, and find, like us all, that sincerity is troublesome, ever de trop, and never profitable. He loves me—but bah! so does Saint-Elix, so do they all, and a jealous husband like M. de Nesmond, le drôle! could scarcely be worse than mon beau De Launay is growing!" And Madame la Marquise glanced at her face in the mirror, and wished she knew Madame de Maintenon's secret for the Breuvage Indien; wished she had one of the clefs de faveur to admit her to the Grande Salle du Parlement; wished she had the couronne d'Agrippine her friend Athénais had just shown her; wished Le Brun were not now occupied on the ceiling of the King's grande galerie, and were free to paint the frescoes of her own new-built chapel; wished a thousand unattainable things, as spoil children of fortune will

do, and swept down her château staircase a little boudeuse and contrariée—she could not have told why—to receive her guests at a fête given in honour of the marriage of Mademoiselle de Blois and the Prince de Conti. There was the young Comte de Vermandois, who would recognise in the Dauphin no superiority save that of his “frère aîné;” there was “le petit bossu,” Prince Eugene, then soliciting the rochet of a Bishop, and equally ridiculed when he sought a post in the army; there was M. de Louvois, who had just signed the order for the Dragonades; there was the Palatine de Bavière, with her gauche German brusquerie, who had just clumsily tried to insult Madame de Montespan by coming into the salon with a great turnspit, led by a similar ribbon and called by the same name, in ridicule of the pet Montespan poodle; there was La Montespan herself, with her lovely gold hair, her dove’s eyes, and her serpent’s tongue; there was Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan, the Duchesse de Richelieu and the Duchesse de Lesdiguières; there was Bussy Rabutin and Hamilton. Who was there not that was brilliant, that was distinguished, that was high in rank and famed in wit at the fête of Madame la Marquise?—Madame la Marquise, who floated through the crowd that glittered in her salon and gardens, who laughed and smiled, showing her dazzling white teeth, who had a little Cupid gleaming with jewels (emblematic enough of Cupid as he was known at Versailles) present the Princesse de Conti with a bridal bouquet whose flowers were of pearls and whose leaves were of emeralds; who piqued herself that the magnificence of her fête was scarcely eclipsed by His Majesty himself; who yielded the palm neither to La Vallière’s lovely daughter, nor to her friend Athénaïs, nor to any one of the beauties who shone with them, and whose likeness by Mignard laughed down from the wall where it hung, matchless double of her own matchless self.

The priest of Languedoc watched her, the relentless fangs of passion gnawing his heart, as the wolf the Spartan. For the first time he was forgotten! His idol passed him carelessly, gave him no glance, no smile, but lavished a thousand coquetteries on Saint-Elix, on De Rohan-Soubise, on the boy Vermandois,—on any who sought them. Once he addressed her. Madame la Marquise shrugged her snow-white shoulders, and arched her eyebrows with petulant irritation: “Pardon, monsieur! mais vous me taquinez!” and turned to laugh gaily at a mot of Saint-Elix, who was amusing her, and La Montespan, and Madame de Thianges with some gay mischievous scandale concerning Madame de Lesdiguières and the Archbishop of Paris; for scandales, if not wholly new, are ever diverting when concerning an enemy, specially when dressed and served up with the sauce piquante of wit.

“Je n’aurai donc plus occasion, madame, d’être jaloux de ce prêtre détestable?” whispered Saint-Elix, after other whispers, in the ear of Madame la Marquise. The Vicomte adored her beaux yeux, not truly in Languedoc fashion, but very warmly—à la mode de Versailles.

The Marquise laughed her gay, moqueur laugh.

“Peut-être non; mais il est bien beau—plus beau que toi, Léonce! quoique certainement je ne l’eusse pas regardé si sa sévérité ne m’eût piquée à le vaincre, et si Adeline de Montevreau n’eût pas parié avec moi que je n’en ferais jamais la conquête. J’ai gagné mon pari, et

maintenant De Launay m'ennuie un peu, je le confesse—Ah, ciel ! il nous entend ! Je ne le croyais pas si près de nous. Nous aurons quelque tragédie, mon cher !”

“ M. le Vicomte, if you have the honour of a noble, the heart of a man, you fight me to-night. I seek no shelter under my cloth !”

Saint-Elix turned as he heard the words, spoken fiercely and low, as he left the Marquise at a call there was no disobeying (the call of the Dauphin, who was disputing, as usual, with Vermandois, and had beckoned his favourite to settle the dispute), the Vicomte laughed scornfully, and signed the speaker away with an insolent sneer :

“ Bah ! Monsieur de Launay, we do not fight with women and churchmen !”

The fête was ended at last, the lights that had gleamed among the limes and chesnuts had died out, the gardens and salons were emptied and silent, the little Cupid had laid aside his weighty jewelled wings, the carriages with their gorgeous liveries, their outriders, and their guards of honour, had rolled from the gates of Petite Forêt to the Palace of Versailles. Madame la Marquise stood alone once more in the balcony of her salons, leaning her white arms on its gilded balustrade, looking down on to the gardens beneath, silvered with the breaking light of the dawn, smiling, her white teeth gleaming between her parted rose-hued lips, and thinking—of what ? Who shall say ?

Still, still as death lay the gardens below, that an hour ago had been peopled with a glittering crowd, re-echoing with music, laughter, witty response, words of intrigue. Where the lights had shone on diamonds and pearl-broidered trains, on softly rouged cheeks, and gold-laced coats, on jewelled swords and aiguillets of gold, the grey hue of the breaking day now only fell on the silvered leaves of the limes, the turf wet with dew, the drooped heads of the Provence roses ; and Madame la Marquise, standing alone, started as a step through the salon within broke the silence.

“ Madame, will you permit me a word now ?”

“ Gaston ! Ah, bah, comme c'est mal à propos !” she thought ; “ ces gens jaloux sont si opiniâtres, si drôles !”

Gaston de Launay took her hands off the balustrade, and held them tight in his, while his voice sounded, even in his own ears, strangely calm, yet strangely harsh :

“ Madame, you love me no longer ?”

“ Mais, monsieur, vous le prenez sur le ton d'un inquisiteur ! I do not answer questions put to me in such a manner.”

She would have drawn her hands away, but he held them in a fierce grasp till her rings cut his skin, as they had done once before.

“ No trifling ! Answer—yes or no !”

“ Well ! ‘no,’ then, monsieur. Since you *will* have the truth, do not blame me if you find it uncomplimentary and unacceptable.”

He let go her hands and reeled back, staggered, as if struck by a shot.

“ Mon Dieu ! it is true—you love me no longer ! And you tell it me *thus* !”

Madame la Marquise, for an instant, was silenced and touched ; for the words were uttered with the faint anguished cry of a man in mortal agony, and she saw, even by the dim twilight of dawn, how livid his lips

turned, how ashy grey grew the hue of his face. But she took up her favourite ton railleux, and smiled, playing with Osmin's new collar of pearls and coral; for the dog had crept in after De Launay, to whom, more faithful than its owner, it had grown fondly attached.

"Tell it you 'thus?' I would not have told it you 'thus,' monsieur, if you had been content with a hint, and had not evinced so strong a desire for candour undisguised; but if people will not comprehend a delicate suggestion, they must be wounded by plainer truths—it is their own fault. Did you think I was like a little bergère in a trouvère lay, to play the childish game of constancy without variations? Had you presumption enough to fancy you could amuse me for ever——"

He stopped her, his voice broken and hoarse, as he gasped for breath.

"Silence, for the sake of Heaven! Woman, have you no mercy? Does a devil reign triumphant in your form? For you—for such as you—I have flung away heaven, steeped myself in sin, lost my church, my peace, my all—forfeited all right to the reverence of my fellows, all hope for the smile of my God! For you—for such as you—I have become a traitor, a hypocrite, an apostate, whose prayers are insults, whose professions are lies, whose oaths are perjury! At your smile I have flung away eternity; for your kiss, I have risked my life here, my life hereafter; for your love, I held no price too vast to pay; weighed with it, honour, faith, heaven, all seemed valueless—all were forgotten! I loved you! Great Heaven! is not that love strong which makes a man smile at the threatened torments of eternity? You lured me from tranquil calm, you broke in on the days of peace which but for you were unbroken still, you haunted my prayers, you placed yourself between Heaven and me, you planned to conquer my anchorite's pride, you wagered you would lure me from my priestly vows, and yet you have so little mercy, that when your bet is won, when your amusement grows stale, when the victory grows valueless, you can turn on me with words like these without one self-reproach?"

"Ma foi, monsieur! it is you who may reproach yourself, not I. Are you so very provincial still, that you are ignorant that when a lover has ceased to please he has to blame his own lack of power to retain any love he may have won, and is far too well bred to utter a complaint. Your language is very new to me; I forgive it only because I know your ignorance of the savoir-faire, and believe you are led away by the passion of the moment. Most men, monsieur, would be grateful for my slightest preference; I permit none to rebuke me for either giving or withdrawing it."

The eyes of Madame la Marquise sparkled angrily, and the smile on her lips was a deadly one, full of irony, full of malice. As he beheld it the scales fell at last from the eyes of Gaston de Launay, and he saw what this woman was whom he had worshipped with such mad, blind, idolatrous passion.

He bowed his head with a low, broken moan, as a man stunned by a mortal blow; and Madame la Marquise stood playing with the pearl-and-coral chain, and smiling the malin, moqueur smile that showed her white teeth, as they are shown in the portrait by Mignard.

"Comme les hommes sont fous!" laughed Madame la Marquise.

He lifted his eyes, and looked at her as she stood in the faint light of

the dawn, with her rich dress, her gleaming diamonds, her wicked, malin smile, her matchless beauty; and the passion in him broke out in a bitter cry:

“God help me! my sin has brought home its curse!”

He bent over her, his burning lips scorching her own like fire, holding her in one last embrace, that clasped her in a vice of iron she had no power to break. “Angel! devil! temptress! *This* for what I have deemed thee—*that* for what thou art!” He flung her from him with unconscious violence, maddened with pain, as a man by the blow that has blinded him, and left her—lying where she fell.

The grey silvery dawn rose, and broke into the warmth and sunlight of a summer day; the deer nestled in their couches under the chequered shadows of the woodlands round, and the morning chimes were rung in musical carillons from the campanile of the château; the Provence roses tossed their delicate heads, joyously shaking the dew off their scented petals; the blossoms of the limes fell in a fragrant shower on to the turf below, and the boughs, swayed softly by the wind, brushed their leaves against the sparkling waters of the fountains; the woods and gardens of Petite Forêt lay, bright and laughing, in the mellow sunlight of the new day to which the world was waking; and with his face turned up to the sky, clasped in his hand a medallion enamel, on which was painted the head of a woman, the grass and ferns where he had fallen stained crimson with his life-blood, lay a dead man, while in his bosom nestled a little dog, moaning piteous, plaintive cries, and vainly seeking its best to wake him to the day that for him would never dawn.

When her household, trembling, spread the news that the dead man had been found lying under the limes, slain by his own hand, and it reached Madame la Marquise in her private chambers, she was startled, shocked, wept, hiding her radiant eyes in her brodered handkerchief. “Pauvre Gaston! c’est triste; mais quand les hommes sont fous—que peut-on faire, mon Dieu?” and called Azor, and bade him bring her her *façon d’eau parfumée*, and bathed her eyes, and turned them dazzling bright on Saint-Elix, and stirred her chocolate, and asked the news. “On peut être émue aux larmes et aimer le chocolat,” thought Madame la Marquise, with her friend Athénaïs;—while, without, under the waving shadow of the linden boughs, with the sunlight streaming round him, the little dog nestling in his breast, refusing to be comforted, lay the man whom she had murdered.

The portrait by Mignard still hangs on the walls of the château, and in its radiant colours Madame la Marquise still lives, fair type of her age, smiling her malin, moqueur smile, with the diamonds shining among her hair, and her brilliant eyes flashing defiance, irony, and coquetry as of yore, when she reigned amidst the beauties of Versailles;—and in the gardens beyond, in the summer nights, the lime boughs softly shake their fragrant flowers on the turf; and the moonlight falls in hushed and mournful calm, streaming through the network of the boughs on to the tangled mass of violets and ferns that has grown up in rank luxuriance over the spot where Gaston de Launay died.

STAGE EMOTION.

BY MONKSHOOD.

MONTAIGNE, in one of his discursive essays, "ventilates" the question of orator and comedian being touched to the quick in acting their parts, though in fiction. The orator shall, he says, in the "force of his pleading," be moved with the sound of his own voice and feigned emotions, and suffer himself to be imposed upon by the passion he represents—imprinting in himself a true and real grief by means of the part he plays, to transmit it to the judges, who are less concerned than he: "as they do who are hired at funerals to assist in the ceremony of sorrow, who sell their tears and mourning by weight and measure. For although they act in a borrowed form, nevertheless by habituating themselves, and settling their countenances to the occasion, 'tis most certain they are often really affected with a true and real sorrow. . . Quintilian reports to have seen players so deeply engaged in a mourning part, that they could not give over weeping when they came home; and of himself, that having undertaken to stir up that passion in another, he himself espoused it to that degree as to find himself surprised not only into tears, but even with paleness, and the port of a man overwhelmed with grief."* One can fancy Shakspeare not unmindful of the passage—for he was a reader of Montaigne, at least had a copy of him—when putting into Hamlet's mouth such lines as,

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.†

Talking one day, with John Philip Kemble, on the subject of his profession, Dr. Johnson inquired, "Are you, Sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transformed into the very character you represent?" Upon the young actor's answering—that he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself; "To be sure not, Sir," said Johnson; "the thing is impossible. And if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster, Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he

* Montaigne's Essays (Cotton's translation), book iii. ch. iv.

† Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.

performed it.”* Alluding to this interview, Leigh Hunt has remarked, “It was Johnson’s opinion (speaking of a common cant of critics) that an actor who really ‘took himself’ for Richard III., deserved to be hanged; and it is easy enough to agree with him; except that an actor who did so would be out of his senses. Too great a sensibility seems almost as hurtful to acting as too little. It would too soon wear out the performer.” There must, according to this authority—and, in his time, Leigh Hunt emphatically was one—there must be a quickness of conception, sufficient to seize the truth of the character, with a coolness of judgment to take all advantages; but as the actor is to represent as well as conceive, and to be the character in his own person, he could not with impunity give way to his emotions in any degree equal to what the spectators suppose. “At least, if he did, he would fall into fits, or run his head against the wall.”†

Madame Dudevant touches on the question at large in one of the *art* conversations she constructs between Consuelo and Joseph Haydn—when the former, under agitating circumstances, is bent on quitting the lyric stage. Hitherto the prima donna has denied the influence of emotional feelings on the boards. “I always entered on the stage with calmness and a modest determination to fulfil my part conscientiously. But I am no longer my former self, and should I make my appearance on the stage at this moment, I feel as if I should commit the wildest extravagances; all prudence, all self-command would leave me. To-morrow I hope it will not be so, for this emotion borders on madness.” Beppo, however,—for so she nominally Italianises her humble German friend,—fears, or rather hopes, that it will ever be so. Without true and deep emotion where would be her power? he asks. And then tells her how often he has endeavoured to impress upon the musicians and actors he has met, that without this agitation, this delirium, they could do nothing, and that, in place of calming down with years and experience, they would become more impressionable at each fresh attempt. “It is a great mystery,” rejoins Consuelo, sighing. “Neither vanity, nor jealousy, nor the paltry wish of triumphing, could have exerted such overwhelming power over me. No! I assure you that in singing this prayer of Zenobia’s and this duet with Ziridates, in which I am borne away as in a whirlwind by Caffariello’s vigour and passion, I thought neither of the public, nor of the rivals, nor of myself. I was Zenobia, and believed in the gods of Olympus with truly Christian fervour, and I burned with love for the worthy Caffariello, whom, the performance once over, I could not look at without a smile.” All this is so strange to the disguised performer, that she begins to think that, dramatic art being a perpetual falsehood, Heaven inflicts on her profession the punishment of making them believe as real the illusions they practise on the spectator.‡ Dr. Johnson, if consistent, would have condemned this stage renegade from the faith, to whatever pains and penalties his orthodoxy (critical and theological) might deem appropriate to an apostasy so complete.

The feelings to which Consuelo gave passionate, and withal plaintive

* Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, *sub anno* 1783.

† *The Town; its Memorable Characters and Events*, by Leigh Hunt, vol. ii. ch. vii.

‡ *Consuelo*, II. 35.

utterance, are essentially the same as those expressed by Mrs. Browning, with a less restricted application :

While Art
Sets action on the top of suffering :
The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special central power,
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost : never felt the less
Because he sings it. . . .
 . . . O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain !*

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in one of her letters from Paris, describes a visit she made to the fair of St. Lawrence (which she thinks "much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew"), and though "their opera-house is a booth, compared to that of the Haymarket, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn-fields," still, her ladyship comes away gratified at the amount of stage emotion she has witnessed, which contrasts liberally, by her report, with the maximum in London. "It must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La ——. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, *but these to feel*; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance."† The English actress referred to, is of course Mistress Oldfield, who does not seem, therefore, to have taken the heart of Lady Mary by storm, as she had done those of all "the town" besides. Perhaps her ladyship would have been more propitious to Mrs. Barry—whose "emotional" power of exciting pity, and suggesting unfeigned distress, Cibber declares to have been "beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive;"‡—and of whose performance of Otway's *Monimia*, Gildon bears this record: "I have heard her say that she never said

Ah, poor Castalio !

without weeping; and I have frequently observed her change her countenance several times, as the discourse of others on the stage have [sic] affected her in the part she acted."§

It so happens that Mrs. Oldfield herself, in a modern fiction, has been made to illustrate this very question of stage emotion, and frankly bear her testimony, from personal and nightly experience, as to its character and operation. A simple-hearted admirer, fresh from the country, has had his head turned by the lady's acting. He has found his way to her house, and gasps out his homage as best he can. Each of her achievements on the stage, he begins by telling her, seems to him greater than

* Aurora Leigh, book v.

† Letters of Lady Mary W. Montagu, Oct. 10, 1718.

‡ An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, ch. v.

§ Gildon's Life of Betterton.

the last. The others are all puppets, played by rote around her, the queen of speech and poetry; her pathos is so true, her sensibility so profound; hers are real tears: "You lead our sorrow in person; you fuse your soul into those great characters, and wit becomes nature: you are the thing you seem, and it is plain each lofty emotion passes through that princely heart on its way to those golden lips." "No, thank you," is Nance Oldfield's studiously prosaic rejoinder—(she being engaged by promise to discourage the lad): "No, thank you: emotions don't pass through my, what's the name—well, you *are* green—you don't come from the country—you are from Wales. I must enlighten you; sit down: sit down, I tell you. The tears, my boy, are as real as the rest—as the sky, and that's pasteboard—as the sun, and he is three candles mirking upon all nature, which is canvass—they are as real as ourselves, the tragedy queens, with our cries, our sighs, and our sobs, all measured out to us by the five-foot rule. Reality, young gentleman, *that* begins when the curtain falls, and we wipe off our profound sensibility along with our rouge, our whitening, and our beauty spots."

"Impossible!" cries the poet, "those tears, those dew-drops on the tree of poetry!"

Then the enthusiast is requested not to make Mrs. Oldfield "die of laughing" with his tears; his common sense is appealed to. "Now, my good soul, if I was to vex myself night after night for Clytemnestra and Co., don't you see that I should not hold together long? No, thank you! I've got 'Nance Oldfield' to take care of, and what's Hecuba to her? For my part," continues this frank lady, "I don't understand half the authors give us to say." These, purposely exaggerated, confessions the tragedy queen multiplies, with corresponding candour; and then, suddenly interrupting her disclosures, she offers her perplexed auditor a snuff-box, and says dryly, "D'ye snuff?" His eyes dilate with horror. She observes him, and explains, "There's no doing without it, in our business: we get so tired!" (here Mrs. Oldfield yawns "as only actresses yawn,—like one going out of the world in four pieces;" and resumes the thread of her discourse:)" We get so tired of the whole concern. This is the real source of our inspiration," quo' she, taking a pinch, "or how should we ever rise to the Poet's level, and launch all those awful execrations they love so? as, for instance—Ackishoo!—God bless you!" The sneeze interrupts the intended instance, and considerably disenchant the rapt listener.

Later in the story, there is a scene where the tragedian, disappointed and dispirited, whimpers a little, "much as a housemaid whimpers"—and it was not at all, the author assures us, "like the 'real tears' that had so affected Alexander."—One other passage in the tale is note-worthy, in connexion with our theme. Fresh crosses and vexations have occurred to harass the Oldfield—and she has to control her emotions lest she carry them from home with her to the theatre. She is studying the part of Statira, which she is to play to-night; and her cousin Susan, observing "a strange restlessness and emotion" in her manner, asks what is the matter? "It is too bad of these men," is the answer. "I ought to be all Statira to-day, and instead of a tragedy-queen they make me feel—like a human being! This will not do; I cannot have my fictitious feelings, in which thousands are interested, endangered for such a trifle as

my real ones." And so, by a stern effort, she glazes her eyes to her part, and is Statira.* To *proceed* this tension of the feelings on to the stage itself, would, by her philosophy, be out of the question. To be really agitated there, would spoil all.

It has been remarked of a medical man—in reference to his aggravating apathy at the death of a patient—that if he *did* feel strongly during the progress of a disease, his judgment might be affected by that very sensibility, and he might be rendered incapable of doing his duty steadily and without fear.† The remark applies to the actor—as regards his self-command upon the stage. M. Sainte-Beuve says of Balzac, the novelist, *qu'il était en proie à son œuvre, et que son talent l'emportait souvent comme un char lancé à quatre chevaux.* Power, the critic recognises in this very *empportement*, but there is another and higher kind of power, he contends—"l'autre puissance, qui est sans doute la plus vraie, celle qui domine et régit une œuvre, et qui fait que l'artiste y reste supérieur comme à sa création."‡ This, too, applies direct to stage passion, its impulses, its excesses, its artistic management. The charioteer will do well to show off the mettle of his steeds, and may lash them up to the desired speed, or give rein to their eager *abandon*; but he must remain master of the situation throughout, must not let his horses run away with him, and must not only know when, but at once and without a struggle be able, to pull them up.

In the same way does Elia argue of the true poet, that he is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. "He wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos and old night. Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a 'human mind untuned' [Elia spoke feelingly], he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that—never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so,—he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent suggesting saner counsels, or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kindlier resolutions."§ From poet to player, the application is obvious.

Diderot, in his Treatise on Acting, maintains, that not only in the art of which he treats, but in all those which are called imitative, the possession of real sensibility is a bar to eminence;—sensibility being, according to his view, "le caractère de la bonté; de l'âme et de la médiocrité du génie." His ideal actor might so far be characterised in a Shakspearean line, which originally bears no such import,—

Who, moving others, is himself as stone.||

Or, again, in the Miltonic picture of some old

orator renown'd,

In Athens, or free Rome,

who,

—to some great cause address'd,

Stood in himself collected; while each part,

Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue.¶

* Art: a Dramatic Tale, by Charles Reade.

† Sainte-Beuve, Essai sur M. de Balzac, 1850.

‡ Essays of Elia: "Sanity of True Genius."

§ Shakspeare's Sonnets, xctv.

† Theodore Hook.

¶ Paradise Lost, book ix.

M. Scribe's *Michonnet*, a veteran in stage-management and histrionic tact, beseechingly warns his too agitated *protégée*, "Il faut du calme et du sang-froid, même dans l'inspiration. La Duclos," he bids her remember, appealing to her sense of rivalry, "se possédera . . . elle profitera de ses avantages . . . tandis que toi. . . ." * The Duclos will have her wits about her, and will be cool enough to act well, to play the artist to perfection; while you—overcome by passion—tossed to and fro by every wind of feeling—the prey of morbid sensibility, the sport of overbearing emotion—you, will not be able to act at all.

And yet, earlier in the same play, already indeed in the same scene, has old *Michonnet* been taught that to this veritable emotion of *Adrienne's* is to be traced, by her own account, the secret of her stormy success of late, in the most impassioned and exacting of tragedy parts.

ADRIENNE.

N'avez-vous pas remarqué qu'ils disent tous, depuis quelque temps : Le talent d'Adrienne est bien changé ?

MICHONNET, *vivement*.

C'est vrai ! . . . il augmente ! . . . Jamais tu n'as joué Phèdre comme avant-hier.

ADRIENNE, *avec animation et contentement*.¹

N'est-ce pas ? . . . Ce jour-là, je souffrais tant ! j'étais si malheureuse ! . . . (*Souriant*.) On n'a pas tous les soirs ce bonheur-là !

MICHONNET.

Et d'où cela venait-il ?

ADRIENNE.

. . . Ah ! tout ce qu'il y a dans le cœur de crainte, de douleur, de désespoir, j'ai tout deviné, tout souffert ! . . . Je puis tout exprimer maintenant, surtout la joie. . . †

all this facility being due to certain personal experiences, which give intensity and realism to her impersonations—whereby her old instructor's theory of art is, seemingly, in *Adrienne's* instance at least, put in the wrong.

How readily Madame de Staël could forget all other things when her heart was touched, was singularly shown, Lord Brougham observes, on one occasion, when she "acted a part in a dramatic performance, and, confounding her natural with her assumed character, bounded forward to the actual relief of a family whose distresses were only the theme of a fictitious representation."[†]

Sir Walter Scott has remarked, in reference to the personification of Lady Randolph by "the inimitable Siddons," that great as was, on all occasions, the pleasure of seeing her in that part, it was increased in a manner which can hardly be conceived when her son, Mr. Henry Siddons, supported his mother in the character of Douglas, and when the full overflowing of maternal tenderness was authorised, nay, authenticated and realised, by the actual existence of the relationship. "There will, and must be, on other occasions, some check of the feeling, however virtuous and tender, when a woman of feeling and delicacy pours her maternal caresses on a performer who, although to be accounted her son for the

* *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, Acte II. Sc. 4.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Statesmen of Time of Geo. III.* vol. iv.

night, is, in reality, a stranger." But in the scenes to which Sir Walter alludes, that chilling obstacle was removed; and while Lady Randolph exhausted her tenderness on the supposed Douglas, the mother was, in truth, indulging the same feelings towards her actual son.* This, however, is a wholly exceptional piece of "domestic" tragedy.

Mrs. Siddons herself, by the way, records† with fond delight the impression produced by her *Isabella*, "with my own dear beautiful boy, then but eight years old," at her first reappearance at Drury Lane, in 1782.

When the actor of Athens, as Sir Bulwer Lytton observes,‡ moved all hearts as he clasped the burial urn, and burst into broken sobs, how few, there, knew that it held the ashes of his son!

In the chief poem attributed to Sir Bulwer's own son, this same incident is effectively introduced:

When the Greek actor, acting *Electra*, wept over
The urn of *Orestes*, the theatre rose
And wept with him. What was there in such fictive woes
To thrill a whole theatre? Ah, 'tis his son
That lies dead in the urn he is weeping upon!
'Tis no fabled *Electra* that hangs o'er that urn,
'Tis a father that weeps his own child.

Men discern

The man through the mask; the heart moved by the heart
Owns the pathos of life in the pathos of art.§

The elder Lytton's observation is made in reference to one of his Italian heroines—a great cantatrice—who brings to the theatre the tumultuous sorrows of home. "And again *Viola's* voice is heard upon the stage, which, mystically faithful to life, is in nought more faithful than this, that it is the appearances that fill the scene; and we pause not to ask of what realities they are the proxies."||

In a subsequent chapter, the subject is suggestively renewed. *Viola* acts with surpassing animation and power, for the lord of her destiny is there to look on. "The house hung on every word with breathless worship; but the eyes of *Viola* sought only those of one calm and unmoved spectator; she exerted herself as if inspired. *Zanoni* listened, and observed her with an attentive gaze, but no approval escaped his lips; no emotion changed the expression of his cold and half-disdainful aspect. *Viola*, who was in the character of one who loved, but without return, never felt so acutely the part she played. Her tears were truthful; her passion was that of nature: it was almost too terrible to behold."¶ But so far at least it is proclaimed to be successful—that when she is borne from the stage exhausted and insensible, it is amidst such a tempest of admiring rapture as continental audiences alone can raise.

We are told of the "*Marianne*" of *Tristan*—one of *Corneille's* immediate predecessors—that this piece (an imitation of *Calderon's* "*Tetrarca de Jerusalem*") not only drew tears from the eyes of *Cardinal Richelieu*,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

* *Life and Works of John Home.*

† See her *Life*, by *Campbell*.

‡ See "*Zanoni*," book i. ch. x.

§ *Lucile*, by *Owen Meredith*, part ii. canto iv.

|| *Zanoni*, b. i. ch. x.

¶ *Ibid.*, book ii. ch. ii.

but that the actor who played Herod came to a stand-still from excess of emotion.* Poffisson tells us of Méziriac (a French Academician of sometime repute), who used to get up the *Bergeries* of Racan on an elaborate scale, that he would select for each part an actor whose private experience appropriated the passion he was to represent—the result being that all of them *s'animèrent d'une façon extraordinaire*. There was among these players one young man to whom was assigned the part of a distressed lover—*amant affligé*—and who, being an *amant affligé* himself, is declared to have “surpassed on this occasion a Roscius, an *Æsop*, a *Mondory* ;† and after being himself the first to shed real tears, moved to tears the entire assembly.”‡ Here was a literal enough reading of the precept *Si vis me flere*—too literal, perhaps, for Horace to have æsthetically approved of, unless under these quite exceptional and extenuating circumstances. Méziriac's afflicted lover was no more acting than Rosalind in Arden, when (“why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?”) she forgot her man's part, and, at the shock of bad news, fell into a real woman's faint. In vain she protests on coming to,

Ah, Sir [to Oliver], a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

But Orlando's brother knows better than that: he is not so bad a discriminator between real and stage emotion as to be duped here—

Oliver. This was no counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.§

The foolish body again asseverates, “Counterfeit, I assure you”—but she fibs monstrously, and Celia's “Come, you look paler and paler,” shows how unable the would-be actor is to put a good face on it, or face it out.

An old play-goer to whom Betterton's *Hamlet* was as familiar as it was ever impressive, reports the countenance of that great player, “which was naturally ruddy and sanguine,”—“through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror, to have turned instantly, on the sight of his father's spirit, as pale as his neckcloth; when his whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible; so that, had his father's ghost actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies.” And this, adds the reporter, was felt so strongly by the audience, that (as he overphrases it) “the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise; and they, in some measure, partook of the astonishment and horror with which they saw this excellent actor affected.” Our reporter is quoted as an authority on this matter in one of the anti-Cibber pamphlets,|| which were rife and rampant in Dunciad times.

Whenever Mrs. Siddons played *Constance* in “King John,” she never, by her own account, from the beginning of the tragedy to the end of her part in it, once suffered her dressing-room door to be closed, in order that her attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, she could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by her. Nor did she ever omit to place herself, with *Arthur* in her hand, to hear the march,

* Demogeot.

† Mondory was the Talma of France during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth.

‡ Poffisson, *Histoire de l'Académie Française*.

§ As You Like It, Act IV. Sc. 3.

|| A Lick at the Laureate (1730).

when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the *Dauphin* and the *Lady Blanche*; because, as she puts it, "the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonising feelings of maternal affection to gush into my eyes."* Thus artificially did she stimulate nature to keenly feel, as well as vividly express, real emotion.

It is by the shedding of real tears—jewels of the first water, and not counterfeit—that the supposed Sebastian describes himself as melting his other self, Julia, the wronged Lady of Verona :

For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly.†

It may be by the proposed shedding of real tears that Nick Bottom intends to melt an august Athenian assemblage, in his harrowing impersonation of Pyramus. "That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes, I will move storms, I will condole in some measure."‡ But more probably bully Bottom's design is to do all this without any salt-water expenditure on his side, and by mere and sheer prowess of histrionic art. How far he succeeded we know on the best authority, that of the master of the revels. For when Philostrate saw rehearsed that tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth,§ he must confess, it made his eyes water (so far verifying Bottom's reckoning); but then, adds Philostrate, more merry tears the passion of loud laughter never shed.

It was by the shedding of real tears that Quin so worked upon the audience, when reciting the prologue to "*Coriolanus*," his friend Thomson's posthumous tragedy.|| Talma's first boyish part seems to have been in an old drama, called "*Simois, Fils de Tamerlane*," and so deeply is he said to have entered into the feeling of the character, that he burst into tears at the recital of the hero's sorrows. Miss O'Neill would frequently, in her scenes of affliction, shed real tears. A Cambridge Professor, who had seen her perform at the Barnwell Theatre, once asked her "whether it was true that she really shed tears during her performance of affecting parts. She acknowledged that she did. 'But you must not think,' she continued, 'that such tears are painful; they are rendered pleasing by the consciousness of fiction; they are such as one would shed in reading a pathetic story. Moreover, the strong state of excitement naturally brought on by performing—the applause—the tears of those around me—all conspire to excite, and to draw such tears from my eyes as all great emotions are calculated to produce. Were they such tears as guilt or agony really shed, I should have been dead long ago.' "¶

* See Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons.

† The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Sc. 4.

‡ A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Sc. 2.

|| Johnson's Life of Thomson. (Chalmers' Poets.)

§ Ibid., Act V., Sc. 1.

¶ T. P. Grinstead.

But then the actress, in this case, was a person of acute natural sensibility. Contrast with her—to take another illustration from works of fiction—the Fanny Millinger of Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Godolphin"—who will afford, too, a piquant contrast to the Viola we have already glanced at, in another of that author's works. "Cora was now on the stage: a transport of applause shook the house. 'How well she acts!' said Radcliffe, warmly. 'Yes,' answered Godolphin, as with folded arms he looked quietly on; 'but what a lesson in the human heart does good acting teach us. Mark that glancing eye—that heaving breast—that burst of passion—that agonised voice: the spectators are in tears! The woman's whole soul is in her child! Not a bit of it! she feels no more than the boards we tread on: she is probably thinking of the lively supper we shall have; and when she comes off the stage, she will cry, 'Did I not *act* it well?' 'Nay,' said Radcliffe, 'she probably feels while she depicts the feeling.' 'Not she: years ago she told me the whole science of acting was *trick*; and,' " adds this cynical philosopher, "'trick—trick—trick it is, on the stage and off.'"* Godolphin is in a mood of green and yellow melancholy—and so far his theory of stage emotion must only go for what it is worth. No doubt his charge against Miss Millinger was a true bill; but to extend the operations of that bill so universally, *c'est différent*.

Marmontel records a conversation at Ferney about Madame de Pompadour, in the eclipse of her favour at court. "She is no longer beloved, and is now unhappy," said Marmontel. "*Eh bien*," exclaimed Voltaire, "let her come here and act tragedies with us; I will make parts for her, and they shall be parts for a queen. She is handsome, and she cannot but be acquainted with the play of the passions." "She is also acquainted," replied Marmontel, "with profound griefs, and with tears." "So much the better, that is the very thing we want."† Voltaire was not, then, of Diderot's opinion as to the disqualification of a tragedy-queen.

Charles Lamb was discoursing with Mrs. Crawford (once famous in Lady Randolph), not long before her death, on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting; and on his "venturing to think" that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called forth in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one—the old lady indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. "With much delicacy," adds Elia, who could so well appreciate it, "avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heartrending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back. I am not quite sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The

* Godolphin, ch. liii.

† Marmontel: *Mémoires*.

name is indifferent ; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember." Charles Lamb's own eyes, be sure, were not dry as he sat and listened to the aged actress.

This Mrs. Crawford it was—at the time of the above conversation (1800) verging on seventy—of whose childish experience in the Old Bath Theatre, in 1743, Lamb has indited so touching a record in the essay entitled "Barbara S——." (Her maiden name was Street ; and she twice changed it before she became Mrs. Crawford.) The story is one of austere penury, and extreme temptation. Little Barbara came off triumphant in the mental conflict. But, to her struggles upon this childish occasion, Lamb was disposed to "think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons."* One may apply to an actress of this calibre the reference to Beatrice by Shakspeare's match-making confederates :

D. Pedro. Maybe, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God ! counterfeit ! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.†

To which a strictly parallel passage occurs in another of Shakspeare's best comedies—where Rosalind tries to make out her real fainting to have been a mere feint, "Counterfeit, I assure you," "I pray you [to Oliver], tell your brother [Orlando] how well I counterfeited." But Oliver knows better. "This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest."‡

THE MORAL CONDITION OF THE FRENCH.

THE various races of men are generally distinguishable from each other as much by the marked features of their national character as by the accident of the geographical position which they occupy on the surface of the earth. Each one groups itself into a social whole, regulated by certain conditions common to all its members, and by a general model of principle and action, which, accepted by the entire community, constitutes what is understood by a national type.

The French present the singular example of a people without a type. Equality and liberty have effaced it.

Exposed for seventy years to successive revolutions which have destroyed all distinctions of rank and all respect of birth, which have demolished social demarcations and neutralised the effects of relative position, which have suppressed all organised upper classes, and, with them,

* Last Essays of Elia: "Barbara S——."

† Much Ado about Nothing, Act II., Sc. 3.

‡ As You Like It, Act IV., Sc. 3.

the moral example which they furnish to the rest of the nation in countries where their influence still subsists, the French have become possessed, as a necessary consequence of this disorganisation, of an amount of liberty in their relations with each other and with society at large, of which it is difficult to form a sufficient conception in England, where the whole people is held in hand by the common action of a normal and adopted rule, and where a recognised majority can clearly express and vigorously enforce its decisions. In France there is no majority, no model; every one is free to do as he pleases, within the elastic limits of what are called the *concessances* of society, without reference to the opinions or prejudices of his neighbours. This privilege is immensely pleasing to the individual who exercises it, and it is its almost universal existence which renders France so agreeable a country to inhabit, and which gives to French life the singular charm of independence which is one of its most striking characteristics. But while this system destroys all tyranny and permits a freedom of action which is unknown elsewhere, it has produced an almost endless multiplicity of personal development of character, and has simultaneously suppressed all external unity of type.

Cut up into an infinite series of separate circles and separate societies, which are again indefinitely subdivided according to the number of distinct individualities which compose them, but permitting, from the absence of all real social barriers, the fusion and exchange of these composite elements from class to class, according to the new faculties which they acquire, and to the varying sympathies which they provoke between themselves, the French of our epoch have no great outline of national principle, no received system of organisation, no adopted tendency of opinion. Their society has no existence as a ruling power; its verdicts, if ever it ventures to express any, remain unexecuted, for it possesses no means of applying them otherwise than by the weak and divided action of such of its members as may happen to agree with them.

Directed during the two last generations by a series of governments, of which the objects and systems have varied, but which have all aided, either intentionally or indirectly, to suffocate the expression of opinion, and to destroy the influence of the educated classes, the French people have unconsciously lost all respect for example, all habit of moral obedience, all desire for uniform convictions; they have ceased to feel that unity of opinion and action is necessary to maintain the vigour and consistency of national character.

Without an example to imitate or a guide to follow, without a national moral object to pursue, without a press to direct their impulses, without the means of public communication with each other, abandoned to their own personal inspirations, unchecked by generally received social laws, without fear of organised opinion, and without even one respected class, they have been reduced to create systems of life for themselves, each one after his own fashion. Brought up in the freedom from social restrictions, which has resulted from the convulsions through which their country has passed, they acknowledge no unvarying rules, support no pressure from others.

Indifference to general theories of conduct, weakened appreciation of the more delicate sentiments, impatience of moral control, and the entire

destruction of all national uniformity of character, these are the evil consequences of this universal social liberty.

But this absence of example and obedience, this existence of unchecked personal tendencies, have the advantage of allowing the free development of every sort of individual merit; they permit each man to be himself, and do not oblige him to sink the personality he may possess in a servile imitation of a general model which he has been brought up to revere. On the other hand, they increase his responsibility, for while they allow him to enjoy almost unlimited freedom, they impose on him the obligation of worthily using it. Whatever, therefore, be the present moral state of the French people, in the absence of all public example and of all national interference, be it good or be it bad, it is to the dispositions, qualities, or defects of each individual, brought to light by the liberty with which he acts, that it must be attributed; if its features are unhealthy and unsatisfactory, this inevitable deduction increases their gravity, for, as they cannot be attributed to the consequences of example, it brings out in all its force the voluntary and wilful personal action which has produced them.

It is impossible to accurately describe a state of society which rests on so disorganised a basis. The French themselves, even the most intelligent of them, know it in detail only as it exists within the limits of their special circle; each one sees it in the light of his personal impressions, and often without recognising the infinite varieties of sentiment and tendencies which surround him. No two opinions agree, no two descriptions tally; the evidence is so contradictory that it is almost impossible to deduce from it any result. Even the current literature of France presents no reliable picture of the condition of the country as a whole, while its influence is almost null. There exist an immense number of vicious novels and cynical plays, which are read and listened to because of the talent of their authors, but certainly not because they present any general tableau of life, or from any general sympathy with their tendencies. And, indeed, the effect of these productions, if they have any, is limited to Paris, for it is one of the signs of the moment that the class of publications demanded in the provinces is widely different from that which circulates in the capital. Books which teach something—travels, sciences, or histories—constitute the general reading of the country inhabitants, and though the habit of reading at all is relatively limited in France, especially as compared with England, their preference is certainly in favour of the higher classes of works. The remarkable success which the publication of the letters of Madame Swetchine has just attained is a proof of the disposition to read purely moral books, provided their form be attractive; and though it may be argued that this particular work presents a special charm, and a peculiar philosophical as well as religious character, the fact is indisputable that it has been read in every direction.

There is a prevalent disposition out of France to accept the lighter and less moral productions of the French press, as giving correct general descriptions of life and feeling. They may be true as regards the particular and limited point of view to which they are directed, but as that point forms only one of the innumerable divisions which French character has assumed, it is evident that they can only be received as presenting

the single condition to which they refer, and not as one indication of a general state, or as giving a comprehensive and correct account of all the varying moral phases of French existence.

Besides, the fact must be repeated that books are now without any tangible influence in France ; they may succeed because of their literary merit, they may be largely read because they are gay and amusing, but of moral effect they have scarcely any, either good or bad.

Even a long series of detailed pictures of individual types, however exactly drawn, would only present those types themselves, without any connecting link between them, and without producing a general outline of the nation as a whole. It has no whole. The keenest eye can detect no constant and regularly reproduced form in the kaleidoscopic crowd which agitates itself in one immense confusion of all its parts, presenting, at every shifting of the scene, new features, new colours, and new objects. Every principle, every conviction, every tendency, is represented in this sea of uncertain and undisciplined character. All the virtues and all the vices exist side by side, and seem to live in peace together without difficulty or contention, so thorough is the liberty attained. The infinite variety of personal sentiments extends to every subject ; on no point is there general union of thought, still less general uniformity of practice. From the highest intellectual and moral questions down to the trifling details of domestic life the same divergency exists in varying degrees, not from a spirit of opposition, but from the utter want of a general and adopted bond. No matter where example be chosen the result will be the same ; the exceptions which may be supposed to exist in political parties, or in the few remaining representatives of certain fixed ideas, are more apparent than real, and even were they substantial, their application is numerically so limited that they prove nothing against the general rule.

But notwithstanding this utter disorganisation and the consequent excessive difficulty of correct appreciation of the relative value of the parts, certain salient features stand out in relief in the midst of the disorder, and their outline is so clearly marked that they, at all events, can be seized with precision and certainty. It is on these main points that an idea of the present moral condition of the French can alone be based. But even there it is essential to guard against sweeping or exaggerated conclusions, for the whole question is so complicated, that even its most striking and general characteristics vary in force and development according to the circumstances in which they produce themselves.

After the universal existence of democratic equality and social liberty, and the disappearance of all uniform type, the first great fact which strikes the eye in looking below the surface of French society, is the almost entire absence of religious belief amongst the men. As children, their mothers teach them the principles of their creed ; almost invariably they receive their first communion ; but there, with rare exceptions, ends their pursuit of religious practices. On their entry into life begins the action of indifference, which rapidly degenerates into infidelity and hostility. The women, on the contrary, as a mass, regularly frequent the churches, and many of them are really actuated by sincere devotion, which even the dangerous contact of their husbands' opposition does not always destroy. These general remarks apply to every class indistinctly,

from the highest to the lowest. They are true of the country villages as of the towns, of the workmen and peasantry as of the liberal professions and the richer portion of the nation. In certain provinces, especially in Brittany and Auvergne, local exceptions may be found, where the men still retain the habit of external practice and of reverence for holy things; but the rule of irreligion is none the less absolute.

In this general absence of Christian faith, of all acceptance of revelation, exists, after the effects of revolutionary convulsions, the first great cause of the indifference to community of principle, which is found to so large an extent throughout the country. Confident in their intelligence, applying its test to all subjects, the men of France admit no guide but their own reason, and are led by it to the diversity of convictions which always results from the undirected employment of human intellect. Rejecting Christian doctrines on the ground that they are not supportable by human arguments, recognising no proofs but such as they fancy are within the reach of their personal appreciation, they enter at once, by their contempt of religious convictions, on the road of independence, which they follow on so many other points, and which leads them to refuse, generally and collectively, all guides and all examples.

If their minds were susceptible of religious faith, it would follow, almost necessarily, that they would open also to adopted social principles, and to the necessity of unity of thought on the main questions of life. But in their in submission to the control exercised by Christian belief on those who possess it, in their rejection of the discipline imposed by its application, they inevitably prepare themselves to consequently decline the social control, the social discipline, which received general obligations create in other countries.

There is no real prospect of any present change on this great question. At certain moments during the last few years, there have been passing appearances of a partial resumption of the practices of devotion; but these revivals have quickly died out again, and have left no traceable result. The mass of the young men of France are infidels, and with the natural disposition of their age and inexperience, they exaggerate the force of what they imagine to be their convictions. The so-called liberal press stimulates their already developed tendencies by holding up religion as a worn-out means of civilisation which has become almost a danger to modern society. The system under which the girls are educated is decried, because it seeks to give them principles of faith which their future husbands will not share, and which will, therefore, become a source of danger for the happiness to both. But notwithstanding these attacks, the majority of the women maintain the external habit of the faith they have been taught, and, resisting the contagion which surrounds them, they persistently transmit that faith to their children: their power is limited to their action on the young, but they use it steadily as long as they possess it.

But while religion is thus abandoned, and its controlling and regenerating influences thus annulled, it is curious to observe how comfortably and pleasantly the religious and irreligious live together. There is no intolerance on either side; each frankly allows the other to have its own opinion and to follow its own path. The universal give-and-take system which regulates all the relations of life in France applies here in

all its force. It is religion itself which is attacked by the masses, not those who practise it. The ceremonies and processions which take place publicly in France, even the columns of black and grey penitents who join them in the south, provoke no hostility or contempt from the lookers on, however little they may sympathise with the scene before them. The sentiment of liberty is so really felt, that violent contradiction is scarcely possible.

It is not to political and revolutionary consequences alone that the destruction of religion should be attributed; they have certainly materially aided to produce it, especially amongst the lower classes, but it has been confirmed by the emancipation from control which now constitutes the basis of French existence, and which applied here, as in all the details and directions of life, renders faith an irksome burden unworthy to be borne by the liberated minds of this generation. There is, in the whole subject, a complication of causes and effects reacting mutually on each other, which renders it extremely difficult to determine the limit between the two. The want of religion and the possession of personal liberty co-exist, and each stimulates the other, but the precise proportions of their relative effects cannot be defined.

Next to the general want of religious feeling, the most striking of the bad features of the present state of the French is the scepticism and indifference with which the duties of married life are regarded by a considerable part of the nation. And here, indisputably, the women deserve some part of the blame. With all the immense interest they have in maintaining pure and intact the rigour of the marriage bond, numbers of them accept and support it rather as an opportunity of acquiring an envied position than as a grave duty of which the responsibility is compensated by the special charm of the new causes of happiness it offers.

The system under which marriages are prepared in France is the main cause of these careless impressions. Not only does it increase the uncertainty of a happy result, because it rarely affords the guarantee of a previously existing real affection, but it brings husband and wife together for first motives in which they have generally scarcely any share, their parents arranging their union because motives of mutual interest or relative position render it apparently desirable. They each accept the other for a life-long companion because they have been brought up with the idea of receiving instead of choosing their spouse. This is especially true of the girls, for the men have a relative power of selection, but it must not be imagined that marriages are imposed by fathers on their children; such cases doubtless exist, but they are extremely rare. The rule is, that before the prétendant is allowed to present himself in the family, his character and qualification must be examined and approved; but that examination, while it removes one source of danger, in no way implies that if he fails to acquire the sympathy of the girl he seeks to marry she is to be forced to accept him all the same.

In practice, however, the desire for early marriage is so strong amongst the young women of the middle and upper classes in France, and even of the labouring population too, though in a less degree, that they almost always at once accept any husband suggested to them by their parents; and it is to the precipitation with which they voluntarily rush into matrimony, without assuring themselves that their hearts are really

secured, that the subsequent reaction should be attributed, rather than to the supposed despotic action of the parents, which, though it may have existed in previous generations, is certainly not exercised now. The girl is free to accept or refuse, but her ignorance of life and character, the want of knowledge of the world in which she has been brought up, her long habit of confidence in the counsels of her father and mother, and her eager desire to exchange the insignificance of her position for the authority and independence of married life, combine to induce her to see all sorts of charms in the husband offered her. She marries with the idea that she is in love, but, as she is never allowed to be alone with her intended, or to have any sort of intimate communication with him, it is not till she has really tried her new existence that she learns whether she is right or wrong.

This system applies everywhere in France. What are called love marriages in England are so rare that they may be said not to exist. The girls are so closely guarded by their mothers that they have no opportunity of forming attachments, and their education teaches them not to regard marriage as a voluntary act to be produced by their own free will. There are, however, signs that they are beginning to acquire greater liberty of action, and it is possible that they may succeed in time in modifying the present system in favour of their own initiative.

Delivered ignorant and confiding to their husbands, they suddenly find themselves in the position of comparative independence which was the object of their young ambition. Surrounded by new temptations, stimulated by new desires, too often directed by their husbands towards a line of action and principle identically contrary to all their previous ideas, taught by their new experience how different are the effects of the education of men and women, frequently disappointed in their hopes of steady affection, they grow too generally to regard the married state as one of position in society rather than of duty to the husband. Their appreciation of the tie they have accepted becomes modified, their attachment to virtue and their rigorous obedience to its laws may remain unaffected, but their views of their future life take a direction in which the world assumes the greater share of importance and the husband the lesser. It is probable that the majority of French marriages, in the middle and upper classes, arrive, after a certain time, at this result.

And if it is attained, the husband cannot reasonably complain of it; for it is generally, directly or indirectly, his own work. He marries comparatively late in life, either because he has exhausted other sources of distraction, or from motives of interest or *convenance*, rarely because he is led to the step by strong affection. He frequently comes to it without religion, and almost always without any clear sense of the obligations which he accepts. He admits, as a rule, that he is not bound to observe absolute fidelity to his wife, and in many cases his doubts are carried so far, that he is not even sure that he will be able to maintain her in absolute fidelity to himself. When men believe in nothing, even this remarkable form of scepticism is not extraordinary. After the first pleasant months of his new existence he not unfrequently returns to his previous habits, and leaves his wife alone to create her own distractions. She necessarily throws herself on others for amusement, or, if she really loves her husband, for consolation; and without admitting for one instant that French wives are generally unfaithful to their husbands—a monstrous

idea of which even a limited knowledge of French homes will always prove the falsity—it is certain that, in such cases, which are unhappily too numerous, they finally cease to regard their husband as the great object of their lives, as their natural guide and friend in moments of doubt or difficulty. They learn to look on marriage as a necessary social condition, of which the great object is to provide a defined position for women, but not as a bond which unites two hearts for better and for worse.

This unhappy result is certainly arrived at in an immense number of cases, and it is rendered more easy by the general unwillingness of the French to have children. If those tender ties between man and wife existed in every case, indifference to each other would forcedly become more difficult to attain, and their first affection would be almost necessarily strengthened and developed. But the statistics of the population of France are there to prove the striking fact, that the thirty-six millions of to-day produce positively fewer children than the twenty-four millions of 1788, so general is the application of the Malthusian theory of so-called prudence. The astonishing devotion of French mothers to their offspring, and the remarkable pictures of domestic concord presented in quantities of families where three generations live together in affectionate harmony, are proofs enough that children create virtue in their parents, and that their absence is an absolute evil. It is in the mother's excessive love for them that she brings out the womanly tenderness of heart by which the husband does not care to profit, and there she atones for her own indifference to him. But mutual coldness is almost rare in cases where children are allowed to arrive; the family tie, in its fullest sense, is perfectly understood in France, and if the French would but accept the common law of procreation, instead of so generally evading its effects, they would obtain for themselves not only a higher moral tone, but also far happier homes. In a multitude of cases the husband emulates the active and tender maternal care which the wife exhibits. Nowhere are children so intimately bound up in the existence of their parents; in no case are they left at home, or abandoned to the hands of servants; no father is ashamed to play with his child in public, or to put in evidence the affection which he feels. It is singular, that with such sentiments towards their offspring—when they have any—the men of France should so frequently refuse to become fathers.

It is impossible to imagine a more admirable development of fondness and watchful care than that with which most French mothers bring up the young. Their untiring vigilance never ceases; their anxious solicitude never flags; their children are the great object of their thoughts. It would be difficult to exceed the touching maternal devotion which the great mass of them exhibit. In thousands of cases the girls sleep in their mother's room from the hour of their birth to the day of their marriage. Separation from the husband—where it exists—has this advantage: it permits an absolute abandonment of the mother to the child; in the excess of her motherly sentiment the wife finds a safeguard from the provocation of the husband's neglect, and from the temptations to which the want of all home occupations would expose her.

The children amply repay the self-sacrificing tenderness of which they are the object; indeed, in the unsatisfactory picture which the present state of France exhibits on certain points, the astonishing perfection of

the bond between the parent and the child, at all periods of life, is a bright and striking exception.

This mutual attachment between the offspring and its authors is a tendency so thoroughly honest and ennobling, that it seems almost ungrateful to add a criticism to it. But it cannot be forgotten that this intensity of affection, this absorbing action of the parental and filial tie, have the effect of creating for children too prominent a place in early life. It cannot be denied that they now occupy in France a position of which the importance is so great, that it is not only a source of frequent annoyance to strangers, but that it may also become a danger for the character of the children themselves. Brought up from their earliest infancy to feel that they are the great object of their mother's thoughts, spoiled and unchecked by her often inconsiderate fondness, they too frequently acquire an undue conviction of their own weight in the constitution of their family, and they arrive imperceptibly at a disposition to play at little men and women almost before they have learnt to spell. It is the development of this cause which is leading French girls to the liberty of action to which allusion has already been made.

If the evil progresses it is possible that it may cure itself by its own excess, for French women are not only adoring mothers, they are intelligent and independent thinkers too; and if they should recognise that bad moral consequences are resulting from their present system, of which the full application is very recent, it may be that they will voluntarily modify it, if it be only to prove the sincere and well-calculated intentions which actuate them in the matter.

The third defective feature in the present condition of French morality is delicate and difficult to indicate.

During the last thirty years, and especially since 1852, there has been a remarkable extension of trade, manufactures, and Bourse operations of every kind. Nearly all classes have been more or less mixed up in the general speculative movement; the young men have been diverted in large numbers from the liberal professions and administrative careers, towards commercial and industrial positions; a tendency has sprung up to regard worldly success as the best test of talent and capacity; and the pursuit of money in every form has become the great object of a considerable proportion of the educated classes. This disposition has been stimulated by the growing necessities created by growing luxury; by the envy and jealousy of those whose incomes have not allowed them to rival the brilliant existences around them, and who have sought to acquire that power by every means at their disposal; and by the existence of an example from above which, wanting where it could be exercised for good, is present for harm in this single case.

This rush after gain has done most infinite moral harm to those who have been engaged in it, for it has too often destroyed the appreciation and application of the fine shades of delicacy of conduct, and has opened a school in which success is the only element considered.

With their many brilliant and solid qualities; with their animated susceptibilities and their highly developed capacity for friendship and devotion to each other; with their quick intelligence and remarkable aptitudes; brave, and often quarrelsome for nothing; resenting, sword in hand, all imputations on their honour and their name; regarding

duelling as a necessity, and applying it without care of its illegal consequences,—too many of the French, with all this appearance of high-toned feeling, yield too easily to the temptation of money. They judge their state on this critical question with a severity and a harshness which no foreigner could decently employ. They deplore between themselves that the public standard of delicacy should have fallen to such an ebb, and that even those whose position would seem to oblige them to act with rigid probity are the first to profit by that position to sell their names and their influence.

But while these striking and regrettable features reveal themselves in every class, and in varying degrees, in the majority of every class they are accompanied by some admirable qualities.

The whole nation is affectionate and sincere in its attachments, and full of sympathy for the difficulties and sufferings of others. Nowhere does the sentiment of camaraderie attain such perfection and such constancy. Nowhere do men help each other with more cordial good-will and with less affectation of rendering service. This excellent disposition is particularly developed amongst the young men of the towns, who are almost all formed into small circles or sets, of which the object is not only social intercourse, but also the material assistance of each other. This banding together in small societies implies almost an involuntary protestation against the individual selfishness which isolated personal action would produce, and it furnishes strong evidence that, notwithstanding the absolute liberty enjoyed by each separate member of those societies, affection for others is still a fundamental virtue of French character.

The remarkable attention of the women to their domestic duties is another general merit of this generation. In every class, with but rare exceptions, they direct their households with an intelligence and economy which partly explain the appearance of luxurious expenditure which has become so general of late years in France. The limited total of the account-book of many a French family would astonish English housekeepers, who would not comprehend that such external results can be obtained at such a price. The singularly ingenious domestic aptitude of the women of France and their active discharge of their home cares is the key to the difficulty.

The force of the parental and filial tie has already been indicated.

In addition to these specific merits, the French possess a negative quality of immense importance. It is impossible to imagine a people more totally free from hypocrisy or humbug. It is true that they have no motive whatever for giving in to this peculiarly English defect; their liberty is so real that, in their unlimited power of doing exactly as they please, they have no reason for offering the "homage which vice renders to virtue." They can be vicious if they like, and nobody will stop them; and on this very fact a most powerful argument in their favour might be based, for all their faults come out in the open light of uncontrolled action, while those of many other countries are carefully hidden under the uniform of hypocrisy which the strong hand of public opinion imposes. The French are frank and straightforward, for the simplest of all reasons, that they have no motive for being otherwise.

These various qualities exist far more universally than the defects which have been enumerated before them; and, even as regards the latter, it must not be imagined that their practice is absolute, and that the whole

French nation should therefore be included in one sweeping condemnation. A large minority of the population are free from the prevalent faults of their countrymen, and present admirable examples of virtue and merit. These exceptions exist in every class, and the association of high moral qualities with the independence of action and brilliancy of conversation which render French society so attractive, constitutes an admirable whole, of which scarcely an example can be found elsewhere.

The state of the working classes, while offering generally the same great characteristics as that of their superiors in education and position, presents one remarkable merit. They have come out unscathed from the dangerous contact of the socialist principles which were current among them ten years ago, and they have abandoned the tempting but fallacious theories of all levelling equality with which revolutionary teachers have sought to indoctrinate them. They are, for the most part, honest and well disposed, courteous, sober, and simple. But their special merit is that they have voluntarily forsaken socialism, and have frankly accepted the equality which really subsists. Using the opportunities so easily acquired in the present state of French society of rising by good conduct and industry to positions of comfort and respectability, they have ceased, as a body, to look on the upper classes as bars in their road which are to be forcibly removed when occasion offers. Socialism told them to regard charity as an insult, and property as a robbery, and to hate Christianity because it taught charity. It is because they have come out of this dangerous trial without being permanently affected by it that they prove the innate good sense and sound appreciation of the duties of life, which really exist among them in a marked degree, and that they consequently present, as a class, a very satisfactory feature in the state of the community.

While the workmen of the towns, who had nothing to lose, were temporarily converted to the idea that they had everything to gain by social convulsions, the peasantry, on the contrary, have always respected property, because they possess it. With but few exceptions they have never been socialists at all. They present the same main outlines of character as the manufacturing classes, who are indeed, to a great extent, recruited from their ranks, but they are far more rapacious and cunning than the latter. They are not generally pleasant to deal with; and if a normal dislike of the rich exists anywhere in the lower French population, it is certainly amongst them that it will be found. The few remaining families of the old nobility who still retain country positions are, almost without exception, respected and liked, because they do their duty as neighbours; but unfortunately the present possessors of country-houses are most of them successful traders, who buy them from motives of vanity, and with no notion of discharging any charitable duties around them. They think they prove their superiority by an affectation of haughty grandeur, and depend on their money instead of their education and good works for the effect which they fancy they produce. Provoked by their selfishness, the peasants naturally hate them, and in certain districts the proprietors of *châteaux* might find themselves in a disagreeable position in the event of a prolonged revolution. But this local irritation is to a great extent excusable, and scarcely constitutes a ground of special blame against the agricultural class as a whole.

The general state of French morality thus offers a series of clearly

marked good and bad qualities, which exist very generally throughout the nation. Their good qualities are scarcely likely to disappear; must the same be said of the bad ones?

Can it be argued that their state is essentially one of transition, that they have been brought to it, as a whole, by the consequences of their modern political history, and that if the cause be not renewed its effects cannot fail to die out? This is the opinion of many intelligent Frenchmen, who consider that, restored to calm, reassured as to the destiny of their country, and governed with the avowed object of raising their moral standard by the renewed influence of education and example, they would rapidly return to high moral convictions. It is urged that their remarkable capacities, their special and highly-developed faculty of imitation, would enable them to quickly resume the position which they have abandoned on certain points, and that they would recover it, with all the vigour which strong reaction invariably brings into play, if once a guide acquired their confidence, and right means were employed to counteract the known and evident evils of their present position.

But is this opinion just? Is not the universal freedom of life and sentiments in France in itself an unsurmountable difficulty in the way of all common national action? If so, all expectation of a change in the great present defects of French character is but a wild and fanciful dream, for that freedom will never be abandoned. It is impossible that the French can ever be brought, by any efforts or any teaching, to accept a social master, and still less anything approaching to the icy rule of "respectability," as it is understood in England. Supposing even that they readmit religious convictions, that they learn to respect and cherish the married state, and that they reacquire a high standard of personal delicacy, all of which results, excepting the latter, are apparently improbable, they will never abandon the right of individual social liberty, of independence towards each other, of which they have become possessed at the price of seventy years of constantly recurring convulsions. This conquest is too precious to be given up; it is the complement of the suppression of social classification, which is now the very essence of French life; never will they consent to copy their existences and their opinions from one general model, applied to every rank and every position, or to allow individuality to be crushed by the voice of a majority. How, then, is a reaction to begin?—how is it to be organised? If they return to a higher level of feeling on the points in question, it can only be because each individual freely accepts the change; in such a case it would be effected with ease, because the full force of voluntary personal action would stimulate it. But as imposed example will never be accepted, and pressure never be supported, how is a reaction to be commenced?—and how are all the separate wills of France to be turned to the same object?

It seems reasonable to believe that individual improvement may occur, but the irradicable possession of personal liberty will never allow the universal assimilation of the whole people into one obligatory uniform moral type; it will, according to all appearances, continue to present a discordant picture of defects and merits subsisting side by side, without any general movement in one direction.

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

At the mature age of fifty-two, Charles Edward, no longer the "young chevalier," tired, mayhap, of his connexion with the fair Clementina Walkinshaw, or probably thinking it high time to reconcile himself with religion, determined henceforth to live cleanly. He listened very kindly to the proposition of the French court that he should marry, and the lady selected for him was Louise Princess of Stolberg-Geldern, who has just attained the age of twenty. The lady's grandmother on the maternal side was a daughter of Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin and Aylesbury, who followed James II. into exile. At the age of seven, Princess Louise was appointed a canoness of St. Wandru, in Belgium, by the Empress Maria Theresa. The young canoness, after being carefully educated in the convent, went out into society and attracted very considerable attention. She was very fond of music and drawing, to the last of which pursuits she remained faithful up to the day of her death.

In 1771, Charles Edward was suddenly summoned from Vienna to Paris, and was informed, through the Duke of Fitzjames, that the French court wished him to get married out of hand. The motive for this wish is unknown, but it is certain that Fitzjames recommended the Princess Louise of Stolberg, whose sister, Caroline Augusta, had just married his own eldest son, the Marquis de Jamaica and future Duke of Berwick. At this time the Pretender was a wreck, both bodily and mentally, and we doubt whether his own wishes were taken into consideration in the matter of marriage. Eighteen years earlier, when his father urged him to marry, he had answered: "The unworthy conduct of certain ministers and December 10, 1748, have rendered it impossible for me to settle anywhere, without risking honour and interests. But even were it possible to find a place of shelter, I think that our family has experienced sufficient misfortune. I will not marry so long as I am in poverty, for such a step would but heighten my misery. Were I to have a son resembling his father in character, he would also be chained hand and foot, if he refused to obey some scoundrel of a minister." Still, he had not quite given up the idea of a marriage, as we know from the confidential reports of his partisans, and he had himself made use of expressions about the education of his children, in the event of his marrying a Catholic princess, which proved clearly how fully his own religion opposed his ascending the throne of England.

The proposed marriage must have possessed some attraction for the young canoness of Mons. A crown was offered her, a valueless crown it is true, but surrounded by that halo which centuries of legitimacy and great events impart—a crown which had once belonged to the glorious race of Robert Bruce, whose blood flowed in her own veins. "Dieu et mon droit" and the Scottish "Nemo me impune lacessit" found an echo in the motto of the Stolbergs, "Spes nescia falci" in the "Fumus" of the Bruces. The matter was arranged under the rose, because the opposition of the Austrian court was apprehended, owing to its close relations with England. Princess Louise arrived in Paris with her mother, when the marriage took place by proxy, and the bride eventually sailed from

Venice to Ancona. The actual marriage was celebrated at Macerata on April 17, 1772. According to Von Reumont,* the following witnesses were present :

In the house-chapel, Charles III., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith, and Louise Maximiliane Caroline Emmanuel, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Geldern, were married by Monsignore Carlo Peruzzini, Bishop of Macerata. Edmund Ryan, major of Berwick's regiment, gave the consent in the name of the bride's mother. Monsignore Ranieri Finocchietti, governor of the Marches, Camillo Compagnoni Marfesehi and Antonio de' Pellicani, patricians of Macerata, were present as witnesses. An inscription in the chapel and a medal were the memorials of the ceremony. The obverse of the latter displayed the portrait of Charles Edward, the reverse that of his young consort.

The newly-married couple remained a few days in Macerata, and then migrated to Rome with truly regal pomp. Cardinal York hurried to greet them, and gave his sister-in-law a snuff-box richly set with diamonds, and containing an order for forty thousand Roman dollars. Charles Edward's first step was to inform the secretary of state of the arrival of "the King and Queen of England." But times had greatly changed at Rome, and Pope Clement XIV. was not disposed to make a recognition which could only lead to embarrassment. During the whole period of the Pretender's stay in Rome, the royal honours his father had enjoyed there were not conceded to him. Of course this did not prevent Charles Edward asserting his rights, and he maintained as regal a household as circumstances permitted. A Swiss traveller and author, Von Bonstetten, describes this miniature court, which he visited two years after the marriage. The Palazzo Muli, in which it was held, was very splendidly fitted up, and the walls of the apartments of the princess were decorated with engravings by Robert Strange. Three or four ladies and gentlemen waited on the royal pair, and the grace of the "queen" spread a peculiar charm over everything. The Queen of Hearts, as the Romans called her, was of middle height, blonde, with dark blue eyes, a retroussé nose, and a complexion as brilliantly fair as that of an Englishwoman. The Pretender was tall, thin, good-humoured, and talkative. He delighted in being able to talk English, and was fond of describing his adventures, interesting enough for a stranger, though his suite might have heard them a hundred times. Nearly after every phrase he would ask : "Ha capito?" His young consort laughed heartily at the disguise in female clothing, as she looked at his face and stature.

The Pretender and his wife resided in their palace on the Square of the Apostles up to the summer of 1774. From this abode the Romans called the princess "Regina Apostolorum." The report spread in the autumn after the marriage, that she had borne her lord a son, proved false. In 1774 the Count and Countess of Albany went to Leghorn, with the intention of eventually settling at Siena. The following year, namely, was the jubilee at Rome, and Charles Edward could not bear the idea that on this occasion the honours generally granted to crowned heads would be refused to him. Towards the end of October they removed to Florence ; but, before describing their eventful abode in the

* Die Gräfin von Albany. Von Alfred von Reumont. Two volumes. Berlin: Decker.

Tuscan capital, we must offer our readers a few details, forming the foundation for claims that have recently aroused some attention :

In the year after Charles Edward's marriage, so the story runs, a young Scottish physician of the name of Beaton was travelling through Italy. While wandering about Tuscany, he heard a rumour that the heir of the Stuarts was residing *incognito* in that country. They were said to inhabit a villa near a convent dedicated to Santa Rosalia, on the southern slope of the Apennines. Attracted by the name of the "king and queen," the young surgeon proceeded to the indicated spot. He remained some days in the neighbourhood, and recognised the prince as he rode past, who, though no longer youthfully handsome, still retained that eagle glance which had fascinated his followers. On the same evening he visited the convent chapel, where he was suddenly addressed by a tall man, who requested his immediate surgical help. As usual in such stories, his eyes were bound after getting into a carriage, which conveyed him to a splendid villa. Here a servant met him, who informed him that his lady patient had had a premature accouchement, owing to the breaking of a carriage-wheel, but mother and child were doing well. He was then led through several rooms, on the walls of which hung several portraits, and he recognised James VIII. and the Duke of Perth. He entered the bedroom, where he saw a nurse holding a new-born babe, and on asking for writing materials, he was shown into an adjoining cabinet, where he recognised a miniature of Charles Edward.

We need not follow the details; we will merely add that, when on the point of leaving Leghorn, Dr. Beaton declared that he saw his friend at the convent, with a lady, hand over a bundle, from which the cry of a child issued, to Captain O'Halloran, of the English frigate *Albina*. From this narrative sprang the fable that the heir of the Stuarts was secretly educated in the Highlands. As a proof of the falsehood of the story, we need only allude to the utter silence the Count and Countess of Albany maintained on the subject; but those who are curious on the matter will find the entire narrative in a work published by Messrs. Blackwood.*

The count and countess, as we said, proceeded to Florence, where the Pretender's health began speedily to give way. Traces of dropsy were visible, and his digestion was entirely destroyed. Still he did not in any way alter his mode of life: he drove out daily, gave dinner parties, and went every evening to the Opera. In winter he visited the public balls, where he appeared in a Venetian domino, his consort being unmasked. On one occasion, being inflamed with wine, he had a dispute with a French officer, and when the latter replied to an insulting remark, that he must forget who he was, he replied, "Je sais que vous êtes Français, et cela suffit!" Altogether, the Pretender was what may be called a "bad lot," for though he recovered slightly in 1780, it was only to break out into fresh excesses. Even when he went to the theatre he would carry a bottle of Cyprus with him, and at one of the masqued balls he insisted on dancing a minuet with a young lady, which greatly amused the company, as his equerry, Count Spada, had to hold him under the arms. His relations to his wife were naturally very painful. We find, from Sir Horace Mann, that he ill-treated her; but he omits to add what was the chief cause of the unpleasantness between them.

* Tales of the Century. By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. Cf. *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxii.

In the autumn of 1777 Vittorio Alfieri, then not more than twenty years of age, formed the acquaintance of the Countess of Albany, and the acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship. At that period the countess seems to have been capable of arousing a powerful impression in the heart of an inflammable Italian, for, as Sir W. Wraxall tells us, "the Countess of Albany merited a more agreeable partner, and might, herself, have graced a throne. When I saw her at Florence (in 1779), though she had been long married, she was not quite twenty-seven years of age. Her person was formed on a small scale, with a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively as well as attractive manners." It was evident that a crisis must ensue ere long, for all the elements were collected on the scene: a passionate poet, a young, attractive wife, and an ageing husband, whose vices it was impossible to veil. There are, Von Reumont tells us, two portraits still existing in Florence, representing the too unequal couple. Charles Edward is not to be recognised as the same man: he has lack-lustre eyes, hanging cheeks and chin, and an expression half vexed, half wearisome. He is dressed in a short peruke, a scarlet coat with gold facings, the ribbon and star of the Garter, and a small St. Andrew's cross in his button-hole.

Sir W. Wraxall describes the *liaison* between Alfieri and the countess in such a way as to make us believe that Charles Edward felt no annoyance at the Italian custom of *cicisbeism*. But this did not endure long, and a crisis at length arrived in the life of the married pair, of which we cannot help thinking that the poet's exclusive admiration for the countess was the chief incentive. The affair is so fully described by Horace Mann, that we will quote his letter. Writing from Florence, on December 12, 1780, the envoy says:

I have often had occasion to mention to your lordship the irregular behaviour of the Pretender, but a late instance of it has produced a scene last Saturday of which it is my duty to give your lordship the earliest account. Of late, the intemperance of his behaviour, especially when he was heated with wine and stronger liquors, has been vented upon his wife, whom he has for a long time treated in the most indecent and cruel manner. On St. Andrew's-day—which he has always celebrated by indulging himself in drinking more than usual, he ill-treated her in the most outrageous manner, by the most abusive language, and beating her, and at night by . . . attempting to choke her. Her screams roused the whole family, and their assistance prevented any other violence; but it is supposed that from that moment she determined to separate from him, though she concealed her intention till she could write to the Cardinal of York, to represent the affair to him, and receive his answer. In the mean while she meditated on the means of putting it in execution. The cardinal's answer was conceived in terms of great civility and compassion, exhorting her, for the honour of his family, to bear with his brother's behaviour as long as she could, but promising her both assistance and protection in case she should be obliged to leave him. Fresh instances of his cruelty making her think herself in danger of her life, she meditated on the means of putting her resolution into effect, for which purpose she made her case privately known to the great-duke, and invited a lady of her acquaintance to breakfast with her in company with her husband, as she had often done before; after which, he proposed to the ladies to take the air in his coach as usual, and they, under the pretence of visiting a sort of convent, not a strict cloister, which is immediately under the great-duchess's protection, induced him to go thither, having previously engaged a gentleman of her acquaintance to be there to hand her out of her coach, and to prevent any acts of violence that might ensue, as the Pretender always carried pistols in his

pocket. The ladies getting first into the convent, the door was immediately shut and barred, to prevent the Pretender's going in. He flew into a violent passion, demanding his wife. A lady of the court, who has direction of that place, in the name of the great-duchess came to the grate and told him that the Countess Albania had put herself under the protection of the great-duke, and that being in danger of her life, she had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more. Upon which he returned home, where he committed the greatest extravagances, and has since declared that he will give a thousand zecchins to anybody who will kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion. He likewise had the folly to say publicly that he knew that, by his majesty's orders, I had given several thousand zecchins to his wife to administer a potion. . . . He immediately sent Count Spada, his gentleman, to the great-duke to complain of what had happened, and to demand his wife; but he received a very unfavourable answer.*

The cardinal willingly assented to give his sister-in-law a shelter, and she soon after quitted Florence. As apprehensions were entertained that her husband might try to carry her off, her coach was escorted by armed horsemen, and Alfieri and Mr. Gahagan, in disguise, occupied the coach-box. The countess reached Rome in perfect safety. She temporarily resided in the convent of the Ursulines, at the grate of which Alfieri saw her for a moment, in February, 1781. When, however, the Pope gave her permission to leave the convent, and reside in a wing of the cardinal's town palazzo, the poet saw the lady of his heart with tolerable frequency. It was while enjoying this happiness that Alfieri resolved to prepare an edition of his tragedies for the press, and one of them—the "Antigone"—was performed in the palace of the Spanish embassy, before an audience of the most distinguished persons in Rome. Alfieri was most anxious to secure powerful friends, for his *liaison* with the countess had become matter of town talk, and he foresaw the annoyances and torture that were preparing for him. An independent circumstance precipitated events.

Count Albany remained in Florence. His passion at his wife's flight, and the way in which it had been effected, only heightened the accursed mania to which he gave entire way. He tried to drown his misery, and thus destroyed the small amount of health and strength left him. His drunkenness attained such a pitch that, as an old servant of his brother said, a street porter could not beat him. The consequences might be anticipated: in March, 1783, he was taken dangerously ill, and on the 24th he received supreme unction. Soon after, his brother, the cardinal, arrived in Florence, and Charles Edward told him *his* story about the flight of the countess, and said that the cardinal ought to be ashamed of himself for giving her shelter. Henry Benedict, who seems to have been easily swayed, thereupon wrote, soon after, that Alfieri was the sole cause of the ever-to-be-lamented disunion between his brother and his wife. On this subject Alfieri writes in his autobiography:

Assuredly I will not here offer an apology for the mode of life of the majority of married women, both in Rome and the whole of Italy. I merely say that the conduct of the lady in question, with reference to myself, was much more within than beyond the measure of what is universally tolerated. I add that the injustice and bad behaviour of her husband towards her were notorious facts. Still

* We may mention, incidentally, that the gentleman who assisted the countess was an Irishman of the name of Gahagan.

I conclude, in order to do honour to the truth, that husband and brother-in-law, and their priestly adherents, had a perfect right to disapprove of my too frequent visits, although the border line of honour was never transgressed. I am only annoyed that it was not evangelical zeal, but the effect of selfish intrigue and low revenge.

In this state of things Alfieri resolved to quit Rome, though other writers assert that he received an order to quit that city within a fortnight. In the mean while, the countess spent summer and autumn at Genzano, on the banks of the Lago de Nemi, and then returned to Rome, where she remained till 1784, when she regained her liberty. Charles Edward consented to a separation. This was mainly brought about by Gustavus III. of Sweden, then travelling in Italy, under the title of Count von Haga. Everyone knows the sarcastic verses made about him :

Il Conte de Haga,
Tutto vede,
Poco intende,
E nulla paga.

On his introduction to Charles Edward, the king offered to act as mediator, and on his arrival at Rome he at once entered into communication with the countess and the cardinal. The terms of the separation were soon settled : her future income was fixed at six thousand scudi, while the French court gave her an annuity of sixty thousand francs. After the Pope had given his consent to a separation, *à mensâ et thoro*, Charles Edward signed the following document :

Nous Charles, roi légitime de la Grande Bretagne : sur les représentations qui nous ont été faites par Louise Caroline Maximilienne Emanuel, Princesse de Stolberg, que, pour bien des raisons, elle souhaitait demeurer dans un éloignement et séparation de notre personne, que les circonstances et nos malheurs rendaient nécessaires et utiles pour nous deux ; et considérant toutes les raisons qu'elle nous a exposé ; nous déclarons par la présente que nous donnons notre consentement libre et volontaire à cette séparation, et que nous lui permettons dorés en avant de vivre à Rome, ou en telle autre ville qu'elle jugera le plus convenable, tel étant notre bon plaisir. Fait et scellé du sceau de nos armes, en notre palais à Florence, le 3 avril, 1784.

Approuvé l'écriture et le contenu ci-dessus,
(L. S.) CHARLES R.

In the summer of 1784, the countess received permission to leave Rome for Baden, in Argovie. Alfieri, we need not say, was soon informed of the fact, and the pair resided for a couple of months at a secluded villa near Colmar. They remained together two happy months, during which the poet wrote his "Agis," his "Sophonisbe," and his "Myrrha." There they parted again, and the countess returned to Bologna, as she considered it her duty to reside for the present in the States of the Church. In the following autumn, Alfieri and the countess met again at Colmar, whence the latter proceeded alone to Paris. In the following year, however, they visited the French capital together, when the celebrated firm of Pierre Didot, the elder, was bringing out Alfieri's tragedies, while Beaumarchais's press, at Kehl, was producing his miscellaneous works. At the close of 1787, the countess and the poet took up their permanent residence in Paris, and a great change soon after took place in the lady's circumstances. After the separation, Charles Edward still remained at

Florence, and probably feeling how thoroughly alone in the world he was, he resolved to send for his daughter, who was living as a boarder in the Abbey of Meaux, with her mother, Clementina Walkinshaw. When the Pretender had separated from that person, he gave her a pension, but insisted on her signing a document that no marriage had taken place between them. As she refused, her pension was stopped, and being reduced to extreme poverty, she signed the document, but recalled it the next day, though, of course, too late. In July, 1784, Charles Edward recognised Lady Charlotte Stuart, his natural daughter, legitimised her under the name of the Duchess of Albany, and sent for her to Florence. She was at that time one-and-thirty years of age, and was very kindly received by the nobility. Soon after her arrival, the Pretender made his will, in which he made her sole heiress, and in 1785, she succeeded in reconciling the cardinal with his brother. It was arranged that Charles Edward should remove to Rome, and he left Florence for ever on December 2. He dragged on there for two years, the happiest he had known for a long time. Of these years Von Reumont says :

We must not regard Charles Edward as such an outcast as he is described by contemporaries who had an interest in doing so. The old and the new sorrows had broken him, and he had sought oblivion in an unworthy source ; but the noble spirit of his youth had not utterly died out. The recollection of his fatherland and his friends was as lively in him as ever. Not long before his arrival in Rome, a friend of Charles Fox, Mr. Greathed, had a conversation with him. They were alone in the prince's house, and the guest tried to bring the conversation round to Scotland and the '45. At first Charles Edward would not go into it, for the recollection evidently saddened him. But when the other continued, he seemed to throw off a load ; his eye sparkled, his features became unusually animated, and he began the description of the campaign with youthful energy : spoke of his marches, his battles, his victories, of his flight, and the dangers that surrounded him, the devoted fidelity of his Scotch companions, and the terrible fate so many of them met with. The impression which, after forty years, the recollection of the sufferings of friends produced on him was so powerful that his strength deserted him ; his voice broke down, and he fell senseless on the floor. On hearing the noise, his daughter hurried in. "What is this, sir ?" she exclaimed. "I am certain you have been talking with my father about Scotland and the Highlands. No one must allude to those subjects in his presence." On another occasion Charles Edward burst into tears on hearing the affecting melody of "Lochaber no more !" which his unfortunate followers had sang in prison.

On January 8, 1788, he had a fit of apoplexy, and on the 30th of the same month breathed his last sigh in the presence of his daughter, who closed his eyes. He was buried in his brother's church, at Frascati, with regal honours. The Duchess of Albany did not long survive her unhappy father : she died on the 14th November of the ensuing year at Bologna.

The countess was now free, and Sir William Wraxall gives a graphic account of her household in Paris. In one of the rooms was a throne, with the arms of Great Britain over it, and all the plate bore the same insignia. While the guests addressed her as Countess of Albany, her servants always employed the word majesty. Royal honours were also paid by the nuns of the convent she visited on Sundays and holidays. Her house was the gathering of all celebrities of birth, fashion, and talent. Among these was Beaumarchais, who, in February, 1791, read his play, "La Mère Coupable," to a distinguished party in the drawing-room. On this oc-

casion Beaumarchais wrote so characteristic a letter that we cannot but make room for it :

MADAME LA COMTESSE,—Puisque vous voulez absolument entendre mon très sévère ouvrage, je ne puis pas m'y opposer ; mais faites une observation avec moi : quand je veux rire, c'est aux éclats ; s'il faut pleurer, c'est aux sanglots. Je n'y connais de milieu que l'ennui. Admettez donc qui vous voudrez à la lecture de mardi, mais écarterez les cœurs usés, les âmes desséchées, qui prennent en pitié ces douleurs que nous trouvons si délicieuses. Ces gens-là ne sont bons qu'à parler révolution. Ayez quelques femmes sensibles, des hommes pour qui le cœur n'est pas une chimère, et puis pleurons à plein canal. Je vous promets ce douloureux plaisir.

In 1790 the countess visited England with Alfieri, and kept a journal of the accidents and incidents that occurred to her in that country. The most remarkable event, however, was certainly an audience granted her by George III. and Queen Charlotte on May 19. Horace Walpole wrote a letter to Miss Berry about it, in which he declares that the world has been turned topsy-turvy since the Pope was burnt in effigy in Paris, Madame Dubarry dined with the lord mayor, and the widow of the Pretender was presented to the Queen of Great Britain. The following winter was spent by the couple in Paris, but at last they found it high time to escape from the consequences of the Revolution. On the 18th August they contrived to get out of the doomed city with the greatest difficulty. Two days later they would surely have been arrested as aristos, and probably have been victims of the Septembriseurs. Their house, as it was, was plundered, and Alfieri's splendid library carried off. After a journey through Europe the countess and Alfieri arrived at Florence, where they permanently settled down.

Among the most intimate friends of the countess at Florence were the Countess of Besborough, sister of the celebrated Georgina of Devonshire, and Lady Webster, afterwards wife of Lord Holland. Among her male friends was Fabre, the French artist, who gave her lessons in drawing, and remained her intimate friend to the last. At this period, too, the countess's pecuniary resources began to improve, in consequence of the French despotism, as Alfieri tells us, which, after the peace of Lunéville, put a stop to the bankrupt paper-money in Italy, so that at length gold arrived from Rome instead of bills. She derived the greater portion of her income from her brother-in-law, but the French and Roman revolutions had done his fortune serious injury. All that was left him was the produce of his Spanish benefices, which brought him in 14,000 scudi, which suffered a terrible discount through being paid in paper. And out of this small revenue he was bound to pay 4000 scudi to his sister-in-law, 3000 to the mother of his deceased niece, and 1500 for pensions awarded by his father and brother. Under these circumstances the British Government came to his assistance, and promised to pay him 4000*l.* a year for life :

And the last prince of Darnley's house shall own
His debt of gratitude to Brunswick's throne.

Simultaneously with this piece of good fortune, which secured the countess's pension, Alfieri's Piedmontese income began to be regularly paid. Hence they were able to buy horses of their own instead of using "a

paltry hired coach," and could live respectably if not brilliantly. But we fancy that the countess had some trouble with her poetical friend, for he began to grow very cranky with advancing years, and his repeated attacks of gout compelled him to employ a regimen which undermined his constitution. He said once, "If my stomach could write my history, it would call me dirtily avaricious." In this way he became very weak, and felt that he had not long to live. His forebodings were correct: in the autumn of 1803 he had a fresh attack of gout, which, through a mistake of the physician, flew to his chest, and on the morning of October 8th he died, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. De Chateaubriand, while passing through Florence for Rome, saw the great Italian poet in his coffin. The countess, whom he had made his universal legatee, did all in her power to honour his memory; within a year of his death she commenced the publication of his posthumous memoirs, while Canova was commissioned to honour the great deceased by a work of his own hand, which was erected in the Church of Santa Croce.

When the Cardinal York died, in 1807, the countess, who thus lost a considerable portion of her income, wrote to George III., telling him of the circumstance, and government at once settled on her a pension of 1600*l.* a year, his majesty at the same time expressing a regret that "the demands unavoidably made upon him in consequence of the distressing and calamitous situation of so many sovereign houses of Europe, so nearly connected with his majesty, should preclude him from extending the allowance solicited by the Countess of Albany beyond the sum above stated." With her income thus secured, the countess lived a very pleasant life, and would have continued to do so, had not the French police begun to get alarmed at her soirées, where all the best people met, but were offensive to the French despot on account of their openly avowed Lorraine tendencies. In the summer of 1809 the countess received a polite intimation that she was to put in an appearance at Paris. Of course she went, but very unwillingly so, and was very politely received. As her travelling companion, Fabre tells us, "The reception given her was highly flattering. The Emperor certainly said to her, though jestingly, that he knew all about her influence over Florentine society, and that she stood in the way of his intended fusion of the Tuscans and the French. For this reason he had invited her to settle in Paris, where she would find easier opportunities for satisfying her inclinations for art." This compulsory residence in Paris lasted fifteen months, when she falteringly asked permission to return to her beloved Florence, and it was immediately conceded. It was in that city that Lamartine, then a lad of nineteen, formed the lady's acquaintance, and most of our readers will have read his description of her. How utterly he misunderstood the character of Alfieri will be seen from the following passage: "He died of ill-temper, a sad end for a person who was considered a great man. He was, however, no great man: he was a great declaimer in verse, a great humorist in prose. There was nothing truly great about him, save his passion for liberty and his love. At that time I was under the illusion of his character and genius. My readers must pardon my youth." We think, *mutato nomine*, that this description is better suited to the writer himself than to Alfieri, who is universally allowed to be one of the greatest of modern poets.

Another celebrated man who frequently visited the countess was Paul Louis Courier, whose memorable blot of ink on the manuscript of *Leangus* created such a tremendous scandal in Florence. Among his works will be found an interesting paper called "Conversation chez la Comtesse Albany," the first of a series he had intended to write. The countess was a good friend to him, and was often of great assistance to him in his pecuniary difficulties. Another remarkable character who haunted her house was Ugo Foscolo, so well known at a later date in this country, and of whom Cyrus Redding gives such an interesting account in his "Fifty Years' Recollections."

After the overthrow of the Napoleonic and the return of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, the countess made an attempt to obtain the payment of her pension from the French government, which had, of course, been suspended during the Revolution and the Empire, but was unsuccessful. She did not want it, however, for her mode of living was unpretending, and she led a very regular life. At all seasons, when the weather permitted it, she went out walking at an early hour. She walked alone, for everybody in Florence knew her, in her large hat and shawl, with her bold footfall, and her arms frequently stuck akimbo. On returning home, the countess proceeded to her library, for she was a diligent student, and fond of making glossaries on the text. She also left behind her a large number of analyses of books she had read. At the same time she kept up an enormous correspondence with all the leading men of the age. She paid but few visits, and never invited to dinner more than two or three of her most intimate friends.

Her house, as we have said, was the gathering place of celebrities of all ages. It is impossible to mention all here, but we will devote a few lines to a lady who had a considerable opinion of herself, first quoting Von Reumont's verdict upon her, which is an admirable criticism:

A later acquaintance was Sydney Lady Morgan. This lady has been valued far too highly, and ranged much too low. In a literary epoch, when the shallowest liberalism made a fortune, because the bitterness of the first revolution had not yet been tasted, her books on France and Italy created considerable sensation. People had been so long without any inner literature of the latter country, that they eagerly took up a book which was half a description of a tour, half memoirs. A mass of superficial opinions was regarded as deep political wisdom, common art-chatter as æsthetics, and readers were pleased with all the revelations which the reckless indiscretion of the author made, in which personal, social, and political relations were served up with equally compromising talkativeness. While, then, these books are not in many respects praiseworthy signs of the times, and often not at all ladylike, with all their defects they contain much that interests. The lively wit, the sharp and practical gift of observation, in spite of the tendency to superficiality, crop out of the desert of common-place twaddle.

According to her own account in the "Book of the Boudoir," Sydney Lady Morgan was an ever welcome guest at the house of the countess, and we can pardon the vanity contained in her remark to Thomas Moore, that she was "led to the seat quite as the queen of the room," when we learn that the Countess of Albany, who never paid a visit to private persons, and never left her palace on the Arno except for the English

ambassador's or the grand-duke's, condescended to pay a morning call on Sydney Lady Morgan. To quote the lady's own account :

The Countess of Albany could be the most agreeable woman in the world, and upon the occasion of this flattering visit she was so. She could also be the most disagreeable; for, like most great ladies, her temper was uncertain, and her natural hauteur, when not subdued by her brilliant bursts of good humour, was occasionally extremely revolting. Still she loved what is vulgarly called fun, and no wit or sally of humour could offend her.

Here, again, is the account of another interview, and of what Sydney Lady Morgan calls by its real title :

We had received very early letters from London, with the account of the king's death. I was stepping into the carriage to pay Madame d'Albany a morning visit when they arrived, and I had still the letters in my hand on entering the library of the rez-de-chaussée, where I found her alone, and writing, when I suddenly exclaimed, with a French theatrical air :

"Grande princesse, dont les torts tout un peuple déplore,
Je viens vous l'annoncer : l'usurpateur est mort !"

"What usurper?" asked Madame d'Albany, not a little surprised, and not a little amused. "Madame, l'Electeur de Hanovre a cessé de vivre!" The mauvaise plaisanterie was taken in good part; for, truth to tell, though the Countess d'Albany always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude of the royal family, and felt (or affected) an absolute passion for his present majesty, whose picture she had, she was always well pleased that others should consider her claims to the rank of queen as legitimate, of which she entertained no doubt. She, however, affected no respect for a husband whom, living, she had despised for his vices and hated for his cruelty.

Through lack of space we will confine our attention solely to the English celebrities who called in at the countess's house. First, we have the Duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty aroused the admiration of all Europe, and who resided at Rome, as the devoted friend of Cardinal Consalvi. Her last letter, written to her "cara regina," as she called the Countess of Albany, five days before her death, has been preserved, and we wish we had space for it here. It will be found, however, in Von Reumont's admirable biography, to which we have before referred. There, too, was seen the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, whose beauty and grace attracted the greatest attention wherever she sojourned in Italy. One of the anecdotes this lady used to tell is worth quoting, as a side-piece to Talleyrand's wife and "le bonhomme Vendredi." On a Mr. Jones being announced in a Roman salon, Cardinal Caccia Piatti asked, with charming simplicity, whether he were any relation to the celebrated Tom Jones? The Countess of Jersey, too, was an honoured guest, whom Madame de Staël recommended as "la plus jolie et l'une des plus agréables personnes de l'Angleterre." In these salons Lady Charlemont, Lady Dillon, Lady Grenville Temple, and others, distinguished by birth or beauty, met others whose names have gone far beyond fashionable circles. Of such was Mrs. Somerville, who still lives in Florence, as admirable for her learning as she is estimable in private life for her modest simplicity. Such, too, were the Misses Berry, whose reminiscences extended from Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand down to the latest days, and comprised both English and French society. Among the passing visitors

to the countess's salons, we will just mention Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Trelawney, Samuel Rogers, John Cam Hobhouse, and "Anastasius" Hope, whom Madame de Staël introduced by the following letter, written at Coppet, in 1816 :

N'est-il pas vrai, ma souveraine, que vous me pardonnez de vous envoyer encore de nouveaux sujets—Monsieur et Madame Hope? Monsieur Hope est un homme très instruit, très connaisseur dans les beaux-arts, et sa femme est aussi jolie que gracieuse. Faites, je vous prie, que le premier jour ils croient à votre bonté pour moi; quand vous les aurez connus, vous les aimerez pour eux.

The health of the countess had always been good, and she passed her seventieth birthday without being attacked by the failings of old age. In 1823, however, traces of dropsy began to be visible; but she fought against it, and still took exercise. Towards the beginning of 1824, however, she had a serious fever, and fell into a dangerous condition. She prepared for death with the utmost calmness, and the sorrowful event took place on January 29, 1824, in the seventy-second year of her age.

FIVE MONTHS IN A FRENCH PINE FOREST.

THERE is a charming nook in the department of "la Gironde" but little known by the English, famed though they be for ubiquity. Its merits as a spring residence are so great, and so unknown, that it is a thousand pities not to spread them broadcast. We must try to make up for the deficiency, premising that no words of ours can do "Arcachon" justice.

"Well, it must be a precious out-of-the-way place, that Arcachon," we can imagine the reader saying, "for I never even heard the name before."

Possibly. But do you never find your geographical knowledge at fault, may I ask? Can you stand the hard test, for instance, of the American war, without reference to a map? *We* must confess to have been sunk in the depths of the most lamentable ignorance as to its whereabouts, even at Bordeaux; but then *we* never were geographers: we have a shrewd suspicion that the historic child who considered "Egypt the capital of Paris" must have been our progenitor.

However, we committed ourselves with implicit faith to *Bradshaw*, and, under its guidance, found ourselves at Arcachon one gloomy, wild, January evening, about seven P.M. We quitted Bordeaux by the train that leaves for Bayonne and Pau, at 4.30, successfully triumphed over the difficulties of "Lamothe" junction, and were whirled away in a south-westerly direction for nearly three hours, before finally reaching our journey's end.

Arcachon, thirty years ago, consisted of some half-dozen fishermen's hovels; now it is as pretty a village as France can produce anywhere. Nestled in its fostering pines, it thrives apace; and can boast now of four hotels, a town-hall, and numerous shops. The latter are, I must confess, in winter at least, rather short of contents, beyond the necessaries of life. But what rose is without a thorn? certainly not so pretty a rose as Arcachon; and at La Teste, five minutes' distance by rail, endless superfluities of life are obtainable. "Marie Mouton's" shop, alone, can provide you with almost anything, from early violets to scarlet flannel; and if "Mademoiselle Adèle," in addition, is not sufficient for your wants, we can only say you are very hard to please. Sabots, *fineries*—as the maids call them—and breviaries, form quite a happy family together in her house at La Teste. She has, as she says herself, "un peu de tout." The difficulty would be to manage to avoid suiting yourself in her endless variety.

The scenery of parts of the forest, which stretches away behind Arcachon, inland, in one long, unbroken green, for forty miles, is quite lovely. Arbutus, of growth almost equal to Killarney, forms the underwood, in conjunction with several varieties of heath. The "mediterranean," with its sweet spikes of pinkish lilac blossom, is often found from eight to ten feet high; and a profusely-blowing white heath is a mass of blossom from the middle of February. Above all tower the pines, in every picturesque attitude; some of gigantic stature, like the sons of Anak, most of apparently about forty years' growth.

There is an obelisk erected in the forest, near La Teste, on which the curious may see recorded, in marble letters, that the forest was begun to be planted by Louis XVI., in 1783, and continued by Louis XVIII., in 1818, who erected the obelisk to his brother's memory. It must be a profitable possession, that forest, as the turpentine and resin produced by each tree averages yearly about one shilling and sixpence of our money. M. Emile Pereira owns part of it, but the principal proprietor is the Crown.

There is nothing remarkable in the scenery that the railway passes through between Bordeaux and Arcachon. From Lamothe it becomes interesting from historical associations, as at almost every point one is reminded of the famous "Captaux de Buch." Not far from Lamothe itself was the Priory of Comprian, to which they contributed so largely in days of yore, as it was the favourite burying-place of the lords of the thirteenth century. At "Le Teich," a station nearer Arcachon, is to be seen the home of the last of the Captaux de Buch, in the Château de Ruat, now owned by M. Adrien Festugière; but at La Teste, the last station before Arcachon, the interest culminates; for to an archæologist and antiquarian it possesses great charms. La Teste, still called "La Teste de Buch," was the head-quarters of those famous chieftains, who have left such a name behind them in the annals of France and England. The whole of the surrounding territory belonged to them, and as lately as the year 1820, remains of their formidable castle were to be seen. The hill on which it was situated, behind the present church, is still pointed out by the peasantry. If we may believe André Favyn, a city was founded on the site of the present La Teste de

Buch, nearly three hundred years before Christ, which took the name of "Boios," and became the seat of a bishopric in more modern times, though it was buried by the gradual encroaching of the sands, centuries before the present town existed, which latter can date back in some parts to the twelfth century, and is a town of, we should imagine, some four thousand inhabitants.

But to return to Arcachon and its many merits. The climate of the forest is peculiarly suitable for those invalids who suffer from diseases of the chest and lungs. The air being impregnated with the resinous turpentine, every breath inhaled is medicated, and it quite acts as a charm in some cases. The thermometer marks from six to eight degrees higher in the shelter of the forest, to what it does on the strand, at the same period of the day. Very little rain falls at Arcachon—the sky there is not given to weeping—and the soil is dry and sandy. The cutting east wind, too, that *bête noire* of invalids, does not prevail; when it does come, it is certainly not cutting, but a reformed character, actually doing good instead of harm by its soft balmy breath. No; that heartless fiend that stalks abroad in Great Britain in the spring, shrivelling up the very marrow in the bones of his wretched victims, decoyed out of doors by a delusive sun, is fortunately not omnipresent. Ah! poor, trembling, neuralgia-stricken sufferers from his merciless grasp, take our advice, and go to Arcachon: we speak from experience. Revile him there at your ease; revel in abuse, and he can't punish you. He deserves all, and more than all, the hard words you can give him for the cruelties he perpetrates every spring. Go—from revenge, if it were nothing else—to deprive him of his prey. If you have an eye for the picturesque, Arcachon will rejoice your heart. The houses are mostly built after the model of Swiss *châlets* and Indian bungalows, the walls generally coloured lilac or pink, the deep verandahs and carved woodwork of the outside galleries setting them off immensely. And watch that knot of women coming home from oyster-dredging—how they would rejoice a painter's heart! Immense boots to the knee, full scarlet knickerbockers, gay "foulards" streaming (the only feminine characteristic by the way), and very likely a shepherd or two from the "Landes," wrapped in sheepskins, majestically perched on stilts, trying to negotiate an exchange between eggs and oysters, and making pigmies of the women beside them.

Footsore though we were the day after our arrival, returning from a pilgrimage in search of an eligible "*maison particulière*," we never more fully realised the old truism, that "when the eye is gladdened, the body rejoices." On every side there was something to stop and admire.

The hotels being, unfortunately, all near the sea, are not favourably situated for invalids, who should be as much in the forest as possible: so, *molens volens*, we had to go house-hunting. We had hardly progressed fifty yards, before we were swooped down upon by the landlady of a rival hotel, who evidently looked on any English *stranded* on the beach at Arcachon as her lawful prey, and insisted on taking us through her rooms. "She quite understood the care of English" (as if we were a species of wild beast, to be approached with caution). "She had had two English gentlemen staying in her house, for whom she had made choco-

late every evening. Tea was 'fort dangereux.' Her rooms faced the sun, so fireplaces were quite unnecessary. Ah, the heat of a fire was very unwholesome." We were, however, proof to her blandishments, and felt, on leaving her, that our moral courage had never been sufficiently appreciated in England. We wandered on till we came to a house with a pink cupola, out of which the "gardienne" rushed as we passed. "Tenez," her house had countless advantages; it was both in the forest and on the shore, so that it combined the double advantages of forest climate and sea-bathing. We of course could not dine in the salon (there was but one sitting-room), but we would have our choice of dining either in the verandah, or under the acacias in the garden, in an "ombrage délicieux." Going without dinner till May, or dining under leafless acacias in January, we felt would be a doubtful pleasure; we shuddered, in spirit at least, at the idea of the draughts of the verandah, and sea-bathing at that season was, we are sure, delightful, but still, it might not suit us exactly. Well, we would think about it; and with difficulty got away, feeling that we were considered extraordinarily eccentric, even for English, to reject such proffered advantages. However, we did at last get a perfection of a house, and went back to the hotel joyful.

House rent is not dear yet at Arcachon. For one hundred francs a month you can get a six or eight-roomed house, well situated, fairly furnished, and, like all the houses, very clean. When a private house is taken, it is always the custom to hire linen and table necessaries from the gardiens, who can provide all your wants in that way for a very moderate charge; and if they live in the house, which, however, is not always the case, they could probably cook for you also, which saves a good deal of trouble in searching for an "artiste" elsewhere.

The pride our servants took at forming part of an English "ménage," and the airs of superiority they assumed thereupon over their unemployed fellows, provided us with a never-failing fund of amusement, and was, of course, immensely gratifying to our feelings.

The Arcachonais always converse in patois among themselves, but can all speak French, of more or less purity. The mysteries of English, however, they have not yet mastered, and looked upon us with singular respect for being able to speak it, oblivious of the fact that it was our native tongue. They apparently drew their idea of its jaw-breaking capabilities from watching M. Fillieux, the apothecary (the only person in the community who "owned a little English"), who made wonderfully spasmodic contortions at his English words. He was very proud of what he knew, and naturally liked airing his vocabulary on every possible occasion.

There are various excursions that can be taken from Arcachon; one of the pleasantest is to the great lake of Cazeaux, where there is excellent fishing to be had. The road lies through the most picturesque parts of the "Grande Forêt" of La Teste, and is a charming two hours' ride on an early summer's morning. The lake is, the people say, as large as the Bassin d'Arcachon, the latter being twelve miles long. The best view of the lake is decidedly from Maubruc, not from Cazeaux itself, which latter place consists of some thirty houses, scattered through half a dozen fields, and can hardly be said to have arrived at the dignity of a main street.

The solitude that reigns on this lake is complete; when launched on its waters, not a sound is to be heard. We could imagine ourselves on some North American lake, the same silence prevails; and if a Red Indian, followed by his squaw, were to step out from among the sombre pines with which it is girt, it would seem only in character with the scene. We were not surprised at the Arcachon people thinking Cazeaux "triste;" the astonishment to us was that any French people could live there without going melancholy mad; but as we must confess a most vitiated taste for strong contrasts, we enjoyed an occasional visit there, for Arcachon looked cheerier than ever on our return.

Pretty, however, as Arcachon is at all times, she certainly looks her best in April and May, when the gardens (for each house stands in a kind of "compound," to use an Indian term) are a blaze of beauty, the trees in full leaf, the pine-blossom shedding its delicious scent all round, and the long avenue of acacias extending on each side the carriage-road, forming, towards the end of May, a white awning of blossom the whole way to "La Teste," a distance of between two and three English miles.

An invasion of Bordeaux shopkeepers and their belongings, in July and August, for sea-bathing, inflict on poor unfortunate Arcachon a visitation of noise and dust, under which she groans in vain; but as in those months it is, from the heat, too relaxing a residence for most invalids, it does not so much matter. Her greatest charm, a delicious spring climate, is fortunately not appreciated, hardly, indeed, known, at Bordeaux.

We may conclude by recommending any unfortunate sufferers from the wet of an Irish winter, the harshness of an English spring, to follow our steps to Arcachon, where they will receive in exchange a dry soil and balmy air, if they can dispense with *English* society. We can promise them one English book at M. Lacou's library, who can also supply them with the one indigenous product of Arcachon, the "Nectar des Landes," a capital liqueur, with a smack of noyau, which alone is worth going to taste. M. Fillioux is most benevolent in lending "*Shakspeare*"—in his estimation the best antidote to ennui to an Englishman; and having brought our readers into such good company, we relieve them of ours, feeling that we shall leave them in much better hands.

ENGLAND GETTING READY.

As, according to all probability, the answer for which England is waiting from across the Atlantic will have been received before these pages see the light, it will be superfluous for us to speculate on its nature. We may fairly assume, however, from all that has occurred, that the Federal government is preparing for war, hoping in that way to improve its discreditable position as concerns the South, and employ that opinion as the basis of our article, in which we purpose to show in what position England stands in the event of Lord Lyons receiving his walking papers. We will premise, however, that we shall not again mention the revered names of Puffendorf, Grotius, Vattel, and Wheatley, of which our readers may be tired, and we certainly are. For this reason: even had the Americans been in the right in the matter of the *Trent*, which every Englishman believes they were not, excepting Lord Robert Montagu, Lord Ebury, and sundry prophets of peace and discontented shareholders in the Central Illinois, our patience had already grown exhausted by a series of petty insults, and it was high time to make a demonstration.

It is gratifying to find that two much-abused public departments, the Admiralty and the Horse Guards, have been able to vindicate their character so triumphantly in the present crisis. As regards the former establishment, the ground has been completely cut away from under Messrs. Lindsay, White, &c., probably to the sincere joy of their much-enduring fellow M.P.s; while the would-be smart phrase, "How not to do it!" rebounds from the Horse Guards like a shot from the sides of the *Warrior*. In fact, no Englishman can reproach the government with lavish expenditure, when he regards the magnificent results achieved. Nothing will show this in a more striking light than a comparison of the present with the past. When an equally splendid army was sent forth from our shores at the commencement of the Crimean war, the troops were set on shore at Gallipoli, and not a soul paid the slightest consideration to them; there was, so to speak, no commissariat; no provision had been made for their winter clothing, and sheer imbecility was the characteristic of the heads of departments. At the present moment, so thoroughly is the working order in all branches of the administration, that entire regiments go aboard their transports with as little fatigue as if changing garrison, and find there that wise forethought had provided them with every reasonable protection against the rigour of a Canadian winter. We will quote, as a curiosity, the extra outfit supplied gratis to the private: two pairs of woollen drawers, one Jersey, two merino under-vests, two pairs of worsted stockings, one comforter, one chamois leather waistcoat, one sealskin cap with ear-mufflers, one pair of sealskin mits, one pair of Canadian boots, and one sheepskin coat. Any man who had recommended such a system to the authorities prior to the Crimean war would have been regarded as a harmless lunatic; but who can doubt, employing past experience as a guide, that it is the wisest and the cheapest plan. We are not surprised to read, therefore, that even the regimental officers are availing themselves largely of the permission granted them to obtain their equipment from government stores.

Equally praiseworthy is the rapidity with which the ten thousand men sent to Canada as a first instalment were put on board ship, and the ease with which the Horse Guards selected so large a body of men. Ours may be a small army, but that it is maintained in the highest efficiency cannot be doubted. Of course, if war become indispensable, such a number would not be sufficient to guard the thousand miles of Canadian frontier from insult, but we can support them almost at a moment's notice with other twenty thousand, all equally efficient, and thoroughly prepared for every contingency. Nor must we forget that we already have five thousand good troops in Canada, while the Duke of Newcastle recently assured us that "ten thousand men would not represent one-tenth of those who would come forward upon occasion for the defence of British North America." To organise these volunteers and militia, government have sent out officers of great experience, as well as 100,000 rifles and vast stores of ammunition. On the other side, the report of the Federal secretary represents the strength of the American army at 640,637 volunteers, and 20,344 regulars; the former number to be reduced, during the coming year, to 500,000 in round figures. Of the value of such troops Mr. Russell has told us enough, and even if the whole array marched against Canada, there would be no serious cause of alarm, even supposing that the South raised the siege of Washington, which is extremely doubtful.

Turning to the navies of the two powers, we have no cause to feel alarm, even if war broke out to-morrow. Vice-Admiral Mylne has already a very fine fleet on the North American station, and vessels are being daily brought forward to reinforce him. When we read the armament of the *Orlando*, which left Plymouth on December 23rd, and notice among her fifty monster guns no fewer than eight 100-pounder Armstrongs, we feel as if the American fleet must be blown out of the water. The secretary of the Federal navy has, it is true, told us in his report that he has raised it to 264 ships, but many of these are sailing ships, and quite unfit to cope with our screws. At the beginning of December our steam navy amounted to 242 ships of all classes, mounting 4650 guns, and manned by 50,000 sailors and marines; and by the end of this month we shall indubitably have on the American station a fleet mounting 1527 guns. It would be idle to assume that the Federal navy could make any offensive demonstration against it. Apprehensions have been expressed in some quarters that the Americans may revert to their old privateering system, and slip vessels out from San Francisco to lie in wait for the homeward-bound gold fleet; but we are, fortunately, fully prepared for them. Admiral Warren, commanding on this side of the Pacific, has at his disposal a fine squadron of six ships, mounting 99 guns. Moreover, our admirals all over the world have received their instructions by this time, and we may feel certain that we shall suffer no humiliation like the capture of the *Java*, although another *Chesapeake* may haul down her colours to a modern *Shannon*.

So far we have regarded the pleasant side of the question, but, like most matters in life, this silver shield has its reverse. In the first place, it is a material impossibility to guard a frontier of three thousand miles in length, and should the Federal government determine on hostilities, we may feel assured that General McClellan would recognise the importance

of striking the first blow. Putting himself at the head of 200,000 men, he can leave Washington by railway, and reach in comparatively a short period the Canadian frontier. Colonel Eardley Wilmot, who recently returned from Washington, told us he had seen these 200,000 men under excellent discipline, and 100 field-guns well horsed, the whole attended by an organised commissariat and means of transport. Of course the American Napoleon would be prevented by the winter from undertaking any extensive operations, but he could do the Canadians considerable injury. Everything seems to indicate that Montreal would be the point of attack, and it still remains undefended, although the Royal Engineers have on several occasions drawn up the plans. Hence the great work for the Canadians during the winter will be forming earthworks round their capital. Another important consideration is how the reinforcements are to reach Canada, for practically the only winter route to that country is *viâ* Portland, which belongs to America. From the latest accounts, the winter is so open in Canada this year, that there is a possibility of the *Melbourne* getting up to Rivière du Loup, about one hundred and twenty miles from Quebec, to which city a railway runs up; but the other transports must land their troops either at Halifax, or St. John, New Brunswick. From these places they would be obliged to travel in sleighs to the above railway, and thence get up to Quebec, say in six weeks from this time. But that is no solution of the difficulty, for we unfortunately want the troops at Montreal, and the only way to do that is by landing them at Portland. That place is absolutely necessary for us, and if we acted with energy we might seize that port immediately on the declaration of hostilities, or, at any rate, a threat of occupation would cause a diversion from Montreal.

The newspaper press has, of course, been raking up all possible material connected with the winter march of troops through Canada, with special reference to the year 1837, when the gallant 48rd Light Infantry marched from Frederikton to Quebec across frozen plains and rivers. Since that period, however, matters have greatly changed. At that time both Montreal and Quebec were feebly garrisoned and surrounded by the rebels, and it was indispensable that reinforcements should reach the latter city at all risks. Moreover, some five-and-twenty years have made considerable alterations in New Brunswick: roads have been laid down, and from the excellent arrangements, such a winter's tour in the bracing atmosphere, and with creaking hard-set snow under foot, will be regarded by the soldiers in the light of a pleasure excursion. At any rate, it will be a very different thing from the winter our gallant fellows spent in the trenches before Sebastopol. In the mean while, we are glad to find by the most recent advices from Canada that there is great activity in military and warlike preparations. Sir Fenwick Williams has set to work in fortifying Toronto; the 62nd and 63rd Regiments have been ordered up to Quebec from Halifax, and there is no doubt but that they will reach the Rivière du Loup before the ice sets in. The Canadians, English and French, are animated by the best sentiments, and are determined to fight to the death for their homes and alters. As, too, their opponents are but volunteers, like themselves, we may feel pretty sure that operations will drag, if the Americans meet with a firm resistance when they attempt their first blow. It is also a cheering fact that, although the Yankees

have invaded Canada seven times, they have with one exception been most satisfactorily thrashed. In 1813 and 1814, when we were engaged in the continental war, they inflicted some severe blows on us, especially in the action near the Falls of Niagara, on July 25, 1814, when they were commanded by General Winfield Scott. Two years previously, however, Brigadier Hull, with his whole force, surrendered to General Brock, and a second invasion, under Van Rensselaër, equally terminated in an ignominious capitulation. In those times, however, England had her work to do in Europe, and could not devote such care to her colony : now, we need hardly say, matters are far more promising for us.

There is another pleasing item to take into account ; we shall be enabled to blockade every American port, and, if necessary, blow both New York and New Orleans out of the water. But we tacitly laid down the rule in the Crimean war that we would do no injury to unarmed cities, and we spared Odessa, although continental nations laughed at our folly. We shall, however, in all probability find ourselves avenged in a more satisfactory way: the North have hit on the barbarous plan of filling old vessels with stones and sinking them in narrow channels off Southern ports, hoping that with this aid nature will soon silt them up. If, then, the Federals declare war with England, they will be compelled to raise the blockade of the Southern ports precipitately, and it strikes us that the South will be very much inclined to retaliate the barbarity, and try the experiment in the New York harbour, which also possesses extremely narrow channels. And we really could not blame the South for doing it, after the atrocities that have hitherto characterised the war.

There is one point which seems to offer some difficulty, and that is in what manner England is to treat the South. We can hardly accept Mr. Jefferson Davis as our ally, and probably the furthest extent to which we can go is recognising the belligerent rights of the South. For it must not be forgotten that the Southerners have been quite as rabid against Earl Russell's policy as the North, and their papers have been filled with violent denunciations against England, which Mr. Bennett, of New York, might have signed without a blush. As we do not in any way require the aid of the South in settling our quarrels, we consider it will be altogether wiser quietly to ignore it. There is another nation whose proffered aid we can gratefully decline: while, appreciating the admirable spirit displayed by the Emperor of the French and the nation at large, England must ask permission to settle this quarrel herself. So long as the emperor does not go back to the traditional policy of France, and seek to regain French Canada, we shall be fully satisfied ; but, with all possible respect, we have had lately too many of these joint enterprises, which do nobody good. Well-meaning, too, as is the French emperor's notification to the President, that he felt very displeased with his braggadocio, and was determined to back up English policy, there is something offensive to Englishmen in the notion that they cannot settle their quarrels without the proffered interference of a third party. We cannot see any benefit that will result from such a measure on the part of the Emperor of the French, and we therefore trust that he will recal his decision. One thing is quite certain: British pride will revolt from the notion of foreigners being appealed to to aid us in chastising our inordinate younger brother. We have no wish to punish him more than his

strength will permit, and so soon as he has cried "Peccavi!" we will take him back to our favour, and buy up all his cotton. Still we do not think it would be wise, even supposing that the South continued hostilities, to begin buying cotton too hurriedly. The Americans are essentially fickle, and we might some day discover that we were supplying the funds with which the Federals held out against us.

We do not wish to assert that the fight will be absolutely one-sided at the outset. There is no doubt that the Federals have several fast screw privateers in the China waters, which may do our colonial possessions considerable injury, but scuttling them will be merely a work of time. Wanton destruction they may commit, but they can never hope to get back again with their plunder, and there is not a spot in the Eastern seas where they could lay in a fresh stock of coal, for every station is in our possession. As there is, moreover, always a certain amount of piracy carried on in those parts, the captains of merchantmen are on their guard, and would offer a decent amount of resistance. Still the mere fact of any blow being dealt to our mercantile marine would inflate the vanity of the Yankees, and make them fancy themselves once more the heroes who licked the Britishers, who had before licked the world. In the old war we fought to put down rebellion, and were within an ace of effecting our purpose: now, we have no desire to annex any American territory, beyond the state of Maine at the most, and if we seize on that, it will be owing to Mr. Seward's petty malignity in compelling the Canadians to display passports when they shipped from Portland for Europe.

There is one portion of our American possessions which appears to be in a critical position—Vancouver's Island. We have but two or three insignificant men-of-war in those waters, and though the colonists have long implored the presence of a regiment, it has not yet been granted to them. The British government is represented by a handful of marines, and there are thousands of Yankee rowdies who would only be too glad to cross the frontier and seize on the gold-fields at the first whisper of hostilities. We understand, on excellent authority, that government have ordered heavy guns and vessels to that station, but the distance is so great that the mischief would be effected prior to their arrival. Had Sir Bulwer Lytton remained in power a short while longer, this evil would have been rectified, and British Columbia placed in a proper posture of defence. At the present moment there is nothing but the patriotism of the inhabitants to preserve to the British Crown a colony that promises to turn out one of the most valuable of its possessions.

It has been argued more than once that it is beyond belief that America, with a war already on her hands, to which she sees no outlet, should venture on bearding a new and far more formidable opponent. Still, everything seems to prove the truth of the deliberate intention of Mr. Seward to pick a quarrel with us; and, probably, the best criterion of the American temper at the present moment will be found in a remarkable series of letters publishing in the *Morning Herald*, under the signature of "Manhattan." The writer is an American gentleman of some standing, and tolerably well known in this country, and it might be naturally supposed that he would not condescend to vituperation. Strange to say, even this gentleman and scholar has become so exasperated by the humiliation put on the North, that his correspondence offers the strangest

medley of rowdyism and fanaticism ever published in this country. The *Morning Herald*, with its marked Southern tendencies, is only too ready to publish Manhattan's correspondence, in spite of an affected coyness, for it offers such a marvellous specimen of Yankeeism. It strikes us, on the other hand, that the story of the two Kilkenny cats might be repeated with advantage to the world in America, and that in our admiration for the pluckiness of the Southern gentlemen, and the brave resistance they have offered their huge, bullying opponent, we have closed our eyes against the existence of slavery. Nor must we forget, with war looming in the foreground, that the fathers of this Southern chivalry shot down our fathers from behind cotton bales, and during the last American war were far more inveterate against us than the Northerners. Taking all this into consideration, we do not see that England could honourably enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with the South. Of course we shall feel very much obliged to them if they will hold the Federals in check until we can sail up the Potomac once again and destroy the pompous capital; but we doubt whether the great mass of the English nation would be inclined to pin their fortunes to such a tainted cause as that of the South. Hitherto, all the advantage has been on the side of the Confederation, both with the sword and the pen; but when the exasperation has worn off, when the hot blood courses more calmly through our veins, we shall see that the whole blame attaches to one man—Mr. Seward. Ever since the election of Lincoln, the conduct of the Republican party has been tinged with an hypocrisy only possible in such a denominational country as North America. The abolition of slavery was put forward when they wished to destroy Southern influence in Congress; but so soon as the first blow was struck the world saw that this was but a hollow evasion, and that the fight was in reality between Protection and Free-trade. Their cause was lost with Europe ere the first shot was fired, and their wretched conduct of the campaign drew down on them the ridicule and contempt of the world, and they have, consequently, selected England as the country they will hold up to posterity as a warning example.

Well, be it so! it was quite certain that the braggart arrogance of the Yankees must eventually be punished. They had, for some time past, construed our moderation into fear, and had grown into a wild belief of the majesty of King Cotton. During the last six-and-twenty years we have never been in such an excellent position for fighting without draining our resources, as at present: France is practically bound over to good behaviour by the avowed embarrassment of her finances; Europe is tolerably tranquil, and we have restored peace through our widely-scattered dominions. We have a magnificent fleet and an effective army; we have the finest ordnance and of the heaviest calibre in the world, and, better still, an extraordinary enthusiasm pervading the nation at the mere idea of our flag being insulted. Nor need we fear that our forces will this time be weakened by desertions: our sailors have learned by harsh experience what they have to expect if they desert their colours to join the Americans, while, at the same time, we have given them inducements to stay with us, in the shape of liberal and fair treatment. Desertion, it is true, has prevailed to a great extent from the regiments stationed in Canada, but it has not been for the purpose of taking service

with the Federal regulars, whose discipline is excessively strict. These desertions have mostly taken place among men who have a desire to better themselves, or whose relatives have settled in the backwoods, and describe them in their letters as a land flowing with milk and honey.

Recapitulating the advantages and disadvantages, we have, then, a large majority of the former in our favour. Even supposing that the Southerners give McClellan a chance of slipping off to Canada with his 200,000 men, it is quite certain that they cannot do much for the present. In the mean while we can closely invest the Northern ports, and utterly stop their trade, batter down their few fortifications, and spread terror and alarm along the sea-board. And then, ere long, the Western States, whose inhabitants will be frightfully impoverished by the inability of disposing of their cereals, will become agitated, and in all probability follow the example of the South, and the unwieldy Northern republic will be utterly broken up. If it be true, as the lamented Prince Consort said on one public occasion, that in this country constitutionalism was on its trial, it is evident that sentence has been passed on republicanism across the Atlantic. If we are forced to fight, we shall go into the contest accompanied by the acclamations of all the reigning houses of Europe, and hence there is but little fear of any demonstration at home which may prevent us developing our entire energies across the Atlantic.

We presume that national jealousy caused the Americans to select England as the nation with which to try conclusions, for there is another country that has behaved far more unkindly to them. Throughout the Crimean war the Americans threw themselves at the feet of the Czar, and even picked a quarrel with us in the hope of hampering our resources. They have now received a severe proof that republicans ought to put no faith in princes, for the Czar has not made the slightest demonstration on their behalf. Throughout the present fratricide, the Federal government has done everything in its power to conciliate France, but the result of all the efforts appears to have been the friendship of Prince Napoleon, who can do but little for the Federal cause. What measures the Emperor of the French may eventually adopt are beyond speculation, but it is rumoured that five French ships of the line are already anchored off New York. But we cannot believe that the French nation will be at all inclined to interfere in a quarrel that concerns it so little.

It may be, however, that the prompt action of the British government will cause even Mr. Seward to reflect ere he throws down the gauntlet to England. From the latest advices, it is true, he is still pursuing his old arrogant course, and declines officially to receive any despatch in which the Confederatists are not designated as "rebels"; but the sharp demand for restitution borne across the Atlantic by the *Europa* had not yet arrived out. It is more than probable that the Federal government will once more have recourse to evasion, and attempt to shift the ground to legal technicalities; but Lord Lyons has no discretion left him. Either Messrs. Mason and Slidell must be set free within five days, or our ambassador will take ship for home. Such a straightforward course as this must open the eyes of Mr. Seward, and prove to him that there is a point beyond which English moderation cannot go; still, it is ominous to find the *New York Herald* writing, so late as the 10th ult., that "the British government will be unable to find a pretext for a

quarrel in the action of Captain Wilkes. England has too many interests at stake to risk a rupture with the United States. Canada is within two days' railway journey of half a million of armed men, and has a frontier that can offer no resistance to an invading force. *England will be in no hurry to embroil herself in another American difficulty.*" Probably by this time the writer of the article will have discovered his mistake; but such language is well calculated to inflame the passions of the mob, and even should President Lincoln be disposed to follow the true policy, the pressure from without may be so powerful that he will be compelled to float with the stream. Canada has ever been a flattering bait to the Northern States, just as Cuba was with the South, and the bad terms on which the two former countries stand to each other will be an additional incentive to the rowdies to insist upon a hopeless war.

We think, however, we have proved that England need not feel the slightest apprehension as to the result of the threatening war. Should it break out, it will be short, sharp, and decisive, and read the Yankees that lesson which they have deserved any time during the last twenty years. Even if we escape a war we shall have one great advantage, that Canada will no longer remain defenceless, and thus offer a constant temptation to the transatlantic Ishmaelites. The present expedition to Canada certainly affords a *démenti* to those public writers who have asserted, many a time and oft, that the loss of Canada was of no importance to us, but, on the contrary, that we should derive greater commercial advantages from its entire separation. In the moment of emergency, however, the English nation has shown that blood is thicker than water: no question is raised as to which party will pay the cost, and no ministry would have dared to leave the Canadians to their own resources. As an abstract principle, we concede that colonies entail charges on the mother-country out of proportion to the commercial advantage derived from them; but when their independence is threatened, England does not calculate the cost of defending them.

Out of evil good sometimes rises, and it therefore affords us satisfaction to learn that Mr. Bright is about to depart for America to try his powers in a reconciliation. If he would only have the kindness to remain there permanently, we would not have the slightest objection to give him up, while his attachment to American institutions might probably render him useful out there. At any rate, he has nearly played out his part in this country, and it will doubtless afford him gratification to find willing audiences in America. Still, for his own sake, we would hint to him that tars and feathers are articles in immense demand in his favoured land, or that the spectacle of a British member taking a ride on a rail would not at all conduce to the dignity of our institutions, even though the general opinion in this country might be, "Serve him right, for *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MOURNER IN THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

BELOVED and stricken mother, widowed Queen,
 Mourning among thy children for their sire,
 A guest unbidden, in thy court unseen,
 Left of his presence there these tokens dire :
 A nerveless arm where thou wast wont to lean,
 A death-cold head among thy pillows lay,
 A pulseless heart that as thine own had been,
 A shadow time shall never roll away
 From thy great tender spirit, mighty Queen !

On solitudes of sorrow, rapt and lone,
 Thou standest burdened by a nation's care,
 Conspicuous as a frozen mountain cone,
 In pallid majesty, O monarch fair !
 With sad amazement in thy wide blue eye,
 While piercing memories round thee keenly moan,
 Ten times more desolate because so high,
 The mate who shared thy lofty eyrie flown,
 Ah ! through the midnight thrilled thy bitter cry,
 Orphan and widow made, since in our zone
 The lights of Christmas and its roses shone.

Children weep round thee, all too young to know
 The bright distinction of the spirit fled,
 They yet more conscious of his loss will grow,
 The rarely-gifted, wise, and gentle dead !
 Thy faithful counsellor, thy constant friend,
 Thy love in glorious manhood lying low !
 On the clean wings of prayer our thoughts ascend ;
 For thee, before the King of Kings we go,
 And horny hands are raised, and proud knees bend,
 For thee, great Queen, brave hearts ache, bright tears flow ;
 While round thy tow'rs the wind's dull wailings blend
 With the dread pomp of death at court below,
 A saddened people share their monarch's woe !

The heavy throbbing of that funeral bell
 Will echo through each advent of thy time,
 And dirges o'er all Christmas carols swell,
 Loud tolling 'mid the Babe Christ's hallowed chime.
 May His light reach thee, by thy Prince's grave,
 That woke the Shepherds on the Eastern fell !
 May His star shine, above grief's foam-crowned wave,
 That cheered the Magi with its guiding spell !
 May GOD who took away the joy HE gave,
THEE to thy people, **MONARCH ! MOTHER ! save !**

THE WORRIES OF A CHAPERONE;

OR,

LADY MARABOUT'S TROUBLES.

BY OUIDA.

SEASON THE THIRD.—THE CLIMAX.

I.

HOW SOME CHORDS WERE TOUCHED AT THE OPERA.

"THAT little thing, soft and careless, and kittenish as she looks, is ambitious, and has set her heart on winning Goodwood, I do believe, as much as ever poor Valencia did. True, she takes a different plan of action, as Philip would call it, and treats him with gay nonchalante indifference, which certainly seems to pique him more than ever my poor niece's beauty and quiet deference to his opinions did; but that is because she reads him better, and knows more cleverly how to rouse him. She has set her heart on winning Goodwood, I am certain, ambitious as it seems. How eagerly she looked out for the Blues yesterday at that Hyde Park inspection (though I am sure Goodwood does not look half so handsome as Philip does in harness, as they call it; Philip is so much the finer man). I will just sound her to-day—or to-night as we come back from the Opera," thought Lady Marabout, one morning.

Things were en train to the very best of her expectations. Learning experience from manifold failures, Lady Marabout had laid her plans this time with a dexterity that defied discomfiture, seconded by both the parties primarily necessary to the accomplishment of her manoeuvres; with only a little outer-world opposition to give it piquancy and excitement, she felt that she might defy the fates to checkmate her here. This should be her Marathon and Lemnos, which, simply reverted to, should be sufficient to secure her immunity from the attacks of any feminine Xantippus who should try to rake up her failures and tarnish her glory. To win Goodwood with a nobody's daughter would be a feat as wonderful in its way as for Miltiades to have passed "in a single day and with a north wind," as Oracle exacted, to the conquest of the Pelasgian Isles; and Lady Marabout longed to do it, as you, my good sir, may have longed in your day to take a king in check with your only available pawn, or win one of the ribands of the turf with a little filly that seemed to general judges scarcely calculated to be in the first flight at the Chester Consolation Scramble. Things were beautifully en train; it even began to dawn on the perceptions of the Hauttons, usually very slow to open to anything revolutionary and unwelcome. Her Grace of Doncaster, a large, lethargic, somnolent dowager, rarely awake to anything but the interests and restoration of the old ultra-Tory party in a Utopia always dreamed of and never realised, like many other

Utopias political and poetical, public and personal, had turned her eyes on Flora Montolieu, and asked her son the question inevitable, "Who is she?" to which Goodwood had replied with a devil-may-care recklessness and a headlong indefiniteness which grated on her Grace's ears, and imparted her no information whatever: "One of Lady Tattersall's yearlings, and the most charming little dear I ever met. You know that? Why did you ask me, then? You know all I do, and all I care to do!"—a remark that made the Duchess wish her very dear and personal friend, Lady Marabout, were comfortably and snugly interred in the mausoleum at Fern Ditton, rather than alive in the flesh in Belgravia, chaperoning young ladies whom nobody knew, and who were not to be found in any of Sir E. Burke's triad of volumes. Belgravia, and her sister Mayfair, wondered at it and talked over it, raked up the parental Montolieu lineage mercilessly, and found out, from the Bishop of Bonvivere and Sauceblanche, that the uncle on the distaff side had been only a Tug at Eton, and had lived and died at Fern Ditton a perpetual curate and rien de plus—not even a dean, not even a rector! Goodwood *couldn't* be serious, settled the coteries. But the more hints, innuendoes, questions, and adroitly concealed but simply suggested animadversion Lady Marabout received, the greater was her glory, the warmer her complacency, when she saw her Little Montolieu leading, as she undoubtedly did lead, the most desired eligible of the day captive in her chains, sent bouquets by him, begged for waltzes by him, followed by him at the Ride, riveting his lorgnon at the Opera, monopolising his attention—though, clever little intriguer, she knew too well how to pique him ever to let him monopolise hers.

"She certainly makes play, as Philip would call it, admirably with Goodwood," said Lady Marabout, admiringly, at a morning party, stirring a cup of Orange Pekoe, yet with a certain irrepressible feeling that she should almost prefer so very young a girl not to be quite so adroit a schemer. "That indifference and nonchalance is the very thing to pique and retain such a courted *nil admirari* creature as Goodwood; and she knew it, too. Now a clumsy casual observer might even fancy that she liked some others—even you, Philip, for instance—much better; she has a great deal of *épanchement* with you, talks to you much more, appeals to you twice as often, positively teases you to stop and lunch or come to dinner here, and really told you the other night at the Opera she missed you so when you didn't come in the morning; but to anybody who knows anything of the world, it is easy enough to see which way her inclinations (yes, I do hope it is inclination as well as ambition—I am not one of those who advocate pure mariages de convenance; I don't think them right, indeed, though they are undoubtedly very expedient sometimes) turn. I do not think *anybody* ever could prove me to have erred in my quick-sightedness in those affairs. I may have been occasionally mistaken in other things, or been the victim of adverse and unforeseen circumstances which were beyond my control, and betrayed me; but I know no one can read a girl's heart more quickly and surely than I, or a man's either, for that matter."

"Oh, we all know you are a clairvoyante in heart episodes, my dear mother; they are the one business of your life!" smiled Carruthers, setting down his ice, and lounging across the lawn to a group of cedars,

where Flora Montolieu stood playing at croquet, and who, like a scheming little intrigante as she was, immediately verified Lady Marabout's words, and piqued Goodwood à outrance by avowing herself tired of the game, and entering with animated verve into the prophecies for Ascot (late that year) with Carruthers, whose bay filly Sunbeam, sister to Wild-Falcon, was entered to run for the Queen's Cup.

"What an odd smile that was of Philip's," thought Lady Marabout, left to herself and her Orange Pekoe. "He has been very *lié* with Goodwood ever since they joined the Blues, cornets together, three-and-twenty years ago; surely he can't have heard him drop anything that would make him fancy he was *not serious*?"

An idle fear, which Lady Marabout dismissed contemptuously from her mind when she saw how entirely Goodwood—in defiance of the Hauttons' sneer, the drowsy Duchess's unconcealed frown, all the comments sure to be excited in feminine minds, and all the chaff likely to be elicited from masculine lips at the mess-table in the U. S., and in the Guards' box before the curtain went up for the ballet—vowed himself to the service of the little detrimental throughout that morning party, and spoke a temporary adieu, whose tenderness, if she did not exactly catch, Lady Marabout could at least construe, as he pulled up the tiger-skin (one Carruthers had brought home long years before, when he spent a lengthened leave in running overland to Scinde, to try the sport of the jungles) over Flora's dainty dress, before the Marabout carriage rolled down the Fulham-road to town. At which tenderness of farewell Carruthers—steeled to all such weaknesses himself—gave a disdainful glance and a contemptuous twist of his moustaches, as he stood by the door talking to his mother.

"Vous aussi, Phil?" said Goodwood, with a laugh, as the carriage rolled away.

Carruthers stared at him haughtily, as he will stare at his best friends if they touch his private concerns more nearly than he likes; a stare which said disdainfully, "I don't understand you," and thereby told the only lie with which Carruthers ever stooped in the whole course of his existence.

Goodwood laughed again, as he took the ribbons of his mail phaeton.

"If you poach on my manor *here*, I shall kill you, Phil; so *gare à vous!*"

"You are in an enigmatical mood to-day! I can't say I see much wit in your riddles," said Carruthers, with his grandest, most contemptuous air, as he lit his Havannah.

"Curse that fellow! I'd rather have had any man in London for a rival than him! Twenty and more years ago how he cut me out with that handsome Virginie Peauderose, that we were both such mad donkeys after in Paris. However, it will be odd if *I* can't win the day here. A Goodwood rejected—pooh! There isn't a woman in England that would do it!" thought Goodwood, as he drove down the Fulham-road.

"Curse that fellow! What did he mean, with his devilish impertinence? '*His manor!*' Who's told him it's his? And if it be, what is that to me? Philip Carruthers *you're* not a fool, like the rest of them, I hope? You've not forsworn yourself, and gone down before that child, surely? Pshaw!—nonsense!—impossible!"

And Carruthers drew his whip sharply across his leader's back as he tooled the greys tandem in his tilbury back to town, at a stretching gallop, like greyhounds, vowing to himself to think no more on so idle a subject; and, as a natural sequence, thinking much the more—thinking of nothing else, indeed, till he turned the greys into the stable-yard at the Wellington Barracks.

"Certainly she *has* something very charming about her. If I were a man I don't think I could resist her," thought Lady Marabout, as she sat in her box in the grand tier, tenth from the Queen's, moving her fan slowly, lifting her lorgnon now and then, listening vaguely to the music of the second act of the "Barbieri," for probably about the two hundredth time in her life (she was an inveterate fanatica per la musica), and looking at Flora Montolieu, sitting opposite to her. Very pretty, certainly, Flora Montolieu looked, her golden hair, with roses lying on it, chefs-d'œuvre of Palais Royal skill, fresh and fair as though just gathered, with morning dew upon them, and her rayonnante face fresh and fair as the roses; but *not*, Deo gratiâ, like them, made up, as too many fair faces were that gleamed under the amber curtains in the gas-light, and attracted the flattering battery of levelled lorgnons from the stalls that night, as every night of every Opera season. Egedia and Feodorowna Hautton were just opposite, in the icy company of madame leur mère. The Hauttons didn't forswear the Opera, though they considered the theatres of the middle and lower classes highly reprehensible and immoral. Do you think the distinction hypocritical and hypercritical? Point du tout: it is like a great many distinctions made in this world. Theatres were unattractive to and beneath them and their order—denounce them and clear them away! but never to go to the Opera would look so *very* odd! We must rather, in preference, look over its wickedness and condone our own in frequenting it! Don't you know the style of reasoning? If you don't, monsieur, je vous en félicite, but I can't tell where you have lived.

Very frigid, colourless, stiff and statuesque looked Egedia and Feodorowna in comparison with Lady Marabout's tropical flowers, and the lorgnons that swept round the house compared the two boxes very injuriously to the one whose door was lettered "The Countess of Hautton."

"The women are eternally asking me who she is. I don't care a hang *who*, but she's the prettiest thing in London," said Fulke-Nugent, which was the warmest praise that any living man about town remembered to have heard fall from his lips, which limited themselves religiously to one legitimate laudation, which is a superlative now-a-days, though Mr. Lindley Murray, if alive, wouldn't, perhaps, receive or recognise it as such: "Not bad-looking."

"It isn't *who* a woman is, it's *what* she is, that's the question, I take it," said Goodwood, as he left the Guards' box to visit the Marabout.

"By George!" laughed Nugent to Carruthers, "Goodwood must be serious, eh, Phil? He don't care a button to watch little Bibi, though when she came out first he threw her bouquets religiously; he don't care for the coulisses, not even for Zerlina, who, if she doesn't dance like Taglioni, is certainly handsome enough to please anybody. The Rosière over there signs to him in vain, and has neither his carriage nor his suppers as of yore. When the ballet begins I verily believe he's thinking

less of the women before him than of the woman who has left the house ; and if a fellow can give more ominous signs of being 'serious,' as the women phrase it, I don't know 'em, do you ?"

Carruthers didn't answer, but leaned over the front of the box, turning his lorgnon on to a dashing woman in the fourth tier, whom he didn't know, and didn't heed, but at whom he gazed so fixedly for ten minutes and more that her companion and husband, a Georges Dandin, we must presume, and a Spanish merchant, thirsted to take fierce and murderous vengeance on the hateful Señor Inglesse, looking so impudently up at his doña from below, and was greatly relieved when Carruthers at last saw fit to withdraw his glass and his gaze and followed Goodwood to the Marabout box.

That is an old, old story, that of the fair Emily stirring feud between Palamon and Arcite. It has been acted out many a time since Beaumont and Fletcher lived and wrote their twin-thoughts and won their twin-laurels; but the bars that shut the kinsmen in their prison-walls, the ivy-leaves that filled in the rents of their prison-stones, were not more entirely and blissfully innocent of the feud going on within, and the battle foaming near them, than the calm, complacent soul of Lady Marabout was of the rivalry going on close beside her for the sake of little Montolieu.

She certainly thought Philip made himself specially brilliant and agreeable that night ; but then that was nothing new, he was famous for talking well, whether at clubs, dinner-tables, or parliamentary debates, and liked his mother well enough not seldom to shower out for her some of his very best things ; certainly she thought Goodwood did not shine by the contrast, and looked, to use an undignified word, rather cross than otherwise ; but then nobody *did* shine beside Philip, and she knew a reason that made Goodwood pardonably cross at the undesired presence of his oldest and dearest chum. Even *she* almost wished Philip away. If the presence of her idolised son could have been unwelcome and mal à propos to her at any time, it was so that night.

"It isn't like Philip to monopolise her so, he who has so much tact usually, and cares nothing for girls himself," thought Lady Marabout ; "he must do it for mischief, and yet *that* isn't like him at all ; it's very tiresome, at any rate."

And with that skilful diplomacy in such matters, on which, if it was sometimes overthrown, Lady Marabout not unjustly plumed herself, she dexterously entangled Carruthers in conversation, and during the crash of one of the chorusés whispered, as he bent forward to pick up her fan, which she had let drop,

"Leave Flora a little to Goodwood ; he has a right—he spoke decisively to her to-day in the Park."

Carruthers bowed his head, and stooped lower for the fan.

He left her to Goodwood till the curtain fell after the last act of the "Barbiere ;" and Lady Marabout congratulated herself on her own adroitness. "There is nothing like a little tact," she thought ; "what would society be without the guiding genius of tact, I wonder ? One dreadful Donnybrook Fair !" But, someway or other, despite all her tact, or because her son inherited that valuable quality in a triple measure to herself, someway, it was Goodwood who led her to her carriage, and

Carruthers who led the little Montolieu. "Terribly bête of Philip; how very unlike him!" mused Lady Marabout, as she gathered her burnous round her. Carruthers talked and laughed as he led Flora Montolieu through the passages, more gaily, perhaps, than usual.

"My mother has told me some news to-night, Miss Montolieu," he said, carelessly. "Am I premature in proffering you my congratulations? But even if I be so, you will not refuse the privilege to an old friend, and will allow me to be the first to wish you happiness?"

Lady Marabout's carriage stopped the way. Flora Montolieu coloured, looked full at him, and went to it, without having time to answer his congratulations, in which the keenest-sighted hearer would have failed to detect anything beyond every-day friendship and genuine indifference. The most truthful men will make the most consummate actors when spurred up to it.

V.

HOW THE OUTSIDER WON THE CUP, AND WHAT SHE DID WITH IT.

"My dear child, you look ill to-night; I am glad you have no engagements," said Lady Marabout, as she sat down before the dressing-room fire, toasting her little satin-shod foot—she has a weakness for fire even in the hottest weather—while Flora Montolieu lay back in a low chair, crushing the roses mercilessly. "You *do* feel well? I should not have thought so, your face looks so flushed, and your eyes so preternaturally dark. Perhaps it is the late hours; you were not used to them in France, of course, and it must be such a change to this life from your unvarying conventual routine at St. Denis. My love, what was it Lord Goodwood said to you in the Park to-day?"

"Do not speak to me of him, Lady Marabout, I hate his name!" said Flora Montolieu, vehemently enough.

Lady Marabout started with an astonishment that nearly upset the cup of coffee she was sipping.

"Hate his name? My dearest Flora, why, in Heaven's name?"

Flora did not answer; she pulled the roses off her hair as though they had been infected with Brinvilliers' poison.

"What has he done?"

"He has done nothing!"

"Who has done anything, then?"

"Oh, no one—no one has done anything, but—I am sick of Lord Goodwood's name—tired of it!"

Lady Marabout sat speechless with surprise.

"Tired of it, my dear Flora?"

Little Montolieu laughed:

"Well, tired of it, perhaps, from hearing him praised so often, as the Athenian trader grew sick of Aristides, and the Jacobin of Washington's name. Is it unpardonably heterodox to say so?"

Lady Marabout stirred her coffee in perplexity:

"My dear child, pray don't speak in that way; that's like Philip's tone when he is enigmatical and sarcastic, and worries me. I really cannot in the least understand you about Lord Goodwood, it is quite incomprehensible to me. I thought I overheard him to-day at Lady George's

concert speak very definitely to you indeed, and when he was interrupted by the duchess before you could give him his reply, I thought I heard him say he should call to-morrow morning to know your ultimate decision. Was I right?"

"Quite right."

"He really proposed to you to-day?"

"Yes."

"And yet you say you are sick of his name?"

"Does it follow, imperatively, Lady Marabout, that because the Sultan throws his handkerchief it must be picked up with humility and thanksgiving?" asked Flora Montolieu, furling and unfurling her fan with an impatient rapidity that threatened entire destruction of its ivory and feathers, with their Watteau-like group elaborately painted on them—as pretty a toy of the kind as could be got for money, which had been given her by Carruthers one day in payment of some little bagatelle of a bet.

"Sultan!—humility!" repeated Lady Marabout, scarcely crediting her senses. "My dear Flora, do you know what you are saying? You must be jesting! There is not a woman in England who would be insensible to the honour of Goodwood's proposals. You are jesting, Flora!"

"I am not, indeed!"

"You mean to say, you could positively think of *rejecting* him!" cried Lady Marabout, rising from her chair in the intensity of her amazement, convinced that she was the victim of some horrible hallucination.

"Why should it surprise you if I did?"

"*Why?*" repeated Lady Marabout, indignantly. "Do you ask me *why?* You must be a child, indeed, or a consummate actress, to put such a question; excuse me, my dear, if I speak a little strongly: you perfectly bewilder me, and I confess I cannot see your motives or your meaning in the least. You have made a conquest such as the proudest women in the peerage have vainly tried to make; you have one of the highest titles in the country offered to you; you have won a man whom everybody declared would never be won; you have done this, pardon me, without either birth or fortune on your own side, and then you speak of rejecting Goodwood—Goodwood, of all the men in England! You cannot be serious, Flora, or, if you are, you must be mad!"

Lady Marabout spoke more hotly than Lady Marabout had ever spoken in all her life. Goodwood absolutely won—Goodwood absolutely "come to the point"—the crowning humiliation of the Hauttons positively within her grasp—her Marathon and Lemnos actually gained! and all to be lost and flung away by the unaccountable caprice of a wayward child! It was sufficient to exasperate a saint, and a saint Lady Marabout never pretended to be.

Flora Montolieu toyed recklessly with her fan.

"You told Sir Philip Carruthers this evening, I think, of——"

"I hinted it to him, my dear—yes. Philip has known all along how much I desired it, and as Goodwood is one of his oldest and most favourite friends, I knew it would give him sincere pleasure both for my sake and Goodwood's, and yours too, for I think Philip likes you as much as he ever does any young girl—better, indeed; and I could not imagine—I could not dream for an instant—that there was any doubt of

your acceptance, as, indeed, there *cannot* be. You have been jesting to worry me, Flora!"

Little Montolieu rose, threw her fan aside, as if its ivory stems had been hot iron, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"You advise me to accept Lord Goodwood, then, Lady Marabout?"

"My love, if you need my advice, certainly such an alliance as Goodwood's will never be proffered to you again; the brilliant position it will place you in I surely have no need to point out!" returned Lady Marabout, angrily musing. "The little hypocrite! as if her own mind were not fully made up—as if any girl in Europe would hesitate over accepting the Doncaster coronet—as if a little nameless Montolieu could doubt for a moment her own delight at being created Marchioness of Goodwood! Such a triumph as *that*—why I wouldn't credit *any* woman who pretended she wasn't dazzled by it!"

"I thought you did not approve of mariages de convenance?"

Lady Marabout played a tattoo—slightly perplexed tattoo—with her spoon in her Sèvres saucer.

"No more I do, my dear—that is, under some circumstances; it is impossible to lay down a fixed rule for everything! Mariages de convenance—well, perhaps not; but as *I* understand mariages de convenance, they mean a mere business affair, arranged as they are in France, without the slightest regard to the inclinations of either; merely regarding whether the incidents of fortune, birth, and station are equal and suitable. Mariages de convenance are when a parvenu barter his gold for good blood, or where an ancienne princesse mends her fortune with a nouveau riche, profound indifference, meanwhile, on each side. I do not call this so; decidedly not! Goodwood must be very deeply attached to you to have forgotten his detestation of marriage, and laid such a title as his at your feet. Have you any idea of the weight of the Dukes of Doncaster in the country? Have you any notion of what their rent-roll is? Have you any conception of their enormous influence, their very high place, the magnificence of their seats? Helmsley almost equals Windsor! All these are yours if you will; and you affect to hesitate——"

"To let Lord Goodwood buy me!"

"Buy you? Your phraseology is as strange as my son's!"

"To accept him only for the coronet and the rent-roll, his position and his Helmsley, seems not a very grateful and flattering return for his preference?"

"I do not see that at all," said Lady Marabout, irritably. "Is there anything more annoying than to have unwelcome truths thrust in our teeth? "It is not as though he were odious to you—a terrible ogre, whose very presence repelled you. Goodwood is a man quite attractive enough to merit some regard, independent of his position; you have an affectionate nature, you would soon grow attached to him——"

Flora Montolieu shook her head, with a look on her face Lady Marabout would *not* see.

"And, in fact," she went on, warming with her subject, and speaking all the more determinedly because she was speaking a little against her conscience, and wholly for her inclinations, "my dear Flora, if you need persuasion—which you must pardon me if I doubt your doing in your heart, for I cannot credit any woman as being insensible to the

suit of a future Duke of Doncaster, or invulnerable to the honour it does her—if you need persuasion, I should think I need only refer to the happiness it will afford your poor dear mother, amidst her many trials, to hear of so brilliant a triumph for you. You are proud—Goodwood will place you in a position where pride may be indulged with impunity, nay, with advantage. You are ambitious—what can flatter your ambition more than such an offer? You are clever—as Goodwood's wife you may lead society like Madame de Rambouillet, or immerse yourself in political intrigue like the Duchess of Devonshire. It is an offer which places within your reach everything most dazzling and attractive, and it is one, my dear Flora, which you must forgive me if I say a young girl of obscure rank, as rank goes, and no fortune whatever, should pause before she lightly rejects. You cannot afford to be diffident as if you were an heiress or a lady in your own right."

That was as ill-natured a thing as the best-natured lady in Christendom ever said on the spur of self-interest, and it stung Flora Montolieu more than her hostess dreamed. The colour flushed into her face and her eyes flashed :

"You have said sufficient, Lady Marabout. I accept Lord Goodwood to-morrow !"

And taking up her fan and her opera-cloak, leaving the discarded roses unheeded on the floor, little Montolieu bade her chaperone good night, and floated out of the dressing-room almost as dignifiedly as Valencia Valletort could have done, while her chaperone sat stirring the cream in a second cup of coffee, a good deal puzzled, a little awed by the odd turn affairs had taken, with a slight feeling of guilt for her own share in the transaction, an uncomfortable dread lest the day should ever come when Flora should reproach her for having persuaded her into the marriage, a comfortable conviction that nothing but good *could* come of such a brilliant and enviable alliance, and, above all other conflicting feelings, one delicious, dominant, glorified security of triumph over the Hauttons, mère et filles.

But when morning dawned, Lady Marabout's horizon seemed cleared of all clouds, and only radiant with unshadowed sunshine. Goodwood was coming, and coming to be accepted. She seemed already to read the newspaper paragraphs announcing his capture and Flora's conquest, already to hear the Hauttons' enforced congratulations, already to see the nuptial party gathered round the altar rail of St. George's. Lady Marabout had never felt in a sunnier, more light-hearted mood, never more completely at peace with herself and all the world as she sat in her boudoir at her writing-table, penning a letter which began :

"MY DEAREST LILLA,—What happiness it gives me to congratulate you on the brilliant future opening to your sweet Flora——"

And which would have continued, no doubt, with similar eloquence if it had not been interrupted by Soames opening the door and announcing "Sir Philip Carruthers," who walked in, touched his mother's brow with his moustaches, and threw himself down in a low chair, *comme d'ordinaire*.

"My dear Philip, you never congratulated me last night; pray do so now !" cried Lady Marabout, delightedly, wiping her pen on the pennon, which a small ormolu knight obligingly carried for that useful purpose.

Ladies always wipe their pens as religiously as they bolt their bedroom doors, believe in cosmetics, and go to church on a Sunday.

"Was your news of last night true?" asked Carruthers, bending forwards to roll Bijou on his back.

"That Goodwood had spoken definitively to her? Perfectly. He proposed to her yesterday at the Frangipane concert—not *at* the concert, of course, but afterwards, when they were alone for a moment in the conservatories. The Duchess interrupted them—did it on purpose—and he had only time to whisper hurriedly he should come this morning to hear his fate. I dare say he felt tolerably secure of it. Last night I naturally spoke to Flora about it. Oddly enough, she seemed positively to think at first of rejecting him—*rejecting* him!—only fancy the madness! Entremons, I don't think she cares anything about him, but with such an alliance as that, of course I felt it my bounden duty to counsel her as strongly as I could to accept the unequalled position it proffered her. Indeed, it could have been only a girl's waywardness, a child's caprice to pretend to hesitate, for she is a very ambitious and a very clever little thing, and I would never believe that any woman—and she less than any—would be proof against such dazzling prospects. It would be absurd, you know, Philip. Whether it was hypocrisy, or a real girlish reluctance, because she doesn't feel for him the idealic love she dreams of, I don't know, but I put it before her in a way that plainly showed her all the brilliance of the proffered position, and before she bade me good night I had vanquished all her scruples, if she had any, and I am able, thank God, to say——"

"You persuaded her to accept him!" cried Carruthers, starting up. "Good God, what have you done?"

"Done?" re-echoed Lady Marabout, vaguely terrified. "Certainly I persuaded her to accept him. She *has* accepted him probably; he is here now! I should have been a strange person indeed to let any young girl in my charge rashly refuse such an offer."

She was stopped by Carruthers's passionate interruption:

"You induced her to accept him. God forgive you, mother! You have wrecked *my* life!"

Lady Marabout turned pale as death, and gazed at him with undefinable terror:

"Your life, Philip! You do not mean——"

"Great Heavens! have you never seen, mother, that I love at last? And, great Heavens! love for what?"

He leaned his arms on the mantelpiece, with his forehead bowed upon them, and Lady Marabout gazed at him still, as a bird at a basilisk.

"Philip, Philip! what have I done? How could I tell?" she murmured, distractedly, tears welling into her eyes. "If I had only known! But how could I dream that that child had any fascination for you? How could I fancy——"

"Hush! No, you are in no way to blame. You could not know it. I barely knew it till last night," he answered, gently.

"Philip loves her, and I have made her marry Goodwood!" thought Lady Marabout, agonised, remorseful, conscience-struck, heart-broken in a thousand ways at once. The climax of her woes was reached, life had no greater bitterness for her left; her son loved, and loved the last

woman in England she would have had him love; that woman was given to another, and *she* had been the instrument of wrecking the life to save or serve which she would have laid down her own in glad and instant sacrifice! Lady Marabout bowed her head under a *Marah* of real grief, before which the worries so great before, the schemes but so lately so precious, the small triumphs just now so all-absorbing, shrank away into their due insignificance. Philip suffering, and suffering through her! Self glided far away from Lady Marabout's memory then, and she hated herself more fiercely than the gentle-hearted soul had ever hated any foe for her own criminal share in bringing down this unforeseen terrific blow on her beloved one's head. "Philip, my dearest, what *can* I do?" she cried, distractedly; "if I had thought—if I had guessed——"

"Do nothing. A woman who could give herself to a man whom she did not love should be no wife of mine, let me suffer what I might."

"But I persuaded her, Philip! Mine is the blame!"

His lips quivered painfully:

"Had she cared for me as—I may have fancied, she had not been so easy to persuade! He is here now you say; I cannot risk meeting him just yet. Leave me for a little while; leave me—I am best alone."

Gentle though he always was to her, his mother knew him too well ever to dispute his will, and the most bitter tears Lady Marabout had ever known, ready as she was to weep for other people's woes, and rarely as she had had to weep for any of her own, choked her utterance and blinded her eyes as she obeyed and closed the door on his solitude. Philip—her idolised Philip—that ever her house should have sheltered this little detrimental to bring a curse upon him! that ever she should have brought this tropical flower to poison the air for the only one dear to her!

"I am justly punished," thought Lady Marabout, humbly and penitentially—"justly. I thought wickedly of Anne Hutton. I did not do as I would be done by. I longed to enjoy their mortification. I advised Flora against my own conscience and against hers. I am justly chastised! But that *he* should suffer through me, that my fault has fallen on his head, that my Philip, my noble Philip, should love and not be loved, and that *I* have brought it on him—Good Heaven! what is that?"

"That" was a man whom her eyes, being misty with tears, Lady Marabout had brushed against, as she ascended the staircase, ere she perceived him, and who, passing on with a muttered apology, was down in the hall and out of the door Mason held open before she had recovered the shock of the rencontre, much before she had a possibility of recognising him through the mist aforesaid.

A fear, a hope, a joy, a dread, one so woven with another there was no disentangling them, sprang up like a ray of light in Lady Marabout's heart—a possibility dawned in her: to be rejected as an impossibility? Lady Marabout crossed the ante-room, her heart throbbing tumultuously, spurred on to noble atonement and reckless self-sacrifice, if fate allowed them. She opened the drawing-room door; Flora Montolieu was alone.

"Flora, you have seen Goodwood?"

Flora Montolieu turned, her own face as pale and her own eyes as dim as Lady Marabout's.

"You have refused him?"

Little Montolieu misconstrued her chaperone's eagerness, and answered haughtily enough:

"I have told him that indifference would be too poor a return for his affections to insult him with it, and that I would not do him the injury of repaying his trust by falsehood and deception. I meant what I said to you last night; I said it on the spur of pain, indignation, no matter what; but I could not keep my word when the trial came, and it would have been a wrong to Lord Goodwood and a sin in myself had I done so."

Lady Marabout bent down and kissed her, with a fervent gratitude that not a little bewildered the recipient.

"My dear child! thank God! little as I thought to say so. Flora, tell me, you love some one else?"

"Lady Marabout you have no right——"

"Yes I have a right—the strongest right! Is not that other my son?"

Flora Montolieu looked up, then dropped her head and burst into an abandon of tears—tears that Lady Marabout soothed then, tears that Carruthers soothed, yet more effectually still, five minutes afterwards.

"That *I* should have sued that little Montolieu, and sued to her for Philip!" mused Lady Marabout. "It is very odd. Perhaps I get used to being crossed and disappointed and trampled on in every way and by everybody; but certainly, though it is most contrary to my wishes, though a child like that is the last person I should ever have chosen or dreamt of as Philip's wife, though it is a great pain to me, and Anne Hautton of course will be delighted to rake up everything she can about the Montolieus, and it *is* heart-breaking when one thinks how a Carruthers *might* marry, how the Carruthers always *have* married, rarely any but ladies in their own right for countless generations; still it *is* very odd, but I certainly feel happier than ever I did in my life, annoyed as I am and grieved as I am. It *is* heart-breaking (that horrid John Montolieu! I wonder what relation one stands in legally to the father of one's son's wife; I will ask Sir Frederick Pollock; not that the Montolieus are likely to come to England)—it is very sad when one thinks whom Philip might have married; and yet she certainly is a dear little thing, and I do believe she appreciates and understands him fully. If it were not for what Anne Hautton will always say I could really be pleased! To think what an anxious hope, what a dreaded ideal, Philip's wife has always been to me; and now, just as I had got reconciled to his determined garçon preferences, and had grown to argue with him that it was best he shouldn't marry, he goes and falls in love with this child! Everything is at cross-purposes in life, I think! There is only one thing I am resolved upon—I will NEVER chaperone anybody again."

And she kept her vow. We can christen her Lady Tattersall no longer with point, for there are no yearling sales in that house in Lowndes-square, whatever there be—*malheur pour nous!*—in the other domiciles of that fashionable quarter. Lady Marabout has shaken that burden off her shoulders, and moves in blissful solitude and tripled serenity through Belgravia, relieved of responsibility, and careless alike of eligibles, detriments, and horrors, wearing her years as lightly, losing the odd trick

at her whist as sunnily, and beaming on the world in general as radiantly as any dowager I know.

With the WORRIES OF A CHAPERONE have ended LADY MARABOUT'S TROUBLES. That she was fully reconciled to Carruthers's change of resolve was shown in the fact that when Anne Hautton turned to her, on the evening of his marriage-day, after the dinner, to which Lady Marabout had bidden all her friends, and a good many of her foes, with an amiable, "Charming your little belle-fille looked this morning!—sweetly pretty certainly, though petite—but I am *so* grieved for you, dearest Helena—I know what your disappointment must be!—what should I feel if Hautton—Have you heard that Goodwood has engaged himself to Avarina Sangroyal?—the duchess is so pleased!—I always told you, didn't I, how wrong you were when you fancied he admired little Montolieu—I beg her pardon, I mean Lady Carruthers—but you *will* give your imagination such reins!"—Lady Marabout smiled, calmly and amusedly, felt no pang, and—thought of Philip.

I take it things must be very *couleur de rose* with us when we can smile sincerely on our enemies, and defeat their stings simply because we feel them not. Qu'en pensez-vous, messieurs?

POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

NO. X.—MERCHANT SHIPPING.

THE maritime trade of France is divided into the two great classes of reserved and free navigation.

Reserved navigation, that is to say, the part of the sea-transport of the country which is exclusively retained for national vessels, includes coasting, fisheries, and the communications with the French colonies.

Free navigation comprises all the trade between French and foreign ports, and is carried on in competition with foreign vessels. But in this class, also, French interests are protected by a system of differential duties applying both to the ship itself and to the goods it carries.

The dues imposed on foreign bottoms on entry into a French port are very unimportant. They consist in a tonnage duty of 3s. 8d. per ton measurement (with certain exceptions in favour of passenger vessels, and other special cases), and in *droits d'acquit* and *droits d'expédition* of trifling amount. The total of all these various extra charges is very small; they constitute no real protection for the home shipowners. In the port of Marseilles, which is the most important in France, they are not levied at all.

But the additional duties on the entry into France of goods arriving under a foreign flag form an apparent real protection, for they seem at first sight to oblige importers to give preference to national vessels in

order to avoid the extra expenses incurred on merchandise which arrives in other ships. These differential duties are established (in all cases where the law has not specially fixed their amount) at ten per cent. extra on the first 2*l.* of duty, calculated on the unity of application, and five per cent. more on the rest, up to 12*l.*, after which no further addition is made.* They are not, however, applied absolutely to every foreign flag without exception; on the contrary, every country with which France has successively made a treaty of commerce, or navigation, has been relieved from their action in various degrees, and has received the right of shipping direct to France from its own ports in its own vessels, at the ordinary rate of duty. England has possessed this privilege since 1826, and several other nations have since acquired it.

French navigation is again divided by the laws and regulations which apply to it, into three other general categories, foreign voyages, coasting (which is subdivided into great and small coasting), and what is called *bornage*.

The term foreign voyages is defined by Art. 377 of the Code of Commerce as applying to all navigation between France and certain specified countries or ports, all lying beyond the Straits of Gibraltar or the Sound, but in its practical application by the Custom-house authorities, the geographical distinctions laid down by law are put aside, and foreign voyages are taken to imply any movement of ships between a French and a foreign port, wherever the latter be situated, while coasting comprises all the relations of the French ports between themselves, without reference to their relative position on the same or different seas. But here comes in the distinction already alluded to between great and small coasting. The former refers to voyages from a port on the Atlantic to a port in the Mediterranean, or *vice versa*; while the latter applies to ports situated on the same line of coast. According to this interpretation the passage from Calais to Dover is foreign navigation, while a voyage from Dunkirk to Nice is only coasting, though the ship which performs it traverses the Channel, the Bay of Biscay, the Eastern Atlantic, and the Mediterranean.

Bornage is the small local navigation carried on by vessels, not exceeding twenty-five tons, between ports not more than forty miles apart.

The ships employed in these various branches of trade have hitherto been exclusively French built, the introduction of foreign vessels into French hands having been prohibited in 1793. With the exception of a temporary suspension during and after the Crimean war, when the want of ships was so strongly felt that an imperial decree of 17th October, 1855, authorised the admission of foreign-built vessels at an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent., this law has remained constantly in force until the conclusion of the recent commercial treaty with England; the new tariff admits the Francisation of English wooden vessels at a duty of 1*l.*, and of iron vessels at a duty of 2*l.* 16*s.* per ton of French measurement.

This is the first change of any importance which has taken place since the revolution in the laws which regulate the composition and direction of the merchant navy of France. The other conditions prescribed with respect to it remain unaltered. The officers and half the crew must be

* *Tarif Général des Douanes de France. Observations Préliminaires. Art. 51.*

French subjects. The captain must have passed an examination of capacity, for which he cannot present himself unless he is twenty-four years old, and have navigated for five years, of which twelve months must have been passed in a man-of-war. These conditions apply equally to ships engaged in the foreign or coasting trade. The masters of vessels employed in binnacle are exempted from examination, but they must obtain a license from the maritime prefect of their district.

Besides these various regulations, there are a quantity of others which are not worth enumerating, but which, applying as they do to details of the most trifling nature, show how the French administrative system is applied in every direction, even to points which seem beneath its notice.

In addition to the special laws relating directly and specifically to merchant shipping, its interests are affected very materially by the consequences of another law which is applied with a different object.

The war navy of France is recruited by the system of "maritime inscription," founded by Colbert; the action of this system is peculiar. While the conscription for the army does not apply to the entire population—while it takes only a certain number of the conscripts of the year, and leaves the rest entirely free—while it definitely releases all soldiers after seven years' service, which, in peace time, are ordinarily reduced to four, the conscription for the navy is differently conducted. It reposes on the principle that every Frenchman connected with the sea, every sailor and every fisherman, every mechanic occupied in maritime constructions, owes his services to the state whenever they are wanted. It keeps every mariner and shipwright, without exception, at the disposal of the government during his entire life from eighteen to fifty years of age, and though, in ordinary times, he has only from three to six years' service to give, the performance of that service does not release him, as in the army, from the obligation of serving again; on the contrary, he is bound to present himself at every calling out of the entire force which political circumstances may render necessary.

The list of the maritime inscription, which is most carefully kept up by a body of inspectors named for the purpose, includes every individual who has been occupied for two years as a fisherman, not only on the sea, but also on rivers up to the limits of the tide, or, where there is no tide, to the point where sea-going vessels stop; every individual who has served at sea, no matter how, during eighteen months, or who has made two voyages abroad; and every workman employed in a ship-yard. Once on the list, no one can be removed from it without first signing a declaration that he gives up a seafaring life; if he once fishes or navigates for a quarter of an hour, he is liable to be instantly reclassified. In time of war no removals are allowed at all; and all the men on the list may then be indefinitely retained in the service until the age of fifty. No mariner can quit his locality without permission, so that the state may always know where to find him; but the state may, at any moment, take him away from his family, whose sole support he may be, and send him to sea for years.

This system is certainly extremely perfect in its political and military effects; it assures to the navy a full supply of men, and to the dockyards a constant store of skilled labour; but it is cruelly harsh towards the maritime population, who are exposed to this exceptional legislation, and

it reacts very unfavourably on the ship-building and merchant-shipping interests of the country.

It does not encourage the inhabitants of the coast to cling to the sea ; at each successive calling out of the entire inscription, many fishermen abandon their career, and turn their attention to agricultural or manufacturing occupations, rather than remain at the disposal of the state. This fact is indisputable, though no figures can be obtained to show its degree of importance. It is true that the list of the maritime inscription is always increasing, proportionately with the general progress of trade and navigation, and with the constant augmentation of the coast population, which each successive census reveals ; it rose from 94,611 in 1825, to 160,014 in 1854,* and is now probably higher still. But these numbers are partly illusory ; they include all the useless men, as well as the mechanics, of whatever kind, who are engaged in maritime constructions, and it is doubtful whether the 1535 miles of coast which France possesses could furnish altogether more than 60,000 really available seamen in the event of an emergency.† This comparatively feeble result is certainly not produced by any want of vocation or fitness for a seafaring life amongst the inhabitants of the French coast ; on the contrary, from Dunkirk to Bayonne, and from Port Vendres to Nice, the seaboard population presents remarkable aptitude and attachment for the profession of the sea. From time immemorial, the Bretons, the Basques, and the men of Provence have been hardy and able sailors, and if in the present generation they appear to be less eager than their fathers in the pursuit of a maritime career, it is solely in consequence of the rigorous law which deprives their class exclusively of all real personal liberty, and keeps them numbered like packages at the call of the state.

This state of things affects the merchant shipping interest in various ways. It of course diminishes the number of seamen, and makes their supply depend on the wants of the navy. But it acts with special effect on the ship-builders, and as thus far it is they who alone have produced the vessels which carry on the trade of the country, it follows that the system of maritime inscription begins to damage commercial navigation at its very root.

No one can establish a building-yard unless he is himself connected with the sea ; he must either be on the list of inscription or be a pupil of the Polytechnic School. The workmen he employs must, unless they are foreigners, be exclusively chosen from the same list, and he is liable to imprisonment if he takes one single independent labourer. He is even forbidden to employ discharged soldiers who have finished their term of service, unless they consent to class themselves as sailors, and accept all the consequences attached to the step. The agents of the navy department have the right to inspect his yard, and to call his men over every day to verify their positions.

But, as the number of men of this class is limited, private ship-builders, having no power of obtaining them elsewhere, are obliged to pay them high wages to get them at all, for men will naturally not consent to live with the right of the state over their heads unless they are paid in a proportion which compensates the risk. Shipwrights' wages vary, it is true,

* *Statistique comparée de la France*, vol. i. p. 518.

† *Journal des Economistes*, p. 201. May, 1861.

like all others, with the demand and with the commercial importance of the spot, from a maximum at Marseilles and Havre to a minimum at Dunkirk and Bayonne, but they are everywhere higher than the current rates paid to the same class of mechanics employed in the same town on ordinary work. At Marseilles, which is the most active building and repairing port, shipwrights earn as much as 6s. a day, while in the neighbouring Piedmontese ports the rate for the same men is only 3s. 2d., and at Barcelona, which has the reputation of being the dearest port in the Mediterranean, it is only 4s. 2d.*

This universal and absolute disadvantage created for private builders by the effects of the inscription is aggravated by the risk to which they are exposed of having their men called into the dockyards at any moment of pressure, and of consequently finding themselves without hands to execute their work. And this is not merely a theoretical danger; numerous cases of its realisation exist. M. Malo, a ship-builder at Dunkirk, told the Committee of Inquiry on the Commercial Treaty with England† that he was building a 10,000*l.* ship to contract during the Crimean war, that the government suddenly called in the greater part of his men, that he therefore could not finish the vessel, and that he had to pay 4000*l.* damages in consequence.

As, therefore, irrespective of its general effect on French merchant seamen as a body, the maritime inscription exercises unfavourable influence, and produces a real increase of cost on the ship-building trade, it is all the more remarkable to find that, notwithstanding this material disadvantage, the French builders all agree that they can make wooden vessels at nearly the same price as in England. Several of them were examined before the Tariff Committee, and it results from their combined evidence that the cost of construction of the hulls is not more than 2½ per cent. higher in France than on this side of the Channel. The timber employed in both countries is brought from Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, and comes to the same price in each, while French-grown oak, for framing, which at one time was a good deal used in England, is actually cheaper in France. As wages are generally higher in England, the effects of the inscription bring them about level in the two countries, and the real difference against France is only in the greater price of the iron employed and in the absence of a large regular trade.

While, however, the comparison of the cost of hulls comes out so nearly equal, the cost of rigging is dearer in France, and the entire ship, ready to go to sea, cannot be estimated at less than an average of 20*l.* per ton of French measurement for A 1 in the Veritas list—which corresponds to our Lloyd's book—while the English mean price for the same type of vessel was given to the Committee at 18*l.* 17s.,‡ showing a difference of about 6 per cent. against France. At certain ports the cost comes lower; at Nantes, for instance, it amounts to only 17*l.* 15s.

But while wooden vessels can thus be produced, according to the declarations of the French builders themselves, whose evidence on the point can hardly be suspected, at a rate which so nearly corresponds with that of England, iron ships, on the contrary, are very considerably dearer.

* *Journal des Economistes*, p. 204. May, 1861.

† *Enquête sur le Traité de Commerce*, vol. vi. p. 900.

‡ *Enquête sur le Traité de Commerce*, vol. vi. p. 861.

This is but natural, when the difference of the price of iron is borne in mind. That difference certainly amounts to at least 20 per cent., and its effect is heightened by the dearness of coal and by the want of skilled riveters, who do not exist as a class amongst the men of the navy list, and who have to be taught their trade by degrees, and also by the absence of constant orders already alluded to as regards wooden ships, but which in this case exercises a still worse effect, for it prevents the establishment of well-mounted yards.

On the whole, the French ship-building trade, though limited in its production, and cramped in its freedom of action by these various difficulties, does not appear to be really suffering. Regular yards, where work is always going on, are very few in number; indeed, they may be said to exist only at Havre, Nantes, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and at the works of the Messageries Impériales at La Ciotat, but vessels are built all along the coast, in all the little ports, and on the open beach, wherever there is an order to execute. It is scarcely likely that the trade will be damaged by the admission of English wooden ships at 1*l.* per ton duty, for at the stated average cost of 20*l.*, that duty amounts to 5 per cent., which appears to be a sufficient margin. About iron vessels opinions are more uncertain, for the duty of 2*l.* 16*s.* per ton represents only 14 per cent. on 20*l.*, while the difference of cost against France is certainly 20 per cent.

No general account exists of the number of vessels launched every year, but the Tariff Committee received partial statements on the point from the builders examined before it. M. Arman, of Bordeaux, who is the largest builder in France, and who has delivered a good many war ships to foreign governments, announced that he alone had constructed 83,000 tons of shipping from 1850, to 1860; the port of Nantes had produced altogether 177,000 tons in the same period; while St. Malo, Bayonne, Cherbourg, Dunkirk, and various other small ports had constructed from 6000 to 40,000 tons each. No statement was made of the production of Marseilles, or of any of the Mediterranean ports. All the yearly quantities were unusually high in 1856 and 1857 in consequence of the sudden demand for vessels, which was provoked by the high rates of freight which then momentarily existed.

The number of vessels of all kinds owned in France, not including fishing-boats, has risen as follows since 1847 :*

	Sailing Vessels.		Steamers.		Total.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1847	14,304	667,693	117	12,567	14,321	670,260
1850	14,228	674,205	119	13,391	14,364	680,565
1855	14,023	826,663	225	45,493	14,248	872,156
1858	14,863	933,257	324	66,587	15,187	1,049,844

These figures show that, with the exception of the sudden movement just alluded to from 1855 to 1858, the progress lately effected has been less in the number of ships than in the augmentation of their average size. While the total increase of number has been only 866 in the eleven years in question (though it all took place in the last three years of the period), which is only 6 per cent. on the figure of 1847, the simultaneous

* Statistique Comparés de la France, vol. ii. p. 264.

increase of size amounts to 379,584 tons, or 56 per cent. The average tonnage had got up from 46 to 69 tons per vessel. As regards steamers, where the progress has been more marked still, their number rose from 117 to 324, which is 176 per cent.; but their tonnage, which was 107 tons per steamer in 1847, was 205 tons in 1858.

While the fleet of merchant shipping has thus increased, the progress of the general navigation of France down to the year 1859, which is the latest date to which the returns are at this moment published, has been far more considerable. The following table shows the variations of its movement since 1837.* With the exception of the coasting trade, the figures represent the total of the entries in and out, but of loaded vessels only; ships in ballast are not included. The quantities given for coasting are those of departure alone, as in this case the vessels are bound to French ports :

	1837 to 1846.		1847 to 1856.		1859.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
French ships:						
Foreign trade	9,448	860,619	11,382	1,292,642	15,481	2,239,404
Colonial trade	1,840	276,378	2,701	424,126	2,627	615,206
Sea fisheries	973	127,466	846	110,758	1,092	146,968
Total of foreign navigation....	11,961	1,264,462	14,899	1,927,526	19,200	3,101,476
Coasting trade.....	91,236	2,922,004	95,383	3,401,849	95,715	3,769,881
Total of French navigation....	103,197	4,186,466	110,282	5,229,375	114,915	6,871,307
Foreign ships	15,797	1,890,290	18,930	2,551,936	26,275	3,938,400
General total of the navigation of France.....	118,994	6,076,756	129,212	7,781,311	141,190	10,809,797

It results from this table that the maritime trade of France has risen in all its branches: the total number of ships engaged in it, or more strictly the total number of voyages executed, has risen from 118,994, on the average from 1837 to 1846, to 141,190 in 1859, which is an advance of $18\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the tonnage employed in the transport of goods (it must be repeated that empty vessels are not included) has increased from 6,076,750 to 10,809,797, or 79 per cent.

This general average of progress has, however, been considerably surpassed in some of the classes of navigation enumerated in the above list, while others are largely below it. The tonnage of French vessels engaged in trade with foreign countries has gone up 172 per cent.; that occupied in colonial transports has increased 123 per cent.; but the importance of the coasting trade has augmented by only 29 per cent., and the fisheries have only gained 15 per cent. The simultaneous advance of the tonnage of foreign vessels trading with France has been 108 per cent.

The division of the general progress effected into these proportionate figures puts the relative development of the various categories of French maritime transactions into a simple and easily comprehensible form. The vessels engaged in foreign trade are those which have gained the most, and this fact forcibly brings up the question of the effect of the differential customs duties which are imposed on certain foreign flags for the express purpose of favouring the national marine. Is it to be supposed that because the French tonnage employed in this branch of trade has increased

* Tableau Général du Commerce de la France, 1859.

172 per cent., while that of foreign vessels engaged in the same commerce has only gone up 108 per cent., that this difference between their respective augmentations is really owing to the consequences of protection?

A more interesting question could scarcely be proposed, but unfortunately no useful answer can be made to it. The official documents give nothing but dry figures on the subject, from which it is impossible to extract any symptoms of the cause which has produced the result in point. No one can say whether it has arisen from the real effects of the existence of differential duties, or whether it is not rather, like the progress attained during the same period, by the other classes of navigation, all of which are exclusively reserved to French bottoms, a natural consequence of the general development of the trade of the country. Furthermore, it is an ungrateful task to try to prove that protection is an advantage; and as there are strong arguments the other way, this probably deceptive fact may be left to be made use of by those whose opinions it seems to support.

But the arguments against these differential duties naturally find their place here. M. Block has extracted from the navigation returns of 1857 an elaborate and laboriously compiled calculation that they do no good at all.*

In that year the tonnage of laden French vessels, which arrived from foreign ports, amounted to	1,320,273 tons,
while the tonnage of laden foreign vessels was	2,484,860 „

The total of laden vessels was therefore	3,805,133 „
--	-------------

From this total must be deducted the tonnage to which, in consequence of treaties to that effect, the differential duties did not apply; this tonnage was composed as follows:

French vessels	1,320,273 tons.	
English do.	1,088,485 „	
Various American do.	258,648 „	
Neapolitan do.	97,248 „	
Sardinian do.	37,545 „	
Dutch do.	41,117 „	
Russian do.	22,930 „	
Other do.	5,408 „	
	<hr/>	2,871,654 „

Balance to which the differential duties really applied	933,479 „
---	-----------

Therefore, out of the total of 3,805,133 tons of merchandise, which arrived in 1857 from foreign ports, only 933,479 tons, or 24½ per cent., had to pay the extra duties, in consequence of the flag which covered them. Compared with the entire navigation of France, in and out, which, including coasting, amounted in 1857 to 10,864,513 tons, their proportion was only 8½ per cent.

And while the application of this system, in the reduced proportions in which it is now exercised, thus affects only one-twelfth of the whole maritime trade of the country, its advantages to the Treasury are less important still.

* *Journal des Economistes*, p. 367. March, 1859.

	£
The total product of the French custom houses in 1857 was	7,312,000
From which must be deducted for the goods brought in by land	2,047,000
	<hr/>
The proportion paid on seaborne goods was therefore	5,265,000
From this must be subtracted the duties on importations from the French colonies	1,548,000
	<hr/>
The amount paid by merchandise, brought in by free navigation, was therefore	3,717,000
The share of this sum, produced by importations made by French ships, or by the vessels of countries which are relieved from the differential duties, was	2,787,000
	<hr/>
There remains, therefore, for the total amount of duty paid in cases where the differential duties apply	930,000

Now, as the differential duties do not average above 9 per cent. on the whole, over all the sums to which they refer, it follows that the total amount produced in 1857 by this addition to the fixed duties did not exceed 83,700*l.*, or 1½ per cent. on the sum of 7,312,000*l.*, which formed the total customs receipts of the year.

If the system produces only such unimportant results as these, it is certainly time to suppress it. Can its supporters extract more favourable arguments from the fact of the large comparative increase of foreign French navigation?

Next to the foreign trade, the communications with the colonies have progressed in the largest proportion. This is a natural consequence, not only of the reservation of that navigation for French vessels alone, but also of the constant increase of the production of the colonies during the last thirty years. This trade has more than doubled since 1837, and the efforts which have recently been made to stimulate it, especially by the foundation of the *Crédit Colonial*, which institution is intended to lend money to the colonists on mortgage, for the construction of sugar-mills and the improvement of cultivation, will probably enable it to continue to advance. Its transports will always continue to form an important element of French navigation.

The deep-sea fisheries have scarcely increased at all, for an advance of 15 per cent. in twenty-two years, in the tonnage they employ, can hardly be counted as real progress. Although most of the maritime nations have been gradually beaten out of the whale fishery by the Americans, and though the French have suffered from the same cause, they have been supported in the struggle by government aid, which renders their failure all the more remarkable. Since 1767 the state has accorded a series of varying premiums to the ships engaged in both the whale and cod fishery. The law of July 22, 1851 (the last which was enacted on the subject), fixed those premiums at from 12*s.* to 2*l.* per man, and from 9*l.* 12*s.* to 16*l.* of fish, for the cod trade, according to the station fished; and at 4*l.* 16*s.* per ton of the vessel, if manned by an exclusively French crew, or 2*l.* 18*s.* if the crew be mixed, for the whale trade.* To obtain these premiums, certain detailed conditions of arma-

* *Dictionnaire de l'Administration Française: Art. "Pêche Maritime."*

ment and navigation must be observed. Notwithstanding the assistance which they offer, the whale trade is being rapidly abandoned in France. In 1856 only eight whalers went out, in 1857 only six, and in 1858 only four.* It is therefore evident that, as the tonnage engaged in fisheries has increased as a whole, the augmentation has occurred solely in the cod branch of the trade.

The coasting trade of France occupied 3,769,851 tons of shipping in 1859, against 2,922,094 tons on the average of the ten years from 1837 to 1846. The improvement has, therefore, exceeded one-fourth; and it is the more remarkable, when the damaging consequences which have ensued for parts of the coasting trade from the opening of railways are borne in mind. These consequences are real, and not imaginary; the analysis of the composition of the total of French coasting navigation shows exactly where, and in what proportions, they have produced themselves.

Before railways existed in France, nearly the whole of the heavy goods, which had to be exchanged between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean seaboard, went round by the Strait of Gibraltar; a small proportion, including especially the trade between the Bordelais and Languedoc, followed the Canal du Midi from Bordeaux to Cette, but the sea was still the great channel of transport for raw material. Since the construction of railways, especially of the Midi and central lines, the old conditions have changed, and the new effects produced are indicated unmistakably by the modifications which have occurred in the relative parts of the trade. The following table† shows the exact movement; it is calculated on the weight of the merchandise carried, not on the measurement of the ships employed:

	1851.	1859.
From the Atlantic to the Mediterranean	59,881 tons.	15,605 tons.
From the Mediterranean to the Atlantic	130,403 „	68,274 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total of great coasting	190,284 „	83,879 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Between ports on the Atlantic	1,486,452 „	1,756,101 „
Between ports in the Mediterranean	444,784 „	563,381 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total of small coasting	1,931,236 „	2,319,482 „

Therefore, in eight years, the sea communications between the two coast lines of France have diminished by fifty-six per cent. But this rapid reduction has not been equally effected in the two directions of transit, for while the shipments from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean—that is to say, from all ports between Dunkirk and Bayonne to all ports between Port Vendres and Nice—have fallen seventy-five per cent. in the period in question; the shipments the other way have decreased by only forty-seven per cent. And this diminution on the long sea-coasting has occurred simultaneously with a considerable increase on the ordinary coasting, between ports on the same seaboard. While the former has fallen altogether fifty-six per cent., the latter has gone up twenty-five per cent. Here the proportion is in favour of the Mediterranean, which

* Monde Commercial.

† Tableau général du Commerce de la France.

is not surprising when the recent remarkable extension of the commercial relations of France in that sea is borne in mind. It is natural that the coasting trade of a port should profit by the development of its foreign navigation, and the constant growth of the maritime importance of Marseilles gives a vigorous impulsion to its communications with the neighbouring ports.

These various figures prove that the merchant navy of France is doing a constantly growing trade. In two of its elements only is it going backwards: in its whale fishery and in the transports between its own most distant ports. But the decay of the whaling interest exists everywhere else, excepting in the United States: while the diminution of sea-carriage between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean implies only a deviation of the line followed, and in no way indicates any falling off in the real amount of general traffic. It may, therefore, be taken as proved, by the results themselves, that the shipping interest is in a healthy and prosperous condition.

But these results have all, without exception, been obtained under the apparent influence of protection of some kind; protection for the ship-builders by the exclusion of all foreign-built vessels; protection of about two-thirds of the tonnage employed by the reservation of the colonial, fishing, and coasting trades for the national flag alone; and protection of the remaining third, in various degrees, by the differential customs duties. The latter is, however, worthy of mention, rather to complete the outline of the system employed than as exercising any really useful influence on the progress of French shipping.

The first of these protections, the prohibition of vessels constructed abroad, has been destroyed by the English treaty, and it has been shown, on the evidence of the parties most affected by this radical change—the builders themselves—that no harm to French interests is likely to ensue from it.

The second class of protection, the reservation of certain categories of navigation for the ships of the country, exists, more or less, and with varying degrees of restriction, everywhere else; the effect it produces have, therefore, no special character, and the progress obtained under it does not denote anything more than that the maritime trade of France is progressing like all the other branches of its commerce.

But foreign navigation is advancing at a rate which, under all the circumstances of the case, implies real activity and real progress, and, without reopening the question already discussed, of the causes of this advance, it may be taken to constitute the most satisfactory feature in the generally satisfactory condition of French merchant shipping.

CROOKED USAGE ;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

UN PETIT SOUPER CHEZ MONSIEUR COUPENDEUX.

WHATEVER complacent reminiscences may contribute to the serenity with which the late Mr. John Nash looks down upon his greatest architectural achievement, something, I should think, must occasionally rise to disturb that serenity, when he surveys the boundless space of his present elysium, and contrasts it with the very stinted accommodation which he gave to those who inhabit apartments in the Quadrant.

This part of Regent-street has, certainly, a very imposing aspect—the exterior holding out promises which the interior positively declines to perform. In the street, you think of a palace, but, “open, sesame,” you find yourself in a prison; though there be palaces, and large ones, that are prisons too!

Of deceptive appearances, however, Alphonse Noël Coupendeux took little heed. He had, in fact, been used to them all his life; for, though modern Paris did not exist in his day, her outside seeming, when he lived there, was nearly as specious then as now. But this was not so much to the point as the nature of his own profession. As a tailor he was accustomed to make men seem very different from what they really are, and his daily experience told—or might have told him, had he cared to think twice about it—that, as far as dress goes, the swindler and the man of fashion are very much alike. There are few of us, let our particular station be what it may, who have not the same opportunity for comparison as Alphonse Coupendeux, and if we are of a philosophical turn of mind, we bore our friends—and the public—by talking or writing books on the subject. That ingenious Frenchman, as I have already intimated, was anything but philosophical. He lived entirely for the hour, and if the hour ministered to his enjoyment, that was all he troubled himself about. Consequently, he was not in any way surprised, neither did he indulge in severe moral reflections, when he saw that the *entresol* which he wished to hire consisted only of two rooms of the very smallest dimensions. They happened, indeed, to be just what he wanted. He was a bachelor, and did not require an extensive bed-chamber,—a cupboard, for that matter, would have answered his purpose quite as well; and as for the sitting-room, in which he followed his sartorial occupation, was it not gay?—that is to say, did it not look upon the street, with its ever-moving crowd and shifting incidents.

Alphonse Coupendeux had his annoyance, of course: which of us has not? The parish church stood too near for his complete repose, its bells

appearing to him to be for ever tolling. Had there been an edict of Nantes to revoke, how gladly would he have performed the part of Louis the Fourteenth, solely to have got rid of "that Protestant noise," the reason for which he could not by any means understand. That Christian people should be summoned to prayer, was a thing which never entered into his comprehension, his ideas on the subject of religion being of the very vaguest. So little, indeed, was he versed in religious knowledge, that when the meaning of his second christian name was, upon some occasion, adverted to by a friend, he expressed the greatest surprise. "Tiens!" he exclaimed. "Que c'est drôle, ça! Je n'y ai jamais pensé! It is true I was born at that time of the year, but I always thought I was called after my grandfather Noël, the grocer!" In his private opinion, therefore, Alphonse Coupendeux set down the frequent bell-ringing, which so much annoyed him, to the score of mortality, and had he written his travels he would have proved, to the satisfaction of his countrymen, that London is the most unhealthy city in the world. Setting aside this drawback, which, after all, was not a very serious one, Alphonse Coupendeux led a very pleasant sort of life in his *entresol*, making money very quickly, and spending what he made as fast as he got it.

We have already assisted at one of his *soirées*, but the occasion then was improvised, and only briefly mentioned; but for the evening which I am about to describe there was some preparation.

It is known to all who frequent the polite world, that the greatest of great men is the great man—or valet—of a great gentleman. In fact, the great gentleman need not be so very great to account for all his valet's greatness; for it must be clearly understood that the latter owes something to himself, and is never backward in paying it. If the master occupies a high position, well and good; the valet knows how to enhance it. Should the master, however, chance to be placed "a little lower than the angels," the valet tolerates while he despises—but never forgets his own dignity.

Joseph Duval, the valet of the Comte de la Roquetaillade, was one of those who knew precisely what was his right, and always exacted it. His pride did not, perhaps, arise from illustrious birth, his parents being shopkeepers of the Temple, in Paris, where his father, Nicolas Duval, a cutler in a small way, announced himself on an *écriteau* as "Ouvrier de première classe: Vend rasoirs et se dit repasseur," under the emblem of an open pair of scissors; while his mother, Irma Zoë Fauquembergue, beneath the sign of the "Petit Soulier Blanc," pursued the modest calling of "piqueuse de bottines." But, humble as were these occupations, Fortune did not turn her back on skilful Nicolas and modest Irma, who thrived well after their marriage, and, contrary to French custom, had a numerous family, of whom Joseph was the eldest.

When Joseph had completed his course of education, which, as we have seen, did not imbue him very deeply with geographical lore, he declined trade in favour of service; not the service of his country, for he was lucky enough to draw a very high number, which saved him from bearing arms, but that particular kind which he called liberty—and, considering the liberties servants take with their masters, the designation was not altogether wrong. Beginning his career before he was well out of his teens, and resolved to illustrate the profession he had chosen, as well

as to make money by it, Joseph soon became a model valet, and commanded a high price in the domestic market. Of course he "bettered himself" now and then, but he never lost a place, and when he entered the service of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, the paper on which his character was written was almost as negotiable as the *Crédit Mobilier*, which, in several particulars, it greatly resembled. At this period he was a tall, stout man, of eight-and-thirty, but looking many years older, owing to a very grave expression of countenance and a head that was nearly bald. The French language possesses no such word as "pompous"—neither, indeed, does our own—but what that word signifies in the British servants'-hall denoted precisely the manner and bearing of Joseph Duval.

In conformity with Bastide's instructions, Coupendeux had invited Monsieur Duval to a quiet little entertainment in the Quadrant; and within an hour of the time appointed, alive to the fashionable merit of want of punctuality, the Comte de la Roquetaillade's valet rang the *entresol* bell. Alphonse, who had been fuming with impatience, ran down to let him in, and marshalled his stately visitor up-stairs, whose statefulness, however, was slightly disturbed by his head coming, in the dark, rather rudely into contact with the very low entrance of his host's apartment. This accident, consequently, took something from the *aplomb* with which he would otherwise have saluted Michel Bastide, who had arrived a short time before.

But Bastide was too generous—or too politic—to take the slightest advantage of the accident. He looked as if he thought the portly valet was simply bowing to a stranger, and, coming forward, returned the apparent compliment.

"I am charmed, Monsieur Duval," he said, "to meet a gentleman of your distinction. My friend Alphonse had already prepared me for your arrival."

"Yes, yes!" said Coupendeux, bustling in, "that is in effect the case. Monsieur Duval, let me present to you Monsieur Charles."

The ex-valet of the Comte de la Roquetaillade and he who now held that honoured place, thereupon shook hands, and vowed they were delighted—the first with violent enthusiasm, the last with condescending dignity.

"I shall take all that nonsense out of you, my fine fellow, before I have done," said Bastide to himself. "You are exactly the animal from Poissy into which such a butcher as I am desires to stick his knife."

Then, speaking aloud, he said:

"Our excellent friend, Alphonse, has only half performed his office towards me, Monsieur Duval. He has simply mentioned my name, but I think it desirable, as we are strangers, that you should know what is my condition. A person of your respectability has, in my opinion, the right to demand that."

The portly valet coloured with satisfaction at this compliment, which was precisely of the kind that suited him, and accepted it without reserve.

"I am," continued Bastide, glancing rapidly at Coupendeux, whom he had prepared—"I am engaged in commerce."

"Highly respectable," muttered Duval, who knew not what else to say.

"A commerce," pursued the other, "which has affinity with the profession of our admirable host, whose hospitality, I perceive, will not permit us to remain dry-lipped, even for ever so short a time before supper. I have the honour, therefore, to drink to your perfect health, Monsieur Duval."

"To your health, sir," replied Duval, following the example of Bastide, who had taken a glass of Bordeaux from the side-table where Coupendeux was pouring out wine.

"To all our healths!" added the latter, filling for himself.

"But," observed Duval, addressing Bastide, "you were saying——"

"Ah, true," returned Bastide, "the nature of my commerce. Have you ever been in Normandy?"

"No, sir."

"Then you do not know the town of Louviers?"

"It is a place I am not acquainted with."

"I regret to hear it, for it is there I carry on my business, which is that of a clothier. The cloth of Louviers, you are aware, is the most celebrated in France, and such is the article in which I have the honour to deal. Alphonse, here, is one of the best customers I have in this country, to which, from time to time, I come, as occasion calls me."

"Have they then no cloth in England?" asked Duval.

"They are not altogether unprovided," replied Bastide; "but it is a poor sort of stuff, by no means comparable to what we make in France."

"I can perfectly understand that," said Duval, who, if not particularly wise, was eminently patriotic. "This country, in reality, produces nothing but beer."

"Which is a miserable thing to drink," said Bastide. "Again to your health, with your permission, Monsieur Duval."

"Once more, sir, to yours," returned the valet, whose ice the good wine was beginning to thaw.

During this brief conversation, Coupendeux had been very busily engaged in arranging the supper-table, on which appeared a famous *galantine de veau*, a *langue fourrée*, a *jambon de Mayence*, a lobster, a *gâteau d'amandes*, some *fromage de Roquefort*, a plate of *quatre mendiants*, a *carafe* of water; two bottles of *vin de Bordeaux*, one of Cognac, and, to crown all, in the centre a bottle of Champagne: not a bad supper for a French tailor to offer to his friends.

Monsieur Duval seemed to be quite of this opinion, as from the corner of his eye he surveyed these arrangements, and suffered the tip of his tongue to peep out, an indication of his love of good things not lost upon Bastide.

"Are we waiting for anybody, Alphonse?" inquired the merchant from Louviers.

"I do not know if we ought to wait much longer," replied Coupendeux, "but I expect another guest, an Englishman, who promised to come."

"Who is he?" asked Bastide.

"His name is Drakeford," said Coupendeux; "he is immensely rich."

"Ah!" observed Bastide to Duval, "these rich Englishmen always take

liberties; as, in point of fact, rich people always do. For my part, I do not consider wealth. The character of a man is all I look at. You are fortunate I hope, Monsieur Duval, in the choice you have made?"

"As to that," replied the valet, "I am content. The nobleman with whom I have placed myself is not only rich, but of irreproachable morals and conduct. He is, at times, a little given, perhaps, to sombre thoughts and habits of seclusion, but then, on the other hand, there is no interference in my affairs, and I am quite at liberty to follow my own inclinations."

"A happy state of things, Monsieur Duval! You are to be envied. Just look at the condition of us poor merchants! We are dependent upon every casualty: bad crops, epidemical diseases, floods, fires, wars, shipwrecks, bankruptcies, accidents of all kinds!"

"Yes!" said the valet, complacently stroking his chin. "We are, in truth, much better off than you. Nothing of that kind affects us. Though we are not entirely without our anxieties."

"May I ask in what respect?" said Bastide.

"We—I am now speaking of my master, the Comte de la Roquetaillade—we have some family troubles!"

Bastide put on a look of great commiseration, and Duval proceeded:

"Having become the possessor of large estates, Monsieur le Comte is naturally desirous of transmitting them, with his title, in the direct line. I, myself, were I in his position, should desire the same; therefore, I do not blame him."

"Madame la Comtesse, then, has brought him no child?"

"Pardon me! But she has! And that child, moreover, is a son!"

"A wild, dissipated young man, perhaps? Or in a dying state?"

"Neither!"

"You astonish me! What is it, then, that renders the future doubtful?"

"A circumstance of a very delicate nature—but one, that I am not unwilling to impart to you, for I perceive you are a person that can be trusted."

"It does not become me to boast, but my discretion is as well known as my mercantile reputation. Any confidence with which I may be honoured will be as secret as the contents of my own private ledger."

"I will tell you then. But is not this gentleman very long in arriving?—"

"Without doubt, he is; and if I were Coupendeux I would not wait another moment. Holà! Alphonse, at the window there! Do you see anything of your friend?"

"It is exactly for him I am looking."

"But, in the mean time, worthy Monsieur Duval and myself are dying of hunger."

"A thousand needles!" exclaimed Coupendeux, impatiently. "Why does he not come? Just give him another ten minutes!"

"Give him ten minutes! All the events of a life may be crowded into that space! But," said Bastide, turning to Duval, "I suppose we must? My attention is entirely at your service."

In terms very nearly the same as those which he had employed with Coupendeux, the valet related all he knew of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade.

lade's history, and his garrulity did not stop there : he enlarged, as is the wont of servants—of confidential servants especially—on other matters pertaining to his master's affairs, and in speaking of family differences mentioned the name of Sir William Cumberland. The quick memory of Bastide connected it at once with the scene he had witnessed in the river-garden at Twickenham, but he suffered no outward sign to betray his curiosity in the questions he carelessly put, which resulted in his being informed that Madame de la Roquetaillade was the only sister of Mrs. Drakeford's gallant, elderly friend. It is a French habit to be inattentive to, or to forget English names, and in the early part of his career Bastide was as *insouciant* as the generality of his countrymen, so that the relationship came upon him now in the shape of a fact entirely new : it was one, however, which he was extremely glad to learn, and he resolved to profit by it at the first opportunity. With this exception, none of the particulars which Duval communicated were any news to him ; but as his object was to ingratiate himself with the narrator, he listened to every syllable as if the subject were of the highest personal interest, and rewarded the consequential valet's confidence with a flattering attention that quite secured his good-will.

Bastide accomplished his purpose in good time, for scarcely had Duval ceased speaking before Coupendeux, who still remained at the window, uttered a hasty exclamation and left the room, returning, however, almost immediately with Mr. Drakeford, who seemed very much blown and heated, as if he had been running very fast.

The old confederates met as if they had been utter strangers, the simple action of scratching his cheek with his forefinger being a sign on the part of Bastide which Drakeford perfectly understood. Bastide, therefore, as well as Duval, was formally introduced to the new-comer, and no further time was lost in sitting down to supper.

Either the speed with which he had hastened to keep his appointment, or some other disturbing cause, at first prevented Mr. Drakeford from enjoying, like the rest, the good things that loaded the board. While Coupendeux talked and ate as fast as possible, Bastide following his example with more moderation, and the knife-and-fork practice of the Comte de la Roquetaillade's valet evincing that, if his mental capacity was not great, his appetite was prodigious, Mr. Drakeford sat altogether silent. He was listening—not to the conversation which was going on—though he could have borne his part in it had he been so minded, for he spoke French very well—but to external sounds, and kept turning his head every moment as if he expected some one to enter whose presence would have been unwelcome. Gradually, however, his agitation subsided, nothing occurred from without to realise the apprehensions he seemed to entertain, and after hastily swallowing three or four glasses of wine, he became as companionable as any one there. Bastide noticed his abstraction and the subsequent change, but refrained from inquiring the cause in the presence of Duval, who, under the influence of the bottle, was beginning to make himself very comfortable. For a man of his calibre, indeed, the ponderous valet became comparatively lively, and when the champagne was uncorked, unbent so far as to favour the company with a song—principally for the reason that he prided himself on his voice, which would have been more agreeable to listen to had it not

been slightly cracked. There was a certain appropriateness in the refrain—which *Coupendeux* heartily joined in—and, therefore, it is here set down, with the singer's squeaking accentuation:

“Man—ger et. boi—re,
Voilà la gloi—re
Dont nous devons ê—tre jaloux :
La gourman—di—se,
Quoi qu'on en di—se,
Est le mèil—leur pé—ché de to-ou-ou-ous !”

During this melody Bastide found the opportunity he was seeking, of speaking to Drakeford unobserved.

“What was the matter with you when you came in?” he said, in an under tone, as if he was talking to one of the withered filberts on his plate.

“The Bobbies were after me,” replied Drakeford, in the same key and observing the same manner.

Bastide's sallow cheek became a shade paler, and he threw a furtive glance around him.

“Why?” he asked.

“Those beggars at the fire-office dispute my claim,” returned Drakeford. “And that's not the worst part of it! They will have it—confound their impudence—that I set the place on fire myself, and the long and the short of it is, that they applied for a warrant against me. Luckily, I got scent of it, and bolted.”

“And came here, direct?”

“Just so. Having told Coopy I should—on account of the squalling party here—but I didn't expect this cross.”

“I suppose not. What do you mean to do?”

“The best I can, of course. Stay here till the coast is clear. To-night, at all events. This is as safe a place as any.”

“And to-morrow?”

“Send for Rafe. It will then depend upon what he says.”

“Where's Mrs. D.?”

“Down at her aunt's.”

“Esty's with her, I suppose?”

“Of course. Where else should she be? That fellow's at it again! ‘Manger et boire!’ He seems fit for nothing else. And where have you been? They say you're wanted, too!”

“I believe so. But they will not find me. Unless by mistake. To prevent that I must wish you good night.”

“So soon! Won't you stay and have your share of this pigeon?”

“He must go with me. I have promised to see him safe home.”

“So you can, when we've done with him.”

“Ah! that must not be to-night. I have other uses for him. Besides, he is hardly worth plucking.”

“You want him all to yourself. That's not fair!”

“You are wrong. I mean to turn him to account another way. But if it were ever so much worth while, this is not the time for gratifying your wishes. Suppose the Bobbies—as you call them—were to drop in upon us all?”

"Then you would go to quod as well as I. I see! Every one for himself. It's a deuced pity, though: he's getting so jolly drunk!"

"The greater reason why he should not stay. Thank you, Monsieur Duval, for your excellent song. You ought to be the first tenor at the Grand Opera. You have a voice equal to that of Duprez. But do you know it is getting very late?"

"Late!" stammered Duval. "What does that signify?"

"Late!" echoed Coupendeux, who had not received "the office," and did not like so soon to part with a guest whose want of skill at *écarté* he reckoned on. "It is only ten o'clock!"

"You mistake, Alphonse!" said Bastide, showing his watch. "It is past twelve."

Coupendeux perceived, by a look from Bastide, that he must agree.

"To think," he said, "of the time passing so quickly. It is, as you say, past twelve!"

"Twelve, or one, what matters!" said Duval, courageously.

"Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, then, is a person so quiet and easy, that you can, I suppose, twist him round your finger!"

There was so much of the manner of the person he spoke of in Bastide's severely cynical expression of countenance, that the tipsy man was in an instant sobered.

"Oh yes!" he replied, with confusion, "in that respect, you conjecture rightly. He is—what you say—very quiet—and easy! But, I agree with you. We have already exceeded our time. It is better that we should be going."

"And, with your permission," said Bastide, "I will do myself the honour to accompany you to your hotel. The streets of London are not always very safe at this hour, and being a stranger to them, you might lose your way."

The big valet's courage was not in correspondence with his exterior, and he thankfully accepted this offer. While he was putting on his cloak, Bastide contrived to say a few words to Drakeford, whom he then formally saluted, and took his leave, accompanied by his interesting charge. When he reached the door of Duval's hotel, the object was achieved for which he had been scheming. The merchant of Louviers received a pressing invitation to visit his new friend.

"I accept, with pleasure," said Bastide, shaking hands. "Depend upon it, I will keep my promise. Here is my address. Be kind enough not to lose the card; and write to say when you are disengaged. I am always at your service."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SIR WILLIAM'S PROPOSAL.

It may almost be laid down as a general rule, that the man who requires advice in love affairs never brings them to a successful issue.

While Mrs. Drakeford's voice still rang in his ears, Sir William Cumberland believed himself bold enough to follow her counsel, but the further he receded from that lady's presence, the weaker grew the resolution she had inspired, and by the time he reached the drawing-room, where he had been told Esther was, his courage, like that of Acres, had oozed through his fingers' ends.

His hesitation to enter was increased by the silence within. Had Esther been singing, as was her general habit when alone, he might have ventured to turn the handle of the door, and so, under cover of the music, have approached her unperceived; but conscious that he meditated evil, his coward heart quailed at the unusual stillness, and he lingered on the threshold, endeavouring to devise an excuse for disturbing the object of his unworthy passion.

It offered itself, at last, in the sudden appearance of Mrs. Drakeford's pet spaniel, which came running in from the garden, and scratched at the drawing-room door. The sight of the dog recalled the words of its owner. What! He, an experienced man of the world, afraid to face a timid girl of eighteen! How Mrs. Drakeford would laugh and sneer at his embarrassment! The fear of her ridicule decided him, and he hesitated no longer.

"Zoe," he said, entering the room, "is like every one else, Miss Drakeford: never happy when away from you. I have given admittance to your favourite, and availed myself, at the same time, of her privilege."

Esther's back was towards Sir William as he approached, but she turned on hearing him speak.

"You are in your own house, Sir William," she said, coldly; "and this room, I believe, is common to all. It is certainly not exclusively mine."

"But were it so, Miss Drakeford," returned her admirer, "I trust you would not look upon me as an intruder."

"The idea of intrusion," observed Esther, "presupposes a sense of annoyance."

"And you feel none at seeing me, I trust," said Sir William, dropping into a chair close to where she was seated.

"I have not thought upon the subject," she answered, "nor do I know why you should suggest it."

"I feared," he said, "that I had offended you, the last time I saw you alone. Believe me, nothing could have been further from my intention."

"Your intentions, Sir William," replied Esther, "are best known to yourself. If they are free from reproach, your words and actions may easily be made to correspond."

This language, from a cheerful, free-spoken, warm-hearted girl like Esther, indicated plainly that grounds for offence existed, and that the offence itself was one not to be lightly overlooked. Sir William knew the cause well enough, but felt his way like people on uncertain ice, which may break beneath their weight or suffer them to pass safely over. All was not quite safe here, but still he thought he might venture.

"I perceive, Miss Drakeford," he said, "that you bear malice against me for expressions hastily uttered. Surely I committed no great crime in telling you how deep an impression your beauty, your accomplishments had made! If that was a sin," he added, with as much sprightliness as he could throw into his manner—"I fear I must continue a sinner, for the impression is indelible. You can't find fault with an involuntary tribute to your charms!"

"If," returned Esther, "you so well remember your fault, your memory should teach you, Sir William, to avoid its repetition. I am not accustomed to be spoken to as you are now speaking."

"And yet," said Sir William, who, by this time, had once more screwed his courage to the sticking-place, "you must always have been exposed to the chance of hearing it! A beautiful girl like you is safe to have had plenty of—what shall I say—admirers. Come, now, confess—I'm not the first, by a score or two, to tell you how pretty you are."

"You are the first, at least," retorted Esther, "who have expressed such an opinion so rudely."

"Forgive my manner, then," he continued, "for the sake of my sincerity. Rudely! No! You are too charming a creature for any one to be rude to. Say rather that I express myself honestly—bluntly, if you will—but at all events in downright earnest. Why should there be any concealment about it? I love you, Esther, and if my love and as much money as you choose to spend can make you happy, take me for what I am worth.—Voilà le fin mot!"

"You said something to this effect before," returned Esther—"and my answer was meant to be decisive. Your attentions, in the sense in which you offer them, are the reverse of agreeable to me. I have no ambition to occupy a station which others, no doubt, aspire to. Our ways of life lie in different directions, and I beg, once for all, that you will permit me to follow mine in peace."

"But this is unreasonable—Esther—Miss Drakeford. You state no objection beyond your own alleged want of inclination to—to—matrimony. Let me know what it is you dislike in me—and then we can fairly come to an understanding. You won't quarrel with my temper, that I promise you. You shall have your own way in everything. Do what you please—go where you please—only let me go with you! As to settlements—name anything in reason, and you shall have no cause to complain. I'm sure I can't say more!"

"You say too much, Sir William. I am very young, and have seen very little of the world, but I am convinced there can be no happiness in an ill-assorted union."

"Esther—Esther—woman as you seem, you talk like a child! Why

should our union be ill-assorted? I love you, and am quite willing to take my chance of your loving me in return. You are young, as you say, and your knowledge of the world is not extensive. I like you all the better for that. But you will get older, and worldly experience will soon come. When it does you will be sorry to find you have stood in your own light. You see what a plain fellow I am. I think more of your interests than I do of my own."

"Interests!"

"Yes: notwithstanding that scornful curl of the lip. When a girl settles for life, her interests ought to be the first thing thought of. Suppose I were to die to-morrow, and nothing secured to my—my—wife. Where would she be then? Now, I'm quite ready to do whatever you or Mrs. Drakeford like—at once. No lawyer's nonsense, hampering with all sorts of conditions—wasting time to no purpose. The money shall be paid down as soon as I have seen my banker; lodged in your name—ten, twenty thousand—only say the amount!"

Sir William paused, his eyes fixed on Esther's countenance, which he closely scrutinised. Had he touched the right chord? Was she accessible to the lure of wealth? And then, the frankness of his speech! How open his conduct, how honest his sentiments! The freedom, too, which he proffered! Surely he had profited by Mrs. Drakeford's lesson, and, without her further assistance, was about to reap the reward of his well-calculated generosity.

But no flushed cheek, no sparkling eye, betrayed the success of Sir William's appeal. As calmly as if she were declining soup or fish at dinner, Esther rejected the offer, whose insidious purpose, happily, she failed to comprehend. How, indeed, without preternatural knowledge, could she have been aware of the fact—so closely was kept the secret which even Mrs. Drakeford only suspected—that Sir William Cumberland already had a wife, the inmate of a lunatic asylum? The lawyers! Yes; they would have hampered affairs with a vengeance! The temptation of an anti-nuptial settlement was a great one, and craftily set in the foreground, but, unluckily for Sir William, it proved a failure.

"I am very much obliged to you, Sir William," she said, "but I have no other answer to give than that which you have heard already. It is unnecessary that I should state the grounds of my objection to your proposal; let it suffice for you to know that they are insurmountable."

For a moment a strange tremor quickened Sir William's pulse, as the fear crossed his mind that Esther knew his secret, but a moment's reflection convinced him that it was impossible, for, had it been so, her calmness must have given way to indignation. This was reassuring in one sense, though not in another; for Esther's words implied something nearly akin to personal antipathy. He rose, and paced the room in vexation. He could not abandon his project; he coveted the possession of Esther too eagerly to relinquish her on a refusal—once—twice—even ten times repeated. What should he say?—how persuade—how force her—for he was not in a mood to stop at anything—how force her to accept the terms he offered?

As he traversed the apartment, now glancing at Esther, who had

taken up the book with which she had previously been engaged, now looking round him as if for aid, he perceived Mrs. Drakeford in the garden, slowly advancing towards the house. He suddenly checked his pace, and observing that Esther did not raise her head, turned to the window, and made a signal which the quick eye of his ally immediately caught and comprehended. Sir William then spoke again.

"I cannot bring myself to believe, Miss Drakeford, that you will altogether turn a deaf ear to what I have said. I make allowance for hesitation; the question is one of moment; consider it, without prejudice; again, I say, I ask only for your consent—the terms with which it is accompanied I leave to you. My whole fortune is at your disposition—as entirely as my affection."

Saying this, as if he were the very impersonation of disinterested, generous feeling, and utterly free from guile, Sir William left the room.

Absorbed as Esther had appeared to be in her book, the instant he was gone she cast it aside, and uttered a long-drawn sigh.

"Whence it arises," she exclaimed, "I know not—but the very sight of that man is hateful to me! It is a crime, perhaps, to feel as I do towards him, but I cannot help it. Say what he will, he fails to remove my conviction of his insincerity. Oh, what a wretched fate is mine! Not one person in the whole world to whom I can turn for a word of advice or sympathy! Mrs. Drakeford! My instinctive fear tells me that she, of all others, is my most dangerous enemy! Of those with whom she is connected I shudder to think. No truth or honesty in any of them! But I will break the tie that binds me, if I have only the alternative of begging my bread!"

In the hall Sir William encountered Mrs. Drakeford.

"It is useless," he said. "That girl is impenetrable. She has no more heart or imagination than a stock or a stone! Think of her refusing twenty thousand pounds—and the bait of the wedding-ring!"

"You should have let me see her first before you showed her the best card in your hand," replied Mrs. Drakeford. "But, as I said before, leave her to me. Take your horse, and ride ever so far. Go to town—stay there for the night—I will turn your absence to account. In four-and-twenty hours the tables shall be turned."

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:

OR, CITY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the First.

IV.

GUILDHALL—PAST AND PRESENT.

WHILE our Lord Mayor is on his way to Guildhall, in his grand state-coach drawn by six horses, we will proceed thither before him, and enter the great hall.

From its magnitude and the character of its architecture, this time-honoured hall, now four centuries and a half old, and fraught with a multitude of historical recollections, cannot fail to command admiration under whatever circumstances it may be viewed. It is one hundred and fifty-two feet long, fifty broad, and fifty-five high, and its size may be estimated from the fact that it will hold, and indeed *did* hold on the occasion of the grand entertainment about to be described, upwards of seven thousand persons.

The hall was the first part of the edifice erected. Begun in 1411, in the reign of Henry IV., by Thomas Knolles, then Mayor, its walls were so solidly constructed that they withstood the ravages of the Great Fire of London. It is delightful to reflect that the renowned Sir Richard Whittington, the first favourite of our boyhood, can be associated with this vast chamber, as he no doubt superintended its construction, witnessed its completion, traversed it almost daily, and constantly sat within it, during his third and last mayoralty, in 1419. That he loved it is certain, since his executors, only three years later—alas! that he should have gone so soon!—in fulfilment of his bequest, contributed a sum of money towards paving the floor with “hard stone of Purbeck,” glazing its windows, as well as those of the Mayor’s courts, and embellishing them with his arms. What scenes has not this storied hall witnessed since Whittington’s day! But though many a worthy Mayor has occupied it since, none worthier than he has ever set foot within it. His kindly name alone suffices to fling a charm over the place.

In process of time, many courts and chambers, required by

* *All rights reserved.*

the various municipal officers, were added to the hall, but we shall not tarry to describe them, but come at once to the year 1501, when a grand desideratum was supplied by Sir John Shaw, goldsmith, then Lord Mayor, whose memory deserves to be held in profound respect by all convivial citizens. Sir John Shaw—we have pleasure in repeating his name—built a goodly kitchen, with large fireplaces, capable of furnishing prodigious banquets, and from that date the famous Corporation feasts commenced. With three hundred and sixty grand banquets before us, are we wrong in maintaining that Sir John Shaw's name ought to be venerated? We regret, however, to add, that this fine old kitchen, which, when Lord Mayors' dinners were dressed "at home," was found equal to an unlimited demand upon its resources, has since been converted to other and less hospitable uses.

In the ill-omened year, 1666, when so many ancient structures perished, Guildhall was invaded by the tremendous conflagration which then devastated the City, and its beautiful Gothic open-work timber roof, with carved pendants, resembling the roof of Westminster Hall, and other combustible parts of the building, entirely consumed. The solidity, however, of the masonry—the walls being six or seven feet in thickness—saved the bulk of the edifice, and within three years afterwards it was restored at a cost of 2500*l.*—restored, though not to its pristine beauty. The rich stained glass of olden days could not be brought back to its millioned windows; the fine arched timber roof could not be replaced; and an architectural taste true as that which furnished its original design did not superintend its reconstruction.

But if fault must needs be found with certain portions of the interior; if we cannot admire the present flat roof divided into panels, or the mean windows disfiguring the upper story, what must be said of the exterior of the structure, which, in 1790 (some thirty years subsequent to the date of our story, we are happy to say), was bereft of all its venerable character, and a frontage substituted equally anomalous and tasteless, which has been very properly described "as an abortive attempt to blend the Pointed style with the Grecian, and both with the East Indian manner"? On this façade is inscribed the civic motto, "*Domine dirige nos*," which has been construed as a prayer from the Corporation to be better guided in future in their choice of an architect.

But though there are drawbacks to the completeness of the interior of the great hall, these are lost in its general grandeur and beauty. The mighty pointed arched windows at the east and west, occupying almost the entire width of the chamber, with their mullions, mouldings, and tracery, are exceedingly fine, though it is to be wished that the old, deep-dyed glass could be restored, instead of the garish panes flaring with royal arms, orders of the

Garter, &c., with which the upper compartments are at present filled. At the sides are large and lofty pointed windows, several of which have been unfortunately blocked up by cenotaphs to be noticed presently, but the clustered demi-pillars between them, and the arcades beneath, are of great beauty. Above the capitals of the pillars are shields emblazoned with the arms of the City Companies. On the north-eastward pillar are the arms of England, and on the south-eastward pillar the arms of the City of London.

Beneath the great eastern window is the ancient dais, on which a platform is set, raised some feet above the pavement, and partitioned from the body of the hall by a wainscoted traverse. Here the Courts of Hustings are held, occasionally the Court of Exchequer, and here the City elections are conducted. At the rear of the dais, and beneath the great window, may be seen a range of exquisitely wrought niche canopies. Similar canopies, but of recent execution, will be found at the other end of the hall.

Several of the windows on the north side, as already remarked, are now closed by large marble cenotaphs reared by the City in memory of distinguished persons. Amongst these memorials is one devoted to a personage mentioned in our story, Alderman Beekford, who was twice Lord Mayor of London, and whose famous speech to George III., in answer to his majesty's unfavourable reception of a Remonstrance from the Corporation in 1770, is recorded upon the pedestal. Pennant describes this monument as "a marble group of good workmanship, with London and Commerce whimpering like two marred children, executed soon after the year 1770, by Mr. Bacon. The principal figure (Beekford) was also a giant in his day, the raw-head and bloody bones to the good folks in St. James's; which, while Remonstrances were in fashion, annually haunted the court in terrific forms." Here is also the monument by Bacon, and a noble work it is, of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who will likewise figure in these pages. Opposite the sculptured memorial of the greatest of our statesmen and orators is the cenotaph of his illustrious son, the inheritor of his high qualities. Here also are monuments of the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

But we must now examine two well-known occupants of the hall. In opposite angles, at the west end, and upon octagonal columns, stand the two guardian giants, yclept Gog and Magog. Old Strype pretends that these mysterious figures represent an ancient Briton and a Saxon, and some believe them to be of no greater antiquity than Charles the Second's day; but we reject these notions altogether. Their origin is buried in obscurity. We suspect they were fashioned by Merlin, or some equally potent enchanter. If they were tried by the Great Fire, they came out of it uninjured. Gog is armed with a halberd, and Magog with a poleaxe, from which hangs a ball set round with spikes. Their mighty limbs, [gro-

tesque attire, bushy black beards, penthouse-like brows overshadowing great protruding eyes, which seem ever disposed to wink at you, and wondrous lineaments in which ferocity is so happily blended with joviality and merriment, must be familiar to all. Familiar also is the veracious legend connected with them. We all devoutly believe, that at dead of night, when the clock strikes one, these marvellous images become suddenly instinct with life, and, leaping down upon the pavement, look out for supper, regaling themselves upon whatever eatables and drinkables they may be lucky enough to meet with, searching for a terrified apprentice in the Little Ease, and sometimes, when hard pressed, devouring a beadle, great-coat, three-cornered hat, staff and all. Space is wanting just now, but in the course of our story we hope to find occasion to recount another legend of the two gigantic hall-keepers, equally as veracious as the foregoing, and not so generally known.

At the period of our tale, however, the giants did not occupy their present position, but were far better placed on the north side of the hall, exactly where Alderman Beckford's cenotaph is now fixed. Here was the old entrance to the Lord Mayor's Court. Over the steps conducting to it was a large balcony, supported by four iron pillars, in the form of palm-trees, the branches and foliage of which formed a sort of arbour. In front of this picturesque-looking balcony was a curious old clock with three dials, set in an oaken frame, at the corners of which were carved the four cardinal Virtues, with the figure of Time on the top, and a cock on each side of him. On brackets at the right and left of the steps were placed Gog and Magog; thus establishing, as will at once be perceived, a mysterious connexion between them and the clock. But the old entrance is now walled up; the picturesque balcony with the palm-trees is swept away; and the quaint old clock is gone. How the jovial giants must long for it back again!

At the sides of the steps, and in somewhat too close proximity to the gigantic guardians, were two cells, denominated, from their narrow limits and the lowness of the ceiling, "Little Ease," in which unruly apprentices were occasionally confined by order of the City Chamberlain, where, if the offenders were detained during the night, the giants were sure to find them out, battering at the cell doors with halberd and poleaxe, and bellowing fearfully while trying to get at them. We may be sure that the scared apprentices did not require a second night in the Little Ease. Underneath the great hall is a crypt of extraordinary architectural beauty, and in excellent preservation, corresponding in size with the superstructure.

Ordinarily, at the period of our tale—though just now all the pictures had been removed in anticipation of the grand banquet—the walls of the great hall were adorned with many portraits of royal

and judicial personages. Amongst the former were William and Mary, Anne, and the two Georges. The reigning sovereign, George III., and his consort, were added after their visit to the City, about to be described. The judges, looking all alike in their red robes and monstrous wigs, were sixteen in number, and comprised the learned Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Heneage Finch, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Sir Robert Atkins, and others of their contemporaries, painted in the time of Charles II. At a later date Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Chancellor Camden, was added to the list. Amongst the decorations of the hall were the colours and standards taken at Ramillies, with other trophies of subsequent victories.

In Guildhall, as is well known, all the municipal business is transacted, and here the nine civic courts are held. But these it does not come within our province to describe. Many historical recollections are connected with the spot. Shakspeare, following the old chronicler Hall, alludes to one event in "Richard III." Buckingham, we may remember, is ordered to follow the Lord Mayor. Thus cries the wily Gloster:

Go after, after, cousin Buckingham,
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.

Whereunto the Duke replies:

I go; and towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

His persuasions, however, though seconded by the Lord Mayor and the Recorder, only prevailed upon some few of the "tongueless blocks" to shout

God save Richard, England's royal king!

Here the martyred Anne Askew was tried for heresy, and sentenced to the stake. Here the chivalrous and accomplished Surrey—the latest victim of the tyrant Henry—was arraigned, and found guilty of high treason. Here Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was tried, in the reign of Mary, for conspiring with others against the queen's life; and here, in the reign of James I., Garnet, one of the chief contrivers of the Gunpowder Plot, was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

But we prefer the more cheerful side of the picture, and would rather regard the hall as the scene of grand civic entertainments than as a court of justice. It affords us pleasure, therefore, to mention that, in 1612, when the Elector-Palatine, Frederic, came to England to espouse the Princess Elizabeth, only daughter of James I., he and the king were sumptuously entertained by the Lord Mayor; and the Prince-Palatine was presented by his lordship, in the name of the citizens, with an immense silver basin and ewer, and two large silver flagons, richly gilt. On the wedding-

day the Corporation presented the electoral bride with a superb necklace of Oriental pearls, valued at two thousand pounds. Again, on the return of the unfortunate King Charles I. from Scotland, in 1641, a magnificent banquet was given him by the municipal body at Guildhall, and so delighted was the monarch by their professions of duty, affection, and loyalty, that he created the Lord Mayor a baronet, and dubbed all the aldermen knights.

But it is in the knowledge that it belongs to the wealthiest and most powerful body corporate in the world that the contemplation of Guildhall becomes chiefly impressive. When we consider how well, and for what a lengthened term of years, the vast and complicated business of the City of London has been here conducted, we cannot but wonder that generations of men have been found of such energy and worth as those who have carried on the mighty machinery, and have raised the city, for which they toiled and strove, to the proud position it now occupies. Abuses may have crept in, and these may be easily remedied, but the operations of the great municipal institution have been little affected by them. From the days of Whittington, in whose lifetime this noble hall was founded, to our own day, what myriads of active merchants and traders, what Mayors, Aldermen, Common-councilmen, and other officials have assembled to administer the affairs of their fellow-citizens and uphold their privileges and immunities. Dynasties have changed during this long term, governments have fallen, but the municipal government of the City of London has remained the same. What inexhaustible resources have the City rulers ever found—how equal have they been to every emergency—how much munificence have they displayed—how faithful have they been to their trusts—how irreproachable in conduct! With what unstinting hands have they dispensed the City charities—how strictly administered its justice! By an honourable course like this, pursued for centuries, has the Corporation of London advanced our city to its present greatness. Long may it continue in such good hands! Long may it be governed so wisely and so well!

The remembrance of the multitudes of good men, honest traders, prudent, liberal, generous, enlightened, charitable benefactors to their fellow-citizens, and upright magistrates, who have peopled this great hall, and have passed away, fills the breast with emotions at once grave and gladsome. We think upon those who are gone; but rejoice that many good men are still left us.

And now, having completed our hasty survey of the interior, let us examine the exterior of the edifice. It has been mentioned that in 1790 the present tasteless façade of the hall was erected, the design of which is described by Malcolm as "neither Grecian, Saxon, Norman, simple nor florid Gothic, though it approaches nearer to the latter style than any of the former." But it is not

with the existing aspect of the structure, but with that presented by it at the period of our story, which we have to do. At that time the frontage was really Gothic in design, and had a grey and venerable air, though the entire length of the structure could not be discerned, owing to the encroachments of the buildings on either side of the court. The stately porch then projected some yards beyond the main edifice, adding thereby greatly to its effect. The entrance was formed by a noble pointed arch supported by columns, the spandrels being enriched with arms and tracery. On either side were shields, and above them niches occupied by statues. Over the porch was an upper story, with a balcony, beneath which were depicted the arms of the City companies, while at the back were niches wherein were placed figures of Moses and Aaron. The whole was surmounted by a cornice on which, in *bas relief*, the arms of England were boldly displayed. Embattled turrets, with vanes, stood at each angle of the roof, and these turrets are still left. If Guildhall could be perfectly restored, and the buildings intruding upon it removed, it would be one of the noblest specimens of architecture in the City. But this is not to be hoped for.

On the west side of the yard there was a long colonnade, or piazza, and above this pleasant covered walk, removed during the reparations of 1789, were the offices of the Common Serjeant, the Remembrancer, and the City Solicitor. The south-west corner was occupied by the old parish church of Saint Lawrence in the Jewry, which remains pretty much in the same condition as heretofore. On the other side of the yard was Guildhall Chapel, a venerable pile, founded at the latter end of the thirteenth century, and damaged, though not burnt down, by the dread calamity of 1666. The west front, which faced the court, was adorned with a large pointed arched window, and with niches containing statues of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles I., treading on a globe. This fine old edifice was pulled down in 1822 to make room for the new Law Courts. Contiguous to the chapel on the south was Blackwell Hall, originally called Basing's Haugh, a very ancient structure, destroyed by the Great Fire, and rebuilt in 1672. It had a spacious entrance into Guildhall Yard, and the doorway was adorned with columns, with an entablature and pediment displaying the arms of England, and a little lower the City arms.

From this hasty survey, it will be seen that the stately Gothic porch, then advancing far beyond the body of the old hall, which still retained much of its original character, the piazza on the west side of the court, the ancient chapel with its magnificent window and statues, together with Blackwell Hall on the opposite side, combined to produce an effective ensemble, totally wanting to the existing court and edifice.

Such was Guildhall during the mayoralty of Sir Gresham Lorimer.

V.

HOW THREE COURT BEAUTIES CAME TO GUILDHALL, AND HOW THEY FARED ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

THE gorgeous state-coach, in which our Lord Mayor rode, still exists, and constitutes a principal feature in the annual civic show. Since good Sir Gresham's day, a hundred Lord Mayors have ridden in it, and we hope it may serve to convey a hundred more to Westminster and back. Though richly gilt and burnished, it is not gaudy, but has a grand, imposing, courtly appearance, and seems fitted for the City sovereign, or for any other sovereign. Indeed, it formed the model for the royal state-coach—still likewise in use—constructed for George III. in 1762. Built about four or five years previous to the date of our story, in the somewhat cumbrous but handsome style of the day, hung very low, having large windows calculated to afford a full view of those inside it, panels covered with exquisitely painted emblematical designs and elaborately carved woodwork, representing Cupids sustaining the City arms, this state-coach, by its antiquated air and splendour, carries back the mind to another age. The paintings on the panels, replete with grace and elegance, are by Cipriani; that on the right door exhibits Fame presenting the Mayor to the genius of the City; while on the other door is depicted Britannia pointing with her spear to the shield of Henry Fitz-Alwin, the first Mayor of London, who enjoyed his office for the long term of twenty-four years—namely, from the first of Richard I. to the fifteenth of John. Until of late years, the roof of this magnificent carriage was surmounted by a carved group of boys supporting baskets of fruit, but an accident deprived it of this ornament. The original cost of the coach was upwards of a thousand pounds, which will not appear surprising, when its size and the splendour of its decorations and fittings are taken into account. The expense of keeping it in repair is by no means trifling, but this is now borne by the Corporation, whose property the coach has become.

According to custom, the Lord Mayor's companions were his chaplain, Dr. Dipple; the sword-bearer, Mr. Heron Powney, who carried his weapon according to the rule of armoury, "upright, the hilts being holden under his bulk, and the blade directly up the midst of his breast, and so forth between his brows;" the common-crier, Mr. Roberts, with the mace; and the water-bailiff, Mr. Dawson. The latter gentlemen were in their official robes.

The six proudly-caparisoned horses were put in motion by a couple of clean-limbed, active-looking postillions, wearing jackets stiffened with lace, tight buckskins, and great jack-boots, black velvet caps with far-projecting nebs, and adorned with the Lord Mayor's crest wrought in silver, and carrying riding-whips

with heavy silver handles. The reins were held by a coachman worthy of the occasion. No one in the Lord Mayor's household had a higher sense of the importance of his post, or greater determination to uphold its dignity, than his lordship's head-coachman, Mr. Caleb Keck. On this day all other coachmen were beneath him. He would have taken precedence of the royal coachman—just as the Lord Mayor would have done of royalty itself, east of Temple-bar. A very large man was Mr. Keck, as darkly red as a mulberry about the cheeks and gills, and the purple dye of his broad, bluff countenance was deepened by contrast with his flaxen wig. Nothing could be more imposing than his appearance as he sat on the hampercloth, which was not much too wide for him, in his laced three-cornered hat and state livery, with a large bouquet on his breast, buckles ornamented with paste brilliants on his shoes, and his great balustrade calves encased in pearl-coloured silk stockings. Neither the six tall footmen clustering behind the carriage, each as fine as fine clothes could make him, and each consequential enough for a lord, nor the splendidly arrayed postilions, were to be compared to him.

Guided by Mr. Keck and the postilions, the Lord Mayor's coach passed across Cheapside amid the acclamations of the multitude, and made its way, though slowly and with difficulty, through the throng of equipages already described as encumbering New King-street, in the direction of Guildhall, the Gothic façade of which agreeably terminated the vista. Close behind came the superb state chariots of the sheriffs, each drawn by four horses, and the carriages of Alderman Beckford and Sir Felix Bland. While Sir Gresham was acknowledging the cheers and congratulations that greeted him from lookers-on from window and house-top, as he passed along, Mr. Keck frowned in an awful manner at any familiar observation that might chance to be addressed to him by a brother coachman, and, if it had been consistent with his dignity to open his lips at all, would have sworn lustily in return. Cateaton-street was crossed without hindrance, while loud clappings of hands and vociferations proceeded from a stand erected by the Merchant Tailors near the old church of Saint Lawrence in the Jewry, and decorated with the company's banners. In the midst of these huzzas, the Lord Mayor was borne into Guildhall-yard, which, being thronged by various personages connected with the procession, presented a very animated and picturesque appearance, and his carriage drew up before the gaily ornamented entrance of a temporary covered way, erected for the convenience of the illustrious visitors expected that evening, and leading from the middle of the yard to the great hall-porch.

No carriages, except those of the late Lord Mayor and the sheriffs, were allowed to stand in Guildhall-yard, but a line of equipages belonging to the aldermen, the chief City

officers, the wardens and prime-wardens of the different City companies, extended thence, through Blackwell Hall, far into Bishopsgate-street. The court, however, was thronged by persons on foot, with whom a few others on horseback were intermingled. Amongst the latter the most conspicuous were the two City marshals; the upper marshal being mounted on a proudly caparisoned steed, arrayed in a grand military uniform, with long jack-boots, glittering breastplate, flowing Ramillies peruke, and feathered hat. In his hand he bore a long bâton, the badge of his office. The under marshal was scarcely less splendidly attired. With them were a host of standard-bearers, trumpeters, and yeomen of the guard. Some of the standard-bearers were mounted. In front of the chapel stood the bargemaster of the Merchant Tailors' Company—to which ancient and important fraternity, it will be remembered, our Lord Mayor belonged—in his state dress, the watermen in their scarlet and puce liveries, and the beadle in his scarlet gown. On the other side of the yard, within the piazzas previously described, were ranged sixty poor men, habited in the scarlet and puce gowns and hoods of the Merchant Tailors' Company, bearing shields charged with the arms of the company, namely, a tent royal between two parliament robes, and on a chief azure a lion of England, with a holy lamb as a crest, and two camels as supporters. These sixty poor men, corresponding in number with the Lord Mayor's age, were intended to lead the procession.

One circumstance must be mentioned, as it not only added materially to the crowded state of the court, but was productive of considerable inconvenience to the various officials collected within it. The management of the grand entertainment had been confided to a committee of seven aldermen, of which Mr. Beckford and Sir Felix Bland were members. By favour of this committee private admittance was given to the galleries erected within the great hall to a number of ladies of quality, and to the wives and daughters of such wealthy and important citizens as had interest enough to procure tickets.

As early as nine o'clock, in order to secure the best places, these privileged ladies began to arrive, some in court dresses with plumes and diamonds, and all in rich evening attire of silk and satin. Wonderful were the coiffures to be seen!—some of them almost rivalling the towering magnificence of the Lady Mayoress's "head"—some being arranged *à la Cybèle*, others *à la Gorgoane*, or *à la Venus*. From the early hour we have mentioned until the arrival of the Lord Mayor, a constant succession of carriages, hackney-coaches, and sedan-chairs had been setting down before the entrance to the covered passage, discharging their freights of silks and satins, hoops, lace, feathers, and other finery, and then making their way back as well as they could.

In his over-desire to oblige his friends, Sir Felix Bland had given away a great many more tickets than he ought to have done, and the consequence was, that the galleries were crowded before any of the ladies belonging to the common council-men had been admitted.

The entrance to the covered way before which the Lord Mayor had stopped was decorated with flags and banners, surmounted by the royal arms, with the City arms beneath, and could be closed, if needful, by rich damask curtains. The passage was of considerable extent, and was lined with crimson cloth, carpeted, festooned with garlands of artificial flowers, and hung with a profusion of coloured lamps. Preparations, indeed, had been made for generally illuminating the place at night. Outside, the entrance to the covered way could be brilliantly lighted up, while the whole front of the adjacent hall, together with the buildings on either side of the court, were covered with variegated lamps arranged in graceful devices, calculated to produce a very brilliant effect.

The interior of the noble Gothic porch, to which the passage conducted, had quite lost its original character, its architectural beauties being hidden by crimson cloth with which the walls were draped. It had now all the appearance of a modern ante-room, or rather a conservatory, being filled with flowering shrubs and exotics. Nothing could be seen of the arch crossing its centre, supported by columns, of its paneled tracery with quatrefoil turns, of the variously sculptured and gilt bosses at the intersections of its groined roof, or of the shield displaying the arms of Edward the Confessor. But though these beauties were shrouded for the moment, much comfort was gained, and it must be owned that the vestibule had a very charming appearance. The shrubs and exotics, which formed a beautiful arbour, were carried on to the great hall beyond, and were adorned with variegated lamps, the effect of which, when lighted up, was really magical.

The stoppage of the state coach before the door of the covered passage summoned forth three of the aldermen, members of the committee, in their gowns, to receive his lordship as he alighted. They were accompanied by half a dozen common-councilmen in mazarine blue gowns—whence they obtained the nickname of “*Mazarines*,” then commonly applied to them. Attended by the aldermen, with his train borne by a page, and preceded by the sword-bearer and mace-bearer, the Lord Mayor traversed the passage until he reached the porch, where several City officials, in their robes, gowns, and full-dressed wigs, were waiting to receive him. Amongst these were Sir Thomas Harrison, the Chamberlain; Sir Richard Moreton, the Recorder; Mr. Roberts, junior, the City Remembrancer; and Mr. James Chamness, the Chief Huntsman of the

City, ordinarily styled the Common Hunt, the City Solicitor, the Comptroller, the two Secondaries, and the Town Clerk.

Behind, at a respectful distance, stood Mr. Towse, the Chief Carver, an enormously stout man, who looked as if he could stow half a baron of beef beneath his capacious waistcoat, and who might have personated one of the giants of the neighbouring hall without stuffing. Mr. Towse was attended by three serjeant carvers, almost as broad across the shoulders and as round about the waist as himself.

A little farther to the rear of these robustious personages, and drawn up in lines, stood three serjeants of the chamber and two yeomen of the chamber, with the sword-bearer's man, the common-crier's man, the beadles, and other attendants.

While Sir Gresham was conferring with the Recorder and Chamberlain, the party was increased by the arrival of the sheriffs, Alderman Beckford, Sir Felix Bland, and the late Lord Mayor. Sir Matthew Blakiston was somewhat past the middle term of life, though there were few marks of age about him, stout of person as beseeemed a civic dignitary, and possessed a pleasant countenance and urbane manners. Add to these recommendations great liberality and hospitality, and it will not be wondered at that Sir Matthew's mayoralty had been popular.

Some little discussion being requisite with the members of the committee as to the arrangements of the day, the Lord Mayor, in order to be more at his ease, took off his gown, leaving it with his attendants, but he was still in the vestibule, engaged in conversation with Mr. Beckford, when three ladies, evidently of high rank, resplendent with diamonds, and distinguished alike for grace, beauty, and magnificence of attire, were seen advancing along the passage, preceded by two ushers, carrying white wands.

"Whom have we here?" exclaimed Alderman Beckford. "Unless my eyes deceive me, these are three of our chief court beauties—the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Kildare, and Lady Pembroke. They have come early."

"I begged them to do so," cried Sir Felix Bland, transported with delight at the appearance of the ladies. "I said it would be impossible to keep places after twelve o'clock, when the great rush would commence; but up to that hour I would promise them front seats."

"You promised more than you can perform, Sir Felix," exclaimed a common-councilman coming forward. "All the front places are gone."

"What! gone already, Mr. Judkins?" said the Lord Mayor. "How comes that to pass?"

"It is all Sir Felix's fault, my lord," rejoined the angry Mazarine. "He has given away a couple of hundred tickets more than he ought to have done. None of our own ladies can be accommodated. There'll be pretty work with them by-and-by."

"Odds bobs! I hope not," rejoined Sir Gresham. "All disturbance must be avoided, if possible. Meantime, the duchess, and the noble ladies with her, must have places assigned them."

"I don't very well see how that can be accomplished, my lord," rejoined Judkins.

"But I tell you it *must* be done, sir," rejoined the Lord Mayor, authoritatively. "About it at once."

These remarks did not reach the ears of Sir Felix. Hurrying off, he was by this time bowing to the ground before the superb Duchess of Richmond, after which he addressed similar profound obeisances to her grace's lovely companions. So enraptured were his looks, so obsequious was his manner, so high-flown and absurd, were his compliments, that Lady Pembroke spread her fan before her face to hide her laughter.

"How fortunate I chanced to be here at the moment of your arrival," he exclaimed, "that I may have the honour and happiness of escorting your grace and their ladyships—three graces, if I may venture to use the phrase—to your seats. How condescending of you to come so soon!"

"You may say so with truth, Sir Felix, so far as I am concerned," replied the duchess. "It cost me a terrible effort to rise at such an unearthly hour. However, I was resolved to submit to any personal inconvenience rather than lose my place."

"We should have been here half an hour sooner had not the streets been so excessively crowded, Sir Felix," observed Lady Kildare.

"Oh! your ladyship has arrived in the very nick of time," rejoined Sir Felix, bowing.

"I am glad to hear it," observed Lady Pembroke. "The people at the entrance informed us we were late."

"Is it possible they ventured to say so to persons of your ladyship's distinction? They can't plead ignorance, for they must have *felt*—if not otherwise acquainted with the fact—that they had before them persons of the most exalted rank. I'm afraid your ladyship will think us very ill-bred in the City."

"I can't possibly think that, Sir Felix," Lady Pembroke rejoined, "with such a perfect specimen of politeness before me."

"Your ladyship quite overwhelms me," he replied, laying his hand upon his heart, and casting down his eyes. "If I felt that I really deserved the compliment, I should be the vainest of mortals."

"What a droll little creature it is!" whispered Lady Pembroke, with a laugh, to Lady Kildare. "These citizens are vastly entertaining, though I know most about them from plays, but to-day we shall have an opportunity of studying them from the life. I suppose their manners and customs are vastly different from our own?"

"We shall see," returned Lady Kildare. "Here comes another

of the aborigines. Ah! as I live, 'tis Mr. Beckford. I vow I didn't know him in his gown."

As she spoke, the alderman in question came up, and bowed to the three peeresses, with all of whom he appeared to be acquainted.

"I give your grace welcome to the City," he said to the duchess. "We are much flattered to have guests so fair and of such high degree within our halls."

"Like your brother alderman, Sir Felix Bland, you indulge in compliments, it seems, Mr. Beckford," the duchess rejoined. "'Tis the first time I have been at Guildhall, and I am curious to witness one of your grand civic entertainments."

"I trust your grace will not be disappointed," Mr. Beckford replied. "Perhaps, as we have royalty and the court with us to-day, we may have a better chance of pleasing you."

"We have royalty and the court every day," rejoined the duchess, laughing. "Somewhat too much of both, perhaps. What I want to see is a real Lord Mayor and a Lady Mayoress. They tell me your Lord Mayor is a draper? Can it be true?"

"Perfectly true, your grace. And, what is more, he is not ashamed of his calling. We are all traders in the City, you know."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sir Felix, "that's very well for you to assert, Mr. Beckford—you who are an opulent West India merchant, and come of a good family, whose grandsire was Sir Thomas Beckford, sheriff for London in 1677."

"I should have been prouder had I made my own fortune as you have done, Sir Felix, and as our present Lord Mayor has done, than I am from inheriting one," rejoined Beckford. "As to birth, craving your grace's pardon, it is mere matter of accident."

"And pray, Sir Felix, what may be your business?" inquired the duchess.

"Mine!" he exclaimed, visibly embarrassed, and having recourse to his snuff-box—"mine! ha! ha! I thought your grace had known it—he! he!" And he stuffed an immense pinch into his nostrils.

"I'll spare my excellent friend the necessity of explaining that he is a saddler," observed Alderman Beckford; "and I'll add for him, what he couldn't so well add for himself, that he has realised a very large fortune by his business."

"How very extraordinary!" cried Lady Kildare, laughing. "I wasn't aware till now that people could make large fortunes by selling saddles and bridles."

"Your ladyship's coachman could have enlightened you on that point," observed Beckford, dryly.

"By-the-by, I hear you have rebuilt Fonthill, Mr. Beckford," observed the duchess, anxious to relieve Sir Felix by changing the conversation. "'Twas a thousand pities the fine old place should be burnt down."

"I have built a finer house in its stead," said Beckford.

"But at a cost of thirty thousand pounds," interposed Sir Felix, who had now recovered from his embarrassment. "Mr. Beckford has greater philosophy than most of us possess. Your grace shall hear what occurred at the time. I happened to be with him when a messenger, who had ridden post-haste from Wiltshire, brought word that Fonthill Abbey was destroyed by fire. I was dreadfully shocked by the intelligence, as your grace will naturally conceive, but what did Mr. Beckford say and do? Rave and swear, as I should have done? Nothing of the sort. Quietly taking out his pocket-book, he began to write in it. 'In Heaven's name, what are you doing, my good friend?' I cried, at last, provoked by his silence and apathy. 'Merely calculating the expense of rebuilding the house,' he calmly replied. 'Tis insured for six thousand pounds, and I find it will cost twenty-four thousand more to erect another mansion.' That was all he said about it—he! he!"

"You are a philosopher indeed, Mr. Beckford," observed the duchess. "Few persons, under such circumstances, could display so much equanimity. I should not, I'm quite sure."

"I am not always so calm," rejoined Beckford, laughing. "I am choleric enough on occasion, as those who chafe me can testify. Little matters put me out, great matters never. I can bear misfortunes with fortitude, but petty troubles, which others would disregard, annoy me. I cannot bear ingratitude. I hold it to be the basest of crimes, and when I find it manifested either to myself or others, I lose all patience. From this your grace will conceive what my feelings must have been when our Great Commoner, to whom a nation's gratitude is due, found it needful to resign, and still more when his resignation was accepted."

"I can quite understand that you were very angry," replied the duchess, "because I know you to be Mr. Pitt's warmest partisan. His defeat, therefore, must have been a severe blow to you."

"'Twas a blow to the whole country," said Beckford; "but it will recoil, and with additional force, on those who inflicted it."

"Mr. Pitt, I am told, is coming here to-day," observed Lady Pembroke.

"He is, and your ladyship will see how he will be received by the citizens," returned Beckford. "They, at least, know how much they owe him. They also know what they owe my Lord Bute, and will probably demonstrate their readiness to discharge their obligations to him."

"I am malicious enough to hope they may," laughed Lady Kildare, displaying her pearl-like teeth. "The scene would be highly diverting."

"Your ladyship is not likely to be disappointed of it," said Beckford. "His majesty may see enough, and hear enough, to spare us the necessity of further remonstrances."

"Lord Bute laughs at your remonstrances, Mr. Beckford," said Lady Pembroke, "and counsels his majesty to pay no heed to them; and as his lordship is omnipotent just now, all your representations, however forcible, are likely to fall on dull ears."

"Then we must find other means of obtaining a hearing," rejoined Beckford. "Lord Bute does ill to deride the People. He knows not their strength. They have overthrown many a favourite ere now more potent than himself. Mr. Pitt is the People's Minister. Whether their favourite or the royal favourite will prevail in the end, remains to be seen. But that my fellow-citizens, though loyal and dutiful in the highest degree, and ever anxious to maintain the true honour and dignity of the crown, will not be trifled with, I am certain. A poor jest of Lord Bute made Sir Gresham Lorimer Lord Mayor. Another unlucky jest may work his own overthrow."

"Hold! hold! my good friend, you are going sadly too far," interposed Sir Felix. "You will alarm her grace and their ladyships by the violence of your politics. They will think we all share your sentiments, though many of us, myself included, are of a totally different opinion. I have a great respect for my lord Bute—a very great respect. He has wonderful abilities."

"Ay, as his majesty's father, the late Prince of Wales, said of him, he would make an excellent ambassador in a court where there is nothing to do. He has ability enough for that," laughed Beckford. "You haven't forgiven me, I see, Sir Felix, for making known your calling. Pshaw! man, don't look blank. There's no disgrace in being a saddler."

"There's no disgrace, certainly, but, at the same time, there's nothing to be proud of," rejoined the little alderman, rather nettled. "So, if you please, sir, we'll say no more on the subject."

Mr. Beckford laughed, and, turning to the Duchess of Richmond, begged permission to present her grace and their ladyships to the Lord Mayor; and assent being instantly given, he led them on to the vestibule where Sir Gresham was standing in the midst of the City dignitaries and officials, and the presentations were made in due form.

If our Lord Mayor was not distinguished by any remarkable dignity of deportment or peculiar refinement of manner—as was scarcely to be expected—he had a great deal of natural good breeding and courtesy, which answered the purpose quite as well; and being perfectly easy and self-possessed, he was fully equal to the situation, and acquitted himself so well that the fastidious court ladies, who expected to find something ridiculous in his appearance and manner, were surprised and perplexed. They did not suppose a draper could be so well bred. They thought to dazzle and confound him, but they did not succeed. He could not be insensible to their rare personal attractions; he could not fail to be

struck by the courtly grace of their manner; but neither their rank, the splendour of their beauty, nor the haughtiness of their deportment, produced any undue effect upon him. Exceedingly affable, he did not lose sight for a moment of the position he had to maintain.

"Upon my word, he seems very agreeable," observed Lady Kildare, aside, to Lady Pembroke. "Who would have supposed a draper could be a gentleman?"

"One would think he had been born for his present office, it seems to suit him so exactly," rejoined the countess.

"I am quite concerned your grace and your ladyships should have come so early," remarked Sir Gresham to the duchess. "You will find it very tedious, I fear, to wait so many hours."

"Possibly we may, my lord," replied the duchess; "but then it is to be hoped we shall be rewarded for our pains. We must try to support the fatigue. People went to the Abbey overnight to view the coronation ceremony, and they tell me this will be quite as fine a sight."

"Not quite, I fear," returned the Lord Mayor; "it won't have the advantage of your grace and their ladyships as chief performers in it. 'Tis a pity you can't see the show out of doors. It might have amused you, and would have helped to pass away the time."

"I should have liked that prodigiously," said the duchess. "But we were not invited to Mr. Barclay's, where their majesties and their royal highnesses are going to view the procession."

While this conversation was taking place, several other ladies, richly attired, had entered the vestibule, and were now presented to the Lord Mayor by some of the aldermen composing the committee, and were very courteously received by his lordship.

"We are rather in the way here, I think," said the duchess, with a graceful though formal obeisance to the Lord Mayor. "May we trouble you to show us to our places, Sir Felix?"

"I am at your grace's entire disposal," he rejoined, with a bow. "This way, your grace—this way!"

He was proceeding with a very consequential air, when he was suddenly stopped by Mr. Judkins and a party of Mazarines, all of whom threw very angry glances at him, drawn up before the doorway of the hall.

"By your leave, gentlemen!" he cried. "Way for the Duchess of Richmond, and the Countesses of Kildare and Pembroke. D'ye hear, gentlemen?—make way!"

To his surprise, however, the sturdy Mazarines did not retire.

"What means this extraordinary conduct, gentlemen?" he pursued, growing very red in the face. "Her grace will have a poor opinion of City manners. Permit us to pass."

"Her grace shall know whom she has to blame for any disappointment she may experience," returned Judkins. "It is not our

fault, but yours, Sir Felix, that there are no front places left in the galleries."

"No front places left!" exclaimed the little alderman, looking aghast. "'Sdeath! I shall go distracted. How can this have happened, Mr. Judkins?"

"Because you have given away too many tickets, Sir Felix," replied Judkins. "Two hundred ladies sent in by you have already got seats, and we won't admit any more, be they whom they may. We stand upon our privileges and immunities. We have our own friends to oblige—our own ladies to accommodate. You have greatly exceeded your allowance, and will be censured for your conduct at the next court. Had each member of the committee acted as you have done, we should now have fourteen hundred ladies in the galleries—that is, supposing they could accommodate so many. It's too bad of you."

"A great deal too bad," chorused the Mazarines. "But we stand upon our rights. No more of your tickets shall pass, Sir Felix."

"I don't for a moment deny your rights, gentlemen," cried Sir Felix, "but I appeal to your good nature—to your well-known gallantry. I implore you to allow her grace and their ladyships to pass. I will find places."

"There are none to be had, I tell you, Sir Felix," rejoined Judkins. "We regret to appear disobliging and uncourteous to the ladies, but we have no alternative."

"How can I extricate myself from this horrible dilemma!" cried Sir Felix, with a look of distress so exceedingly absurd that nobody could help laughing at him.

"Well, we must perforce return, it seems," said the duchess. "We have got our early ride for nothing. We shall know how to trust to your promises in future, Sir Felix."

"Your grace drives me to despair," he rejoined, with a frenzied look. "I can never survive this disgrace. I shall die on the spot."

"Not till you have found chairs for us, I trust, Sir Felix," said Lady Pembroke, laughing. "You are bound to see us safely away. It is rather provoking, I must confess, to come so far and see nothing."

"For my part, I shall never forgive Sir Felix," said Lady Kildare. "I did not expect such treatment from a person of his reputed politeness."

"We must endeavour to console ourselves by thinking that the spectacle we came to witness is not worth beholding," observed Lady Pembroke. "Adieu, Sir Felix. If you design to put an end to your existence, pray don't delay."

As the duchess and the two countesses turned to depart, the Lord Mayor disengaged himself from the persons by whom he was

surrounded, and stepped towards them. His countenance wore a reassuring smile.

"I hope your grace will pardon me for allowing this matter to proceed so far," he said; "I have done so to punish Sir Felix for his indiscretion. You need be under no apprehension about places, for I have ordered three of the best seats to be retained for you, and they are now at your disposition. But if you have any curiosity to witness the procession—and it is likely to be better than ordinary to-day—and will so far honour me, I will pray you to repair to my house in Cheapside, which is nearly opposite to Mr. Barclay's, where you will see everything without inconvenience, and can return here when you are so minded."

"Your lordship is excessively obliging," replied the duchess. "I accept your offer with pleasure; and I think I may answer for my friends," she added, to the two countesses, who smilingly assented, and expressed their obligations to the Lord Mayor.

"The Lady Mayoress and my daughters will be enchanted to show you every attention," pursued Sir Gresham. "But before proceeding thither, I trust your grace will allow me to show you our ancient hall, of which we citizens are not a little proud. It must never be said that three of our most richly graced court ladies were refused admittance to it. Allow me to attend you."

At a sign from his lordship, Mr. Judkins and the rest of the common-councilmen, whose demeanour was totally changed, and who were now all smiles and civility, drew back, and ranged themselves in double file. Passing through these lines, a few steps brought the Lord Mayor and his lovely companions into the body of the hall.

Astonished at the magnificent spectacle that burst upon her, the duchess warmly expressed her admiration, as did the two countesses in equally rapturous terms. We have endeavoured to familiarise the reader with the ordinary aspect of the hall, but it had now undergone a wonderful metamorphosis, being splendidly decorated in anticipation of the grand entertainment to be given within it.

On either side large galleries had been erected, the fronts of which were hung with crimson cloth, and otherwise ornamented. Even at this early hour, as already intimated, these galleries were almost entirely filled by richly-attired ladies, many of them of great personal attraction, whose plumed head-dresses, and the brilliants with which they were ornamented, added greatly to the effect produced by such a galaxy of beauty.

Superb lustres for illumination of the place when evening came on were suspended from the roof, and the royal banner, the banners of the City, with those of the twelve principal companies, were hung from the walls. The great cornice was traced through-

out its entire extent by a cordon of uncoloured lamps. Orchestras, capable of containing two full military bands, were erected towards the eastern end of the hall.

Here, upon the platform generally used for the hustings, and now covered with Turkey carpet, the royal table was placed, most sumptuously adorned with gold plate, as well as with a variety of emblematic devices appropriate to the occasion. A superb canopy fashioned of crimson satin, embroidered with the royal arms worked in gold, covered the seats intended for their majesties. Behind the royal table, stretching across the hall, and on the right and left, were magnificent sideboards, piled with salvers, flagons, ships of silver, and other plate, such as the corporation of the City of London only can produce.

On either side of the platform, and just where it crossed the body of the hall, were reared lofty stages for the reception of barons of beef, so that these mighty joints might be carved by Mr. Towse and his assistants in sight of the whole company. Across the lower hustings, as this part of the hall was termed, a table, richly set, was laid for the Lord Mayor, and the aldermen and their ladies. Three other tables, running down the chamber, all arranged with exquisite taste, were reserved for the Lady Mayoress and her guests. At the first of these her ladyship herself was to preside; at the second, or mid-table, Mrs. Chatteris; and at the third, Lady Dawes.

A wide space here intervened, beyond which were three other long tables, running towards the opposite end of the hall, the upper parts of which were destined for the privy councillors, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, and nobility, while the lower seats were assigned to the Mazarines.

The Court of Common Council were to dine on tables on the south side of the hall, but below the grand entrance, where the division occurred. The table for the City officers was placed on the north side, under the guardianship of Gog and Magog, who came out magnificently, having been newly painted and gilt for the occasion. The judges and serjeants were to dine in the old council-chamber.

VI.

UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES THE LORD MAYOR MET, AS HE SUPPOSED, HIS LONG-LOST BROTHER LAWRENCE.

THE entrance of the Lord Mayor, and the distinguished party with him, had excited, as might naturally be expected, a very lively sensation in the galleries, as was made manifest by a general murmur of applause; but when his lordship and the lovely peeresses passed

up the hall and ascended the platform on which the royal table was set, turning round to look at the scene from this advantageous position, the enthusiasm became irrepressible, the whole of the fair beholders arose en masse, clapping their hands, waving their handkerchiefs, and giving audible utterance to their approbation. The ovation was exceedingly gratifying to the Lord Mayor, and he acknowledged it by repeated bows, which tended to prolong the applause.

At this moment the spectacle was really brilliant. Streaming through the gorgeous panes of the great eastern window, the bright sunbeams fell upon the beauteous occupants of the galleries, tinging their plumes and other portions of their attire with various hues, and giving them the appearance of beds of flowers. Viewed from the elevated position on which stood the Lord Mayor and the ladies, the vast chamber, superbly decorated as it was, hung with banners, provided with galleries filled with many of the loveliest women the metropolis could then boast, furnished with tables laid for some thousands of guests, and all richly laid,—thus viewed, we say, the hall presented a magnificent *coup d'œil*.

Having enjoyed the charming spectacle, and come in for their own share of the applause resounding from the galleries—having glanced at the arrangements on the royal table, and noted the superb plate on the sideboards—the duchess thanked the Lord Mayor, and begged to retire, as they might be trespassing too much on his time. As they were descending the steps leading from the dais to the lower hustings, Lady Kildare expressed a desire to have a nearer view of the giants. Smiling at the request, Sir Gresham good naturedly led the way towards them.

While they were contemplating the colossal figures, and listening to Sir Gresham's droll version of the popular legend connected with them, a strange hollow sound, resembling a prolonged and dismal groan, was heard, issuing apparently from the interior wall at the rear of Magog. The ladies glanced at each other in surprise, and the Lord Mayor paused in his recital. The unearthly sound ceased for a moment, and was then renewed. Just in front of the party, at the top of the steps leading to the internal courts, stood a fat, pompous-looking beadle, with a face almost as crimson as his gold-laced coat, and holding a tall staff with a gilt head nearly as big as that of the Corporation mace.

"What's that?" cried Sir Gresham, addressing a look of inquiry towards this consequential person. "What's that, I say?" he repeated.

But the beadle pretended he heard nothing. The excuse, however, did not avail him, for presently a knocking was heard against a small low door on the right of the arched entrance, and a voice could be distinguished as of some one imploring to be let out.

"Bless my soul! some poor fellow must be shut up in the Little Ease!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor. "Who has done it, Staveley? Not you, I hope?" he continued, noticing the beadle's confusion, and that his cheeks had become redder than ever.

"Well, I own I locked him up, my lord," stammered Staveley; "but I didn't know what else to do with him. I hope your lordship won't be angry."

"But I am angry—very angry," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "If you have acted without the Chamberlain's warrant—and I'm quite sure no order for confinement in that cell would be given by him on a day like this—you shall smart for it, sirrah. Who is the person you have dared to imprison? What offence has he committed? Speak out, sirrah—no equivocation."

"I'm very sorry to have incurred your lordship's displeasure," returned the now crestfallen beadle; "but I did it for the best. 'Tis a drunken old scoundrel whom I have shut up, my lord—a fellow not worth your right honourable lordship's consideration. The old rascal was employed to lay out the tables, and serve at the banquet, but he made too free with the wine entrusted to him—drinking your lordship's health, as he affirmed—and got drunk, roarin' drunk, my lord—so I locked him up there that he might have a chance of becoming sober; and I dare say he's all right now, for he's been there since seven o'clock. That's everything about it, my lord. If your lordship desires it, I'll let him out at once."

"And so you have imprisoned a poor old man in that cell for four or five hours, eh?" cried the Lord Mayor, very angrily. "Enough to kill him. Your unwarrantable conduct will cost you your post, Staveley."

"I hope your lordship will take a more lenient view of the case," said the beadle, penitentially. "No doubt I've done wrong, since your lordship thinks so. But 'twill be hard to lose my post for a drunken old vagabond. Besides, the old sot aggerawated me by the liberties he took with your right honourable lordship's honoured name. What does your lordship suppose he had the effrentery to assert?"

"Nay, I can't guess," cried Sir Gresham, impatiently.

"Imperance couldn't further go. He swore he was your lordship's brother. May I lose my post if he didn't. 'I'll complain of you to my brother, the Lord Mayor,' says he. 'That's very well,' says I, 'but I shall lock you up till you alter your tune, my friend.' And I thought I did quite right."

"Let him out without more ado," rejoined Sir Gresham, upon whom his beadle's attempt to justify himself had produced a certain impression.

Taking a large bunch of keys from his capacious pocket, Stave-

ley unlocked the cell-door, and bawled out, in an authoritative tone, "There! come out, my man, come out!"

Whereupon, an old man, whose rusty black attire was a good deal disordered, and whose scratch-wig had got knocked off during his confinement, crept out on all-fours; for though, as presently appeared, the aged prisoner was short of stature and round-shouldered, he could not stand upright in the narrow hole into which he had been thrust.

The old man's appearance was abject and pitiable in the extreme. Besides bearing evident traces of the excess he had committed, his features were stamped with shame and contrition, and he seemed painfully sensible of the degrading position in which he was placed.

"There, get up!" cried the beadle, hastily adjusting his dress, and clapping the wig upon his bald head. "Get up, I say, and make an obeisance to the Lord Mayor."

"The Lord Mayor!" exclaimed the old man, with a sharp cry. "Where is he?—ha!" And he would have rushed away, if the beadle had not forcibly withheld him.

"Don't detain me!" he cried. "I can't face him. I won't."

"But you must and shall," rejoined Staveley. "You don't go hence till his lordship discharges you, I can promise you. You've got me into trouble enough already with your misconduct. Have you no manners?" he added, shaking him roughly. "Make an obeisance, I tell you, to the Lord Mayor. Perhaps you'll claim relationship with his lordship now!" he pursued, in a low, decisive tone.

"Oh no, I won't," replied the old man, beseechingly, but without daring to raise his eyes to Sir Gresham. "I didn't mean it! Don't mention it, I implore you! I was mad—I retract all I said."

"I knew you was bouncing," rejoined the beadle, chuckling. "But learn to your confusion, you owdacious old braggart, that his right honourable lordship is aware of all you said in defamation of his character."

"I said nothing derogatory of him, surely?" rejoined the old man.

"You said you were his brother, and if that ain't derogatory and defamatory I'm a Dutchman and not a British beadle. Down on your marrow-bones and ask pardon."

"Have pity upon me, and let me go!" cried the old man. "You don't know how you torture me."

"You richly deserve it for getting me into trouble," said Staveley, again shaking him. "Hold up your head, I tell you, and look his lordship straight in the face."

"I can't!—I daren't!" cried the old man, covering his face with his hands.

Meantime, the Lord Mayor was greatly agitated. The more he regarded him, the more convinced he became that the old man was his brother Lawrence, and the shock and surprise of the discovery affected him so powerfully for a few moments, that he could neither speak nor stir. But he presently became calmer, and prepared to carry out the course he judged it right to pursue. Many a one might have hesitated to acknowledge a near relative under such circumstances, and could scarcely be blamed for his reluctance. Sir Gresham, however, was not a person of this stamp. He resolved to adopt the proper and the manly course, let the world think what it might of him.

Praying the ladies to excuse him for quitting them, and waving to the beadle to stand off, he advanced towards the old man, who still kept his face covered, and patted him affectionately on the shoulder.

"Why, Lawrence, is it you?" he said. "Is it you, my poor brother? What a meeting is this, after so many years' separation!"

The old man trembled violently, and it was some time before he could speak. He then replied in broken accents, and without looking up, "Your lordship is mistaken. I am not he you take me for. I have not the honour to be related to you."

"Come, come, Lawrence!" cried the Lord Mayor, "I am not to be put off thus. You told yonder beadle you were my brother."

"It appears that I made some such silly boast, my lord; but my brain at the time was confused with strong drink, to which I am not much accustomed. Believe me, I am heartily ashamed of myself, and humbly crave your lordship's pardon."

"Don't talk about pardon, brother, and don't attempt to deny your relationship. It won't do. You are greatly changed, 'tis true, but I know your voice. Besides, my heart tells me you are my mother's son."

"Your lordship has a good heart, a very good heart," rejoined the old man, "but it deceives you now. I committed a great error in making such an improper and ill-judged statement, but I should do still worse to persist in it. I wouldn't for worlds expose you to the reproach, the just reproach, of being connected with such a one as myself."

"If I don't fear the reproach, you need not, brother," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "You have been unfortunate, while I have been lucky, that's the only difference between us. If your conduct has been without reproach—as I trust it has—you are just as good as myself. Everybody knows my origin. Come, give me your hand, brother—give me your hand."

"No, no, I won't abuse your lordship's generosity," replied the old man, respectfully declining the proffered hand. "How many

years may it be," he pursued, "since your lordship has seen the brother for whom you take me?"

"Why, forty years and upwards. You know that as well as I do, Lawrence," said the Lord Mayor. "During all that time I have never even heard of you."

"Forty years and upwards!" sighed the old man. "And your lordship has not seen or heard of your brother during all that time! Depend on it he is dead. Best suppose him so, at all events. I'll answer for it he won't trouble you more. My name is Candish—Hugh Candish—and, as will be evident to your lordship, I am not in very flourishing circumstances."

"I see you are not my poor brother," rejoined the Lord Mayor, brushing away the tear that started to his eyes; "but it shan't be my fault if you don't do better in future."

"I must again say that your lordship is the dupe of a too generous nature, and I beseech you to consider well before you proceed further. I have no possible claim on your bounty. Have I your permission to depart?"

"No, no, you shan't go," cried the Lord Mayor. "Brother, or no brother, you must remain here to-day."

"Your lordship is too good; but disagreeable remarks will be made if I remain after what has occurred. I came here solely to see your lordship on this your day of triumph, and having accomplished my object, I have nothing more to desire."

"But I command you—that is, I beg of you to stay," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "Here, Staveley," he cried, to the beadle, who had remained within earshot, and had tried to catch what passed between them, "take Mr. Candish to my room near the old council-chamber, and tell Jennings to give him the best dress he can find—the best dress, d'ye hear? A good place must be kept for Mr. Candish at the table of the common-council——"

"A place at the common-councilmen's table, my lord! Did I hear your lordship aright?" exclaimed the astounded beadle.

"You did, sirrah. And I counsel you to see my orders strictly attended to. Mr. Candish is to go where he likes, and do what he pleases; but if he'll follow my advice, he won't take any more wine before dinner."

"Nor after dinner, my lord, except one glass to pledge your lordship's health."

"Good-by, brother," said Sir Gresham, in a low tone. "I fully comprehend and respect the motives that induce you to practise this concealment, but I can only submit to it to-day. To-morrow, you must no longer be Hugh Candish, but Lorry Lorimer, as of old. I shall look out for you on my return from Westminster. Once more, good-by. What! won't you give me your hand now?"

"I daren't, my lord. I am not worthy to take it."

"Tut! tut! have done with this nonsense!" cried Sir Gresham, seizing the old man's hand, and grasping it cordially.

For the first time the latter raised his eyes, and fixed them upon the Lord Mayor with a look of unutterable gratitude and admiration.

"Well, I'm blessed if this don't beat anything I ever saw or heard of," moralised the beadle. "A Lord Mayor shaking hands with a pauper, ordering him a fine suit of clothes, and a place at the common-council table. Things have come to a pretty pass!"

But he was recalled to a sense of duty by the Lord Mayor, who once more consigned the old man to his care, and turned to rejoin the ladies; thinking, as he went, how he would make the rest of his days comfortable.

Candish went away quietly enough with the beadle, who had now entirely altered his deportment towards him; but as they were traversing a passage leading to the old council-chamber, the old man discerned a means of flight through a door opening upon the street at the back of the hall, and immediately availed himself of it, and ran off. Staveley called to him to stop, but in vain. When he got to the door, the old man had disappeared.

"Was there ever such an aggerawating old rascal!" exclaimed the beadle. "What shall I say to his lordship? I shall lose my post after all."

VII.

OF THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION TO BLACKFRIARS; AND OF THE PAGEANTS EXHIBITED BY THE CITY COMPANIES.

"I BEG your grace and their ladyships ten thousand pardons," cried Sir Gresham, as he returned to them. "A strange circumstance has just occurred to me—though it wouldn't interest you to hear it. Ah! Sir Felix," he pursued, to the little alderman, who came up opportunely at the moment, "it must be your business to procure chairs for the conveyance of her grace and their ladyships to my house. Officers must attend to clear the way. This must be done without loss of time, as the procession will start forthwith, and the ladies desire to see it."

"My own chariot should be at her grace's service," said Sir Felix, "but I suppose it is absolutely necessary that I should join the procession."

"It is quite necessary," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "You know that very well. Every moment is precious."

On this Sir Felix hurried off, while the Lord Mayor conducted the ladies to the vestibule. Here it appeared that the Sheriffs, with the Recorder and Chamberlain, and other of the chief City

officers of the Corporation, had already been summoned to their carriages.

In a few moments more Sir Felix returned, almost out of breath, stating that the chairs were in readiness, and that the City marshals had undertaken to ride on in advance, so that there should be no possibility of hindrance.

With many expressions of obligation to Sir Gresham, the duchess and her companions then took leave, and were ceremoniously conducted by Sir Felix and two other aldermen belonging to the committee to the conveyances provided for them, and were borne with great promptitude down New King's-street to the Lord Mayor's residence in Cheapside.

Intelligence of their arrival being communicated to the Lord Mayor by the upper City marshal on his return to Guildhall-yard, his lordship at once issued his commands that the procession should start, whereupon the aldermen entered their carriages.

At last, the Lord Mayor himself was summoned by the ushers, and with the same pompous formalities which had marked his entrance to the hall, his train being borne by a page, and the sword and mace carried before him, he re-entered his state-coach, amid flourishes of trumpets, which made the court resound with their clangour, while his chaplain and the three officials resumed their places beside him.

Meanwhile, the sixty poor liverymen of the Merchant Tailors' Company, in scarlet and puce hoods and gowns, had quitted their station in the piazza, and advanced towards the head of the procession, which, when the long train was put in motion, was considerably beyond Bow Church. These liverymen marched three and three.

They were, however, preceded by six peace officers to clear the way, and followed by a like number of javelin-men. Then came the marshal of the Merchant Tailors' Company, bearing the shield of the arms of England, succeeded by four stavesmen of the company, with their badges of office.

Next came the band of the Grenadier Guards in full regimentals, playing lively tunes as they marched along. After them was borne the royal standard, the arms of the Merchant Tailors' Company, the arms of the City of London, the arms of the Lord Mayor, with those of the other distinguished members of the company. Next came the barge-master, a very portly personage, in his state-dress, supported by watermen in scarlet and puce liveries.

Preceded by the beadle in his gown, came the clerk of the company in a chariot, followed by the gentlemen of the livery, the gentlemen of the court of assistants, the wardens in their carriages, and the prime warden, Mr. Braybroke, in his chariot, attended by his chaplain. On either side of the governors of this wealthy

and important company walked watermen and other attendants in livery.

But it was not so much upon the wardens and prime warden that the gaze of all the spectators was turned as on the pageant following them, which was intended to represent the coat armour of the company, and consisted of a large tent royal, *gules*, fringed and richly garnished, *or*, lined, faced, and doubled, *ermine*. This tent was fixed upon a large and elevated stage, on which sat several richly-habited figures, amongst whom was the renowned Sir John Hawkwood, the valiant Condottiere of Edward the Third's day, originally a tailor, but who, according to old Fuller, turned his needle into a sword and his thimble into a shield, and so distinguished himself at Poitiers and in the Italian wars that the Merchant Tailors are, with good reason, proud to number him among their ranks. On either side of the tent, on a smaller stage, stood a camel ridden by an Indian, forming the supporters of the company's arms.

This pageant, which was much admired, was followed by the banners and standards, with the various officers of the Ironmongers' Company, concluding with the master in his chariot.

Then came a second pageant, representing the Lemnian forge with Vulcan at work at it, aided by the Cyclops. Fanned by a gigantic pair of bellows, a fire was kept blazing in the furnace, while the anvil rang with blows of the hammer dealt by swart old Mulciber and his brawny and smoke-begrimed companions.

The Ironmongers were followed by the Skinners, and a pageant was exhibited by the latter that caused infinite diversion. It represented a great number of wild animals, lions, tigers, leopards and panthers, sables and beavers; but in the midst of these stuffed specimens was a great living bear, who climbed up a pole, and performed sundry other tricks, to the great amusement of the beholders.

Next came the Haberdashers, whose pageant was placed on a very long stage, and represented a number of shops, where milliners, hosiers, and other dealers in small commodities, served. This pageant gave the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as actors in it distributed their wares accompanied by small papers of tobacco, *gratis*, among the crowd.

Next came the Vintners, who exhibited a very grand mythological piece, the Triumph of Bacchus, and this might have been better received if the spectators could have shared the flowing cups perpetually drained by the tipsy revellers.

The Fishmongers displayed a statue of St. Peter, richly gilt, with a dolphin, two mermaids, and a couple of sea-horses. The Clothworkers introduced Jack of Newbury, the famous Berkshire

clothier, in the garb of the sixteenth century, surrounded by peasants of the same period, dancing to the music of pipe and tabor. In front of this pageant was the golden ram, the crest of the company.

The Armourers were distinguished by an archer standing erect in a richly gilt car, with a bow in his left hand and a quiver over his shoulder. The Grocers exhibited a camel with a negro on its back, between two baskets full of groceries and dried fruits, which the tawny rider scattered right and left, and for which the bystanders struggled and fought.

All these pageants found great favour with the multitude, but they were quite outdone by the Brewers, who displayed two enormous wicker-work figures, each fifteen feet high, having great paunches, grotesque visages, and extraordinary costumes, intended to represent the giants Colbrand and Brandamore. Seated in open chariots, these sociable Titans smoked their pipes, quaffed ale out of mighty pots, and bandied jests with the bystanders.

The procession would have appeared somewhat tame after the pageants which constituted the most popular part of the show, had not the spectators been enlivened by the music of a second grand military band. Then came the Lord Mayor's beades in their state liveries, the barge-master in his state dress, bargemen with the sheriff's banners, watermen with various colours, the two under-sheriffs, the City Solicitor, the Remembrancer, the Comptroller, the two Secondaries, the four Common Pleaders, the Common Serjeant, the Town-clerk, and the Chamberlain. On either side of them were mounted peace-officers, and they were followed by the mounted band of the Life Guards.

Next came the ancient Herald of England in his tabard and plume. Then three trumpeters riding abreast, in rich dresses, with their clarions decorated with flags. After them rode a guard, followed by a standard-bearer on horseback in half-armour, bearing the banner of his knight. To him succeeded two esquires, riding together and bearing shields; and after them, between two yeomen of the guard, rode an ancient knight, mounted on a richly-caparisoned steed, armed cap-à-pie in a suit of polished steel, and carrying a battle-axe. Behind the knight came two armourers with a mounted guard.

Next came Mr. Sheriff Nash in his state chariot, drawn by four horses, followed by three trumpeters and a mounted guard. Then came other standard-bearers and esquires, followed by a second knight, equipped like the first, and similarly attended.

Next came Mr. Sheriff Cartwright in his state chariot, followed by the aldermen who had not passed the chair, amongst whom were our friends Mr. Beckford and Sir Felix Bland. Then came the Recorder, and after him the aldermen who had served

the office of Mayor. After them the late Lord Mayor, Sir Matthew Blakiston, in his chariot. Then more trumpeters, another standard-bearer, esquires, yeomen of the guard, and a third knight, sheathed, like those who had gone before him, in complete steel.

More armourers succeeded, more trumpeters on horseback, more mounted guard, another standard-bearer, two more esquires, and then a fourth knight in a suit of brass scale armour.

After him rode three trumpeters, and then came the Lord Mayor's servants in their state liveries, tall fellows, each above six feet in height, picking the way through the mud in their thin shoes, and getting their salmon-coloured silk hose bespattered by it.

To these gorgeous lacqueys, who did not seem to relish the part assigned them in the procession, succeeded another military band; after which, on his proudly-caparisoned steed, came the upper City marshal, accoutred as previously described, and carrying his long bâton with the air of a field-marshal. Preceded by the gentlemen of his household, and followed by a guard of honour, our Lord Mayor came next in his state-coach.

As his carriage turned into Cheapside, Sir Gresham directed his gaze towards his own house, and remarked with great satisfaction, and we are bound to admit with some little pride, that among the large assemblage on the balcony were the duchess and the two lovely countesses. As may be supposed, the Lady Mayoress and her two elder daughters were sedulous in their attentions to their distinguished visitors. Millicent, as usual, was in the background, and her new-found cousin, Prue, was standing beside her. Tradescant and his fashionable companions were likewise there, and several of the latter were grouped behind the court beauties, striving to amuse them with their jests. But though he searched for him, Sir Gresham could nowhere discover his nephew, Herbert.

Graced as it now was, the balcony presented a very brilliant appearance, and Sir Gresham could not repress a feeling of elation as he ran his eye over it, and acknowledged the salutations of the duchess and her companions. Had he discerned the tears that started to Millicent's eyes, he would have been more deeply moved.

But, indeed, the sight of the old house under its present aspect excited many mixed emotions in his breast. He thought of days long, long gone by, when he had first known it, and had little dreamed of the honours and dignities in store for him. He saw himself as the poor 'prentice behind the counter, and heard his kind old master commend his zeal and industry, and tell him if he went on thus he would be sure to prosper, and might in time become Lord Mayor of London.

Well, the worthy man's prediction was now fulfilled. He *had* prospered, and was become Lord Mayor. Yet there was something saddening, even at that moment of exaltation. He was happier as the poor 'prentice, with his way to make in the world, than now that the utmost object of his ambition was attained, and he was seated in his gilt coach with the acclamations of his fellow-citizens ringing in his ears.

So absorbed was he by these reflections that the shouts of the bystanders fell unheeded on his ears, and Dr. Dipple, noticing his abstraction, deemed it prudent to arouse him by calling his attention to a large and crowded scaffold, erected on the west side of Bow Church by the Goldsmiths' Company. The bells of the church were pealing merrily.

"I have not heard those bells ring so blithely since my wedding-day," observed Sir Gresham, "and that's five-and-thirty years ago."

"That was a happy occasion, my lord," rejoined Dr Dipple; "but this is a happier and a prouder."

"A prouder occasion, certainly, doctor," returned the Lord Mayor; "but I'm not so sure that it is happier than the former. Then, having obtained the object on which I had set my heart, I deemed myself the most fortunate of men, and was, or fancied myself, perfectly happy. Now my ambition is fully gratified, and yet there are drawbacks to my complete felicity. How do you account for this, doctor?"

"I can't account for it at all," returned the chaplain, "unless your lordship has some secret cause for anxiety, of which I am totally ignorant."

"I have nothing whatever to trouble me, my good sir."

"Then I own I am fairly puzzled. But we won't pursue the subject. How does your lordship like Mr. Barclay's decorations?" he added, glancing at a house on the opposite side of the street, the balcony of which was hung with crimson damask, and otherwise sumptuously adorned, having been fitted up in this manner for their majesties, who were expected to occupy it on their way to Guildhall, in order to view the procession.

"The balcony has a handsome effect, and I trust it will please their majesties," replied the Lord Mayor. "Ah! there is Mr. Barclay himself," he added, bowing to a gentleman who stepped out at the moment on the balcony.

Not only was Mr. Barclay's house richly decorated in anticipation of his royal visitors, but almost every other habitation on either side of the way was similarly ornamented. Carpets and rich stuffs of various colours were hung from the windows, producing a very gay effect. Moreover, in several places galleries were erected, rising tier above tier to the very roofs of the houses, every seat within them being occupied.

Each of the twelve great City Companies had a stand reserved for its rulers and liverymen, and distinguished by its banners. The Goldsmiths, as already mentioned, had a scaffolding near Bow Church. The Grocers had planted themselves at the corner of Friday-street, and the Skinners near Wood-street; while the Salters and the Mercers had fixed their stands on either side of Newgate-street where it opens into Cheapside.

The procession took its way through St. Paul's Churchyard, at the eastern end of which the scholars of Christ's Hospital had a stand, while at the top of Ludgate-hill the Ironmongers and Cloth-workers had scaffolds. Between these, amid tremendous cheers, passed the procession, and so by the east side of the Fleet—not as yet covered in—to Blackfriars.

The enthusiastic greetings that welcomed our Lord Mayor throughout the whole route made it impossible to doubt the regard entertained for him by his fellow citizens of every degree. Not only was he cheered by the gaily-dressed folk stationed at the open windows, or on the numerous scaffoldings, and who waved hats and handkerchiefs and shouted lustily as he passed by, but he was equally well received by the common folk, who by their rough but hearty demonstrations of good will evinced their satisfaction. They could only be kept back by the train bands who lined the way from approaching the state coach, and trying to shake hands with him. Luckily, there was no tumult—nor did anything occur to disturb the good humour of the mob. They were pleased with the pageants, which they were told had been revived for their special delectation; they were pleased with the procession generally; but most of all they were pleased with the Lord Mayor. The acclamations raised for him in Cheapside were carried on to St. Paul's, and thence without interruption to Blackfriars. What with the crowds, the continuous shouting, the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the scene was wonderfully exciting, and dwelt long in the recollection of those who witnessed it.

VIII.

HOW THE LORD MAYOR WENT TO WESTMINSTER BY WATER, AND WHAT OCCURRED DURING THE PASSAGE.

FORTUNATELY for the display on the river, it was high tide at the time; and fortunately also, there was no wind, so that the surface of the stream, being perfectly unruffled, and somewhat clearer than it is in our own days, mirrored back the numerous gilded barks by which it was covered.

The City barge, with its double banks of rowers in rich liveries,

its carved and burnished woodwork, the rich hangings of its stately cabin, the broad silken banner in front displaying the City arms, and the numerous pennants bedecking its roof, flamed like the Venetian Bucentaur. Nor were the barges belonging to the City companies inferior in size and splendour to that destined for the reception of the Lord Mayor and the great civic dignitaries. Newly gilt and decorated for the occasion, decked with pennons and displaying their banners, they were all provided with bands, and manned by watermen in their liveries. At the helm of each of these magnificent barks, which glittered in the sunbeams as if made of gold, stood the barge-master in his state livery.

To several of them a fantastical appearance was given by the actors in the pageants exhibited in the land procession being taken on board, and so placed that they could be seen by the occupants in the numerous wherries by which the river was crowded. Thus, the two giants, Colbrand and Brandamore, having quitted their chariots, were now comfortably seated on the roof of the gilded saloon of the Brewers' barge, smoking their pipes, and occasionally drinking to the health of the good folks in the wherries.

Sir John Hawkwood, leaning on his two-handed sword, stood at the prow of the Merchant Tailors' barge; St. Peter took the Fishmongers under his care; Vulcan and the Cyclops went on board the Ironmongers' galley; and Bacchus and his crew revelled with the Vintners. The Skinners were rowed by watermen disguised in strange spotted skins and painted hides, while their great brown bear, chained upon the cabin roof, continued to clamber up his pole.

These superb vessels, which, including those belonging to the lesser companies, amounted to more than twenty, were now drawn up in a wide half-moon round Blackfriars stairs, close to which the Lord Mayor's barge was moored, and made a most brilliant display. Within this semicircle no wherries or other craft were now allowed to enter, but outside of it thousands of boats hovered, filled with well-dressed persons, eager to view the aquatic procession. In fact, the whole reach of the river, from Queenhithe, past Paul's Wharf and Baynard's Castle to the Temple-stairs, was thronged with well-laden barks of every kind. The lighters, moored to the banks, were covered with spectators, as were the wharves on either side, together with every building or projection that seemed to offer a tolerable point of view.

Just before the period of our story, the building of Blackfriars Bridge had been commenced, though as yet little progress had been made. However, an unfinished arch afforded a commanding view of the scene, and was, consequently, crowded, though the position seemed very perilous. Bridewell Dock, as this part of the Fleet Ditch was termed, had not then been filled up, and

all the vessels within it, with the quays and buildings on either side—shortly afterwards demolished—were thronged.

Before the state coach drove up to Blackfriars-stairs, under the skilful guidance of Mr. Keck, the watermen who had marched in the procession with the Recorder and Chamberlain, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, and the chief City officers, had entered the barge, so that the Lord Mayor experienced no delay, but on alighting, was ceremoniously conducted across a railed gangway to the stately vessel prepared for him.

Just as he stepped within it a salute was fired from Baynard's Castle, and another from the opposite bank of the river, while loud and reiterated cheers burst from the spectators on all sides, caught up and re-echoed by those on the river, who could not even see what was going on. At the same moment the bands of the different barges struck up, while the watermen looked out for the signal to start.

As soon as the Lord Mayor and his retinue were on board, the gorgeous vessel was pushed off; the barge-master telegraphed to the convoy around him, and in another moment the whole company was in motion and dropping into their places.

The Merchant Tailors took the lead, moving slowly and majestically along. The Skinners and Brewers followed, while in the midst of the dazzling squadron rode the City barge.

The whole river was now astir. Hundreds of boats accompanied the procession, which they could easily do, the progress of the barges being remarkably easy and dignified, while the lighter and more active craft threaded their way amongst them, or loitered to admire their decorations.

The spectacle was really magnificent. Moving six abreast, the barges stretched almost across the stream, and what with their splendour, the flags and banners with which they were adorned, the music, and the continuous shouts and acclamations from the occupants of the lesser craft, and the beholders on the banks of the river, the procession resembled some grand triumph.

In this manner the fleet passed the Temple Gardens, where the unemployed lawyers were collected to look at the show, old Somerset House—the present imposing edifice was not erected until some years later—Salisbury, York, and Hungerford Stairs—each adding to the number of their attendant barks—and at length came in sight of Westminster Bridge, which had then been erected about ten or twelve years, and was pronounced one of the finest bridges in the world.

While the Lord Mayor's barge was passing Whitehall, his lordship, who was frequently obliged to show himself to his admirers and acknowledge their vociferous greetings, noticed amid the wherries thronging around him, a small boat rowed by a single waterman, in which sat his nephew, Herbert. He could not be

mistaken, for the young man, on perceiving his uncle, stood up and waved his hat. Though rather surprised at seeing him there, the Lord Mayor smiled and nodded in return, but his countenance almost instantly underwent a change. A little in advance of his nephew was another boat, pulled by two oarsmen, containing a stout elderly personage with his wife—a comely, middle-aged woman—and their daughter. This fat old fellow's name was Walworth. He was a respectable hosier, dwelling in St. Mary Axe, well enough to do in the world, and he and his wife were known to Sir Gresham. Alice Walworth, their daughter, was about nineteen, and possessed considerable personal attractions.

Mr. Walworth had got up to salute the Lord Mayor, and was in the act of bowing to him, when a collision took place between his boat and another which came suddenly and swiftly round the head of the barge. Losing his balance, owing to the force of the shock, the old hosier was precipitated into the stream with a tremendous splash, as if he had been taking a header. But this was only the commencement of the disaster. Mrs. Walworth and Alice shrieked aloud, and, in their endeavours to rescue him, overbalanced the boat, and in another instant they and its other occupants were in the water.

The Lord Mayor was greatly alarmed by the accident, and, with some of the aldermen, hastily quitted the saloon to procure assistance.

Aid was promptly found. Herbert Lorimer succeeded in catching Mrs. Walworth before she sank, and consigning her to the care of the waterman who pulled his boat, and who held her till further help could be obtained, he instantly plunged into the stream in search of the younger lady, who by this time had been swept away by the current, and, though many an arm had been put out to arrest her, had disappeared. Herbert, however, did not despair of saving her. He was an excellent swimmer, and noting the place where she had sunk, he dived, and presently returned to the surface sustaining her with one arm, while with the other he kept her from again sinking until a boat came to their aid.

Meantime, the other persons whose lives had also been placed in jeopardy met with a happy deliverance. The two watermen escaped with a ducking, as indeed did old Walworth himself, who was hooked up by the barge-master, and taken on board the City barge, where Mrs. Walworth was shortly afterwards brought by the Lord Mayor's directions.

Their anxiety respecting their daughter was speedily relieved by the shouts that hailed the successful issue of Herbert's gallant attempt, and in another minute Alice was delivered to them by her preserver.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND SUNNY SCENES IN IRELAND.

AMONGST the usual "Scarlet Letter" announcements of cheap trips to most parts of the world, with which railway managers so good naturedly encourage the travelling taste of Englishmen and women during the summer and autumn months, perhaps the most numerous this year were those which invited tourists to meet, what a sister magazine has facetiously called "Lord Brougham and his troupe of charitable spinsters," at the Social Science meetings in Dublin; or to rush to Killarney with a hope, grounded on the presence of our fair-weather Queen, that the sun might be induced to shine upon its exquisite though somewhat showery loveliness.

Invited by kind friends living near Dublin to spend with them the week of the Social Science meetings, we started—without, however, availing ourselves of return tickets—on the 13th of August, by the 7.35 A.M. train from Euston-square, and after a delightful drive through the rich and romantic scenery of the centre of England and the north of Wales, rushing across the Menai Straits, through the tube of Mr. Stephenson's wonderful bridge, we reached Holyhead soon after two o'clock. The noble steamer the *Connaught*, one of four named after the four provinces of Ireland, which have been employed since October, 1860, in the mail service between England and Ireland, was lying alongside the pier, and impatiently puffing out her steam in token of her readiness to start when we arrived; nor were we long in obeying her summons, passengers and luggage were soon on board, and in less than half an hour we were steaming with a fair wind and smooth sea to Kingstown Harbour. It would be difficult to say too much of the luxury and comfort of the arrangements on board this steamer, or of the civility and kindness of those who are connected with her; indeed, a voyage in the *Connaught* on such a day as we had must have been enjoyed by all, even the most squeamish. In about three hours and a half the beautiful Bay of Dublin appeared, and soon after six o'clock we ran into Kingstown Harbour; the train for Dublin was in readiness, and in a quarter of an hour we found ourselves at the terminus in Harcourt-street, having travelled from London to Dublin with all possible comfort and with little or no fatigue, in eleven hours! Hitherto, our luggage had been "from us a thing apart," but now we were told to claim our own—no easy task, when, as it seemed to me, every lady travelled with a black leather bag, and had a scarlet braided cover to her box exactly like my own. However, by adopting the plan of leaving others to select while I merely watched that their choice did not fall on what belonged to me, I managed with no trouble and with but little delay to secure my own property.

The scene outside an Irish railway terminus must ever be an amusing one; inside cars looking like thin slices of worn-out omnibuses, with horses to match; outside cars with their seats folded up and their drivers in every variety of shabby costume, brandishing their long whips and vociferating in the richest brogue for passengers; stout porters bearing nearly as heavy burdens as the far-famed hammals of Turkey; little boys, innocent of shoes, stockings, or hat, and with the rest of their apparel in

such a tattered condition that the only reasonable way of accounting for its clinging to them is, that, when once put on it is never *taken* but allowed to drop off as it pleases, and yet looking as rosy and merry as if they "walked in silk attire;" penny newspaper sellers, bawling out the names and contents of their stock in trade; women carrying advertising boards, and proving that, in one particular at any rate the great movement for the employment of women is responded to in Dublin;—all this greeted us while our luggage was being packed in the car which was to convey us to Dundrum, an arrangement greatly impeded by the number of helpers, one of whom, as we drove off, refusing to pay him for doing nothing and saying we had no more change, bawled out, "Sure, and your honour will send it back by the driver."

During this week the Four Courts in Dublin were the great scene of attraction of a morning, while the evenings were generally devoted to a visit to some of the soirées given to the members of the Social Science Association. Many a drive through the handsome streets of Dublin, and along its fine quays, did I take to these courts, and often, I fear, was I among those whose "flounced petticoats were seen fluttering along corridors, mounting with impetuous haste flights of stairs, and alighting at last in giddy galleries"—to listen to papers on all imaginable subjects, or to be interested by discussions on these papers from Lord Brougham, Mr. Napier, Mr. Whiteside, and others, whose eloquence is not generally drawn forth in places where ladies congregate. Bravely did Lord Brougham bear the fatigue and excitement of the six days, and I may add nights, that the meeting lasted; from its opening—when he spoke for two hours and a half, tiring his listeners no more than he appeared to do himself—to his farewell rejoinder, after Sir Robert Peel had offered him the thanks of the Association, at its close, his energy never failed. Did Miss Bessie Parkes gracefully draw his attention to the employment of women in foreign countries, deducing thence how best to provide work for them in our own; or Miss Emily Faithfull with plain good sense describe the working of the Victoria Press, by which so many females are employed in a trade hitherto believed to be only fitted for men; or again, were the papers to which he listened those of learned lawyers who spoke of jurisprudence, raising questions on the laws of evidence, of marriage and divorce; or, once more, was it the Solicitor-General, with his learned and interesting paper on Ireland's special produce, pigs,—to all and each of these subjects did Lord Brougham give a pleased and earnest attention, ever ready to seize the best points of the argument, and constantly relieving the dulness of a discussion by the liveliness of his own fancy.

Perhaps one of the most striking sights connected with the Social Science meetings in Dublin was the gathering of the Young Men's Christian Societies in the Round Room at the Mansion House, a meeting presided over by Lord Brougham, and to which all connected with the Social Science Association were invited. This room was built as a banqueting-hall when George IV. paid his visit to Dublin, and holds from fifteen hundred to two thousand people. On this night its capabilities were put to the test; every available part of it was full of those who listened with undisturbed silence to Lord Brougham and others who addressed the ten different societies of Young Irishmen congregated in the centre of the building. On another night the Lord Lieutenant opened

the Castle for the reception of the Association, and walked, with his sister, Lady Lascelles, on his arm, followed by his two fair nieces, through the rooms, blandly smiling on and bowing to his guests. All Dublin seemed on the *qui vive* to welcome the association; the Lord Mayor invited its principal members to a banquet; judges gave dinners; literary and scientific societies gave soirées; museums and public gardens opened with free admission to those connected with it; in fact, as Lord Brougham, in his farewell speech, said, "every class seemed to vie with and rival each other in kindness and usefulness, and activity of co-operation."

But the week passed away; the four courts were again resigned to their rightful owners; crinolines no longer sought for room in the narrow seats intended for silk or stuff gowns of less ample dimensions; the solicitor's room had lost the bright eyes which at the "ladies' meeting" had drawn from Lord Brougham the flattering assertion that it was as easy to doubt that the ladies of Ireland were as charitable as their English sisters as that they were as handsome; "and no one," added his lordship, with an emphatic stroke of his umbrella on the floor, "would venture, with what I see before me, to do that."

Cars, which during the week had almost instinctively found their way to the four courts, now as naturally conveyed their occupants to the Kingsbridge terminus, whence all were rushing towards Killarney, in anticipation of meeting the Queen there. Very early on the morning of Thursday, the 22nd of August, the Carlisle pier at Kingstown was crowded by those who had obtained tickets for places overlooking the harbour, and who were waiting anxiously for some signs of movement on board the royal yacht, which had come to anchor in the harbour the night before. Soon after ten o'clock the Queen, in deep mourning, but looking well and cheerful, appeared on deck. Loud and warm were the cheers with which she was greeted by her Irish subjects; and when, about an hour later, she landed, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert, and followed by her young sailor son Prince Alfred, and her two fair daughters the Princesses Alice and Helena, a deafening and enthusiastic cheer rose again and again from those who had waited long to welcome her. Both the Queen and her husband appeared to feel and appreciate the warmth of their reception. The Queen looked happy; she smiled and bowed her thanks as she walked slowly to the train which was waiting to convey her to Dublin. She little thought then how soon the strong arm on which she so lovingly leaned would be taken from her; she was but recovering from the deep grief of a child sorrowing over the death of a beloved mother, and now, as I write on this 23rd of December, but four months later, the guns boom and the sad bells toll the knell of death, while the husband whose sympathy had been her consolation in this sorrow, whose wisdom has guided and whose love has blessed her with so many years of wedded happiness, is being laid in the dark vaults at Windsor, and our Queen, weeps, a widow, at Osborne for him.

But all this sorrow was little thought of when, on the 23rd of August, crowds of loyal Irish stationed themselves along the line of the Kingstown Railway, anxious to catch a glimpse of their Queen as she passed rapidly by them. Various were the salutations offered to her, full of love, by these warm-hearted people—who, whether in Dublin, where in well-ordered crowds they stood patiently, from nine in the morning till six

at night, to see and welcome her as she drove along the city; or at the Curragh, as a visitor in the tent of her son, when thousands braved the rain, which poured upon them, to see their Queen review her troops; or again at Killarney, where the calm lakes reflected, not their own beautiful line of protecting mountains, but the bright colours of the gaily-tenanted boats which followed the royal barge—everywhere seemed to be moved but by one feeling, that of a desire to prove their devoted attachment to, and admiration of, their Queen.

Leaving Dublin the same day as the Queen, we avoided accompanying her to Killarney, and started for Bray and Avoca, determining to spend our Sunday at Wooden Bridge, in the far-famed valley of the Avon. After passing Stillorgan, about nine miles from Dublin, the line soon begins to run along the coast, affording fine views of Killiney and the Hill of Howth. It is at Bray Head, however, that the most beautiful and exciting portion of the journey is reached; the line clings, as it were, to the very edge of the cliff, and hangs over the sea, which foams amidst huge rocks several hundred feet beneath, and as one looks from the carriage window to see nothing below but the deep green bays into which the head is indented, one can scarcely help a feeling of dread lest a blast of wind should carry the train, already so near the edge, a foot beyond it, and plunge it into the depths below. We had, during a previous visit to Ireland, wandered amid the lovely scenery of the Dargle, and visited Powerscourt, and did not, therefore, now wait at Bray, whence excursions to these places and to Glendalough are made, but proceeding through Wicklow to Rathdrum, where the line now ends, we took a car and drove to Wooden Bridge. The valley through which we passed would now more appropriately be called "the meeting of the metals" than of "the waters." The copper mines of Ballymurtagh, near the village of Newbridge, however they may have benefited the country by their produce, have certainly not improved its landscape. Tram-roads, with their long lines of dirty carts, intersect the valley in every direction; the mountains are disfigured by huge wooden gutters, through which pour the metallised streams that stain every sparkling rivulet to a deep thick orange colour; steam-engines puff from the sides of the hills their volumes of smoke; while the railroad in progress of completion, from Rathdrum to Arklow, with its embankments and bridges, contributes its aid in giving the vale of Avoca a very different aspect to the "purest of crystal and brightest of green" ascribed to it in Moore's song.

The hotel at Wooden Bridge is good and clean; from the garden at the back a very pretty view across the valley towards Arklow is obtained, and the two rivers Avonbeg and Aughrim, which meet at Avoca, are seen gliding calmly between their richly-wooded banks.

Returning to Dublin, we now made our start towards Killarney; visiting first, however, friends in Kilkenny, and staying on our road there a night at Newbridge, for the purpose of seeing the Curragh, a fine green plain, closed in by distant mountains, and containing quite a city of wooden huts, with a clock-tower, a Protestant and a Roman Catholic church in the centre. Taking the train again from Newbridge, we passed through Kildare, with its ruined cathedral and high round tower; on by Carlow, crossing the river Barrow, and reaching at last Kilkenny. Taking there a car, and admiring as we passed it the magnificent seat of

the Butlers, Ormond Castle, we drove through a rich, well-farmed country to Callan. We stayed three or four days in its neighbourhood, and made excursions to Lord Desart's handsome, quaint-looking house and beautiful garden; and to Lord Waterford's place, Curraghmore, with its curious shell-house and most inviting dairy. At Carrick-on-Suir we took the train again for Waterford, and from this city travelled by train through the Limerick and Mallow junctions to Killarney, and took up our abode there at the Railway Hotel, which is, perhaps, as good a specimen of what a pleasure hotel should be as it is possible to conceive, large, airy, and well-furnished bedrooms, good and civil attendants, an excellent table-d'hôte, a magnificent salon, with a piano, books, prints, chess and backgammon boards, billiard and smoking rooms, and, above all, the most active and obliging of landlords, are all to be found here; it is two miles from the Lakes, and commands no view of them, but I am not sure that this is a disadvantage; to me, the lovely views appeared more exquisite after a walk or drive to them than if they had always been before my eyes.

The road to the Upper Lake, which we took the first day of our arrival at Killarney, bore evidence of the Queen's visit the week before; unromantic cabins were still hidden by a screen of branches of trees stuck in the ground before them; pink muslin torn to shreds still fluttered from the gates of Lord Castlerosse's demesne: for what it had been torn away we learned when we met a little maiden near one of the gates, who blushed as pink as her petticoat when I asked her if she had not made it with some of her Majesty's muslin?

"Is it a boat your honour would require this fine afternoon? It's myself will be proud to row you on the lake," was the salutation that met us when, on crossing a bridge over the small stream which separates Ross Island from the mainland, we found ourselves beneath the ruined walls of Ross Castle, while before us lay the lovely lake, studded with islands, and glowing in the rosy tint of approaching sunset. While doubting whether or not to accept the boatman's invitation, another attack is made upon us by a woman with a tray of paper-knives, bracelets, snuff-boxes, and many other things, all declared to be made of the bog oak, or of the arbutus, which grows so luxuriantly here; her entreaties are again interrupted by those of a ragged urchin, who begs us to buy a root of the "real fern of Killarney;" while a little girl with bright black eyes, who has just established a blind man, drawing dolorous tones from a cracked violin, in a sheltered corner, whines out, "Sure, my lady, and you'll give a penny to the poor blind man." Indeed, these beggars interfere in no slight degree with the pleasure of a wander on the shores of the lakes, but nowhere are their importunities so overpowering as on the road to the Gap of Dunloe. We started on an excursion to this beautiful pass with two friends in an outside car, and driving through the dirty town of Killarney, we passed its beautiful Roman Catholic cathedral, of which both the exterior and interior are worthy of its designer, Pugin; and leaving to the right the picturesque nunnery, school-house, and asylum for the insane, we drove about seven or eight miles along a good road, ever and anon passing an ivy-covered ruin, and catching occasional glimpses of the bright lake with its mountain background on our left hand. Crossing by a picturesque bridge the stony bed of the river

Leane, we soon reached the cottage of the granddaughter of Kate Kearney; the bright glances, so dangerous in the grandmother, are, however, moderated from the eyes of her descendant, whose appearance is far from attractive, and whose "mountain dew" of goat's-milk and whisky, strongly impregnated with peat smoke, is as unpalatable a beverage as I ever had the misfortune to taste. At her cottage congregated in full force the band of assailants, men on ponies, others carrying bugles, or small cannons, with which to awake the echoes of the mountains; boys with roots of fern and sprigs of the Killarney myrtle; and beyond all, in their vociferous pertinacity, the dark-eyed girls in red petticoats, with bare feet and shawls over their heads, who press upon you their bog-oak ornaments and the worsted stockings they have knitted, or strive to tempt you with a glass of their "mountain dew." "Would she be his wife or his sister, lady?" asked one of these maidens of the friends who were with us; and on learning the relationship which existed between us, she ran after us, exclaiming, "Sure, and your honour will not refuse to buy something for the little masher!"

Having learned, before we left the hotel, that there was nothing to prevent a lady from walking all through the pass, we resisted the entreaties of the pony leaders, and passing through the two huge stones, called "the turnpike," which form the entrance to the gap, we began to ascend the stony road, which, following the course of a rapid stream called the Loe, conducts you through a narrow ravine between the Toomie and Purple mountains on one side, and the sharply-indented ridge of the M'Gillicuddy Reeks on the other. The Loe runs all through the glen, sometimes as a narrow streamlet, sometimes expanding into lakes. The first of these is called the "Serpent's Lake," and the view of it, seen from the bridge which crosses the river at its head, is very lovely. Its name is derived from a legend that in it still lives the last Irish serpent. He, so says the story, had escaped from the great destroyer of his race, St. Patrick, and had retired for peace and quiet to the Gap of Dunloe; thither the saint followed him, and finding force unable to subdue the serpent, turned his own weapons upon him, and by deceit entrapped him. He caused a strong box with sundry bands of iron and many padlocks to be made, and offering to bet the serpent nine gallons of porter that he would, or would not—I am not quite sure which—be able to get into it, he induced him, "he being very thirsty," to make the attempt. Of course the box was big enough to hold him, but he, thinking he would soon wriggle out again, left a little bit of his tail outside. The saint was too quick for him, and shut the lid down so suddenly, that the serpent was glad to save his tail by drawing it in at once. Fast were all the padlocks made, and down to the bottom of the lake did St. Patrick sink the box. "Och! your riverence, it's plain the box will hold me; sure, and it's letting me out you'll be?" "Arrah, be nisy now, Mr. Serpint; to-morrow's the day I'll be opening the chest." And still, adds the legend, when the wind is at peace and the lake sleeps, may be heard from beneath the water, "When will to-morrow come, your riverence?"

After crossing the bridge the path widens, and the ascent becomes less steep. At length, as we creep round a jutting rock, the exquisite view of the Black Valley bursts upon our sight, excelling, I think, in picturesque beauty, any of the scenes of Killarney. The shadows thrown across it by

the lofty mountains which overhang the valley have given it its melancholy name; but there is little of sadness in its aspect. The deep rich hue of the purple mountain, with its covering of heather in full bloom, and the sharp points, and yellowish colour of the Reeks glittering in the sun's rays, and repeating their outline darkly in the valley beneath, through which the Loe, making many a circuitous bend, as if loth to leave so much quiet loveliness, runs its bright blue waters, emerging at last and widening into five lakes, form a picture upon which one would wish to gaze until the impression of it on the mind's eye was made deep enough to remain there for ever. Leaving the beautiful valley to the right, we found the road changed from its stony character into one of wet peaty moss, with a profusion of London-pride and Killarney myrtle, a plant resembling in its leaves the Alpine rose, growing in it. This continued for about two miles, until we reached a cottage belonging to Lord Brandon, standing at the head of the Upper Lake, where boats are allowed to wait for those who return by water to Killarney, instead of retracing their steps through the gap.

We were not sorry, after our walk of five miles, to find a four-oared boat, well furnished with cushions and a good luncheon, sent to meet us by our attentive landlord, Mr. Goodman. The Upper Lake, which is smaller than the other two, and wilder in its scenery, is separated from the Middle Lake by what is called the Long Range, a narrow winding channel issuing from it at its northern end. A huge rock, bearing the name of "Colman's Eye," guards its entrance, and so effectually appears to close the lake in, that it is a joke of the boatmen to inquire how they are to get the boat out. About the centre of the Long Range an almost perpendicular cliff rises sharp in the air, beneath it the boat stops, and the rowers commence shouting to evoke the echo spirit of the "Eagle's Nest;" on this occasion it had a novel sound for repetition, as a view halloa, savouring more of the Vale of White Horse than of the Lakes of Killarney, issued from our boat, and was taken up again and again by the air-voices which hung around and above us. Gliding gently on amid this lovely scenery we reached, about a mile further, one of the most picturesque and exciting points of the Lakes, the Old Weir Bridge, through the low arch of which the current rushes with a sharp descent, carrying the boat—the rowers having laid their oars aside—like a shot over the boiling waters, and sending it on rapidly to an exquisite spot on the southern side of Dinis Island, called the Meeting of the Waters; whether the name was given it by Moore I know not, but its loveliness gives it far greater claim to be the "Meeting" of his song than that of Avoca, which I have mentioned before.

Gliding along on the smooth waters of the middle lake, we listened to the songs of our boatmen, or sang ourselves, though constantly interrupted to be introduced to some memento of the O'Donoghue, the great hero of the lake; either his mighty sandwiches or his library, "the Bible, in a *nate* green cover, on the top of the other books;" or again, the perforated rock they call his eye-glass, were pointed out for our amusement by our rowers, who were full of stories and legends about him. From the ruined wall of Ross Castle they show the window whence the O'Donoghue leaped, when he forsook the castle he had built, in order to

reside at the bottom of the lake; here he is still believed to dwell, visiting but once in seven years the earth, driving his milk-white steeds along the surface of the water to Ross Island, where, until the sun has risen, he finds his castle restored to its original magnificence, and then, as the sun's rays dissolve its magic walls, returning to his cool abode below.

Another delightful day at Killarney was spent in visiting Dinis and Innisfallen islands, and the caverns called the stables and wine-cellars of this same O'Donoghue. They are in the Middle Lake, and, transferred to canvas, have been seen by many who have not been to Ireland, this year, since here it is that the desperate plunge of the Colleen Bawn, and her rescue by her disinterested lover, are supposed to have occurred in the drama which the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault has made so attractive.

Innisfallen is reckoned the most lovely of all the Lake islands; it is exquisitely wooded, and abounds with bays commanding varied views of the lakes. It has also the picturesque ruins of an abbey, said to have been built in the seventh century: hundreds of sheep feed on its rich pastures, and add not a little to its beauty. Report says that Lord Castlerosse intends building a mansion on this lovely spot, and hope whispers it may be intended as a summer residence for the Queen, for a regular return of whose visits to their country the Irish look forward with anxious and affectionate desire.

Instead of returning from Killarney to Dublin, we determined on reaching England again from Waterford, and we therefore abandoned the prescribed route of the railroad, and travelling through the south of Ireland by the rougher but far more amusing means of a native outside car, fully enjoyed the bright weather and the exquisite scenery to be found in this part of the country. There is no doubt, however, that the right way to be introduced to Killarney would be exactly to reverse the means we took. The approach to it should be from the Cork side, and not the Limerick, for by the former its beauties develop themselves gradually as the approach to them is made, whereas, in taking the latter route, and going from Killarney to Cork, the *coup d'œil* is behind you, and it is only by continually turning round that its loveliness can be seen.

Proceeding, then, along the good roads, without any turnpikes, which are one of the many *agrémens* of Irish travelling, we reached the village of Cloghreen, in which stands the gate leading to Colonel Herbert's demesne of Muckcross; alighting from our car we entered the park for the purpose of seeing the far-famed ruins of the abbey of Muckcross. Truly the old Franciscan friars, for whom it was founded in the fifteenth century, showed their taste in their selection of a spot to build on; it would be difficult to find one more inviting than this. The ruin itself is very beautiful, and is kept in good preservation by Colonel Herbert, whose house stands but a few hundred yards from it. The stonework of the window and the cloisters is nearly perfect, and, although the mighty yew-tree which grows in the centre of the cloisters has no roof to confine its giant head, the walls which surround it are so bound together with luxuriant ivy, and look themselves so strong in their masonry, that there

seems little fear of their decay. Our old hero The O'Donoghue claims to have been buried here amidst brother chieftains of ancient days, but the burial-ground is still disturbed occasionally by the funerals of those who have no romantic prestige about them. On the morning of the day on which we visited it, a coffin had been lowered there into earth rich with the dust of those who have lived, and still live, in the Songs of Erin. Returning to our car, and driving about a mile further, passing in our way the pretty Protestant church lately built by Colonel Herbert, and many comfortable English-looking cottages in his village, we stopped at a low wooden-gate, which, being unlocked by a damsel carrying, of course, a bottle of "mountain dew," admitted us to the path leading to the Tore waterfall. The fall itself is at some distance from the gate, but the stream, or rather streams (for two unite to produce the great body of water which dashes over a ledge of rock upwards of sixty feet high), run madly on, boiling over and around the huge stones that lie in their course, as if anxious to hasten on and obtain rest in the placid lake after the leap they have taken. We clambered up the steep ascent, and were well repaid when the fall, the roar of which had long been heard, though the thick firs which clothed the rocks hid it from us, burst upon our view. It is, indeed, a splendid fall, and when we saw it, must have measured at least twenty feet across, dropping half its depth like a clear piece of green grass, the other half enveloped in steaming spray of the purest white.

The road from the Tore waterfall to the police-station is a continued ascent, and commands views it would be difficult to surpass in beauty—at times the lofty crags which border it the whole way have so encroached upon it that it has been necessary to tunnel through them. From the police-station, a distance, I think, of nine miles from Killarney, the whole lovely panorama is revealed; the three blue lakes glitter in the distance; running towards them are clearly seen the mountain streams by which they are fed; on every side rise lofty peaks, some soft and green like Mangerton, others with the rich hue of the purple mountain, others, again, with the sharp outline of the Reeks, while, conspicuous above all, towers the great cone-like head of the Tore mountain, rising in its craggy boldness eighteen hundred feet above the firs and other trees which clothe its lower part.

Leaving with regret this beautiful region behind us, we drove along a mountain-road, full of grandeur, until we reached Kenmare, and obtained, at the Lansdowne Arms, a luncheon of delicious bread, cheese, and butter, and a fresh horse and car to carry us on to Glengariffe. From Kenmare to Glengariffe the distance is sixteen miles, and the road is not only interesting from the extreme beauty of its alpine scenery, but from the evidences it gives of industry and perseverance in its formation; a great portion of it is cut through the rocks, which rise to a great height on either side of it; in other parts these rocks have been pierced—one of the tunnels is no less than six hundred feet long. We reached the hill below which lies the valley of Glengariffe just in time to get a view of its lovely bay in the last rays of the setting sun, and wondrously beautiful was the scene—its blue waters surrounded on three sides by rich woods, and on the fourth opening wide towards Bantry. Islands

covered with luxuriant vegetation rise from the water; on one of them stands, in white relief, the fort which was built in 1796 to receive the French fleet, which then anchored in Bantry Bay.

Tempted, the next day, by the fine warm morning, my love of the sea, and the assurances of the pretty daughter of our landlady, that nothing could be "more convenient than the bathing-place at Glengariffe," and that it was herself "who always provided the dresses," I started with this damsel for a bath. Such a walk for a bathe I have never had; for nearly half a mile we scrambled over stones and through heaps of seaweed, wet and slippery with the receding tide, across potato-gardens, along sand which filled my shoes and wetted my ankles, till at last I reached the little cove where the maiden who guided me promised me a "nate little place to undress in." I looked down, and saw a few stakes in front of a shelving rock, with branches of trees, nude of leaves, scattered near them on the beach.

"See that now!" exclaimed my guide, as I pointed, laughing, to the transparent state of my robing-room. "Sure and barrin' the wind there wasn't a water place in Ireland; it's the storms have done this, my lady; but I'll go behind the rock, sure and I will."

I had scarcely risen from my first plunge, when she reappeared attired in a white dress reaching to her feet, and with her long golden hair floating over her shoulders.

"It's myself that can swim like a fish," she cried; and, walking into the water till it rose to her neck, she began then to float gracefully, wanting but a looking-glass to make her as pretty a mermaid as any "King of the Merrows" could desire to grace his court.

Returning to the inn, and enjoying the fresh fish from the bay which had been fried for breakfast, I was soon ready for the car in which we were to go to the hamlet of Ballingearry, on our way to Inchigeela. The road for some miles from Glengariffe skirts the beautiful Bay of Bantry; after this it has nothing in it very much to be admired until it reaches the Keimaneigh Pass, a narrow defile between high rugged cliffs, made brilliant by the varied colours of the mosses with which they are encrusted and the shrubs which start in rich profusion from their sides; along one side of the road is a deep channel, formed doubtless by the many streams which, rushing down these mountain rocks, swell during the winter season into a river, and flow towards the Lee. At Ballingearry the horse and car are changed before proceeding to Inchigeela, and half an hour is well spent in visiting the lonely lake of Gougane Barra, sacred to the patron saint of Cork, St. Finnbar, the ruins of whose hermitage still stand, amid a grove of ash-trees, on a small island nearly in the middle of the Holy Lake. Truly the saint need not have feared much interruption to his meditations in this secluded spot, for ere Bianconi dreamt of cars, or Stephenson of railways, few would have penetrated into the gloomy region in which its purple waters reflect the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded. The river Lee has its source from the Gougane Barra lake, and runs, at first a bright tiny streamlet, along the road, gradually widening as it receives the waters of its many tributaries, until, about four miles from Inchigeela, it expands into a series of lovely lakes, to be again confined to its river proportions, and spanned by the

picturesque ivy-covered Boyle's bridge, as it travels towards Cork, winding gracefully along the valley, and opening at last into the wide beautiful bay which bears the far-famed name of the Cove of Cork. Thither I must follow it, passing Inchigeela, its pretty bridge and picturesque castle, its primitive hotel and most obliging waitress, with but a short mention. The scenery gradually becomes tamer, and though the valleys are rich and the vegetation luxuriant, the journey from Inchigeela to Cork has little of the grandeur of views which had charmed us so much on the preceding days. Remaining in Cork two or three days, admiring its fine quays, steaming up its beautiful cove to Queenstown, and not forgetting a visit to the famed castle and groves of Blarney, we returned thence to Waterford, visiting while there Mr. Malcolmson's immense cotton works at Portlaw, where fifteen hundred people are employed in making calico for the South American trade, paying also a visit to the English farmer, Mr. Joyce, who has been settled about nine years at Waterford, and whose breed of Berkshire pigs has so improved the Irish stock that the old "rint payers," with their long legs and snouts and flat sides, are now almost extinct;—and climbing the steep crag on the other side of the Suir, on which Cromwell is said to have seated himself while his army beneath bombarded the unhappy town of Waterford.

And here ended our Irish wanderings, for the steamer to Milford Haven soon carried us between the bright banks of the Suir, away from the "green isle."

Lord Brougham, when he closed the meetings of the Social Science in Dublin, said, "I hope to see you all again. I know nothing of Ireland but Dublin, and not all that. I have not seen Killarney, I have not seen the Giant's Causeway. I must come again."

I think most of those who *have* seen these Irish scenes would echo his lordship's resolution, and "come again." At any rate, to those who, like him, have yet to learn their beauty, I would say, "If you wish for fine scenery, good roads, never-failing good nature and courtesy, and—must I add—can put up with a little bad cooking and sometimes a large share of dirt, go and enjoy, as soon as you can, an autumn's ramble amid the 'sunny scenes of Ireland.'"

CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOVE-MAKING BY PROXY.

WHILE waiting to hear the clatter of horses' feet announcing Sir William's departure, in pursuance of her advice, Mrs. Drakeford considered what course she should adopt to bring Esther to the state of mind she desired.

Besides her natural disposition for intrigue, Mrs. Drakeford's own interests were too much at stake not to dispose her to do everything in her power to advance her friend's object: he had promised her a good round sum in the event of success, nor had earnest-money or other gifts been wanting to stimulate her best endeavours.

There was a moment in Mrs. Drakeford's history—after quitting the service of Madame de la Roquetaillade—when, with several qualifications for such a cause, she had gone upon the stage; and at one of the transpontine theatres the good looks and audacity of Miss Ellen Harper had made a certain sensation. Circumstances, however, arose—not unusual with actresses of her description—which led her, after a season or two, to relinquish her theatrical pursuits, and withdraw, as it were, into private life; but she still retained her fondness for theatrical demonstration, and employed it for her purpose whenever she thought she could turn it to account. An occasion for its use presented itself now.

After composing her features before a pocket mirror to an aspect of deep melancholy, and summoning to her eyes the tears that came at will, she went into the drawing-room, and affecting not to perceive that Esther was there, crossed over to the opposite side, and throwing herself on a sofa, drew out her handkerchief, buried her face in it, and began to sob bitterly.

In an instant Esther was by her side.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, forgetting her doubts at the sight of Mrs. Drakeford's apparent grief, and addressing her in the old accustomed manner, "what, for Heaven's sake, is the matter?"

But the interesting sufferer returned no answer: she seemed to be wholly unconscious of Esther's presence, and went on sobbing.

Esther seized Mrs. Drakeford's disengaged, listless hand, and repeated her inquiry.

At her touch Mrs. Drakeford started, uncovered her face, turned her streaming eyes on Esther, and saying in a stifled voice, "You here!" again averted her head and resumed her tearful occupation.

"Pray tell me, mamma," said Esther, beginning to catch the infection, "pray tell me what has happened?"

"Oh no, no!" murmured Mrs. Drakeford. "Tell *you*? Never, never! It is all over! Good God! That I should have been the innocent cause!"

"What is it?" urged Esther. "Dear mamma, speak. Why do you say 'it is all over?'"

"Sir William!" faintly articulated Mrs. Drakeford.

Esther shivered at the name, and dropped Mrs. Drakeford's hand.

"He is gone! He is gone!" repeated the disconsolate mamma, still overwhelmed with sorrow.

"Gone! Where?" asked Esther.

"Where?" returned Mrs. Drakeford, with sudden energy, and once more revealing her excited countenance. "Into the river, perhaps! Drowned,—poisoned,—killed himself,—somehow!"

"Surely, mamma," said Esther, "you do not know what you are saying! Be more composed, and explain what all this means."

"It means, Esther," replied Mrs. Drakeford, slowly, "that Sir William Cumberland is by this time a corpse! He is a dead man!"

Mrs. Drakeford's look was so solemn—she had drawn so successfully on her melodramatic recollections—that her words sounded like truth, and Esther gazed upon her in silent and chilled amazement.

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "Not half an hour ago he was alive, and—to all appearances—well, in this apartment!"

"I know it!" said Mrs. Drakeford, wringing her hands; "he met me as he went out, and then and there imparted his fatal resolution."

"Are you serious? But no—it is impossible!"

"Esther!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, in her best Meg Merrilies' manner—she had played the part with considerable approbation at the Coburg—"if ever a man said what he meant, that man was Sir William Cumberland. Statuary marble wasn't whiter than his face while he was speaking. 'I am going to my account!' was the words he uttered; 'you will never see me alive again, Mrs. D.' At hearing him my breath quite left my body, and you might have knocked me down with a feather, I was so overcome. 'Yes!' he went on, 'alive again you will never see me—unless'—and he dropped his voice to a whisper—'unless she consents to be mine. I have made my will in her favour—but that's nothing—she'll only know it when I'm gone! Living, I offered her all I had in the world, but she scorned and trampled upon me; dead, she shall have all my property, and then'—such an awful look as he give me—'then, she may dance above my grave!' You it was, Esther, he was alluding to; and, oh, how his feelings must have been ulcerated to make use of such an expression! He said no more, but squeezing my hand violently, and striking his own forehead, rushed wildly from my presence, and where he has gone to, or what he means to do with himself, the coroner only can tell! I fear the very worst, for I know his pistols are always loaded."

"If what you tell me is true," said Esther, in a much calmer tone than Mrs. Drakeford expected, "Sir William must be mad, for no one in his senses could act so strangely without cause."

"Without cause!" repeated Mrs. Drakeford. "Interrogate your own conscience, Esther, and then say if there was no cause. He loves you to

distraction, Esther!—idolises you, in fact—and your conduct has driven him to the verge of insanity.”

“My conscience,” said Esther, still more coldly, “accuses me of nothing. If, as I said before, Sir William did make these violent demonstrations, the effect of my conduct must have operated very suddenly upon him! That he had been addressing me on a subject which was distasteful to me, I do not deny; but, unless I am altogether deceived, he preserved quite as much presence of mind as myself when he heard my reply.”

“I can quite understand *your* presence of mind,” said Mrs. Drakeford, losing her temper. “I really believe, Esther, that you have no more heart than a flint! Here, at this instant, the best friend you have in the world, him that would make a lady of you for life, may be laying dead in a ditch with his brains blown out, and you never to move a muscle! I did think you’d have shown more feeling!”

“I reserve my emotions for realities,” returned Esther. “In the present instance, I see no occasion for their display.”

“Do you mean to say,” cried Mrs. Drakeford, angrily, “that you doubt my word?”

“There are some cases,” said Esther, “in which probability outweighs assertion. This is one of them. If you have not invented the scene you described, Sir William must have been trying to frighten you, and is almost as good a comedian as yourself.”

Mrs. Drakeford looked steadily at Esther for some moments, uncertain what course to pursue. That Esther saw through her artifice (Mrs. Drakeford’s mental remark was “up to her dodge”) was quite clear; but whether she should resent the discovery and carry matters with a high hand, or turn it all off as a joke, became a question. Of the two alternatives she finally chose the latter, and burst into a violent fit of laughter.

“Well!” she said, “you are a deep one! You’ve found me out, have you? I’ll kiss you for it! I do like cleverness!”

Mrs. Drakeford accompanied the word with the action, and strained the reluctant Esther in her embrace.

When her explosive affection had subsided, Mrs. Drakeford put on an air of affected gravity.

“Come, now, Esty,” she said, “confess you’ve been too hard upon him. Though it ain’t quite true about his making away with himself, I pledge you my honour I never saw a man so cut up in my life! Why, now,” she went on, in a coaxing tone, “what can you have to say against Sir William? What did you do to put him in such a way?”

“Only that upon the subject he spoke of we entertained entirely opposite views.”

“And why ‘opposite views,’ Esty? Ain’t he handsome, and rich, a man of rank, and everythink a woman can desire?”

“He may be all you say, and more, but Sir William Cumberland is almost the last person I should think of for a husband.”

Mrs. Drakeford could not suppress a slight cough, the meaning of which was—if Esther could have understood it—you need not trouble yourself much on that score. What she said, however, had no relation to this meaning.

"You astonish me, Esty! Not marry Sir William! If I was single and twenty years younger, see if I'd refuse him."

"I am sorry the opportunity is wanting," said Esther. "But, as you have asked me several questions, let me put one to you! Why do you take all this pains on his account?"

"Because I want to see you well married," replied Mrs. Drakeford, unblushingly, "that's the naked truth, my dear! It's not one gurl in five hundred ever gets such a chance as you've got. Only think! There's a house in town, a lovely place in Lincolnshire, this cottage—a perfect gem—horses, carriages, fine dresses, jewels, opera-boxes, every amusement you can wish for, and all to be had for the trouble of opening your pretty mouth and saying one little word."

"A word," said Esther, "which I shall never utter. It is quite useless," she added, seeing Mrs. Drakeford about to speak, "to press me on the subject; my determination is made, and you will find it unchangeable."

With these words she rose and left the room.

Mrs. Drakeford followed Esther with her eyes till she disappeared; then, throwing herself back in her chair, she mused for a while.

"Esty's an obstinate little devil!" at length she said; "when once she gets a thing into her head, nothing in the way of force can turn her. Of course I shan't try that; but I mustn't, by no manner of means, give in to her. A thousand pounds for her consent is worth trying for—and I'll earn it—somehow. I needn't be over-particular as to the means, if I'm only successful. They say constant dropping wears out the stone. You must be talked into it, Miss, pleasantly, by me! He had better keep out of the way for a time. I will write and tell him so. Lord! Lord! What fools there are in the world! A man with ten thousand a year to go a begging!"

Her soliloquy ended, Mrs. Drakeford drew a writing-table near, and with sundry contortions of visage—common to those who are no great scribes—contrived to pen the following elegant epistle:

"Vilet Bank, Twitnam.

"DEAR SIR WM.—This will Be a Tuffer Jobb than i Thought for when i first Took it in Hand she turns quite a Deff Year to all i say and caunt be perswadded to her own Good but nevvver say Dy is my moto, and take my Word for it ile Bring her Round before ive Done onely you must make yourself Scars for a weak or so and Leave her entirely to Me gurls admire Jennerosity, and if you was to send her a Pretty Little Caddow and Just for the Look of the Thing One for me Two that i think would Go a Grate Way to Move her i Wish i could send her Love but All in Good Time Sir Wm. and so Bon Swor and Orevor as the French say Yours N. D."

Having the *Court Guide* before her, Mrs. Drakeford spelt the address properly, and then sent her communication to the post.

CHAPTER XL.

LOREN'S LETTER.

SIR WILLIAM proved wax in the hands of Mrs. Drakeford, implicitly following her advice, and no effort was wanting on her part to propitiate Esther in his favour. She relied a good deal on her powers of persuasion, but still more on the "little caddow," which arrived as they sat at breakfast on the fourth day after Sir William's departure.

"Well, if ever!" she exclaimed, as she read the little note which accompanied the package. "I dreamt last night, Esty, that you and me was in such luck, and blest if it ain't come true! Look here, Esty, these are for us! Oh Lord, how I do love the smell of them Rusher leather cases, specially when they've somethink inside. See, Esty! two such magnificent bracelets! Snakes with carbuncle heads and diamond eyes! I *am* fond of snakes—made of gold and precious stones. Ain't he a dear creature?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Esther.

"Who?" returned Mrs. Drakeford. "Why, Sir William, to be sure! Hear what he says: 'Begs Mrs. Drakeford and her charming daughter—that's you, you know, Esty—'will do him the great kindness to accept the accompanying trifling marks of his regard.'—How much the gentleman! Trifling, indeed! I'll be bound they didn't cost less than fifty guineas apiece. Now, which of the two will you have? There's not a pin to choose between 'em. Take your choice—I shan't be jealous."

"If there were any difference," said Esther, "I should not excite your jealousy. I mean to accept neither."

"Not accept, Esty!" cried Mrs. Drakeford, in perfect consternation. "You couldn't be so rude as to refuse!"

"Rude or not," returned Esther, "I must repeat my refusal. More; I can accept no presents from Sir William Cumberland." She rose as she spoke, went to her work-box which stood near, and returning, added: "You recollect the first time I saw him he pressed on me this ring. I have never worn it, and I must beg of you to give it back to him."

So saying, she laid the ring on the table.

"Upon my word, Esty," said Mrs. Drakeford, "you surprise me! Whatever can you be made of?"

"Not of the stuff you suppose. Both yourself and Sir William Cumberland are very greatly mistaken if you think I am to be won by things like these."

"Nonsense, Esty! you can't be serious. Look at 'em again. They're enough to make any one's mouth water. Give that ring back! Not if I know it! What you've once took you must keep. And as to the bracelet! Come now, Esty, don't be a fool! Why, if Sir William was your own father he couldn't be kinder. Lord, Esty, this is nothing to what he'll do for you if you'll only let him. He's out-and-out the most splendid-minded man I ever come across!"

Mrs. Drakeford's eulogium was suddenly interrupted at this point by the entrance of a footman with a letter.

"By the day-post, ma'am," he said, as Mrs. Drakeford took it from the salver; and if you please, ma'am, there's a person wishes to see you."

"To see me!" echoed Mrs. Drakeford, somewhat in alarm, fearing the *avatar* of him whose name she bore. "What kind of person?"

"I should say that he were foreign, ma'am," replied the footman; "leastways which he is tall and saller with a beard and talks in a Frenchified sort of way."

"Show him into the libery," said Mrs. Drakeford, quickly, "and say I will come directly. This is the Doctor's hand," she continued, turning to Esther as she broke the seal. "Oh yes! sure enough; but what's this inside? A letter for you, Esty! Mercy, what a copper-plate correspondent! Who can it be from? But stay, I see the Doctor says he had it from that gurl, Sarah. What took her to him, I wonder! M'm—m'm—'wages,' indeed—'lost her clothes in the fire'—stuff and nonsense! I can't stay to read it now—there!"

Tossing Esther's letter to her, she crumpled up her own, and hastily left the room.

For Esther to receive a letter was something very rare. She, too, wondered where it came from, and paused to consider, as people always do when a strange superscription meets their eye.

"That poor girl," she said, "could never write so well as this! Besides, what had she to write about? It can't be from her. And yet, who else? For I know nobody. 'To Miss Drakeford.' For me, certainly. I have no other name. What nonsense to speculate, when I can satisfy my curiosity at once."

Satisfy your curiosity, Esther? Every line there will raise it. Something more, too, than curiosity, or why that deepening glow? Let us read it with you, and learn the reason why your eyes fill with tears and your colour changes so quickly!

"I beg your pardon, Miss Drakeford,"—the letter began,—“for taking the liberty of writing to you, but if I were to be sent away without seeing you again, you might think I had been doing wrong—as they accuse me of—which I assure you is not true; and that I never could bear. A hundred deaths would be nothing to it. I know I am quite alone in the world, and have no right to expect anybody to care what becomes of me, but I never, never can forget that you were kind to me from the very first. It was not my fault, Miss Drakeford, that I did not come back again the afternoon I saw you last. There is nothing you could ask of me that I would not do, and lay down my life to perform it, only that was quite out of my power. I must tell you the truth, Miss Drakeford. I was arrested on a false charge, and put into prison, where I am now, and unless my innocence is proved to-morrow, I shall be tried and convicted, and then there will be an end of me altogether, for I shall never be able to hold up my head again; though I ought not to mind, being innocent of what they lay to my charge, for St. Paul himself suffered 'as an evil-doer, even unto bonds,' as I have just been reading. I have something to say, Miss Drakeford, if you will let me. Should it be my misfortune to be condemned, pray do not believe that I am guilty. The only wrong thing I know of myself is something I have not courage to utter. It is not any act of mine, like theft or falsehood, but—but—what I cannot

write and ought not to think of; and yet I do think of it every moment of the day, and dream of it when I am not waking. Your forgiveness, Miss Drakeford, is all I seek; I dare not ask for more; and you are so good, so kind, so beautiful, that perhaps you *will* forgive me! Oh, what a happiness it would be if I could only hear your voice again! Singing or speaking, its tone was always the same in my ears—a sound that made me feel as if I was in heaven! The thought that I never may hear it, never see you more, Miss Drakeford, is the greatest pain I have ever known—next to that of losing your esteem; for you would not have spoken to or smiled on me if you had not thought me honest and true—I mean with nothing really bad about me. I must close this letter, Miss—*Esther*—oh, pardon me for writing your sweet name—though I should never leave off if I had my own way, so dear to me it is to fancy you will read what I write. And yet, God knows if it will ever reach you. Still, hoping that it may, with every wish for your happiness, here and hereafter, and that nothing on earth may ever cause you a moment's sorrow; I remain, dear Miss *Esther*" (the "Miss" had been blotted out, but rewritten), "your humble servant,

"LORN LORIOT."

"Poor fellow!" sighed *Esther*. "I do believe in your honesty and truth, whatever the nature of the accusation against you. Poor *Lorn*! I believe, too"—and again she sighed—"in that which you dare not reveal. Heaven help you in your trouble and me in mine, for what is there in store for either of us but a life of pain and misery! What evil has really befallen him, he does not say. I can guess, though, through whose instrumentality it has chanced. The last person I saw him with—he, in fact, who alone had authority over him—was the man who, if I mistake not, is now here—not too welcome a visitor, I imagine, to this venal, artful Mrs. Drakeford! 'Quite alone in the world!' Yes, *Lorn*! We are both alone in the world, and neither can help the other. But he cannot be altogether without friends, or how should he have contrived to send me this letter? He must have seen the person who took it to the Doctor;—yet such a messenger! Mrs. Drakeford said something about 'a fire' and 'claims for wages.' There is a mystery in it all which I cannot comprehend!"

As she spoke, her eyes fell on the ornaments that were still lying on the table, and beside these Sir William's open note, which, in her hurry, Mrs. Drakeford had left behind her. To read another person's letter, let the contents be what they might, was utterly foreign to her disposition; but her sight was so quick that a single unintentional glance sufficed to take in a postscript of three lines which Mrs. Drakeford had kept to herself. Those three lines confirmed *Esther's* half-formed suspicions. She saw by them not only that Sir William was acting according to Mrs. Drakeford's directions, but how deeply Mrs. Drakeford herself was interested in the result of her scheme. Twice as much as he had already promised was to be his faithful ally's reward.

There could be no mistake now! It was plain, even to *Esther's* innocence, that she was bought and sold. Her determination was taken at once. Hastily ascending to her room, she put on her bonnet and cloak, gathered together a few necessary things in a small bag, which she care-

fully concealed beneath her dress, and, hurrying down stairs, crossed the garden to a private door opening into a lane that ran down to the ferry, and the ferryman being luckily at his post, she entered the boat, and in a few minutes the river was between her and the treacherous woman from whom she fled.

CHAPTER XLI.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.

As Mrs. Drakeford rightly imagined, her visitor was Bastide; but prepared as she was to meet him, she could not altogether suppress a manifestation of surprise.

"Who ever thought of seeing you!" she said, as he turned from a picture he was looking at when he heard her voice.

"Not you, I dare say," was his reply. "Doubtless it is an unexpected happiness. I hope your aunts are both quite well! They have a pretty place here."

"Very!" said Mrs. Drakeford, collecting her thoughts for an encounter.

"Is that," asked Bastide, pointing to the picture which had occupied him—"is that the portrait of your uncle? I think I perceive a family likeness. At all events, there is one point of resemblance: he is a handsome man, and you are a handsome woman."

"Tell me something new," said Mrs. Drakeford, annoyed at Bastide's bantering tone, and impatient to learn what brought him there. "I've heard that before."

"About your beauty, yes! Many times—as you deserved. But the comparison, at least, is new. And this uncle of yours, like his respectable sisters, your aunts, is as good, no doubt, as he is handsome. What a pleasure to have such interesting relations!"

"I wish you'd leave my relations alone," said Mrs. Drakeford, still more annoyed by his *persiflage*.

"Willingly," returned Bastide. "People who have no existence are of no consequence to either you or me."

"What the deuce are you driving at?" said Mrs. Drakeford, flinging herself into a chair. "Can't you speak out?"

"I was afraid to disturb your nerves," replied Bastide, taking a seat also. "It is not advisable, with a fine lady, to be too precipitate."

"Ain't it?" observed Mrs. Drakeford, sulkily.

"No!" said Bastide, in the same quiet manner. "To say all one knows at once, is a very indifferent kind of game. *Très mauvais jeu, mon amie, je t'assure!*"

"Gambling's always uppermost in your mind," retorted Mrs. Drakeford, trying to turn the conversation by an accusation.

"Not always," answered Bastide; "or, if so, it is because gambling—or cheating, if you like that better—is everybody's occupation. Now, my dear Mistress Nelly, acknowledge at once—to save me the pain of converting you—that you have been cheating me."

"In what way?" said Mrs. Drakeford, hardily.

"Oh! you oblige me to speak? Well, if it must be so, listen. When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, the day before you left London, you

said you could not receive me in the country. Those pious, amiable women, your aunts, had so great a horror of foreigners—your words, if I remember rightly, were to that effect—that a visit from me was impossible; and that I might not offend them by my presence, you would not even give me your address.”

“Well, what does it all signify?” interrupted Mrs. Drakeford. “I wasn’t bound to tell you where I was going to. Besides, how do you know what I said wasn’t true?”

“Because, in the first place, Nelly—and you must not be offended with what I say—you *never* speak the truth; and in the next, because this house belongs to Sir William Cumberland.”

At this open mention of her host’s name, Mrs. Drakeford began to feel uncomfortable; nevertheless, she did not lose countenance, but determined to brazen it out.

“What’s the odds?” she said. “Sir William is a friend of mine. There’s no harm in that, I suppose?”

“None in the world. If Drakeford don’t mind, it’s nothing to me. You are welcome to intrigue on your own account as much as you please.”

“Thankee, for your good opinion,” said the lady, with a toss of her head.

“But,” continued Bastide, speaking very deliberately, “that is not the whole question.”

“What is, then, for goodness’ sake?” exclaimed his impatient auditor.

“I will tell you, for your sake and mine, neither of which, perhaps, have much to do with goodness. Another person, besides yourself, is affected by this move of yours.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes! One in whom I take some interest. There is, I believe, a young lady under your care, who passes for your daughter——”

“Passes! Well!”

“This young lady is both beautiful and accomplished. A finer girl is not, perhaps, to be met with. She is of marriageable age, but—somehow or other—we don’t want to get a husband for her, and yet we wish to see her—what shall we call it?—established. It so happens—stay, stay, don’t interrupt me—it so happens that we have a very rich friend—an elderly Baronet, we will suppose—who lives *en garçon*, is bewitched by our young lady’s pretty face, and would give any money to be on a certain footing with her. We accept an invitation, in consequence, to his charmingly secluded villa on the banks of the Thames, and every opportunity being offered—the rest follows. Our friend the Baronet is made happy, somebody is sacrificed, and we fill our pockets. What does Mrs. Drakeford say to this nice little arrangement?”

“I say!” exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, in a fury, “that none but a bad lot like yourself could have conceived such a piece of wickedness!”

“Except the equally bad lot,” returned Bastide, coolly, “who has actually carried that piece of wickedness into execution. Bah, my dear Nelly! do you imagine that my sketch is based upon mere conjecture? Knowing you so well as I do, I might, it is true, have guessed that this was exactly the course you would pursue; but it so happens that I am able to rest my case upon something even more solid than my own con-

jeantane. When confederates talk over their plans in the open air, they ought to remember the proverb that walls have ears. I will keep you in suspense no longer. This conversation about Esther, between you and Sir William Cumberland, beneath the tree in the garden yonder, was, every syllable of it, overheard by me. I was out on the river that day with my friend Cospendeux; was unexpectedly delighted at hearing your charming voice—how could I mistake it?—availed myself of the high bank to moor my boat, and of the thick shrubbery to approach you closely—as closely almost as at the present moment—and in that position I acquired as much information on the subject of your agreeable *entretiens* as it was in the power of either of you to convey. These are the plain facts, my dear Nelly, and I hope now you're satisfied that—'bad lot' as you call me—I have not simply been drawing upon my imagination."

Mrs. Drakeford was naturally gifted with more hardihood than most people, but this *exposé* overwhelmed even her. Denial was useless, and not knowing what to say unless she had recourse to it, she remained silent, while Bastide went on:

"Of course it is not my intention to reproach you for trying to make a purse unknown to your old *camarade*, or for throwing him over with Esther. Such little events are of every-day occurrence, and we must all expect them. No! I came here for a very different purpose. Philosophy and reflection have convinced me that it will be wiser to forgive your bad faith in both these matters, remembering it only to my own advantage. Your Sir William is welcome to Esther, but I must share your profits!"

"I thought as much," said Mrs. Drakeford, with a long-drawn breath. "But you are reckoning without your host. I have received nothing yet but promises."

"I cannot swear to the contrary," replied Bastide, "but I have no difficulty in saying, my dear Nelly, that I don't believe you. You are not exactly the sort of woman to be paid off in that coin. Recollect, you are talking to me; and what I am, or can be, I believe you have a tolerable notion."

"If I give you fifty pound, will you be satisfied?"

"No! My knowledge of this affair is worth a good deal more. What's to hinder me from spoiling your game at once? A word from my lips and the whole thing is blown. Think again, Nelly, and open your mouth a little wider."

"A hundred, then? I declare to you, if I was never to speak again, it's every farthing I've got!"

"Well, I won't be too hard upon you. Give me that, and we'll be as good friends as ever."

Reluctantly Mrs. Drakeford took out her *porte-monnaie*. There, within its folds, nestled a crisp bit of paper, magically marked by the Bank of England, which had once been the property of Sir William Cumberland, and was now hers:—to be hers, alas, no longer!

"I didn't expect it of you," she said, whimpering, as she handed over the money.

"Nobody knows what to expect in this world," returned Bastide, examining the note to make sure that his expectations were not disappointed. Finding all right, he resumed, with a smiling air:

"And now this little business is settled, perhaps you'd like to hear my news!"

"What is it?"

"You know about Number Nine?"

"Oh, I saw that in the papers. A regular flare-up."

"You may well say so. A flare-up with a vengeance!"

"What do you mean?"

"The Fire-office won't stand it, and Drakeford's likely to come to grief."

"You don't say so! Where is he?"

"Hiding. I left him at Coopy's last night."

"The safest place for him. Nobody would think of looking for him there!"

"Or here."

"Here! I wouldn't have him here for all the world."

"Of course not. That would be dangerous for you."

"For me? It's no affair of mine. They can't bring anything home to me. I was out of the way, you know."

"Very true. But these Fire-office people have strange ideas. They sometimes prosecute for conspiracy. And, to tell you the truth, I believe they mean to do so now. So the quieter you keep the better."

"You won't betray me, Bastide?" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, trembling from head to foot.

"Betray you, Nelly? What should I get by that? I suppose," continued Bastide, "there's no chance of my seeing Esther before I go?"

"It can't be," said Mrs. Drakeford, lowering her voice. "He's with her!"

"Then give her my love, and tell her not to forget me altogether. One kiss, Nelly. Good-by."

The salute was rendered with no good grace, and Bastide took his departure.

"Judas!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, spitting on the ground the moment his back was turned; "if there was anything to get by it, you'd do it. I wouldn't trust you further than I could see you. Only give me a chance, and see if I don't pay you off, you mean, lying, swindling, forging, murdering rascal!"

In the frame of mind indicated by these strong epithets, Mrs. Drakeford hastened back to the drawing-room. Esther was not there, but everything else remained as she had left it, and she at once secured Sir William's note and the jewels—not forgetting Esther's ring. She then looked round for Esther herself, and supposing she had gone to her room, went there to seek her. Her search being vain, she returned, and meeting a servant, inquired if he had seen Miss Drakeford. He replied that he had, "but only promiscuously;" which, being interpreted, signified that she passed him in the hall about a quarter of an hour before. He added, that she had on her walking-dress, and went into the garden. Thither Mrs. Drakeford followed—uneasy, she scarcely knew why—but though she called repeatedly, and traversed the garden in every direction, there were still no signs of Esther. At last she reached the private door opening into the lane. She tried it, but it was fast, Esther having taken the precaution of locking it on the outside and then throwing away

the key. On this, Mrs. Drakeford went back to the house and interrogated the servant whom she had spoken to already. He repeated his statement, with the asseveration that "if he was to be hung next minnit he could only say he saw Miss Drakeford go down the steps into the garding." He added, in still stronger confirmation of his words, that she could not have passed through the house to go out on the other side, as he must have seen her, having been jobbing about in the hall all the morning. None of the other servants could give any information whatever, and Mrs. Drakeford was lost in perplexity. She waited and waited; the dinner-hour arrived, the evening drew in, night fell, but Esther was still absent. Mrs. Drakeford then came to the conclusion that "the gurl," to use her own words, "had bolted."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SABLE CLOUD'S SILVER LINING.

THAT closest of all close carriages, the prison-van, conveyed Lorn from the Clerkenwell House of Detention to the Bow-street station-house on the morning appointed for his re-examination; and after an interval of about two hours, during which the night charges were disposed of, he was again placed before the magistrate.

The interval had been employed by Mr. Raphael to Lorn's advantage. His large experience of the criminal life of London had furnished him with a clue which, he entertained no doubt, would enable him fully to establish his client's innocence.

It happened that, amongst the many who sought his advice—a long list, including numerous City firms and mercantile associations, besides a host of private persons—was "The Salamander Fire Insurance," the identical company on which Mr. Drakeford made the claim, which they thought so suspicious as to cause them not only to resist it, but to place the matter at once in their lawyer's hands. Mr. Raphael's quick penetration and shrewd habits of business soon led him to the conclusion that the claim was fraudulent—a belief speedily confirmed by Smudge, whom he narrowly questioned on the subject of the fire, when he found, by comparing notes, that the house where she had known Lorn was the one from which the claimant on "The Salamander" had been burnt out.

The information which Smudge gave, while it led Mr. Raphael to advise the immediate apprehension of Mr. Drakeford on a charge of arson, put him in the way of killing two birds with one stone, and set him completely on the track of Bastide. By following up the antecedents of the first of these worthies, he thus came to learn much of the history of the other, who were his chief companions, and which the places he most frequented. A clever detective, to whom the warrant for the capture of Mr. Drakeford was entrusted, had little difficulty, therefore, in tracing them from one haunt to another, till their general place of rendezvous, at the *entresol* of Alphonse Coupendeux, was discovered.

Whether it be a link in the chain by which man and the inferior animals are connected, I leave to Mr. Darwin to determine, but certainly the habit of the policeman in dealing with his assured victim very much resembles the conduct of the cat towards the mouse in her clutch, and the

course pursued by Detective Snare went far to confirm the resemblance. That functionary knew of the meditated supper-party in the Quadrant directly it was planned, for his first care was to watch the movements of Monsieur Coupendeux. He observed that he made short excursions in his neighbourhood during the day; saw him return, on one occasion, with a box of cigars under his arm, and a bottle enveloped in pink paper in his hand; found out that he had ordered a salad at the pretty greengrocer's in Windmill-street, and, a variety of *comestibles* at the "*charcuterie Parisienne*" in Coventry-street; and putting these facts together, came to the safe conclusion that Monsieur Coupendeux meant to entertain his friends.

Berthier, the chief of Napoleon's *état-major*, possessed a *coup d'œil* so admirable that he could tell almost at a single glance how many thousand men were contained in any given space; and Detective Snare was endowed with something of a corresponding faculty. No matter how far off a person stood, provided he were actually within the range of vision, Detective Snare was able to make him out as accurately as if only a few paces separated them. Indeed, it was considered by "The Force"—such of them as were scientific—that, like the vessels seen by the memorable old man at the Isle of France, who used to announce their approach several days before they actually arrived, the objects "wanted" by Detective Snare were refracted. It was, therefore, quite unnecessary for him to *rôder*, as some policemen do, about the premises he wished to examine: standing quite aloof, and himself invisible to the optics of the parties watched, he saw, one after the other, Monsieur Coupendeux's guests arrive, and heedfully took note of each.

Michel Bastide was too remarkable in his appearance to be overlooked by Detective Snare, under any circumstances, and having previously received a description of his person, he booked him in his memory for ever. Monsieur Jules Duval, who came next, though of more common-place aspect, also received the honours of mental photography: but then, there was a long pause. The tale was incomplete. Though a *partie carrée* was not exactly the phrase which Detective Snare would have employed to signify the convivial number who were to surround Monsieur Coupendeux's supper-table, he felt perfectly certain that a fourth was expected. The quantity of provisions laid in, independently of the fitness of things, pointed to four; but besides alimentary and moral indications, the frequent appearance of Alphonse at his window, evidently on the look-out for some one, carried conviction to the bosom of Detective Snare. Unless, in fact, this fourth person arrived, he might almost be said to enjoy his labour for his pains; neither of the other three, though the fate of one of them impended, falling directly within the scope of his avocations. Detective Snare had no warrant yet for the arrest of Bastide, and consequently he was not of so much interest in his eyes as Mr. Drakeford, who—like Richard Plantagenet—"came at last to comfort him." Mr. Drakeford's frantic haste to house himself would alone have sufficed to satisfy Detective Snare of his identity, had there been no other signs and tokens; but of these there were plenty for an observant policeman, and when Alphonse Coupendeux admitted his friend and shut the street-door, the detective smilingly rubbed his hands and took up a closer position. He now began to experience the feline sensations to which I have ad-

verted: there, so many yards off, was his prey; he could pounce upon him whenever he liked; and he resolved to indulge in those sensations to the uttermost. When the party at last broke up, Detective Snare shook off his apparent indifference, and prepared for action, if necessary; but as only Bastide and Duval came forth, he kept out of sight, and waited. About midnight the extinction of the lights in the *entresol* made the detective aware that a share of his bed had been offered by Coupendeux to Drakeford. To take him now would have been the act of the inexperienced in such matters, but Detective Snare knew better. A knock at the door, at that hour, would have excited alarm; and, moreover, what would have become of the feline sensations with which he proposed to recreate himself throughout the night? A *saît blanche* was no privation to Detective Snare; indeed, he rather liked it; and then there was the luxury that awaited him in the morning: the capture of Mr. Drakeford, while thinking himself safe and snug in his warm bed, or just awaking to the expectation of a comfortable breakfast. So, with an eye that never slept, Detective Snare "acred" the pavement of the Quadrant till the milkman began his rounds; then, approaching the bell of Monsieur Coupendeux, he pulled the wire, and successfully imitating that sound which brings all the cats into the areas and suggests to casual hearers the advent of some indescribable woe, he roused a slipshod damsel from her slumbers in the back attic and obtained admission to the house.

"He's only round the corner, my dear," said Detective Snare to the yawning girl, as she stood with her milk-jug in her hand—"my business is with the first floor." And before she could say a word to stop him he mounted.

His first-formed anticipations were correct. Under the same coverlid lay Coupendeux and Drakeford, performing an unconscious duet in melody unfettered by notes, the spontaneous gushings of o'erlaboured sleep. Detective Snare paused to admire—paused to quaff the last drop of the cup of his enjoyment—before he dashed it from his lips.

"I never saw a Frenchman asleep before," he said, as he gazed on Alphonse, who lay nearest; "leastways," he added—for policemen, even when they soliloquise, must be correct—"leastways, without his nightcap. He looks for all the world like a rat under a extinguisher!"

Having made this pleasing simile, he jerked off the head-dress which had suggested one feature of the comparison, and Coupendeux awoke, with an oath, but, as it was delivered in French, it fell unheeded on the tympanum of the detective.

"Que diable!" reiterated Alphonse, sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes. "Vot you vant?"

"Not you, young man," replied Detective Snare. "But if t'other party has no objection——"

Mr. Drakeford, roused by the noise, turned his head sleepily; but sleepiness very soon disappeared from his eyes when he encountered the searching glance of the detective.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Drakeford," said the latter, "but as soon as you can make it convenient to put on your things, I shall be happy to accompany you to the Vine-street station: it's only a step."

Alas for the promised breakfast, the remains of the ham, the tongue,

and the *galantise* which had helped to furnish forth the last night's supper! Unwashed, unshaven, and unresisting, Mr. Drakeford accepted his fate. What can a man do in self-defence when he has nothing on but his shirt?

Without immediately detailing all the results of Mr. Drakeford's capture, it may be sufficient, for the present, to say that at the police-office to which he was taken, the charge of arson was so clearly established against him, that he was at once committed for trial; and armed with a variety of incidental facts, all tending to show that Lorn had been an unconscious agent in the affair of the Finsbury and Southwark Bank, Mr. Raphael now appeared at Bow-street to defend him.

Although as yet unable to produce the actual delinquent, the clever lawyer's statement made a strong impression on the magistrate, who saw that he was not merely making the best of a doubtful case, but really speaking from sincere conviction. Mr. Raphael went at some length into the history of Lorn's life up to the period of his disappearance from the pawnbroker's, and argued with great force that a youth of eighteen, whose character up to that age had been utterly irreproachable, could not so suddenly have fallen into courses that indicated a long familiarity with crime of the most artful description. That Lorn had been made a tool of was, he said, quite evident, his unsuspecting nature exactly suiting the purpose of a practised scoundrel like "The Count," who, it would be shown, was an adept in every sort of villany—a swindler and a branded felon, as he had witnesses to prove. He was aware, Mr. Raphael continued, that one circumstance had militated against the prisoner—his refusal, at his former examination, to say where he had been living since he left his situation in what seemed so unaccountable a manner; but the cause, he assured the magistrate, arose, not from the reticence of guilt, but from the young man's unwillingness to give pain to certain members of the family—for such there were—who had treated him with kindness during his stay amongst them. Silence on that point was, however, no longer necessary, since a matter altogether foreign to the present charge had been the means of revealing the prisoner's place of residence. Mr. Raphael then briefly adverted to the arrest of Mr. Drakeford, and stated that it was in his house Lorn had been a compelled rather than a willing inmate. Having closed his address, Mr. Raphael called his witnesses.

Mr. Squirrel was the first, and, so far as related to Lorn's character, the most important. Besides what conscience prompted, his interests were deeply involved in his saying nothing but good of his apprentice; the only fear was lest he should overdo his part; but as it sometimes fortunately happens that men's motives are not apparent, Mr. Squirrel's evidence excited no suspicion, but rather procured for him a reputation for magnanimity in speaking so well of one who, by abruptly leaving his roof, had ostensibly given him cause of complaint. With respect to "The Count," his testimony had in it no alloy, but was a perfectly genuine thing: to use his own words, he had been "shamefully chiselled out of a walluable relick of 'appier days;" and as tears came into his eyes, conjured there by the recollection of the way in which he had been done, he was also set down, by two or three tender-hearted females in court, as a man of remarkable feeling, "and a honour to his sect."

Mr. Cramp, whom Smudge eyed with looks of strong indignation, and kept as far away from as possible, followed his principal, and proving that he had not been brought there to run Lorn down, celebrated his virtues in pious strain, making religious capital for himself at the same time.

The last witness was Smudge, who, at first, with some trepidation, but afterwards in a very earnest, straightforward manner, told the whole story of her experience of Lorn's conduct while at Mr. Drakeford's—omitting only the fact of the extorted kiss on the staircase, and slightly shading down her own curiosity. Of Lorn, she said that he was "the best-behavedest of young men, and one that wouldn't tread upon beadles, or wrong the very cats out of their vittles"—terms of eulogy which, however inappropriate, betokened the high estimation in which she held him. On the other hand, words were weak—though Smudge's language was certainly strong—to depict her portrait of "The Count," and her breath was exhausted long before her vocabulary of disparaging epithets. Mr. Drakeford's cruel artifice had imperiled her life, but Smudge was not half so bitter against him as against his companion, who, personally, had never done her any harm. It was by the Count's means that Lorn's good name, his liberty, and all that was dear to him, had been endangered, and not for a single moment did she weigh one act in the same balance with the other.

All she said, and all, indeed, that the magistrate heard that day, favoured his own belief in Lorn's innocence, and Mr. Joplington, the bank manager, having intimated his desire not to deal harshly with one who, manifestly, was not the real offender, he came to the conclusion that Lorn might return to his original employer, sufficient bail being given for his appearance when "The Count" should be taken in custody. There was no difficulty on this point, Mr. Squirl himself being one of the bail, and a neighbour of his, a well-to-do tradesman, another.

Lorn had been pale and calm throughout the whole proceedings, but, on hearing the magistrate's decision, he hid his face and sobbed violently. When in some degree recovered, and removed from the prisoners' bar, he eagerly shook hands with Mr. Raphael and all he knew, and leaving Smudge in a state of hysterical joy, was carried off triumphantly by Mr. Squirl.

TABLE-TALK.

BY MONKSHOOD.

I.—BREAKFAST-TABLE-TALK.

THE Romans, as Mr. Merivale incidentally remarks, in his record of the gluttonous excesses of Vitellius, were generally content with a single meal a day—the *cæna*; the slight refectations of the morning and mid-day, *jentaculum* and *prandium*, being rarely taken in company.* The *jentaculum* was the merest apology for a breaking one's fast—a sheer *souppçon* of a meal—the poorest shadow of a shade

Of early breakfast, to dispel the fumes
And bowel-raking pains of emptiness†—

with this difference, that such fumes and pains were virtually unknown to the Roman, after his full *cæna* (which in plain practical English means dinner, whatever the dictionaries may say),—after his substantial, prolonged, social meal of over-night.

Mr. de Quincey's erudite and entertaining treatise on what he calls the Casuistry of Roman Meals, comprises a history of a Roman day; and if we refer to it for the article of breakfast, we are at once instructed that no such discovery as breakfast had then been made—"breakfast was not invented for many centuries after that." "Breakfast was not suspected. No prophecy, no type of breakfast, had been published." In fact, he alleges, it took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. The Roman saunters out early in the morning, but never dreams of coming home for breakfast. "True it is, reader, that you have heard of such a word as *jentaculum*; and your dictionary translates that old heathen word by the Christian word *breakfast*. But dictionaries are dull deceivers. Between *jentaculum* and *breakfast* the differences are as wide as between a horse-chesnut and a chesnut-horse; differences in the *time when*, in the *place where*, in the *manner how*, but pre-eminently in the *thing which*. . . . A grape or two (not a bunch of grapes), a raisin or two, a date, an olive—these are the whole amount of relief which the chancery of the Roman kitchen granted. . . . All things here hang together, and prove each other—the time, the place, the mode, the thing. Well might man eat standing, or eat in public [any corner of the forum, Galen says], such a trifle as this. Go home, indeed, to such a breakfast? You would as soon think of ordering a cloth to be laid in order to eat a peach, or of asking a friend to join you in an orange."‡ No wonder, then, that the Roman usually *jentebat solus*, broke his fast (or made believe to do so) alone.

At this time of day, among most civilised peoples, breakfast is commonly regarded as an eminently sociable meal. There are recusants, however, who stickle for the opposite view, and prefer taking it alone. Kant did so, for the bettermost part of his fourscore years' life. One of

* Hist. of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vi. ch. lvii.

† Cowper: Verses written at Bath, 1748.

‡ De Quincey's Selections, vol. iii. pp. 254 sqq.

his Boswells—the reporter who perhaps stands nearest in that relation to him, in which Eckermann does to Goethe—gives a rather amusing account of Kant's behaviour to him, at five o'clock one morning (it was only the first of February, too), when the friendly visitor offered to take breakfast with ancient Immanuel. The philosopher had just had to part with a scamp of a servant, long in his service, and accustomed to all his ways,—and it was with the hope of supplying his place,—at least to prevent his being painfully missed—that our reporter turned out so early, to see after the infirm old man. The breakfast-table was arranged, not without some difficulty—and now all seemed in a fair train for action. “Yet still it struck me that he [Kant] was under some embarrassment or constraint. Upon this I said, that, with his permission, I would take a cup of tea, and afterwards smoke a pipe with him. He accepted my offer with his usual courteous demeanour; but seemed unable to familiarise himself with the novelty of his situation. I was at this time sitting directly opposite to him; and at last he frankly told me, but with the kindest and most apologetic air, that he was really under the necessity of begging that I would sit out of his sight; for that, having sat alone at the breakfast-table for considerably more than half a century, he could not abruptly adapt his mind to a change in this respect; and he found his thoughts very sensibly distracted.”* The visitor, of course, did as he desired; the new servant retired into an ante-room, where he waited within call; and Kant recovered his wonted composure. Just the same scene was acted anew, when Herr Wasianski called at the same hour on a fine summer morning some months after.† Theodore Hook, again,—to select a sufficiently opposite kind of witness, as regards general character, temperament, and habits of life—considered breakfast to have been destined for a solitary meal—nothing to him (for evidently he describes his own feelings in the passage we refer to) was less endurable than a breakfast-party. “I love the lengthened lounging meal made up of eating, drinking, and reading; but there is nothing social or sociable in its attributes; one cannot ‘hob-nob’ in tea or coffee. Moreover, it is an ungraceful meal. Egg-eating and prawn-picking are not delicate performances: and, besides, a man when he is first up and just down, if he tries his mind and temper by a modern ‘spirit-level,’ will find that breakfast-time is not the time for company or conversation.”‡ So writes our man-about-town, in the first volume of the most really autobiographic of his fictions. In the second volume he iterates the sentiment. “There is no meal so odious as breakfast in company.”§ Such a life as Mr. Hook led was hardly compatible, perhaps, with any other sentiment.

To him, then, such a cheery breakfast-party as used to gladden Warren Hastings' old eyes, at pleasant native Daylesford, would of itself have been simply abominable, apart even from the extra trial of hearing the ex-Governor-General recite the verses he had just composed. When the family and guests assembled, as Lord Macaulay describes the scene, the poem made its appearance as regularly as the eggs and rolls; and Mr. Gleig|| requires us to believe that, if from any accident Hastings came

* Wasianski.

† See “Last Days of Kant,” in vol. i. of De Quincey's “Miscellanies.”

‡ Gilbert Gurney, vol. i. ch. iii.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. ch. i.

|| *Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings*, vol. iii. (1841.)

to the breakfast-table without one of his charming performances in his hand, the omission was felt by all as a grievous disappointment. 'Tastes differ widely, is the noble historian's comment. "For ourselves we must say that, however good the breakfasts at Daylesford may have been,—and we are assured that the tea was of the most aromatic flavour, and that neither tongue nor venison pasty was wanting,—we should have thought the reckoning high if we had been forced to earn our repast by listening every day to a new madrigal or sonnet composed by our host."* Bating this infiction, it must have been pleasant and salubrious to welcome

The innocent freshness of a new-born day,†

in that well-adorned Worcestershire manor.

Rousseau appends to his description of the *café au lait* breakfasts that were the order of the day aux Charmettes (1736), a remark that these *séances*, usually and pleasantly long-drawn-out, left in him a lively relish for that meal, as a domestic institution; and "infinitely I prefer," he says, "the custom in England and Switzerland, where breakfast is a veritable meal to which all the family come together, to that in France, where every one breakfasts apart in his own room, or more frequently does not breakfast at all."‡

Mr. Hawthorne has said that life within doors has few pleasanter prospects than a neatly-arranged and well-provisioned breakfast-table. We come to it, freshly, says he, in the dewy youth of the day, and when our spiritual and sensual elements are in better accord than at a later period; so that the material delights of the morning meal are capable of being fully enjoyed, without any very grievous reproaches, whether gastric or conscientious, for yielding even a trifle overmuch to the animal department of our nature. "The thoughts, too, that run around the ring of familiar guests, have a piquancy and mirthfulness, and oftentimes a vivid truth, which more rarely find their way into the elaborate intercourse of dinner."§ Between the Hook and the Hawthorne point of view, what a distance! The English Opium-eater would take his stand with the latter. "Breakfast-time," says he, "is always a cheerful stage of the day; if a man can forget his cares at any season, it is then."|| And few, better than he, could appreciate the poetry of the subject—whether under the roof of some lowly grange, as in the picture Wordsworth gives,—

Entering, we find the morning meal prepared :
 So down we sit, though not till each had cast
 Pleased looks around the delicate repast—
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,
 With amber honey from the mountain's breast;
 Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
 Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality
 Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,
 And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.¶

* Macaulay's Essays, vol. iii., "Warren Hastings."

† Wordsworth.

‡ Les Confessions, livre vi.

§ The House of the Seven Gables, ch. vii.

¶ Confessions of an English Opium-eater.

¶ Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Poems: Epistle to Sir G. H. Beaumont.

Or in the comparatively urban, not to say more urbane, atmosphere of a scene from Rogers :

Soon through the gadding vine the sun looks in,
 And gentle hands the breakfast rite begin.
 Then the bright kettle sings its matin song,
 Then fragrant clouds of Mocha and Souchong
 Blend as they rise; and (while without are seen,
 Sure of their meal, the small birds on the green ;
 And in from far a schoolboy's letter flies,
 Flashing the sister's cheek with glad surprise)
 That sheet unfolds (who reads, that reads it not ?)
 Born with the day, and with the day forgot ;
 Its ample page various as human life,
 The pomp, the woe, the bustle, and the strife.*

" C'est le temps de la journée," says one, in whom an English breakfast excited *un goût vif pour les déjeûnés* (which taste he retained through life), " où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise."† Sir Morgan O'Doherty, indeed, who classes breakfast among the things that have never yet received anything like the attention merited, asserts that the best breakfast is *unquestionably* that of France ; " their coffee, indeed, is not *quite* equal to that of Germany, but the eatables are unrivalled ; and I may be wrong, but somehow or other, I can never help thinking that French wines are better in the morning than any others. It is here that we are behind every other nation in Europe—the whole of us, English, Scotch, and Irish ; we take no wine at breakfast."‡ And yet Sir Morgan would hardly have acquiesced, we fancy, in a recurrence to the breakfast programme of England in the olden time, " no unsubstantial mess," as Hood has it,

But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,
 Who, hearty as hippocampus,—
 Broke her fast with ale and beef,
 Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,
 And in lieu of anchovy—grampus !§

Or to look backwards a little farther still, to days when (to quote a contemporary of Hood's, and his rival in racy rhymes)—

The Hong Merchants had not yet invented How Qua,
 Nor as yet would you see Souchong or Bohea
 At the tables of persons of any degree.
 How our ancestors managed to do without tea
 I must fairly confess is a mystery to me ;
 Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers
 Had no cups and saucers ;
 Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,
 Was a sort of déjeûner à la fourchette ;
 Instead of our slops
 They had cutlets and chops,
 And sack-possets, and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots ;
 And they wound up the meal with rump-steaks and 'schalots.||

* Human Life, by Samuel Rogers (1819).

† Rousseau.

‡ Maxims of O'Doherty, No. 103.

§ Hood's Golden Legend of Miss Kilmansegg.

|| The Ingoldsby Legends, vol. i., " The Witches' Frolic."

This was long prior to Mr. Pepys's time, whose *Diary* records a "fine breakfast" that Commissioner Pett, of the dockyard, gave to him and Captain Cocke, one "Lord's day" morning in August, 1662;—everything seeming fine to Samuel just then—"a fine walk and fine weather"—the Commissioner "showed us his garden and fine things," and "did give us a fine breakfast of bread-and-butter, and sweetmeats and other things with great choice, and strong drinks, with which I could not avoyde making my head ake, though I drank but little."* An egg breakfast was already a recognised fact in England. Pepys journalises, a fortnight later, "About seven o'clock, took horse, and rode to Bowe, and there staid at the King's Head, and eat a breakfast of eggs."† This puts us in mind, again, of Sir Morgan the Maxim-monger, who agrees with Falstaff in his contempt for "the prevalent absurdity of eating eggs, eggs, eggs at breakfast. 'No pullet-sperm in my brewage,' say I. I prefer the chicken to the egg, and the hen, when she is really a fine bird, and well roasted or grilled, to the chicken."‡ In an earlier Maxim, he propounds his theory of breakfast in general,—which is, that it should be adapted to each particular man's pursuits—that it should come home to his business as well as to his bosom. According to him, the man, for instance, who intends to study (but this will hardly apply to Grub-street) all the morning, should take a cup or two of coffee, a little well-executed toast, and "the wing of a partridge or grouse, when in season; at other times of the year, a small slice of cold chicken, with plenty of pepper and mustard; this light diet prepares him for the elastic exercise of his intellectual powers." On the other hand, for a sportsman, or fox-hunter, or any one intending "violent bodily exercise." Sir Morgan rules that breakfast will be good and praiseworthy exactly in proportion as it approaches to the character of a good and praiseworthy dinner. "Hot potatoes, chops, beef-steaks, a pint of Burgundy, a quart of good old beer"§—these he prescribes for the sportsman and his kind. Another Maxim is: "By eating a hearty breakfast, you escape the temptation of luncheon—a snare into which he who has a sufficient respect for his dinner will rarely fall."|| Like every other meal of the day, breakfast was a frequent topic in the edacious, audacious *Maga* of that period, with its grotesque exaggeration of gourmand pretensions. Sir Morgan may prescribe a light diet for the student, as we have just seen. But how deals Christopher North with the subject, when reviewing a Physician's "Sure Method of Improving Health"? The M.D. prescribes, for the dyspeptic man of study, breakfast at seven, on "stale bread, dry toast, or plain biscuit (no butter),"—to the amount say of three ounces; *plus*, six ounces of "tea (black), with milk, and a little sugar."—No man need write for *Maga* (its Editor then proceeds to announce) with the most distant chance of admission on any other scale than the following:—Breakfast at nine, on "Two hot penny rolls—two toasted rounds of a quartern loaf—one ditto of buttered toast—two hen's eggs, not earocks—a small ashet of fried mutton-ham—jelly and marmalade, *quantum suff.*—two bachelor bowls of congou—a caulker."¶ And the subsequent meals of the day on the same, or an even enlarged and advancing scale. What the Ingoldsby legend calls "a light breakfast,"

* Pepys's *Diary*, August 3, 1662.

† *Ibid.*, Aug. 18.

‡ *Maxims of O'Doherty*, No. 105.

§ *Ibid.*, No. 103.

|| *Ibid.*, No. 104.

¶ *Recreations of Chr. North*, "Health and Longevity."

Mr. North, we suppose, would have reckoned among mere imponderable qualities—we allude to the *light* and last meal of Sir Thomas the Good—

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
And then—let me see!
He had two—perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
—Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.*

How far Professor Wilson was, however, from breakfasting to the letter of Christopher North's prescription, Mr. Parker Willis the Penciller by the way, and out of the way, informed the public, from personal observation, many years ago. Scene, Gloucester-place: Present, The Professor and the Penciller. "The tea was made, and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the Professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. . . . And still the toast was getting cold [alas, poor Penciller!], and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups for but two, so that he was not waiting for another guest; and after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted." Another half-hour with a best author, has our famished Penciller to pass, ere his host will abruptly ask, in the middle of a sentence about Blackwood, "But will you have some breakfast?" The Penciller was thus released from the tenter-hook of expectation. Hope deferred had long been making his heart sick, and all on an empty stomach. "The breakfast had been cooling for an hour, and I most willingly acceded to his proposition." And then the Penciller relates how the Professor, without rising, leaned back with his chair still towards the fire, and, seizing the teapot as if it were a sledge-hammer, poured from one cup to the other without interrupting the stream, overrunning both cup and saucer, and partly flooding the tea-tray. "He then set the cream toward me with a carelessness which nearly upset it, and, in trying to reach an egg from the centre of the table, broke two. He took no notice of his own awkwardness [but, bless you, the Penciller did], but drank his cup of tea at a single draught, ate his egg in the same expeditious manner, and went on talking of the 'Noctes,' and Lockhart, and Blackwood, as if eating his breakfast were rather a troublesome parenthesis in his conversation."† One egg bolted with despatch, one cup of tea gulped down, and there an end.

A nearer approximation to the Kit North ideal, among men of letters, might be found in Sir Walter Scott—with whom, however, breakfast was *the* meal of the day, and came in as the sequel of some hours of hard work. By the time it was ready, he had gone through the severest part

* Ingoldsby Legends, vol. ii., "The Knight and the Lady."

† Pencillings by the Way, vol. iii. letter xx.

of his day's toil, and then, by his son-in-law's account, he set to with the zeal of Crabbe's Squire Tovell,

And laid at once a pound upon his plate.

No fox-hunter, says Lockhart, ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances than Scott. His table was always provided, in addition to the usual plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most plentiful execution—a round of beef—a pasty, such as made Gil Blas's eyes water—or, most welcome of all, a cold sheep's head, the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr. Johnson and his bear-leader.* “A huge brown loaf flanked his elbow, and it was placed upon a broad wooden trencher, that he might cut and come again with the bolder knife. Often did the *Clerks' coach*, commonly called among themselves the *Lively*—which trundled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them at the proper minute in the Parliament Close—often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased what Homer calls ‘the sacred rage of hunger;’ and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *uncles*, when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporised sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon, in his hand.”† But this robust supply, as his biographer adds, would have served Sir Walter, in fact, for the day. He never tasted anything more before dinner, and at dinner he ate almost as sparingly as Farmer Moss's daughter from the boarding-school—

Who minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And marvelled much to see the creatures dine.‡

Mr. Peacock lays it down that a man of taste is seen at once in the array of his breakfast-table; that it is the foot of Hercules, the far-shining face of the great work, according to Pindar's doctrine: *αρχομενου εργα, προσωπον χρη βεβαιη τηλαυγες*.§ “The breakfast is the *προσωπον* of the great work of the day. Chocolate, coffee, tea, cream, eggs, ham, tongue, cold fowl,—all these are good, and bespeak good knowledge in him who sets them forth: but the touchstone is fish: anchovy is the first step, prawns and shrimps the second; and I laud him who reaches even to these: potted char and lampreys are the third, and a fine stretch of progression; but lobster is, indeed, matter for a May morning, and demands a rare combination of knowledge and virtue in him who sets it forth.”|| On this account, sturdy as he is in his anti-Scotticism, this caustic writer cannot bethink him of a fine fresh trout, hot and dry, in a *napkin*, or of a herring out of the water and into the frying-pan, on the shore of Loch Fyne, without conceding, as frankly as he may (or Dr. Felliott for him), that, as every nation has its “eximious virtue,” so the perfervid Scots are pre-eminent in the glory of fish for breakfast.

If Mrs. Bunbury's voluble French informant—the clacking madame

* See Croker's Boswell (edit. 1831), vol. iii. p. 38.

† Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xli.

‡ Crabbe's Tales, VII., “The Widow's Tale.”

§ “Far-shining be the face

Of a great work begun.”—PIND. *Ol.* vi.

|| Crotchet Castle, ch. ii.

that lady met at Bagnères—be any authority, we English are in the habit of breaking our fast in a sufficiently gross and greasy manner. “Eh! the English do live well!” she exclaimed; “the commandant at Toulouse was a prisoner in England, and he has told me; he saw them, and he says he got to like it. First, for breakfast they take a great round of toast,”—and here madame took the flat of her hand to represent the toast, drawing the other a little way above it to represent also the action,—“and they spread it over with a quantity of butter; then they put on that slices of ham and sausage, and—what do you call that other thing the English are so fond of, madame?” “Ale,” suggested our countrywoman, at a guess. And madame resumed. “Yes, oil—they put oil on that, and then they take another round of toast, covered with butter, and lay it on the top, and they eat that, and they drink tea *au lait*, at the same time; they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat, and that is an English breakfast—eh! they live well, these English!”* Let us hope our *savoir-vivre* is misconceived by this unctuous narrator—into whose parallel passages about our feats at dinner and supper we have no corresponding occasion to enter.

Leigh Hunt, who gives three charming breakfasts running, in that pleasant series of essays entitled “The Seer,” stands up for plain tea and bread-and-butter—a breakfast of which kind, he says, is the preference, or good old custom, of thousands who could afford a richer one. “It may be called the staple breakfast of England; and he who cannot make an excellent meal of it, would be in no very good way with the luxuries of a George the Fourth, still less with the robust meals of a huntsman.” The Seer does, indeed, allow that delicate appetites may be stimulated a little, till regularity and exercise put them in better order, nor has he a syllable to utter against the “innocencies of honeys and marmalades.” But he insists that strong meats of a morning are only for those who take strong exercise, or those who have made up their minds to defy the chances of gout and corpulence, or the “undermining pre-digestion of pill taking.”† Sir Walter was not one of those Modern Athenians who swelled the cockoo cry of Cockney! at any and everything uttered by a Hunt, a Hazlitt, or a Keats. But he would certainly have looked more blank than bland, more blue than blithe, at Leigh Hunt’s breakfast bill of fare.

The mildest criticism we can imagine him to have passed on such a programme would be, that a bread-and-butter breakfast was fit only for a bread-and-butter miss. He was of the *Jack Careless*, or country squire type, in this respect, rather than of the *Tremaine*, or Man of Refinement breed. When honest Jack Careless comes to breakfast, uninvited and unexpected, with his polished and rather priggish neighbour,—the latter orders that meal to be prepared forthwith, and, asking the squire what he prefers, observes by the way, or by way of hint, “I myself drink chocolate, and can recommend it to you as the right Spanish.” “I would rather it were English,” cries Jack, “and think Sir Hans Sloane’s no bad thing; however, I trust, whatever it is, that the proper staple of a Yorkshire breakfast is to be the foundation.” At this, Tremaine looks inquiringly—with a sort of *plait-il?* expression. Careless explains: “I’m

* Rides in the Pyrenees, by S. Bunbury.

† The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed, No. IX.

sorry you don't understand me, for I mean cold beef, or good pigeon pie."* And Tremaine has to give the necessary orders. Mr. Samuel Slick, visiting this country in the capacity of attaché, is even less ceremonious on the animal food question, though, in his case, there is a supply of it within reach. But Mr. Slick won't admit it to be "within reach," since not even by making a long arm can he help himself as he would, but must, forsooth, get off his seat, and travel to the sideboard. We forget whether that real personage, Mr. Willis, was an attaché, too, at the time of his peregrinations through Great Britain, some years previously; but he, at any rate, approved of the national arrangements as regards the breakfast-table—of course under ducal and baronial roofs. This time he is at a Duke's. "Breakfast in England," reports the Penciller, "is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me [too sensitive, susceptible, self-conscious Penciller!]. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes [it is at G—— Castle, far north], marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable than the whole tone of the meal."† Now Mr. Slick, as we have said, that other guess sort of attaché,—who has not, however, the good fortune to breakfast at the Duke of G——'s,—quarrels, as we have said, with the sideboard system. "The English don't do nothin' like other folks," he complains; "I don't know whether it's affectation, or bein' wrong in the head—a little of both, I guess. Now, where do you suppose the solid part of breakfast is, squire? Why, it's on the sideboard—I hope I may be shot if it ain't—well, the tea and coffee are on the table, to make it as unconvenient as possible.—Sais I, to the lady of the house, as I got up to help myself, for I was hungry enough to make beef ache, I know. 'Aunty,' sais I, 'you'll excuse me, but why don't you put the eatables on the table, or else put the tea on the sideboard?' They're like man and wife, they don't ought to be separated, them two.'—She looked at me, oh what a look of pity it was, as much as to say, 'Where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that?—but I guess you don't know better in the States—how could you know anything there?' But she only said it was the custom here, for she was a very purlite old woman, was Aunty.—Well, sense is sense, let it grow where it will, and I guess we raise about the best kind, which is common sense, and I warn't to be put down with short metre, arter that fashion. So I tried the old man; sais I, 'Uncle,' sais I, 'if you will divorce the eatables from the drinkables that way, why not let the sarvants come and tend? It's monstrous unconvenient and ridicilous to be jumpin' up for everlastinly that way; you can't sit still one blessed minit.'—'We think it pleasant,' said he, 'sometimes to dispense with their attendance.'—'Exactly,' sais I; 'then dispense with sarvants at dinner, for when the wine is in, the wit is out, and they hear all the talk. But at breakfast every one is only half awake. Folks are considerably sharp set at breakfast,' sais I, 'and not very talkative.

* Tremaine, by R. P. Ward, vol. i. ch. xxxi.

† Pencillings by the Way, vol. iii. letter xxiii.

That's the right time to have sarvants to tend on you.'"* Which of the two Attachés has the best taste we shall not inquire; we know which of them makes the best companion.

It is a pretty picture their countryman, Mr. Hawthorne, draws on his native soil (of which, too, it is racy), of a little breakfast-table, set for three, in the old house of the seven gables. The vapour of the broiled fish rises like incense from the shrine of a barbarian idol, while the fragrance of the Mocha is such as might have gratified the nostrils of a tutelary Lar, or whatever power has scope over a modern breakfast-table. "Phoebe's Indian cakes were the sweetest offering of all—in their hue befitting the rustic altars of the innocent and golden age—or, so brightly yellow were they, resembling some of the bread which was changed to glistening gold, when Midas tried to eat it. The butter must not be forgotten—butter which Phoebe herself had churned, in her own rural home . . . smelling of clover blossoms, and diffusing the charm of pastoral scenery through the dark-panelled parlour."† Nor should the flowers be forgotten—arranged in a glass pitcher, which, having long ago lost its handle, was so much the fitter for a flower-vase—while the early sunshine, "as fresh as that which peeped into Eve's bower, while she and Adam sat at breakfast there," came twinkling through the branches of the pear-tree, and brightened up that sombre room—*made* sunshine in that shady place.

Leigh Hunt is strenuous for flowers on the breakfast-table:—a whole nosegay, if you can get it—or but two or three—or a single flower—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy;—something at any rate on your table that reminds you of the beauty of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honour. "Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet, on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table—morning, we believe, noon, and night; that is to say at all his meals." The *Essayist* liked flowers on a morning table because they are specially suitable to the time. They look, he says, like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; he sees in them the representations and embodiments of the very smile of one's home, the graces of its good morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves, or those about us; some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.

"Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb-market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay, always, beautiful, particularly in spring, when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty, and indeed

Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none."‡

* The Attaché, vol. i. ch. ii.

† The House of the Seven Gables, ch. vii.

‡ Leigh Hunt: Breakfast in Summer.

With what a relish William Hazlitt, in his old days, recalls the morning he spent with Coleridge (each of them

In Life's morning march, when his bosom was young)

at the little inn at Linton, after that long walk of theirs, for miles and miles, on dark brown heaths overlooking the Channel, with the Welsh hills beyond—how they “breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlour, on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the very sight of the beehives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers that had produced it.”* In this room it was that the travellers found a little worn-out copy of the “Seasons,” lying in a window-seat, on seeing which Coleridge exclaimed, “*That is true fame!*”

Our space is out; but the breakfast-things must not be cleared away: we shall use them for another set-to, even though that may not be until the first of next month.

SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL.†

DENMARK and JUTLAND are lands of legend and romance. Historic and even pre-historic monuments abound in them: barrows and tumuli are seen in almost every landscape, and the dreaded Vikings of old have left their mark upon the country. The manor-houses and castles of a later, yet ancient time, rise in every direction, and the memorials of bygone families linger on many a site. With so many visible monuments of former days around them, it is no wonder that the Danes live much in the past and cherish the memory of their own proud history.

The natural features of the Danish isles and Jutland are not less remarkable than the historical. Blue lakes and green woods diversify the wide plains in many parts of the country, and form a picturesque contrast to its tracts of moss and heather. The land is for the most part fertile; and the country generally (Lolland in particular) is famous for fair pleasure-grounds. The forests are gorgeous in their autumnal tints, but Denmark is especially the country of the spring. Most of the considerable towns (such as Elsinore, for example) are adorned by charming walks; cheerful villages and country-houses enliven the shores of the Sound; distant objects of interest are seen on the horizon, and beyond a foreground of well-kept gardens, bright with flowers, gleam the blue waters of the sea.

Then, too, everything in Denmark seems to have a well-to-do and prosperous air: the very *physique* of the people proclaims it, and eighteen stone, or thereabouts, is set down as the weight of the full-grown Jutlander.

* Hazlitt's *Winterslow Essays*: “My First Acquaintance with Poets.”

† *A Residence in Jutland, the Danish Isles, and Copenhagen.* By HERACE MURRAY. Two vols. London: Murray. 1860.

Poverty is not seen; the lower classes are well-cared for and appear contented; and the inhabitants of the towns of Jutland, in conjunction with the authorities, do everything that can be done to make the towns desirable abodes for all classes, so that the poorest of the people enjoy advantages unknown in the overgrown manufacturing towns of England. Among the wild scenery of Hammershuus, in the remote island of Bornholm, more is done for the healthful dwelling and the out-of-door enjoyment of the people than is dreamed of in any of our wealthy centres of manufacturing industry, for in those English towns, too commonly, a sordid utilitarian aspect marks the culpable selfishness of the prosperous classes, the apathy of municipal bodies, and the absence of taste and public spirit.

Amongst the middle class of Danes, the author of the volumes before us sees, in their household arrangements, a refinement seldom to be met with in other countries; and in these "rambles beyond railways" he found civility and attention everywhere, and no illustrations of the old proverb that "Travellers find many inns, but few friends." The case may be otherwise some ten years hence, when the country comes to be intersected by railroads, and opened to wider intercourse with the rest of the world. When steam-boats shall navigate the chain of lakes, upon whose placid waters the Vikings of bygone days bore the spoils of Gaul and England, and when Silkeborg shall have become the Birmingham of Jutland, simplicity of manners will probably disappear, together with the otter which now abounds in the streams, and with salmon—now so plentiful, that in Randers town (as formerly at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and some other places in England) the employer is prohibited from feeding his apprentice with it more than once a week. The improvement of agriculture, however, and the consequent enrichment of proprietors, only wait a better development of the natural resources of the country, and already mosses are beginning to be reclaimed and railways to be made.

The quiet old-world towns of Jutland must afford a striking contrast to the commercial activity of Hamburg, from which the writer of "A Residence in Jutland and the Danish Isles" started for his northern *séjour*, where the new streets, arcades, and buildings that have risen since the great fire, vie with Paris in their new-born magnificence. On his way to the sea-baths of Travemünde, he paced the shady walks, under fragrant limes, that are formed on the ancient ramparts of Lubec, whose tall unstraight church-spires, old gateways, and houses that threaten to topple over, are seen on the opposite side of the river Trave; and then, at the table d'hôte of Travemünde, he was waited on by buxom attendants, *décolletés*, under a summer sun, at two o'clock, and displaying feet, good solid and useful for common purposes, and capable of carrying them with ease even when they weigh sixteen stone.

Without following a given route, we may conveniently group together the châteaux and the historic sites of feudal ages that seem best deserving of notice.

The grim old castle of Sonderborg, once the residence of the Slesvig dukes, partakes in the decay of the capital of the ancient duchy; but though fallen from its high estate, Slesvig is still memorable as the mother-town of early Christianity in this land. Another castle—that of

Kolding, one of the most ancient in Jutland, called formerly Ornsborg (Eagle's Castle)—fell a prey to fire during the occupation of Bernadotte (every edifice in Denmark, royal or plebeian, seems fated to be destroyed, sooner or later, by fire), but the keep is remarkable for being still surmounted by two stone figures of warriors, resembling those found on some of the border towers of Scotland, and also at Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland. The châteaux of the duchy of Holstein are substantial quadrangular buildings, surrounding a large court which has a green plot in the centre bordered by limes. The entrance is under a *porte-cochère*. In front is the large, heavy schloss, with a huge portico supported by Corinthian or Ionic columns; and this is flanked by two stupendous buildings with high-pitched roofs, each as large as the abbey church of Malvern, which are used for storing the farm produce, implements, and stock. The live stock in cows on these domains is something enormous: *ex. gr.*, the Countess Rantzau rejoices in four hundred and eighty cows, and in some of the great dairies hundreds of pounds of butter are produced in one forenoon. These useful animals, by the way, are called "cows" by the Jutland peasant; but this is not the only thing in sound and sight to remind the English traveller of home: many expressions of the peasantry might pass for Yorkshire speech; the horses resemble the Yorkshire breed, and the sheep are the English "Southdown;" even the lofty stone monuments (dolmens) that are scattered over the country are called "Stonehenge" by the peasants. Some of the country residences are kept up, too, in a style that would not disgrace an English mansion.

Count Friis lives in Friisenborg, a château surrounded by a moat and horse-chesnuts of splendid growth—a quaint old building, flanked by antiquated towers. But the whole castle, excepting the stone foundation, is in a coat of whitewash, for the most respectable old red-brick is ruthlessly whitewashed in Denmark. At Katsholm we have the story of a Danish Whittington. An unjust man died, and his youngest son, on receiving his share, put his money to the water-ordeal, knowing that what was unjustly got would sink and the rest would float. A farthing only floated, and with it he bought a cat, which with her kittens he took to a foreign land where cats were unknown, and with the fortune realised from the progeny of his cat, returned to Jutland, and built the castle of Katsholm. The castle of Kronborg has many a souvenir of interest to English readers. Here was celebrated the marriage by proxy of James VI. of Scotland with the youthful Princess Anne, daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark; and tales are current of the drinking-bouts of Prince Christian and the bridegroom. The ramparts of Kronborg are described as being *par excellence* the locality for Shakspeare's ghost-scene in "Hamlet," but the romance of Kronborg is over. A propos to "Hamlet," it may be mentioned that our author gives some illustrations of the story of the Prince of Denmark. A grassy mound that would be called in England a Danish camp goes by the name of Amleth's Castle, and he lies buried under a lofty tumulus that bears his name. At Rosenholm there are many memorials of the Rosenkrantz family. Amongst the portraits is one of Erik, the youthful ambassador at the pseudo-court of Cromwell, to whom he ought to have said, if he did not really say, when the ill-mannered "Protector" scoffed at a beardless

minister, "If my sovereign had known it was a beard you required, he could have sent you a goat: at any rate, my beard is of older date than your Protectorate!"

Among the families ennobled are many of Scottish descent, whose ancestors settled in Denmark during the middle ages, but there is no trace of an Irish settler. The St. Clairs stand first on the list, and appear in councils of the kingdom in the fourteenth century. Near Helsingborg is "Hamilton House," the residence of Count Hamilton, a Swedish nobleman descended from one of the Scottish soldiers of fortune who joined the banner of Gustavus Adolphus, and at the end of the Thirty Years' War adopted Sweden. At Faareveile, by the tranquil waters of the fiord, on a little promontory jutting into the sea, we are at the burial-place of a Scottish nobleman of greater fame and darker fortunes; for within the walls of the little whitewashed, gabled church are the mortal remains of the Earl of Bothwell, who died a prisoner in the castle of Draxholm (dragon's isle). This moated pile, which formerly belonged to the bishops of Roeskilde, later merged in the barony of Adelsborg. Bothwell's prison is now the wine-cellar of the castle. The mummy-like corpse of the earl is shown in the vault of Faareveile. He appears to have been of middle height, with a forehead not expansive, and head wide at the back of the skull, and his hair seems to have been red, mixed with grey; his cheek-bones high and prominent, nose somewhat hooked, and hands and feet well shaped and small. Had Bothwell in his stormy life selected a spot marked by quiet and repose in death, he could hardly have found in all Christendom a resting-place more calm and peaceful.

An English traveller in Denmark is struck by the large number of portraits of our royal Stuarts that are found in its portrait-galleries, but the fact that the mother of Charles I., the light-hearted Anne, was a Danish princess, of course sufficiently accounts for their presence. At the palace of Frederiksborg in particular, there is a most interesting series of portraits of the royal house of England. At Rosenborg the English visitor sees with great interest a princess of the present reigning family of England stand out brightly among the less refined specimens of German royalty. The portrait preserved in that castle of Queen Louisa, daughter of George II., and wife of Frederick V., must be a charming one.

Rostgaard, the only other castle we have room to mention, one of the most beautiful residences in the vicinity of Elsinore, derives some interest from the story of Kirstine, the Danish Penelope, the fair and youthful wife of Hans Rostgaard, who was lord of the castle in 1659. Becoming involved in a plot against the Swedes when their officers held Kronborg, he had to fly from his home, and deceived his enemies into the belief that he had been killed. The rich and pretty widow (for widow she was supposed to be) dared not reveal her husband's existence, and attracted the addresses of all the Swedish officers who were quartered at the manor-house, and who respected her property only because each of them hoped that it might in time become his own. When pressed by the most ardent of her suitors, she pleaded her recent widowhood, and, true to "The Wife's Secret," begged for time, and then coquetted so cleverly that each individual of the corps imagined himself to be the favoured one. At length a year elapsed, and peace was signed; she then made them a profound reverence,

thanked them for the consideration they had shown to her goods and chattels, and reintroduced to them her resuscitated husband.

The churches of Denmark and Jutland have some peculiar features, and many of these edifices are of considerable antiquity, but the materials of which most of them are built—a mixture of granite, sandstone, and brick-work—does not give them an attractive appearance. Eight round churches are enumerated: the most perfect is that at Thorsager, built, it is said, upon the site of a temple of Thor, and the edifice appears to be of an earlier date than the twelfth century. The original part of the building is circular, and massive piers support the vaulted roof. At Veile, a city of ancient lineage, where some of the fairest scenery of the old Jutland province begins, the church had our Canute for its founder; and a figure, black like a statue carved in oak fresh from the bogs of Hibernia, is shown as the body of Queen Gunhild, and is stated to have been translated thither from the morass in which she was buried. Her dress and hair are shown in the Museum of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, and eight centuries have not effaced from the woollen wrapper that enveloped the body the square pattern of a “shepherd’s plaid” tartan. The Domkirk of Ribe, one of the most ancient cities of Jutland, is described not only as the great lion of the place, but as the finest church in the country. The interior presents some good architecture in what may be called the Norman style, but, in truth, the Romanesque of these northern churches is a style apart from that known in England, France, or Germany. The cathedral in the ancient city of Viborg is a sort of Westminster Abbey of the province, for the remains of many sovereigns repose in its round-arched crypt. On the site of Viborg, the chief sacrifices to Odin were solemnised in pagan times, and here the Danish sovereigns were elected for the provinces of Jutland. In later times the city boasted as many churches as York, besides convents, friaries, and wondrous relics. The abbey church of Sorø contains some interesting monuments, beginning with the sepulchral stone of Olaf, King of Norway and Denmark, and artistically culminating in the recumbent figures of Christian II. and his queen Euphemia. The king’s effigy resembles that of Edward II. in Gloucester Cathedral: he is arrayed in royal robes, his hair flowing long, his beard pointed after the fashion of our early Plantagenets, and his head is encircled by the crown. There are also some interesting royal monuments in the cathedral church of Roskilde, the time-honoured city which gives a patronymic to the Rothschild family, who, according to Mr. Marryat, emigrated from Denmark in the last century, and assumed as a surname the name of their ancestral birthplace. Here, too, is the monument of Queen Margaret, who first united under one sceptre the three Scandinavian kingdoms, and her effigy fitly represents the great queen recumbent, with eyes closed and hands meekly clasped, as if awaiting the day of judgment—a curious contrast to the martial gaze and impatient expression of Christian IV. in Thorwaldsen’s bronze statue, a figure as little suited to a church as most of the statues of statesmen and heroes that crowd Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s.

The church epitaphia of the country must be curiosities. The oval medallion portrait common in the Duchies gives place at Rendsburg to a representation of scriptural subjects. One of these monuments was set up by a man whose three wives died before him, and as they had proved

(as it would appear) no comfort to him, he has signalled at once his scriptural zeal and his marital resentment by a representation of the Last Judgment, in which they are placed among the condemned. The church of Eekernfiord is described as resembling an old curiosity-shop in its strange collection of all kinds of monuments, commemorating as well armed knights and high-born ladies as substantial burghers and their (too) fruitful spouses, and in its queer latticed pews, which are piled up anywhere and anyhow; some are like a sedan-chair, and made to contain one person; others are large enough to hold families as numerous as the family of Jacob; and the church keys are of such size and ponderosity that the mace of the Lord Mayor and the state weapons of the Christ Church poker-bearers are ramrods in comparison.

"What families," exclaims Mr. Marryat, "people had in the days of these antiquated tombs! I may add, what a number of wives! If you closely examine the epitaphia you may take as an average three to a family of sixteen children; sons ranged on one side behind the father, daughters behind the mother, and the babes who died in infancy spread out on cushions in front, done up in swaddling-clothes, the father and mother always dressed with the greatest decorum."*

Bornholm is remarkable for churches of blue marble; and in the church at Aarkirkeby one of the most remarkable sculptured fonts in Europe may be seen. At Nalborg, on the Liimfiord, there is a circular antique font of sculptured granite. Mr. Marryat says the date 1166 is visible upon it, and that cherubim, with faces as broad as a Wiltshire cheese, are carved upon it; but in the twelfth century fonts were not dated, and the vulgarities familiarised to us by English Churchwardenism and monumental masonry, were not perpetrated in the middle ages.

But from silent churches and monuments let us pass to the picturesque and peopled city of Copenhagen (Merchants' Haven), and its beautiful environs, foremost among which is Lyngby—described as another Vale of Tempe—where, in early May, the peasants bring in baskets full of little nosegays, formed of the lilac flowers of the *Primula farinosa*; and Marienlyst, where an English princess, Philippa, Queen of Denmark, sister of the hero of Agincourt, founded a Carmelite nunnery, to which a royal villa succeeded that has become a sort of Chelsea Hospital. The canals bring ships to the heart of Copenhagen. Its municipal privileges date from 1254, but not many houses of ancient date or historic interest remain in the city. It is pleasant to know, however, that the residence of Tycho Brahe—the northern luminary of his age—a heavy-looking, old, red-brick house, with massive stone window-copings, is still preserved. The Palace of Christianborg, by which Frederick VI. replaced the edifice built by Queen Sophia Madalena, is not as useless as unsightly, for, besides the state apartments, it harbours the two Chambers of Parliament, the gallery of pictures, and the royal library.

The first idea of establishing the University of Copenhagen is attributed to Erik the Pomeranian, the royal spouse of Philippa, sister of our Henry V. Art and archæology, as well as literature, have their homes

* The Danes wore armour later than other nations; hence the monument of the nobleman who, in 1740, was ambassador to the Empress Catherine, represents him in armour.

in Copenhagen: the Thorwaldsen Museum contains a most interesting collection of the works of the great Danish sculptor; and the Museum of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, the formation of which has been achieved in little more than forty years, is not only a wonderful treasure-house, but fosters a national taste for the preservation of historical antiquities. The director of the museum happened to be able to give Mr. Marryat an example which could hardly have been anticipated. Seeing in the Ethnographical department three soldiers in blue, who, catalogue in hand, were examining the collection, he remarked that twenty years ago no soldier would have thought of quitting his beer-shop to visit a collection of art, and off he went to explain the contents of the cabinet to his humble visitors.

The implements of the remote period known as the Age of Bronze, which are brought together in the Scandinavian collection, appear to belong to a period previous to the birth of Christ; and they are attributed to a nomadic Oriental tribe, a small-limbed race, who settled in Denmark, but had no connexion with their predecessors. And—*à propos* to this—it is curious to remark that in the island of Fano (nearly opposite the little seaport of Hjerting, whence in summer a steamer bears beeves destined for the all-devouring London market) the young girls are described to have quite an Oriental type of countenance, with long eyes and dark complexions; the women who tend the cows or work in the fields wear a black mask, and the place adheres to old customs and old habits, and is supposed to have remained stationary for a thousand years—things that are very suggestive of the people and customs of an Eastern land. In this island, by the way, the womankind wear an indefinite number, from seven upwards, of substantial woollen petticoats of various colours—a bride once wore thirteen!

Even in the remote "Age of Bronze" the ladies appear to have possessed the requisites of the work-table, scissors excepted. The museum contains many needles in bone and in bronze, but some have the eye pierced in the centre. A pin or brooch, for fastening the dress or plaid, is described as precisely similar to the pins and brooches of the Scottish Highlands.

Among the antiquities of later periods preserved in this most interesting museum, drinking-horns of glass and of bone are found; and the collection formerly contained two golden horns, which were accidentally discovered—the one in 1639, and the other in 1737—in the same locality, and were valued respectively at 500*l.* and 450*l.** The mosses, or morasses, and the tumuli of the country (the island of Samsø alone is a very Kensal-green of the early Scandinavian era) seem to hold golden treasures in their dark oblivion: thus, three gold armlets of beautiful workmanship, now in the museum—for in Denmark no pernicious law of treasure-trove consigns such treasures to the melting-pot—were found in an ancient grave at Buderupholm.

Accident has likewise disclosed many a hoard of coins. The Vikings, who settled on the eastern shores of England in the ninth and tenth cen-

* These valuable objects were, unfortunately, stolen from the museum, and upon the event a funeral elegy was written, of so touching a character, as Mr. Marryat facetiously remarks, that it brought tears to the eyes of all antiquaries.

turies, coined money; but coin appears to have been first struck in Denmark in the reign of Svend, father of Canute, about the year 1000; and the first decent coinage Denmark ever possessed was that of Erik the Pomeranian. Large quantities of foreign coins have been discovered in various places—Cufic, Byzantine, Roman, German, and Anglo-Saxon, together with rings and bars of silver and gold, and beads and ornaments, gold-embossed, and apparently of Byzantine origin. Beads of glass, coloured and mosaic, probably likewise of Eastern manufacture, are also found. Mr. Marryat does not attempt to explain the occurrence of such exotic objects in Denmark; but it is to be remembered that Northern Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, and even Angles, flocked by land through Russia to Constantinople in the tenth century, and took service in the imperial guard; and pure Old-Northern names occur in Byzantine writings. Northmen were ambassadors to the Greek emperors, and in those early times were much brought in contact with the East, which in ages still more remote had been the Northmen's home.

Their love of change and wandering seems afterwards to have lived in the old Viking spirit of the Danes, and now their descendants, no longer seeking adventures beyond the seas, and circumscribed in the area for their wanderings, indulge a last remnant of the native restlessness by frequently changing their abodes. The Copenhagen people are stated by Mr. Marryat to flit twice a year from one street of their capital to another! When ill, even the higher classes can rent rooms in the splendid hospital of Frederick V., and enjoy all the medical advantages of the establishment, without deranging or endangering their homes.

Under the fostering care of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries (which has the king himself for its president), the national antiquities are now so well cared for in Denmark, that one reads with astonishment of the highly disrespectful treatment of the public records in the archaeologically dark age of Frederick V. That monarch, wishing to celebrate the marriage of Prince Christian by a grand display of fireworks, and paper for their fabrication not being accessible, is stated to have ordered all towns and conventual bodies to forward their archives to Copenhagen. Thereupon records arrived in cart-load after cart-load, obediently forwarded by their unsuspecting custodians, and were sacrificed in a holocaust of royal fireworks.

The folk-lore of the country and the ancient customs still observed are but incidentally noticed in Mr. Marryat's lively pages, but he mentions a few curious particulars. On one of the highest points of Zealand there is a blackened stone, on which the peasants light a bonfire on the eve of St. John—a relic (of course) of a very early pagan custom. The sunset-bell always rings as the sun goes down, recalling the ancient Curfew of Normandy and England still rung in some cathedral towns. At Liss-lund—a place whose quiet and repose is seldom broken save by the little rural fête at harvest-home, the church-bells "ring up the sun" (as the expression goes) and "ring it down" again; and, in the midst, nine distinct strokes are given, one for the Paternoster, seven for the seven separate petitions of the Lord's Prayer, and a loud booming ninth proclaims Amen. Nowhere are the good old Christmas customs more pleasantly observed than in Jutland. Even the little birds of the air are not forgotten, for a small wheatsheaf is laid in the garden over-night on

Christmas-eve in order that they also may eat and rejoice. The peasants believe that at midnight on Christmas-eve the cattle all rise together and stand upright; and, on that day, the cows and horses, and the watch-dog in particular, are fed with the best of everything by these reverent, simple-minded, tradition-loving people. From the 24th of December to the New Year, no one works, and all the young people dance; but the new year—at least in Bornholm—is not danced in: it is *shot* in, for every one who can obtain fire-arms discharges them at his neighbours' windows by way of wishing a happy new year. On the festival of the Three Kings, a candle of three wicks is burnt in every house.

Some of the superstitions, too, are noticeable. Second sight is as common in Jutland as in the Scottish Highlands, and is much believed in for the foretelling of fire. The huge Black Dog that haunts the ruined church of Skamm, quite recalls the famous "spectre-hound of Man." Fairies of course, and the much less amiable trolls, seem to stand beside you everywhere. The trolls, however, are not invariably mischievous beings, and fortunately they can transform themselves only into maimed animals: thus his Satanic Majesty himself affects the form of a rat, but never can grow any tail. Superstition thrives in Falster—witness the custom of casting a pail of water behind, when a corpse leaves the door, so that no ghost may appear in the house.

There are relics of strange customs connected with church-going: *ea. gr.* Christian V. placed "the yawning-stocks" at every church-door (the village stocks, though remaining in some places, are, as in this country, quite out of fashion), and in them the preacher's victims, when convicted of a second offence, had to stand with open mouth. Upon this, the people tried to protect themselves by going when the sermon was half over, for the early Lutheran clergy loved the sound of their own voices; but the authorities were a match for them, and placed the late comers in the stocks all the same. Then folks went early, and took refuge in sleep, but thereupon the churchwardens were charged to go round and stir them up continually. At length an hour-glass was fixed by the side of every pulpit. People go to christenings, at all events, merrily enough, for on a Sunday morning a *stahl-wagen* may be seen to drive by, carrying a party of old-fashioned Jutlanders to the ceremony, and a musician with distended cheeks, playing vigorously on a *flageolet*, sits by the driver.

Carriages appear to have been considered a luxury in Denmark down to a date as late as the last half of the seventeenth century. It would seem that even in England the use of coaches cannot be carried more than a century further back, that is to say, not beyond the time of Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel. Buckingham, King James's favourite, introduced sedan-chairs and the use of six horses for his coach—a novelty which then excited some wonder, and was taken as a mark of his extravagant pride. Such of the citizens of Copenhagen as could not afford to keep horses, were likewise carried about in sedan-chairs; and there was an Italian who contracted to supply the town with them.

This article has extended to so great a length, that we can only notice very briefly, in conclusion, some of the natural features of Jutland and the Danish isles. That the waters are retiring on the Liimfjord, there

can be no doubt: the names and the stranded appearance of such places as Tranders-holm and Eng-holm attest the fact; and the Mayor of Aalborg (Eel Castle) told Mr. Marryat that the bed of a little lake in which he used to fish eighteen years before was then cultivated land, although no process of draining had been resorted to. On the other hand, there are vast bogs, or mosses, the result of some ancient inundation of the sea, which have been reclaimed by draining, and in which the plough uncovers urns of black Jutland pottery with the zig-zag ornament, and containing bones. The draining of the Sjorring Lake is looked forward to by antiquarians as that of a Jutland Tiber. Level lands so open to the sea are of course particularly liable to be overwhelmed by the sands and the salt waves. What is now a plain of driving sand, was in living memory one of the most fertile meadows in Jutland; and in many wild mosses now inhabited only by the swarthy gipsy and the lapwing, ruins of cottages and remains of furnaces are found, and weapons are uncovered by the turf-cutters—memorials of a civilisation that the spot once knew, but which has long passed away.

The naturalist finds much to interest him in Jutland. Wolves do not exist there now, any more than in England, but they seem to have lingered in Jutland to a later period than they did even in Scotland, for, towards the middle of the last century, it was a common thing to hear of their destroying cattle and doing other damage. The last wolf is said to have been killed only fifty years ago. Christian V. signalised his energy against wild-boars no less than against yawning Sermon-hearers, and is said to have killed sixteen of the former animals in one day's chase in 1671, but they are now quite extinct. In the manor of Asdal, great forests once stood, and lately the horns and bones of the wild buffalo and the elk, races long since extinct in Jutland, have been dug up. The storks arrive about old May-day (May 13). It must be curious to behold one of their gatherings before they take flight on the approach of winter. A friend of the author saw an assembly of four hundred perched on the eaves of farm-buildings in Zealand: the whole flock appeared to be mustered for inspection and review; and the aged and weakly being separated and pecked to death, the rest took their flight for Egypt. The birds are found to be quite right in their anticipation of summer, for vegetation suddenly breaks forth in a few days after their arrival. The larger falcon tribe abound. Everywhere in Denmark the swallow is a privileged bird; its nests are respected and preserved wheresoever built; and the reason given is, that the swallow was the most blessed of the three birds that came to our Saviour's cross. The Bohemian wax-wing (*Bombacilla garrula*), called in Denmark "silk-tail," a bird of sober plumage, with a beautiful little yellow tail, is stated to visit Denmark only once in seven years. It never lays its eggs farther south than Lapland.

When the birds of spring have collected, and rich verdure waves above the carpet of moss; when "the fresh green earth is strewed with the first flowers that lead the vernal dance," and the lily of the valley, the Solomon's-seal, the hepatica, and other wild flowers, gem the woods, the country must be charming, and as attractive to the lover of nature as its old historic sites must prove to the gatherer of history and legend.

W. S. G.

CHANT FOR LITTLE MARY.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

TRUANT gay was little Mary
 When she cheated love and care,
 Lithe and light as any fairy,
 Glancing through her golden hair,
 In a tangled shining ravel
 Floating on the summer air :
 Waxen-cheeked, and warm, and rosy,
 Round of limb, and fleet, and strong,
 Tossing high her wild-flower posy,
 Chiming forth some rhyming song,
 So I last saw little Mary,
 White-robed now in grave-clothes long.
 Do they fear that she should waken ?
 For her mother shades the light,
 When into that room forsaken
 Tearfully she steals at night.
 Do they fear the wind should chill her ?
 For they draw the curtains round—
 That a voice with pain should thrill her ?
 For their words in whispers sound,
 And they tread with noiseless footsteps,
 As if that were holy ground.
 Never wave off sea of sorrow
 Destined is o'er her to roll ;
 Time will never bring the morrow
 Fraught with sadness for her soul.
 Often through my hours unwary,
 Twilight hours of dreamy thought,
 Visions glide of little Mary,
 In a trance from Hades brought ;
 Luminous her outline airy,
 Brow and limb and shroud have caught
 Majesty and pomp angelic,
 Wondrous is the death-change wrought !
 Came she, between lilies lighted,
 Fragrant lamps of whitest flame,
 While this dawn was yet benighted,
 And I called her by her name ;
 Though she gazed with eyes delighted,
 Voice of human love she slighted,
 From her lips no answer came !
 And when sunrise glowed before her,
 The retreating shadows bore her
 Through the distance none may measure,
 Deeps and heights we may not pass,
 Till we're changed, like little Mary,
 Where none weep nor cry Alas !
 Till we yield the atoms borrowed
 For the weary frames we wear,
 For the house in which we've sorrowed,
 From the teeming earth and air ;
 Till we glide, as light electric,
 Free for ever, everywhere !

A REAL AMERICAN.

THE man whose life-history forms the subject of this paper appeared for a while predestined to change the destinies of Central America. William Walker, the filibuster, however, met his death, and the central provinces of America have for the present fallen back into their old hopeless and stagnant condition. The nations that inhabit these districts, so richly endowed by nature, can vegetate without any fear of disturbance, for their worst foes are busily engaged in settling their own private matters with fire and sword, and for a season must give up their ardent aspirations for conquest and annexation.

The assertion of the Americans that the whole continent must become theirs, whose realisation the celebrated Monroe theory strove to ensure against any interposition of the European powers, appears, in fact, merely to express a law of nature, which must be accomplished sooner or later. While the primitive denizens are yielding to the power of progressive civilisation, and gradually disappearing from the face of the globe, without leaving a trace of their existence, the descendants of the Spanish Conquistadors appear devoted to a moral death, the more certain the more they have mingled their blood with that of the natives. The colonies that formerly belonged to Spain have, since their emancipation, sufficiently proved that they are incapable of producing independent constitutions or even keeping up those imitated from Europe. Although the Spanish system of colonisation was anything rather than good, the state of things in the Spanish colonies—especially since the end of the last century, when the mother country found itself compelled to make concessions to the spirit of the age—was enviable as compared with the present. One military revolt now follows the other, effected by a few ambitious leaders, who strive to attain dictatorial power, until they are in their turn amenable to the same fate that befel their predecessors. The name of the despot may change, but the system remains the same; and in the permanent contest the coarsest ambition is the solitary motive. A man who possesses money, and through it influence, collects some soldiers or robbers, which are convertible terms in this happy land. This band, then, takes the name of Liberals, Federalists, Unitarians, or whatever title may seem most adapted to circumstances and most opposed to the governing party, and proclaims in tall language its resolution to liberate the oppressed fatherland. In this way it is probably liberated for some months, until another disinterested, renowned, and invincible bandit chief appears once again to save his fatherland, which he generally does by shooting down the ex-liberators, and rewarding his followers with titles, offices, and dignities. Constitution, law, and justice, we need scarce say, are constantly despised and trampled under foot, and justice and law are expected to be handmaidens to the man who possesses influence and power, or contrives to obtain them.

In such a condition of things it is hopeless to look for any progress. Hence it would certainly be desirable to the welfare of civilisation that new life should be infused into this all but dead member of humanity.

So far as our experience extends, we doubt whether these Spanish Creoles, Mulattos, and *Mestizes* possess the power to re-procreate themselves through themselves, or draw themselves from the deep prostration, whose sad aspect is seen at every step taken by the traveller in these states. It appears as if help from without were absolutely necessary, and this help might be the soonest expected from the erratic and enterprising Anglo-Saxon race in North America, which has already managed to fuse so many nationalities into one people. About thirty years ago, the name of the North Americans was so respected in Central America, that an earnest desire for annexation was felt in several of the states, and Honduras voluntarily offered to join the Union. Had, then, William Walker accelerated this Americanising process—had he introduced respect for the law, safety for property, and freedom for the citizen—had he fostered immigration so as to open up the resources of the country, or had he but smoothed the path for such results, his undertaking would not have been decried as filibustering, but recorded in history as an immortal work. The whole civilised world, save in those cases where political prejudices obscured the eyesight and disturbed the judgment, would have followed his career with the liveliest sympathy and hailed his final success with cheers, the more so as he would have improved countries through which a great portion of the commerce of three continents must eventually pass. We do not find, however, that Walker entertained such ideas, or even possessed a consciousness of the part he had it in his power to play.

Walker was not one of those fanatics who are animated by some grand idea, which constantly impels them to action. Such men are not to be found in the country of his birth, and Walker generally possessed qualities that distinguish the American, although some of them were extreme in him. Possessing a cool head and callous heart, full of low selfishness, he made everything the object of crafty calculations, though he more than once discovered that the best calculations may go wrong. But he ever acted unscrupulously in carrying them out, and utterly disregarded the just claims of others. Like his countrymen, especially the Southerners, he had an exorbitant idea of his own powers, which he was fond of expressing in the most absurd boasting. The talents which Walker indubitably possessed, lost their value because they were not combined with a feeling of justice. He possessed qualities, lacking which a man could not even raise himself to the chieftainship of a robber band—energy, personal courage, perseverance, and a most remarkable degree of obstinacy. If these qualities enabled him to achieve robber exploits, and impose on the thieves and rowdies who joined him, still his exploits had none of that poetic lustre which at times gives an aureole of glory to European bandits, and causes them to live in the memory of nations as heroes and martyrs. It is true that Walker at one time was regarded as a useful instrument by the democratic party, and declared by them to be a hero—even a second Washington. But the party soon dropped him, and poured out on him a flood of that abuse in which the New World is so surprisingly inventive. The civilised world looked on with indifference when Walker was shot, because his end was not alone justified by the letter of the law but by the principles of universal morality. Hence his death wants the true tragic element, and higher interests did not follow him to the grave. Even if we agree with Mr. Clayton, who

said in congress that Walker was a ruffian, buccaneer, and pirate, still we are bound to confess that the countries he wished to conquer are so fertile in robbers of home growth, that they have no occasion to import exotic genera.

William Walker's family came originally from Scotland, where his father made a considerable fortune in banking. In 1820 he emigrated to the United States, and settled at Nashville, in Tennessee, where his son William was born in 1824. During his school years a marked propensity for adventure is said to have been perceptible in him. For a time he studied the law, but grew tired of it, and proceeded to New Orleans, where, after a while, he began studying again. After a time, we find him established at Philadelphia as a physician, but he only remained there a short time. He next visited Europe, where he remained for a year, and is said to have studied at Göttingen and Heidelberg. On his return to America, he was appointed one of the editors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and in 1850 proceeded to San Francisco, where he edited the *Herald*. From his editorial sanctum he migrated for several months to prison for publishing libels on a judge. When liberated, he set up as a lawyer at Marysville, California, and secured a valuable practice. In the summer of 1852 he visited Guaymas, in Sonora, at the time when the Count Raousset-Boulbon attempted his unfortunate invasion, in the hope of establishing a new kingdom. This man's undertaking exerted a great influence on Walker, as did Lopez's expedition to Cuba, in spite of the latter and fifty of his men being shot in the marketplace of Havannah. On his return to California, Walker formed the notion of conquering Sonora for himself, and enlisted recruits for the purpose in July, 1853.

We must bear in mind that the scum of society had gathered in California, and it was not till the following year that the vigilance committees, established in all the large towns, removed this scum. Hence, Walker had excellent raw material for his army. The undertaking, however, was frustrated by government, and the ship in which Walker proposed starting was seized on the 15th of October. Walker contrived to escape from San Francisco with his partisans, and landed at the small port of La Paz, in Mexican California. Here he proclaimed the republic of Lower California, and appointed himself president of this new creation. The Mexican troops were defeated near La Paz, Walker's companions receiving no other wounds beyond those inflicted by the cactus thorns. After Walker had captured several towns without difficulty, he declared that Lower California only formed a portion of a larger state he intended to found under the name of the republic of Sonora. Early in 1854 reinforcements of one hundred men, under Colonel Watkins, reached Walker from San Francisco, and on March 20 he set out at the head of exactly one hundred men to conquer Sonora. He started across the mountains to hit the Rio Colorado, but the cattle could not be conveyed across the river, and in this inhospitable country starvation soon stared the invaders in the face. The band suffered terrible privations, and eventually disbanded. Walker, with twenty-five men, fled to St. Thomas, whence he marched along the coast to San Diego, in American California, and surrendered to the frontier officers. He was liberated, however, after pledging his word to go straight to General

Wood at San Francisco, and suffer any punishment that might be inflicted on him for infringing on the laws of neutrality.

After seven months' absence Walker reached San Francisco again, and on trial was honourably acquitted. He then temporarily reverted to his editorial functions, until his attention was directed to Nicaragua, in December, 1854. A company had been formed in San Francisco to establish commercial relations between Eastern Honduras—where it was expected rich gold mines would be found—and the United States. The agent of this company formed the acquaintance of Don Juan Castellon, the provisional dictator of Nicaragua, and head of the democratic party. The latter had, a few months previously, overthrown Don Frate Chamorro, the leader of the aristocrats, who with his beaten army threw himself into the town of Granada, and barricaded himself there. By the advice of this agent a bribe of fifty-two thousand acres was offered Walker to interfere in the quarrel in favour of the democratic party. After the removal of several, especially financial, difficulties, the first expedition of sixty-two men, under Walker's command, sailed from San Francisco on May 4, 1855.

Owing to the disunion in the country, the undertaking, however, looked promising enough. In 1840, General Moragan, with three hundred adventurers, had landed in the Gulf of Nicoya, conquered the republic of Costa Rica, and overthrown the energetic dictator Carillo. Foreign relations were also favourable to Walker's plans of conquest: England, which had hitherto behaved most kindly to the Central American States, partly through their vicinity to her West India islands, partly through jealousy of America, was up to her neck in the Crimean war, while the President of the United States was Franklin Pierce, who the more openly coquetted with filibustering, because the democratic party, which had gained the victory under him, loudly demanded the extension of the Union in their programme. It is true that the United States had pledged themselves, by the Bulwer-Clayton treaty of 1850, "not to occupy, garrison, or colonise any portion of Central America, or to exercise any supremacy over it." But as Walker's enterprise was a private speculation, the United States could look on quietly for a time, until the fruit seemed ripe for plucking.

When Walker reached Nicaragua, Chamorro had regained a large portion of the country, and after his death his commanders carried on the war. On June 1, 1855, Walker landed at Realigo, and proceeded to Leon. The first action took place at Rivas, on the 29th, between 158 men on Walker's side (100 native troops and 58 of Walker's men), and 480 on the side of the enemy. The fight lasted several hours, and the firing of the Americans was so effective that they killed double their own numbers. Shortly after the action began, however, the native troops got into disorder, fled into the woods, and left the fifty-eight Americans to fight it out. Walker occupied a large house, which he held till nightfall, when the enemy succeeded in firing it. Walker was, therefore, compelled to a retreat, in which he lost ten of his men. In spite of the unfortunate result of this action, it had taught the Nicaraguans to feel a respectful fear of the American rifles. The leader of the aristocrats had 180 men killed and wounded, and such figures were unusual in their usually bloodless actions. In a second battle at Virgin Bay, on Lake Nicaragua,

the aristocrats, 540 strong, were utterly defeated by 58 Americans and 120 native troops.

After receiving reinforcements from California, Walker occupied the city of Granada almost without a blow. Corral, the commander of the aristocrats, thereupon fortified Rivas, and negotiations for a peace began, which were brought to a successful result on October 15. Patinio Rivas was appointed provisional dictator, after Walker had declined the honour: his troops, now reduced to 150, would retire to Leon, and Corral only keep up the same force. Walker was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the Republic, while Corral surrendered his guns and ammunition. On October 29 the festival of peace was solemnly kept. Such successes produced so great an excitement in California, that the steamers running fortnightly between San Francisco and San Juan del Sur, constantly brought fresh recruits and ammunition. So great, indeed, was the pressure to join Walker's victorious army, that many of the adventurers actually paid their passage all the way to New York, in order to secure a berth. The stipulated number of 150 men was, consequently, soon exceeded; but Corral, on his side, did not hesitate also to break the treaty he had so recently signed. Letters of his were captured, in which he tried to get up a conspiracy to overthrow the government; he was arrested, tried by a court-martial under Walker's presidency, convicted and shot on November 8, in the market-place of Granada. As Corral had been excessively popular, his violent death did not conciliate the feelings of the people towards the American intruders; but the latter secured their position by the help of new arrivals, both from the Atlantic and the Pacific side. Pizarro, it is true, issued a public warning against joining these armed bodies; and one of the steamers was stopped in New York harbour, and the passengers arrested. Walker's envoy, Colonel French, was not only refused an audience in that capacity, but was imprisoned for trying his hand at recruiting. But all these measures were only intended to save appearances; and so little was done that Walker's army, on March 1, 1856, amounted to 1200 men. All persons who wished to settle on the land received a gratis gift of 250 acres if unmarried, 350 if married.

The journal published in Nicaragua, under the influence of the North American party, was ordered to give the most glowing accounts, and thus keep up an uninterrupted stream of emigrants. According to the editor, Nicaragua was the promised land, the newly-discovered Paradise, the El Dorado, where the true golden age, such as poets described, existed in reality. The most useful plants and most grateful fruit grew there without man's aid; the sky was constantly serene, the temperature equal, and in spite of the vicinity of the equator, refreshed by the breezes from two Oceans: the climate was so healthy, that people lived to be a hundred years of age, and could not help it. In addition to this, the Spanish Creole girls were of angelic beauty and enchanting grace, and displayed a marked preference for the young Yankees, especially for those who served under General Walker's banner. Who could resist such tempting prospects? In New York and in the South the Central American affairs found great sympathy with bankers and speculators. Many formed hopes of a large fortune by purchasing immense estates at an easy rate; others wanted to dig the interoceanic canal through Nicaragua, and then lay claim to the monopoly; while others, again,

dreamed of a new slave state speedily to be incorporated with the Union. Large meetings were held; men and money collected; Walker was declared to be a great man: the disinterestedness with which he had declined the presidency was applauded; he despised power, and only reserved the right of dying for the freedom of Nicaragua. Misunderstood by his native land, publicly branded as a filibuster, he had opposed and defeated all foes within and without. His magnanimity was displayed, too, in his modest bulletins of victory; while not concealing his losses, he passed over his own heroic deeds in silence, and only described those of his comrades. He foresaw that he might succumb to his numerous foes, but he would be glad to shed his blood for freedom: in death he would console himself with the thought that his country would one day reap the fruit of his toil. "We find in Walker," said a banker, who had invested a hundred thousand dollars in the invasion of Nicaragua, "the heart of Washington, with the head and genius of Napoleon." Those persons, however, who had conscientious scruples as to the conquest of Central America, were told that if America did not interpose, the English would have no hesitation in making so facile a conquest.

As the United States government still hesitated in recognising the actual state of things, Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica also declined any diplomatic relations with the new republic. In this they were naturally supported by England, and Costa Rica, indeed, received weapons from that country. After Costa Rica had ignominiously expelled Walker's envoy, Colonel Schlessinger, war was declared. Three thousand Costa Ricans appeared under arms in a few days, and Walker ordered Colonel Schlessinger to advance. This officer, a German Jew, was hated for his violent and despotic character, and was suspected of cowardice. The corps of two hundred and seventy men he commanded consisted of undisciplined recruits from France, Germany, and North America. On March 20th he fought an action at Santa Rosa, in which the Costa Ricans gained a brilliant victory, and Schlessinger escaped a court-martial for cowardice by flight. The Costa Ricans, under the command of Baron von Bulow, advanced northwards, destroyed some villages, and Walker, who had concentrated his troops at Granada, advanced to meet them. Both sides fought bravely and obstinately at Rivas, on April 11th, and both claimed the victory. Walker fell back on Granada, but the Costa Ricans, in spite of their numerical superiority, had the worst of it. They were confined to the mainland, which offered them constant obstacles through its tropical vegetation and swamps, while Walker could advantageously employ the steamers on Lake Nicaragua. At the same time cholera devastated the ranks of the Costa Ricans, and they resolved to return home. The result was, that the other Central American states suspended their armaments.

While the south and west of Nicaragua were the scene of such sanguinary events, important changes seemed preparing in the east. Ever since the seventeenth century the English had laid claim to a great portion of the Atlantic coast known as Mosquitia, and inhabited by a miserable and savage Indian tribe. They had declared this little district a kingdom, and appointed a native prince to reign over it. These rulers naturally had, further than the title and an exceptional red coat, no other prerogative beyond a claim to an unlimited quantity of Jamaica

rum, and, under the influence of this noble liquid, they, with regal liberality, presented large tracts of land to British subjects. When the value of the harbour of San Juan del Norte began to be discovered, the claims of the Mosquito kingdom were extended to this port, and rendered valid by English men-of-war in 1848. The town was then christened Greytown, in honour of the governor of Jamaica at that day. In vain did the inhabitants, after the departure of the English, remove the Mosquito flag; the English returned, forced their way up the San Juan into Lake Nicaragua, and forced a recognition of their claims under the walls of Granada. The American influence, however, soon surpassed that of the English in these parts, and when the Vanderbilt Transport Company selected San Juan del Norte as their Atlantic terminus, the town visibly improved. But the American government sent a man-of-war, in July, 1854, which, under the most frivolous pretexts, bombarded and destroyed the defenceless town.

Various attempts had been made from time to time to found colonies on the lauds given by his Mosquitian majesty, but they failed. The titles were bought, conditionally, by one Kenny, in 1852, and, relying on these, this adventurer turned up at Greytown towards the end of 1854, hoping to follow Walker's example. He proposed to the latter to recognise him as commander-in-chief of the Nicaraguan army, if Walker would recognise him as governor of the Mosquito territory. Walker gave the following answer to the deliverer of the letter: "Tell Mr. Kenny, or Colonel Kenny, or Governor Kenny, or whatever he likes to call himself, that if he interferes in the affairs of Nicaragua, and I get hold of him, I will most assuredly hang him." In September, 1855, Kenny resigned his governorship and appeared at Granada, where he was not hung, however, as he had friends whom Walker did not wish to offend. By a decree of February 8, 1856, the Mosquito coast, with the port of San Juan del Norte, was formally annexed to Nicaragua. In April of the same year, Walker was at the height of his power and fortune: the neighbouring states had given up their hostile position, and by his system of terrorism he had restored peace in his own land. His army was composed of powerful young men, well skilled in the use of the rifle and revolver, and no letters of recommendation or testimonials were required to join his ranks. These fellows, who had probably been put to flight by the police of New York and San Francisco, Walker managed to make tame as lambs. Several of his best officers were Germans.

Walker, who thus appeared secure on all sides, did not shrink from a measure which was not only a crime but a blunder, which brought about the turning-point in his career, and was destined to rob the Central American States of their prospects of civilisation. In 1850, when the trade with California assumed such gigantic proportions, a company was formed at New York, under the auspices of two capitalists,—Vanderbilt and White—for the purpose of cutting a canal through Nicaragua. A treaty was soon made with the government, but, on inspecting the country, it was found that a canal would be too expensive, and hence a transit route was established, running from Greytown to San Juan del Sur, *viâ* the San Juan river and Nicaragua lake. The road was opened in 1852, and, in spite of the competition of the Panama route, large profit was

made. The Nicaragua government demanded, for the privileges it conceded to the accessory Transit Company, ten thousand dollars per annum, and ten per cent. of the gross receipts. In 1855 disputes arose as to the accounts: it was agreed that the matter should be referred to arbitration, when Walker suddenly seized the whole of the company's property, and deprived it of the concession. Walker's government retained the property, estimated to be worth a million of dollars, while the transit privilege was transferred to Edmund Randolph and Co. This Randolph was a San Francisco lawyer, who had backed Walker in his operations in Mexico and Sonora. He was at the same time agent to a large banker in San Francisco, who had advanced Walker considerable sums, and now wished to recoup himself by the transit privilege. It is not surprising to find that the financial operations of Walker's government were not very brilliant: he tried to help himself by high taxes and customs, and the confiscation of the property of his opponents.

It was natural that Walker, by this blow against the Vanderbilt Company, brought the New York capitalists down upon him; and people began to see that any community with the filibuster, as he was now called, was a very hazardous speculation. In spite of these occurrences and the righteous indignation of the New York plutocracy, the Washington cabinet recognised the government of Nicaragua to a certain extent, as President Pierce received his envoy, Father Augustin Vigil, a silly and immoral priest. At the same time, however, Walker lost the sympathies of the Americans, even in the South, where people had hitherto been most enthusiastic in his behalf. A Cuban fugitive, Goicuria, whom he wished to send to England, had a quarrel with him, and in his passion published his correspondence with Walker in the New York papers. In his letters, Walker instructed the Cuban to explain to the British government that he intended to found a mighty Southern federative state, governed on military principles; that was the only way to check the progress of America in a south-eastern direction, and he wished to be assured of the support of the Western powers. These confidential communications, intended for England, in which, moreover, the Northern democrats were described as dirty, disgusting Yankees, and a prospect of a destruction of the Union by the help of the very nation which most jealously watched American progress was hinted at, naturally insulted the national pride of the Americans. It was only the extreme party, which was prepared to extend slavery at the sacrifice of all other interests, that still adhered to Walker.

In the matter of slavery, Walker was certainly irreproachable—a democrat (in the North American sense) of the purest water. In a report which he published about his conduct in Nicaragua, he confesses that his chief objects were to get the land out of the hands of the real owners, and to introduce slavery, “the noblest and most excellent form of civilisation,” as he calls it. With deep regret he alludes to the fact that the founders of the Union were infected by the mania that prevailed in the eighteenth century, that even Washington and Hamilton had yielded to a certain extent to the influence of Rousseau's absurdities about equality and fraternity, and that Jefferson had fostered these ideas just as if they were the fruit of reason and philosophy. It was only recently that the truly beneficial and conservative institution of slavery had been recognised

in the United States, and men had liberated themselves from the pernicious effects of European prejudices. Obedient to these feelings, the import of slaves into Nicaragua was decreed on September 22, 1856.

All this while Vanderbilt was at work in raising fresh enemies, and it was not difficult. Walker had frequently expressed his disgust at the Creoles, and had once compared Central America to a dung-heap, good enough to fertilise new Anglo-American elements. Through this hostile position to the natives, he was foolish enough to make the contest a national one, and hatred of strangers is in the Spaniard a more powerful motive than love of country. Even Rivas emancipated himself, marched on Leon with six hundred men, and declared his tyrant an usurper. On June 20, 1856, Walker appointed himself president; Salazar, who raised an insurrection against the filibuster government (which he had previously supported), was captured and shot on the Plaza of Granada, by which Walker freed himself at once of a dangerous enemy and a troublesome creditor. Ere long some four thousand Nicaraguans were up in arms against Walker; but this was not the only danger that threatened him, for the other central republics combined to put down the American supremacy in Nicaragua, which must ere long swallow up their nationality. The united contingents of the three northern republics of Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala amounted to about five thousand men, inclusive of the Nicaraguan insurgents; while the Costa Ricans operated from the south with two thousand. After some dubious battles Walker was driven back on Granada, but soon seeing that he could not hold it and the transit route as well, he ordered Henningsen to destroy the city, while himself marched to Virgin Bay. While Henningsen was employed at his task, his four hundred men were surrounded by seventeen hundred of the enemy, and his communications intercepted. He lost two-thirds of his troops, when fortunately the enemy's generals quarrelled among themselves and broke up their force. Walker cut the rest of Henningsen's corps out, and then fortified himself in Rivas.

Walker still held the transit route by which reinforcements could reach him, and all did not seem lost, till Messrs. Webster and Spence carried out a very skilful coup de main, by which they seized the three forts commanding the *San Juan* and all the steamers. The Vanderbilt Company had supplied Spence with the means to carry out this bold stroke. At the beginning of 1857, two thousand five hundred recruits were ready at New York and New Orleans to go to Walker's assistance, and to do that the water route must again be opened. A corps under Scott operated for this purpose from Greytown, and after fitting up an old river steamer, they captured one of the forts, but failed in their attack on the other two. The corps was ere long entirely disbanded; the soldiers fled to Greytown, when they went on board two English frigates to be conveyed to North America. On March 16, Walker fought a desperate action at San Jorge, but was compelled to fall back on Rivas, which town the allies tried in vain to storm. But Walker's race was nearly run: his small army daily melted away through desertion, and they were reduced to two lean oxen, two horses, and two mules, when a saviour suddenly appeared in the shape of Captain Davis, United States navy. He had been sent by his government to try and save the wretched filibusters. He formed a con-

vention with the allies, by which the Americans, two hundred and forty in number, were surrendered to him, on his promise to convey them out of the country at once. Such was the end of Walker's government.

A few months previously an artist had appeared in the *Nicaraguense*, in which Walker's army was declared to be superior to any troops in the world. Eye-witnesses, whose impartiality cannot be doubted, did not receive the same impression. There was no trace of uniform: there were French tail-coats, surtouts, and sailors' round jackets and blouses, all equally threadbare and dirty. Most of these heroes, however, had no overcoats, but appeared in coloured shirts and trousers, and even colonels and majors were satisfied with this costume. The head gear displayed an equal variety: some officers attached to the staff, in blue tunics and broad-brimmed felt hats, with feathers and cockades, appeared dandies by the side of their comrades. All the officers wore red neckerchiefs. This army certainly offered a favourite contrast with the native troops through their well-kept firelocks, and through wearing shoes or boots. The officers were armed with a revolver in addition to a sabre. The nationality of the troops varied as much as their clothing. The largest contingents were supplied by the United States, Germany, and Ireland. Walker was greatly attached to the Germans because they were trustworthy, and not so fond of quarrelling as the others. Many of them were men starving about New York, while others had been cheated by a pre-grant of land, unconscious of the stipulation that they would have to serve for six months. The main feature of the army was cruelty and barbarity: prisoners were never made, the excuse being that it was so difficult to guard them in the forests. The troops received a monthly pay of thirty dollars, which, owing to the depreciation of the currency, did not represent more than three dollars cash, a sum hardly sufficient to supply these thirsty souls with grog. Their food consisted of a ration of meat and a tortilla: bread was a luxury, for the imports from the United States were very irregular. They also received tea, sugar, pepper, mustard, and salt. They could obtain clothes from the government stores at cost price, when there happened to be any, and the officers preferred getting rid of their paper money in this way. As one-half the large houses had been confiscated by government, or deserted by their owners, the quarters were good. The sanitary condition of the army was bad, and the mortality great. The lengthened marches, camping at night in the open air, the tropical rains, the unequal food, bad water, and the immoderate indulgence in spirits, proved more injurious than actual fighting. It has been estimated that during Walker's reign seven thousand men joined him off and on.

On reaching New Orleans, Walker was welcomed by ten thousand men, who conducted him to the St. Charles Hotel. Thence he proceeded to New York, but the arrival of his ragged army drove him away. He made preparations at Mobile for a fresh expedition, but was arrested soon after, and let out on two thousand dollars bail. He managed to get away, and, towards the close of 1857, landed at Punta Arenas. Captain Chalard, of the United States navy, ordered him to evacuate Greytown again, which he had seized, and on December 6, Commodore Spaulding arrived, and compelled obedience. Walker was forced to yield, and was conveyed to New York, where he arrived on December 27. Commodore Spaulding

did not increase his popularity by his interference, nor did he earn very lively thanks at Washington. Large meetings were held in the South, where Walker was again regarded as the hero of the day.

Nicaragua and Costa Rica, under these circumstances, requested to have their neutrality and independence placed under the protection of Great Britain, France, and Sardinia. Sir W. Gore Ouseley was sent to negotiate the affair, and the British cruizers on the West India station were ordered to treat Walker and his gang as pirates if they attempted again to land. In spite of all this, Walker slipped out of Mobile once more, but was arrested by the United States marshal at the mouth of the Mississippi. The adventurer was tried once again, and of course acquitted.

We have now reached the catastrophe. The indefatigable filibuster was resolved to make another attempt, and on June 25, 1860, landed with his gang at Ruatan, one of the Bay Islands. England had raised a claim to these islands, founded on their occupation by some mahogany cutters from Belize, so far back as 1742, but the validity of this claim was disputed by the United States government. These islands England surrendered, in 1859, to Honduras, on condition that they should not be given up to any other power. On its side, the Honduras government bound itself to spend five thousand dollars a year for ten years in improving the social condition of the Mosquito Indians. The inhabitants of Ruatan proved themselves anything but satisfied with the result of the diplomatic relations between England and Honduras, and resolved to be independent. Walker, after declaring his intention to unite the five central American states and sent his agents to Nicaragua, left Ruatan with about three hundred men, and sailed for Truxillo, the chief harbour of Honduras. The town was captured without difficulty; the garrison contented themselves with firing one shot, which wounded three freebooters. After the capture of the town, Walker issued a proclamation, in which he declared that he was fighting, not against the nation, but the government of Honduras. In the mean while, an English man-of-war had arrived at Truxillo to defend the interests of that nation, while President Guardiola stood under the walls of that town at the head of seven hundred men. Captain Salmon, of the *Icarus*, ordered Walker to evacuate Truxillo, lay down his arms, leave the country, and give back the customs dues he had seized. Walker perceived that he could no longer hold his own in Truxillo, and hence started along the coast with eighty men, and was so harassed by the enemy that they were soon reduced to five-and-twenty, and himself was wounded. Three of Walker's men, who fell into the hands of the natives, were at once killed: the same fate would also have befallen the sick men left behind had not the captain of the *Icarus* threatened to punish any such act with death, and eventually took the sick on board his vessel. A reward of two thousand dollars was set on Walker's head, and he and his followers were speedily captured. Many of the adventurers were ill, and received permission to return to the United States, after pledging their word to take no part in any future expedition. Walker protested against the treatment he had experienced; but, on the other hand, Captain Salmon declared that he had done everything to save Walker and his comrades. In a letter of August 21, he informed Walker, at that time holding Truxillo, that the

customs dues were mortgaged to the British government for a debt, and he must consequently do all in his power to support the Honduras government. In the same letter he offered Walker the protection of the British flag, if he would lay down his arms, restore the money he had seized, and leave the country. Walker formally accepted these conditions in his letter of reply, but he secretly left Truxillo, and tried to gain the interior of the country. Through this he forfeited any further indulgence, and was captured by the *Icarus*, with a detachment of Honduras troops on board, on September 13, and brought back to Truxillo.

A court-martial condemned Walker to death, and the sentence was carried out on him and his colonel, of the name of Rudler, on September 12, 1860. Walker died calmly, after begging pardon of all those he might have injured by his last expedition. His body was decently buried, and he was so rapidly forgotten that the Washington government did not even think it worth while to protest against English interference.

We do not think it requisite to make any comment on this plain, unvarnished narrative. Every reader can deduce the moral from it, and we fear that many Walkers still exist in North America. But Walker did not possess even the merit of originality; it is plain that his prototype was Aaron Burr; and, though he might still have been governing Nicaragua, his own innate covetousness and bloodthirstiness led to his overthrow.

CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S GAGE ;

OR,

THE STORY OF A BROIDERED SHIELD.

BY OUIDA.

CECIL CASTLEMAINE was the beauty of her county, and her line the handsomest of all the handsome women that had graced her race, when she moved a century and a half ago down the stately staircase and through the gilded and tapestried halls of Lilliesford. The Town had run mad after her, the Gunnings themselves, après, were not more followed and adored, and her face levelled politics, and was cited as admirably by the Whigs at St. James's as by the Tories at the Cocoa-tree, by the beaux and Mohocks at Garraway's as by the alumni at the Grecian, by the wits at Will's as by the fops at Ozinda's. Wherever she went, whether to the Haymarket or the Opera, to the 'Change for a fan or the palace for a state ball, to Drury Lane to see Pastoral Philips's dreary dilution of Racine that truly wanted lively Budgell's Epilogue to give it life, or to some fair chief of her faction for basset and ombre, she was suivie and surrounded by the best men of her time, and hated by Whig beauties with virulent wrath, for she was a Tory to the backbone, indeed a Jacobite at heart; worshipped Harley and Bolingbroke, detested Marlborough and Eugene,

believed in all the horrors of the programme said to have been plotted by the Whigs for the anniversary show of 1711, and was thought to have prompted the satire on those fair politicians who are disguised as *Rosalinda* and *Nigranilla* in the 81st paper of the *Spectator*.

Cecil Castlemaine was the greatest beauty of her day, lovelier still at four-and-twenty than she had been at seventeen, unwedded, though the highest coronets in the land had been offered to her; far above the coquettries and minauderies of her friends, far above imitation of the affectations of Lady Betty Modley's skuttle, or need of practising the Fan exercise; haughty, peerless, radiant, unwon—nay, more—untouched; for the finest gentleman on the town could not flatter himself that he had ever stirred the slightest trace of interest in her, nor boast, as he stood in the inner circle at the Chocolate-house (unless, indeed, he lied more impudently than Tom Wharton himself), that he had ever been honoured by a glance of encouragement from the Earl's daughter. She was too proud to cheapen herself with coquetry, too fastidious to care for her conquests over those who whispered to her through Nicoliani's song, vied to have the privilege of carrying her fan, drove past her windows in Soho-square, crowded about her in St. James's Park, paid court even to her little spaniel Indamara, and, to catch but a glimpse of her brocaded train as it swept a ball-room floor, would leave even their play at the Groom Porter's, Mrs. Oldfield in the green-room, a night hunt with Mohun and their brother Mohocks, a circle of wits gathered "within the steam of the coffee-pot" at Will's, a dinner at Halifax's, a supper at Bolingbroke's,—whatever, according to their several tastes, made their best entertainment and was hardest to quit. The highest suitors of the day sought her smile and sued for her hand; men left the Court and the Mall to join the Flanders army before the lines at Bouchain less for loyal love of England than hopeless love of Cecil Castlemaine. Her father vainly urged her not to fling away offers that all the women at St. James's envied her. Cecil Castlemaine was untouched and unwon, and when her friends, the court beauties, the fine ladies, the coquettes of quality, rallied her on her coldness (envying her her conquests), she would smile her slight proud smile and bow her stately head. "Perhaps she was cold; she might be; they were personable men? Oh yes! she had nothing to say against them. His Grace of Belamour?—A pretty wit, without doubt. Lord Millamont?—Diverting, but a coxcomb. He had beautiful hands; it was a pity he was always thinking of them! Sir Gage Rivers?—As obsequious a lover as the man in the 'Way of the World,' but she had heard he was very boastful and facetious at women over his chocolate at Ozinda's. The Earl of Argent?—A gallant soldier, surely, but whatever he might protest, no mistress would ever rival with him the dice at the Groom Porter's. Lord Philip Bellairs?—A proper gentleman; no fault in him; a bel esprit and an elegant courtier; pleased many, no doubt, but he did not please her overmuch. Perhaps her taste was too finical, or her character too cold, as they said. She preferred it should be so. When you were content it were folly to seek a change. For her part, she failed to comprehend how women could stoop to flutter their fans and choose their ribbons, and rack their tirewomen's brains for new pulvillios, and lappets, and devices, and practise their curtsy and recovery before their pier-glass, for no better aim or stake than to draw the glance and win the praise of men for whom

they cared nothing. A woman who had the eloquence of beauty and a true pride should be above heed for such affectations, pleasure in such applause!" So she would put them all aside and turn the tables on her friends, and go on her own way, proud, peerless, Cecil Castlemaine, conquering and unconquered; and Steele must have had her name in his thoughts, and honoured it heartily and sincerely, when he wrote one Tuesday, on the 21st of October, under the domino of his Church Coquette, "I say I do honour to those who *can be coquettes and are not such*, but I despise all who would be so, and, in despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and vilify all those who can." A definition justly drawn by his keen, quick graver, and though doubtless it only excited the ire of, and was entirely lost upon, those who read the paper over their dish of bohea, or over their toilette, while they shifted a patch for an hour before they could determine it, or regretted the loss of ten guineas at crimp, is worth the study of their fair descendants, who, if they have altered their modes, have retained, it must be confessed, not a few of their foibles!—and however they have changed the style of coiffures, plan much the same campaigns in the brains that palpitate beneath, with as much vanity and anxiety now under a wreath of stephanotis of the first fashion from the Palais-Royal, as then under a philomet-coloured hood of the first fashion from King-street, Covent-garden, for modes and mantua-makers change, but female nature—never!

Cecil Castlemaine was the beauty of the Town when she sat at Drury Lane on the Tory side of the house; the devoted admirer of Oldfield or Mrs. Porter scarcely heard a word of the *Heroic Daughter* or the *Amorous Widow*, and the "beau fullest of his own dear self" forgot his silver-fringed gloves, his medallion snuff-box, his knotted cravat, his clouded cane, the slaughter that he planned to do, from gazing at her where she sat, dignified and proud as though she were reigning sovereign at St. James's, the Castlemaine diamonds flashing crescent-like above her brow. At church and court, at park and assembly, there were none who could eclipse haughty Cecil Castlemaine; therefore her fond women friends, who had caressed her so warmly and so gracefully, and pulled her to pieces behind her back, if they could, so eagerly over their dainty cups of tea in an afternoon visit, were glad, one and all, when on "Barnaby-bright," Anglicè, the 22nd (then the 11th) of June, the great Castlemaine chariot, with its three herons blazoned on its coroneted panels, its laced liveries and gilded harness, rolled over the heavy ill-made roads down into the country in almost princely pomp, the peasants pouring out from the wayside cottages to stare at my lord's coach. It was said in the town that a portly divine, who wore his scarf as one of the chaplains to the Earl of Castlemaine, had prattled somewhat indiscreetly at Child's of his patron's politics; that certain cypher letters had passed the Channel enclosed in chocolate-cakes as soon as French goods were again imported after the peace of Utrecht; that gentlemen in high places were strongly suspected of mischievous designs against the tranquillity of the country and government; that the Earl had, among others, received a friendly hint from a relative in power to absent himself for a while from the court where he was not best trusted, and the town where an incautious word might be picked up and lead to Tower-hill, and amuse himself, en retraite, at his goodly castle of Lilliesford, where the red deer would not spy upon him,

and the dark beech-woods would tell no tales. And the ladies of quality, her dear friends and sisters, were glad when they heard it as they punted at basset and fluttered their fans complacently. They would have the field for themselves, for a season, while Cecil Castlemaine was immured in her manor of Lilliesford, would be free of her beauty to eclipse them at the next birthday, be quit of their most dreaded rival, their most omnipotent leader of fashion, and they rejoiced at the whisper of the cypher letter, the damaging gossipy of the Whig coffee-houses, the mal odeur into which my Lord Earl had grown at St. James's, at the misfortune of their friend,—in a word, as human nature, masculine or feminine, will ever do—to its shame be it spoken—unless the *fomes peccati* be more completely wrung out of it than I fear me it ever has been since the angel Gabriel performed that work of purification on the infant Mahomet.

It was the June of the year '15, and the coming disaffection was seething and boiling secretly among the Tories, the impeachment of Ormond and Bolingbroke had strengthened the distaste to the new-come Hanoverian pack, their attainder had been the blast of air needed to excite the smouldering wood to flame, the gentlemen of that party in the South began to grow impatient of the intrusion of the distant German branch, to think lovingly of the old legitimate line, and to feel something of the chafing irritation of the gentlemen of the North, who were fretting like staghounds held in leash. Envoys passed to and fro between St. Germain, and Jacobite nobles, priests of the Church that had fallen out of favour and was typified as the Scarlet Woman by a rival who, though successful, was still bitter; plotted with ecclesiastical verve and relish in the task; letters were conveyed in rolls of innocent lace, plans were forwarded in frosted confections, messages were passed in invisible cypher that defied investigation. The times were dangerous; full of plot and counterplot, of risk and danger, of fomenting projects and hidden disaffection—times in which men, living habitually over mines, learned to like the uncertainty, and to think life flavourless without the chance of losing it any hour; and things being in this state, the Earl of Castlemaine deemed it prudent to take the counsel of his friend in power, and retire from London for a while, perhaps for the safety of his own person, perhaps for the advancement of his cause, either of which were easier ensured at his seat in the western counties than amidst the Whigs of the capital. The Castle of Lilliesford is bowered in the thick woods of the western counties, a giant pile built by Norman masons. Troops of deer herded under the gold-green beechen-boughs, the sunlight glistened through the aisles of the trees, and quivered down on to the thick moss, and ferns, and tangled grass that grew under the park woodlands; the water-lilies clustered on the river, and the swans "floated double, swan and shadow," under the leaves that swept into the water; then, when Cecil Castlemaine came down to share her father's retirement, as now, when her name and titles on the gold plate of a coffin that lies with others of her race in the mausoleum across the park, where winter snows and summer sun-rays are alike to those who sleep within; is all that tells at Lilliesford of the loveliest woman of her time who once reigned here as mistress.

The country was in its glad green midsummer beauty, and the musk-rosebuds bloomed in profuse luxuriance over the chill marble of the

terraces, and scattered their delicate odorous petals in fragrant showers on the sward of the lawns, when Cecil Castlemaine came down to what she termed her exile. The morning was fair and cloudless, its sunbeams piercing through the darkest glades in the woodlands, the thickest shroud of the ivy, the deepest-hued pane of the mullioned windows; as she passed down the great staircase where lords and gentlewomen of her race gazed on her from the canvas of Lely and Jamesone, Bourdain and Vandyke, crossed the hall with her dainty step, so stately yet so light, and standing by the window of her own bower-room was lured out on to the terrace overlooking the west side of the park. She made such a picture as Vandyke would have liked to paint, with her golden glow upon her, and the musk-roses clustering about her round the pilasters of marble—the white chill marble to which Belamour and many other of her lovers of the court and town had often likened her; he would have lingered lovingly on the white hand that rested on her staghound's head, would have caught her air of court-like grace and dignity, would have painted with delighted fidelity her deep azure eyes, her white proud brow, her delicate lips, arched haughtily like a Cupid's bow, would have picked out every fold of her sweeping train, every play of light on her silken skirts, every dainty tracery of her point-lace; yet even painted by Sir Anthony, that perfect master of art and of elegance, though more finished it could have hardly been more faithful, more instinct with grace, and life, and dignity, than a sketch drawn of her shortly after that time by one who loved her well, which is still hanging in the gallery at Lilliesford, lighted up by the afternoon sun when it streams in through the western windows.

Cecil Castlemaine stood on the terrace looking over the lawns and gardens through the opening vistas of meeting boughs and interlaced leaves to the woods and hills beyond, fused in a soft mist of green and purple, with her hand lying carelessly on her hound's broad head. She was a zealous Tory, a skilled politician, and her thoughts were busy with the hopes and fears, the chances for and against, of a cause that lay near her heart, but whose plans were yet immature, whose first coup was yet unstruck, and whose well-wishers were sanguine of a success they had not yet hazarded, though they hardly ventured to whisper to each other their previous designs and desires. Her thoughts were far away, and she hardly heeded the beauty round her, musing on schemes and projects dear to her party, that would imperil the Castlemaine coronet, but would serve the only royal house the Castlemaine line had ever in their hearts acknowledged. She had regretted leaving the Town, moreover; a leader of the mode, a wit, a woman of the world, she missed her accustomed sphere; she was no pastoral Phyllis, no country-born Mistress Fiddy, to pass her time in provincial pleasures, in making cordial waters, in tending her bean-pots, in preserving her fallen rose-leaves, in inspecting the confections in the still-room; as little was she able, like many fine ladies when in similar exile, to while it away by scolding her tirewomen, and sorting a suit of ribbons, in ordering a set of gilded leather hangings from Chelsea for the state chambers, and yawning over chocolate in her bed till mid-day. She regretted leaving the Town, not for Belamour, nor Argent, nor any of those who vainly hoped, as they glanced at the little mirror in the lids of their snuff-boxes

that they might have graven themselves, were it ever so faintly, in her thoughts; but for the wits, the pleasures, the choice chicque, the accustomed circle to which she was so used, the courtly, brilliant town-life where she was wont to reign. So she stood on the terrace the first morning of her exile, her thoughts far away, with the loyal gentlemen of the North, and the banished court at St. Germain, the lids drooping proudly over her haughty azure eyes, and her lips half parted with a faint smile of triumph in the visions limned by ambition and imagination, while the wind softly stirred the rich lace of her bodice, and her white hand lay, lightly yet firmly, on the head of her staghound. She looked up at last as she heard the ring of a horse's hoofs, and saw a sorrel, covered with dust and foam, spurred up the avenue, which, rounding past the terrace, swept on to the front entrance; the sorrel looked well-nigh spent, and his rider somewhat worn and languid, as a man might do with justice who had been in boot and saddle twenty-four hours at the stretch, scarce stopping for a stoup of wine; but he lifted his hat, and bowed down to his saddle-bow as he passed her. "Was it the long-looked-for messenger with definite news from St. Germain?" wondered Lady Cecil, as her hound gave out a deep-tongued bay of anger at the stranger. She went back into her bower-room, and toyed absently with her flowered handkerchief, broidering a stalk to a violet-leaf, and wondering what additional hope the horseman might have brought to strengthen the good Cause, till her servants brought word that his Lordship prayed the pleasure of her presence in the octagon-room. Whereat she rose, and swept through the long corridors, entered the octagon-room, the sunbeams gathering about her rich dress as they passed through the stained glass oriel, and saluted the new comer, when her father presented him to her as their trusty and welcome friend and envoy, Sir Falke Ravensworth, with her careless dignity and queenly grace, that nameless air which was too highly bred to be condescension, but markedly and proudly repelled familiarity, and signed a pale of distance beyond which none must intrude.

The new comer was a tall and handsome man, of noble presence, bronzed by foreign suns, pale and jaded just now with hard riding, while his dark silver-laced suit was splashed and covered with dust; but as he bowed low to her, critical Cecil Castlemaine saw that not Belamour himself could have better grace, not my Lord Millamont courtier mien nor whiter hands, and listened with gracious air to what her father unfolded to her of his mission from St. Germain, whither he had come, at great personal risk, in many disguises, and at breathless speed, to place in their hands a precious letter in cypher from James Stuart to his well-beloved and loyal subject Herbert George Earl of Castlemaine—a letter spoken of with closed doors and in low whispers, loyal as was the household, supreme as the Earl ruled over his domains of Lilliesford, for these were times when men mistrusted those of their own blood, and when the very figures on the tapestry seemed instinct with life to spy and to betray—when they almost feared the silk that tied a missive should babble of its contents, and the hound that slept beside them should read and tell their thoughts. To leave Lilliesford would be danger to the Eavoy and danger to the Cause; to stay as guest was to disarm suspicion. The messenger who had brought such priceless news must rest within the shelter of his

roof; too much were risked by returning to the French coast yet awhile, or even by joining Mar or Derwentwater, so the Earl enforced his will upon the Envoy, and the Envoy thanked him, and accepted. Perchance the beauty, whose eyes he had seen lighten and proud brow flush as she read the royal greeting and injunction, made a sojourn near her presence not distasteful; perchance he cared little where he stayed till the dawning time of action and of rising should arrive, when he should take the field and fight till life or death for the "White Rose and the long heads of hair." He was a soldier of fortune, a poor gentleman with no patrimony but his name, no chance of distinction save by his sword; sworn to a cause whose star was set for ever; for many years his life had been of changing adventure and shifting chances, now fighting with Berwick at Almanza, now risking his life in some delicate and dangerous errand for James Stuart that could not have been trusted so well to any other officer about St. Germain; gallant to rashness, yet with much of the acumen of the diplomatist, he was invaluable to his Court and Cause; but, Stuart-like, men-like, they hastened to employ, but ever forgot to reward!

Lady Cecil, as we have seen, missed her town-life, and did not over-favour her exile in the western counties. To note down on her Mather's tablets the drowsy homilies drowed out by the chaplain on a Sabbath noon, to play at crambo, to talk with her tirewomen of new washes for the skin, to pass her hours away in knotting?—she, whom Steele might have writ when he drew his character of *Eudoxia*, could while her exile with none of these insanities; neither could she consort with gentry who seemed to her little better than the boors of a country wake, who had never heard of Mr. Spectator and knew nothing of Mr. Cowley, country-women whose ambition was in their cowslip-wines, fox-hunters more ignorant and uncouth than the dumb brutes they followed. Who was there for miles around with whom she could stoop to associate, with whom she cared to exchange a word? Madam from the vicarage, in her groggum, learned in syrups, salves, and pessets? Country Lady Bountifuls, with gossip of the village and the poultry-yard? Provincial peeresses, who had never been to London since Queen Anne's coronation? A squirearchy, who knew of no music save the concert of their stop-hounds, no court save the court of the county assise, no literature unless by miracle 'twere Tarleton's Jests? None such as these could cross the inlaid oak parquet of Lilliesford, and be ushered into the presence of Cecil Castelmaine. So the presence of the Chevalier's messenger was not altogether unwelcome and distasteful to her. She saw him but little, merely conversing at table with him with that distant and dignified courtesy which marked her out from the light, free, inconsequent manners in vogue with other women of quality of her time, which had chilled half the softest things even on Belamour's lips, and kept the vainest coxcomb hesitating and abashed. But by degrees she observed that the Envoy was a man who had lived in many countries and in many courts, was well versed in the tongues of France and Italy and Spain—in their belles lettres too, moreover—and had served his apprenticeship to good company in the salons of Versailles, in the audience-room of the Vatican, at the receptions of the Duchesse du Maine, and with the banished family at St. Germain. He spoke with a high and sanguine spirit of the troublous times approaching and the beloved Cause whose crisis was at hand, which

chimed in with her humour better than the sippancies of Belamour, the airy nothings of Millamont. He was but a soldier of fortune, a poor gentleman who, named to her in the town, would have had never a word from stately Cecil Castlemaine, and would have been unnoted amidst the crowding beaux who clustered round to hold her fan and hear how she had been pleased with the drolleries of *Grief à la mode*; but down in the western counties she deigned to listen to the Prince's officer, to smile—a smile beautiful when it came on her proud lips, as the play of light on the opals of her jewelled stomacher—nay, even to be amused when he spoke of the women of foreign courts, to be interested when he told, which was but reluctantly, of his own perils, escapes, and adventures, to discourse with him, riding home under the beech avenues from hawking, or standing on the western terrace at curfew to watch the sunset, of many things on which the nobles of the Mall and the gentlemen about St. James's had never been allowed to share her opinions. For Lady Cecil was deeply read (unusually deeply for her day, since fine ladies of her rank and fashion mostly contented themselves with skimming a romance of Scuderi's, or an act of *Aurungzebe*); but she rarely spoke of those things, save perchance now and then to Mr. Addison, who, though a Whig, was certainly an elegant scholar; to little Mr. Pope, who bated his bitterness with her; or to Henry St. John, the brilliant, the dazzling, the matchless, at once the Catullus and the Demosthenes, the Alcibiades and the Plato, the Horace and the Mæcenas of England, to whom England, characteristically grateful and appreciative, gave—impeachment and attainder! Fulke Ravensworth never flattered her, moreover, and flattery was a honeyed confection of which she had long been cloyed; he even praised boldly before her other women of beauty and grace whom he had seen at Versailles, at Sceaux, and at St. Germain; neither did he defer to her perpetually, but where he differed would combat her sentiments courteously but firmly. Though a soldier and a man of action, he had an admirable skill at the limner's art—could read to her the *Divina Commedia*, or the comedies of Lope da' Vega, and transfer crabbed Latin and abstruse Greek into elegant English for her pleasure; though a big-gared gentleman of most precarious fortunes, he would speak of life and its chances, of the Cause and its perils, with a gallant, high-souled, sanguine daring, which she found preferable to the lisped languor of the men of the town, who had no better campaigns than laying siege to a prude, cared for no other weapons than their toilettes and snuff-boxes, and sought no other excitement than a coup d'éclat with the lion-tumblers.

On the whole, through these long midsummer days, Lady Cecil found the Envoy from St. Germain a companion that did not suit her ill, sought less the solitude of her bower-room, and listened graciously to him in the long twilight hours, while the evening dews gathered in the cups of the musk-roses, and the star-rays began to quiver on the water-lilies floating on the river below, that murmured along, with endless song, under the beechen-boughs. A certain softness stole over her, relaxing the cold hauteur of which Belamour had so often complained, giving a nameless charm, supplying a nameless something, lacking before, in the beauty of Cecil Castlemaine. She would stroke, half sadly, the smooth feathers of her tartaret falcon Gabrielle when Fulke Ravensworth brought her the bird from the ostreger's wrist, with its azure

velvet hood, and silver bells and jesses. She would wonder, as she glanced through Corneille or Congreve, Philips or Petrarca, what it was this passion of love of which they all treated, on which they all turned, no matter how different their strain; and now and then would come over her cheek and brow a faint fitful wavering flush, delicate and changing as the flush from the rose-hued reflexions of western clouds on a statue of Pharos marble, and then she would start and rouse herself, and wonder what she ailed, and grow once more haughty, calm, stately Cecil Castlemaine, dazzling, but chill as the Castlemaine diamonds that she wore. So the summer-time passed, and the autumn came, the corn-lands brown with harvest, the hazel-copses strewn with fallen nuts, the beech-leaves turning into reddened gold. As the wheat ripened but to meet the sickle, as the nuts grew but to fall, as the leaves turned to gold but to wither, so the sanguine hopes, the fond ambitions of men, strengthened and matured only to fade into disappointment and destruction! Four months had sped by since the Prince's messenger had come to Lilliesford—months that had gone swiftly with him as some sweet delicious dream; and the time had come when he had orders to ride north, secretly and swiftly, speak with Mr. Forster and other gentlemen concerned in the meditated rising, and convey despatches and instructions to the Earl of Mar, for Prince James was projecting soon to join his loyal adherents in Scotland, and the critical moment was close at hand, the moment when, to Fulke Ravensworth's high and sanguine courage, victory seemed certain; failure—if no treachery marred, no dissension weakened—impossible; to which he looked for honour, success, distinction, that should give him claim and title to aspire—*where?* Strong man, cool soldier though he was, he shrank from drawing his fancied future out from the golden haze of immature hope, lest he should see it wither upon closer sight. He was but a landless soldier, with nothing but his sword and his honour, and kings he knew were slow to pay back benefits, or recollect the hands that hewed them free passage to their thrones.

Cecil Castlemaine stood within the window of her bower-room, the red light of the October sun glittering on her gold-broidered skirt and her corsage sewn with pearls and emeralds; her long white hand was pressed lightly on her bosom, as though some pain were throbbing there; it was new this unrest, this weariness, this vague weight that hung upon her; it was the perils of their Cause, she told herself; the risks her father ran: it was weak, childish, unworthy a Castlemaine! Still the pain throbbed there. Her hound, asleep beside her, raised his head with a low growl as a step intruded on the sanctity of the bower-room, then composed himself again to slumber, satisfied it was no foe. His mistress turned slowly; she knew the horses waited; she had shunned this ceremony of farewell, and never thought he would be bold enough to venture here, where none came—not even the Earl—without permission sought and gained.

“Lady Cecil, I could not go upon my way without one word of parting. Pardon me if I have been too rash to seek it here.”

Why was it that his brief frank words ever pleased her better than Belamour's most honeyed phrases, Millamont's suavest periods? Lady Cecil scarcely could have told, save that there were in them an earnestness and truth new and rare to her ear and to her heart.

She pressed her hand closer on the opals—the pierres de malheur—and smiled:

“Assuredly I wish you God speed, Sir Falke, and safe issue from all perils.”

He bowed low; then raised himself to his fullest height, and stood beside her, watching the light play upon the opals:

“That is all you vouchsafe me?”

“*All?*” Her azure eyes turned haughtily upon him. The pride of the Castlemaines was up in arms. “It is as much as you would claim, sir, is it not? It is more than I would say to many.”

“Your pardon—it is more than I should claim if prudence were ever by, if reason always ruled! I have no right to ask more, seek for, even wish for, more; such petitions may only be addressed by men of wealth and of high title: a landless soldier should have no pride to sting, no heart to wound; they are the prerogative of a happier fortune.”

Her lips turned white, but she answered haughtily, the crimson light flashing in her jewels, heirlooms priceless and hereditary, like her beauty and her pride:

“This is strange language, sir! I fail to apprehend you.”

“You have never thought that I ran a danger deadlier than that which I have ever risked on any field? You have never guessed that I have had the madness, the presumption, the crime—it may be in your eyes—to love you?”

The colour flushed to her face, crimsoning even her brow, and then fled back. Her first instinct was pride—a beggared gentleman, a landless soldier, spoke to her of love!—of love!—which Belamour had barely had courage to whisper of; which none had dared to sue of her in return. He had ventured to feel this for her! he had ventured to speak of this to her! Ravensworth saw the rising resentment, the haughty pride spoken in every line of her delicate face, as she pressed her hand upon her heart, beating rapidly under the filmy lace, and stopped her as she would have spoken.

“Wait! I know all you would reply. You think it infinite daring, presumption that merits highest reproof——”

She turned towards him, her face white, but set in haughty pride:

“Since you divined so justly, it were pity you subjected yourself and me to this most useless, most unexpected interview. *Why——*”

“*Why?* Because, perchance, in this life you will see my face no more, and you will think gently, mercifully of my offence (if offence it be to love you more than life, and only less than honour) when you know that I have fallen for the Cause, with your name in my heart, held only the dearer because never on my lips! Sincere love can be no insult to whomsoever proffered; Elizabeth Stuart saw no shame to her in the devotion of William Craven!”

Cecil Castlemaine stood in the crimson glory of the autumn sunset, her proud head erect, her haughty lips compressed, her pride unshaken, but her heart stirred strangely and unwontedly. It smote the one with bitter pain, to think a landless soldier should thus dare to speak of what princes and dukes had almost feared to whisper; what had she done—what had she said, to give him license for such liberty? It stirred the other with a tremulous warmth, a vague, sweet pleasure, that were never

visitants there before; but that she scouted instantly as weakness, folly, debasement, in the Last of the Castlemaines.

He saw well enough what passed within her, what made her eyes so troubled, yet her brow and lips so proudly set, and he bent nearer towards her, the great love that was in him trembling in his voice:

"Lady Cecil, hear me! If in the coming struggle I win distinction, honour, rank—if victory come to us, and the King we serve remember me in his prosperity as he does now in his adversity—if I can meet you hereafter with tidings of triumph and success, my name made one which England breathes with praise and pride, honours gained such as even you will deem worthy of your line—then—then—will you let me speak of what you refuse to hearken to now—then may I come to you and seek a gentler answer?"

She looked for a moment upon his face, as it bent towards her in the radiance of the sunset light, the hope that hopeth all things glistening in his eyes, the high-souled daring of a gallant and sanguine spirit flushing his brow, the loud throbs of his heart audible in the stillness around, and his proud azure eyes grew softer, her haughty lips quivered for an instant. Then she turned towards him with her queenly grace:

"Yes."

It was spoken with stately dignity, though scarce above her breath; but the blush that wavered in her cheek was but the lovelier, for the pride that would not let her eyes droop nor her tears rise; would not let her utter one softer word. That one word cost her much. That single utterance was much from Cecil Castlemaine.

Her handkerchief lay at her feet, a delicate, costly toy of lace, embroidered with her shield and chiffre; he stooped and raised it, and thrust it in his breast to treasure it there.

"If I fail, I send this back in token that I renounce all hope; if I can come to you with honour and with fame, this shall be my gage that I may speak, that you will listen?"

She bowed her head, her stately head, ever held haughtily, as though every crown of Europe had a right to circle it; his hot lips lingered for a moment on her hand; then Cecil Castlemaine stood alone in the window of her bower-room, her hand pressed again upon the opals under which her heart was beating with a dull, weary pain, her azure eyes, tearless and proud, looking out over the landscape, where the golden leaves were falling fast, and the river, tossing sadly dead branches on its waves, was bemoaning in plaintive language the summer days gone by.

Two months went by, the beech-boughs, black and sear, creaked in the bleak December winds that sighed through frozen ferns and over the couches of shivering deer, the snow drifted up on the marble terrace, and ice-drops clung where the warm rosy petals of the musk-rosebuds had nestled. Across the country came terrible whispers that struck the hearts of men of loyal faith to the White Rose with a bolt of ice-cold terror and despair. Messengers riding in hot haste, open-mouthed peasants gossiping by the village forge, horsemen who tarried for a breathless rest at alehouse doors, Whig divines who returned thanks for God's most gracious mercy in vouchsafing victory to the strong, all told the tale, all spread the news of the drawn battle of Sheriff-Muir, of the surrender under Preston

walls, of the flight of Prince James before Argyll. The tidings came one by one to Lilliesford, where my Lord Earl was holding himself in readiness to co-operate with the gentlemen of the North to set up the royal standard, brodered by his daughter's hands, in the western counties, and proclaim James III. "sovereign lord and king of the realms of Great Britain and Ireland." The tidings came to Lilliesford, and Cecil Castlemaine clenched her white jewelled hands in passionate anguish that a Stuart should have fled before the traitor of Argyll, instead of dying with his face towards the rebel crew; that men had lived who could choose surrender instead of heroic death; that *she* had not been there, at Preston, to shame them with a woman's reading of courage and of loyalty, and show them how to fall with a doomed city rather than yield captive to a foe! Her azure eyes were tearless, but her haughty lips were blanched white. Perhaps amidst her grief for her Prince and for his Cause mingled the deadliest thought of all—a memory of a bright proud face flushed with the sanguine hope of a high and gallant spirit, that had bent towards her with tender love and touching grace a month before, and that might now be lying pale and cold, turned upwards to the winter stars, on the field of Sheriff-Muir.

A year rolled by. Twelve months had fled since the gilded carriage of the Castlemaines, with the lordly blazonment upon its panels, its princely retinue and stately pomp, had come down into the western counties. The bones were crumbling white in the coffins in the Tower, and the skulls over Temple-bar had bleached white in winter snows and spring-tide suns; Kenmuir had gone to a sleep that knew no wakening, and Derwentwater had laid his fair young head down for a thankless cause; the heather bloomed over the mounds of dead on the plains of Sheriff-Muir, and the yellow gorse blossomed under the city walls of Preston.

Another summer had dawned, bright and laughing, over England; none the less fair for human lives laid down, for human hopes crushed out; daisies powdering the turf sodden with human blood, birds carolling their song over graves of heaped-up dead. The musk-roses tossed their delicate heads again amidst the marble pilasters, and the hawthorn boughs shook their fragrant buds into the river at Lilliesford, the purple hills lay wrapped in sunny mist, and hyacinth bells mingled with the tangled grass and fern under the woodland shades, where the red deer nestled happily. Herons plumed their silvery wings down by the water-side, swallows circled in sultry air above the great bell-tower, and wood-pigeons cooed with soft love-notes among the leafy branches. Yet the Countess of Castlemaine, last of her race, sole owner of the lands that spread around her, stood on the rose-terrace, finding no joy in the sunlight about her, no melody in the song of the birds.

Cecil Castlemaine was the last of her name; her father, broken-hearted at the news from Dumblain and Preston, had died the very day after his lodgment in the Tower. There was no heir male of his line, and the title had passed to his daughter; there had been thoughts of confiscation and attainder, but others, unknown to her, solicited what she scorned to ask for herself, and the greed of the hungry "Hanoverian pack" spared the lands and the revenues of Lilliesford. In haughty pride, in lonely mourning, the fairest beauty of the Court and Town withdrew again to the solitude of her western counties, and tarried there,

dwelling amidst her women and her almost regal household, proud, mournful, and alone, in the sacred solitude of grief, wherein none might intrude. She stood on the rose-terrace, as she had stood the June before, looking far away over to the golden haze, where hills and woodland met. Proud Cecil Castlemaine was yet prouder than of yore; alone in her haughty solitude, sorrowing for her ruined Cause and exiled King, she would hold converse with none of those who had had a hand in drawing down the disastrous fate she mourned, and only her staghound could have seen tears in the azure eyes when she bent down to him, or Gabrielle the falcon felt the white hand tremble when it stroked her folded wings. She stood on the terrace, looking over her spreading lands, not the water-lilies on the river below, whiter than her lips, pressed proudly and painfully together. Perhaps she repented of certain haughty words, spoken to one whom now she would never again behold—perhaps she thought of that delicate toy that was to have been brought back in victory and hope, that now might lie stained and stiffened with blood next a lifeless heart, for never a word in the twelve months gone by had there come to Lilliesford as tidings of Fulke Ravensworth. Her pride was dear to her, dearer than aught else; she had spoken as was her right to speak, she had done what became a Castlemaine; it would have been weakness to have acted otherwise; what was he—a landless soldier—that he should have dared as he had dared? Yet the sables she wore were not solely for the dead Earl, not solely for the lost Stuarts the hot mist that would blind the eyes of Cecil Castlemaine, as hours swelled to days, and days to months, and she—the flattered beauty of the Court and Town—stayed in self-chosen solitude in her halls of Lilliesford, still unwedded and unwon. The noon hours chimed from the bell-tower, and the sunny beauty of the morning but weighed with heavier sadness on her heart; the song of the birds, the busy hum of the gnats, the joyous ring of the silver bell round her pet fawn's neck, as it darted from her side under the drooping boughs—none touched an answering chord of gladness in her. She stood looking over her stretching woodlands in deep thought, so deep that she heard no step over the lawn beneath, nor saw the frightened rush of the deer, as a boy, crouching among the tangled ferns, sprang up from his hiding-place under the beechen-branches, and stood on the terrace before her, craving her pardon in childish, yet fearless tones. She turned, bending on him her azure eyes (those haughty eyes which had made the over-bold glance of princes fall abashed). The boy was but a little tatterdemalion to have ventured thus abruptly into the presence of the Countess of Castlemaine; still it was with some touch of a page's grace that he bowed before her.

"Lady, I crave your pardon, but my master bade me watch for you, though I watched till midnight."

"Your master?"

A flush, warm as that on the leaves of the musk-roses, rose to her face for an instant, then faded as suddenly. The boy did not notice her words, but went on in an eager whisper, glancing anxiously round, as a hare would glance fearing the hunters.

"And told me when I saw you not to speak his name, but only to give you this as his gage, that though all else is lost he has not forgot *his* honour nor *your* will."

Cecil Castlemaine spoke no word, but she stretched out her hand and took it—her own costly toy of cambrie and lace, with her brodered shield and chiffre—pressing it against her breast, her lips pressed closer together, that the boy might not note how they trembled, though her voice sounded hoarse and broken.

“Your master! Then—he lives?”

“Lady, he bade me say no more. You have his message; I must tell no further.”

She laid her hand upon his shoulder, a light, snow-white delicate hand, yet one that held him now in a clasp of steel.

“Child! answer me at your peril! Tell me of him when you call your master. Tell me all—quick—quick!”

“You are his friend?”

“His friend? My Heaven! Speak on!”

“He bade me tell no more on peril of his heaviest anger; but if you are his friend I dare may speak what you should know without me. It is a poor friend, lady, who has need to ask whether another be dead or living!”

The scarlet blood flamed in Cecil Castlemaine’s blanched face, her azure eyes lit up in anger, and she signed him on with impetuous command; she was unused to disobedience, and the child’s words cut her to the quick.

“Sir Fulke sails for the French coast to-morrow night,” the boy went on, in tremulous haste. “He was left for dead—our men ran one way, and Argyll’s men the other—on the field of Sheriff-Muir; and sure if he had not been strong indeed, he would have died that awful night, untended, on the bleak moor, with the winds roaring round him, and his life ebbing away. He was not one of those who *fled*; you know that of him if you know aught. We got him away before dawn, Donald and I, and hid him in a shielding; he was in the fever then, and knew nothing that was done to him, only he kept that bit of lace in his hand for weeks and weeks, and would not let us stir it from his grasp. What magic there was in it we wondered often, but ’twas a magic, mayhap, that got him well at last; it was an even chance but that he’d died, God bless him! though we did what best we could. We’ve been wandering in the Highlands all the year, hiding here and tarrying there. My master sets no count upon his life. Sure I think he thanks us little for getting him through the fever of the wounds, but he could not have borne to be pinioned, you know, lady, like a thief, and hung up by the brutes of Whigs, as a butcher hangs sheep in the shambles! The worst of the danger’s over—they’ve had their fill of the slaughter; but we sail to-morrow night for the French coast—England’s no place for my master.”

Cecil Castlemaine let go her hold upon the boy, and her hand closed convulsively upon the dainty handkerchief—her gage sent so faithfully back to her! The child looked upon her face; perchance, in his master’s delirium, he had caught some knowledge of the story that hung to that brodered toy.

“If you are his friend, lady, doubtless you have some last word to send him?”

Cecil Castlemaine, proudest beauty of the Peerage, whom nothing

moved, whom nothing softened, bowed her head at the simple question, her heart wrestling sorely, her lips set together in unswerving pride, a mist before her haughty eyes, the broidered shield upon her handkerchief—the shield of her stately and unyielding race—pressed close against her breast.

“You have no word for him, lady?”

Her lips parted; she signed him away with one proud wave of her delicate hand. Was this child to see her yielding to such weakness? Had she, Countess of Castlemaine, no better pride, no better strength, no better power of resolve, than this?

The boy lingered, then turned slowly away.

“I will tell Sir Fulke then, lady, that the ruined have no friends?”

Whiter and prouder still grew the delicate beauty of Cecil Castlemaine's face; closer against her heart she pressed her broidered handkerchief—then—she raised her stately head, haughtily as she had used to glance over a glittering Court, where each voice murmured praise of her loveliness and reproach of her coldness—and placed the fragile toy of lace back in the boy's hands!

“Go, seek your master, and give him this in gage that their calamity makes friends more dear to us than their success. Go, he will know its meaning!”

In place of the noon chimes the curfew was ringing from the bell-tower, the swallows were gone to roost amidst the ivy, and the herons slept with their heads under their silvery wings among the rushes by the river-side, the ferns and wild hyacinths were damp with evening dew, and the summer starlight glistened amidst the quivering woodland leaves. There was the silence of coming night over the vast forest glades, and no sound broke the stillness, save the song of the grasshopper stirring the tangled grasses, or the sweet low sigh of the west wind fanning the bells of the flowers. Cecil Castlemaine stood once more on the rose-terrace, shrouded in the dense twilight shade flung from above by the beech-boughs. Her white hands, with their diamonds gleaming bright as the dew in the hyacinth-bells, were clenched together, her face was white and set in its delicate, haughty beauty; she stood waiting, listening, catching every rustle of the leaves, every tremor of the heads of the roses, yet hearing nothing in the stillness around but the quick, uncertain throbs of her heart beating like the wing of a caged bird under its costly lace. Pride was forgotten at length, and she only remembered—fear and love. In the silence and the solitude came a step that she knew, came a presence that she felt. Proud Cecil Castlemaine bowed her head upon her hands; it was new to her this weakness, this terror, this anguish of joy; she sought to calm herself, to steel herself, to summon back her pride, her strength; she scorned herself for it all!—His hand touched her, his voice fell on her ear once more, eager; breathless, broken.

“Cecil! Cecil! is this true? Is my ruin thrice blessed, or am I mad, and, in delirium, dream of heaven?”

She lifted her head and looked at him with her old proud glance, her haughty lips trembling with words that all her pride could not summon into speech; then her azure eyes filled with warm, blinding tears, and softened to new beauty, a world of woman's tenderness and love flushing

her face and trembling on her lips;—scarce louder than the sigh of the wind among the flower-bells came her words to Fulke Ravensworth's ear, as her hot tears fell on his hand, and her haughty head bowed on his breast :

“Stay, stay! or, if you fly, your exile shall be my exile, your danger my danger!”

The cobweb handkerchief with its broidered shield is a treasured heirloom to her descendants now, and fair women of her race, who inherit from her her azure eyes and her queenly grace, will recal how the proudest Countess of their line loved a ruined gentleman so well that she was wedded to him at even, in her private chapel, at the hour of his greatest peril, his lowest fortune, and went with him across the seas till friendly intercession in high places gained them royal permission to dwell again at Lilliesford unmolested; and how it was ever noticeable to those who murmured at her coldness and her pride, that Cecil Castlemaine, haughty as of yore to all the world beside, would seek her husband's smile, and love to meet his eyes, and cherish her beauty for his sake, and be restless in his absence, even for the short span of a day, with a softer and more clinging tenderness than was found in many weaker, many humbler women.

They are gone now the men and women of that generation, and their voices come only to us through the faint echo of their written words. In summer nights the old beech-trees toss their leaves in the silvery light of the stars, and the river flows on unchanged, with the ceaseless, mournful burden of its mystic song, the same now as in the midsummer of a century and a half ago, when Cecil Castlemaine's haughty eyes drooped at her lover's glance, and her proud heart beat tremulously at his first embrace. The cobweb handkerchief lies before me to-night, with its broidered shield and chiffre, passed to other hands, dropped unwittingly by Blanche in girlish thoughtlessness, the same now as long ago, when it was treasured close and lovingly in Fulke Ravensworth's breast, and held by him dearer than all save his honour and his word. So, things pulseless and passionless endure, and human life passes away as swiftly as a song dies off from the air—as quickly succeeded, and as quickly forgot! *Bons frères!*—Ronsard's refrain is the refrain of our lives :

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame!
Las! le temps, non; mais *nous* nous en allons!

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:

OR, CITY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the First.

IX.

HOW THE LORD MAYOR LANDED AT WESTMINSTER.

EVERY possible attention, that circumstances would admit, was paid by the Lord Mayor and those with him to Mrs. Walworth and her daughter. Notwithstanding their uncomfortable plight, drenched to the skin, and with all their finery spoiled, both ladies bore up against the annoyances with great cheerfulness.

Poor Mr. Walworth looked a very miserable object. Dripping like a water-spaniel, having lost his laced hat and bob-wig in the water, he was obliged to take off his wet muslin cravat. A glass of ratafia helped to restore him, and he pressed the same remedy upon his wife, who, however, could not be prevailed upon to follow his example.

Great was the surprise of Mrs. Walworth and her daughter to learn that the young man, to whose heroic conduct they were so much indebted, was the Lord Mayor's nephew, and, indeed, this circumstance was equally surprising to most of the company within the barge, as they learnt for the first time that his lordship had a nephew—only Sir Felix Bland, Mr. Beckford, and a few others, who had seen Herbert in Cheapside, being aware of the fact. The knowledge of the young man's relationship to Sir Gresham certainly did not tend to diminish the interest with which Alice regarded him, while it seemed to increase her father's gratitude in a tenfold degree.

"Don't say a word more, my good Mr. Walworth," cried Sir Gresham, cutting short the old hosier's professions; "if you and the ladies don't suffer from the accident, its consequences may prove agreeable rather than the reverse. As the best preventive, I would recommend a glass of ratafia to Mrs. Walworth"—her husband had already tossed off a second—" 'tis an excellent fortifier, my dear madam—all the ladies take it. Won't you

* *All rights reserved.*

pledge my nephew and myself, Miss Walworth?" Alice smiled good-naturedly, bowed in return to their salutations, and raised the glass to her lips, but set it down untasted. "Ah! I see!" exclaimed Sir Gresham, shaking his head. "Well, if you take cold it will be your own fault. Herbert, your good health! My nephew is nearly as great a stranger to me, Mr. Walworth, as he is to you. I never saw him before this morning, but I don't mean to lose sight of him again in a hurry, I can promise you. His conduct on this occasion won't lower him in my regard."

"Your nephew is a very fine young man, my lord," cried Mr. Walworth, upon whom the cordial, combined with his previous ducking, had produced some little effect—"a very courageous young man, and I'm sure he will do your lordship infinite credit. I shall always consider myself under the greatest possible obligations to him, and to your lordship. And so will you, my dear—won't you?" he added to Mrs. Walworth. "Take a glass of ratafia—do!"

But the lady declined, and looked at him to intimate that he had taken quite enough himself.

"I'll tell you what you must do, Mr. Walworth," said the Lord Mayor, "to compensate for the annoyance you have experienced, and enable you to wind up the day pleasantly, you and your wife and daughter must come and dine with the Lady Mayoress and myself at Guildhall. What say you—eh?"

"Oh! my lord, you do us too much honour!" exclaimed the old hosier, delighted.

"You shall see their majesties and the young princes, and dance at the ball, Miss Walworth," pursued good-natured Sir Gresham. "I'll find you plenty of partners. My nephew looks as if he could dance——"

"Oh! yes, uncle," interposed Herbert, "I can dance a minuet as well as most people."

"Then you shall dance one with Miss Walworth—that is, supposing she will accept you as a partner."

"I need scarcely say it will give me great pleasure to dance with your nephew, my lord," replied Alice, blushing.

"Then all's settled. Tickets shall be sent you, Mr. Walworth, and if I may advise, you'll get home as quickly as possible and put on dry clothes."

"Precisely what I desire to do, my lord," replied the other. "If I don't change soon I know what will happen. I shall have an attack of rheumatism, that will lay me up for a month. My coat is beginning to stick to my back, and my legs feel as stiff as if cased in leather."

"But you mustn't think of taking a coach," said the Lord Mayor. "If you do, you won't reach the City for hours. A boat to Three Crane Stairs will be the speediest and surest conveyance."

Go with Mr. Walworth, Herbert," he added to his nephew. "You stand as much in need of dry apparel as he does. And harkee," he whispered, "you'll find what you want at my house. Go there at once. Tradescant's wardrobe will furnish you with all you need. He's about the same size as yourself, and his clothes are sure to fit you. Don't hesitate to put on one of the young coxcomb's smartest suits, for I wish you to cut a figure to-night. You're to dine at Guildhall—mind that. Tomline will give you a ticket, and tell you all about it. D'ye heed?"

Herbert thanked his uncle, and a wherry coming alongside, the party got into it, and as soon as the oarsmen could disengage their skiff from the crowd of boats that beset it, they were pulled swiftly down the river.

Meantime, the City barge, which had been delayed during this interval, proceeded on its course, and passed safely through the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, amid the acclamations of the multitudes looking down from its balustrades. Several of the other barges had gone on while the Lord Mayor halted, and these had grouped themselves on the farther side of the bridge, opposite New Palace Yard Stairs, where his lordship proposed to disembark. All their bands were playing, and the spectacle was now as striking as any previous part of the water-pageant.

While the City barge moved majestically towards the stairs, a salute was fired from one of the wharves on the Lambeth side of the river, and, amidst deafening and long-continued cheers from an immense number of spectators stationed at every point commanding a view, the Lord Mayor landed, and was ceremoniously conducted to Westminster Hall, where he was presented to the Judges of the Court of Exchequer by the Recorder.

The Chief Baron having addressed his lordship in a lengthened speech highly eulogistic of the City, the customary oath was administered. Invitations to the banquet at Guildhall were then formally given to the Judges, and accepted; after which the Lord Mayor withdrew, and returned to the barge.

His lordship was then conveyed to the Temple, where he once more disembarked, and was received in great state by the Master and Benchers of the Inner Temple, with whom he breakfasted in their Hall.

X.

HOW KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE SET FORTH FROM SAINT JAMES'S TO DINE WITH THE LORD MAYOR.

ABOUT noon on the same day, another cavalcade, moving in the opposite direction of the first, set forth from Saint James's Palace. King George III. and his consort having, as we are aware, graciously accepted the Lord Mayor's invitation to the banquet at

Guildhall, their majesties started betimes in order to view the civic procession on its return from Westminster from Mr. Barclay's house in Cheapside, which, as already stated, was prepared for their reception—the committee of aldermen appointed to manage the entertainment having made arrangements with the owner to that end.

At the time of our narrative, George III., whose accession to the throne had occurred on the death of his grandsire, some thirteen months previously, was a very handsome young man of about three-and-twenty. Our notions of the personal appearance of this excellent monarch are so connected with portraits taken at a later period of his life, wherein he is represented as an elderly gentleman, rather stout and slightly bent, with a very benevolent expression of countenance, clad in blue coat and boots with brown tops, and leaning on a cane, that we can scarcely fancy him as tall, upright, well-proportioned, and extremely good-looking. Yet he was so at the period of this story. Very temperate, and taking a vast deal of exercise, he now looked the picture of health. His complexion was fresh and blooming, his eye bright, and his manner, while characterised by great dignity, was very affable and engaging, and offered a pleasing contrast to the cold and haughty deportment of his immediate predecessor, George II.

In spite of his German descent, no monarch ever possessed a more thoroughly English character, or features more truly English, than George the Third. "Born and educated in this country," he said, in his first speech from the throne, "I glory in the name of Briton:"—words that established him in the heart of the whole nation. Evidence, confirmatory of his extreme amiability and kindness of manner at this period, is afforded by Horace Walpole, who, writing to Sir Horace Mann, says: "The young king, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indications imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall, and full of dignity; his countenance florid and good-natured; his manner graceful and obliging; he expresses no warmth or resentment against anybody: at most coldness." Again, in a letter to George Montagu, the same shrewd observer writes: "The king seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to the addresses well." Such is the picture of this charming prince, painted at the time by one who, as he described himself, "was not apt to be the Humorous Lieutenant, and fall in love with majesty."

The fair promise held out by the young king was amply fulfilled during his long and eventful reign, chequered as it was by many vicissitudes, and including the dire calamity by which he was visited. Solicitude for the welfare of his subjects, unaffected piety, and a character scrupulously moral, combined with worth and goodness, endeared him to all, and earned for him the title of the "Father of his People." That there were shades to his otherwise perfect character cannot be denied, but these were lost amid its general brightness. He has been charged with obstinacy, and said to entertain strong and lasting prejudices. It may be so, but at the same time he never yielded to passion or enmity, but sought to be strictly just. By nature he was kindly, benevolent, charitable. His household was well regulated. Practising rigid economy himself, he tried to enforce it throughout his household; yet though careful, he was by no means devoid of generosity. His industry was remarkable, his time being never unemployed. Though his mental qualifications were not of a high order, and though his education had been much neglected, he had great good sense, and remarkable correctness of judgment. Strong moral perceptions guarded him alike from temptation, and prevented him from committing wrong. That the days of a monarch so just, so pious, so revered—to whom his people's happiness was so dear, and for whose preservation so many heartfelt prayers were uttered—should have been temporarily subjected to the most terrible affliction that can befall man, must ever remain among the inscrutable decrees of an unerring Providence.

However, it is not with this dark and dread period of his lengthened reign that we have to do, but with its dawning splendour, when fire was in his eye, courage in his breast, and vigour in his limbs—when his mind was sound and his judgment good. We have to do with him in the hey-day of youth and happiness, ere yet care and the weight of empire had begun to press upon him—while all was full of present delight and of hopefulness for the future. So admirably did the young king conduct himself in the exalted position he was called upon to fill, so gentle and beneficent was his sway, so amiable was his manner, that all hearts would have been won, had it not been felt and indeed known that he had a Favourite, by whom he was ruled, and who, it soon became evident, would be content with nothing less than supreme power in the government. Many of his most loyal subjects viewed this influence with distrust and apprehension, as likely, if not shaken off, to lead to evil consequences. The cabal formed against Pitt by Bute's machinations, and the resignation of a minister justly regarded by the country as its saviour, filled every breast with indignation, and would have materially diminished the young monarch's popularity had not the intrigue been traced

to its right source. Perhaps the king might have come in for a greater share of popular opprobrium, had not the untoward event followed close upon his nuptials and coronation. That the Favourite was fully aware of the opinion entertained of him in the City, appears from a letter addressed by him at the time to his confidant, Lord Melcomb: "Indeed, my good lord," he writes, "my situation, at all times perilous, is become much more so, for I am no stranger to the language held in this great city: 'Our darling's resignation is owing to Lord Bute, who might have prevented it with the king, and he must answer for all the consequences.'" Such was the Favourite's impression, and we shall see presently that it was correct.

No event that had occurred since the young king mounted the throne gave more general satisfaction than his marriage with Charlotte, second sister of the Duke of Mecklenburg - Strelitz. The royal nuptials were celebrated on the 8th of September, 1761—just two months before the date of our story—and on the 22nd of the same month the coronation of the august pair took place in Westminster Abbey.

Most fortunate was the king in his choice. His first love had been the beautiful and captivating Lady Sarah Lennox, but compelled to conquer his passion for this fascinating person, he turned his thoughts in another direction. By whatever motives he was guided in the selection of a consort, the result showed that he had acted wisely. If he himself made the best of husbands, Queen Charlotte was a model wife and mother. In describing her majesty we have again to contend with preconceived notions, which, referring to a later period of her life, would seem to determine that she must always have been plain, if not downright ugly. Such, however, was not the fact. When united to the king she was very young, being scarcely seventeen, and at that time, and indeed for many years afterwards, she was attractive in manner, and certainly pleasing, if not positively pretty. An eye-witness has given an exact portrait of her: "She is not tall, nor a beauty," writes Horace Walpole; "pale and very thin; but looks sensible and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good." In this portrait, however, a most important feature is omitted, namely, the eyes, which were fine and extremely expressive, and which lighted up the countenance and gave a great charm to it in conversation. Gay and good-humoured, she was without a trace of levity or frivolity of manner. She possessed many accomplishments, played and sang well, was fond of reading, and ever anxious to obtain information. Her conversation was animated, and perhaps she possessed more vivacity than she cared to display. At all events, her spirits were under perfect control, and her manner guarded. Her chief aim was to

please her royal husband, to whom she invariably showed profound respect.

About noon, as we have said, and while the Lord Mayor was landing at Westminster, drums, trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments resounded within the courts of Saint James's Palace, and amid this martial din, a troop of Horse Guards, completely equipped, and extremely well mounted, issued from the gates, and took their way slowly past Marlborough House along Pall-Mall.

They were followed by a superb coach, drawn by six noble horses, containing the Duke of Cumberland. Attired in a magnificent military costume, and wearing the blue sash and a star, the hero of Culloden looked painfully ill, and as if his days were numbered. At this juncture, he was slowly recovering from a severe paralytic attack, which for a time had deprived him of the use of his limbs, and he had other bodily ailments besides. With difficulty, and only by the aid of two servants, had he been got into his coach. Naturally harsh and repulsive, his features were now swollen and distorted, the mouth being drawn down on the left side, while his bloodshot eyes and truculent looks seemed to justify the epithet of "the Butcher," bestowed upon him for the severity with which he had treated the unfortunate Scots during the rebellion. The Duke was not popular with the multitude, and very few cheers greeted him as he entered Pall-Mall. Evidently offended at the sullen silence of the throng, and with the looks almost of aversion cast at him by some of them, he scowled fiercely around, and threw himself back in his carriage.

After another troop of Horse Guards came the Princess Amelia in her chariot. Sumptuously attired in silver brocade, ornamented with large flowers, and having her head dressed à la Hollandaise, with well-powdered curls at the sides, and large ringlets behind, frilled with ribbons set on with diamonds, her royal highness presented a very splendid appearance, and quickly effaced the disagreeable impression produced by her morose-looking brother.

Next followed a newly-fashioned state-coach, differing from the one preceding it, inasmuch as it had a superbly-gilt diadem coronet in the centre of the roof, instead of a coronet at each corner. And here we may be permitted to observe that, although our modern equipages are in some respects an improvement upon those of the last century, they are far less elegant in form, and much less easy to ride in. The way in which the old chariots were hung enabled their occupants to recline backwards most luxuriously, while the coachman's box was placed so far off, that a footman could sit between it and the body of the carriage, with his back to the horses—this servant, of course, being merely supplementary to three or four others hanging behind. Moreover the coaches and chariots belonging to the nobility and persons of wealth

and distinction, were magnificently painted and gilt, and presented a gorgeous appearance. In such a splendid and luxurious vehicle as described, sat, or rather lolled, the Duke of York, a very handsome but indolent-looking young man, whose demeanour and aspect proclaimed him very different in character from his sedate elder brother. Nor did his looks belie him; the young duke was greatly addicted to pleasurable pursuits. Attired in white velvet, with a gold brocade waistcoat ornamented with flowers, and his ruffles and shirt-frill of richest point d'Espagne, his hair powdered and clubbed, he had the appearance of a splendid *roué*. Like his uncle of Cumberland he wore a blue ribband and a star.

After the young duke came a roomy state-coach, carrying his three brothers, the Princes William, Henry, and Frederick. The royal youths were dressed in rich suits of various colours, flowered or sprigged of gold, and all three looked very lively, and as if anticipating considerable amusement from their visit to the City.

After them came twelve footmen in court liveries, wearing black velvet caps, and then another troop of horse, followed by a coach containing the Princess-Dowager of Wales and her daughters, the Princesses Augusta and Caroline.

The Princess-Dowager was still an exceedingly handsome woman—so handsome, indeed, that she could not escape the breath of scandal. Eyes fine and expressive, skin smooth as satin, complexion brilliant—such were her points of beauty; while time had dealt very leniently with her, as if unwilling to destroy so much loveliness. Perhaps, art might have some little share in the conservation of her charms. But as to this we forbear to inquire, being content to chronicle the result. The princess was dressed in rich silk, trimmed with gold, and embroidered with green, scarlet, and purple flowers. Her diamonds were very brilliant; she had them on her stomacher, her necklace and earrings; her sleeves were fastened with them, and the sprigs in her hair were formed of the same precious stones. Her daughters were charmingly attired in pink and white silks, with gold and silver nets, laced tippets, and treble-laced ruffles. Their heads were dressed à l'Anglaise, curled down the sides, powdered and fastened with pink and silver knots—a mode that accorded very well with their bright young faces.

The Princess-Dowager's carriage was followed by a grand retinue, after which came a chariot containing the Earl of Harcourt, Master of the Horse, and then another in which sat the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chamberlain, and the Marquis of Rockingham, Chief Lord of the Bedchamber. Next marched the Grenadier Guards, and these were succeeded by Yeomen of the Guard.

Then followed his majesty's state-carriage, drawn by six magnificently-caparisoned cream-coloured horses. In it sat the royal pair, chatting together very pleasantly, and both looking extremely cheerful and happy. The king, who was by no means so richly dressed as his brother the Duke of York, or even as the younger princes, wore a blue embroidered velvet coat, on the breast of which glittered a large star set with diamonds; his waistcoat was of white brocade, ornamented with silver flowers. A plain tie-wig, muslin cravat, lace ruffles, and jabot, completed his costume. Such as it was, his attire suited him remarkably well. The queen was equally unostentatiously arrayed in plain yellow silk, laced with pearls. Her hair, which she wore without powder, was taken back from the brow, curled at the sides and back, and secured by a half-circlet of pearls and diamonds. Her principal ornaments were superb pear-shaped pearl earrings.

At the corner of Saint James's-street a balcony was erected, which was filled with well-dressed personages of both sexes—beaux, young and old, in flowered velvet, or cloths trimmed with gold, not of the dusky and monotonous hues now in vogue, but of every variety of tint, rich brocaded waistcoats, perukes of every possible shape, high foretops, pigeons' wings, bobs, bags, flat-ties, and Ramillies. These gentlemen were too well bred to remain covered in the presence of ladies, but carried their three-cornered laced hats under their arms, and trifled with their snuff-boxes and clouded canes, though some of the more elderly among them protected their hands from the cold by muffins. Here also the female fashions of the day were fully exhibited—sacques of silk and satin of all the colours in the rainbow, tabby sacques, white and silver sacques, pink-and-white-striped tobine sacques, and brocaded lustring sacques, with a ruby-coloured ground; fly-caps, Mecklenburg caps, Ranelagh mobs, turban rolls, and "heads" of the astounding size already described.

By this courtly assemblage, as might naturally be expected, their majesties were very well received, though no loud demonstrations were made, but as the royal carriage rolled slowly along the cheering commenced, and was vociferously continued as far as Cockspur-street. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved from window and balcony, and the strongest manifestations of loyalty and devotion exhibited. Some obstruction occurred at Charing-cross, which brought the cavalcade to a halt, and a stoppage of full twenty minutes ensued. The king bore the delay with great good humour, laughed and chatted with the queen, called her attention to any trifling matter likely to divert her, and repeatedly and graciously acknowledged the cheers of the bystanders.

At the time of our story, great freedom of speech, as well as of action, was indulged in by the masses, who were exceedingly fond of a jest and a practical joke, and were seldom restrained by any

sense of decorum from giving way to their predilections. Hence it chanced that, while the royal carriage was delayed at the top of Cockspur-street, a roar of laughter suddenly burst from the throng near it, and all eyes were turned towards a house on the right, from a penthouse on which some young men were dangling an immense jack-boot. The allusion was at once understood by the crowd, and the laughter, wholly unchecked by the king's presence, was redoubled. Some hootings, however, arose as the image of a Scotchman, such as may be seen at the door of a tobacconist's shop, was brought out by the same young men, and set beside the jack-boot in front of the pent-house. The slight expressions of disapproval which the appearance of this figure had occasioned were speedily drowned in the cheers and laughter of the majority of the assemblage.

"What! what! what's that? Hey! hey!" cried the king, in his quick way, looking out of the coach-window.

His majesty spoke so loudly that the inquiry was overheard by those near him, and a voice immediately responded, "It's the new Scotch minister—Jack Boot."

"Hold your tongue, fool!" exclaimed another voice. "Don't you know that Lord Bute is his majesty's favourite?"

"Pitt's our favourite," cried a third, "and unless we get him back again, we'll drive all the beggarly Scotchmen over the Border."

On this there was a great shout, mingled with cries of "Pitt for ever! No favourite! no Scotch minister!"

On hearing these outcries, the king became very red, and sat back in his coach, looking highly offended.

"These good folks presume rather too much upon their freedom," he said.

"It is their way, no doubt, but perhaps there is no harm in it," replied the queen, softly. "It is not against your majesty, but against Lord Bute that these cries are directed."

"The rogues think they can force me by their clamour to take Pitt back again, and give up Bute, but they may shout till they're hoarse; I won't do it—I won't do it."

"Your majesty will always act for the best; of that I am quite sure," said the queen; "and the better you are understood by your people, the more you will be beloved."

Just then, as if the crowd had become sensible of their indecorous conduct, loud shouts were raised for the king and queen, and missiles were hurled against the obnoxious jack-boot and Scotchman, which were quickly withdrawn, only to be brought forward again, however, shortly afterwards.

No other incident occurred before the cavalcade was again put in motion, but the king had not reached Charing-cross when a second stoppage took place. Precautions ought to have been taken to prevent these hindrances, but it would seem from their recur-

nence that they must have been neglected. A vast crowd was here assembled, and of a more miscellaneous character than that which had occupied Pall-Mall and Coekspur-street, a large portion consisting of low rabble. But these poor folk were just as loyal and warm-hearted, however, as their betters, and cheered their young sovereign and his queen most lustily.

It was during his detention, however, at this point that his majesty was made aware, in an unmistakable manner, of the unpopularity of his favourites. A distant yell was heard, increasing in volume as it was caught up and carried on, which informed the king that Lord Bute's carriage was approaching, and by the time the minister, who now swayed the cabinet, had joined the royal cavalcade, he was exposed to a perfect storm of indignation.

XI.

THE FAVOURITE.

THE object of this popular displeasure, to whom so much allusion has already been made, was a very stately-looking personage, with a serious and almost tragic cast of countenance. He was still in the prime of life, being a year or two under fifty; his features were decidedly handsome, his person tall and elegant, his address courtly though very formal, and his deportment dignified but somewhat theatrical. Lord Bute's gravity did not seem altogether natural to him, any more than the slow and measured style of speech which he adopted, even in ordinary discourse. His aim was to be weighty and impressive, but he was sententious and affected, and consequently tiresome. Yet his manner pleased the king, and if report was to be trusted, was particularly agreeable to his majesty's mother, the Princess-Dowager of Wales. Perhaps, beneath this cold and impressive exterior there lurked a more ardent temperament than seemed natural to him. Undoubtedly, Lord Bute possessed great self-mastery, and rarely exhibited emotion of any kind, at least in public. Such a visage as his was well calculated to conceal what was passing within. Each muscle was under control. Not only were his looks, however, carefully studied, but every gesture and accent. In short, he was a consummate actor, and it was mainly owing to his ability in this line that he owed his elevation.

Shortly after the Rebellion of '45, in order to prove his zeal to the House of Hanover, the Earl of Bute, who had for some time retired to the Hebridean Isles, of which he was lord, and from which he derived his title, returned to London, and offered his services to the government, but it is doubtful whether the overtures would have been successful had not an unexpected piece of good luck befallen him. A series of dramatic performances, given by the Duchess of Queensbury, were honoured by the pre-

sence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their court, and on one occasion Rowe's "Fair Penitent" was played, the part of the gallant gay *Lothario* being assigned to Bute, whose remarkable personal advantages, then at their acme, eminently fitted him for the part. Bute's good looks and graceful person, combined with the passionate ardour thrown by him into the part, so charmed the sensitive princess that she invited him to her court, and thenceforth he became a constant attendant upon her, and exercised a marked influence in the direction of affairs at Leicester House. He enjoyed equal favour with the prince, and on the death of the latter—an event that occurred about ten years before the date of our story—he was entrusted by his widow with the care of her eldest son, the heir-presumptive to the throne.

From that time until the young prince's accession, in 1760, Bute continued to maintain the ascendancy he had obtained over the princess, while at the same time he had contrived to secure the affections of her son. So apprehensive was he of losing his influence over his royal pupil, that he would scarcely trust him out of his sight. As the prince grew in years, the wily Scot grew in his credit, and the first act of the young monarch, on mounting the throne, was to make his favourite, then groom of the stole, a member of the privy-council.

But Bute aimed at a far higher mark. Not content to rule by secret influence, he would have direct power. Aspiring, as we have seen, to the first post in the cabinet, and, certain of the king's assent to his wishes, he did not for a moment doubt the realisation of the scheme. His design was now all but accomplished. Though merely secretary of state, Lord Holderness having resigned the seals to make way for him, he was virtually prime minister. Pitt, the grand obstacle in his path to greatness, was removed. All-powerful with the king, and with nothing to fear from his pliant colleagues, he only waited the favourable moment to seize upon the coveted prize.

Golden showers at this time descended on the Favourite's head, and Horace Walpole might well term him "one of Fortune's prodigies." "You will allow," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "that this earl is a fortunate man; the late king, old Wortley, and the Duke of Argyle, all dying in a year, and his daughter married to such an immense fortune." What Bute gained by George the Second's death needs no explanation. Old Wortley Montagu, husband of the celebrated Lady Mary—"old Avidieu," as Horace Walpole elsewhere calls him—was his father-in-law, and left more than a million to the countess. By the demise of the Duke of Argyle, Bute obtained the chief power of Scotland; and his daughter, Lady Mary Stuart, was married at the time the royal nuptials took place, to Sir James Lowther, the "Prince of Coal-pits."

On the present occasion the Favourite was attired in black velvet trimmed with gold, and wore his star and ribband. Vain of the whiteness and beauty of his hands, he loaded his long taper fingers with rings like a woman.

The opposite side of the carriage was occupied by an excessively corpulent personage—so corpulent, indeed, that he required a seat to himself—whose round, red face, to which a small snub nose lent a decidedly comic expression, was almost buried in an enormous tie-periwig, while his plump hands were quite covered by deep-laced ruffles. This elderly personage—for elderly he was—whose self-important looks and manner, combined with his extraordinary bulk, were highly provocative of laughter, and rarely failed to excite it, was Bubb Dodington, then recently created Lord Melcomb—a veteran courtier and politician. Embarrassed by no scruples, venal and corrupt as were most of the placemen of the time, Bubb Dodington, from his long experience and sagacity, was precisely the person to be serviceable to the aspiring Favourite, and he proved himself so able an instrument, that he was rewarded by a peerage, the grand object of his ambition. Son of an apothecary at Carlisle, who had married a lady of condition far superior to his own, Bubb Dodington rose by his talents to his present position. He possessed great conversational powers and much wit, courted the society of men of letters, and numbered amongst his friends Chesterfield, Fielding, Gray, Thomson, and Dr. Bentley. Though excessively vain, he was good-natured, and if much ridiculed, was generally liked. He was accustomed to array his bulky person in gaudy and flaring suits, and his preposterous perukes were ridiculed both by Churchill and Hogarth. On the present occasion he was as fine as fine could be, in a coat of gold brocaded tissue, a waistcoat of lilac-coloured silk, breeches of the same material, white silk stockings, which made his legs look perfectly colossal, and red-heeled shoes with diamond buckles.

“I fear we shall have a tedious ride to the City, my lord,” said Lord Melcomb, proffering his diamond snuff-box to Lord Bute, who, however, declined the attention. “These constant stoppages are very tiresome.”

“Excessively so,” replied the other. “They almost seem contrived to give the insolent rabble an opportunity of displaying their animosity to me. But that it would be said I fear to show myself in the City, I would have declined the Lord Mayor’s invitation to the Guildhall to-day. The whole thing is highly distasteful to me, and the noise and turbulence of this canaille are well-nigh intolerable. The uproar is as stunning as the storm of an angry audience at a playhouse. There’s nothing for it but to stop one’s ears.”

“Better laugh at it as I do, my lord,” rejoined Melcomb, consoling himself with another pinch of snuff.

The Favourite's carriage was followed by that of the Duke of Newcastle, First Lord of the Treasury, with whom rode the Duke of Bedford, Lord Privy Seal. The Duke of Newcastle, who, in spite of age and infirmities, still clung pertinaciously to power, was a little man, shrivelled in person and wrinkled in features, and his nervous anxiety about his health and fear of taking cold often exposed him to the ridicule of his colleagues. His political life had commenced above forty years ago, and he had filled the most important posts during the two previous reigns. Very wealthy, and having a vast number of boroughs under his control, he possessed immense parliamentary influence, and hence his long retention of power. He had his merits as a statesman, but they were overpowered by indecision and feebleness, and latterly, during Pitt's tenure of office, he had completely submitted to the sway of that master-spirit.

The next carriage contained George Grenville, Lord Temple's brother, a statesman of unquestionable ability, and then leader of the House of Commons. Grenville was accompanied by Lord Egremont, recently appointed secretary of state in room of Pitt. Other carriages followed, containing the rest of the ministers, the representatives of the courts of Versailles and Madrid, the Duc de Nivernais and the Conde de Fuentes, the Algerine ambassador, with other foreign ambassadors and officers of state.

During its passage along the Strand, the royal cavalcade met with repeated, and, it would seem, needless interruptions. One of these occurred near the New Exchange, and gave an opportunity to the crowd here assembled to manifest their loyalty and regard for the young king and his consort, and their dislike of the Favourite. The cheers and blessings with which the monarch was greeted changed into groans and hootings at the sight of the unpopular minister. The Duke of Newcastle himself was hissed. The mob were kept back from pressing upon the carriages by a strong military force, as well as abundance of peace officers, or still greater annoyance might have been experienced.

Very different was the appearance of this great thoroughfare, along which the cavalcade was now slowly taking its way, from that presented by it now-a-days. Badly paved, without a smooth foot-way for the pedestrian, having a deep kennel in the middle of the road, the Strand, on crowded occasions like the present, was inconvenient and even dangerous. Still there was something picturesque in the aspect of the shops, with their immense carved and gilt signs projecting many yards into the street, and embellished with every possible device—golden periwigs, blackamoors' heads with gilt hair, half-moons, sugar-loaves, &c.—and as all these signs were now decorated with streamers, flags, and ornaments, they looked gayer than usual. Of course the shops were closed, but the upper windows were garnished with spectators, as were the roofs of the

buildings. Expressions of loyalty and devotion everywhere awaited the king, but the Favourite was saluted with derisive cheers, contemptuous outcries, and hissing.

By this time the head of the cavalcade had reached Temple-bar, the gates of which, according to custom, were closed. Trumpets were then sounded, and when their bray ceased, the High Constable of Westminster, who had attended the cavalcade with his staff, rode up with an officer of arms and a serjeant of arms, and knocked against them. On this, a wicket was opened, and the under City marshal, with the herald and two yeomen of the guard, bearing halberds, came forth from it and inquired the cause of the summons. The High Constable, removing his hat, replied that his Majesty King George the Third desired permission of the Lord Mayor to enter his good city of London.

"Permission is right willingly granted by the Lord Mayor," replied the marshal, "and I am charged by his lordship, in his own name, and in the name of his fellow-citizens, to bid his majesty and his royal consort hearty welcome to their loyal and dutiful city of London."

"God save the king!" cried the herald. And the exclamation was repeated by a hundred voices.

The gates were then unbarred and thrown wide open, and the cavalcade passed through them, the trumpeters making its arch resound with their blasts. Here the High Constable of Westminster, with his staff, retired, their places being now taken by the City officers.

From this point, as already intimated, to the top of Ludgate-hill, both sides of the road were guarded by regiments of the Trained Bands, or London Militia, in their full equipments. The street being narrower, and the crowd equally numerous, the pressure was very great, and it was with some difficulty that order could be maintained. Drums beat, trumpets were blown, and tremendous shouts were raised as the king passed through Temple-bar. These acclamations, proceeding from an immense concourse of people, were continued as the royal pair passed along, and could not fail to be highly gratifying to them.

But if the good citizens were eager to demonstrate their loyalty to their sovereign, they seemed equally resolved to manifest their dislike of the Favourite. No sooner had Lord Bute entered the City than he found himself exposed to the full burst of popular indignation. To repress it was impossible. The yelling and groaning rabble cared not for the menaces of the constables and the militia, and an attempt to arrest any of them would have instantly caused a tumult not to be easily quelled. Besides, the mob were cheered on by the occupants of windows, balconies, and scaffoldings, many of whom added their voices to the clamour, and hooted and yelled as heartily as the rest. The uproar was inde-

scribable, and the king's carriage not being more than a hundred yards in advance of that of the Favourite, the noise, mingling with the acclamations bestowed upon himself, reached his ears. The national prejudice against Lord Bute's country, which at that time had not been entirely overcome, inflamed the popular passion, and it was looked upon as an additional offence that the Favourite was a Scotsman. No injurious epithet, no taunt, no insult that animosity could devise, was spared.

"Down with the Scotch minion! Send him back to his own country!" was the cry.

"No Newcastle coal—no Scotch coal for us! We burn Pitt coal in the City!" shouted others.

"Does your lordship desire to know why Sir Gresham Lorimer was elected Lord Mayor?" shouted a stout citizen from a balcony, addressing Lord Bute.

As this individual possessed the lungs of a Stentor, he made himself heard above the tumult.

"We'll tell him," responded the mob from below. "It was because his lordship called Sir Gresham a 'busy meddler.' That was enough for us."

"Who proposed a dishonourable peace?" shouted one voice.

"Who would sell us to France?" cried another.

"Who would make us the laughing-stock of Spain?" added a third.

"Who abuses the king's favour?" roared a fourth.

"Who has robbed us of our patriot minister—of our Great Commoner?" vociferated a fifth.

"Lord Bute," rejoined the Stentor in the balcony—"Lord Bute, the upstart, the Lothario of private life, the Scotch minion, the modern Mortimer, the betrayer of his country!"

"Chacun à son Bat," said Miss Chudleigh to the princess, cried another voice. "But we won't have him at any price."

In such terms, and in language far more scurrilous, was the Favourite assailed by the concourse. Everything which it was supposed could gall him was uttered. Lord Bute, however, bore the ordeal to which he was exposed without finching, and betrayed no sign of annoyance. Incredible as it may sound, there did not seem any disposition to check the licence of the mob. On the contrary, the militia and constables seemed mightily amused by what was going on, while the better part of the spectators applauded the mob, and cheered them on.

Meanwhile, the royal cavalcade continued its course, but so slowly that nearly two hours elapsed before it reached St. Paul's Churchyard, at the east end of which, as we have already mentioned, a scaffold was erected for the students of Christ's Hospital, and the king halting beside it, an address was read to his majesty by the senior scholar, at the close of which all the young voices

united in chanting the national anthem. Both the king and queen appeared much pleased by this display of youthful loyalty.

We shall not follow the royal pair along Cheapside, but bring them at once to Mr. Barclay's house, where the Duke of Cumberland, with the young princes and their mother, had already alighted. On quitting their carriage, their majesties were ceremoniously conducted to the rooms prepared for their reception. In the same place, shortly afterwards, to his infinite relief, Lord Bute found shelter from the ceaseless persecution he had endured during his ride to the City.

"I should like to have these cursed citizens in my power for a day," he observed to Lord Melcomb, as they went up-stairs together. "I would make them mend their manners."

XII.

THE GREAT COMMONER.

MEANTIME, an unpretending-looking chariot and pair, having two persons inside it, had entered the City.

This carriage had not proceeded farther than the gates of Inner Temple-lane, when a stoppage occurred, during which the gentlemen occupying it were recognised as Mr. Pitt and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. The news spread like wildfire, and was instantaneously communicated to the prodigious concourse in Fleet-street. The effect was electric. A shout was raised, the like of which was never before heard in that quarter, and may never be heard again. The populace seemed frenzied. In an instant, and notwithstanding their opposition, the peace-officers and Trained Bands on either side of the street were swept away by the irresistible force of the mob, and the carriage was surrounded by hundreds of persons, all in a state of frantic excitement. Those nearest the vehicle, however, put no bounds to their enthusiasm, but looked in at the windows, and invoked blessings on Pitt's head; others shook hands with the coachman and footmen; and others, delirious with joy, flung their arms about the horses. Fain would they have drawn the carriage themselves, but this Mr. Pitt would on no account allow. Profoundly touched by this extraordinary and unmistakable display of popular sympathy, he warmly thanked his idolaters for their zeal, but besought them to be more calm. But even his words were of no avail in checking the ebullition. The crowd listened to him only to cheer him the louder when he ceased to speak. All he could prevail upon them to do was to allow his carriage to proceed at a foot's pace, while they marched beside it as a body-guard, shouting till they were hoarse, denouncing his enemies, and waving their hats and sticks. Never was there a more enthusiastic or clamorous escort. Moreover, the lines of the militia being broken, order could no longer

be maintained. Thousands poured into the street and followed the Great Commoner's carriage, which, as it slowly advanced, seemed at the head of an army. Enthusiastic demonstrations were not confined, however, to the concourse in the streets. The spectators at the windows, in the balconies, on the stands, on the house-tops, were equally vociferous. The frenzy seemed to be contagious. Every one coming under its influence appeared equally excited.

Some description must be attempted of the personal appearance of one of the first of England's statesmen, and incomparably her greatest orator, though we despair of giving an idea of that marvelously expressive countenance, cast in the proudest mould, and stamped by the loftiest intelligence—the magnificent brow, made marble pale by constant thought—the eagle eye, that penetrated the very soul of him on whom it fell—the aquiline nose—the haughty lips, which could give vent to such a flood of eloquence as none other ever poured forth. These were his lineaments; but to judge of their full effect, you should have seen them kindled by the fiery soul within, the eye flashing lightnings, the lips breathing scorn, and every feature impressed with the thought to which the eloquent tongue gave utterance. You should have seen his tall majestic figure, thin and wasted by the cruel malady to which he was a martyr, reared to its full height—have marked his patrician look and deportment, his dignified and appropriate gestures—and above all, have listened to his wonderful delivery—grand, sonorous, impassioned, persuasive, menacing, terrible—thunder not more awful than his loudest and deepest tones.

"England," said Frederick the Great, speaking of Pitt, "has at length brought forth A MAN." Nature, indeed, as we have just endeavoured to show, had endowed the Great Commoner with her richest gifts—a stately person, a noble countenance, an eagle glance, and a magnificent voice, susceptible of every variety of intonation, persuasive in argument, terrific in invective. Of the latter power he early gave proof when taunted with his youth and a tendency to theatrical declamation by Sir Robert Walpole, and his bitter rebuke of that minister was not speedily forgotten.

Born without fortune, some fifty-three years before the date of our story, but of a good family, Pitt entered the army as cornet of the Blues, but being disqualified from active military duty by frequent attacks of gout, directed his attention to politics, towards which he had a strong bias, and speedily distinguished himself in parliament. It is not our intention to follow him through his glorious career, to show how he bore down all opposition, and asserted his supremacy. To such a point of greatness had he risen, that on the accession of George III., he might, without strain of metaphor, be said to hold in his hands the destinies of the world. Human ambition has no higher

mark than he had reached. In five years he had raised his country from the abject condition to which it had been reduced by incapacity and mismanagement—a condition so abject as positively to inspire despair—to the highest point of prosperity and power. Such had been the glorious result of the Great Commoner's administration. To him alone was the credit due of our conquests, both by sea and land, since it was he who directed our armies and navies. Measures so mighty could have been conceived by no mind inferior to his own, neither, if formed, could they have been carried out by a spirit less intrepid; but genius and courage were united in Pitt, and the result of his gigantic projects showed how admirably they had been planned. While waging war, in the Old and New Worlds, with unprecedented vigour, he opened up new and vast spheres for Commerce. If he lavishly expended the treasures of state so freely entrusted to him, he employed them well and profitably, to the immense extension of our dominions, and to the increase of our wealth. Moreover, he was as disinterested as patriotic. At a time when all other statesmen were self-seeking and corrupt, he was free from any debasing taint. With every opportunity of enriching himself, he disdained to do so by means which he deemed dishonourable. As Paymaster, he declined the immense perquisites of the office, and renounced all subsidies, contenting himself with the bare salary. That after such honourable conduct, and the unexampled services rendered by him to his country, he should be blamed for accepting a pension, can only be attributed to the malice of party. The nation quickly exonerated him, and felt that he had been most inadequately rewarded. It also felt no slight apprehension that in losing the pilot who had so long and so skilfully guided the vessel of state through difficulty and danger, disasters might ensue. Certain it is, that if Pitt had not been baffled by the intrigues of Bute, but had carried out his plans against France and Spain with his accustomed vigour, both powers must have been speedily and effectually humbled, and the war brought to a glorious termination. It was this conviction that so much incensed the populace against the Favourite, and roused such a fervent demonstration of regard towards himself.

In manner, Pitt was haughty, sometimes imperious. The habit of command made him overbearing and impatient of contradiction. Exacting the utmost respect from all about him, his secretaries were never allowed to be seated in his presence. But though proud, he was not repelling, while his imperiousness was never exhibited except to those of rank superior to his own. Such was England's greatest statesman, at the moment when the power, which he had ever used for the wisest and best purposes, was wrested from his hands by a miserable intriguer, aided by his perfidious colleagues.

Pitt's brother-in-law, Lord Temple, a very influential and wealthy nobleman, who had lately succeeded to the estates of his uncle, Lord Cobham, was himself distinguished for parliamentary abilities. He had been a member of the cabinet, but had resigned at the same time as Pitt, whom he staunchly supported. Lord Temple's hatred of the Favourite was even more intense than Pitt's, and it was mainly owing to his persuasions, coupled with those of Mr. Beckford, that the Great Commoner had been induced to go into the City on that day. Temple and Beckford desired to humiliate Bute, and in this they succeeded almost beyond their expectations. But Pitt had no petty malice in his composition, and though deeply gratified by his own reception, he was pained by the indignities offered to his rival, and began to regret the step he had taken.

No such regrets, however, were felt by Lord Temple. He was charmed with the great popular demonstration in behalf of his brother-in-law, and laughed heartily at the Favourite's discomfiture. Plenty of tongues were eager to tell him what had happened to Lord Bute, how he had been jeered and hooted, and compelled to hide his head. As the Great Commoner approached the various scaffolds, erected by the City Companies, the cheering was prodigious. The wardens and primewardens uncovered, and their bands struck up. In Cheapside, Pitt's escort received an accession of forces, and as the moving masses approached Mr. Barclay's house, their majesties and the royal family came forth to look at the scene, and were loudly cheered. Bute, however, had the prudence not to show himself, or the presence of his royal master might not have protected him from insult. Though such a popular demonstration could not be pleasing to the king, the behaviour of the crowd was so decorous that exception could not be taken to it.

In this manner was Mr. Pitt escorted to Guildhall. Having brought him to his destination, the crowd quietly withdrew from the streets, and left them clear for the Lord Mayor's procession.

XIII.

HOW THE LADY MAYORESS JOINED THE PROCESSION ON ITS RETURN, AND OF THE DISASTER THAT BEFEL HER.

So many unavoidable delays occurred, that it was full four o'clock ere the head of the civic procession, on its return from Westminster, passed the balcony in Cheapside occupied by the royal party, and another hour flew by before the Lord Mayor's coach approached the same spot. Their majesties, however, did not seem wearied by the length of the show, but, on the

contrary, were greatly amused by the pageants, and the humours of the mob.

The Lady Mayoress joined the procession at Temple-bar, and the superb chariot, drawn by six fine horses, in which her ladyship sat, immediately preceded the Lord Mayor's coach. Magnificent indeed did she look in her gorgeous attire, and it was fortunate that her chariot was lofty enough to allow her to occupy it without detriment to her towering head-dress. Sir Felix Bland's predictions as to the effect certain to be produced by her "head" were literally fulfilled. It astonished all beholders; and if more merriment and ridicule were excited than admiration, her ladyship was happily unaware of the fact, and persuaded herself she created quite a sensation. No one in the procession was prouder than she. Puffed up by fancied consequence, she regarded the crowd as something infinitely beneath her, and scarcely deserving notice. Their acclamations were accepted as rightful homage to her exalted position, and if she acknowledged them at all, it was with marked condescension.

In this manner the Lady Mayoress moved triumphantly along, believing herself envied and admired. At any unusual outburst from the throng she would slightly incline her lofty "head," or droop her fan. This was all the notice she vouchsafed the lookers-on, and quite as much as she thought they deserved.

Her grand effect was reserved for the royal party, though her confidence somewhat abated, and her breast began to flutter as she neared them, and noticed—for she was watching them narrowly from behind her fan—that their majesties exchanged rather significant looks, while some remark made by the king caused a smile to pervade the whole of the royal circle.

Could they be laughing at her? Impossible! Slightly disconcerted, however, she prepared for her obeisance, and looking towards the balcony reverently bent her head.

Alas! she could not raise it again. The summit of the immense superstructure had gone through the open window and could not be drawn back.

To struggle with the difficulty would have made matters ten times worse. But what a frightful position to be placed in, with the eyes of their majesties and the royal family upon her—and with the irrepressible laughter of all who witnessed the occurrence, and were mightily entertained by it, ringing in her ears.

She thought she must have swooned, and probably she would have done so, had not the footman, seated between her and the coachman, relieved her from the dilemma, though not without some little damage to her feathers and bands.

The king was vastly diverted by the incident, and laughed heartily at it, and we may be sure that the rest of the royal party joined in the merriment.

His majesty had not quite recovered when the Lord Mayor's coach came up. But he found nothing to laugh at now. Sir Gresham had already been presented to him, when, as Lord Mayor elect, he had waited upon his majesty, after the coronation, to invite him and his consort to the civic banquet. On that occasion, in spite of Lord Bute's disparaging remarks and sneers, he had formed a very favourable opinion of the worthy citizen, and he was no less pleased now; and being accustomed to give utterance to his thoughts, he said so pretty plainly.

Very reverentially did Sir Gresham bow to their majesties as he went by, and very graciously did they return the salutation. Amid universal cheering, addressed as much to the city magnate as to the monarch, the state-coach moved on, and took its way up New King-street.

The sheriffs came next, but did not proceed farther than Mr. Barclay's house. Here they alighted, in order to conduct their majesties to Guildhall.

XIV.

THE BANQUET AT GUILDHALL.

MANY of the distinguished personages bidden to the entertainment had already arrived at Guildhall, and were received by the aldermen composing the committee, and conducted by the ushers and other officials to the apartments adjoining the great hall prepared for them.

Among these important guests were the foreign ministers, including the French and Spanish ambassadors, and the Algerine and Tripoline ambassador and his son, in their muslin turbans and long gowns of flowered and laced silk, many of the principal nobility, the members of the privy council, the Lord Chancellor and the judges, and the lords and ladies in waiting.

On their entrance, the names of all these persons were thundered forth, so that the ladies in the galleries were at no loss as to whom they beheld, and while the ushers marshalled them at a slow and stately pace between the two lines of common-councilmen drawn up across the hall, abundance of time was allowed for the gratification of curiosity.

But though many great names were proclaimed, none created anything like the sensation caused by the announcement of those of Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt. No sooner was the tall and majestic figure of the Great Commoner discerned within the hall, than the whole of the ladies arose as if by a common impulse, waving their handkerchiefs and loudly expressing their admiration, while all the common-councilmen, with the company and attendants scattered about the vast chamber, cheered and clapped their hands. Visibly

touched, Mr. Pitt paused, looked around, and placing his hand upon his heart, bowed to both galleries; after which he passed on, amid reiterated cheering.

It was past five o'clock before the Lord Mayor arrived at Guild-hall. By this time, it having become dusk, the thousands of wax tapers in the chandeliers, lustres, girandoles, and sconces were lighted, producing an extraordinarily brilliant effect, which was heightened by the ropes of lamps already described as hung around the great cornice.

His lordship immediately retired to his private chamber, where he found the Lady Mayoress, and had to listen to her description of the direful disaster that had befallen her, but her head-dress having been already set to rights by M. le Gros, the coiffeur, who was in attendance, he could not afford her much sympathy.

Shortly afterwards they were joined by Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris, both of whom had changed their attire, and were now in full evening dresses, and looked uncommonly well. As may be expected from their passion for high society, they were enraptured with the Duchess of Richmond and the two countesses, and told Sir Gresham they were mightily obliged to him for sending such charming guests.

"But where's Milly?" cried the Lord Mayor, not perceiving his favourite daughter.

"Oh! don't trouble yourself about her, papa!" exclaimed Lady Dawes. "I'm quite ashamed of her. She's in one of the galleries with that underbred creature who intruded herself upon us this morning with her brother, and whom you were foolish enough—excuse me for saying so—to acknowledge as your niece before Tradescant's fashionable friends."

"Foolish indeed you may well call it, dearest Livy," cried the Lady Mayoress. "It was the height of folly. I never felt so humiliated in all my born days. But Milly is just as absurd. She has lent her cousin, as she stupidly calls her, one of her own dresses, and has brought her here to disgrace us. But they shan't dine at my table—on that I'm resolved."

"Nor at mine," said Lady Dawes.

"And I'm quite sure they shan't dine with me," added Mrs. Chatteris.

"Then it's lucky I can accommodate them," observed Sir Gresham, dryly.

"I'm of Tradescant's opinion," said Mrs. Chatteris, "and feel quite sure the girl and her brother will prove arrant impostors. Your credulity has been shockingly abused, papa. To say the least, it was highly imprudent to place credence in the assertions of absolute strangers, without making any inquiries about them. But even if they turn out what they represent themselves, you cannot expect us to notice such low people."

"Certainly not, dearest Chloris," said the Lady Mayoress. "Your papa cannot expect such a thing."

"But I *do* expect it," exclaimed the Lord Mayor, "and, what is more, I insist upon it. Unless you mean to offend me, you will treat them as relations. What will you say, when I tell you I've found another long-lost member of my family?"

"Oh! I don't doubt it," cried the Lady Mayoress, with asperity. "Relations will become as plentiful as blackberries with you, Sir Gresham, if you're ready to acknowledge them at a moment's notice. But I hope the one last discovered is an improvement upon those we have just been talking about."

"Hum! I can't exactly say that," rejoined Sir Gresham. "But you shall see him by-and-by, and judge. I wonder what he has been about—I must inquire. Here, Jenkins," he added, stepping to the door of a small inner room, "what have you done with Mr. Candish? Did you provide him with a dress-suit as I directed?"

"I beg your lordship's pardon," replied the attendant, advancing towards him; "I have not seen the gentleman in question."

"Not seen him!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor, angrily. "Why, I sent him to you with Staveley, the beadle."

"Staveley has been here, my lord; but, unfortunately——"

"Well! what? What the deuce has happened?"

"Mr. Candish has decamped, my lord. Staveley feared your lordship would be angry, and begged me to say it wasn't his fault. Mr. Candish took him quite unawares. Staveley would have sent after him, but he has no clue to his address."

"Well, this is provoking!" cried Sir Gresham; "very provoking! I must try to find him out to-morrow."

And he turned away, striving to conquer his vexation.

At this moment the door opened, and Tradescant entered the room.

"Have you seen your cousin Herbert?" said Sir Gresham, rather hastily, to his son.

"I've seen the young man whom you have taken under your protection," replied Tradescant, "but I didn't choose to comply with the order he brought me. I wasn't going to let him have a suit of my clothes."

"I should think not," exclaimed the Lady Mayoress. "You would have been a precious simpleton if you had."

"Better be a simpleton than disobedient," rejoined the Lord Mayor, sternly. "I won't have my orders disputed, Tradescant——"

"But, father——"

"This is not a time for discussion," interrupted the Lord Mayor, authoritatively; "neither would I permit it, were the occasion more suitable. What has become of Herbert?"

"I don't know," replied Tradescant, rather sullenly. "He was at our house in Cheapside when I left."

"And you have prevented him from attending the banquet? Upon my soul, Tradescant, I am very angry with you."

"It is a slight matter to cause you so much displeasure, sir," rejoined his son.

"I don't think it slight—but let that pass. Go home at once, and see whether your cousin is still there."

"He shall do no such thing," interposed the Lady Mayoress.

"If you find him," continued Sir Gresham, without heeding her, "let him have the best suit in your wardrobe, and bring him back with you. If he has left, you need not yourself return. Do you mark me, sir?"

"I do, father," replied the young man.

"You cannot mean this, papa?" cried Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris together.

"Your brother understands me," replied the Lord Mayor, coldly.

Perceiving that his father was inflexible, Tradescant moved towards the door, but ere he could reach it, it was opened, and admitted Herbert.

To the surprise of every one present, but to no one more than Tradescant, Herbert was arrayed in a suit of flowered velvet, which fitted him to perfection, and displayed his symmetrical person to the utmost advantage. His appearance was so much improved by the change of attire, that Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris began to view him with more favourable eyes, thinking such a handsome young fellow would do them no discredit. After staring at him for a moment, Tradescant exclaimed, "How's this, sir? You have presumed to make free with my wardrobe, after all!"

"I certainly owe you an apology for the liberty I have taken, cousin," replied Herbert, "but I felt bound to obey my uncle's orders."

"You have done quite right," cried Sir Gresham, "and Tradescant ought to feel obliged to you for getting him out of a scrape. I have a right, methinks, to dispose of some of his apparel, seeing that I pay his tailors' bills—and they are heavy enough in all conscience—without a murmur. All's right now. I don't want any more explanations. There isn't time for them. Hark ye, Herbert! You must find out your new friends, the Walworths, and bring them to my table, where I have had places reserved for them."

"I saw them on my way hither, among the company in the great hall, uncle," replied Herbert. "Your directions respecting them shall be attended to."

"Tradescant," pursued his father, "as soon as their majesties arrive, you must go for Millicent and your cousin Prue. Lady

Dawes will tell you where to find them, and bring them to the council-chamber. I wish them to see the presentations. D'ye heed?"

His son gave a reluctant assent, and the Lord Mayor retired to the inner chamber to have his robes adjusted, preparatory to the approaching ceremonies.

Shortly afterwards, Sir Felix Bland, accompanied by two sergeants of the chamber carrying wands, entered to announce that the royal family were momentarily expected; upon which, the Lord Mayor came forth from the inner room, and proceeded with the Lady Mayoress to the foot of the steps leading from the inner courts to the great hall.

Here it had been arranged that they should receive their illustrious guests, and here were already assembled the aldermen composing the committee, several common-councilmen, the Lord Mayor's chaplain, the sword-bearer, the common-crier, the common-hunt, with some gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's household, attended by servants in state liveries, and supported by the band of gentlemen pensioners bearing halberds. The latter lined the steps on either side; and at the entrance to the hall were stationed half a dozen tall yeomen of the guard.

From this point to the opposite side of the hall, drawn up in two rows, stood the whole of the aldermen, not on the committee, in scarlet gowns, flanked by common-councilmen in mazarine gowns. The pavement was covered with scarlet cloth. Farther on, within the vestibule already described, stood the two City marshals with their men, the chamberlain with several ushers bearing wands, supported by javelin men. The passage beyond was lined on either side by mazarines holding tall wax tapers.

The first of the royal family to pass between these candle-bearers was the Princess Amelia. Escorted across the hall by the chamberlain and the City marshal, she was received with every mark of respect by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and conducted by Sir Felix Bland and Mr. Beckford to the council-chamber, which was spread with Turkey carpet, richly decorated, and brilliantly lighted up for the occasion.

Sir Felix, it need scarcely be said, was enchanted with the post assigned him, and bowed to the ground, and glided backwards like a vice-chamberlain. He fared very well with the princess, but met with a terrible rebuff from her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, who came next, leaning upon the arm of an attendant, and who, not being in a particularly good humour, swore at the officious little alderman, and bade him to stand out of the way. Sir Felix, however, was consoled by reflecting that the hero of Culloden had been very badly received out of doors, which might account for his ill temper.

After an interval came the three young princes, who were

greeted with loud clapping of hands; then their mother, the Princess-Dowager of Wales, with her daughters; and then the Duke of York. The princess-dowager, who courted popularity, was exceedingly affable to the Lady Mayoress. The Duke of York and his brothers remained in the body of the hall, amusing themselves with ogling the ladies in the galleries.

Presently, intimation being given that their majesties had arrived, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, with the aldermen of the committee and the other officers, crossed the hall, and stationed themselves near the doorway.

On the entrance of their majesties, the whole of the assemblage arose. Taking the sword from the bearer, the Lord Mayor knelt down and offered it to the king, who bowed graciously, but of course declined to take the weapon. While this ceremonial was being performed the bands in both orchestras struck up, and as the king marched slowly across the great hall, preceded by the Lord Mayor bearing the sword, and followed by the queen, with the Lady Mayoress following her majesty, the acclamations became so loud as almost to drown the music. The body of the hall was quite full, and the company here assembled vied with the fair occupants of the galleries in demonstrations of loyalty.

Both their majesties were evidently much pleased, and the king, as he went along, loudly expressed his gratification to the bowing aldermen on either side.

As to the Lady Mayoress, this was unquestionably the proudest moment of her life. Never before, as she subsequently owned, had she felt "so lifted up." She could not help appropriating some of the applause, and felt herself a very important part of the show.

After the Lady Mayoress came the queen's ladies, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Effingham (Mr. Beckford's daughter), the Countesses of Northumberland and Egremont, and the Ladies Weymouth and Bolingbroke. Their majesties were conducted to the council-chamber by the aldermen of the committee, and as soon as the Lord Mayor and his royal guests and the whole of their attendants had entered it, an address was offered to the king by Sir William Moreton, the Recorder.

This being concluded, Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris were presented, and had the honour of being saluted by his majesty and of kissing the queen's hand; but though the Lord Mayor looked anxiously round among the brilliant throng for his youngest daughter and his niece, he could nowhere discern them. He afterwards learned that Millicent, of whose shyness and timidity the reader is aware, could not be prevailed upon to enter the room.

Bashfulness, however, could not be laid to the charge of either of his other daughters. They seemed quite at their ease with the exalted personages among whom they found themselves, and chatted in a very lively manner with the Duke of York and the

young princes. The duke, who was a great admirer of beauty, seemed particularly struck with Lady Dawes, and engaged her to open the ball with him in a minuet, while Prince William, not to be behind his brother in gallantry, made a similar engagement with Mrs. Chatteris.

While this was going on, to the infinite delight of the Lady Mayoress, who ever and anon cast an eye of approval at her favourite daughters, several aldermen's wives and daughters were presented. After this, the sheriffs received the honour of knighthood, and rose up Sir Nathaniel Nash and Sir John Cartwright.

Their majesties remained some little time longer within the council-chamber, graciously conversing with the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, when two officers with white staves entered to announce that the banquet was served—a piece of information which the king good naturedly declared he was not sorry to receive. Hereupon, the Lord Mayor again assumed the sword, and preceded their majesties through a side door opening upon the elevated platform on which the royal table was set.

By this time the greater part of the distinguished company had assembled at the different tables in the body of the hall, but all remained standing until their majesties had taken their places beneath the canopy, and grace was solemnly said by the chaplain. None but the members of the royal family dined at the upper table.

The entertainment was of the most sumptuous description, and unusual ceremony was observed throughout the service. The dishes were set upon the table by the seven aldermen on the committee, and they alone waited on the royal guests. And here it must be admitted that Sir Felix distinguished himself beyond all his colleagues, and seemed to have discovered his true vocation. None of his brother-aldermen were half so attentive as he; could change a plate so quickly, set on a dish so well, or pour out wine with so much grace. His majesty told him he should like to have him always for a butler, and Sir Felix was overwhelmed by the compliment.

At the commencement of the banquet the Lord Mayor stationed himself behind the king, and the Lady Mayoress took up a similar position near her majesty, but their services were immediately dispensed with, and committing their royal guests to the care of the sedulous aldermen, they retired by the side door, and proceeded to their respective tables.

By this time the feasting had begun in earnest. Numerous turkeys of turtle were placed on every table throughout the hall, and their contents liberally dispensed. Fish followed of every variety, and of rare excellence, and at a later period of the repast the boards groaned beneath the weight of many a well-fatted haunch of venison.

No distinction was made in regard to the tables. All were

equally well supplied. The ministers, nobles, and foreign ambassadors, though they dined off silver plate, and had magnificent candelabra, epergnes, and gilt flagons before them, fared no better than the mazarines at the lower end of the hall. Nor was the wine inferior to the viands, or less plentifully supplied. Hock, champagne, and Burgundy of the choicest quality flowed freely. Punch—such only as the City can compound—of course followed the turtle. At the proper period, the loving-cup went round with all the ancient formalities.

But the most picturesque accompaniments to this most splendid entertainment were, perhaps, the two lordly barons of beef, with the carvers in the costume of Henry the Eighth's time. Placed on the stages already described as erected on the right and left of the hustings, in silver dishes capacious enough to hold them, these enormous joints—evidences of the unbounded hospitality of our ancestors—were decorated with large flags, one of which bore the royal arms, and the other the arms of the City, and were carved with wonderful skill by the indefatigable Mr. Towse and the serjeant carvers—the latter habited as we have just mentioned. Mountainous as were these masses of meat at the beginning of the feast, such was the incessant demand upon them that little was left at the close, while Mr. Towse, who was well-nigh exhausted, was glad to relinquish his post.

But we are anticipating matters, and must return to an earlier stage of the banquet, when the appetites of the guests were as yet unsatiated. Though it will be impossible to describe the numerous and brilliant company, or do more than glance at the tables at which they were seated, it may be well to inquire where some of our friends were placed.

By his uncle's thoughtful directions, seats were assigned to Herbert, and his new friends the Walworths, at the Lord Mayor's own table, and the young man, who was astonished at the splendour of the entertainment, had the happiness of sitting between Alice and her mother; neither of whom appeared the worse for their cold-bath of the morning. The old hosier was enchanted, and while revelling upon the good things set before him, or washing them down with brimmers of Johannisberg and Clos Vougeot, congratulated himself upon the lucky accident that had brought him to such a glorious feast. Worthy Sir Gresham was not a little pleased with his nephew's good looks and good manners—far better than he expected—and he received many compliments on the young man's gallant appearance. Ever and anon his thoughts reverted to his poor brother, and he wished he could have been present on the occasion. Millicent and Prue dined at the same table, and were not far removed from the Lord Mayor.

The Lady Mayoress, who, as we have already mentioned, had three tables allotted to her, was assisted by Tradescant and Cap-

tain Chatteris, and did the honours to the lords and ladies in waiting, and to other persons of the highest distinction.

Mrs. Chatteris presided at the table next her mother, and perhaps had the gayest and liveliest party in the hall, her guests being chiefly young men of fashion, sprigs of nobility, and officers of the Guards. Among them were Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir William Stanhope, Tom Potter, and Wilkes, and the droll stories and witticisms of the latter kept those near him in a continual state of merriment.

The care of the third, or outer table, devolved upon Lady Dawes, who was supported by Lord Sandwich and Lord Ligonier, commanding officer of the Guards. Many other persons of rank were amongst her guests, and her table had a charm such as none other could boast—being graced by the presence of the three court beauties, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Countesses of Pembroke and Kildare. Lord Sandwich, who was desperately smitten by Lady Dawes's charms, was devoted in his attentions to her, but they fell unheeded. Her fickle ladyship was thinking of the handsome Duke of York. What chance against a Prince of the Blood had a peer of the realm?

As to the more important personages in whom interest may be felt, we may mention that the Earl of Bute and Lord Melcomb dined with the Duke of Newcastle and the rest of the ministers and privy-councillors. At an adjoining table, with the foreign ambassadors and some of the principal nobility, sat Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt.

None of the ceremonials customary at such grand entertainments were omitted. While the second course was being brought in, the common crier, in obedience to a mandate from the king, advanced to the front of the platform and demanded silence, and amid the hush that followed, proclaimed, in a loud voice, that his majesty drank to the health and prosperity of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, adding that her majesty the queen joined in the toast. As he ceased, the bands struck up the march in Judas Maccabæus.

When this grand composition was concluded, the common crier descended to the Lord Mayor's table, and again demanding silence, proclaimed that the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons drank health, long life, and a prosperous reign to his Majesty King George the Third, and his royal consort Queen Charlotte.

On this, the whole company stood up and faced the platform, the gentlemen raising their glasses enthusiastically. The national anthem was then sung, in which all the assemblage united, and at its close the cheering was universal.

The sight at this moment of the ladies in the galleries waving their handkerchiefs, and the enthusiastic demonstrations of the company in the body of the hall, constituted the most striking point of the entertainment, and long dwelt in the recollection of those who witnessed it.

THE DEATH-SHIP.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

UPON the deck fair Gunhild stands
 And gazes on the billows blue,
 She sees reflected there, beneath,
 The moon and the bright stars too.

She sees the moon and the lovely stars
 On the clear calm sea—the while
 Her steady bark glides gently on
 To Britain's distant isle.

'Twas long since her betrothed love
 Had sought, alas! that foreign strand,
 And bitterly had Gunhild wept,
 When he left his native land.

He promised tidings oft to send,
 He promised soon to come again;
 But never tidings reach'd her ear—
 She looked for him in vain!

Fair Gunhild could no longer bear
 Such anxious, sad suspense—
 One gloomy night from her parents' home
 She hath fled, and hied her thence.

Mounting yon vessel's lofty side,
 To seek her love she swore—
 Whether he lay in ocean's depths,
 Or slept on a foreign shore.

Three days had she been toss'd upon
 Wild ocean's heaving wave,
 When the sea became, at the midnight hour,
 As still as the solemn grave.

On the high deck the maiden stood,
 Gazing upon the deep so blue;
 She saw reflected there, beneath,
 The moon and the bright stars too.

The crew were wrapt in hush'd repose,
 The very helmsman slept,
 While the maiden, clad in robes of white,
 Her midnight vigil kept.

'Twas strange! at that still hour, behold!
 A vessel from the deep ascends:
 It flutters like a shadow there,
 Then near its course it bends.

No sail was spread to catch the breeze;
 Its masts lay shatter'd on the deck;
 And it did not steer one steady course,
 But drifted like a wreck.

Hush'd, hush'd was all on board that bark,
 But flitting by—now here, now there—
 Seem'd dim, uncertain, shadowy forms,
 Through the misty moonlight air.

And now the floating wreck draws near,
 Yet in the ship 'tis tranquil all;
 That maiden stands on the deck alone,
 To gaze on the stars so small.

"Fair Gunhild!" faintly sighs a voice,
 "Thou seek'st thine own betrothed love,
 But his home is not on the strangers' land,
 No, nor on earth above.

"'Tis deep beneath the dark, cold sea—
 Oh! there 'tis sad to bide—
 Yet he all lonely there must dwell,
 Far from his destined bride!"

"Right well, right well thy voice I know,
 Thou wanderer from the deep, wide sea;
 No longer lonesome shalt thou dwell,
 Far, far away from me."

"No, Gunhild, no! thou art so young—
 So fair—thou must not come!
 And I will grieve no more if thou
 Art glad in thy dear home.

"The faith that thou to me didst swear
 To thee again I freely give;
 I'm rocking on the billows' lap—
 Seek happier ties and live!"

"The faith I vow'd I still will hold,
 I swear it here anew;
 Oh! say if in thy cold abode
 There is not room for two?"

"Room in the sea might many find,
 But all below is cheerless gloom;
 When the sun's rays are beaming bright,
 We sleep as in the tomb.

“Tis only at the midnight hour,
When the pale moon shines out,
That we from ocean's depths may rise,
To drift on the wreck about.”

“Let the sun brightly beam above,
So I within thine arms repose!
Oh! I shall slumber softly there,
Forgetting earthly woes!

“Then hasten, hasten, reach thy hand,
And take thy bride with thee!
With thee, O gladly will she dwell,
Deep, deep beneath the sea!

“And we will oft at midnight's hour
Upon the lonely wreck arise,
And gaze upon the pale, soft moon,
And the stars in yonder skies.”

Then reach'd the dead his icy hand:
“Fair Gunhild, fear not thou!
The dawn of rosy morn is near,
We may not linger now!”

Upon the wreck the maiden springs—
It drifts away again;
The crew of her bark, awaking, see
The Death-Ship on the main!

The startled men crowd on the deck,
With horror on each brow;
They pray to God in heav'n above,
And the wreck has vanished now!

CROOKED USAGE ;
 OR,
 THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RECOGNITION.

ALTHOUGH it was little more than a stone's throw from Bow-street to his shop, Mr. Squirrel ostentatiously called a cab, and, after begging Lorn to enter first, drove off in great style, while Cramp followed, grumbling, on foot. With the same ceremony, when they reached his house, Mr. Squirrel offered his arm to assist his quondam apprentice ; who was quite at a loss to understand the meaning of all this civility.

But mere civility was not enough for Mr. Squirrel, who, the moment he reached his private room, seized Lorn by both hands, and shook them as if he meant to wrench his arms out of their sockets. He then took out his pocket-handkerchief, rolled it up into a ball, and dabbed his eyes with great vehemence, till he became as red in the face as pickled cabbage.

"Pardon this here demonstration," he said, when he had pummelled himself sufficiently ; "but I was bustin'. Pent-up feelin's is 'ard to bear ! Only them can know what they is as has been a suppressing of 'em for months. And how *are* you, my dear boy, and how *have* you been, and what would you like to take ? Excuse my shaking hands again—this here is such a joyful occasion ! Oh," continued Mr. Squirrel, pointing to the portrait of his deceased wife, which hung over the fire-place, "if she could only have been alive at this minnit !"

Lorn was touched at last. He had been more astonished than moved by the pawnbroker's newly awakened affection, but this allusion went to his heart, and silently pressing Mr. Squirrel's hand, he turned away to conceal his emotion.

Mr. Squirrel saw his advantage, and pursued it.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "her 'appiness would have been pretty nigh the equal of mine, for she nussed you during the fondling period of infancy, and that's where it lays 'old ; but she never seen you grow into man'ood as is my 'appy lot, like a young tree a shootin' in Saint James's Park. If she had, she'd have loved you p'r'aps as much as I do ! You *are* a fine young feller, Lorn, and proud am I at having had the honner of bringing of you up ! I always know'd, and, indeed, said so to everybody, that you'd be a credit to them as you belonged to."

Lorn could not help thinking that if these had always been Mr. Squirrel's sentiments, he must have done himself great violence never to have expressed them before ; and he could not cease from wondering why they were so forcibly uttered now. A ray of light, however, began to dawn upon him, as the pawnbroker went on.

"But there's nobody, my dear boy, which they haven't got somethink to rile 'em. There's a drop of bitters in every man's cup, let him drink what he pleases; and tho' bitters—say with gin—is pleasant tippie at times, 'tain't always as one is wishful to mingle. I said just now, Lorn, 'them as you belonged to,' which it was lawfully I meant to express myself, for me and Mrs. Hess, as I b'lieve you are prepared to learn, warn't your legitimit parints."

"Do you know who they are, sir?" eagerly interrupted Lorn. "Have I a real claim upon anybody?"

"For the matter of claims, Lorn," replied Mr. Squirrel, "if feelin' goes for anythink, you have only to say the word to him as have ideised you from a babby—meaning me," he added, observing the doubtful expression of Lorn's countenance. "I'm ready to make you my hare to-morrow! Only it can't be! The little I have will go to charitable instootions, hospittles, and such-like. I shan't never be allowed the melancolly satisfaction of naming of you in my last will and testament."

"Why not, sir?" said Lorn, smiling, in spite of his anxiety to discover Mr. Squirrel's meaning; "to do that is in every one's power."

"It ain't in mine, Lorn," returned the pawnbroker. "Others has their rights, and bars my purposes. But you'll never forget the man, will you, as would have done it if he could?"

"I shall never forget," said Lorn, "that it is to your kindness to me to-day I owe my release from prison. If there has ever been anything else between us, Mr. Squirrel, I will forget that too!"

"You've taken a weight off my sperrits, Lorn," said the pawnbroker, "for which I'm thankful. And now you've illuded to the past, I don't mind mentioning of this circumstance, which it's delicacy has prewented my touching on before: a cross word, I'm not above owing to it, may once or twice have fell from my lips, when in a hiritable state of mind, but such was distilled into it, aggrawated, I may say, by them as was your hennemies, and no friends of yourn nor mine. That serpent in sheep's clothing was Cramp——"

"You're wanted in the shop," said the sepulchral voice of the individual just named, unceremoniously throwing open the door, which had only been left ajar.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Squirrel, caught somewhat awkwardly in the manner.

"A picter," growled Cramp, who had heard the flattering comparison.

"A poor hartist, I s'pose," observed Mr. Squirrel. "Let him wait. I'm busy at present."

He slammed the door in Cramp's face as he spoke, and turned again to Lorn, but thinking it likely his assistant might linger outside to listen, did not continue his disparaging remarks, and also spoke in a lower key.

"Let us set here," he said, taking Lorn to the other side of the room. "I've a dooty to perform. I must unbuzzom!"

As Mr. Squirrel laid his hand on his waistcoat, Lorn fancied he was about to unbutton it; but the pawnbroker's language was figurative.

"I have somethink," he observed, "to reweal. You asked me a little

while ago if I knew who was your parents. I don't mean to say as I do, and I don't mean to say as I do not,—but I'm able to make a tolerable guess. How should you like, Lorn, to have a rich gentleman and lady for your father and mother?"

Lorn trembled at hearing these words, but only answered with sparkling eyes. Yet a voice within him spoke, and said: "She might not then despise me!"

"I see," said Mr. Squirrel, "you would ~~not~~ have no very great objection. That's only natteral. We all on us likes to be somebody; and that you *are* somebody is my full belief and persuasion. There's mysteries, Lorn, in every pefession, and pawnbrokers has their share. Long before you can remember anythink, for reasons I'm not at liberty to mention, you was placed under the charge of me and Mrs. Hess; and, not to go over more ground than we've need to, the parties which made the deposit has now come forrard to redeem it. Their hobligations to me, they says, is more than they can find words for; in fact, they werships my very idear for all my goodness, as they pleases to call it, which, in course, I makes no account on. Do as you would be done by is my maxim, and that I've stuek to through life. Money wouldn't pay me to do nothing I hadn't a mind too, and money wouldn't pay me for what I have done."

Hoping that his hearer took the same view of the question as himself, Mr. Squirrel paused in his self-laudation, while Lorn listened with breathless attention. As he did not answer, the pawnbroker resumed:

"The parties I'm talking of come to me while you was in the lock-up, but being hanxious not to 'arrow nobody's feelings, I said nothink about the little 'obble you'd got into, and put 'em off for a few days by telling of 'em that you was gone into the country; so please to remember, if any questions is asked, that was the reason they didn't find you here. There's no occasion to cry stinking fish, you know. Now these parties wishes for a early meeting, and as soon as you can make it convenient, that's to say tidied yourself up a bit—not that you wants much doing to—we'll step round to where the parties is now expecting of us. I'll just settle the little matter Gramp spoke of, and be ready by the time you are."

Having thus smoothed down all possible difficulties, and told as much truth as he thought necessary, Mr. Squirrel left Lorn to his own reflections. They were of a strange and conflicting nature. He was no longer the outcast he had always believed himself,—his good name, if not perfectly re-established, was in a fair way of being so,—and that tie for which his heart had so yearned, connected him with those whom it would be his pride as well as his duty to love. But how should he meet the rich gentleman and lady whom Mr. Squirrel hinted were his parents? how address—how interest them in the events of a life obscure as his had been?

What would they think of him, his breeding, his want of education, the countless deficiencies of which he felt himself conscious? Where everything is unknown there is always room for fear, and the fear that they might not think him worthy of their love took strong possession of Lorn's mind, almost quenching the hopes he had begun to cherish. Lorn was no coward, but he dreaded the approaching interview quite as much as he desired it; and if he had been free to choose, would probably have

shrunk from it altogether. The choice, however, was not his; Fate, in the shape of Mr. Squirrel, shouted to him, in friendly tones, to come down stairs, and with a beating heart he obeyed the summons.

Thanks to the professional skill of Monsieur Coupédaux, Lorn's clothes were very fashionably made; and nature, besides good looks, had given him easy manners, so that none but the most fastidious could find fault with his appearance; and appearance, though pooh-pooh'd by the wise, goes for something with most people, even with fathers and mothers—as we see on the stage—when they recover their long-lost children. It certainly had its effect on Mr. Squirrel, who, greatly to Lorn's confusion, was loud in expressions of admiration.

On the way to the Devonshire Hotel, the pawnbroker made a further communication.

"The parties"—he could not get out of the groove he had been running in all his life—"the parties, he believed, was foreign; leastways, the male party, for the lady spoke English nearly as well as himself. He (Mr. Squirrel) went by what he heard, and to the best of his knowledge, though, he confessed he didn't understand the language, their talk was in French—it sounded like it—queerish, you know—quite another kind of thing from our talk, not so human—more, saving Lorn's presence, like monkey's gibberish than reg'lar conversation; and what was printed on that there card bore him out; he could make nothing of it; was Lorn able to read it?"

With this Mr. Squirrel gave Lorn a card which had been left with him to present when he called at the Devonshire Hotel. At the sight of it, Lorn remembered the name which had already proved his own stumbling-block, and he became as pale as ashes.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, stopping short, "is he the person who calls me his son? No, Mr. Squirrel, if he were a thousand times my father I would not go a step farther towards him. This is the man who made me his unconscious associate in forgery—the man who lured me from you—the man to whom all the misery I have undergone is owing."

"What are you saying on, Lorn?" asked Mr. Squirrel. "I don't understand you."

"I say," replied Lorn, in great agitation; "that the name on that card is the same as the one he goes by, though at first he called himself Mr. Charles."

Between a pawnbroker and an Old Bailey practitioner there is, in many respects, but little difference. Each deals so constantly with concealments, that his native acuteness is preternaturally sharpened, and the slightest clue to a discovery suffices.

"Goes by!" repeated Mr. Squirrel. "That's just where it is. Your Count goes by that name, or any other he chooses to take whenever he wants one. Why, he give himself yours once, when he pledged the diamond ring he took and swindled me out on afterwards, and that's the reason you was called Loriot, me and Mrs. Hess agreeing you should have the first name we dropped on when we opened the day-book. No, my dear boy, you may make yourself easy on that score. He ain't your father, and, take my word for it, he has no more right to call himself what he does than I have. Don't you see, it was while you was in the lock-up the inquiry was made, and I think you may believe me when I

tell you that I know one man from another, 'specially when my pocket has been taught to feel the difference."

"Describe what the owner of the card was like," said Lorn, only half assured by the pawnbroker's declaration.

"He stood to be looked at," answered Mr. Squirrel, "quite grand, as if he was having his pieter taken. Slight made, clear grey eyes, high, thin nose, mouth uncommon 'aughty, not much 'air, no whisker, and standing five feet eight, as near as may be."

Lorn admitted that this portrait was quite unlike "The Count," but could not help wondering at the coincidence of the names, which Mr. Squirrel was equally at a loss to explain. "But, depend upon it," said the pawnbroker, "we shall get on the right side of this phenommion afore we've done. And now, I think, we'd better be moving on."

On reaching the hotel, Mr. Squirrel found that Monsieur and Madame de la Roquetaillade were at home, and, sending in his name, was at once admitted; Lorn, at his suggestion, remaining below. But he had not long to wait, for presently the pawnbroker returned and desired Lorn to follow him. Not without trepidation he did so, and after threading several passages, Mr. Squirrel stopped where a portly man of solemn aspect was standing, who, seeing Lorn and his companion approach, bowed very profoundly, and conducting them through an ante-room, knocked at an opposite door, and silently ushered Lorn in, the pawnbroker and himself remaining outside.

The apartment into which Lorn was shown was large and lofty, and splendidly furnished—it was, indeed, the finest place he had ever seen—but of the various objects which surrounded him he had only a confused notion, his emotion rendering all things dim. Monsieur de la Roquetaillade was leaning against the chimney-piece, with his face towards Lorn, and his eyes steadily fixed upon him; the Countess stood in the middle of the room, one hand resting on a table, the other clutching the back of a chair, as if it were necessary for her support, and gazing anxiously in the same direction as her husband. For a few moments no one spoke. Madame de la Roquetaillade was the first to find her voice.

"Are you Lorn?" she faintly said.

As indistinctly, but to her ears quite clearly, he replied in the affirmative.

Again she looked earnestly in his face.

"I cannot doubt it!" she cried; "a mother's heart speaks for you. My son—my son!"

With these words she rushed forward, and threw her arms round Lorn's neck, clasped him passionately to her breast, and sobbed convulsively.

"Agnes!" said Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, unchanged in feature and motionless.

There was no tenderness in his tone, but at the sound of his voice she raised her head, and half-turning, said,

"C'est notre fils!"

"Il me paraît qu'il te ressemble un peu," observed her husband, carelessly. "Qu'il approche!"

Madame de la Roquetaillade took Lorn by the hand, and led him up to the fireplace.

"This is your father!" she said.

Lorn raised his streaming eyes, but meeting no paternal recognition, he cast them down again directly.

"Parles-tu Français?" asked Monsieur de la Roquetaillade.

Finding that Lorn remained silent, he added, addressing his wife: "On ne l'a pas trop bien soigné. Il faut qu'il l'apprenne. Pourtant, il est assez beau garçon! Tout-à-l'heure nous ferons connaissance. A présent je vous laisse ensemble. Règle tes comptes avec cet homme-là, et dis-lui de ne jamais revenir."

So saying, he left the room.

It was not altogether coldness of nature that made Monsieur de la Roquetaillade give Lorn this chilling reception. Pride was at work within him, and the knowledge of having greatly wronged his newly-discovered son. Perhaps, too, there were floating doubts in his mind, of which he could not immediately get the better.

Under other circumstances, Madame de la Roquetaillade would have been deeply shocked at her husband's stoicism, but at that moment her heart was too full of joy at regaining her long-lost treasure to think of anything but Lorn. Again and again she strained him in her embrace, wept over him, and asked him a thousand idle questions, delighting in his ingenious answers, and—what so easily satisfied as a mother's desire?—finding him all she wished. Simply, but with feeling, he told, at intervals, the story of his life, in which, though she had so little part in it, he unconsciously made Esther the chief actor. Much of it was unintelligible to Madame de la Roquetaillade, but she forbore, for the present, to ask for explanations, content to study his handsome features and hear him speak. She learned, however—for it was impossible he could conceal it—that Lorn had narrowly escaped a great misfortune; but in relating how it occurred he begged so earnestly that no censure might be visited on Mr. Squirrel for not having made it known, that Madame de la Roquetaillade agreed not to notice the artifice he had practised. When the pawnbroker, therefore, was called in, she gave him not only a much larger gratuity than she had promised, but loaded him with her warmest thanks, and if asseverations stand for anything, a more grateful individual than Mr. Squirrel was not to be found within the bills of mortality.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE river, as we have said, was between Esther and the place she fled from, but whither was she to direct her steps? The Petersham meadows were very lovely, the hanging woods of Richmond most inviting, but their charms were for pleasure-seekers, not for one who, however vague her purpose, had a new life before her which must begin immediately. Turning, then, from the shining stream, she hastened on, and crossing the fields, found herself in the lower road beneath Richmond-hill.

Though the precise locality was new to her, she knew, from having been at Richmond before, in which direction London lay. The road soon became a street, and, entering a stationer's shop, she inquired the means of getting to town as quickly as possible? The shopkeeper, a civil man, but prosy withal, informed her that there were both Busses and the Train.

"If she was going to the West-end the Bus perhaps was the most convenient and quite as quick as the rail because it was some distance you know from the Waterloo station and for his part he generally went by it as it passed his door and set him down just where he wanted except when he was going to the Borough or anywheres on the Surrey side and then you know it stood to reason that it was more direct to go by the rail which if you took a second-class ticket and so many respectable people did so now that even a lady going by herself need not mind was quite as cheap as the Bus indeed it might be a little cheaper if it all depended upon where you was going to——"

This intelligence having been conveyed without drawing breath, the stationer paused, not for lack either of wind or matter, for he could have dribbled on in the same way all day, but because Esther stopped him with another question :

"Was the railway station far off?"

"Not ten minutes' walk and almost as straight as a narrow you had but to turn to your right at the first corner you came to by the butcher's shop next door but one to the pastrycook's not the maid of honour shop that was on the left hand but the one on the opposite side and keep straight on past the Greyhound into the London-road and when you got to the end you bear away to the left which was the station itself and then a railway porter or anybody would direct you."

Having thanked the stationer for his civility, Esther followed his instructions, and arrived just before the train came up from Twickenham. Had she consulted her purse she would have made a point of taking a second-class ticket, but in her eagerness to get to London she asked for one at the nearest pigeon-hole, and showing it on the platform, was consigned to a first-class carriage, in which there was only another person, an elderly well-dressed woman, surrounded by a number of small packages. It was a relief to Esther to find she had no other companion, and dropping into the first seat that offered, the train moved on.

She now began seriously to meditate on the course she must pursue, for her agitation had hitherto prevented her from forming any definite plan. The only person with whom she was acquainted in London was Dr. Snowballe. He was a very good-natured man, and she felt sure he would assist her with his advice ; but then the thought crossed her, Was he not the most intimate friend of Mrs. Drakeford, who, knowing Esther's forlorn condition, would probably go at once to Finsbury-circus to look for her? But if not there, where else could she take refuge? She had truly said, after reading Lorn's letter, that she was alone in the world, and now the fact of her loneliness was brought home to her more vividly than ever. She leaned back in the carriage and closed her eyes, but, in spite of all her efforts, tears forced their way and slowly trickled down her cheeks. She was raised from her sad reverie by a gentle pressure of her hand, and looking up saw a face before her that wore a very compassionate expression.

"What is the matter, my dear young lady," said a kind voice ; "are you ill?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am," replied Esther. "I am quite well—but—but——"

"You are in some distress of mind, then?" said the questioner, her

travelling companion; "pray do not cry if you can help it; so young, so pretty, it makes my heart ache. I wish I could do anything for you!"

"You are very good, ma'am," returned Esther, "but nobody can help me; that is to say, there is nobody I can ask to do so."

"Why not? I am sure you don't look as if you had been doing anything wrong, and that is the only reason I know of which should make people afraid of asking."

"Oh no, ma'am," said Esther, weeping afresh; "it is not I who have acted wrongly, yet still I must pay the penalty."

"That is a very hard case," rejoined the other. "I wish I knew your story. Would you mind telling me a little of it?"

There was so much benevolence in the speaker's manner that it was a comfort to Esther only to hear her. She looked wistfully in her face for a few moments, and reading there nothing but kindness, she answered, timidly:

"I hope you will not blame me, but—I have run away."

"Indeed!" said Esther's interrogator, rather gravely. "Run away! From school?"

"No, ma'am; I have left school a long time. If I had been a child, this would not have happened. I have been basely treated: a wicked woman is the cause of all my misfortunes. She would have sold me—to my ruin, if I had not made my escape from her."

"Poor thing—poor thing! And where are you going to? What friends have you? No mother, no aunt, no sister, maybe!"

"No one in the world, ma'am. There is nothing left for me but to lie down and die!"

"No, no, no! Not so bad as that, my dear! Come, come, compose yourself, and tell me a little more. I believe you are innocent and true."

Thus encouraged, Esther dried her tears, and entered into some particulars. She would not, for the present, mention names, but she stated, plainly, all the circumstances of her position, and the truth of what she said was so evident that her listener did not for an instant doubt her, and when she had finished her story, spoke as follows:

"I am not a lady, my dear, nor exactly my own mistress, though I do pretty much as I like in the station of life to which it has pleased God to call me. But I am well known, and I may say it without boasting, not only known but trusted. The fact is, my dear, I am the housekeeper of a large and very old-established London hotel, the proprietor of which is a distant relation of mine, and his house has been my home for more than twenty years—ever since I was a widow. I have my own rooms, all to myself, and you shall come and stay with me—if you will—till we can look about us, and see what can be done for you; for with your nice way of speaking and pretty behaviour, I am sure you must be clever and well educated, and any lady would be glad of your society. Not a season goes by that some one or other of the great ladies that stay at our house does not say to me, 'I wish, Mrs. Brooks, you could recommend me to a nice well-behaved young person of good education, to read, and play, and be a companion in the country or travelling,' and so forth. Wouldn't it be a good thing, my dear, to know a lady like that, who

would treat you as an equal and a friend, and make your life a happy one?"

Esther's eyes brightened at the agreeable picture, and a pleasure she had never known gladdened her heart at meeting with such unexpected kindness. Again and again she sincerely thanked Mrs. Brooks, and at once accepted her generous offer.

The Devonshire Hotel was not a single building originally designed for its present purpose, but consisted of several private houses, having internal communication, and four or five separate entrances. The rooms were numerous, and many of them situated very widely apart, so that people might inhabit the hotel for almost any length of time without ever coming into contact with each other. Mrs. Brooks had a small suite on the ground-floor, quite at the back, and approached by a long passage, which no one used who did not go there on business. Its isolation was complete, and no quieter home in all London could have been found for one who wanted to live retired. It was, therefore, exactly the place for Esther, to whom concealment for a time was most necessary. For the rest, the apartments were all she could desire, and she had no wish to leave their precincts.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SEARCH AFTER ESTHER.

MRS. DRAKEFORD was not one of that class of persons who, in the days of the English Commonwealth, were called "waiters upon Providence." If the thing she expected did not come to pass within a given period, she immediately bestirred herself to obtain it. So, when it became perfectly clear to her that Esther had run away—a conclusion she very soon arrived at—she lost no time in vain hopes for her return or idle regrets at her departure, but resolved at once to go in search of her.

It was easily ascertained that Esther had crossed the river on leaving Violet Bank, and the ferryman who gave this information said that the lady, on reaching the opposite side, "went down stream," by which professional remark he conveyed the fact of her having turned towards Richmond. London, then, of course, was her destination. Where else, indeed, said Mrs. Drakeford, could anybody think of going?—and, being in London, she arrived at Esther's own conclusion that she must be sought for at the Doctor's.

"He is soft enough," soliloquised this model woman, "to take her part; but the deuce is in it if I can't come over him too!"

The moment, therefore, that she had despatched her breakfast, which she did with her usual good appetite, Mrs. Drakeford arrayed herself in her best and started in hot haste for Finsbury-circus, in a carriage which Sir William had left at her disposal.

"Where is she?" were her first words, as she burst into the apartment sacred to Hahnemann, which was also the Doctor's dining-room.

The Doctor, who was at luncheon, and so earnestly engaged on his

chop that he had not heard her arrival, dropped his knife and fork and jumped up, astonished at her sudden appearance, but his mouth was full, and for the moment he could not speak.

"She!" at last he spluttered, while Mrs. Drakeford's quick eyes travelled in all directions. "Who do you mean?"

"As if you didn't know, you Black!" was the elegant lady's rejoinder. "Come, answer me directly! Mind, I won't stand any gammon! Where's Esty?"

"Upon my life and soul," he replied, "I have no idea! I thought she was down at Twitnam with you. I sent her a letter there, yesterday, enclosed in one to yourself."

"Bother the letter!" said Mrs. Drakeford; "she got that, and cut it directly afterwards. It's no use your telling lies. I'm sure she's here!"

"Without my knowledge, then!" returned the Doctor; and perceiving that Mrs. Drakeford was still incredulous, he added: "You may search the house, if you like! I give you my sacred word of honour, she hasn't been near it."

"Where the deuce, then, can she be!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, flinging her ponderous person into a chair, which cracked beneath its weight. Then fixing her large eyes on the Doctor—"You're sure, now?" she said.

"I give you my sacred——" he began again.

"Oh, stuff!" was the lady's remark. "That wouldn't make me believe you. Well, then, you must help me to find her."

"But tell me all about it! Why did she go?"

"I know no more than you do. We were on the best of terms. There had, perhaps, been a word or two between us, now and then, as there will be with everybody, but not yesterday. Have you any notion who the letter you sent her was from? How did you come by it?"

"The girl that lived with you brought it. I understood it was from herself, though she said she had got some one to direct it. People of that sort are always particular about the outside of their letters."

"Where is she to be found?"

"She told me, but I've forgotten. Somewhere, I think, in the Old Bailey. By-the-by, talking of the Old Bailey," continued the Doctor, with something between a smirk and a shrug, "that's an awkward affair about Drakeford!"

"What's awkward?"

"You haven't heard, then?"

"Heard? No! Tell me!"

"He was had up yesterday at Marlbro'-street, and committed for trial on a charge of arson."

"Committed!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford.

"Yes—it's quite true. I read it in this morning's paper. I thought, at first, you had come here on that account."

Although not quite unexpected, this intelligence was a blow to Mrs. Drakeford—not because of any sympathy for the person arrested, but for considerations that were purely selfish.

It is not a safe thing to weep when the rouge-pot has been freely ap-

peaked to, but as Mrs. Drakeford shed no tears she ran no risk of disturbing the damask on her cheek by hiding her face in her pocket-handkerchief and uttering stifled sobs.

After a brief exhibition of conjugal sorrow, Mrs. Drakeford's nerves were sufficiently restrung to enable her to resume the conversation.

"Have you seen anything of the Count?" she asked, languidly.

"No!" replied the Doctor. "And, to tell you the truth, I am glad of it, for—excuse my saying so—I begin to think he's not over-respectable."

Mrs. Drakeford felt a strong inclination to laugh at her friend's simplicity, but as this was not a moment for mirth she suppressed it.

"How so?" she inquired.

The Doctor thereupon related what he knew of Lorn's imprisonment and his subsequent release.

"How one may be deceived!" cried Mrs. Drakeford. "I thought him the very soul of honour!"

"I had my doubts," said the wise Doctor, "the very last time I sat down to cards with him. We played at écarté, and he held or turned the king every time."

"And you lost your money. I dare say, then, I've lost mine!"

"Yours!"

"Yes. Money he borrowed of me. Being Drakeford's friend, I lent him what he wanted."

"Was it much?"

"A great deal too much for me to lose. A hundred pounds. What with that and Drakeford's accident, I'm left quite high and dry."

"I can let you have——" said the Doctor, hesitating.

Mrs. Drakeford's eyes sparkled once more with their wonted brilliancy. She had not originally intended to raise the wind in this quarter, but as the opportunity came so pat she could not resist it.

"You are the best creature in the world!" she said, "and the only person I would put myself under such an obligation to. Could you spare me fifty? I must pay the police, and God knows who besides, to help me hunt up this ungrateful gurl."

The Doctor's desk was open in a moment, and the sum named placed in Juno's unreluctant hand, which was not hastily withdrawn, because at the same time it was tenderly squeezed.

"If I hadn't the best spirits possible," she said, as she tucked her porte-monnaie with the Doctor's notes into that ready receptacle, her bosom, "I don't know what would become of me! With a runaway daughter, a husband in quod, and the man I lent my money to a thief and a cheat, and everything that's bad, I've got it pretty well all round my hat, don't you think, Doctor? But I can't stop longer now. I must be on the *quivvy*, if I hope to do any good."

"You'll let me know if you have any news of Esther?"

"To be sure I will! Good-by!"

Too timid to run the risk of being again called "a Black,"—though the lady gave him the chance,—the Doctor once more squeezed Mrs. Drakeford's hand, and she departed.

As she only intended to apply to the police *en dernier ressort*, a visit

to "the private office" was not her immediate object. She must first see the person who was most interested in the disappearance of Esther, and accordingly directed the coachman to drive to his master's house in Harley-street.

Sir William Cumberland was as much surprised as the Doctor had been at the apparition of Mrs. Drakeford.

"You have brought me good news, I hope," he said, as he rose with some little difficulty to greet her, for his old enemy, the gout, was hovering over him and threatening a descent.

"I'm afraid you won't think so, Sir William," returned his ally, "when you've heard what I've got to tell you."

"Is she ill?" he asked, with an air of tender anxiety.

"God knows! She was well enough when I saw her last."

"Saw her last!" echoed Sir William.

"Yes. Not to mince the matter,—she's gone! Disappeared suddenly yesterday afternoon, while my back was turned for a moment."

"Disappeared! Where? How?"

"Lord only knows! I wish I did."

"Pray explain yourself a little more clearly."

"I will if I can, but I'm almost heartbroken,—on your account, Sir William, more even than on that of my poor child."

The handkerchief was here resorted to for a few moments. When it was withdrawn, the lady, in an agitated voice, continued:

"Everything was going on charmingly for your interests. I had got her to listen quite attentively to all I said in your favour. The bracelet you sent quite won her heart; she put it on directly, and did nothing but admire it, saying it was so kind of you to think of her. Of course I didn't let the opportunity slip, but struck while the iron was hot, and I really do think I should have got her in a little while to agree to anything I proposed, when, as ill-luck would have it, a person came to see me on business, and I was obliged to leave the room. Half an hour after, when I came back, she was nowhere to be found!"

"And have you seen or heard nothing of her since?"

"If I had seen her I shouldn't have come here alone. As to hearing, I did hear that she crossed the river and went to Richmond, but though I sat up till midnight she never came back. You may fancy my feelings throughout the whole blessed night. You might have wrung my pinner, it was so wet with crying."

There was as much truth in this statement as answered Mrs. Drakeford's purpose. Had she told Sir William that Esther had scornfully rejected his presents and despised his character, or hinted the suspicions—which the open letter she had left behind her suggested—the chances were, Mrs. Drakeford feared, that his ardour might have cooled, and he, disgusted with so many difficulties, have abandoned the affair altogether; but by making it appear that accident and not inclination had caused Esther's flight, his vanity remained intact, and no personal susceptibility was awakened. Not to deprive him of hope was still to lure him on, to the extent, at all events, of ensuring her own profit, whatever the issue might be with respect to his success with Esther. The only question, for the moment, was the nature of the accident to which her sudden disap-

pearance was owing, and fortunately Lorn's letter—though she had no idea it came from him—afforded Mrs. Drakeford a pretext.

In reply, then, to Sir William's question, who wished to know if she had no clue at all to guide her, she said :

“There is one circumstance, and one only, which throws a little—ever so little—light on the matter. When people are not rightly acquainted with all the particulars of their birth and parentage—and this is Esther's case—for you know, Sir William, though I call her my daughter, she is not my born child, but another's, which she was left in charge with me at a tender age, and never a word fell from my lips on the subject to her, as I have mentioned before,—when things of this kind happens, there's always openings to explanations at some time or other, and that's what I suspect in the present instance. Esther did receive a letter yesterday just as I was called away, without time to ask her who it came from, and it may have been one of those anomalous communications that one reads of signed by nobody, and offering to give information of importance, as that sort of writers always says. This is the only way in which I can account for her going off in such a hurry.”

Sir William, who listened attentively to this speech, could arrive at no other opinion. What was to be done?

Here Mrs. Drakeford had a legitimate occasion for drawing upon Sir William's purse and replenishing her own.

“We must offer a handsome reward. Advertise her in the second column of the *Times*. I'm no scholar myself, Sir William, so can't write it, but you can.”

“If you'll tell me what to say,” replied the Baronet.

“Oh, that's easy,” rejoined Mrs. Drakeford. “We have only to say—let me see!”

With all her cleverness, an effective advertisement was not so simple a thing as she supposed, but after several sheets of paper had been spoilt, between them they managed to draw up a sufficiently touching appeal, and Mrs. Drakeford, entrusting no agent with her secret, hurried off with it to Printing House-square, leaving Sir William a prey to a thousand conflicting sensations, for some of which love was responsible; for the rest, approaching gout.

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

M. DUMAS, père, has recently collected, in two volumes and under the suggestive title of "Les Morts Vont Vite," various à propos biographies of eminent men, which have up to this time remained buried in the feuilletons of newspapers. We believe that this is the first occasion in which Alexander the Great has attempted what may be termed contemporary biography, and his treatment is so eminently characteristic that we feel disposed, with our readers' permission, to give a few extracts.

The first on the list is Chateaubriand, and Dumas manages to institute an ingenious parallel between him and the elder Napoleon, because both heroes were born in 1769. The following sentence will prove the treatment: "One was destined to be emperor by the sword, the other king by thought: one was to reconstruct overthrown society, the other was to find again a religion that was lost." In 1791 the youthful poet proceeded to America, but we need not dwell on the episode of his travels, for every one who has read his works—and who has not?—must know them by heart. We are all aware by this time that Dumas has no objection to make "copy" of extracts from published works, and in the present volumes he has abused that faculty. It is curious to remark that almost at the same time when Chateaubriand was all but lost at Niagara, a young lieutenant of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte had a narrow escape from drowning while bathing in the Saône. Again, on the self-same day when the poet went aboard the vessel that was to bear him back to the aid of his king, Napoleon, leaning against a tree, was looking at the same king, showing himself on the Tuileries terrace in a Phrygian cap. No sooner had the young poet reached France than he married. Great changes had taken place, and Chateaubriand's feelings revolted at the sight of the men who now ruled affairs: he resolved to emigrate, but, unhappily, he had no money. With great difficulty he borrowed 12,000 francs of a lawyer, but was induced by a friend to gamble, and lost 10,500 francs. He placed the rest in his pocket, and went home; but when he felt for his pocket-book, it was gone: he must have left it in the hackney-coach. Luckily a priest had hailed the vehicle after Chateaubriand had got out, found the pocket-book, and returned it to him the next day. Whereupon the poet and his brother made the best of their way to Brussels. Chateaubriand, who had once on a time been captain of the Royal Guards, was glad to march to the siege of Thionville as a private. As he marched along he met a horseman, who asked him, "Where are you going?" "To fight." "What is your name?" "M. de Chateaubriand. And yours?" "Frederick William." It was the King of Prussia, who said, as he rode away, "There I recognise the nobility of France."

The poet was not born to fight: he was wounded, received a bullet which lodged in the manuscript of "Atala," which he carried in his breast, and lastly was attacked by small-pox. As he walked along the streets of Namur, trembling with fever, a poor woman threw an old blanket over his shoulders; it was the only one she possessed. Says M. Dumas, "St. Martiu, who was canonised, only gave the poor man half his cloak." On quitting Namur, Chateaubriand fell into a trench, and was picked up by

some compassionate soldiers, and deposited at the gates of Brussels. "The Belgians, who did not guess that one day the piracy of the works this young man would publish would enrich three or four 'bookaneers,' closed their gates against the poor wounded man." He was on the point of death when his brother came to his aid, and gave him one-half the 1200 francs he possessed. He also proposed to remove him, but fortunately our poet was too ill to follow him. He went to a barber's where he recovered; his brother returned to France, where the guillotine was awaiting him. When convalescent, Chateaubriand proceeded to England, where the doctors warned him that his fighting days were over. He took up his pen, wrote his "Essais," and sketched the plan of the "Génie du Christianisme." At the same time, for a bare livelihood, he translated books, for which he was paid at the rate of twenty shillings per sheet. It was during this period that he was assisted by the Royal Literary Fund, to which he so eloquently alluded on a later occasion. In 1800 Chateaubriand returned to France, and dedicated to the First Consul an edition of the "Genius of Christianity." Of this dedication, which is very rare, Dumas supplies the following copy :

TO GENERAL BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

GENERAL,—You have been kind enough to take under your protection this edition of the "Genius of Christianity." It is a new proof of the favour you grant to the august cause which triumphs under the protection of your power. It is impossible to refrain from seeing in your destiny the hand of that Providence who selected you for the accomplishment of her prodigious designs. The peoples regard you : France, aggrandised by your victories, has set her hopes on you since you began to support on religion the basis of the state and of your prosperity. Continue to hold out your hand to thirty millions of Christians, who pray for you at the base of the altars you have restored to them.

I am, with profound respect, general, your very humble and most obedient servant,

CHATEAUBRIAND.

As a reward for the dedication, Chateaubriand was appointed to accompany Cardinal Fesch to Rome. In 1804 he returned to France, but on hearing of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, he tore across his appointment as chargé d'affaires to the Valais and sent it back to the First Consul. He then began his travels in the Holy Land, the narrative of which is familiar to all of us. "Les Martyrs" appeared in 1809; and Napoleon, on returning from Spain, found Chateaubriand's name on all lips. In 1802, the Emperor had established a decennial prize for the greatest literary work produced during that period, and he ordered the Academy to send in the report. Unfortunately Cæsar had forgotten to express his object, and the academicians, aware that Chateaubriand was in disgrace, sent in a report, in which the "Genius of Christianity" was distinguished by its absence. Napoleon ordered this to be rectified, and, moreover, Chateaubriand was appointed to the Academy, *vice* Marie Joseph Chénier, deceased. Unfortunately, the new academician had to write the panegyric of his predecessor, and employed such strong language, that the Emperor prohibited its utterance.

After the defeat of the Emperor, Chateaubriand made his appearance in the political arena, with his pamphlet "De l'Empereur et des Bour-

bons," which Louis XVIII. declared to be worth an army to him. As a reward he was appointed ambassador, but had not time to proceed to his post ere Bonaparte returned to France. He proceeded to Ghent with Louis XVIII., and when they came back to Paris together, he was made peer of France and councillor of state. This double favour he requited by publishing his "La Monarchie selon la Charte," which occasioned his immediate dismissal for introducing the memorable sentence, "Hors la charte, point de salut." He was compelled to sell his house and books, just one year after the return of that family to which he had devoted his sword in youth, his pen in riper years. With the proceeds of the sale he established *Le Conservateur*. In 1822 he was appointed French plenipotentiary to the Congress of Verona, and on his return entered the ministry. But he would not surrender his independence, and thus, one morning, found himself "discharged, like a lacquy," to use his own words. The king, however, was terrified at his own ingratitude, and sent him as ambassador to Rome.

After the revolution of 1830, Chateaubriand quitted France and went into voluntary exile at Lucerne. Here M. Dumas tells us that he visited him: "I had never seen him before, and it was impossible to be more simple than he was. He appeared to have completely forgotten the world; but it is so easy for us to forget the world when the world remembers us." It was during this exile that he wrote the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." On July 4, 1848, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the great poet, the magnificent historian, the upright minister, the regretted ambassador, and honest man, died at his rooms in the Rue du Bac, in a state approaching to want. By his own wish he was buried on a granite isle, in front of the town of St. Malo, and the only inscription on his tomb is "Ci-gît un Chrétien." But one day, M. Dumas prophesies, France will fetch his body, to place it in the Pantheon, as it placed Napoleon's in the Invalides, and that will be the last resemblance between the poet and the Emperor.

Passing over the chapter devoted to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, as containing little new for readers of this Magazine, we come to Hégésippe Moreau, the unhappy poet, who died at the early age of twenty-eight, known as No. 12. He was a natural son, and left an orphan at an early age. Madame F—— took charge of him, and placed him at school at Avon, near Fontainebleau. And here let our author speak for himself:

In 1824, when I was composing "Christine," I went to visit the country of Avon, in which the Queen of Sweden's lover and victim lies buried. I was kneeling in front of a stone hidden beneath moss, on which is engraved the short inscription "Ci-gît Monaldeschi," when M. Jamin, pointing to a youth dressed in black who passed, said, "That boy will, in all probability, be a great poet." "What is his name?" I asked. "Hégésippe Moreau." He was already some distance from us, and I never saw him again. Strange thing is destiny! Had I spoken to him on that day, he would probably have remembered my name: in the hour of supreme misfortune he might, perhaps, have come to me, and had he done so, with his splendid verses in his hand, I say openly he might have died in my house, in my bed; but, at any rate, he would not have died in an hospital.

After leaving school, Hégésippe was apprenticed to a printer, and obtained eventually a situation in the house of Firmin-Didot. Like

Béranger, he had only a garret; but like Béranger, too, he was only twenty. "My room is small and cold," he wrote to a female friend, destined to be his only love; "but at night I place round my neck a handkerchief which has touched yours, and I no longer feel the cold." During the revolution of 1830, he procured a musket and fought on the popular side, but in the midst of the smoke he saw a man fall at whom he had aimed. He threw down his firelock in horror, and, on returning home, he wrote to her whom he called his sister, "Oh, my sister, my sister! I have killed a man, but I swear to you that I will save another." And on the very next day he gave his only coat to a wounded Swiss, and went home in his shirt-sleeves. But he need not trouble himself about that: it is so warm in July, and it would be a long time ere December came. From this moment poor Hégésippe began his vagabond life, for which he was so severely reproached when he begged a crust of bread; but he could not avoid it: the printers were on strike, and would not allow any one to work. Hence Hégésippe resolved to become a tutor. For three months he slept in an outhouse, but was detected, and turned out. Hence one April morning, when the sun shone brightly, he resolved to leave Paris, and started in the direction of Provins, determined to walk so long as his legs would carry him. At the first house in the village he fell, utterly exhausted, and Madame Guérard, a farmer's wife, gave him shelter. It was to this lady he addressed his lines "La Fermière," of which we give the opening and concluding strophes:

Amour à la fermière : elle est
 Si gentille et si douce !
 C'est l'oiseau des bois qui se plaît
 Loin du bruit, dans la mousse.
 Vieux vagabond qui tend la main,
 Enfant pauvre et sans mère,
 Puissiez-vous trouver en chemin
 La ferme et la fermière !

Ma chansonnette, prends ton vol !
 Tu n'es qu'un faible hommage ;
 Mais qu'en Avril le rossignol
 Chante et la dédommage !
 Qu'effrayé par ses chants d'amour,
 L'oiseau du cimetière
 Longtemps, longtemps se taise pour
 La ferme et la fermière !

While at Madame Guérard's a gleam of hope burst forth for the young poet: some kind friends aided him to start a newspaper, and obtained him eighty subscribers. But some innocent lines gave umbrage to a powerful functionary, and a challenge was exchanged between the poet and a young relative of his host's: he was forced to quit this dear shelter, and return to the Hades which he fancied he had escaped from. From this year up to 1838 his life was a long series of misery, want, and despair, rendered only the more terrible by the recurrence of a few hours in which misfortune seemed weary of pursuing him. Once he fancied he had secured a situation of 1200 francs a year—a very fortune for the devourer of cabbage-stalks and lettuce-leaves picked up at the corners of the streets. Shortly before his death, he wrote to his sister, his Beatrice:

The want of money has ever paralysed my literary efforts. To gain, capital is necessary. If I were the son of respectable parents, instead of being simply Hégésippe Moreau, I believe that I should have made a reputation long ago. M. de V., a gentleman I only saw once at Madame Ferrand's, and who played a political part under the Restoration, has just addressed to me an epistle of four hundred verses, in which he compliments me very highly. These people will let me die of hunger or grief, after which they will say, "It was a pity!" My sister, my kind sister, forgive me for writing so much about my own troubles, but misfortune renders a man slightly egotistic. If you were here, I could not keep from laying my head on your shoulder and weeping like a fool; and I am behaving as if you were here, except that I write, instead of speaking.

In the following winter, Hégésippe asked as a favour to be allowed to spend it in the hospital. Shortly before death, he wrote some verses addressed "A mon Ame," from which we extract a most touching strophe:

Tu veilleras sur tes sœurs de ce monde,
De l'autre monde où Dieu nous tend les bras;
Quand ces enfants à tête franche et blonde
Après des morts joueront, tu souriras:
Tu souriras lorsque sur ma poussière
Ils cueilleront les saints pavots tremblants;
*Tu souriras lorsqu'avec mes os blancs
Ils abattront les noix du cimetière.*

On the 20th December a nurse came to tell the only friend Hégésippe had that No. 12 was dead. Such was all the excitement occasioned by the death of a man whose verses had inspired Henri de Latouche with such admiration that he said: "At last, Béranger, I have found a greater poet than yourself!"

The character, memoirs, and poetry of Béranger have been already so amply discussed in these pages, that we need not dwell for any length on the essay Dumas offers us. Still, we will venture to cull a few anecdotes, and chiefly those which Dumas gives us from his personal knowledge:

In spite of his glorification of wine, I always suspected Béranger of boasting unfairly on two points—the bottle and Lisette. I was well acquainted with Béranger, and after a great service he did me I called him my father, and on those days when he was satisfied with me, he called me his son. Well, here is an anecdote in support of my negation. In 1845, when I lived at St. Germain, Béranger came to see me. It was in the summer, and I told my servant to bring a bottle of champagne. When he returned with it, the author of "Le Dieu des bonnes gens" asked: "What is that?" "You see, dear father, that it is champagne." "Do you suppose I drink champagne?" "Why should you not?" "I am not rich enough." My son went up to him, and asked: "From what barrel, then, do you draw the wine you drink in your songs?" "From the pump at the corner of the street, you young scamp!" Béranger answered.

It is plain that Dumas did not feel the exquisite satire conveyed in these replies, else he would hardly have made room for this anecdote. The service which Béranger rendered Dumas was as follows: When "Henri III." was brought out, Dumas was deprived of his office in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He went to Béranger, who took him to Laffitte's, and ten minutes later the banker advanced him two years' salary on his author's rights in the tragedy.

In 1853, some kind friend told Béranger that Dumas had devoted a chapter of his Memoirs to him, in which he reproached the poet for having recognised the Second Empire. Béranger, wisely apprehensive,

mildly protested against this, and the last note of the correspondence is highly characteristic.

In conclusion, we are glad to find Dumas make a sharp attack on Pietri's decree relating to Béranger's obsequies, in which an extract from the poet's letter to his publisher was given, expressing his desire to be buried quietly. He adds, "Yes, M. Perrotin, it is a recognised fact that you were the friend, the kind friend, the dear friend of Béranger; you rendered him great, enormous services: without you our great national poet would have died of hunger, like Malfiatre, or in the hospital, like Gilbert. We know it, Paris knows it, France, all Europe will know it. You will have the Cross, which Béranger did not have: you will belong to the Academy, which he refused to join."

In describing Dumas's Memoir of Eugène Sue, we should be merely repeating what has been already told in this Magazine. One anecdote, however, may be allowed us, referring to the origin of the immortal Pipelet in the "Mysteries of Paris:"

When I brought out "Henri III." (writes Dumas) at the Théâtre-Français, De Leuven and Ferdinand Langlé, anticipating the success the piece would have, asked my authority to parody it, which I of course granted. This parody, written for the Vaudeville, was called "King Petaud and his Court," and followed my piece scene by scene. Now, at the end of the fourth act, the parting scene between St. Megrin and his servant was parodied as between the hero and his porter. In this scene, which was really most tender and affecting, the hero asked his porter for a lock of his hair to the tune of "Dormez donc, mes chères amours," which was very fashionable at the time, and most appropriate to the situation. Three or four days after, we—that is to say, Eugène Sue, Desforges, De Leuven, Desmarec, and myself—dined at Véfour's. At the end of the dinner, which was very gay, and in which the famous chorus,

"Portier, je veux
De tes cheveux!"

had been sung, Eugène Sue and Desmarec resolved to give a reality to this dream of the imagination, and going to No. 8, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, where they knew the porter's name, they asked that worthy man whether he were not M. Pipelet. The porter answered in the affirmative, and then they asked him so pressingly for a lock of his hair on behalf of a Polish princess who had fallen in love with him, that, in order to get quit of them, poor Pipelet gave them one, though his head was not very bountifully covered.

From the moment he did this imprudent deed, poor Pipelet was a lost man. On the same evening three more locks were requested of him on behalf of a Russian countess, a German baroness, and an Italian marchesa, and each time the request was made, an invisible chorus sang beneath his windows,

"Portier, je veux
De tes cheveux!"

On the next day the joke went on. Everybody sent every one of his friends to ask a lock of hair of Master Pipelet, who pulled the latch-string in agony, and had removed, though in vain, the notice, "Speak to the porter." On the following Sunday, Eugène Sue and Desmarec proposed to give the poor devil a grand serenade; they went into the yard with guitars and began the persecuting air. But as it was Sunday, the family had gone to their country-house, and the porter, suspecting that his day's rest would be poisoned, had warned all the footmen. He closed the street door, gave the signal agreed on, and the valets ran to his help; so that the troubadours, forced to convert their instruments into defensive weapons, only got away with the pieces in their hand. No one ever knew the details of this terrific combat, as the parties kept them to themselves, but it was

known that it had taken place, and henceforth the porter was put under the ban by literary men. His life became an earthly inferno: even his night's rest was not respected, and every belated author was obliged to take an oath to go home through the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, even if he lived at the Barrière du Maine. This persecution lasted three months. At the end of that period, as a new face presented itself to make the accustomed request, Madame Pipelet, all in tears, stated that her husband had just been taken to the hospital with an attack of brain fever. He was quite mad, and incessantly repeated the infernal chorus which cost him his reason and his health.

In our literary experience we hardly know any more malicious attack than this on the original powers of a confrère; but, indeed, the whole memoir is full of similar pen pricks. Dared we think it of so great a man, we should venture to hint that Dumas was jealous of the enormous popularity of Sue's works. Still, we are bound to add that his appreciation of their literary merits is warm and correct. The last sentence of the memoir is thoroughly Dumas-esque: "Heaven, which had given Sue so agitated a life, gave him at least the consolation of dying with his hand in one of the most honest and steadfast hands in the world. Thanks, Charraa." But, then, this sentence was written when Dumas was brooding over his wrongs at Brussels; would he print the same of the republican colonel now?

The next chapter, which the author calls a study, is devoted to Alfred de Musset. The opening is so thoroughly dramatic that we give it in its entirety:

About the beginning of 1831, we were invited to spend the evening with Nodier. A young man of two-and-twenty was to read passages from a volume of poetry he had just published. This young man bore a name as yet almost unknown in letters, and for the first time that name was to be made public. As we never missed a summons from our dear Nodier, we were all punctual. By all, I mean our ordinary circle of the Arsenal: Lamartine, Hugo, De Vigny, Jules de Ressiguer, Sainte-Beuve, Lefèvre, Taylor, the two Johannots, Boulanger, Francis Wey, Jal, and so on. To these must be added a number of young ladies, flowers in the bud, who are now lovely and good mothers of families. About ten o'clock, a young man of the ordinary height, thin, blond, with small moustaches, and his curling hair parted on one side his forehead, entered the room with a great affectation of ease, probably intended merely to conceal a real timidity. It was Alfred de Musset.

At the beginning of his reading all the poets present gave a quiver, for they recognised a brother. His poetry was neither after Lamartine, Hugo, nor De Vigny, though a flower from the same garden; it had a scent of its own, and an undeniable after-taste of Byron: but at that period Byron excited a powerful influence over French poetry. What separated De Musset from the poets of his age was his sensuality. As Dumas justly remarks, "Byron himself, who destroyed so many prejudices in his poems, never reached the nudity of De Musset's pictures. In Byron, some magnificent purple veil, some splendid Oriental scarf, is thrown so cleverly over the heroine, that, like the drapery of the painter, it conceals what should be concealed." Still, De Musset borrowed nothing of either the ancients or the moderns: his sole example was Byron. And even that was an unconscious imitation, for when De Musset was accused by the critics of plagiarising on Byron, he was justified in declaring that he had done nothing of the sort.

It might be more truly said of De Musset that he was sick of the world, even at the age of twenty-one, when he was rich, young, and admired, and he thought at times of suicide. His worst fault was that he had no reverence for women, and if we look through his heroines, we find that they are utterly vampire-hearted. First, we have Portia, the adulterous wife, and only that; next we have Carmago, the jealous ballerina, and when she begins to be affected by jealousy, something still palpitates in the woman's bosom. Then we arrive at the woman with the heart of bronze, to be succeeded by the marble-hearted woman, and, last of all, the woman who has no heart at all. All his heroines are of the same family: there is Portia, who sings when her husband has been dead but an hour; Marco, who dances, though her mother died the day before; and Belcolor, who invites the murderer of her lover to supper, while that lover is still quivering in agony. And, says Dumas, "the misfortune of all this is, that the tares sown produce a crop—twenty years later, Marco produces the *Filles de Marbre*; Belcolor, Dalila." We wonder what was the origin of the "*Dame aux Camélias*," by the same rule? Still, the comparison our author draws between Béranger's females and those of De Musset is appreciative and correct. In Béranger, the Frétilions and Lisettes have some redeeming point, but with De Musset an egotistic sensuality is the predominant characteristic.

When we mention that of the hundred odd pages consecrated to De Musset upwards of eighty are devoted to extracts, explaining Dumas's theory, we need offer no apology for the paucity of our material. With the best will in the world, it is impossible to bring much of his poetry before an English reader, and his prose is, perhaps, more salacious.

In 1850, De Musset produced his last volume of poetry, and for the last six years of his life, when he should have been in the plenitude of his power, his harp remained unstrung. Poor De Musset! you were fated to have enemies even after death. George Sand made a bitter attack upon you, but it was not so malicious as that of the man who would have been proud, he tells us, to call you friend.

The last memoir we have to notice is that of the actress Marie Dorval, which is, in every respect, the best in the volumes, for it is evidently a labour of love. It is dedicated to "ma grande amie" George Sand, who, with her "dove-like heart and eagle pen," had given in her memoirs some details as to the last moments of Marie Dorval. The lady's daughter, Caroline, married René Luguët, and bore him a son, christened, in memory of Madame Dudevant, George. He was a marvel of beauty and intellect, and his grandmother became so fondly attached to him that she adopted him and kept him till his death, at the age of four years and a half. Strange training this child's, even according to Dumas's showing: he so constantly went to the theatre to witness his grandmother's triumphs, that, when she left him at home in bed, he would remain awake to greet her return with the cry, "Bravo, Dorval! bravo, Dorval!" Then she would take her Bible, and read little George to sleep. Many were the disappointments the poor lady suffered: she would arrive in a provincial town on the pressing request of the manager, and find that the piece in which she was to perform would not be ready for a week, and till then no money. In such circumstances she would take her little George for a walk, and passers-by would say, "That is Madame Dorval, the

actress from Paris. Our manager, they say, pays her five hundred francs a night." And the poor creature would be envied, though she had to wait perhaps a week to gain one-fifth of that sum.

In 1848 the poor child died of convulsions, and the grandmother's despair was something fearful. When he was taken away to Mont-Parnasse, she asked to have his room given up to her, and she converted it into a chapel. The cradle, like an antique altar, was placed in the centre of the room, covered with flowers, and by its side was the sofa, over which the actress had thrown a large black veil she wore in "Angelo." From that time she had no other bed, when in Paris, but this sofa, no other coverlet but this veil. Her grief was so great, that her son-in-law thought it advisable to procure her an engagement at the Théâtre-Historique, but what was thought would relieve her only augmented her suffering. She considered it a crime to forget her George for an hour, and cursed her profession. One day Dorval went out in the morning, and did not return till ten at night; this she repeated daily, and at last, on being followed, it was found that she spent her time by the tomb of little George, reading her Bible and embroidering. In order to cure her of this morbid condition, Luguët set out with her to perform at Orleans, but so soon as she arrived there she disappeared. Her son-in-law, guessing where she was, hurried to the cemetery, and found her kneeling at the tomb of a child. The whole time the journey lasted she went daily to a cemetery with a handful of flowers, which she scattered, saying, "For the little children—for the little children!"

On her return to Paris, Balzac called on her, and read to her "La Marâtre." She burst into fresh life, and her family hoped she would recover; but in the midst of the rehearsals she was unwell for a week, and the part was given to another. As a recompense, Dorval was offered a few performances of "Marie Jeanne."

We must come to the end. Being without engagement, the great actress applied to the committee of the Théâtre-Français to give her twenty pounds a month to act anything, and the request was unanimously refused. With death in her heart, she proceeded to fulfil an engagement at Caen, but, on getting out of the diligence, fainted. When on the point of death, she asked to be carried to Paris to see her daughters, and Dumas was sent for to see her close her eyes. It was he, too, who found the money for her funeral. Englishmen, perhaps, would not mention such a fact, as they are inclined to do good by stealth, but in a Frenchman it is excusable.

Altogether, we believe we have produced sufficient evidence to show that the right hand of Dumas, père, has not forgotten its cunning. Even when describing the life-histories of men, whom none but himself would have the audacity to inscribe in the catalogue of "les morts qui vont vite." We wonder what Dumas's own fate will be by the same rule?

AN ARAB VILLAGE.

ALTHOUGH, at the first blush, it would appear impossible to tell anything new about Algeria, M. Benjamin Gastineau, a French *littérateur* of some reputation, has managed the feat rather cleverly in his recently published volume, "Les Femmes et les Mœurs de l'Algérie." Of course we turn over a number of pages that familiarly salute us, but the paper-knife rears involuntarily at a chapter called "L'amour et le Mariage en Afrique." On more careful inspection we discover matter we feel to be amusing, and we will dally with M. Gastineau for a while, while he describes to our readers the adventures that befel him when he pitched his tent in the native village of Bab-Aly, near Abd-el-Kader's town of Mascara.

It took our author some time ere he gained the good graces of the Arabs, and he only succeeded by giving up to a considerable extent the comforts of civilisation. Thus he consented to exchange his coat for a burnous, his boots for slippers, and his hat for a fez, but, like the hair-dresser in "Nicholas Nickleby," he was compelled to draw a line somewhere. The indispensable garment of European gentlemen and North American ladies M. Gastineau would not consent to resign, for he was frightened of the vermin that pullulate in every Arab village, and though the natives regarded him suspiciously, he pacified them by promising to go bare-legged so soon as his epidermis had grown accustomed to the stings of the insects. Thus equipped he left Mascara for the seclusion of Bab-Aly: the former town is exactly like every French *chef-lieu* in Algeria, with its theatre and cafés, but once you have entered Bab-Aly, you find yourself transported to a sphere which has no analogy or point of contact with the European world. In the first place, M. Gastineau says you must give up all, even the most elementary, notion of geometry, for an Arab village offers at the first glance an agglomeration of huts, tents, gourbis, that appear sown broadcast like a handful of grain. The tenements follow all the inequalities of the soil, mounting hill-slopes and descending into a ravine, like a fleet of vessels on a storm-beaten sea. There are no roads or mode of discovering your way: you go along a lane and tumble into a ditch, or find yourself in front of a mud heap, which you are compelled to escalate.

M. Gastineau had been a month at Mascara before he ventured to Bab-Aly, with a native guide to act as his Ariadne's thread. The son of the *cadi*, a burnous tailor by trade, who had travelled in France, was requested to act as guide, philosopher, and friend. So soon as he entered the village, our author found before him a most exciting panorama. A group of indolent Arabs were smoking their pipes in the middle of the highway, while near them a negro was performing his mid-day prayers by kissing the ground thrice. Next was visible a legion of *moukères* (Arab women), dragging their gilded slippers through the dust, and returning slowly from the Moorish bath to the house of their master. Here a swarm of children were uttering deafening cries; there a pack of dogs were pursuing a Jew, and lacerating his already ragged gabardine; further on, opposite the butchers' stalls, travelling *marabouts* were

singing verses from the Koran, to the accompaniment of the rebab. Negroes were carrying the distended water-skins from the well to the huts; old men were warming themselves in the sun like lizards; while women, dressed in the Tunisian robes of blue and yellow, fastened round the waist by a red girdle, were stretching their stiffened limbs at the door of their gourbi. Next came a rather startling scene for the nerves of a European:

Sobs and cries of despair were audible from a neighbouring house. I walked with Sidi-Habib to a species of gourbi, built of mud bricks, with loopholes for windows, and saw a woman, with dishevelled hair, fly out of the narrow doorway. But two Arabs followed her, one seizing her by the head, the other by the feet, and both began thrashing her with their sticks. After beating her till they were tired, they tied her legs, and left her lying on the ground. The man who had appeared most savage, doubtless her husband, then made a sign to his son, a lad of about ten years of age, who had apathetically witnessed the punishment inflicted on the poor woman. The pitiless child, regarding his mother as a slave, and only recognising the master of the tent, obeyed orders, and fetched a sabre from the house, which he handed to his father. During this while, the wretched woman, seeing the imminence of the danger, was writhing on the ground. Her tears were futile, and she read her sentence of death on her master's calm and gloomy face. Still, at the moment when the Arab took the weapon to cut off her head, she made a supreme effort, burst her bonds, and fled behind the village tents. The Arab did not pursue her: he gave the weapon back to his son and re-entered the hut. The sheiks presently went to the outraged husband, who had only suspicion of infidelity, made him listen to reason, and brought his wife back to his gourbi.

In order to remove the unpleasant taste left in M. Gastineau's mouth by this scene, Sidi-Habib did him the distinguished honour of conducting him to his own tent, which he entered on his hands and knees. This Arab house was composed of a canvas laid on light poles; the furniture was reduced to two carpets, a yataghan, a pipe, and a saucepan. Bridles and trappings hung from the poles by the side of muslin kaicks and silken girdles. In the background a negro was crushing barley between two stones—such is the Arab mill; while, in the centre of the tent, an old woman was lighting a fire in a hole—such is the Arab stove. The ground served as table and bed. Our author was not sorry to see a copious dish of the national couscousou, mixed with hard eggs and boiled grapes, and eaten with Adam's fork. After dinner Sidi-Habib offered to take M. Gastineau to a splendid fête at the caid's, and the offer was gladly accepted. When they set out, M. Gastineau confesses to a slight feeling of alarm as he held his cicero's hand and stumbled at every step. To increase his misery, the Arab dogs recognised his nationality, and barked in packs around him. Aroused by these constant barkings, the Arab women thrust their heads out of the doors, but drew them back, growling, "It is a Roumi."

On reaching the caid's house, a remarkable scene awaited the traveller. A band of musicians were dancing in the court-yard round an almeh, who was all blazing with jewels and gold. In one hand she held a yataghan, in the other a gold-laced handkerchief, and with these two articles produced the most startling expression of love and hatred. As M. Gastineau says: "The mobile face of the danseuse is strangely animated: her countenance reflects every feeling, every passion. At

one moment she weeps beneath the folds of her kaïck, at another she removes it to laugh. She threatens and she implores, she struggles and kneels down, she sighs tenderly and cuts a throat!" At length the almeï stopped before a sumptuously attired Arab, thrust the yataghan into the ground, and rested her hands on it, gazing fixedly the while at the man whom she had selected to pay for the dance. After a while he rose, and thrust a douro between the silken handkerchief crossed on the almeï's forehead; whereupon, any quantity of enthusiasm from the leader of the musicians. As a rule, Arab women—with the exception of the Moorish women of Algiers and Constantine, and the Koulougly, or daughters of Turks by Arab females—do not dance; and the Awalim generally come from the Saharah, where the manners are less stern and greater liberty is accorded. It is with such women that a scene like the following may be expected:

I was interrupted in my reflections by a girl from the Sahara, whose face was even wilder than that of the previous dancer. She walked towards me, twisting her handkerchief and brandishing her weapon in a threatening manner. Her movements were so graceful and coquettish when she imitated the action of the chaouch cutting a head off, that she developed a ferocious instinct in me, and inspired me with a desire to see an execution performed with a yataghan. Still it was not without anxiety that I saw her come up and thrust the yataghan into the ground before me. I immediately asked myself whether she had a spite against my Western head, but luckily remembered the tribute the spectator saluted by the almah must pay. I rose, and slipped a coin under her coif. During this operation, clumsily performed, as I was not used to it, my face touched that of the dancer. I was fascinated by her glance—I inhaled her perfumed breath—when the flash of the upraised yataghan suddenly struck me like the handwriting on the wall.

M. Gastineau spent several months in the village, almost his sole companion being his old negress, Mordjana, who, whenever she saw that he was suffering from home-sickness, sang him a mournful Arab ditty, in the hope of bringing back a smile to his lips. We need not dwell on the truly French mode in which he sought to cure his spleen, by making love to the fair widow Nepheza, who looked but coldly on his suit. When she went off to be married, M. Gastineau fell into the habit of constantly visiting the Moorish coffee-houses, where the Arabs assemble to play, smoke, drink, sleep, be shaved, or settle business matters. Nothing can be imagined more picturesque than the groups of Arab guests; some, crouching on the ground, lend a greedy ear to the words of an Arab story-teller, who is repeating the marvellous exploits of some desert chieftain, while others only trouble themselves with drinking coffee and smoking; some rise at the approach of a sheik of their douar, and respectfully kiss the hem of his burnous, while others play at draughts or chess; another party, again, shave each other's head in turns with the knife they carry in their girdle. Luckily for our author, he had played chess with a caïd at Mascara, and adroitly allowed himself to be beaten: this had become known among the Arabs, and hence they had no repugnance to let a Roumi visit their coffee-houses.

While standing on these pleasant relations with the Arabs, our author entered into an arrangement with a very intelligent native belonging to the Beni Hamra tribe, through whom he proposed to form the acquaint-

ance of the real native article, the Arab of the tent and the gourbi. He had, it is true, found excuses to enter the tents of many villagers, but the mountain Arabs, who have a superstitious fear of the Roumi's evil eye, had hitherto concealed the most interesting details of their private life from him. Hence M. Gastineau warmly thanked Mohammed-ben-yadga, who promised to satisfy his curiosity; but he started in some terror when the Arab drew his knife, and seized his guest by the hair. He allowed his locks to be shorn, and then looked at himself in a glass: with his scalp-lock he resembled a Chinese. Then Mohammed gave him a perfect native dress, and they started for the mountains on the following morning. When they stopped for the mid-day halt by a well to restore their strength with loaves of dried dates and Barbary figs the Arab plucked from a cactus, our author had the opportunity to witness a strange scene:

Some twenty Arabs, armed with matraks (heavy sticks), ran towards us with deafening cries. I at once asked Mohammed the meaning of this, and he answered, gleefully, "It is a matrak-hunt." The Arabs formed a circle round a piece of ground, while one of them stationed in the centre beat the clumps of dwarf palms that covered the mountains, in order to start a hare or rabbit. After a battue lasting a few minutes, a hare rushed from under a palm-tree, and was greeted by the yells and shouts of the Arabs, who shook their sticks. The poor hare, beset on every side, did not know whither to run, and went round like a squirrel in a cage, vainly seeking an exit. At length it attempted to bolt between two Arabs, but they felled it with their sticks, and caught it in a burnous.

After this amusement, our friends pushed on to reach the douar of the Beni Hamra before nightfall. The mountains assumed a more savage aspect, and travellers became rare. During two hours they only saw three Arabs, who passed with the speed of light on their small desert horses. "Ahaho, ahaho!" Mohammed shouted to them, "bezeef fantasia!" and, in his enthusiasm, urged his companion to have a race with them; but, having a due regard for his neck, M. Gastineau declined. At length they saw the tents beneath them, and Mohammed executed a wild fantasia of his own, in which the Frenchman was obliged to join, for his horse fairly bolted with him. He reached the hill in a greater state of perspiration than his horse, and was welcomed by the barking of a pack of dogs. Mohammed's children, dressed in cotton shirts, and with amulets round their necks, ran to meet the new comers, and M. Gastineau was greatly surprised to see them, instead of greeting their father, leap on the horses' necks, sit astride them, and start off, repeating the Arab word that signifies the height of joy, "Fantasia!"

The ceremonial reception in an Arab tent does not resemble that obtaining in Paris, for no one rises on your entrance. The pair sat down on mats, and M. Gastineau was almost suffocated at first by a powerful smell of goat and fermented milk, and semi-blinded by the obscure light prevailing in the camel's-hair tent. At length, however, his eyes grew accustomed to it, and he was able to look about him. A long carpet suspended from the roof divided Mohammed's tent into two parts. The place in which M. Gastineau was seated served as kitchen, refectory, and workshop. A frightfully tattered negress was pounding corn between two stones, while a young moukèrè was blowing up the fire. Behind a

loom, clumsily formed of colcah-reeds, stood a woman, who greatly caught our susceptible Frenchman's fancy: she was Mohammed's first wife, and the favourite, judging by the respect he paid her. Her name was Fatma, and, like all native women, she was tattooed on the forehead, arms, hands, and legs with gaily-coloured arabesques. She was literally covered with jewellery and amulets, and M. Gastineau was dazzled by her brilliant costume and her beauty, which seemed to light up the gloomy tent. At an order from her master Fatma rose, displaying her lofty form, and drawing her girdle around her supple waist; then she removed several pots from a large trunk, in which the Arabs keep their money, jewellery, corn, and other property. And here our author found himself in a dilemma:

Mohammed went out at this moment, and I was left alone with his wives. Greatly embarrassed, I racked my brains in vain for a topic to talk about. I could not fall back on the rain and the fine weather, as I do in France, when I do not know what to say, for the eternal sun of Africa robs you of that resource. Finding nothing suitable, I wisely resolved on maintaining an obstinate silence; but the coquettish Fatma was amused by my embarrassment, looked at me furtively, and laughed in an impudent way, which only rendered her more charming. I was very vexed at the ridiculous part I was playing. I was soon liberated, however, from my perplexing situation. A lady friend of Fatma's reminded her from outside of the tent of a funeral ceremony to be performed at the tomb of some marabout. This strange conversation from the inside and the out piqued my curiosity, and when Mohammed came in I expressed my surprise to him. He told me that no woman dared cross the threshold of a tent when the master was at home. In his absence, Arab women can receive a female friend or relative, but they are prohibited, under penalty of a thrashing, from receiving any stranger. "Last night," Mohammed added, "an Arab of our douar surprised a visitor in his tent, and killed both the stranger and his own wife." A tragedy narrated in so succinct a manner greatly affected me, and I felt choking in the tent. Mohammed, mistaking my meaning, led me to the fosse into which the bodies of animals are thrown, and showed me the wretched man's head. I recoiled with horror.

To recover his guest, Mohammed led him to an oasis of olive and pomegranate trees while preparations for supper were being made. Two strong Arabs with brown arms cut off the head of a sheep in their presence, skinned, and then spitted the carcass on a long pole, which they constantly turned before the fire. When ready, it was laid on an enormous wooden dish, and placed before the guests. The other dishes constituting the meal were brought by the servants and Mohammed's wives and children. Nothing, says M. Gastineau, could be more amusing than to see them come from the tents with a plate or a cup of water in their hands. When all the preparations were made, Mohammed begged his guest to set to work, and could not be induced to join him, as the Arabs believe it to be most uncourteous to eat ere their guests have finished. M. Gastineau being too hungry for ceremony, helped himself as delicately as he could to couscoussou mixed with figs, raisins, hard eggs, and fowl. Mohammed's next object was to learn whether the dish was to the guest's liking, but his face became gloomy when the dainty was thrust away, for he thought evidently that sufficient justice was not being done to the meal. Desirous of pleasing him, M. Gastineau attacked the couscoussou again, at the imminent risk of indigestion. Next he took a turn at the sheep, which the cooks had jointed with their fingers and knives, after

which he trifled with the barley-cakes, dates, and pastry, all being washed down with cold water from the well. When M. Gastineau had amply satisfied his appetite, the dishes were attacked by Mohammed, then by his wives, children, and negro servants, and last of all by the dogs. In addition to this, Mohammed had the delicate attention to send for the *aissoonas*, or Arab gipsies, of whom Robert-Houdin gave us so interesting a description, although the present account bears repetition :

These *aissoonas*, eight in number, posted themselves a short distance from us. They were at once surrounded by the villagers, and began their perilous performance, to the deafening accompaniment of the tambourine, the rebab, and the reed-pipe : some began playing with serpents, which they placed on their chests, in their mouth, or converted into turbans ; others licked live coals ; others, again, ate grass, pebbles, and cactus bristling with thorns ; lastly, they joined in an infernal dance, until they fell in epileptic fits on the ground, with foaming lips, and their limbs twisting in a frightful manner. You should have heard the exuberant joy of the audience, the yells of the negroesses, and the repeated you-yous of the women, as they eagerly peeped through their veils. At the close of their surprising performance, of which no description could give an idea, the *aissoonas* collected the offerings of the spectators, and I was not the last to pay tribute. The *aissoonas* swarm in the towns and douars of North Algeria, and they are supposed to have the power to cure diseases. These disciples of Aissa, a holy Mussulman, who has the reputation of having achieved wondrous deeds in his lifetime, are beloved, petted, and lodged by the pious Arabs. In Africa, indeed, the most profane associations assume a religious character. Such is the case with the *awalim* of the Sahara, and the *gouzanas*, a sisterhood of sorceresses, who tell fortunes among the tribes.

The adventures of this evening were not over yet. While the sheiks were sitting in their doorways, telling marvellous tales to the younger men, and the women were reclining in an attitude full of grace on their carpets in the glorious moonlight, Mohammed asked our author to see him shoot a jackal. The Arab threw a quarter of a sheep into a ravine, and fired at the first jackal that arrived, but missed it. Soon after a larger animal came down the hill-side, and Mohammed whispered to M. Gastineau, "A panther—a panther !" This statement did not comfort the latter gentleman ; for, although he had known very civilised panthers at the *Jardin des Plantes*, he knew from experience that those of Africa are not nearly so tame, and, when wounded, are apt to turn on their assailants. From the way that Mohammed prepared, it was plain that he expected a tough fight of it. The suspicious brute stopped within half gun-shot, and the Arab fired at once, the savage yell it gave as it leaped towards the couple showing that it was wounded. M. Gastineau began to feel uncomfortable, but Mohammed did not lose his coolness : he laid down his gun, drew his yatagan, and bravely waited for the panther, which was coming straight at him. As the brute passed, the Arab leaped on one side, and sheathed his dagger in its flank. A plaintive groan showed that the blow was mortal. "I have spoiled the skin," said Mohammed ; but M. Gastineau, who was not at all anxious about the skin, was enchanted at the result. The following is the sort of night a European may expect to pass at an Arab douar :

As the night was far advanced, Mohammed led me to a tent of hospitality, where I found a bed made of long carpets and cushions. I lay down all dressed, and would gladly have gone to sleep, but the howling of the jackals, to which the dogs of the douar replied in chorus, kept me awake for a long time. Moreover, I had not thoroughly closed my tent, and it was visited by sheep and goats, which

lay down familiarly by my side. In spite of the nauseous smell of these animals, in spite of the barking of the jackals, which I obstinately took for panther roars, I soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I awoke late the following morning.

A little while after our author was enabled to accompany the keeper-general of the forests of Mascara, on his monthly tour of inspection. One of the first places they visited was the smala of the Mascara Spahis. These are contingents furnished by the tribes, who receive the pay of African troops, and are commanded by a French officer. They live in perfect freedom on the plains or in the mountains, and are only called out for grand reviews or in the event of war. They have always gone into action bravely, and have never once deserted the French flag. On entering the smala, a man dressed as an Arab, but whom his accent revealed to be a Gascon, came to meet the keeper, and received the party hospitably. The following is the account he gave of his mode of life:

"I am certain, gentlemen, that, on seeing me surrounded by a hundred Arab families, you consider me the equal of a king or a sultan, whose slightest desires are anticipated by his slaves. But you do not quite understand my position. On one hand, I am responsible to the French government for the fidelity of the goums I direct, and, on the other, I have to keep the tribes in order. The Lord save you, gentlemen, from such a burden! Every morning I have to listen patiently to the complaints of my subordinates: one has had his crop carried away or his sheep stolen; another declaring that he has bought and paid for a woman, and the master of the tent does not recognise the bargain. One has surprised a rival in his gourbi; another has been thrashed by a jealous neighbour. I will say nothing of the women who come secretly to expose to me the violence and outrages of their husbands, the denunciations and the vendetta existing between tents and families. There is enough hatred and jealousy to disconcert the most enthusiastic admirer of savage life."

The next halt the party made was at the douars of the Hachim-Gharabbas, among whom Abd-el-Kader was born. They next passed on to the forest of Kacheron, the numerous tribes residing in which are very wealthy, from the manufacture of charcoal, and supplying building and firewood to the town of Mascara. The forest-keepers are obliged to keep a sharp look-out, for the Arabs do not take the trouble to fell trees in order to make charcoal, but quietly set fire to the wood. One Arab was caught in the act on the present journey by the sultan of the forests, as the natives call him, who conveyed him to his own douar. The caïd came up reverently to the party, and the interpreter transmitted him the following order: "The general of the forests commands thee to give this man fifty blows of the matrak, and within three days to bring one hundred douros (20*l.*) to the Arab office at Mascara." The blows were inflicted on the spot. And yet the French complain of the dislike the natives feel for them! When the keeper asked for a guide, there was at once a dispute among the Arabs as to who would not go, but the tchaush cut the Gordian knot by drawing his yataghan. An Arab at once sacrificed himself, and the caïd bade farewell to the keeper-general by humbly kissing the tail of his uniform. The rest of the party wished to forget the painful scene they had just witnessed by seeking game, but the keeper dissuaded them. "Gentlemen," he said, with a laugh, "the preservation of your life depends on my uniform. I will not be responsible for you if marauding Arabs surprise you." A volume would not more thoroughly describe the nature of the French rule in Algeria.

The next halt was made at the douar of the Beni Arva, and the guide was sent ahead to announce the arrival of the party. All the head men turned out to greet them, and the keeper-general dismounted, in order to respond to the dignity of the reception. The caïd pressed the keeper's hand with a solemn air, and then raised his own to his lips. This signified, to the Arabs and negroes who surrounded the chief, "these Frenchmen are powerful; they are our friends, and we must not at present either kill or rob them. We must give them a hearty reception, or we shall be sorry for it." Supper consisted of the usual roasted sheep, after which the caïd supplied a novel sort of fantasia. At a signal he gave, a crowd of moukères came out of the tents, and seated themselves round the Frenchmen, but musicians at once placed themselves before them. After a short prelude, one of the latter, who played on the derbouka, sang an ode, which would have been agreeable to listen to, had it not been slightly disturbed by the snapping of the jackals, and mournful yells of the hyæna, and the roaring of a lion. M. Gastineau was informed that these ferocious performers indulged in a similar concert nightly in the forest of Kacheron; and, in fact, the caïd had large fires lit to keep the animals at bay.

On returning to Bab-Aly, the party heard some sharp firing in the plain, and our Parisian thought he was in for an Arab "glorious three days," but soon found the natives were celebrating the birthday of their prophet.

The last place M. Gastineau visited was the mosque of Abd-el-Kader, situate at the southern gate of Mascara. There is nothing remarkable about it, save the brilliant reminiscences attaching to the celebrated personage whose name it bears. In it may still be seen the pulpit whence the noble Arab exhorted his followers to continue the sacred war against the French. We confess we are surprised at reading that they have left so dangerous a reminiscence in existence. The last person M. Gastineau saw, before leaving Mascara, was Mohammed-ben-Radga, who gave him as a souvenir a small morocco-leather bag, containing their names written in Arabic. He declares that he will never part with this testimony of a friendship so rare between an Arab and a Frenchman. The French landed in Algiers in 1830: M. Gastineau's book bears the imprint of 1861, and, after thirty-one years, it is rare for the conqueror and the conquered to be on friendly terms. And yet, were we to say that the French had no genius for colonisation, we should be accused, as usual, by some of our critics, with striving to stir up ill-blood between two great nations.

M. Gastineau's book contains many other amusing chapters, though they are, perhaps, a little too pronounced for English readers. Still, when we bear in mind that M. Gastineau is a son of Gaul, and deliberately sits down to describe "*les femmes de l'Algérie*," we think he deserves credit for being able to retain a veil at all, however transparent it may be. We confess, in other respects, to a liking for his volume, for he is one of the few of his countrymen who have really attempted to tell the truth about Algeria. That Northern Africa would prove a magnificent colony in the hands of any other nation that preferred pelf to glory, is, at the present day, a fact recognised by consent of all parties, hardly excepting the Emperor of the French himself.

AN AUTUMN AT OEDT.

WHERE and what is Oedt? is a question which may probably be asked by some one glancing over the table of contents of this number of *Bentley's Miscellany*. Oedt! Whereabouts can that be? In Hungary or Transylvania, Lapland or Kamtschatka? In Australia, Africa, or America? Oedt, good reader, is neither on the troubled plains of Hungary, on the distant confines of the frozen zone, among the deserts of Africa, the backwoods of America, or the gold diggings of Australia: it is a small village lying midway between Aix-la-Chapelle and Düsseldorf, and about a three hours' journey from Cologne. It is a place easily reached, but not so easily left when one gets there.

Are its attractions, then, so great? Has it hot and cold springs of peculiar virtue, beautiful scenery, gay society, gambling saloons, all or any of the agréments of Baden-Baden, Homburg, or the other favourite German baths? Indeed, no; it is quite destitute of health-restoring waters, there is not a roulette or rouge-et-noir table in the place, not a ball-room, not a reading-room, not even a circulating library of the smallest dimensions; there is no society whatever, and as to scenery, it is scarcely possible for any spot to be less picturesque. Neither nature nor art has done anything for poor meagre little Oedt, and yet people flock to it, and stay at it for weeks. The fact is, that Oedt is the abode of an extremely skilful and talented oculist, and therefore is in progress of becoming what the well-known Gräfrath was during its palmy days, when old Hofrath de Leuw reigned there, and operated with equal care upon the eyes of princes and peasants, making, *it is said*, no sort of distinction between high and low, except, of course, in the prices of his services. But the old Hofrath has been gathered to his fathers, and the young oculist of Oedt is now the rising star, of that profession, in Germany.

The village which he has chosen for the scene of his inexpressibly useful labours is one of the most primitive description, and though near so many thickly populated towns, appears to be quite out of the world. The necessaries of life can be obtained there certainly, but none of its luxuries. There is no market, and there are scarcely any shops; every article that is not absolutely required for daily use must be sent for to one or other of the small neighbouring towns, such as Kempen and Crefeld. There is not even a chemist's shop in Oedt, which seems strange in a place that is filled for many months of the year with invalids. This, however, is not owing to any supineness on the part of the residents in the village, or of the adjacent farmers; they are no way to blame; it is the fault of a humane and very just enactment of the Prussian government, which, in its paternal care of the people, has wisely ordained that no chemist's shop shall be opened in any village or small town containing less than eight thousand inhabitants! The population of Oedt is reckoned at about five thousand souls; the five thousand bodies which encase them, of course, therefore, go for nothing. This is a great drawback, and would be a most serious evil if cholera, or any other de-

structive epidemic, were to break out there. Persons taken ill in the evening would have to wait till next morning before they could possibly obtain the most necessary medicine, and even during the day three or four hours might elapse before the remedies absolutely required could be obtained. It is a sinful edict, a disgrace to Prussian legislation, and one that ought immediately to be annulled, if only for the sake of humanity. We would strongly advise any persons going to Oedt to consult its excellent oculist, Dr. Mooren, to carry with them a supply of the most necessary medicines; they will find no difficulty in passing them through the Belgium and Prussian custom-houses. As, on leaving England, I was much of an invalid, we were provided with a good stock of medicine, therefore we should not probably have found out the dearth of such needful matter at Oedt, if one of our party had not happened to inquire for some camphor, and then, the said camphor having to be ordered from Kempen, was elicited the statement above made of the regulation enacted by Prussian wisdom in high places.

I had not heard of Dr. Mooren in England, where, as yet, his name is little known, but tired of heading out guinea fees without deriving any benefit, and of using eye-lotions, and all sorts of embrocations, every one of which might have been applied with quite as good a result to the sole of my foot as to my eyes and eyebrows, I had determined to go to Düsseldorf to consult the successor of the old Hofrath, who, I was told, was his son, and a very able oculist. In Germany, however, I heard that the son had died before the father, and that the successor of Dr. de Leuw, at Gräfrath, was a young man of fair abilities, but no way remarkable for his skill. Was I, then, doomed—to use a not very elegant saying—“to fall out of the frying-pan into the fire?” Happily not, for, chemin faisant, we heard of Dr. Mooren, of his extensive practice, great experience, and wonderful skill. We were assured that he was a highly educated man, and a good physician as well as oculist, an advantage not possessed by the Hofrath. He had been, we were informed, for some time the first assistant of the celebrated Dr. von Gräfe, of Berlin, who had the highest opinion of him—in short, we heard in his favour what it would take pages to repeat. On arriving at Düsseldorf we made further inquiries about him, and the previous account we had received of him being fully confirmed by persons of the highest respectability, we determined to make a pilgrimage to the place of Dr. Mooren’s abode.

Taking the railway between Düsseldorf and Aix-la-Chapelle, we left it at Gladbach for the station at Viersen, the nearest to Oedt, which is about an hour’s drive from thence. I wore a pair of blue eye-protectors, and these attracted general observation, and of course notified my errand, for we heard Dr. Mooren’s name on all sides, and assurances were given us from total strangers that I would be in excellent hands. One lady, who happened to be in the same railway carriage with us, told us that she had been under Dr. Mooren’s care for some time; she had been quite blind of one eye, and he had entirely removed her blindness by forming a new pupil in her eye, through which she could now see quite well.

“You may trust to him implicitly,” she said; “he has never been known to make the most trifling mistake; his judgment, his skill, and his goodness, are equally great.”

No sooner were we seated in the vehicle at Viersen, which was to take

us to Oedt, than the driver, with the freedom of manners so common among Germans of his class—a freedom, however, quite inoffensive, and combined with the utmost civility—began to descant on the talents and good qualities of Dr. Mooren, of his marvellous cures, his kindness and benevolence to the poor, the interest that he took in all his patients. “Oh!” he exclaimed, “you strangers cannot imagine how he is beloved and respected; and he deserves it, for he is an angel—a real angel!”

We could not but smile at the talkative Joseph Küpper's enthusiasm, while, at the same time, we could not but admit that the man whom everybody “delighted to honour” was not likely to be a humbug, though humbugging appears to be, in some places, part of the business of an oculist.

The country we passed through was flat and uninteresting, but seemed well cultivated, and the farm-houses we saw were all well-built, comfortable-looking houses. On approaching the village of Oedt, we were surprised to meet, walking on the path by the roadside, several persons with their heads bandaged; of these some were strolling on alone, others were in little groups of twos and threes, among them were occasionally a man or a woman apparently without any contusion of the head or face, but most of them had a handkerchief tied across one eye, in some cases across both eyes. It was a strange spectacle, and our first idea was that there must recently have been a fair, or other rustic meeting, at the village, and a fight after it, in consequence of which many of the peasantry had got beaten and bruised. Our ignorance, however, was soon enlightened by Joseph turning round, although very busy whipping up his old horses before entering the village, and telling us that these were all patients of *the doctor's*, adding, that he liked them to be in the open air as much as possible.

Joseph succeeded in making his weary-looking nags get on at a brisk pace, and they went clattering over the stones, while the air resounded with the noise of the cracking of their master's whip. This frightful cracking of whips seems to be one of the principal studies of German childhood in the lower ranks of life, for one's ears are kept in constant misery with the sharp, detestable sound in the streets of the towns and villages, in what is called Rhenish Prussia at least. At Oedt it was dreadful; every urchin in the village, and there were swarms of them, from four to fourteen years of age, was armed with a whip, which he amused himself by cracking in the one street from five in the morning till late in the evening. Custom, I suppose, had rendered the inhabitants insensible to the sound, but it is unbearable to strangers. In fact, dear little Oedt, secluded as it is, is one of the noisiest places that can be. What with the clattering of the generally-worn wooden shoes, the rattling of the carts over the sharp stones in the street, the cackling of the numerous geese, the barking by day, and the howling by night, of the innumerable dogs, the cracking of the boys' whips, the screaming of the babies, the monotonous sound from the weaving machines, and the watchman's discordant horn at night, there never is a moment's quiet. I should be very ungrateful if I did not mention the fate of the poor watchman's horn, time-honoured as the custom of sounding it at night had been; it was abolished by an order from the young burgomeister, when he heard how much *I* was disturbed by it. He most kindly substituted a low whistle

for the shrill old horn, and thenceforth the strangers at Oedt could sleep in peace.

I suppose I was tempted by his Satanic Majesty, but I could not help sometimes wishing that I could see all the dogs hung up on one side of the street, and all the boys on the other. However, I dare say, had this inhuman wish been fulfilled, I should have been one of the first to have run to cut down my enemies, the boys at least, though I might have left the dogs to their fate. Nevertheless, the noise and constant stir of which I complained at Oedt might not be disagreeable to every one—for many persons dislike perfect stillness around them.

No sooner had we entered the village, announced by the noise above mentioned, than we were arrested in our progress by a man who had apparently been looking out for us, and who made signs to our driver to stop. The proceeding surprised us. "Surely," we thought, "there cannot be douaniers stationed in every little Prussian village?" But the poor village was quite innocent of custom-house officers, and the functionary turned out to be Dr. Mooren's porter, or sub-assistant, who was speedily introduced to us by Joseph Küppers, and who had been desired by the doctor to meet the English ladies on their arrival, and tell them how much he regretted he could not see them that afternoon, having been obliged to keep an appointment at a place some distance from Oedt—an appointment made before receiving the letter requesting him to see us that day, and to which letter there had not been time to reply. Mr. Heckers (an important personage, well known to all the "eye-doctor's" patients) said that Dr. Mooren had engaged rooms for us at the boarding-house till the following morning, when he would receive us as early as we pleased. We debated for a minute whether it would be best to retrace our way to Viersen and take the first train to Düsseldorf, coming back next morning, or to avail ourselves of the doctor's thoughtful care to save us two additional journeys by securing lodgings for us. The latter alternative was determined on, although we had come quite unprepared for staying more than half an hour, were quite destitute of night-gear, and had not even tooth-brushes with us.

When our answer was given, we—that is to say, the horses—galloped on, and presently were brought to a stand before one of the best-looking houses in the village, the boarding-house kept by Mr. and Mrs. Buschen, a most excellent couple, in praise of whom, and of whose kind-hearted amiable family, too much cannot be said. They had expected us, and did all they could to make us comfortable, though we could not fail to perceive that they and their other boarders—all German—felt a little shy of us. We heard afterwards that they had debated among themselves whether to admit us or not, as *we were English*. On this head they were somewhat mistaken, because, though having been educated in Great Britain, and having resided for many years in England, I, at least, am not English.

The fracas in which Captain Macdonald was so involuntarily and so unpleasantly involved, has apparently made a great impression on the Prussians, who are very sore on the subject, and warmly embrace the cause of their own Bonn functionaries. The letters in the "*Teemes*," as the *Times* was sometimes pronounced, gave great umbrage, and the

insolence and hauteur of the travelling English in general were descanted on in no very measured terms. But it is only fair to say that these vituperations did not proceed from the better-class Germans, and that frequently, when those who had commenced haranguing on "the Macdonald affair" found that we took a totally different view of it, and further, that our party had the pleasure of being acquainted with Captain George Macdonald, and knew him to be an amiable and very gentlemanly young man, they always politely dropped the subject.

Though in the case of Captain Macdonald the Bonn worthies were decidedly in the wrong, the Germans and other foreigners have undoubtedly often just cause to complain of the travelling English, too many of whom sometimes assume the most absurd airs, and treat "the natives" with unprovoked rudeness and scorn; occasionally as if they were the dirt under their feet. These bad specimens of English society must necessarily make a disagreeable impression on all with whom they come in contact. The foreigners do not reflect—indeed, are not probably aware—that these very supercilious people are just as bad-hearted and insolent in their own country—bad-hearted always, insolent when they dare be so. Civility costs nothing, and it is a great pity when persons either of high rank or no rank will not exercise it. May it not be added that *arrogance* is a sign of a vulgar mind wherever it is found?

The accommodation for strangers at Oedt is, as yet, very limited, consisting of only two small hotels and the boarding-house above mentioned. In the latter there are eight bedrooms, with ten beds for the reception of strangers. They are kept scrupulously clean, and are neat rooms, though scantily furnished according to English ideas. The living is plentiful and good, though plain, but both Mrs. Buschen and her daughter-in-law, who superintend all the household affairs, including the kitchen, are most assiduous in procuring everything which may be wanted by their invalid boarders, as far as the resources of the place go.

Why, it is often asked, has Dr. Mooren chosen such an out-of-the-way place for the scene of his labours? Various answers are given to this question: some say that Dr. Mooren is attached to Oedt as having been the abode of his childhood, the place of which his father was, and his brother is now, burgomeister; others, that he has settled there to increase the prosperity of the place, by means of the numerous visitors which he draws to it, and the money consequently spent in it; others, again, say that his health is so delicate, and he devotes so much time to his profession, in which he is quite wrapt up, that he fears to encounter the excitement and interruptions unavoidable in a large town, where society would be forced upon him. Certain it is that he has received the most flattering and favourable proposals from the authorities both of Düsseldorf and of Cologne, if he would but remove to one of these towns. The Düsseldorfers have offered to build an hospital for diseases of the eye, to be entirely under his jurisdiction, if he will settle among them; but he has hitherto declined all the handsome offers made to him, and remains in his modest home at Oedt.

I do not think that Dr. Mooren is indifferent to fame—no ardent mind can be so—but he is so devoted heart and soul to the branch of the scientific profession he has embraced, that he has no thoughts to bestow

on position, or any other personal advantage. He is very disinterested, and perhaps his greatest object in life is *to do good*. As I am speaking of him, I may add, that he is a very handsome young man, with a countenance full of talent and intelligence, and with amiable and pleasing manners.

When the inhabitants of Oedt are accused of supineness in not making improvements in their village, now that it is so much the resort of strangers, they defend themselves by saying that if they were certain their clever "eye-doctor" would remain among them, they would not hesitate to expend some money in building new houses, opening shops, improving the walks in the neighbourhood of the village, &c., but that, as he might be lured from them, they could not risk capital on what might be utterly unprofitable speculations.

Dr. Mooren returned punctually, as he had promised, from his visit to the Countess —, and early next morning I went over to his "clinique" to hear my doom. He resides himself on the outskirts of the village, but has three rooms appropriated to him at the house of the burgomeister, where he receives his patients. We were rather surprised on entering the hall to see a dense crowd of people assembled near a door at one extremity of it—each resisting the attempt of any other to jostle him or her out of his or her place, the crowd being every moment swelled by fresh arrivals. It reminded us of the manner in which the doors of the theatres are sometimes besieged when a favourite piece is to be performed, as, for instance, the *Colleen Bawn*, in which Mr. Boucicault has achieved such unexampled success. But the Oedt crowd, poor people, had not gathered there in the anticipation of any amusement—no! some of them awaited the sentence almost of life or death—the sentence of light or darkness! Ah! how little can those who are blessed with good, strong eyes comprehend the feeling of the unhappy persons whose sight has either failed them, or is on the point of doing so! Among that eager, yet patient crowd were to be seen the innocent child, unconscious of the evil hanging over it, whose anxious-looking mother stroked from time to time its curly head, while it seemed forgetful of the past, the present, and the future, in the pleasing occupation of munching a red-cheeked apple, which some kind individual in the throng had bestowed on it; the old man leaning on his substantial stick, his venerable grey hair floating over his shoulders, his countenance expressive at once of resignation and stern resolve; the fair young woman, calm and collected, as women almost always are when pain or peril is hanging over them. It was a painful sight; every sort of complaint of the eyes and the eyelids were there represented, and on that morning, not knowing what I was to go through myself, I could study the strange picture with attention, and with undivided interest.

At length the door, so intently watched, opened, and Heckers, the functionary before mentioned, issued from it. The crowd pressed back, making way for him, and the man in authority shaped his course towards us, who were waiting at the other end of the gallery—I might call it—and somewhat pompously marshalled myself, my daughter, and good old Mr. Buseben, who had escorted us, into the sanetum. I went in, expecting only to hear of some new lotion, or embrocation, or elixir, that was to restore my impaired vision, and I confess I was somewhat startled

when, after a very short examination of my eyes, without the assistance of any magnifying-glass, and after turning to my daughter and asking in German if I had courage to hear the truth, to which she answered in the affirmative, Dr. Mooren informed me that I had cataract in both eyes! This was a pleasant announcement, and a nice prospect for the future; but I believe I took it very coolly. My daughter, however, was much shocked and affected, and the three doctors, naturally forgetting the elder lady, gathered round the younger one, trying to console her. I was afterwards ushered into a dark room, where a single bright lamp was burning, and there, through the "eye-looking glass" as it is called in Germany, Dr. Mooren saw confirmed, and showed to my daughter, what he had even detected with his unaided eye.

I believe it cannot be denied that more time and study are devoted to diseases of the eye in Germany than anywhere else. Even France is far behind it in this respect. In another neighbouring country they are very backward, though doubtless improving now; but actually not thirty years ago operations were performed there in a most extraordinary manner. The individual whose eye was to be operated on for cataract, or anything else, was hung up by the neck till the eyes were just starting out of their sockets; when in this prominent position, the eye was operated on, and the patient was then released from the noose.

It must have been a hazardous experiment, to say the least of it, and to run the risk of being hanged to escape blindness must have required no small degree of nerve. This *modus operandi* is no fabrication; we were told of it by a Dutch lady whose uncle had gone through the process, and who, having fortunately escaped strangulation, had survived it.

It was immediately arranged that I should go to Düsseldorf for the rest of my party and my luggage, and then return to Oedt to have the cataract, which was ripe for removal, operated on. The other, the doctor said, was in its infancy, and might not come to maturity for some years.

Perhaps I was even more sorry for the waiting crowd of patients when I came out than when I went in, and they all looked at me with curiosity if not commiseration. But, truth to tell, I was much more vexed that my daughters would have to give up their anticipated agreeable tour on the Continent, and spend six or seven weeks at such a dull little place as Oedt, than at anything relating to myself; they, however, were kindly willing to make the best of it, and did not grumble at the unpalatable change of plans.

We were soon settled at the boarding-house, where we found some pleasant ladies from the neighbourhood of Elberfeldt; they, like ourselves, were stationary for many weeks at Oedt, but other guests came and went. I was always glad when any Dutch ladies or gentlemen joined us, as they generally speak French. The Buschen family speak only German, with the exception of two of the sons, one of whom speaks very good English, another French. I myself am no German scholar, and was obliged to have everything translated to me by my daughters, who, fortunately, understand that language thoroughly, and converse in it fluently.

In fixing the day for the first operation on my eye, I bargained that Dr. Mooren should name his own time, when I would be punctually ready, but that he should not keep me waiting among the crowd of

patients either in the ante-room or lobby. His hours for seeing patients and for performing operations are from nine o'clock in the morning until half-past twelve or one o'clock. When I was ushered into the consulting and operating room, I beheld an ominous-looking sofa, covered with red leather, drawn from its usual place and perched in the middle of the room, and while divesting myself of my cloak and bonnet, the doctor blandly invited me to station myself on it. I may as well admit that my imagination often gallops off with me even at very serious moments, and just then fancy took the reins, and transfigured the poor "clinique" into a chamber of the Inquisition, the sofa into a bed of torture, Dr. Mooren's handsome face into the stern, iron countenance of the chief inquisitor, and Drs. Meissner's and Joeden's pleasant features and Heckers's solemn one into the grim visages of the familiars of the Inquisition: for one instant I looked around me, and half shuddered; then I became conscious of my own folly, and laughed. The laugh no doubt surprised those about me, who must have thought it was out of bravado.

The operation, I need hardly say, was speedily and admirably performed, as was the second one about a fortnight after. Nobody could have been more attentive and more anxious than Dr. Mooren was, and very glad he seemed to be that all went on so well. I cannot venture to state the number of operations Dr. Mooren has performed for cataract, but of this I am certain, that he has seen upwards of eleven thousand patients since he settled at Oedt, about four years ago, and that not one of these ever died there, or while under his supervision. He frequently receives from seventy to eighty patients in a morning, and often performs during the same time, with his own hand, six or eight operations, some of them occasionally extremely difficult ones. We were surprised at the number of cases he had for squinting. Do the Germans squint more than other people, I wonder? And speaking of squinting, a word *en passant* to young ladies and little girls who are fond of doing *fine bead work*. It is exceedingly injurious to the eyes, and it is known that this laborious amusement brings on squinting in young eyes which have been perfectly free of it until tried in this manner. The operations for removing squinting, however, they say, are not generally attended with much pain.

Though Dr. Mooren can number princes among his patients, a large proportion of them, of course, are people in the lower ranks of life. These persons find accommodation among the cottages in the village; most of them have some small means at their command, but when it happens that the little money they have brought with them is inadequate to cover their humble expenses, Dr. Mooren has been often known not only to cure them for nothing, but to pay their way back to their own homes.

It is a habit of his to visit asylums for the blind now and then, and he sometimes finds cases which he thinks he can cure. While we were at Oedt, he brought from an asylum two boys—brothers—who were both born blind. Nobody dreamed that there was a possibility of these boys ever seeing, and they had been consigned for life to darkness and the asylum. Dr. Mooren perceived that they both had cataracts in both eyes—many children, quietly given over to blindness, are born, it seems, with cataract—and he proposed to operate upon them. His proposal

was accepted by the boys, and by those who had the charge of them. They were boarded in a cottage near the doctor's own house, and, under chloroform, the operations on the eyes of both boys were most successfully performed. Dr. Mooren does not approve of using chloroform in general when operations are to take place on the eye, and will very seldom consent to it, but the case of the two blind boys was peculiar. In the course of a fortnight, the youngest one, who was about twelve years of age, and a strong, sturdy little fellow, had received the blessing of sight. By the aid of spectacles he could discern objects distinctly, and even without them he could see to find his way about. The eyes of the elder brother, fourteen years old, who was a more delicate lad, remained weak longer, but even he saw in three weeks or a month.

As we had much curiosity to see these boys thus saved from the dark doom which had so long hung over them, Dr. Mooren was kind enough to send for them one day when we were at the "clinique." On this occasion the brothers were, for the first time, put face to face, and told to look at each other. The expression of both their countenances was extremely interesting, especially that of the youngest, who could see best. He gazed with intense delight at his brother, and not content with seeing him, he, according to his habits when blind, *felt* his face, shoulders, and arms.

"Do you think you will know him again?" asked one of the doctors.

"Oh, always, always!" was the answer, in German.

The eldest boy had light brown hair, and it so happened that a ray of the sun was shining on it when Dr. Mooren asked the younger one what was the colour of his brother's hair. After looking attentively at the said hair for a moment, the little one replied, "Grey," which amused us all. I was astonished how quickly this boy, who had a very clever, intelligent countenance, acquired a knowledge of objects, of colours, &c.

"What is that waving in the garden?" he was asked, and he promptly replied,

"A tree."

"And its colour?"

"Green."

He called a light-coloured muslin dress white, but to a black shawl he gave its own designation. The first day, however, that he mounted his spectacles—which, by-the-by, seemed a source of great pride and pleasure to the poor child—he was not quite so correct in his answers. A young lady from our boarding-house, a very pretty girl, happened to be present in attendance on her mother, who was a very fidgety patient, and favoured the three doctors with her company every mortal day for several weeks.

"Is that person a man or a woman?" asked Dr. Mooren, somewhat wickedly, pointing to the young lady.

"I don't know," replied the boy.

"Look again; is that a lady or a gentleman?"

The boy adjusted his spectacles, and after a good long look, he exclaimed:

"A gentleman!"

This answer, of course, caused great mirth to Mooren and his assistants, and much embarrassment to the damsel in question.

At Oedt we heard of little else than eyes, eyes, eyes; these formed the staple of daily conversation at the breakfast and dinner table. There were dozens of anecdotes told, but I shall only record one here, which struck my fancy, as bearing out my own opinion that the nobler sex do not always exhibit so much fortitude as the weaker one.

A gentleman went to Oedt to consult Dr. Mooren, and it was found that he had a cataract in one eye, ready for removal. He begged that the operation might be performed at the hotel where he had taken up his quarters rather than at the doctor's rooms. This whim was agreed to, and a day fixed for the operation; but when Dr. Mooren, with his assistants and instruments, repaired to the hotel, lo and behold! the patient was missing. He had become so frightened that he had taken to his heels, made his escape through the garden gate, and hidden himself in one of the adjacent woods! It was nearly evening when the runaway returned. Another day was fixed by his own request, and again Dr. Mooren and his staff good naturedly made their appearance at the hotel; but the heart of the courageous patient had failed him a second time, and again he had decamped in haste, remaining absent while there was any chance of his encountering the dreaded oculists. Three times did this hero run away; but as he was really anxious to recover his sight, and it was therefore necessary to remove the cataract, he was inveigled over to the "clinique," and when there, the door of the room was locked, and he was with difficulty persuaded to agree to submit to the operation. But there was no inducing him to remain quiet, therefore, for his own safety's sake, he had to be held down during the short process of removing the cataract. His voice, however, could not be silenced, and he roared so loudly that he was heard in houses on the other side of the street!

In the evenings, happily, there was a diversion from the eyes, for it was frequently spent in music; we had some very good singing, and one of Dr. Mooren's assistants, who is a splendid violin player, used to accompany one of my party in Beethoven's and Mozart's charming compositions.

To some fortunate individuals expense is a bagatelle, and the cost of anything of no consequence, but to the mass of the community money is a subject of importance, and I had better, therefore, mention that Dr. Mooren's charges are extremely moderate, and living at Oedt by no means expensive. There is no style required there; the population consists chiefly of weavers, thread-makers, &c. There are about six hundred weavers in velvet. These artisans produce from an ell to an ell and a half of rich velvet per day, but are only paid for their labour from ten to twelve groschen a day—that is, about one shilling or fourteence a day. The weavers, however, and other operatives, not only at Oedt and its neighbourhood, but throughout this part of Germany, are great sufferers from the civil war now going on in America. The manufacturers, a rising and opulent class, have long exported a large portion of their goods to the United States, where the demand for velvets, in particular, used to be very great; now, however, there is little or no business carried on with the States, trade consequently is dull, and the loss, or rather absence of gain among the master manufacturers, is severely felt by the working classes, who cannot obtain at present sufficient employment. One could hardly have supposed that this unnatural warfare in the distant

western world would have affected the interests of persons domiciled in the heart of a non-maritime country like Prussia.

One source of gain to the poor villagers of Oedt is their geese. In the evening, when these creatures are driven home from the fields, where they are turned out during the day, the street looks quite white with them, and it is amusing to see how each regiment of them, so to speak, follows its leader or commander, stopping when it stops, waddling on when it moves again, and to observe them filing off in detachments to their various quarters.

Strange to say, the people of Oedt never eat their geese. They were amazed and shocked to hear that a goose was not an uncommon dish in England and Scotland, especially at Michaelmas in England, and at Christmas in Scotland. They only eat the eggs. Their geese are valued for the sake of the feathers. Three times a year the geese are plucked—never entirely, indeed, but partially—and the feathers are sold at one thaler fifteen groschen, or 4s. 6d. per lb.

As I have said before, the scenery around Oedt is not at all remarkable for beauty, or for traditions of the past; but there are some pretty woods near it, which, with their cool shades, in summer would form charming retreats for the half-blind invalids, if there were but a few rustic seats placed here and there among them. This ought to be done, and we exhorted our Oedt friends to see to it for the sake of future visitors.

The only relic of antiquity in the neighbourhood is an old tower, which is said to have been erected in the beginning of the fourteenth century. In more ancient days the whole district was Church property, and belonged to the abbey of Gladbach; it was then called Ude, or Uda.

“In the year 1334,” says an old chronicle, “the Archbishop of Cologne, Walram von Jülich, bought the castle of Oedt, with the jurisdiction over the four parishes that belonged to it.” It goes on: “Towards the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, Herr von Brempt (who was of a family which at that time ranked among the first in the Rhenish provinces), in order to establish a place of safety in time of war for his retainers of Mülhus, Ude, Hagene, and Cloerland, built a castle on the Niers, near the mouth of the Schüpp. Afterwards new buildings were erected outside the walls of the castle. The settlers became his retainers, who, in return for the use of certain portions of the land, undertook to protect and defend the castle. Thus sprang up upon the landed property of Von Brempt, along the bank of the Niers, a village which afterwards became the small town of Oedt.

“In the year 1479, Oedt, with Liun, Nerdingen, and Kempen, were in the possession of the Archbishop Ropert, who, instead of paying the debts which Diedrich had laid upon the castles, and giving up the sums which had been advanced, fell upon the Pfandherren in their strongholds, and imprisoned them in their own towers. On account of this outrage, some of the principal towns in the neighbourhood espoused the cause of the oppressed parties, formed a union among themselves, and chose Hermann von Hessen to be the administrator of the archbishop. The city of Cologne, with the people of Hesse, marched out and besieged and conquered Liun, Nerdingen, and Oedt, which was occupied by Johann von Reiffersscheid. Ropert then released the citizens of Kempen of their oath, and took to

fight secretly, whereupon they swore allegiance to Hermann von Hessen. Oedt, however, was laid waste by the people of Hesse, and Hermann mortgaged the revenue of the Duke of Jülich, who did not appear to have possessed the property long."

We were indebted for a sight of the ancient chronicle, from which the above is an extract, to the courtesy of the young burgomeister, Dr. Mooren's brother.

We spent seven weeks at Oedt, and though, on our arrival there, the place seemed so slow and monotonous that we hardly thought we should survive seven days of it, time passed quickly enough, and we met with so much kindness that we became quite attached to poor little Oedt, and positively left it with regret—a regret that I believe was fully reciprocated by our limited circle there. On leaving the village I wrote a few lines, with which I shall conclude this little notice of *An Autumn at Oedt* :

Ye woodlands green of Oedt—farewell !
 Whose lonely paths and slumbering brooks
 Of deep repose so softly tell !
 Farewell ye shady, mossy nooks,
 Where, from th' o'erpow'ring noonday glare,
 Their lovely tints wild flowerets hide,
 And coolness with the waters share
 Through osier beds that gently glide.

Within these silent, leafy glades,
 Imagination might descry,
 Flitting among the dark'ning shades,
 Strange forms from ages long gone by.
 What forms ? Tradition tells no tale
 Of warlike chiefs or bandit strife ;
 Romance's wand itself would fail
 To give to these mute deserts life.
 Life of the past—yon ruined tower
 Is all that speaks of former days.
 But there may come a future hour
 When Oedt its head may proudly raise,
 For skill and talent's halo round
 Its village walls are spreading, and,
 Its simple name may yet be found
 Upon Fame's world-wide page to stand.

TABLE-TALK.

BY MONKSHOOD.

II.—BREAKFAST-TABLE-TALK.

§ 2.

WE resume our places at the Breakfast-table. The meal may be considered under an infinity of aspects, only a select few of which we shall have space to touch upon.

There is your poor curate's breakfast, for example. Mr. Savage tells us that all curates are prodigious breakfast-eaters—the reason probably being that they are not always confident of dinner;—"more shame upon the system that deprives them of what ought to be the well-grounded faith of every honest hard-working man in every path of life." A goodly representative of Mr. Savage's theory is offered in the colossal person of my Uncle the Curate (a still nobler fellow inside than out), whom his rector has little difficulty, the first time we see him, to make sit down and eat a breakfast fully proportionate to his size and brawn. But the reverend Hercules has had a rough walk this morning, enough to make any man's appetite wolfish. He turns to. Anon our author reports progress. "I think, Val.," says the curate, to his brother-in-law the rector, "I have played the wolf to that cold shoulder of lamb." "Quite right," is the smiling response; "and now play the fox to that cold fowl, I advise you." And no second invitation is required. Not a fox in the shire, we are assured, could have disposed in much shorter time of two legs and one wing of the fat capon in question. "He scarcely spoke a word to his nieces during the meal, except to give Elizabeth a parcel of loves from her aunt, in a kind of parenthesis between an egg and a cup of tea—'Now I am your man,' he cried, having at length concluded his labours, and rising from the table with a droll lingering look at the little that survived the havoc, as if it was scarcely worth while to leave it, and yet impossible to do more than he had done."^{*}

Then again there is your College breakfast—a three years' course of which may have something considerable to do with the alleged habit of Curates, as above. Christopher North finds in a College breakfast ample proof that the human stomach is a great deal more elastic than caoutchouc—and shows us four undergraduates who have already devoured four pounds and three-quarters of beef-steak, while egg after egg disappears with wonderful celerity, toast is whipt off by cart-loads, and yet the insatiate gormandisers exclaim for more. "Pause, we adjure you, by the memory of the supper of last night, which even now has hardly had time to turn the corner of your gullet!—by the expectation of the luncheon which will be served up to you in two hours!—but no! nothing will stop their all-devouring jaws; milk diluted very powerfully with rum, tea thickened very densely with chopped-up eggs—all disappear—all, all at

* My Uncle the Curate, vol. i. ch. ix.

one fell swoop."* The picture is not complete till we are certified that, at luncheon, the recollection of the breakfast seems to be nearly as distinct as the shape of last summer's clouds; and that at dinner,

All trivial fond records, all memory

of luncheon and breakfast, seem plucked entirely from their bosoms; for they set to as vigorously upon this, the third occasion, as if they had never seen anything like a dinner before, and never anticipated seeing anything resembling it again.

Then, too, there is (or, on the old coach-road, *was*) your Traveller's breakfast. Who, as Mr. Lever asks, is not ready for his breakfast when on the road? How delightful, he says, if on the Continent—but then he is speaking of ante-railway times—to escape from the dungeon-like diligence, where you sat with your knees next your collar-bone, fainting with heat and suffocated by dust, and find yourself suddenly beside the tempting "plats" of a little French *déjeûner*, with its cutlets, its fried fish, its poulet, its salad, and its little *entrée* of fruit, tempered with a not despicable bottle of Beaune. If in England, "the exchange is nearly as grateful; for though our travelling be better, and our position less irksome, still it is no small alternative from the stage-coach to the inn-parlour, redolent of aromatic black tea, eggs, and hot toast, with an hospitable side-board of lordly sirloin, and York hams that would make a Jew's mouth water." Nor does the author omit the change, if in America—as America then was—from being suddenly emancipated from the stove-heat of a "nine-inside" leathern "conveniency," bumping ten miles an hour over a corduroy road, the company smoking, if not worse; to the "ample display of luxurious viands displayed upon the breakfast-table," including buffalo-steaks, pumpkin-pie, and "chicken fixings."† But all these picturesque contrasts pertain only to the past—for we are in the Iron Age now, and in some senses the iron has entered into our soul.

Looking in another direction—or rather at the same object from another angle—we see breakfast at the street-stall. That institution still exists—though not under the same form, or supported by the same customers, as in Charles Lamb's days,—see his description of *saloop*, a composition the groundwork of which was said to be the sweet wood called sassafras, which, boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, had to some tastes, those of chimney-sweepers in particular, "a delicacy beyond the China luxury." Stall-keepers dispensed this savoury mess at early dawn. Elia graphically sketches the rake reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan on his way to toil, jostling together, perhaps, on the pavement beside which the salopian stall is pitched. "The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

"This is *saloop*—the precocious herbwoman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent-garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him

* Three Years at Oxford. (*Blackwood*, 1828.)

† See "Harry Lorrequer," ch. xlv.

shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful stream, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread-and-butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups!"*—and of other contingent benedictions is Elia profuse, which need not be repeated in this place. Let us, instead, catch a glimpse, from a quite parallel picture by Sir Bulwer Lytton (malice might even pronounce it a plagiarism), of the coffee-stall in the streets of more modern London—

From fields suburban rolls the early cart;
As rests the revel, so awakes the mart.
Transfusing Mocha from the beans within,
Bright by the crossing gleams the alchemic tin,—
There halts the craftsman;—there, with envious sigh,
The houseless vagrant looks, and limps foot-weary by.†

St. Petersburg has its Tchaichik, or Tea-man, of the like order—a peripatetic salesman who carries a glowing *samovar* beneath his arm wrapped in a thick cloth, “from whose centre protrudes a long horizontal spout and tap,”—and who also carries, by a strap over his shoulder, “a flat tray, covered with a fair linen cloth, on which is his array of tumblers and earthen mugs, pewter spoons, lumps of sugar (seldom called for), and slices of lemon, much in demand.” He serves his tea, Mr. Sala tells us, all hot, as the merchant in the cab-rank centre of the Haymarket, London, does his potatoes. The same authority reports the tea to be the very coarsest, bitterest, and vilest of flavour—costing two copecks a tumbler—and full of strange ingredients that float about in it, herbaceous, stony, gritty, and earthy; not, however, adulterated in Russia, but “made from the cheap brick tea mixed with sheep’s blood, as coffee with chicory—so called from the bricks or ingots into which the leaf is compressed—brought by caravans out of China, by way of Kiatka.”‡ Referring to the adage, that you must eat a peck of dirt first and last before you die, this Temple Bar Traveller gives it as his opinion, that about four tumblers of hot Petersburg street-tea would go a long way towards making up the allowance. Sassafras saloop, erst the breakfast luxury of those extinct peep-o’-day boys, the London sweeps, were a rich cordial worth reviving, compared with the Tchaichik’s beverage.

Then, too, there is the poor man’s family breakfast—as pictured, for example, so far as the children are concerned, in the Tetterby *ménage*, in Mr. Dickens’s Christmas story§—where the Tetterbys, *père et mère*, are said to “sit down” to breakfast, while the little Tetterbys, who are not habituated to regard that meal in the light of a sedentary occupation, discuss it (on the contrary) as a dance or trot; rather resembling a savage ceremony, in the occasional shrill whoops, and brandishing of bread-and-butter, with which it is accompanied, as well as in the in-

* Essays of Elia : The Praise of Chimney-sweepers.

† The New Timon, part i.

‡ A Journey Due North, ch. xx.

§ The Haunted Man; or, the Ghost’s Bargain, ch. iii.

tricate flings off into the street and back again, and the hoppings up and down the door-steps, which are incidental to the performance.

What, again, shall be said of School breakfasts? At a Dotheboys Hall, for instance, and even vastly superior establishments to that? The less the better. Wilson bids you never believe a great, broad-faced, beetle-browed Spoon, when he tells you, with a sigh that would upset a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are those he spends at school. Does he forget, asks this cross-examiner, the small bedroom occupied by eighteen boys, the pump you had to run to on Sunday mornings, when decency and the usher commanded you to wash? And, "is he oblivious of the blue chalk and water they flooded your bowels with at breakfast, and called it milk?"* Here Elia again comes in, with his reminiscences of the Blue-Coat School, when he and Coleridge wore yellow stockings, five-and-thirty years before. Lamb had his tea and hot rolls in a morning (for his parents were Londoners, and himself a privileged boy), while the others were battenning on their quarter of a penny-loaf—their *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Their Monday's milk-porritch, blue and tasteless, was enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread-and-butter," from the hot loaf of the Temple.† But that which so enriched him, made the others, by invidious comparison, poor indeed. And the worst was, that, bad as at best their fare might be, not even of that bad-best had they always enough.

Surely breakfast-time is the worst of times for a young stomach to be gnawed by hungry pangs. And nowhere are the *confessions* of the English Opium-eater more humiliating, as confessions, than where he details the straits and shifts he was put to, during his strange sojourn in the Greek-street house, to gather up the crumbs that fell from certainly not a *rich* man's table. This man, the nominal occupant of the lonely, desolate, and unfurnished house—in which the runaway schoolboy was allowed to shelter himself—"breakfasted alone; indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person, any more than the quantity of esculent *material*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, purchased on his road from the place where he slept. . . . During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as might chance to remain; sometimes, indeed, none at all remained."‡ Even the antique Roman, with his *jentaculum*, at whose expense we have seen Mr. de Quincey make merry, would have scarcely exchanged his morning mouthful for an allowance like *this*.

From the same author's miscellaneous works might be picked up a variety of breakfast-table crumbs, of one sort and another,—for it is a meal to which he makes allusion with a frequency that is suggestive, though incidental. But our only present concern with these passages is with one which describes his first opportunity of getting a decent meal, on his quitting the miserable scene of his youthful sufferings and starva-

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxiv. p. 863.

† *Essays of Elia*: "Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago."

‡ *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*.

tion. He had made his way to Eton, to ask a favour of his friend Lord Altamont—who had, however, left for Cambridge—and in whose absence De Quincey was kindly received by another of his Eton acquaintance, the Earl of Desart. "Lord Desart placed before me a magnificent breakfast. It was really such; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent, from being the first regular meal, the first 'good man's table,' that I had sat down to for months. Strange to say, I could scarcely eat anything. On the day when I first received my ten-pound bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls; this very shop I had some weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was humiliating to recollect. I remembered the story (which, however, I now believed to be a falsehood) about Otway; and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But there was no cause for alarm; my appetite was utterly gone, and I nauseated food of every kind. This effect, from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks. On the present occasion, at Lord Desart's table, I found myself not at all better than usual; and, in the midst of luxuries, appetite I had none."*

If we mention just one other passage in the Opium-eater's writings, relating to the breakfast-table, it is only with a view to introduce two or three illustrations, from modern fiction, of its associations with the pathetic. The passage in question relates, so far as the writer is personally interested, to his earliest migration from the paternal roof, when quite a little child. At six o'clock on the morning of this exodus, he entered the breakfast-room, where he found a blazing fire, candles lighted, and "the whole breakfast equipage" set out, "for no greater a personage than" himself. It was a wet December morning; the rain beat violently against the windows, the wind raved; and an aged servant, who did the honours of the breakfast-table, pressed him urgently to eat. "I need not say that I had no appetite: the fulness of my heart, both from busy anticipation, and from the parting which was at hand, had made me incapable of any other thought or attention but such as pointed to the coming journey." And this leads him on to the remark—so characteristic of him in its profoundly human interest—that all circumstances in travelling, all scenes and situations of a representative and recurring character, are indescribably affecting, connected, as they have been, in so many myriads of minds, more especially in a land which is sending off for ever its flowers and blossoms to a clime so remote as that of India, with heart-rending separations, and with farewells never to be repeated. But, amongst them all, he continues, "none cleaves to my own feelings more indelibly, from having repeatedly been concerned, either as witness or as a principal party in its little drama, than the early breakfast on a wintry morning long before the darkness has given way, when the golden blaze of the hearth, and the bright glitter of candles, with female ministrations of gentleness more touching than on common occasions, all conspire to rekindle, as it were for a farewell gleam, the holy memorials of household affections. And many have, doubtless, had my feelings; for, I believe, few readers will ever forget the beautiful manner in which Mrs. Inchbald has treated such a scene, in winding up the first part of her 'Simple Story,' and the power with which she has invested it."†

* Confessions of an English Opium-eater.

† Autobiographic Sketches, vol. i. ch. xi.

That is most true. Mrs. Inchbald has vitalised with genuine feeling the entire section of her story to which De Quincey refers. It is that portion which relates to Miss Milner's agitation at the departure of her guardian, and the preparations for that final sitting, the bleak misgivings, timid misconstructions, proud resistance, and bitter struggles, of the last critical hours,—where, as the clock strikes six, we see Miss Woodley enter the breakfast-room, and find Lord Elmwood there in his travelling dress, standing pensively by the fireplace,—and hear the perturbed conference, and watch the forced calm, when Miss Milner comes in, and Sandford looking at her inquisitively, as he sips his tea and says, “he never made tea to his own liking”—while *she* “took a cup, but had scarcely strength to hold it.—It seemed but a very short time they were at breakfast, when the carriage that was to take Lord Elmwood away drove to the door. Miss Milner started at the sound: so did he; but she had nearly dropped her cup and saucer, on which.”* &c.—but either the reader is well acquainted, or will like to become so, in the original, with this very noteworthy piece of *realistic* novel-writing.

Novelists not a few have seen the scope this kind of incident affords for a scene of more or less touching effect; and in their several ways, and with their sundry degrees of emotional feeling, have made use of it accordingly. Sometimes in a cursory and hurried, sometimes in a distinct and emphatic narration. Miss Austen—who certainly never errs in excess of emotion—in her homely, simple way, details to us Catherine Morland's last morning at the abbey, her visit to which terminates so abruptly—shows us, “soon after six,” Catherine “in busy agitation completing her dress, and Elinor, with more good will than experience, intent upon filling the trunk. When everything was done, they left the room, Catherine lingering only half a minute behind her friend to throw a parting glance on every well-known cherished object, and went down to the breakfast-parlour, where breakfast was prepared. She tried to eat, as well to save herself from the pain of being urged, as to make her friend comfortable; but she had no appetite, and could not swallow many mouthfuls. The contrast between this and her last breakfast in that room, gave her fresh misery, and strengthened her distaste for everything before her. It was not four-and-twenty hours ago since they had met there to the same repast, but in circumstances how different!”† Mr. Thackeray takes the satirical side of the subject (not but that he could deal most touchingly with the other), when he brings Barry Lyndon, Esq., down to breakfast, “where my mother was waiting for me, you may be sure,” on the eventful morning of that adventurer's leaving his Irish home for the wide, wide world. Barry had never slept sounder in his life. The poor mother has not been asleep at all. They sit down to the breakfast—she to talk in hurried little incoherent, indifferent sentences—he, chiefly, to eat. “We did not say a single word about what was taking place; on the contrary, we talked of anything but that. . . And then she fell to talking about the black pig that must be killed, and that she had found the speckled hen's nest that morning, whose eggs I liked so, and other such trifling talk. Some of these eggs were for breakfast, *and I ate them with a good appetite*; but in helping myself to salt, I spilled it, on which she started up with a scream. ‘Thank God,’ said she, ‘it's fallen towards

* A Simple Story, part i. ch. xxix.

† Northanger Abbey, ch. xxviii.

me.' And then, her heart being too full, she left the room. Ah! they have their faults, those mothers; but are there any other women like them?"* As heartless a woman as Barry is a man, the inimitable Rebecca Sharp, is represented playing much the same part under similar circumstances—though, it must be owned, she *has* the grace, or the cunning, to restrain her appetite till the others are out of sight. The scene is laid at Brussels, just before Waterloo. We see Rebecca "return to her inn, where all the party of the previous day were assembled at a farewell breakfast." Rebecca, we are then told, took such a tender leave of Amelia as became two women who loved each other as sisters; and having used her handkerchief plentifully, and hung on her friend's neck as if they were parting for ever, and waved the handkerchief (which was quite dry, by the way) out of the window, as the carriage drove off;—she then "came back to the breakfast-table, and ate some prawns with a good deal of appetite, considering her emotion."† The appetite is a gauge of anguish not unselfdom made use of in Mr. Thackeray's satirical scrutinies of character.

Another example we may find—but of the grave, not the giping sort—in a "story of modern life," by Mr. Wilkie Collins. The text needs no preamble of context to explain its scope. "The departure for the country was to take place at an early hour. We all breakfasted together: the meal was hurried over comfortlessly and silently. My father was either writing notes, or examining the steward's accounts, almost the whole time; and Clara was evidently incapable of uttering a single word, without risking the loss of her self-possession. The silence was so complete, while we sat together at the table, that the fall of the rain outside (which had grown softer and thicker as the morning advanced), and the quick, quiet tread of the servants, as they moved about the room, were audible with a painful distinctness. The oppression of our last family breakfast in London, for that year, had an influence of wretchedness which I cannot describe—which I can never forget."‡ A companion-picture might be quoted from the "Woman in White."§

Then, again, there is that "last breakfast" chapter in Mr. Anthony Trollope's Civil Service novel, in which we see Alaric at table with his wife, just before starting to take his trial at the Old Bailey,—Gertrude pouring out his tea for him, putting bread upon his plate, and then sitting down beside him, and trying to persuade him to eat—while the wretched man, instead of eating, thrusts his hands into his pockets, and sits glowering at the teacups. Fondly she pleads; and violently he shudders, as her argument proceeds, and as she exhorts him to quit himself like a man, even in the prisoner's dock. At last, "He did not answer her, but he turned to the table, and broke the bread, and put his lips to the cup. And then she gave him food as she would give it to a child, and he with a child's obedience ate and drank what was put before him. As he did so, every now and again a single tear forced itself beneath his eyelid and trickled down his face, and in some degree Gertrude was comforted.—He had hardly finished his enforced breakfast when the cab and the lawyer came to the door."|| . . .

* Memoir of Barry Lyndon, Esq., ch. ii.

† Vanity Fair, ch. xxv.

‡ Basil: a Story of Modern Life, vol. i. ch. xlii.

§ Vol. i. p. 196.

|| The Three Clerks, ch. xxxix., "The Last Breakfast."

But let us now, for a change of air,—for the atmosphere is getting close,—take a turn into the country, and look in at breakfast-time, at some cozy tenement where the meal is had in honour, and the guests do it justice. Suppose we halt, for instance, at the Combe-Floreay parsonage, during the genial rectorate of Sydney Smith. The breakfast-room is an oblong, surrounded on three sides by books, and ending in a bay-window that opens into the garden: the books are “not brown, dark, dull-looking volumes, but all in the brightest bindings”—for the rector carries his system of “furnishing for gaiety” even to the dress of his octavos. Guests are assembled, in numbers, “that would have made any table agreeable anywhere; but it would be difficult,” we quote Lady Holland, “to convey an adequate idea of the beauty, gaiety, and happiness of the scene” in which these breakfasts took place, or “the charm that he infused into the society assembled round his breakfast-table.” He would come down into this long, low room in the morning like a “giant refreshed to run his course,” bright and happy as the scene around him. “Ring the bell, Saba.” Enter the servant, D—. “D—, glorify the room.” This meant that the three Venetian windows of the bay were to be flung open, displaying the garden on every side, and letting in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. “I think breakfasts so pleasant,” says he, “because no one is conceited before one o’clock.” Mrs. Marcet admires his ham. “Oh,” he says, “our hams are the only true hams; yours are Shems and Japhets.”* And so he goes on—expounding the economy of white china (which, if broken, can always be renewed), and punning, and exaggerating, and mystifying, and hoaxing, and laughing, and saying a word in season, gentle and wise, kindly and shrewd,—and proving that a merry heart is a continual feast, while it makes a feast especially of the first meal in the day.

Or shift the scene to a little rustic inn—and trust yourself, with Christopher North, say some thirty years since, to Mrs. Bell, of the Red Lion, Grasmere, who could give a breakfast with any woman in England—baking incomparable bread, firm, close, compact, and white, thin-crust-ed and admirably raised. “Her yeast always works well. What butter! Before it a primrose must hide its unyellowed head. Then, jam of the finest quality, goose, rasp, and strawberry—and as the jam is, so are her jellies. Hens cackle that the eggs are fresh—and these shrimps were scraping the sand last night in the Whitehaven sea. What glorious bannocks of barley-meal! Wheaten cakes, too, no thicker than a wafer, and crisp as a Cockney’s dream! Do not, my good sir, appropriate that cut of pickled salmon; it is heavier than it looks, and will weigh about four pounds. One might live a thousand years, yet never weary of such mutton-ham. Virgin-honey indeed. . . . No bad thing is a cold pigeon pie, especially of cushats. To hear the cooing in the centre of a wood is one thing, and to see them lying at the bottom of a pie is another—which is the better, depends entirely on time, place, and circumstances. Well, a beefsteak at breakfast is rather startling—but let us try a bit with these fine ingenuous youthful potatoes, from a light sandy soil on a warm slope.”† It being Mr. North’s practical persuasion that, with a day’s

* Memoir of Rev. Sydney Smith, vol. i. ch. xi.

† Recreations of Christopher North, “Hints for the Holidays,” No. II.

work before one, there is nothing on earth like the strong basis of a breakfast—such as the Red Lion could show.

Or shall we “drop in” with him, across the border, for a breakfast at Mount Benger, after a stroll to and from the Loch, and hear him quote Wordsworth’s lines on the “five blue eggs” in the sparrow’s nest, only to declare that five, six, or perhaps a dozen, white hen-eggs gleaming there on the table, “all on a most lovely, a most beautiful, a most glorious round white plate of crockery,” is a sight even more simple and more touching still?* Or shall we ask him, with the Shepherd, “Mr. North, I’m desperate hungry—are ye no intendin to gie us ony breakfast?” whereupon he rings the silver bell, and lo! and behold! enter Peter and his aides with trays, and the ecstatic Shepherd enumerates each arrival as it is set down or uncovered—“Rows het frae the oven! Wheat scones! Barley scones! Wat and dry tost! Cookies! Baps! Muffins! Loaves and fishes! Rizzars! Finnaus! Kippers! Speldrins! Herring! Marmlet! Jeelies! Jam! Ham! Lamb! Tongue! Beef hung! Chickens! Fry! Pigeon pie!”† *Voilà* a Scotch breakfast after the Shepherd’s own heart. And the merit of a Scotch breakfast was allowed by Dr. Johnson himself—the “peculiar merit,” as Boswell‡ not unjustifiably calls it.

No wonder their novelists and essayists love to illustrate this peculiar merit. We have seen how Wilson dwells on each item, with an audible smack of the lips at every one of them—for by some such vocables we may interpret the emphasis which, in print, takes the form of so many separate notes of admiration. Smollett had, in the preceding century, made one of his English tourists describe with gustful detail an Argyleshire breakfast for a small hunting-party, at half-past four on a September morning. “The following articles formed our morning repast: one kit of boiled eggs; a second, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheese, made of goat’s milk; a large earthen pot full of honey; the best part of a ham; a cold venison pasty; a bushel of oatmeal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle, for the strangers; a large stone bottle full of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream kit, with curious wooden bickers to be filled from this reservoir.” Great justice was done to the collation, we are told, by the guests in general; one, in particular, eating above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable (but what would *be* a proportionable?) quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board.§ Our old friend the U. S. Penciller recognises with cordiality the peculiar merit. His first morning in Edinburgh, at one of the New Town *hotties*, as Meg Dods would call them, he sits down, at nine, to “cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cake, coffee, tea, and toast; and I am by no means sure that this is all. It is a fine country in which one gets so much by the simple order of ‘breakfast at nine.’”† They may well stickle (see Boswell) for saying grace at breakfast-time, in the Land o’ Cakes.

Your substantial, robust, rosy, and rotund middle-class Englishman

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, March, 1829.

† Ibid., July, 1834.

‡ Tour to the Hebrides, Aug. 28, 1773 (notes).

§ Humphrey Clinker.

|| Pencilings by the Way, vol. iii. letter xvii.

can give a decent breakfast too—a man of the Mr. Spread sort, in “The Bachelor of the Albany,” at whose house you are sure to find “none of your flimsy town breakfasts, only fit for invalids and women, exhausted rakes and jaded beauties,” but the “jolly, substantial breakfast of men of business, in the fulness of health, and the plenitude of spirits.” One peep at Mr. Spread’s. It is a breakfast of many breads and many meats, solid as the prosperity, and various as the resources of England. A sideboard, oppressed with viands, neither sighs nor groans, because it is only in fiction that sideboards utter such sentimental sounds. In the centre stands, or rather towers a vast pie, surrounded with minor attractions, such as tongues, fowls, collars, and marmalades, just as a great planet is attended by a body-guard of satellites. “But as Jupiter excels his moons, so did that pie surpass collars, fowls, and tongues in magnitude and glory. That was a pie indeed!—a subject for hymn and history, a pie to be held in such reverence as Mohammedans pay the Caaba, or Christians the chapel of Loretto; evidently the production of a great artist, a Palladio of pastry, a Wren of cooks. It was more an Acropolis or a temple than a pie, worthy of being served to a Lord Abbot amidst anthems; not made to be opened with knife of Sheffield, but carved with blade of Toledo or Damaseus.” The rhapsody inspired by that pie leads the describer to yet greater lengths. He regards it as a poem, a composition of talents and turkeys, of genius and grouse. Into such a pie was it, he says, that Bion the philosopher wished himself metamorphosed, that wisdom, in his form, might captivate the sons of men. Stubbles had been thrashed, we are told, and covers ransacked, woods depopulated, and preserves destroyed, to furnish forth its mighty concave. “It was a pie under whose dome you would have wished to live or been content to die. Appetite grew by feeding on it; its very sight was better than to eat aught else eatable. It dilated the soul and exalted the characters to be in the same room with so noble a creation of gastronomic mind.”* Finally, that pie, when in ruins, reminds its prose laureate of the Colosseum. Truly, the game-pie (of *that* size, build, and concrete order of architecture) on the breakfast-tables of old England, is a host in itself.

Though omitting so many varieties, we must not close without a glance at the Wedding breakfast—“if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoese, dried fruits, wines, cordials, &c., can deserve,” as Charles Lamb said, “so meagre an appellation”† as breakfast—that banquet protracted for hours, when the good company have finished (to quote Mrs. Browning) their

—praying in white gloves,
 Drawn off in haste for drinking pagan toasts
 In somewhat stronger wine than any sipped
 By gods, since Bacchus had his way with grapes.‡

For holy Mother Church having done her part, and received her perquisites,

There’s a breakfast, you know—
 There always is so
 On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.

* The Bachelor of the Albany, ch. ix.

† Last Essays of Elia: The Wedding.

‡ Aurora Leigh, book v.

Of course there are "lots" of beef, potted and hung,
 Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue,
 Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,
 Cold pigeon-pie (rook ?), and cold boil'd and cold roast,
 Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold cream, colder ices,
 Blancmange, which young ladies say, so very nice is,—
 Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—
 Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,
 Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—
 Refined barley-sugar, in various devices,
 Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes—
 And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.
 —In short, all those gimcracks together are met
 Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get
 When they give a *grand déjeuner à la fourchette*—
 (A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,
 Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)
 And see ! what a mountainous bridecake !—a thing
 By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring !*

Some of these items and usages are becoming obsolete, since Mr. Barham trolled and drolled forth his rhymes. He goes on next to the article of wines—upon which, indeed, this particular legend turns. But we cannot follow him into the wine-cellar, even for the sake of furnishing forth the marriage-tables. Let us wind up, instead, with a more generalising stanza of Hood's, which provides good liquor in abundance, but names no names, at his version of a wedding-

-breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,
 Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh ;
 With wines the most rare and curious—
 Wines of the richest flavour and hue ;
 With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ;
 And fruits obtain'd before they were due
 At a discount most usurious.†

* The Ingoldsby Legends, vol. iii., "The Wedding-Day."

† Miss Kilmansegg: A Golden Legend.

EDWARD FORBES THE NATURALIST.*

THE remarkable and gifted subject of this memoir was born in the Isle of Man in 1815, and within the shores of that tiny kingdom he spent a third of his life, but the fame he won in after-years had nothing remote or insular in its character and limits. His great-grandfather was one of the many adherents of the Stuarts upon whose head a price was set for his loyalty, and he migrated from his native Highlands to the Isle of Man soon after the events of 1745. The father of Edward Forbes was connected with the trade of the island, and became a banker: his mother was of an old Manx family, and is described as a person of intellectual and superior mind, who took great delight in cultivating beautiful flowers and rare plants—a source, probably, of her son's early fondness for botanical pursuits.

The green romantic beauty of the valleys of Man, and the picturesque wildness of its shores and bays, told powerfully on his youthful fancy, and with the zest of a descendant of Norse sea-kings he loved the waters that encircled his island home. *He* was, indeed, a votary to whom the Muse might say:

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;
 Or when the North its fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.
 Or when the deep-green mantled earth
 Warm cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music sounded forth
 In every grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

The natural charms—the mountains, glens, sea-cliffs, and bay-indented shores of his little fatherland, were of more interest to him than its architectural remains, yet in their influence on the mind these were, in truth, unconsciously identified with the natural features, as if the fortress and the rocks together formed one natural whole. From Dr. Wilson's review of his childhood, it would seem that before he was twelve years of age he had without aid discovered the true scope of his intellect, and began to employ it on the subjects which became the pursuit of his life. When a still younger child, his playmates brought him their contributions of minerals, fossils, shells, dried seaweed, hedge-flowers, and butterflies, to cheer his hours of sickness: he filled his pockets with weeds and creeping things, and appropriated another pocket to a tame lizard, and he was still a boy when he formed a museum of his own at home. Even in these early years his countenance was considered very interesting; it expressed

* Memoir of Edward Forbes, F.R.S., late Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. By George Wilson, M.D., and A. Geikie. Macmillan and Co. 1861.

amiability and intelligence, and a stranger, it is said, could hardly pass without turning round to look at him again. And thus in busy idleness his childhood passed :

What liberty so glad and gay
As, where the mountain boy,
Reckless of regions far away,
A prisoner lives in joy ?

But it was necessary that a worldly vocation should be selected for him. His mother's highest ambition was to see him a good clergyman : he, however, felt no vocation for such a life, and would not take holy orders merely as a means of livelihood and leisure. He was fond of the arts and of poetry as well as of natural history, and it was no easy matter to say what profession he should follow. His choice being limited to the dissimilar professions of physician or painter, and his aversion to the special studies of medicine being unconquerable, he consented to make Art his profession. And so the scene now changes to the metropolis. But here his aspirations were very soon discouraged, and in the autumn of 1831, after wasting a few months in the fruitless study of Art, he quitted it to become a medical student in the University of Edinburgh. It was his destiny to return, eleven years afterwards, to London, to occupy one of its places of honour, and enter upon a career of distinction.

The lamented Professor Wilson, his friend and biographer (whose labour of love has been ably continued and completed by Mr. Geikie), casts a retrospective glance at the number and magnitude of the changes they had witnessed since the time when Edward Forbes commenced his student-life at Edinburgh. It took him three days to reach the Isle of Man from London, and three more to reach Edinburgh from the island. There was but one public railway in England. No steam-ship had crossed the Atlantic, and iron ships were novelties rarely seen. The penny-postage was not yet planned: the electric telegraph was no more than a possibility. The amazing future of photography was hidden : the physical sciences were taking immense strides, and revolutions were on the eve of occurrence. Logic and metaphysics, as taught by Sir William Hamilton, were about to throw over Edinburgh the lustre of a school of philosophy ; but anatomy, the chief science on which medicine rests, was studied under disadvantages unknown to students of the present day. Chemistry was on the threshold of a great change, and at that time hardly afforded a foundation to botany as a science, or to agriculture as an art. The Botanical Garden was, however, one of the finest gardens of its kind in the country ; and at Edinburgh the students possessed the advantage of being amidst a picturesque natural garden, affording a flora of great variety. One week, says Dr. Wilson, a party clambered up the Bass Rock to gather its scanty but curious plants among the perplexed Solan geese, its feathered inhabitants ; another, they scoured the kingdom of Fife. Professor Jameson at that time represented Natural History in the University, and under Dr. Hope and Dr. Reid, Forbes was a zealous student. During his novitiate, the microscope underwent such great improvements as soon led to the instruction of pupils in its use, so that while new regions of country were made accessible to botanical excursionists, new wonders of the Divine Hand were revealed in every organic structure, and

the philosopher saw spread around him "the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for His notice, nor too humble for the visitations of His care."

After Edward Forbes had gone through a practical course of chemistry, he hesitated whether that science or natural history should be his permanent pursuit; he actually "tossed up" with a fellow-student for the apparatus which they had bought with their common funds, and, losing the chemicals, was confirmed in his intention to devote himself to natural history. Accordingly, we find that Forbes, when only eighteen years of age, had acquired "a clear systematic knowledge" of that branch of science; and "his power of perceiving the relation between apparently isolated facts in remote departments of nature was" (to quote the testimony of Dr. Campbell, Principal of the University of Aberdeen) "astounding in one so young." He studied literature and science side by side, and the passages he extracted into his Common-place Book, with such great though desultory diligence, are from works which few naturalists, and still fewer students of medicine, would be found to read. It is probably quite true, that, as regards natural history studies, he brought to the university more knowledge than the majority of its graduates after four years' study carry away with them. Of the influence of the scenery amidst which the Edinburgh student pursued his studies, Forbes thus spoke many years afterwards, when he had himself attained its chair of Natural History:

"The tastes of most men," he said, "can be traced back to the habits of their youth, and these habits are in a great measure moulded by the circumstances, physical as well as intellectual, amidst which that youth has been passed. Grand scenery suggests grand thoughts, and every ennobling thought elevates not merely for the moment, but permanently, the mind in which it dwells. It is a great gain to a university to be placed as this is amid scenes of unrivalled beauty; and the youth whose hours of relaxation are spent in their presence, carries with him into after-life the memory of their beauty and grandeur."

His early career at the University was one of the happiest portions of his life. He might truly say,

For me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills;
Her dew is on the flowers.

The world's cold touch had not chilled him: his eager eyes looked forth on a bright and boundless future. Young men of genius with tastes like his own, whether students in medicine or in other faculties, had become his attached friends, and his sunny spirit and social qualities made him welcome to seniors as well as to associates. Libraries and museums were open to him; his city walks were through streets which pleased his artist-eye; his excursions carried him into a country which was to him "an Eden filled with creatures yet to be named," and his lodging (at the top of the stairs in No. 21, Lothian-street) he called his "happy den."

When he returned in vacation to his native island, a comparison of its fauna and flora with those of Great Britain and France on the one hand, and of Ireland on the other, illustrated and confirmed (says his biographer), if it did not suggest, the doctrine of specific centres of distribu-

tion of plants and animals; and in like manner during his early dredgings on his native shores, the doctrine of zones of submarine life differing in character according to the depth of the sea, dawned upon him. On returning to Edinburgh for his second session, the rival claims of natural history and of medicine again struggled for supremacy; but he did not aspire to a medical degree, and, in a subsequent session, medicine was finally abandoned. Obligated to adopt a profession as a livelihood, but disowned by Art and by Medicine, his career at this point was not encouraging to his friends; but it was as a naturalist that his laurels were to be won, and the spring of 1836 saw him devote himself formally to the study of Nature. He was (as Dr. Brown of Edinburgh has remarked) in the best sense a natural historian—an observer and recorder of what is seen and of what goes on over the great field of the world, and not less of what has been seen and has gone on in this wonderful historic earth. He was keen, exact, capacious, and tranquil and steady in his gaze as Nature herself, and was, thus far, akin to Humboldt, Cuvier, Linnæus, Pliny, and Aristotle.

Learned he was; nor bird nor insect flew,
 But he its leafy home and history knew;
 Nor wild-flower deck'd the rock nor moss the well,
 But he its name and qualities could tell.

Meantime, his autumnal vacation rambles were sources of great delight, for he roamed with keen eye, ready pencil, and light heart, "to gather the wonders and win the secrets of Nature." The first foreign tour he made was a pilgrimage through part of Norway. A very interesting and graphic account is given in the volume before us of his voyage from the Isle of Man. In Norway everything wore a novel aspect: the thousand isles and interlacing fiords, the endless undulations of the pine woods and the bare rocky shores, the picturesque wooden houses nestling in their green hollows or backed by far-stretching forests, were objects that he viewed with new delight. Forbes and his fellow-traveller arrived at Bergen on the festival of St. John, when the peasantry were parading the streets in every variety of costume, yet Forbes's tartan trousers soon attracted a mob. Then they plunged into the unfrequented solitudes of rock and snow-field and mountain; they visited the glacier of Folgefond, and from Bondhuus sailed up the Hardanger fiord between huge cliffs rising perpendicularly from the quiet waters to the regions of perpetual snow, and while in Norway boated and botanised to their hearts' content. Copenhagen, with its wide squares and numerous public buildings, palaces and churches, picture-galleries, museums, parks, rampart-promenades, and other objects of interest, delighted his artistic eye.

On his return he encountered a dreadful storm, and when he again saw the shores of England, "shipwrecks strewed them like seaweeds." In the summer of 1834 he visited North Wales, and here he did little else than botanise, and with wonderful keenness of vision and power of climbing collect the rarer plants. The summer of the following year he spent in France, Switzerland, and Germany, and to the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, devoted continuous study. Having here completed the winter course, he visited the south of France. He was charmed by the wildness of Vaucluse, by its bare bold rocks, its

fountain—a miniature lake clear as crystal and tinted like the sapphire, mysteriously gushing from the rock, and by the inspiration which seemed to him to linger on the spot. Afterwards visiting Port Mahon in Minorca, on his way to the shores of Africa, he was charmed by the novel and almost Eastern aspect of the architecture, the picturesque dress of the natives, and the variety of nations whose vessels were in the port; and here, for the first time, he saw the cactus and the palm growing as natives of the country. But in these wanderings, as well as during his stay on the African shores, the youthful naturalist seems to have been ever intent on achieving the scientific results of travel.

Returning to Edinburgh, he gave, in the winter of 1838, a course of lectures "On the Natural History of the Animals in the British Seas." In the September of the following year he began, and in 1841 completed, his well-known "History of British Star-Fishes." He had now become a naturalist by profession, and he sought to make philosophy (to use his own expression) contribute towards its expenses, by giving lectures on zoology. In 1840 the British Association met at Glasgow, and his scientific standing was greatly heightened by his papers, by the wide range of acquirements he evinced, and by the manner in which he discharged the duties of secretary. Yet, with the earnest desire to labour vigorously, every avenue towards remunerative employment seemed to fail him. For five years he had drifted from the anchorage of a professional calling, and a settled home and permanent vocation still seemed as distant as ever.

A circumstance now occurred which gave him the means of greatly extending his researches and his reputation. Captain Graves, the officer in command of the Mediterranean Survey, proposed that he should join H.M.S. *Beacon* as naturalist to the Survey, and he left London for the Levant early in April, 1841. It had been intended to devote the summer to the coast of Candia; but beneath the white distant peaks, that seemed as the ship approached to be resting so peacefully on the deep blue sea, a native revolt against the Turks was raging, and the survey of Candia was of necessity postponed. While the *Beacon* remained off Paros he explored the neighbouring isles, pitched his tent upon the hill-sides, and partook of the rude fare, the native dances, and the picturesque life of the people. In visiting the seas and shores that had yielded their denizens to the Father of Natural History, he stood, as it were, in the shadow of the great name of Aristotle, and he viewed those isles and seas with reverence and delight. He afterwards joined that distinguished officer, Captain (then Lieutenant) Spratt, in a cruise for the prosecution of the coast survey. He found a striking similarity in the flora of all the islands, and up to three thousand five hundred feet (the highest peak he ascended) the plants of the Cyclades yielded no specimen of a sub-alpine character. The scenery presented a mingled wildness and beauty such as he had never before seen: huge precipices rising from the sea to towering peaks; and deep ravines, whose steep bare walls rose from tangled thickets of vines, and figs, and olives, and brought masses of grey and purple-tinted rock in contrast with the rich colours of the trees. He visited the great region of recent submarine volcanoes in the bay of Santorin—itsself the site of an ancient crater—and found a former sea-bed at a height of two hundred feet above its former

level. Among the portly, hospitable monks he visited in their rocky cells perched on the edge of cliffs, he found one recluse who had solaced himself by filling a portfolio with his own drawings, and he saw that remarkable monk, Cairi, who had visited England for the purpose of seeing Oxford. The fauna of these seas he found to be of a defined character, and different from that of any other of the marine zones, and over the two hundred miles examined, an exact correspondence in productions was observed.

Forbes then visited the shores of Asia Minor, and the botanical, zoological, and geological results were combined with those of a later journey, and published in 1847 in the "Travels in Lycia," the joint production of himself and his distinguished colleague. Blending natural history pursuits with the exploration of cities that had been lost for centuries; sketching tombs, temples, and theatres; mingling amongst the peasantry; sometimes benighted amid briars, ruins, and jackals in the wild uplands of Lycia, and well-nigh wrecked among the rocks and skerries that fringe the shores, while he was exhausting the zoological treasures of that classic sea, the three months he spent in Asia Minor formed no uneventful period in his life. His "Report to the British Association on the Mollusca and Radiata of the *Ægean*" raised him to a high rank among living naturalists. He recognised in it eight provinces of depth, the lowest (about seven hundred and fifty feet) being a new marine country added by himself to the domain of the naturalist. He discovered that the species which have the greatest vertical range, are likewise those which extend over the widest areas of sea. That parallels in latitude are equivalent to regions in depth is another interesting and suggestive law of marine distribution deduced from these Mediterranean researches.

With his sojourn in Greek waters his life of light-hearted freedom may be said to have ended. In his absence, his family affairs had sadly changed: his father, hitherto prosperous as a trader and banker, had lost everything, and the young naturalist became charged with new responsibilities and duties—with solicitude for the kindred who had claims on his love and labour, as well as for his own advancement. And so, reluctantly abandoning his long-cherished wish to dredge the Red Sea, he returned to England in October, 1842, to enter on his career in London as Professor of Botany in King's College, and Curator of the Geological Society. Amid the patient gathering of facts relative to the distribution of plants and animals, he found in geology the bond that was to link those facts together in a symmetrical whole, and in carrying out this line of research he probably (as his biographer remarks) did greater service to geology than to any other branch of the natural sciences. It is his great praise that he not only did more than perhaps any man of his day to encourage a love for natural history, but more than any of his contemporaries to show how geology and natural history must be linked together.

The tone of his introductory lecture as Botany professor was such, that he seemed to have come fresh from Nature to demand for the study of her phenomena a high and honourable place among the recognised courses of mental training. His class augmented; and such was the charm he could throw round the study of vegetable structure, that his lecture-room

became a source of attraction to amateurs. The rapid facility with which he sketched his illustrations while lecturing, was always a pleasing as well as striking and characteristic feature of his lectures; and whether his pencil was employed on the grotesque and humorous figures to which he loved to devote margins of letters and moments of relaxation, or on the more exact representation of scientific objects in diagrams, his graphic powers were equally ready and felicitous. The labours of his botanical session at the college, added as they were to the duties of his curatorship, which absorbed his daytime, and to the scientific work to which his evenings were devoted, would have broken down the energies of a less ardent and indefatigable labourer. Yet in 1843, when the British Association met at Cork, he acted as amateur whipper-in of geologists, naturalists, chemists, and philosophers, and amidst all this labour found time for reports and occasional papers. One of these—a paper read in the spring of 1844 before the Geological Society, “On the Light thrown on Geology by Submarine Researches”—contributed to his obtaining the hold which he never afterwards lost on the respect and sympathy of the higher class of scientific society in London, and to a government grant of 500*l.* towards the publication of the *Ægean* researches. His want of leisure to arrange for publication the mass of materials which resulted from his visit to the East, seems, for years afterwards, to have fretted him greatly, and, unfortunately for science, the needed leisure never came. Other duties continually pressed upon him; and when at last he gained the Natural History chair of Edinburgh, and began to put the vast mass of scientific material in order, he was cut off in the noontide of his course.

Some changes of scene and occupation in the summer of 1844 gave him new energy, which he signalled on the meeting of the British Association at York in the autumn, and by entering on the duties of his new post of Palæontologist to the Geological Survey, then conducted by its founder, Sir Henry de la Beche. This appointment brought relief to body and mind; and at the Beef-steak Dinner Club, which he established under the cognomen of the Metropolitan Red Lions, he rallied round him the younger scientific men of London, and showed how thoroughly social a man of science could be, and how well mirth and earnestness could be combined. His lectures at the Royal Institution in the spring of 1845 were on “The Natural History and Geological Distribution of Fossil Marine Animals;” and at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association he contributed a paper on “The Geographical Distribution of Local Plants,” in which he elucidated the doctrine that the present flora of Great Britain originated in at least four distinct geological epochs. That memoir has been pronounced one of the most masterly, as well as beautiful, generalisations to be found in British scientific literature. Forbes believed that the plants and animals of Britain could for the most part have come only by migration, before the isolation of the British islands from the continent, during a period anterior to that of man, and when palm-trees flourished in the latitude of the south-eastern parts of England.

In the autumn he revisited the northern extremity of this realm, examined the Shetland Islands, and then, cruising among the Hebrides, dredged the deep kyles and lochs of the wild western shores.

The beginning of the year 1847 found him anxiously weighing his

chances of promotion to the Natural History chair of Edinburgh, so long the object of his desire, and which Professor Jameson was then expected to resign. The state of scientific appointments in London was such that the utmost gain he could look for was a salary of 500*l.*, and for this his liberty, his time, and comfort must be surrendered to official trammels, and all prospect of prosecuting his own scientific work resigned. But the veteran naturalist at Edinburgh rallied from his illness to retain his professorship for another seven years.

In March, Forbes, as Palæontologist of the Survey, began his tour of inspection in Ireland. In the summer, at the close of his college lecture session, he began to prepare for the early publication of his great work, "The History of British Mollusca," which for four years occupied a large portion of his time; and the autumn was devoted to geologising, chiefly among the Silurian and Welsh rocks. It was on these excursions that his companions of the survey found his "inner life" best revealed, for genial mirth succeeded to grave debate and earnest labour. During his leisure hours in London on his return, he prepared the new Palæontological map of the British islands, which was published in Johnston's Physical Atlas in the following year. Long and elaborate contributions to the palæontology of the older geological formations occupied him during the winter; and in the spring of 1848 he made a geological tour with the surveyors in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, and returned to open his botanical lectures at King's College and to fall in love.

That a man so susceptible of the gentler emotions, and of so much sensibility to feminine charms, and who was so great a favourite in society, should be still in his bachelorhood when he reached his thirty-third year, is certainly a testimony to his prudence and judgment. There seem to have been two very serious obstacles to his following his envied comrades into the married ranks, for, first, he declared he had never met a woman he could esteem so thoroughly as to marry her; and, second, he had never enjoyed income enough to marry. It needs not to be told how impressionable by the gentler sex he ever was. Nymphs glance out in the pages of his early note-books among grim skeletons of animals and scraps of hardly drier lectures; female faces, pensive, with braided locks or laughing among curls, float through the memoranda of his London life and country rambles. His wishes were at length destined to an early fulfilment. When visiting at a friend's house in Surrey, he met Miss Ashworth, daughter of the late General Sir C. Ashworth, and the charms of "good sense, unselfishness, amiability, and accomplishments" (to use his own words), made him a lover. Circumstances favoured their speedy marriage, and on the 31st of August, 1848, he was united to the object of his choice, the philosophic bridegroom, amorous as he was, having nevertheless contrived to write two papers for the meeting of the British Association held at Swansea earlier in that month.

But the fetters of the geological survey were not thrown off on his submitting to those of matrimony, and within a week after the wedding he proceeded with his young wife to Llangollen, where he took lodgings in a homely farm-house, afterwards known among the geologists as "Honeymoon Cottage." His married life was not less nomadic than his state of bachelorhood. He had joined the survey to gain the means of living, and of giving himself eventually to the natural history work to

which his life had been devoted, but it was his fate to exemplify what has been called the vanity of human wishes, for his acceptance of office only subjected him to years of labour, for very inadequate remuneration, in a capacity which brought no honour, while the field in which he hoped to win his laurels remained inaccessible.

The erection of the new museum in Jermyn-street, and the proposal to establish in it a training-school for geological science, seemed, however, to promise better things. Meantime, the arrangement of the fossils in the galleries of the new building continued to form a chief part of his survey duties down to the May of 1849. August found him, with his wife, in "the smallest possible thatched cottage" among the oolites of the Dorsetshire coast, where he devoted the rainy days and his evenings to his work on the mollusca, happy in his wife's society, and "undisturbed by ceremony or callers." His labours on the Dorset coast resulted in showing that the Purbeck strata really belong to the oolitic series; that they are divisible into three groups, each characterised by a distinct fauna, but exhibiting no traces of physical disturbance in the lines of demarcation; that air-breathing mollusca lived at the period of the deposit of the Purbeck beds, and that these strata might be expected to yield (as they have since yielded) remains of mammals. Still, with all his work, he was in no danger of shrinking to the size of a slender Purbeck column, for the sea-air fattened him, and gave him what seemed a new lease of good health, with which he returned to London—"the ugly, unphilosophical, lion-hunting centre of the universe," as he calls the great metropolis.

In 1850, the summer and autumnal rambles being over, and Forbes having returned to his post in London, he began the little volume (which he did not live to complete) on "The Natural History of the European Seas." In this little work, finished and published in 1859 by Mr. Godwin-Austen, he treated of the range of seas which extend from the icy cliffs of Spitzbergen to the sunny shores of Africa and the eastern recesses of the Mediterranean, and pointed out the characteristics of the six provinces, marked by as many distinct centres of creation, which, according to his view, they comprehend.

In the memorable year of the Great Exhibition the museum in Jermyn-street was opened by the gifted Prince whose death we have now to mourn, and Forbes entered readily into the government arrangements for organising a School of Mines. He spent part of the autumn on a geologising survey in Kilkenny and Cork, and the rest of the year in his lectures and in scientific contributions to various periodicals. And so, in work and hope, another winter passed pleasantly away, and at Easter he took a short holiday in Belgium, for the purpose, as he said, of "getting London fog out of his head." The geology of the Isle of Wight, and what he called the hatching of young geologists in Jermyn-street, engaged his time during the winter of 1852. In his lecture at the Royal Institution in the following May, he pointed out the general nature of his researches among the tertiary strata of the Isle of Wight, which he regarded as really the most perfect series in Europe—perhaps in the world. In the same year he undertook a course of evening lectures to working men "On the Elements of Natural History." The summer found him at warfare with the government and the Treasury commissioners touching arrangements

which appeared to him to impair the educational value of the museum, and to inflict injustice on the scientific officers of the survey; in fact, he seems to have been "undergoing the horrors of slow strangulation by red tape." Later in the year, exhausted by toil, he sought rest and change of scene in France, and in the volcanic district of Auvergne spent his holidays very joyously.

At length the offered resignation of Professor Jameson afforded the opening which Forbes, during his years of labour, had never ceased to desire, yet he hesitated to become candidate for an office which would remove him from London: the associations by which a residence of ten years had linked him to the metropolis were not to be lightly cast aside; he had, moreover, risen to high rank in the scientific world, his circle of acquaintance had widened every year, and in London fellow-labourers and many of his closest friends resided. Professor Jameson's resignation was, however, coupled with conditions which postponed the question for some months, and Forbes, meantime, employed himself in geological work, and wound up a geologist's year by joining Professor Owen and a scientific party at dinner inside the model of the *Iguanodon* at Sydenham on the last day of 1853.

In the spring of 1854 the Edinburgh professorship was gained, and he quitted London and all its pleasant associations to take his place as Professor of Natural History in the University which, more than twenty-two years before, he had entered as a student. His chief inducement appears to have been the hope of leisure to reduce to order, and fit for publication, the scientific accumulations of busy years, but that leisure never came. It was destined that the energetic life which had in a few years achieved so much, and was then proposing so much for the future, should come to a sudden close. After a geologising ramble in the Highlands with a large party of his students, he came to London to complete some unfinished work at the museum, but an attack of illness warned him to return to the north. At the Liverpool meeting of the British Association in September he was elected to the president's chair in the Geological Section, and in this honourable office made his last appearance in a public capacity. His review of Sir Roderick Murchison's "*Siluria*," in the October number of the *Quarterly*, has a mournful interest as the last of his writings. Decreasing strength, accompanied by chills and feverish symptoms, interrupted his lectures of the winter session, and, sinking rapidly, he passed to his rest on the 17th of November, 1854. In the Dean Cemetery at Edinburgh, on a slope that overlooks the water of Leith, "among the well-explored scenes of his youth, within sight of the sea to whose wonders so much of his life had been devoted, within the murmur of the city that had witnessed the efforts of his early years, and had been from first to last the goal of his ambition and the cherished haven of his rest, the earth closed over all that was mortal of EDWARD FORBES."

W. S. G.

FAVETTE AND THARGELIE;

OR,

MY PASTEL-PORTRAIT BY LA TOUR.

BY OUIDA.

I HAVE, among others hanging on my wall, a pastel of La Tour, of the artist-lover of Julie Fel, of the monarch of pastellistes, the touch of whose crayons was a "brevet d'esprit et de beauté," and on whose easel bloomed afresh the laughing eyes, the brilliant tints, the rose-hued lips of all the loveliest women of the "règne galant," from the princesses of the Blood of the House of Bourbon to the princesses of the green-room of the Comédie-Française. Painted in the days of Louis Quinze, the light of more than a century having fallen on its soft colours to fade and blot them with the icy brush of time, my pastel is still fresh, still eloquent. The genius that created it is gone—gone the beauty that inspired it—but the picture is deathless! It shows me the face of a woman, of a beautiful woman, else, be sure she would not have been honoured by the crayons of La Tour; her full Southern lips are parted with a smile of triumph; a chef-d'œuvre of coquetry, a head-dress of lace and pearls and little bouquets de roses is on her unpowdered hair, which is coiffé much like Julie Fel's herself in the portrait that hangs, if I am right, at the Musée de Saint-Quentin, and her large eyes are glancing at you with languor, malice, victory, all commingled. At the back of the picture is written "Mlle. Thargélie Dumarsais;" the letters are faded and yellow, but the pastel is living and laughing yet, through the divine touch of the genius of La Tour. With its perfume of dead glories, with its odour of the beau siècle, the pastel hangs on my wall, living relic of a buried age, and sometimes in my mournful moments, across the haze of my hookah's smoke, the full laughing lips of my pastel will part, and breathe, and speak to me of the distant past, when Thargélie Dumarsais saw all Paris at her feet, and was not humbled then as now by being only valued and remembered for the sake of the talent of La Tour. My beautiful pastel gives me many confidences. I will betray one to you—a single leaf from a life of the eighteenth century.

I.

THE FIRST MORNING.

IN the heart of Lorraine, nestled down among its woods, stood an old château that might have been the château of the Sleeping Beauty of fairy fame, so sequestered it stood amidst its trees chained together by fragrant fetters of honeysuckle and wild vine, so undisturbed slept the morning shadows on the wild thyme that covered the turf, so unbroken was the silence in which the leaves barely stirred, and the birds folded their wings and hushed their song till the heat of the noonday should be

passed. Beyond the purple hills stretching up in the soft haze of distance in the same province of laughing, luxurious, sunlit Lorraine, was Lunéville, the Lunéville of Stanislaus, of Montesquieu, of Voltaire, of Hénault, of Bouffiers, a Versailles in miniature, even possessing a perfect replica of Pompadour in its own pretty pagan of a Marquise. Within a few leagues was Lunéville, but the echo of its mots and madrigals did not reach over the hills, did not profane the sunny air, did not mingle with the vintage-song of the vendangeurs, the silvery babble of the woodland brook, the hushed chant of the Ave Maria, the vesper carillon chimed from the churches and monasteries, which made the sole music known or heard in this little valley of Lorraine. The château of Grande Charmille stood nestled in its woods, grey, lonely, still, silent as death, yet not gloomy, for white pigeons circled above its pointed towers, brilliant dragon-flies fluttered above the broken basin of the fountain that sang as gaily as it rippled among the thyme as though it fell into a marble cup, and bees hummed their busy happy buzz among the jessamine that clung to its ivy-covered walls—walls built long before Lorraine had ceased to be a kingdom and a power, long before a craven and effeminated Valois had dared to kick the dead body of a slaughtered Guise. Not gloomy with the golden light of a summer noon playing amidst the tangled boughs and on the silvered lichens; not gloomy, for under the elm-boughs on the broken stone steps that led to the fountain, her feet half buried in violet-roots and wild thyme, leaning her head on her hand, as she looked into the water, where the birds flew down to drink, and fluttered their wings fearless of her presence, was a young girl of sixteen—and if women sometimes darken our lives, it must be allowed that they always illumine a landscape! Aline, when Bouffiers saw her in the spring morning, in all the grace of youth and beauty, unconscious of themselves, made not a prettier picture than this young dreamer under the elm-boughs of the Lorraine woods, as she bent over the water, watching it bubble and splash from the fountain-spout, and hide itself with a rippling murmur under the broad green reeds and the leaves of the water-lily. She was a charming tableau: a brunette with long ebon tresses, with her lashes drooping over her black, languid, almond-shaped eyes, a smile on her half-pouted lips, and all the innocence and dawning beauty of her sixteen years about her, while she sat on the broken steps, now brushing the water-drops off the violets, now weaving the reeds into a pretty, useless toy, now beckoning the birds that came to peck on the rose-sprays beside her.

“Favette! where are your dreams?”

Favette, the young naïad of the Lorraine elm-woods, looked up, the plait of rushes dropping from her hands, and a warm sudden blush tinged her cheeks and brow with a tint like that on the damask rose-leaves that had fallen into the water, and floated there like delicate shells.

“Mon Dieu, Monsieur Léon! how you frightened me!”

And like a startled fawn, or a young bird glancing round at a rustle amidst the leaves, Favette sprang up, half shy, half smiling, all her treasures gathered from the woods—of flowers, of mosses, of berries, of feathery grasses, of long ivy-sprays—falling from her lap on to the turf in unheeded disorder.

“I frightened you, Favette? Surely not. Are you sorry to see me, then?”

"Sorry? Oh no, Monsieur Léon!" and Favette glanced through her thick curled lashes, slyly yet archly, and began to braid again her plait of rushes.

"A la bonne heure! Come tell me, then, what and whom were you dreaming of, ma mie, as you looked down into the water? Tell me, Favette. You have no secrets from your playmate, your friend, your brother?"

Favette shook her head, smiling, and plaited her rushes à tort et à travers, the blush on her cheeks as bright as that on the cups of the rose-leaves that the wind shook down in a fresh shower into the brook.

"Come, tell me, mignonne. Was it—of me?"

"Of you? Well, perhaps—yes!"

It was first love that whispered in Favette's pretty voice those three little words; it was first love that answered in his, as he threw himself down on the violet-tufted turf at her feet, as Boufflers at Aline's.

"Ah, Favette, so should it be! for every hope, every dream, every thought of *mine*, is centred in and coloured by you."

"Yet you can leave me to-day," pouted Favette, with a sigh and a moue mutine, and gathering tears in her large gazelle eyes.

"Leave you? Would to Heaven I were not forced! But against a king's will what power has a subject? None are too great, none are too lowly, to be touched by that main de fer if they provoke its grasp. Vincennes yawns for those who dare to think, For-l'Évêque for those who dare to jest. Monsieur de Voltaire was sent to the Bastille for merely defending a truth and his own honour against De Rohan-Chabot. Who am I, that I should look for better grace?"

Favette struck him, with her plaited rushes, a reproachful little blow.

"Monsieur Vincennes—Monsieur Voltaire—who are they? I know nothing of those stupid people!"

He smiled, and fondly stroked her hair:

"Little fool! The one is a prison that manacles the deadly crimes of Free Speech and Free Thought; the other, a man who has suffered for both, but loves both still, and will, sooner or later, help to give both to the world——"

"Ah, you think of your studies, of your ambitions, of your great heroes! You think nothing of me, save to call me a little fool. You are cruel, Monsieur Léon!" And Favette twisted her hand from his grasp with petulant sorrow, and dashed away her tears—the tears of sixteen, as bright and free from bitterness as the water drops on the violet bells.

"I cruel—and to you! My heart must indeed be badly echoed by my lips, if you have cause to fancy so a single moment. Cruel to you? Favette, Favette! is a man ever cruel to the dearest thing in his life, the dearest name in his thoughts? If I smiled I meant no sneer; I love you as you are, mignonne; the picture is so fair, one touch added, or one touch effaced, would mar the whole in *my* eyes. I love you as you are! with no knowledge but what the good sisters teach you in their convent solitude, and what the songs of the birds, the voices of the flowers, whisper to you of their woodland lore. I love you as you are! Every morning when I am far away from you, and from Lorraine, I shall think of you gathering the summer roses, calling the birds about you, bending over the fountain to see it mirror your own beauty; every

evening I shall think of you leaning from the window, chanting softly to yourself the *Ora pro nobis*, while the shadows deepen, and the stars we have so often watched together come out above the pine-hills. Favette, Favette! exile will have the bitterness of death to me: to give me strength to bear it, tell me that you love me more dearly than as the brother you have always called me; that you will so love me when I shall be no longer here beside you, but shall have to trust to memory and fidelity to guard for me in absence the priceless treasure of your heart?"

Favette's head drooped, and her hands played nervously with the now torn and twisted braid of rushes: he saw her heart beat under its muslin corsage, like a bee caught and caged in the white leaves of a lily; and she glanced at him under her lashes with a touch of naïve coquetry.

"If I tell you so, what gage have I, Monsieur Léon, that, a few months gone by, you will even remember it? In those magnificent cities you will soon forget Lorraine; with the grandes dames of the courts you will soon cease to care for Favette?"

"Look in my eyes, Favette, they alone can answer you as I would answer! Till we meet again none shall supplant you for an hour, none rob you of one thought; you have my first love, you will have my last. Favette, you believe me?"

"Yes—I believe!" murmured Favette, resting her large eyes fondly on him. "We will meet as we part, though you are the swallow, free to take flight over the seas to foreign lands, and I am the violet, that must stay where it is rooted in the Lorraine woods!"

"Believe the augury," he whispered, resting his lips upon her low smooth brow. "Does not the swallow ever return to the violet, holding it fairer than all the gaudy tropical flowers that may have tempted him to rest on the wing and delay his homeward flight? Does not the violet ever welcome him the same, in its timid winning springtide loveliness, when he returns to, as when he quitted, the only home he loves? Believe the augury, Favette; we shall meet as we part!"

And they believed the augury, as they believed in life, in love, in faith; they who were beginning all, and had proved none of the treacherous triad! What had he dreamed of in his solitary ancestral woods fairer than this Lorraine violet, that had grown up with him, side by side, since he, a boy of twelve, gathered heaths from the clefts of the rocks that the little child of six years old cried for and could not reach? What had she seen that she loved half so well as M. Léon, whom her uncle, the curé, held as his dearest and most brilliant pupil, whose eyes always looked so lovingly into hers, and whose voice was always lavishing fond names on his petite Favette? They believed the augury, and were happy even in the sweet sorrow of parting—sorrow that they had never known before—as they sat together in the morning sunlight, while the water bubbled among the violet tufts, among the grasses and wild thyme, and the dragon-flies fluttered their green and gold and purple wings amidst the tendrils of the vines, and the rose-leaves, drifted gently by the wind, floated down the brook, till they were lost in deepening shadow under the drooping boughs.

II.

THE SECOND MORNING.

“*SAVEZ-VOUS* que Favart va écrire une nouvelle comédie—“*La Chercheuse d'Esprit?*”

“*Vraiment?* Il doit bien écrire cela, car il s'occupe toujours à le *chercher*, et n'arrive jamais de le trouver!”

The mot had true feminine malice, but the lips that spoke it were so handsome, that had even poor Favart himself, the *poète-pâtissier* who composed operas and comedies while he made *méringues* and *fanfreluches*, and dreamed of libretti while he whisked the cream for a supper, been within hearing, they would have taken the smart from the sting, and, as it was, the hit only caused *éclats de rire*, for the slightest word of those lips it was the fashion through Paris just then to bow to, applaud, and re-echo.

Before her *psyche*, shrouded in cobweb lace, powdered by Martini, gleaming with pearls and emeralds, scented with most delicate amber, making her morning toilette, and receiving her morning levee en même temps, according to the fashion of the day, sat the brilliant satirist of poor Favart. The ruelle was crowded: three *maréchaux*, De Richelieu, Lowendal, and Maurice de Saxe; a prince, De Soubise; a poet, Claude Dorat; an abbé, Voisenon; a centenarian, Saint-Aulaire; peers uncounted, De Bièvre, De Caylus, De Villars, D'Etissac, Duras, D'Argenson—Heaven forbid I should cite the whole head-roll!—surrounded and superintended her toilette, in a glittering cohue of courtiers and gentlemen. Dames d'atours (for she had her maids of honour as well as Marie Leczinaska) handed her her *flacons* of perfume, or her numberless billets, on gold salvers, chased by Réveil; the *ermine* beneath her feet, humbly sent by the Russian ambassador—far superior to what the Czarina sent to Madame de Mailly—had cost two thousand livres; her bedroom outshone in luxury any at Versailles, Choisy, or La Muette, its Venetian glass, its medallions of Fragonard, its plaques of Sèvres, its landscapes of Watteau, framed in the carved and gilded wainscoting; its Chinese lamps, swinging by garlands of roses; its laughing Cupids, buried under flowers, painted in fresco above the alcove; its hangings of velvet, of silk, of lace; its cabinets, its screens, its *bonbonnières*, its jewel-boxes, were costly as those of the Marquises de Pompadour or De Prie. Who was she?—a Princess of the Blood, a Duchess of France, a mistress of the King? Lords of the chamber obeyed her wishes, ministers signed *lettres de cachet* at her instance; “*ces messieurs*,” la *queue de la Régence*, had their rendezvous at her suppers; she had a *maison de plaisance* that eclipsed Trianon; she had *fêtes* that outshone the *fêtes* at Versailles; she had a “*droit de chasse*” in one of the royal districts; she had the first place on the ensels of Coppel, Lancret, Pater, Vanloo, La Tour; the first place in the butterfly odes of Crébillon le Gai, Claude Dorat, Voisenon. Who was she?—the Queen of France? No; much more—the Queen of Paris! She was Thargélie Dumarsais; matchless as Claire Clairon, beautiful as Madeleine Gaussin, resistless as Sophie Arnould, great as Adrienne Lecouvreur. She was a Power in France—

for was she not the Empress of the Comédie? If Madame Lenormand d'Etioles ruled the government at Versailles, Mademoiselle Thargélie Dumarsais ruled the monde at Paris; and if the King's favourite could sign her enemies, by a malin smile, to the Bastille, the Court's favourite could sign hers, by a single frown, to For-l'Evêque.

The foyer was nightly filled while she played in *Zaïre*, or *Polyeucte*, or *Les Folies Amoureuses*, with a court of princes and poets, marshals and marquises, beaux esprits and abbés galants; and grands seigneurs strewed with bouquets the path from her carriage to the coulisses; bouquets she trod on with nonchalant dignity, as though flowers only bloomed to have the honour of dying under her foot. Louis Quinze smilingly humoured her caprices, content to wait until it was her pleasure to play at his private theatre; dukes, marquises, viscounts, chevaliers, vied who should ruin himself most magnificently and most utterly for her beaux yeux; and lovers the most brilliant and the most flattering, from Richelieu, roi de ruelles et de cœurs, to Dorat, poet of boudoir-graces and court-Sapphos, left the titled beauties of Versailles for the self-crowned Empress of the Français. She had all Paris for her claque, from Versailles to the Caveau; and siffleurs she had none; for even the women she deposed, the actors she braved, the journalists she consigned to For-l'Evêque, dared not raise their voice against the idol of the hour. Une Reine de France? Bah! Pray what could Marie Leczinska, the pale, dull pietist, singing canticles in her private chapel, compare for power, for sway, for courtiers, for brilliant sovereignty, for unrivalled triumph, with Thargélie Dumarsais, la Reine du Foyer?

Ravishly beautiful looked the matchless comédienne, as she sat before her psyche flashing œillades on the brilliant group who crowded the ruelle, and made every added aigrette, every additional bouquet of the coiffure, every little mouche, every touch to the already perfect toilette, occasion for flattering simile and soft-breathed compliment; ravishly beautiful, as she laughed at Maurice de Saxe, or made a disdainful moue at an impromptu couplet of Dorat's, or gave a blow of her fan to Richelieu, or asked Saint-Aulaire what he thought of Vanloo's portrait of her as *Rodugune*; ravishly beautiful, with her charms that disdained alike rouge and maré-chale powder, and were matchless by force of their own colouring, form, and voluptuous languor, when, her toilette finished, followed by her glittering crowd, she let Richelieu lead her to his carriage. There was a review of troops on the plain at Sablons that morning, a fête afterwards, at which she would be queen, surrounded by the most brilliant staff of an army of Noblesse, and Richelieu was at that moment the most favoured of her troop of lovers. M. le Duc, as every one knows, never sued at court or coulisse in vain, and the love of Thargélie Dumarsais, though perhaps with a stronger touch of romance in it than was often found in the atmosphere of the foyer, was, like the love of her time and her class, as inconstant and volage, now settling here, now lighting there, as any butterfly that fluttered among the limes at Trianon. Did not the jest-loving parterre ever salute with gay laughter two lines in a bagatelle-comedy of the hour—

Oui l'Amour papillonne, sans entraves, à son gré;
Chargé longtemps de fers, de soie même, il mourrait!—

when spoken by Thargélie Dumarsais—laughter that hailed her as head-priestess of her pleasant creed, in a city and a century where the creed was universal?

“Ah, bonjour! You have not seen her before, have you, semi-Englishman? You have found nothing like her in the foggy isles, I wager you fifty louis!” cried one of Thargélie Dumarsais’s court, the Marquis de la Thorilliére, meeting a friend of his who had arrived in Paris only the day before, M. le Chevalier de Tallemont des Réaux, as Richelieu’s cortége rolled away, and the Marquis crossed to his own carriage.

“Her? Whom? I have not been in Paris for six years, you know. What can I tell of its idols, as I remember of old that they change every hour?”

“True! but, bon Dieu! not to know la Dumarsais! What it must be to have been buried in those benighted Britannic Isles! Did you not see her in Richelieu’s carriage?”

“No. I saw a carriage driving off with such an escort and such fracas, that I thought it could belong to nobody less than to Madame Lenormand d’Etiolles; but I did not observe it any further. Who is this beauty I ought to have seen?”

“Thargélie Dumarsais, for whom we are all ruining ourselves, du meilleur gré du monde, and for whom you will do the same when you have been once to the Français; that is, if you have the bonne fortune to attract her eyes and please her fancy, which you may do, for the fogs have agreed with you, Léon!—I should not wonder if you become the fashion, and set the women raving of you as ‘leur zer zevalier!’”

“Bien obligé for the prophecy, but I shall not stay long enough to fulfil it, and steal your myrtle crowns, mon cher. I leave again to-morrow.”

“Leave? Saprستي! See what it is to have become half English, and imbibed a taste for spleen and solitude! Have you written another satire, or have you learned such barbarism as to dislike Paris?”

“Neither; but I leave for Lorraine to-morrow. It is five years since I saw my old pine-woods.”

“Dame! it is ten since I saw the wilds of Bretagne, and I will take good care it shall be a hundred before I see them again. Hors de Paris, c’est hors du monde. Come with me to la Dumarsais’s petit souper to-night, and you will soon change your mind.”

“My good Armand, you have not been an exile, as I have; you little know how I long for the very scent of the leaves, the very smell of the earth at Grande-Charmille! But bah! I talk in Hebrew to you. You have been lounging away your days in titled beauties’ petits salons, making butterfly verses, learning their broidery, their lisp, and their perfumes, talking to their parrots, and using their cosmétiques, till you care for no air but what is musk-scented! But what of this Dumarsais of yours—does she equal Lecouvreur?”

“Eclipses her!—with Paris as with Maurice de Saxe. Thargélie Dumarsais is superb, mon cher—unequaled, unrivalled! We have had nothing like her for beauty, for grace, for talent, nor, pardieu! for extravagance! She ruined *me* last year in a couple of months. Richelieu is in favour just now—with what woman is he not, le maudit coureur de

ruelles? Thargélie is very fond of the marshals of France! Saxe is fettered to her hand and foot, and the Duchesse de Bouillon hates her as rancorously as she does Adrienne. Come and see her play *Phèdre* to-night, and you will renounce Lorraine. I will take you to supper with her afterwards; she will permit any friend of mine entry—pour notre ancien amour!—and then, generous man that I am, I shall have put you en chemin to sun yourself in her smiles and ingratiate yourself in her favour. Don't give me too much credit for the virtue though, for I confess I should like to see Richelieu supplanted."

"Does his reign threaten to last long, then?"

The Marquis shrugged his shoulders, and gave his badine an expressive whisk.

"Mon cher, Dieu sait! we are not prophets in Paris. It would be as easy to say where that girouette may have veered to-morrow, as to predict where la Dumarsais's love may have lighted ere a month! Where are you going, may I ask?"

"To see Lucille de Verdreuil. I knew her at Lunéville; she and Madame de Boufflers were warm friends till Stanislaus, I believe, found Lucille's eyes lovelier than Madame la Marquise deemed fit, and then, they quarrelled, as women ever do, with virulence in exact proportion to the ardour of their friendship."

"As the women quarrel at Choisy for notre maître! They'll be friends again when both have lost the game, like Louise de Mailly and the Duchesse de Châteauroux. Pauvre duchesse! Fitz-James and Maurepas, Châtillon and Bouillon, Rochefoucauld and le Père Pérusset, all together, were too strong for her. All the gossip of that Metz affair reached you across the water, I suppose? Those pestes de Jésuites! if they want him to be their roi très-chrétien, and to cure him of his worship of Cupidon, they will have to pull down all the stones of La Muette and the Parc aux Cerfs! What good is it to kill one poor woman when women are as plentiful as roses at Versailles? Entrez! let me drive you to Madame de Vaudreuil; if she do not convert you from your fancy for Lorraine this morning, Thargélie Dumarsais will to-night."

"Mon zer zevalier, Paris est ado'able! Vous n'êtes pas sé'ieux en voulant le quitter, z'en suis sûre!" cried the Comtesse de Vaudreuil, in the pretty liap of the day, a charming little blonde, patched and powdered, nestled in a chair before a fire of perfumed wood, teasing her monkey Zulmé with a fan of Pater's, and giving a pretty little sign of contempt and disbelief with some sprays of jessamine employed in the chastisement of offenders more responsible and quite as audacious as Zulmé.

Her companion, her "zer zevalier," was a young man of seven-and-twenty, with a countenance frank, engaging, nobly cast, far more serious, far more thoughtful in its expression, than was often seen in that laughing and moqueur age. Exiled when a mere boy for a satirical pamphlet which had provoked the wrath of the censeur royal, and might have cost him the Bastille but for intercession from Lunéville, he had passed his youth less in pleasure than in those philosophical and political problems then beginning to agitate a few minds; which were developed later on in the "Encyclopédie," later still in the Assemblée Nationale. Voltaire and Helvetius had spoken well of him at Madame de Geoffrin's; Claudine de

Tencin had introduced him the night before in her brilliant salons; the veteran Fontenelle had said to him, "Monsieur, comme censeur royal je refusai mon approbation à votre brochure; comme homme libre je vous en félicite"—a speech tout-à-fait Fontenelle!—all that monde was prepared to receive him well, the young Chevalier de Tallemont might make a felicitous début in Paris if he chose, with the romance of his exile about him, and Madame de Vaudreuil smiled kindly on him.

"La campagne? Quelle idée!" she cried; "the country is all very charming in eclogues and pastorals, but out of them it is a desert of ennui! What *can* you mean, Léon, by leaving Paris to-morrow? Ah, méchant, there must be something dessous les cartes, some love besides that of the Lorraine woods!"

"Madame, is there not my father?"

"Bien zoli! But at your age, mon ami, men are not so filial. There is some other reason—but what? Any love you had there five years ago has hardly any attractions now. Five years! Ma foi, five months is an eternity that kills the warmest passion!"

"May there not be some love, madame, that time only strengthens?"

"I never heard of it if there be. It would be a very dreary affair, I should fancy, smouldering, smouldering on and on like an ill-lit fire. Nobody would thank you for it, mon cher, *here!* Come, what is your secret? Tell it me."

Léon de Tallemont smiled; the smile of a man who has happy thoughts, and is indifferent to ridicule.

"Madame, on n'a rien à vous refuser! My secret? It is a very simple one. The greatest pang of my enforced exile was the parting from one I loved; the greatest joy of my return is that I return to her."

"Bon Dieu! comme c'est drôle! Here is a man talking to me of love, and of a love not felt for *me!*" thought Madame la Comtesse, giving him a soft glance of her beautiful blue eyes. "You are a very strange man. You have lived out of France till you have grown wretchedly serious and eccentric. Loved this woman for five years? Léon! Léon! vous me faites des contes bleus. Who is she, this enchantress? She must have some mysterious magic. Tell me—quick!"

"She is no enchantress, madame, and she has no magic save the simple one of having ever been very dear to me. We grew up together at Grande Charmille; she was the orphan niece of the curé, a fond, innocent, laughing child, fresh and fair, and as untouched by a breath of impure air as any of the violets in the valley. She was scarcely out of the years of childhood when I left her, with beauty whose sweetest grace of all was its own unconsciousness. Through my five long years of exile I have remembered Favette as I saw her last under the elm-boughs in the summer light, her eyes dim with the tears of our parting, her young heart heaving with its first grief. I have loved her too well for others to have power to efface or to supplant her; of her only have I thought, of her only I have dreamed, holding her but the dearer as the years grew further from the hour of our separation, nearer to the hour of our reunion. I have heard no word of her since we parted; but of what value is love without trust and fidelity in trial? The beauty of her childhood may have merged

into the beauty of womanhood, but I fear no other change in Favette. As we parted so we vowed to meet, and I believe in her love as in my own. I know that I shall find my Lorraine violet without stain or soil. Madame, Favette is still dearer to me now, Heaven help me, than five years ago. Five years—five years—true! it *is* an eternity! Yet the bitterness of the past has faded for ever from me *now*, and I only see—the future!”

Madame de Vaudreuil listened in silence; his words stirred in her chords long untouched, never heard amidst the mots, the madrigals, the laughter of her world of Paris, Versailles, and Choisy. She struck him a little blow with her jessamine-sprays, with a mist gathering over her lovely blue eyes.

“Hush, hush, Léon! you speak in a tongue unknown here. A word of the heart amongst us sounds a word of a Gaulois out of fashion—*forbidden!*”

III.

MIDNIGHT.

THE Français was crowded. Thargélie Dumarsais, great in *Electre*, *Chimène*, *Inès*, as in “Ninette à la Cour,” “Les Moissonneurs,” or “Annette et Lubin,” was playing in “Phèdre.” Louis Quinze was present, with all the powdered marquises, the titled beaux esprits, the glittering gentlemen of the Court of Versailles; but no presence stayed the shout of adoration with which the parterre welcomed the idol of the hour, and Louis le Bien-aimé (des femmes!) himself added his royal quota to the ovation, and threw at her feet a diamond, superb as any in his regalia. It was whispered that the Roi très-chrétien was growing envious of his favourite’s favour with la Dumarsais, and would, ere long, supersede him.

The foyer was filled with princes of the blood, marshals of France, dukes, marquises, the élite of her troop of lovers; lords and gentlemen crowded the passages, flinging their bouquets for her carpet as she passed; and poor scholars, young poets, youths without a sou—amongst them Diderot, Gilbert, Jean-Jacques Rousseau—pressed forward to catch a glimpse, by the light of the links, of this beauty, on which only the eyes of grands seigneurs who could dress Cupidon in a court habit parfilé d’or were allowed to gaze closely, as she left the Français, after her unmatched and uninterrupted triumphs, and went to her carriage with Richelieu. The suppers of Thargélie Dumarsais were renowned through Paris; they equalled in magnificence the suppers sous la Régence, rivalled them for licence, and surpassed them for wit. All the world might flock to her fêtes, where she undisguisedly sought to surpass the lavishness of Versailles, even by having showers of silver flung from her windows to the people in the streets below; but to her soupers à huis clos only a chosen few were admitted, and men would speak of having supped with la Dumarsais as boastfully as women of having supped with the King at Choisy.

“What you have lost in not seeing her play *Phèdre!* Helvétius would

have excused you ; all the wit of his salons is not worth one glance at la Dumarsais. Mon ami ! you will be converted to Paris when once you have seen her," said the Marquis de la Thorillière, as his carriage stopped in the Chaussée d'Antin.

Léon de Tallemont laughed, and thought of the eyes that would brighten at his glance, and the heart that would beat against his own once more under the vine shadows of Lorraine. No new magic, however seductive, should have strength to shake his allegiance to that Memory : and, true to his violet in Lorraine, he defied the Queen of the Foyer.

"We are late, but that is always a more pardonable fault than to be too early," said the Marquis, as they were ushered across the vestibule, through several salons, into the supper-room, hung with rich tapestries of "Les Nymphes au Bain," "Diane Chasseresse," and "Apollon et Daphné ;" with gilded consoles, and rosewood buffets, enamelled with medallion groups, and crowded with Sèvres and porcelaine de Saxe, while Venetian mirrors at each end of the salle reflected the table, with its wines, and fruits, and flowers, its gold dishes and Bohemian glass. The air was heavily perfumed, and vibrating with laughter. The guests were Richelieu, Bièvre, Saxe, D'Etissac, Monterif, and lovely Marie Camargo, that queen of the coulisses who introduced the "jupons courts," and upheld her innovation so staunchly amidst the outcries of scandalised Jansenists and journalists. But even Marie Camargo herself paled—and would have paled even had she been, what she was not, in the first flush of her youth—before the superb beauty, the languid voluptuousness, the svelte, sensuous grace, the Southern eyes, the full lips, like the open leaves of a damask rose, melting yet moqueur, of the most beautiful and most notorious woman of a day in which beauty and notoriety were rife, the woman with the diamond of Louis Quinze sparkling in the light upon her bosom, whom Versailles and Paris hailed as Thargélie Dumarsais.

The air, scented with amber, rang with laughter, and the gay echoes of a stanza of Dorat's, chanted by Marie Camargo, the "Cupids and Bacchantes," painted in the plaques of Sèvres, seemed to laugh in sympathy with the revel over which they presided; the light flashed on the King's diamond, to which Richelieu pointed, with a méchant mot ; for the Marshal was getting tired of his own reign, and son maître might pay his court when he would. Thargélie Dumarsais, more beautiful still at her petit souper than at her petit lever, with her witching abandon, her dishevelled hair crowned with roses, true flowers of Vénus that might have crowned Aspasia, looked up laughingly as her lacqueys ushered in le Marquis de la Thorillière and le Chevalier de Tallemont.

"M. le Marquis," cried the actress, "you are late ! It is an impertinence forbidden at my court. I shall sup in future à porte fermée, like the Regent; then all you late-comers——"

Through the scented air, through the echoing laughter, stopping her own words, broke a startled bitter cry :

"*Mon Dieu, c'est Favette !*"

Thargélie Dumarsais shrank back in her rose velvet fauteuil as though the blow of a dagger had struck her; the colour fled from her lips, and underneath the delicate rouge on her cheeks ; her hand trembled as it grasped the King's aigrette.

"Favette—Favette! Qui m'appelle ainsi?"

It was a forgotten name, the name of a bygone life, that fell on her ear with a strange familiar chime, breaking in on the wit, the licence, the laughter of her midnight supper, as the subdued and mournful carillon of vesper bells might fall upon the wild refrains and noisy chansons à boire of bacchanalian melody.

A surprised silence fell upon the group, the laughter hushed, the voices stopped; it was a strange interruption for a souper de minuit. Thargélie Dumarsais involuntarily rose, her lips white, her eyes fixed, her hand clasped convulsively on the King's diamond. A vague, speechless terror held mastery over her, an awe she could not shake off had fastened upon her, as though the dead had risen from their graves, and come thither to rebuke her for the past forgotten, the innocence lost. The roses in her hair, the flowers of revel, touched a cheek blanched as though she beheld some unearthly thing, and the hand that lay on the royal jewel shook and trembled.

"Favette? Favette? It is so many years since I heard that name! Léon—mon Dieu! is it *you*?"

Her guests sat silent still, comprehending nothing of this single name which had such power to move and startle her. Richelieu alone, leaning back in his chair, leisurely picked out one of his cerises à l'eau-de-vie, and waited as a man waits for the next scene at a theatre:

"Is it an unexpected tragedy, or an arranged comedy, ma chère? Ought one to cry or to laugh? Give me the mot d'ordre!"

His words broke the spell, and called Thargélie Dumarsais back to the world about her. Actress by métier and by nature, she rallied with a laugh, putting out her jewelled hand with a languid glance from her long almond-shaped eyes.

"Un ami d'enfance, mon cher Duc—c'est tout! Ah, Monsieur de Tallemont, what a strange rencontre! Monsieur de la Thorillière little guessed he was bringing you to an old friend. When did you come to Paris? I scarcely knew you at the first moment; you have so long been an exile, one may pardonably be startled by your apparition, and take you for a ghost! I suppose you never dreamed of meeting Favette Fontanie under my nom de théâtre? Ah! how we change, do we not? Time is so short, we have no time to stand still! Marie, ma chère, give Monsieur le Chevalier a seat beside you—il ne peut être mieux placé!"

Léon de Tallemont heard not a word that she spoke; he stood like a man stunned and paralysed by a sudden and violent blow, his head bowed, a mortal pallor changing his face to the hues of death, the features that were a moment before bright, laughing, and careless, now set in mute and rigid anguish.

"Favette! Favette!" he murmured, hoarsely, in the vague dreamy agony with which a man calls wildly and futilely on the beloved dead to come back to him from the silence and horror of the grave.

"Peste, mignonne!" laughed Richelieu. "This cast-off lover seems a strange fellow! Does he not know that absent people have never the presumption to dream of keeping their places, but learn to give them graciously up!—shall I teach him the lesson? If he have his sixteen quarterings, a prick of my sword will soon punish his impudence!"

The jeer fell unheeded on Léon de Tallemont's ear; had he heard it,

the flippant sneer would have had no power to sting him then. Regardless of the men around the supper-table, he grasped Thargélie Dumarsais's hands in his, and looked down into her eyes. "This is how we meet?—Heaven help me!"

She shrank away from his glance, terrified, she scarce knew why, at the mute anguish upon his face. Perhaps for a moment she realised how utterly she had abused the love and wrecked the life of this man; perhaps with his voice came back to her thronging thoughts of guileless days, memories ringing through the haze of years, as distant carillons ring over the water from lands we have quitted, reaching us when we have floated far away out to sea—memories of an innocent and untroubled life, when she had watched the woodland flowers open to the morning sun, and listened to the song of the brooks murmuring over the violet roots, and heard the sweet evening song of the birds rise to heaven under the deep vine shadows of Lorraine. One moment she was silent, her eyes falling, troubled and guilty, beneath his gaze; then she looked up, laughing gaily, and flashing on him her languid lustrous glance.

"Mais comme vous avez l'air hébété! Did nobody ever tell you, then, monsieur, how Madame de la Vrillière carried me off from Lorraine, pleased with my beaux yeux, and brought me in her train to Paris, till, when Favette Fontanie was tired of being petted like the spaniel, the monkey, and the parrot, she broke away from Madame la Marquise, and made, after a little probation at the Foire St. Laurent, her début at the Français as Thargélie Dumarsais? Alons donc! have I lost my beauty, that you look at me thus? You should be reminding me of the proverb, 'On revient toujours à ses premiers amours!' Surely, Thargélie Dumarsais will be as attractive to teach such a lesson to as that petite paysanne, Favette, used to be—qu'en pensez-vous, M. le Duc? Bah, Léon! pourquoi cet air triste? Can I not love you as well again in Paris as I once loved you at Grande Charmille? And—who knows?—perhaps I will!"

She leaned towards him; her breath fanning his cheek, her scented hair brushing his lips, her lustrous eye meeting his with eloquent meaning, her lips parted with the resistless witchery of that melting and seductive sourire d'amour to which they were so admirably trained. He gazed down on her, breathless, silence-stricken—gazed down on the beauté du diable to which the innocent loveliness of his Lorraine flower had changed. Was this woman, with the rouge upon her cheeks, the crimson roses in her hair, the mocking light in her eyes, the wicked laugh on her lips, the diamond glittering like a serpent's eye in her bosom—was she the guileless child he had left weeping, on the broken steps of the fountain, tears as pure as the dew in the violet-bells; with the summer sunlight streaming round her, and no shade on her young brow darker than the fleeting shadow flung from above by the vine-leaves? An anguished cry broke once more from his lips:

"Would to God I had died before I had met thee thus!"

Then he lifted his head, with a bitter, disdainful smile upon his face—a smile that touched and vaguely terrified all those who saw it—the smile of a breaking heart.

"Mademoiselle, I thank you for your proffered love, but I am faith-

ful. I loved but one, and I have lost her; Favette is dead! I know nothing of Thargélie Dumarsais, the Courtesan!"

He bowed low to her and left her, never to see her face again. A silence fell on those he had quitted, even upon Richelieu; perhaps even *they* realised that all beauty, faith, and joy were stricken from this man's life; and—reality of feeling was an exile so universally banished from the gay salons of the Dix-huitième Siècle, that its intrusion might well awe them as by the unwonted presence of some ghostly visitant. Thargélie Dumarsais sat silent—her thoughts had flown away once more from her brilliant *salle de souper* to the fountain at Grande Charmille; she was seeing the dragon-flies flutter among the elm-boughs, and the water ripple over the wild thyme; she was feeling the old priest's good-night kiss upon her brow, and her own hymn rise and mingle with the chant of the vesper choir; she was hearing the song of the forest birds echo in the Lorraine woods, and a fond voice whisper to her, "Fear not, Favette!—we shall meet as we part!"

Richelieu took up his Dresden saucer of cherises with a burst of laughter.

"Voilà un drôle!—this fellow takes things seriously. The deuce, what fools there are in this world! It will be a charming little story for Versailles. Dieu! how Louis will laugh when I tell it him! I fear though, *ma chérie*, that the 'friend of your childhood' will make you lose your reputation by his impolite epithets!"

"When one has nothing, one can lose nothing—eh, *ma chère*?" laughed Marie Camargo. "Monsieur le Duc, she does not hear us——"

"No, *l'infidèle*!" cried Richelieu. "Mademoiselle! I see plainly you love this rude lover of bygone days better than you do us!—is it not the truth?"

"Chut! nobody asks for truths in a polite age!" laughed Thargélie Dumarsais, shaking off unwelcome memories once for all, and looking down at the King's diamond gleaming in the light—the diamond that prophesied to her the triumph of the King's love.

"Naturally," added La Camargo. "Mon amie, I shall die with envy of your glorious diamond. Dieu! *comme il brille*!"

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:

OR, CITY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the First.

XV.

HOW MR. PITT TRIUMPHED OVER HIS OPPONENTS.

AFTER-DINNER speeches at grand civic entertainments had not yet come into fashion. Consequently, the only healths drunk on the present occasion were those already recorded.

The repast over, and grace said by the chaplain, their majesties and the royal party immediately arose, and proceeded to the council-chamber, where the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, with the sheriffs, the recorder, and some others, were in waiting to receive them.

The king was in high good humour, and called out in a cheerful tone to Sir Gresham, "A very sumptuous entertainment you have given us, my Lord Mayor—very sumptuous indeed! Always famous for hospitality in the City! Determined to keep up your charter, eh?"

"We try to do, sir," replied the Lord Mayor, bowing; "and it gratifies me exceedingly, and will, I am sure, gratify in an equal degree all those with whom I am associated, to learn that our efforts to please your majesty and your gracious consort have been successful."

"Couldn't be better! couldn't be better!" cried the king. "Don't you think so, Charlotte, eh?" he added, to the queen, who smilingly assented. "Must have cost a vast deal, though. Pity to waste so much on a single entertainment."

"Pardon me, sir. We cannot do too much to evince our gratitude for the honour and happiness conferred upon us by this visit. The city of London is rich, and can well afford what it has now done; but your majesty may rest assured it would gladly expend ten times the amount to prove its unalterable attachment to your royal person, and its zeal for your government."

"Good—very good. I thank you sincerely, my Lord Mayor, and make no doubt your loyal sentiments are shared by all your fellow-citizens. In my turn let me say—and I beg you to repeat my words—that the scene I have just witnessed in your noble hall has made a profound and lasting impression upon me. Those

* *All rights reserved.*

enthusiastic demonstrations went to my heart. I trust they are not wholly unmerited. Since I have assumed the crown, it has ever been, and will ever continue to be, my aim to preserve inviolate the religion, the laws, and liberties of my people."

"Happy are your subjects in possessing such a ruler," replied the Lord Mayor. "I shall not fail to repeat the gracious expressions that have fallen from your majesty's lips, and I well know from the feelings they excite in my own breast what will be their effect on others."

"Apropos of this grand entertainment," said the king. "Am I right in supposing that the expense of it is defrayed by the City, and not out of your lordship's private purse?"

"Your majesty is quite right. The cost is borne by the City. On ordinary occasions, the inaugural banquet is given jointly by the Lord Mayor for the time being and the sheriffs, and may be put down at three thousand pounds, of which the chief magistrate pays half."

"And enough too," rejoined the king, laughing. "I'm glad I'm not Lord Mayor. A year of these civic feasts would kill me; but they seem to agree with your lordship and your brother aldermen vastly well. To-morrow you begin your official duties I believe, and your time, no doubt, will be fully occupied. I wish you well through your term of mayoralty." He was running on in this way, when, seeing the Lady Mayoress standing near him, he turned to her, and said, "I was much concerned at the unpleasant predicament in which you were placed this morning, madam. Surely you must find that lofty head-dress very inconvenient, eh?"

"I don't mind inconvenience so long as I am in the fashion, sir," replied the Lady Mayoress. "But if your majesty disapproves of my head-dress, I will never wear it again."

"Nay, that is a matter which concerns your husband more than it does me, madam," replied the king; "but I own I think you would look far better without it."

"Then I will sacrifice it without a moment's hesitation, sir," cried the Lady Mayoress.

"Nay, that would be carrying the matter too far," interposed the queen, good humouredly; "does not your ladyship perceive that his majesty is only jesting?"

"Faith, I am perfectly serious," rejoined the king; "and the next time I have the pleasure of seeing her ladyship in her chariot, I trust she will be able to look out of the window without risk to her head."

While this conversation took place, tea was served in the dainty little cups used at the time, and the room becoming gradually filled, the king moved into an inner apartment, attended by the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen of the committee, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Bute, Lord Melcomb, the Spanish ambassador and the French plenipotentiary. Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt

followed, but held themselves a little aloof until called forward by his majesty.

The queen, however, remained in the outer chamber, surrounded by the royal family and the lords and ladies in waiting. Somewhat removed from the royal circle were the aldermen not upon the committee, with their wives and daughters, and a few of the common-council. Of course Lady Dawes was present, and was speedily discovered by the Duke of York; and of course, when his royal highness addressed her, she had no longer an ear for Lord Sandwich. Her ladyship brought with her the three court beauties. Mrs. Chatteris was also present, attended by Sir Francis Dashwood, Tom Potter, and Wilkes. Tradescent and Captain Chatteris formed part of the brilliant throng, but moved to another part of the room on the entrance of Herbert with Milly and Prue, followed by the Walworths.

If the young coxcombs could have read what was passing in the breasts of the two poor timid girls, they might not have been so displeased with them. It was only in obedience to Sir Gresham's express commands that Milly and Prue consented to be present at all, and most devoutly did they wish themselves anywhere else.

Very different was it with Alice Walworth. Enchanted with all that had hitherto come under her observation, she thought this the crowning event of the evening. To be surrounded by great people, and to be in the same room with their majesties and the royal family—only a few yards from them, indeed—what could be more delightful? Mrs. Walworth was scarcely less elated, and the old hosier was in a state of perfect beatitude.

Herbert's self-possession did not desert him even now. Gazing around him with much curiosity, he scrutinised the features of the various important personages in his vicinity, and was particularly struck by the elegant figure and majestic deportment of Lord Bute, who previously to quitting the room with his majesty had been standing beside the princess-dowager. Herbert was also greatly amused by the restless manner of the old Duke of Newcastle, and the ludicrously consequential air of the corpulent Lord Melcomb. But the stately figure and haughty countenance of the Great Commoner chiefly attracted his attention, and he could not remove his eyes from Mr. Pitt so long as the latter remained in the room.

But let us now follow his majesty. After some discourse with Bute and Melcomb, which appeared to irritate him, the king called to Pitt, and on the approach of the latter, said, in a sarcastic tone: "I have to thank you, sir, for affording her majesty and myself an opportunity of witnessing your triumphant entrance into the City to-day. The whole affair was exceedingly well managed, and does infinite credit to its contrivers. But I cannot help thinking that better taste would have been shown by all concerned, if the display had been reserved for some other occasion."

"That would not have answered the purpose, sir," observed Lord Bute. "The thing was got up to prove that no one enjoys so much popularity in the City as Mr. Pitt."

"I should deserve this reprimand, sir, if I had been guilty of the presumption attributed to me," rejoined Pitt. "But so far from designing to make a triumphal entry into the City, I meant to come here incognito, and took every possible precaution to that end."

"Ay, ay, I remarked that you and Lord Temple rode in a chariot and pair," observed the king, dryly; "but that circumstance only made you more conspicuous. All the town knows you have sold your horses and disposed of your state-coach."

"Since Mr. Pitt declares that he meant to come hither incognito, we are bound to believe him," observed Lord Bute, with a sneer; "but it is quite evident, whatever pains he may have taken to avoid detection, that his partisans had no difficulty in finding him out, and were fully prepared to give him welcome. To suppose he could entertain the preposterous notion of outvieing your majesty, would be to charge him with immeasurable arrogance and folly, but that he should have been the means—unintentional no doubt—of diverting the regards of many of your subjects from your royal person on an occasion like the present, is much to be regretted. I will say nothing at this moment of the insults I have had to endure at the hands of the mob—of the outrages heaped upon me for my devotion to your majesty, and the favour you are graciously pleased to bestow upon me—of these I shall say nothing now—except to remark that it requires no great discernment to perceive that the frenzied demonstrations in behalf of Mr. Pitt, and the outrageous and disgraceful attacks upon myself, emanate from the same source, and are, beyond question, the results of a deep-laid scheme—the object of which is apparent. But I am assured, sir, you will never yield to popular clamour, as I will never yield to the coercion of the mob. The opportunity has been seized of striking a blow at me, but the weapon will recoil on those who used it."

The last words were uttered with much acrimony, while the speaker glanced sternly and almost menacingly at the Lord Mayor.

"Unless I am mistaken, the latter observation made by your lordship was applied to me," observed Sir Gresham. "If so, I can merely say in reply, that the charge is wholly unfounded, and that no attack upon your lordship could originate with myself or with any of the City authorities. Let me add, that we are as jealous of our honour as your lordship can be of your own, and we repel the imputation with scorn. We are incapable of any underhand proceeding. We do no act of which we are ashamed. We speak our minds plainly—too plainly, perhaps—but still manfully and directly. If we assail an adversary, we meet him face to face. It is no fault of ours that you have learnt from the people's own

lips their opinion of you. Some of us share that opinion, though we would have sought a fitter occasion for expressing it."

"My Lord Mayor," said the king, "this is strange language——"

"I humbly crave your pardon, sir, if I have been wanting in due respect, but my feelings carried me away. It is our attachment to your majesty that makes me and my fellow-citizens desire that you may have a better adviser."

"And your zeal leads you to endeavour to impose one on me, eh?" demanded the king, coldly.

"Far from it, sir. We simply wish to see you freed from an influence which we deem inimical to your own interests and to those of your country."

"You said very truly that you are plain-spoken in the City."

"We are no courtiers, sir. But if blunt, we are honest, loyal, and dutiful."

"Loyal it may be," remarked Lord Bute; "but your notions of duty are somewhat peculiar."

"Enough!" cried the king, authoritatively. "This altercation is unseemly, and must cease."

But Pitt would not be silenced.

"I trust sir," he said, "that you will allow me to vindicate myself from the charge of basely courting popularity, and using dishonourable weapons against a rival. That Lord Bute may feel humiliated is not unnatural, that he may nourish resentment against me is not surprising, but that he should venture to insinuate that I would stir up the mob against him, shows that he judges me by himself. It may not be agreeable to him to be made aware of his unpopularity, but he has not to seek far to discover the cause of it."

"These taunts are but part of the systematic annoyance I have this day endured," rejoined Bute. "But a time will come—and that speedily—when the people will estimate my conduct aright, and give me credit for anxiety to promote their welfare and prosperity. Peace is the greatest blessing that can be bestowed upon a nation long distracted by war, and I do not hesitate to say that I have counselled an honourable and advantageous peace to his majesty, and that there is every prospect of his desires being accomplished. Had Mr. Pitt's proposals been followed, we should now be at war with a power with whom we still happily retain friendly relations."

"But our exchequer would have been enriched by the treasures of the Spanish galleons," remarked Alderman Beckford.

"Heaven be praised they are safe under the guns of Cadiz!" cried the Conde de Fuentes, with a glance of triumph. "Since allusion has been made to the court I have the honour to represent, I may be permitted to observe that the spirit of haughtiness which until lately characterised the British cabinet, was most offensive to his Catholic majesty. Conditions, advantageous and honourable to

England, were disdainfully rejected by the minister who then held the reins of government, and propositions made to Spain to which she could not listen. Throughout, his Catholic majesty was influenced by pacific feelings, but he could not sacrifice his dignity."

"I am glad to find that our friendly relations with Spain are not likely to be disturbed," observed one of the sheriffs. "I had feared otherwise, since I understood that a positive and categorical demand had been made of his Catholic majesty, as to whether he intended to ally himself with France against this country. Furthermore, I understood that on the answer to this question hung the issue of war."

"So it does," rejoined Bute; "but there is no fear of a rupture between the two powers. The Family Compact is a pure fiction." At this remark, the Comde de Fuentes and the Duc de Nivernais exchanged a look, which did not escape Mr. Pitt's notice.

"The secret treaty exists as surely as your lordship stands before me," said Pitt. "Ere long you will have full proof of the truth of my assertion. You have just heard from the best authority that the Spanish flota has reached Cadiz in safety; and I am enabled to add that an answer *has* come from the court of Madrid. A courier extraordinary arrived this very morning."

"Eh! what? what? A courier arrived this morning from Madrid!" exclaimed the king. "You must be mistaken, sir. I have heard of none."

"Neither have I," replied Bute, looking rather blank. "But perhaps Mr. Pitt—since he knows so much—can tell us the nature of the response."

"You must apply for precise information to his excellency the Spanish ambassador," rejoined Pitt; "but, unless I greatly err, his Catholic majesty peremptorily refuses to answer the inquiry."

"This man must be a wizard," observed Fuentes, in an under tone, to the Duc de Nivernais. "No one but your excellency has seen the despatch."

"And I have certainly not disclosed its contents to him," replied the French plenipotentiary.

The king seemed almost startled by Pitt's reply, and looked at the Favourite, who shook his head incredulously.

"I must beg your excellency to contradict this unwarranted assertion," remarked Bute to Fuentes.

"Would I could do so," rejoined the latter, shrugging his shoulders. "How Mr. Pitt has obtained the information I cannot tell. Unluckily, it is correct. Unwilling to disturb the harmony of this festive occasion, I did not design to acquaint your lordship with the determination of my court till to-morrow. But the announcement has been forced from me prematurely, as you perceive."

Master of himself as he was, Bute could scarcely conceal his mortification.

"Curses on it! we are checkmated," he muttered.

At first, the king looked very angry, but quickly recovering himself, he said to the Duke of Newcastle, in an authoritative tone,

"Lord Bristol must be instantly recalled from Madrid—instantly, your grace."

"It shall be done, sir," replied the duke.

"You have been duped, my lord, and I have been trifled with," said the king, in a low tone, to Bute.

"The Spanish ambassador and the French plenipotentiary have played me false, sir," replied Bute.

"You did wrong to trust them, my lord—very wrong," replied the king. "They are a pair of arch hypocrites."

"It grieves me to announce that I am ordered to quit your majesty's court and dominions forthwith," said Fuentes, bowing.

"Your excellency shall have your passport and credentials," replied the king, with great dignity.

"I must also crave your majesty's permission to depart," said the Duc de Nivernais. "My mission to your court is at an end."

"Your excellency can depart when you please," rejoined the king. And turning coldly from him, he added, in a voice calculated to be heard by all the assembly, "War shall be declared at once against Spain."

"I am right glad to hear your majesty say so," observed the Lord Mayor. "The proclamation will be hailed with satisfaction by all your subjects. But it is vexatious to think we have lost those rich Spanish galleons."

"I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to your lordship for the great consideration you have shown us," said the Conde de Fuentes to Bute.

"You have out-mancœuvred me, that is certain," replied the chagrined Favourite.

"Those galleons undoubtedly are a great loss," remarked the king to Pitt. "Your information was correct. Had I followed your counsel all would have been well."

"That admission requites me for the disappointment I have experienced, sir," observed the Great Commoner.

"It is now clear there has been a cabal against you," continued his majesty, in a low tone; "but I will quell it. Will you consent to act with Lord Bute?"

"It pains me to refuse any request of your majesty," replied Pitt. "I will lay down my life to serve you, but I cannot act with him."

"Hum! I thought better of you. I did not suppose you capable of petty jealousy."

"I jealous of Bute!" exclaimed Pitt, in a half-scornful tone, his cheek flushing as he spoke. "Your majesty does not know me. I will not act with his lordship, but he shall have no factious opposition from me. If his measures seem to me worthy of approval, I will warmly support them. This is no season for personal

differences. A crisis like the present demands united action. All must work to one end. To bring the war on which your majesty is about to engage to a glorious termination, to raise the power and renown of the nation, must be the aim of every true patriot and loyal subject—and it shall be mine.”

And making a profound obeisance, he drew back.

As will naturally be supposed, the king's declaration of an immediate war with Spain had caused great excitement. Only those in the inner room heard the announcement, but they conveyed the intelligence to the persons in the outer apartment, and it soon became generally disseminated. The truth of the report was confirmed by the departure of the Conde de Fuentes and the Duc de Nivernais, both of whom took formal leave of his majesty.

Throughout it all, gratifying as the incident must have been to his pride, no undue elation was discernible in the countenance of the Great Commoner.

But if Pitt was perfectly calm, it was more than could be said for his opponents. Lord Bute, the Duke of Newcastle, and the whole of the cabal who had intrigued against him, looked sorely discomfited.

On the other hand, Pitt's partisans did not attempt to conceal their exultation. Lord Temple and Alderman Beckford laughed together at the defeat of the Favourite and his coadjutors, and even the Lord Mayor chuckled.

“If the government should be able to carry on this war with Spain successfully,” observed Beckford to Temple, “it will only be by adopting the plans they have striven to frustrate. It is well they didn't go too far.”

“Would they had gone further!” rejoined Temple. “'Tis a pity Bute should not have had rope enough to hang himself.”

XVI.

HOW THE LORD MAYOR'S ELDER DAUGHTERS DANCED WITH THE YOUNG PRINCES ;
AND HOW HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER WAS PRESENTED TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

THE situation was embarrassing to his majesty, and, to put an end to it, he rejoined the queen in the outer room.

Shortly afterwards, the Common Hunt, who acted as master of the ceremonies, accompanied by the City marshal and two gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's household, entered to announce that all was prepared for the ball.

This information was a great relief to the king, and he expressed his desire that dancing should commence forthwith, calling out good naturedly to the queen,

“Come, Charlotte, the ball is about to begin. Though we don't dance, let us go and see the young folks enjoy themselves.”

“With all my heart,” replied the queen, instantly rising.

On this the doors were thrown open, and the company respectfully drew back as the royal party passed out, preceded by the

Lord Mayor. Close behind her majesty followed the Lady Mayoress. The rest of the assemblage followed according to their degrees, but only a privileged few were admitted to the platform; the majority of the company proceeded by another passage to the body of the hall.

On their return to the hustings, the royal party were struck with surprise by the wonderful metamorphosis that had been effected in so short a space of time in the great hall; it being now converted into a magnificent ball-room, all the tables removed, and carpets stretched across the pavement. Accommodation could therefore be afforded to a vast assemblage; but, large as it was, the space was not greater than needed, for all the fair occupants of the galleries, eager to participate in the pleasures of the dance, began to descend to the area below, so that it soon became densely thronged.

But the platform itself was likewise changed in appearance. The royal canopy was left, but the state table, with its superb ornaments, had been taken away, a fresh carpet spread over the floor, and the stage cleared for dancing.

Amongst those allowed admission to this privileged place—in addition to the immediate attendants on their majesties—were the aldermen of the committee and the Lord Mayor's family.

As soon as their majesties had seated themselves beneath the canopy, the Duke of York advanced to Lady Dawes, who was standing with the Duchess of Richmond on the right of the stage, and, with a very graceful though ceremonious bow, claimed her hand for a minuet. Dropping a curtsy to the ground, her ladyship delightedly assented, and yielding him the points of her fingers, which he took respectfully within his own, they proceeded with slow and stately steps towards the centre of the platform, where his royal highness was joined by his brother, Prince William, who had gone through a like ceremony with Mrs. Chatteris.

The music then struck up, and the graceful dance commenced, exciting universal admiration from the vast assemblage in the hall, who had nothing at present to do but look on. No dance is so well calculated to display grace and elegance as the minuet. Why can it not be revived, and extinguish the everlasting waltz and outlandish polka? A thousand eyes being fixed upon the present performers, it cannot be doubted they would do their best; and we may add they acquitted themselves to admiration. Every movement was noted, and when the dance was over, a buzz of approval ran through the hall. Of the two sisters, Lady Dawes was considered the most majestic, Mrs. Chatteris the most graceful. The Lady Mayoress could not tell which pleased her most. She was enraptured with both. They were matches for princes, she thought, and, forgetful of the bar to any such exalted union, she fondly persuaded herself that her dearest Livy might become Duchess of York. "Tis plain his royal highness is enamoured of her," she mentally ejaculated. And as Lady Dawes encountered the

duke's ardent glance, and felt the pressure of his hand, she was of the same opinion, though she did not carry her folly to quite such lengths as her mother.

At the conclusion of the performance, her majesty graciously observed to the Lady Mayoress that she had never seen the minuet better danced. The king likewise complimented the Lord Mayor upon the grace and beauty of his daughters, and inquired whether they constituted the whole of his family.

"No, sir, I have another daughter, and a son," replied Sir Gresham, bowing.

"Are they here, eh? Present them! present them!" cried his majesty, quickly. "The Lord Mayor has another daughter, Charlotte."

"Indeed," replied the queen. "If she resembles her sisters she must be very good-looking," she added to the Lady Mayoress.

"Your majesty makes me exceedingly proud," said Lady Lorimer, "but I fear you will not think my youngest daughter quite equal to her sisters."

"Well, let us see her and judge, madam," said the king. "And your son!—what of him, eh?"

"Your majesty will excuse a mother's partiality if I speak in his praise—but here he is," she added, as Sir Gresham approached with Tradescant, and presented him to their majesties, by both of whom he was very graciously received.

"A good-looking young man enough," observed the king, "but not exactly the sort of person I expected. He is not likely, I should think, to follow his father's business."

"I fear not, sir," replied Sir Gresham.

"Luckily, he will not be obliged to do so, sir," said the Lady Mayoress.

"But where's your daughter?" cried the king to the Lord Mayor.

"She is excessively timid, sir," said Sir Gresham; "so timid, that she dares not approach your majesty—I must entreat you to excuse her."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the king. "What is she afraid of? I shan't excuse her. Bring her at once."

Thus enjoined, Sir Gresham retired, and presently afterwards returned with Milly, looking very pale and frightened. The queen's kind looks, however, reassured her, and the poor girl mustered up courage to press her lips to the hand graciously extended to her by her majesty.

"Come here, my dear," said the king, saluting her; "you must overcome this timidity—borrow a little of your sisters' confidence. They can spare you some."

"Exactly what I say to her, sir!" exclaimed the Lady Mayoress. "I am constantly bidding her imitate her sisters."

"Take my advice, madam, and let her alone," said the king. "She is very well as she is, and can find her tongue on all fitting

occasions, I make no doubt. I dare say your lordship is very well content with her," he added to Sir Gresham.

"I have every reason to be so, sir," replied the Lord Mayor; "and it is my earnest hope that she may retain her present simplicity of character."

"Quite right," said the king. "Well! have you nothing to say for yourself?" he added to Milly, with an encouraging smile.

The poor girl's heart was overflowing, but she was so confused that she could not give utterance to her feelings. At last she stammered out, "I shall never forget your majesty's kindness and condescension to me, and if I cannot find words to express my gratitude, I trust you will forgive me."

And with a profound curtsy to both their majesties, she retired with her father.

"A very nice girl, Charlotte," observed the king—"a very nice girl—but rather too timid."

In which opinion the queen coincided.

While this was passing, the Duke of York commanded a gavotte, and, changing partners with Prince William, they both resumed their places on the stage. Several young nobles joined them, and the music striking up, the sprightly dance commenced.

At the same time dancing began in the body of the hall, and was carried on as well as circumstances would permit, the crowd being too great to allow much room for display on the part of the performers. As soon as the gavotte was over, a rigadon followed, then another minuet, and next a jig—all these succeeded each other so rapidly as to task the powers both of dancers and musicians.

Amongst those engaged in the jig were Herbert and Alice Walworth, and overheated and somewhat fatigued by their exertions, they quitted the crowded hall and repaired to an inner room, where they were informed by an attendant they would find refreshments. The room was rather full, and amongst the company were Tradescant, with Wilkes, Tom Potter, and some others of young Lorimer's fashionable acquaintances. These gay personages were drinking champagne, laughing, and making somewhat impertinent observations on those around them. Not caring to approach such a rakish set, Herbert led his partner to the farther end of the table, where they obtained ices and fruit. However, they did not escape observation, for Wilkes, chancing to spy Herbert, said to Tradescant, "Yonder is your new-found cousin, I perceive. A devilish pretty girl he has got with him. Who is she?"

"The daughter of a rich old hosier named Walworth, who dwells in St. Mary Axe," replied Tradescant; "vulgar people with whom one don't care to associate, though my father chooses to notice them. The girl, however, is well enough, and is accounted a belle at the Mall in Moorfields—ha! ha!"

"She is uncommonly pretty," cried Tom Potter. "Introduce me to her, Lorimer. I'll ask her to dance."

"Nay, I claim the right of being first introduced to the little beauty," cried Wilkes. "I discovered her."

"Don't fight about her, pray!" rejoined Tradescant, laughing. "I'll introduce both of you, and then she can take her choice."

"That will be the best plan," said Tom Potter, "for then I am sure to be victorious."

"Don't be too confident, Tom," cried Wilkes. "Ten to one she gives me the preference."

"Done!" rejoined Potter. "Guineas. Now for it, Lorimer!"

With this, the whole party, greatly diverted by the wager, proceeded to that part of the table where Herbert and Alice were standing. Making a low bow to the young lady, Tradescant begged permission to introduce his friends to her.

"Both are eager to dance with you, Miss Walworth," he said, "and neither will resign in favour of the other, so you must be pleased to make your own choice."

As Alice returned the salutations of the two gentlemen, she could scarcely help laughing at Wilkes's droll expression of countenance.

"Miss Walworth can't hesitate," said Tom Potter.

"She won't, I'm quite sure," rejoined Wilkes. "You rely on your good looks; I rely on my ugliness. She has just danced with a very handsome young fellow, so she will be glad to take me for a change. 'Twill be something to say you have had the ugliest man in town for a partner, Miss Walworth, so pray decide."

"Yes, yes, decide!" cried Tom Potter.

"Then I shall be very happy to dance with you, Mr. Wilkes," said Alice, giving him her hand.

"Bravo!" cried the ill-favoured wit, triumphantly. "I knew I should win. I betted ten to one that you had as much discernment as beauty, Miss Walworth, and you have proved me to be right. You owe me a guinea, Mr. Potter. Allons, mademoiselle, let us join the country-dance."

And he led her out of the room amid the laughter of his companions.

XVII.

HOW HERBERT LEARNT THAT TRADESCANT HAD GOT INTO THE HANDS OF SHARPEERS; AND HOW MR. CANDISH AGAIN APPEARED ON THE SCENE.

Annoyed by his cousin's supercilious manner towards him, and half disposed to resent it, Herbert made a stiff bow to the party, who replied to it with mock politeness, and was proceeding along the passage leading to the great hall, when he heard quick steps behind him, and, turning, perceived Tradescant.

"Stop a minute, sir," cried the latter; "I have a word to say to you."

"As many as you please," replied Herbert, halting.

"You cannot be unaware, sir, that your intrusion into our house this morning was exceedingly disagreeable to all the family, with

the exception of my father and my youngest sister, and you will feel, therefore, that it is impossible there can be any intimacy with us. Excuse the hint I am compelled to give you, and be good enough to desist from further visits."

"If I consulted my own feelings, sir, you may rest assured I would never voluntarily expose myself to the repetition of such treatment as I experienced this morning from yourself and other members of your family," rejoined Herbert, coldly; "but I cannot act contrary to my uncle's injunctions, and since he has ordered me to come to him, I shall obey, however severely my patience may be tried."

"Oh! do as you please! I have cautioned you; and if you find the place too hot for you, don't blame me. I fancied, from your former tone, that you setup for a man of spirit, but you now appear tame enough."

"You shall not provoke me, cousin," said Herbert, with difficulty restraining himself. "I can have no quarrel with you."

"Make an end of this, sir," cried Tradescant, fiercely. "I forbid you to call me cousin. I disclaim all relationship with you."

"So long as your worthy father is good enough to acknowledge me as his nephew, I shall not heed being disowned by you," rejoined Herbert.

"I was right, I find, in setting you down as a mean-spirited fellow," said Tradescant. "I must try other means of rousing you."

"For your own sake, forbear," cried Herbert, his eyes flashing, as he caught Tradescant's uplifted hand. "This is no place for a brawl. Remember whose son you are, if you are determined to forget that I am your kinsman. If you continue in the same mood to-morrow, I won't balk you."

"There is little likelihood of change on my part," rejoined Tradescant. "I give you credit for more prudence than I possess. Adieu, sir."

And he marched off, leaving Herbert, who had had enough to do to control himself, exceedingly chafed.

"I must calm myself," thought the young man. "If I join the assembly in my present state, I shall be sure to quarrel with some one."

Descrying a chair placed amid some flowering shrubs, arranged in a recess on one side of the passage, he went in and took possession of the seat. He had not occupied it many minutes when he heard voices and laughter, and presently afterwards some gaily-attired young men, who were coming loiteringly along the passage, halted near the recess. Herbert instantly recognised them as Tradescant's fashionable friends, whom he had just seen in the refreshment-room; but they did not perceive him, as he was partially screened by the exotics. Not desiring to overhear their discourse, he would have coughed to make his presence known, if an allusion to his cousin had not caught his attention.

"Tradescant's ruin is certain," observed one of the speakers—it was Tom Potter; "he has got among a set of sharpers, who will fleece him of every shilling he possesses. I warned him against those two notorious rooks, Gleek and Bragge, but might have spared myself the trouble, for any good I could do. The pigeon *will* be plucked. How much does he owe you, Dashwood?"

"A few hundreds—I forget how much," replied Sir Francis.

"He owes me a thousand," observed Potter—"and Wilkes nearly as much. I doubt whether we shall get the money. Tom Chatteris tells me his father-in-law is difficult to manage. Tom hopes, however, that the Lady Mayoress will be able to wheedle her spouse out of the money. Chatteris, as you know, is desperately in debt. Between son and son-in-law, the Lord Mayor will be pretty well drained."

"Tradescant will drain him dry without any other assistance," remarked Sir William Stanhope. "Who would have thought such a steady-going citizen would have a thorough-paced gamester for a son! If Tradescant, as you say, has got into the clutches of those arrant cheats Gleek and Bragge, his fate is sealed. But it will be a grievous blow to his father."

"Poh! what does that matter?" laughed Tom Potter. "If the Lord Mayor has to come down pretty handsomely for his son's imprudences, it needn't give us any concern."

And the party moved on, leaving Herbert aghast at the revelations they had unconsciously made to him.

What was to be done? In the present confusion of his mind, he could not tell. All the speakers, who seemed to be perfectly acquainted with Tradescant's character, agreed that his ruin was inevitable. But might it not be averted? Was it too late to rescue him from the sharpers into whose hands he had fallen? These were questions Herbert could not, of course, answer. But he determined to make the attempt; and he also determined that, so far as he could prevent it, his uncle should not suffer from Tradescant's indiscretions.

Full of these laudable resolves, he emerged from the recess, and scarcely heeding where he was going, proceeded towards the inner courts instead of to the hall. He had not gone very far when a side door opened, and a little old man, in a shabby suit of black, whom Herbert took for an attendant, came forth. This personage, on seeing Herbert, stared very hard at him, and at last said:

"May I make so bold as to ask your name, sir?"

Herbert told him how he was called.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the other. "Then you must be the Lord Mayor's nephew—the son of his elder brother, Godfrey."

"You are right," rejoined Herbert, staring at his interrogator in his turn. "But how do you know that?"

"You are very like your father, young man," rejoined the other, without heeding the question; "so like, that I knew you at once. I think I have heard that Godfrey Lorimer is no more?"

"Alas! it is so," replied Herbert. "But you seem to take a strange interest in me. Whence does it arise?"

"I take great interest in all that concerns the Lord Mayor," rejoined the old man. "I knew him as a boy, and I knew Godfrey at the same time. Don't be angry with me if I say that Gresham—the Lord Mayor, I mean—was the better of the two."

"Having proved the more successful in life, it may be inferred that his lordship has some good qualities that were wanting in my father," rejoined Herbert. "But there was another brother, Lawrence, whom perhaps you likewise knew."

"Yes, yes, I knew him," answered the old man in, a husky voice; "but he was a graceless fellow, not worth remembering. He ought not to be mentioned in the same breath as Gresham—I mean the Lord Mayor."

"Perhaps you may be doing him an injustice," said Herbert. "But since you seem to possess so much information about my family, you can tell me in all probability if my uncle Lawrence is still alive, and where he may be met with?"

"I can't tell you anything about him," replied the old man, hurriedly. "When I last heard of him, he was in very bad circumstances, and shunned by all who had known him in better days."

"The very reason I must find him out. Where was he when you heard of him last?"

"I don't recollect."

"Try," cried Herbert, eagerly. "You seem to have some dislike to my poor uncle. You know more about him, I am convinced, than you choose to tell."

"I!" exclaimed the old man, uneasily. "Isn't it enough that I have told you he is miserably poor? What more would you have?"

"You shan't go till you have answered my inquiries," rejoined Herbert, catching hold of him.

"I can't answer them I tell you," exclaimed the old man, trying to break away. "Ah! there's the beadle," he added, with a look of affright, as Staveley was seen approaching them.

"Don't let him go, sir—don't let him go!" cried Staveley, hurrying forward. "The Lord Mayor wants him. You escaped me this morning, Mr. Candish, but you won't get off again in a hurry, I can promise you."

"What has he been doing?" demanded Herbert.

"Why, his first offence was getting drunk, and boasting of being the Lord Mayor's brother," replied Staveley. "His second offence was running away, and getting me into trouble."

"You've no right to detain me," cried Candish, almost fiercely, and struggling ineffectually to get free. "I've done nothing to deserve this treatment. I'll complain to the Lord Mayor."

"Just what I advise you to do," rejoined the beadle. "Why, I'm obeying his lordship's orders in detaining you. Behave yourself like a gen'l'man, and I'll treat you as such. You're the most

wrong-headed, obstinate old man I ever had the misfortune to meet with. Keep quiet, will you?"

A light seemed suddenly to break upon Herbert, and he mentally ejaculated, "Is it possible this miserable creature can be my uncle Lawrence? Everything seems to lead to such a conclusion, and yet——"

"Listen to me, Herbert Lorimer," said the old man, in a totally different tone from that he had hitherto assumed. "You will understand, without necessity for further explanation on my part, why it is desirable the Lord Mayor should not see me again. It was highly imprudent in me to return, but an uncontrollable impulse dragged me here. I wished to have one more look at—at the Lord Mayor. It would have been my last."

There was something so strangely significant in the tone in which the latter words were uttered, that both his hearers were impressed with the notion that the old man meditated some desperate act.

"The old fellow looks as if he meant to make away with himself," whispered the beadle to Herbert. "It wouldn't be safe to let him go."

"I am quite of your opinion," replied Herbert. "Take care of him, but on no account treat him harshly, while I ascertain the Lord Mayor's wishes respecting him."

"Oh! Herbert, what folly are you about to commit!" exclaimed Candish. "If you have any feeling for the Lord Mayor, for me, for yourself, you will cause my immediate liberation."

"But he can't do it, I tell you," rejoined the beadle. "I don't mean to let you go without the Lord Mayor's orders. Your obstinacy is enough to provoke a saint. Keep quiet, I say."

"You shall learn his lordship's wishes directly," cried Herbert, hurrying away.

XVIII.

HOW CANDISH WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING.

ALMOST at the precise juncture that the foregoing incident occurred, the king had been made acquainted with the strange meeting that took place earlier in the day between the Lord Mayor and his supposed brother. Some particulars of the occurrence had reached the ears of Sir Felix Bland, who could not help repeating them to Lord Melcomb, and he, in his turn, delighted at an opportunity of mortifying the Lord Mayor, lost no time in communicating them to the king.

"A singular circumstance occurred here this morning, sir," observed his lordship. "It may amuse your majesty to hear it. A man was locked up in the Little Ease—a cell adjacent to the chamberlain's court, in which refractory apprentices are sometimes confined—but when the matter came to the Lord Mayor's ears, with his usual goodness, he immediately ordered the poor fellow's release. Imagine, however, his lordship's surprise—his utter amazement—when in the unfortunate prisoner he recognised—a long-lost

brother. Yes, sir, a brother! His lordship will correct me if I am wrong, but this is what I have heard."

"Eh? what?" cried the king. "The Lord Mayor's brother a prisoner in the Little Ease?"

"Permit me to explain the matter, sir," said Sir Gresham, stepping forward.

"I hope I have not mentioned anything in the slightest degree disagreeable to your lordship," said Lord Melcomb, with a hypocritical look.

"I quite appreciate your lordship's motives," replied Sir Gresham. "I have no wish to conceal anything from your majesty," he pursued. "I do not blush to avow that I spring from a very humble origin. I by no means undervalue good birth, but I think good conduct ennobles a man quite as much as a good pedigree. Lord Melcomb, I am persuaded, will agree with me." This covert allusion to his want of birth made the Carlisle apothecary's son become redder than before. Without pausing, however, the Lord Mayor went on: "My father, an obscure tradesman—strictly honest—but unfortunate, had three sons, whom he brought up as well as his limited means would allow. The course of my brothers was different from mine, and led them into other paths. When I commenced life, and became actively engaged in business, they both quitted London, and I saw nothing more of them—neither did I hear from them. No misunderstanding having occurred between us, I could only account for their long-continued silence by the supposition that both must be dead. More than forty years elapsed without my learning aught about either of them until to-day."

"Ah! now we have it," cried Lord Melcomb.

The Lady Mayoress, who was in an agony at this narration, darted an imploring look at her husband, but without effect. He went on:

"This morning, sir, two young persons presented themselves at my house, and claimed relationship with me as children of my elder brother. I bade them heartily welcome, and am glad to have a nephew and niece here to-night whom I did not expect."

"Did your amiable relatives bring their father with them?" inquired Lord Melcomb.

"Their father is dead," replied the Lord Mayor, "and on me devolves their future care."

"Then this occurrence has nothing to do with the prisoner in the Little Ease?" said Lord Melcomb.

"If your lordship will permit me to proceed you will learn. The incident you have detailed to his majesty is substantially correct. I accidentally discovered that a man was shut up in that cell, and ordered his immediate release. To my infinite surprise and concern I found——"

"For Heaven's sake say no more," implored the Lady Mayoress, who had drawn near to him. "Respect my feelings, if you have no respect for yourself."

"Well! well!" cried the king, quickly. "What did you find, eh?"

"In the unfortunate individual who stood before me, I recognised my second brother, Lawrence, sir," replied the Lord Mayor. "It was a great shock to me at first, but I soon got over it, and offered him my hand. But from a feeling for which I can easily account, the poor fellow could not be brought to admit his relationship to me."

"Not admit it, eh?" exclaimed the king. "Then perhaps you may have been mistaken in him after all."

"I do not think so, sir," said the Lord Mayor. "However, it is curious that my poor brother—if it was he—should be lost again almost as soon as found, for though I left him here with every recommendation for his comfort, expecting to find him on my return from Westminster, he has disappeared, and what is more provoking, I have no clue to his abode."

"A good riddance!" muttered the Lady Mayoress.

"Your lordship may make yourself perfectly easy on that score," said the officious Sir Felix Bland, stepping forward. "Your nephew has just begged me to acquaint you that the individual about whom your lordship was inquiring on your return from Westminster has been found. Staveley has detained him, and awaits your lordship's instructions respecting him."

"What, is the man here?" cried the king. "I should like to see him."

"Nothing more easy, sir," replied Sir Felix, bowing. "Will it please your majesty to have him brought before you?"

"How say you, my lord?" cried the king to the Lord Mayor. "Have you any objection?"

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed the Lady Mayoress, in a whisper to her husband. "Make any excuse rather than submit to this indignity. I shall die if the wretch is brought in."

"My proposal, I see, is not agreeable to the Lady Mayoress," observed the king, "so I won't urge it. Still I should like to see the man, and question him. You have raised my curiosity."

"Your majesty has only to signify your pleasure to be obeyed," said Sir Gresham.

The king hesitated for a moment, but, casting a glance at the Lady Mayoress, her agonised looks moved his compassion, and he had not the heart to persist.

"There will be a scene if I have him here," he mentally ejaculated. "I'll see him in private," he added, rising. "Let him be brought to the room where we took tea. I'll go there with the Lord Mayor."

"Your majesty's injunctions shall be obeyed," replied Sir Felix. And with a lowly obeisance he hastened away.

"I trust I may be permitted to attend your majesty," observed Lord Melcomb. "I should like to hear the dénouement of this strange adventure."

"Ask the Lord Mayor," rejoined the king. "If he allows it, you may come."

"I should be truly sorry Lord Melcomb should not be present,

sir, since his lordship has taken such an obliging interest in the affair," observed Sir Gresham.

Attended only by the Lord Mayor and Lord Melcomb, his majesty quitted the platform, and proceeded to the council-chamber. On entering the room, Sir Gresham gave directions to the ushers stationed at the door that no one except Sir Felix Bland and the persons with him should be admitted.

His majesty had scarcely taken his seat when the little alderman made his appearance, followed by Herbert and Candish. The old man trembled in every limb, and clung to his companion's arm for support.

"Take care what you are about, my dear sir," whispered Sir Felix. "You are in the king's presence. Make an obeisance, my dear sir, as low as you can."

"Oh, Heavens! Am I in a dream?" cried Candish. "My head swims, my senses desert me! Sustain me, Herbert, or I shall drop."

"Don't be afraid, brother," said the Lord Mayor, in an encouraging tone. "His majesty has heard what took place this morning, and has graciously expressed a desire to see you."

"His majesty is all goodness, and neglects not the meanest of his subjects—of that I am aware," rejoined Candish. "But, sensible as I am of his beneficence and condescension, I do not deserve that he should take any interest in me."

"Listen to me, Lawrence," said the Lord Mayor. "The singular circumstances of our meeting this morning have excited his majesty's curiosity about you. Answer any questions he may deign to put frankly, and without reserve. Keep back nothing on my account, I beg of you."

"I am ready to answer his majesty's interrogations," replied Candish; "but I think my wits must be clean gone, for I can scarce recollect what occurred this morning, except that your lordship mistook me for a long-lost brother."

"Then you maintain that you are not the Lord Mayor's brother?" said the king.

"Heaven save your majesty—not I!" exclaimed Candish. "It would be a disgrace to his lordship to be connected with one like me."

"A truce to this, Lawrence," said Sir Gresham, angrily. "Speak the truth, man."

"What account do you give of yourself?" cried the king. "Who are you, eh?"

"I am named Hugh Candish, please your majesty, and in the course of a long, and I may add, miserable life, have followed many occupations, but in none have I been successful. Misfortune has always tracked me, and if prosperity has smiled on me for a short time, it was sure to be followed by heavier calamity. How different has my career been from that of the Lord Mayor. We were boys together, and at that time my prospects were quite as good as his own, if not better. In him your majesty beholds the results of industry, perseverance, and integrity. In me the lamentable consequences of want of steadiness, though not want of

probity, for throughout all my struggles I have maintained an unblemished character."

"I am glad to hear it," replied the king. "But where has your life been passed—in London, eh?"

"No, sir, in different places," replied Candish. "I have been abroad for several years, and have dwelt in many cities—Paris, Rome, Naples, Madrid. On my return to my own country, I dwelt for some time at Bristol, and have only returned to London within these few months."

"What occupation do you follow, eh?" demanded the king.

"I blush to own it, sir, but I was last engaged at Shuter's booth in Bartholomew Fair."

"Not as a jack-pudding, or a droll, I should imagine?" observed Lord Melcomb.

"It matters little what I played," replied Candish. "I felt degraded, but I had no alternative except starvation."

"Why did you not apply to me?" said the Lord Mayor, in a tone of reproach. "But never mind. The worst is past, Lawrence. The rest of your days shall be spent in comfort."

"Again I thank your lordship from the bottom of my heart for your benevolent intentions towards me," replied the old man; "but I cannot accept them."

"Not accept them! eh!—why not?" cried the king. "Are you too proud to be indebted to your own brother?"

"Pride has long been a stranger to my breast, sir," replied Candish, with an expression of deep humility; "but I cannot allow the Lord Mayor to be misled by his feelings."

"Then you mean to persist in your disclaimer of relationship to him, eh?" said the king.

"I am obliged to do, sir."

"And you, my lord, what say you? Have you altered your opinion, eh?"

"No, sir, not in the least," replied the Lord Mayor. "I am convinced that he is my brother Lawrence. He partly admitted the fact himself. He said he knew me as a boy, yet I remember no person named Candish."

"My name may have slipped from your lordship's memory. Very like. Yet still I was your playmate and friend, and could mention many little circumstances which would bring me to your recollection."

"Not as Hugh Candish, but as Lorry Lorimer."

"Well, if your lordship will have it so, I must yield," replied the old man; "but I protest against the inference you draw."

"Have I leave to speak, my lord?" interposed Herbert; and obtaining the Lord Mayor's assent, he went on. "When Mr. Candish, as he chooses to call himself, first addressed me, he said he recognised me from the likeness to my father, while other observations which he let fall brought me to the same conclusion as your lordship—namely, that he is my uncle Lawrence."

"Is this your nephew?" inquired the king of Sir Gresham; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he added, "A fine young man. I like his looks."

"I think your majesty will only waste time in pursuing this inquiry further," observed Lord Melcomb. "Apparently, no pressing will induce this Bartholomew Fair actor to make a confession. It is very droll, certainly. If the Lord Mayor had disclaimed the connexion it would not have been surprising, but that the other should do so is extraordinary."

"I agree with your lordship," said the king. "It would be idle to pursue the inquiry further now. When you have fully investigated the matter," he added to the Lord Mayor, "and satisfied yourself one way or the other, let me know the result; though I have little doubt in my own mind that you are in the right."

"To-morrow I shall be able to unravel the mystery," replied Sir Gresham, "and will not fail to communicate the solution to your majesty. Do me the favour, Sir Felix, to cause Mr. Candish to be taken to my house in Cheapside—but mind! he must not be lost sight of."

"Your lordship need be under no apprehension," said Candish. "I shall not attempt to escape again."

"You are not to be trusted, brother," rejoined the Lord Mayor, with a pitying smile, "and must forgive me if I am compelled to put some little constraint upon your movements. We will talk the matter over quietly to-morrow, and then I feel sure we shall come to a right understanding."

"Unless your brother—if brother he be—has taken leave of his senses, you cannot fail to do so," rejoined the king. "He can have no possible motive for further concealment. Not one man in a thousand, I verily believe, would have acted as your lordship has done. Your conduct is noble."

On this, his majesty quitted the council-chamber, and attended by the Lord Mayor and Lord Melcomb, returned to the hustings, and resuming his seat beside the queen, recounted to her all that had occurred during his absence. The tone in which he spoke was so loud, that the Lady Mayoress, who was standing near, lost not a syllable he uttered, and resolved in the bitterness of her heart that her first business should be to turn the old Bartholomew Fair actor out of the house.

XIX.

OF THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE WALWORTH FROM THE BALL.

ANXIOUS to see the Lord Mayor's directions respecting Candish fully carried out, Herbert did not lose sight of the latter until he had been taken off to Cheapside in charge of Staveley. This done, the young man felt himself at liberty to follow his own devices, and his first impulse was to look for Alice Walworth. His quest, however, was vain. The crowd was still as great as ever in the

hall, and it was next to impossible to discover any particular person amidst such a throng. So at last he gave up the attempt, and stationed himself near the steps leading to the inner court, thinking it possible he might catch a glimpse of her. But though he remained there nearly an hour, during which time a multitude of charming-looking girls, attended by their partners, passed and repassed, Alice was not among them. His patience at last becoming exhausted, he moved off towards the refreshment-room, and had nearly reached it, when he heard himself called, and turning, perceived Mr. and Mrs. Walworth. To his great disappointment, however, their daughter was not with them.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert, we're so glad to see you!" cried Mrs. Walworth, coming up. "We've been looking for you everywhere. But where's Alice? What have you done with her?"

"Hasn't she been with you, madam?" exclaimed Herbert, surprised. "I've not seen her since she went to dance with Mr. Wilkes—but that is nearly two hours ago. I concluded she would go back to you."

"We have seen nothing of her at all, and should have been extremely uneasy, of course, if we hadn't made sure she was with you, Mr. Herbert," rejoined the lady. "Where can she be?"

"Nay, I'm sure I can't pretend to tell, my dear," responded Mr. Walworth. "As well look for a needle in a bottle of hay as attempt to find her amongst the crowd in the great hall. Plague take the girl! what a deal of trouble she does give one!"

"But she must be found, Mr. Walworth, she must be found."

"Certainly, my dear, she *shall* be found. But be good enough to explain *how* it is to be done. Perhaps Mr. Herbert will help us?"

"Oh, do, there's a dear, kind creature," cried Mrs. Walworth. "I'm getting so miserably anxious."

"I'll do my best, madam," Herbert replied; "but don't make yourself uneasy. No doubt she'll appear presently."

"No doubt she will," replied Mr. Walworth. "Let us sit down in the refreshment room and wait for her there. She'll find us out, I promise you."

"I wonder you can take it so easily, Mr. Walworth. Something has happened to her, I'm convinced."

"How needlessly you distress yourself, my love. What *can* have happened to her?"

"I can't tell I'm sure, but I'm growing terribly alarmed."

"Ah! here comes Mr. Wilkes," cried Herbert, perceiving the personage in question coming along the passage with several of his gay companions, "he may be able to give us some information respecting her. I'll see."

And hurrying towards Wilkes, he addressed his inquiries to him.

"What is Miss Walworth lost?" cried Wilkes, laughing.

"You don't suppose she has eloped, eh?"

"I cannot allow any jesting at the young lady's expense, sir,"

rejoined Herbert. "Where is she? She was committed to your care, and you are, therefore, responsible for her."

"The deuce I am!" cried Wilkes. "I would have you to know, sir, that I hold myself responsible for no woman, young or old. A good joke it would be if a man must answer for his partner in a dance, as if she were his partner for life. You have chosen to question me so impertinently that I feel disinclined to reply to you at all, but in compassion for your ignorance, I will say that I know nothing about Miss Walworth. When she had done with me, she engaged herself to dance with some one else."

"Who was it, sir? I insist upon knowing. Come with me, and point him out."

"And do you really imagine, my agreeable young friend, that I shall accompany you on such an errand?" returned Wilkes, with a sneer.

"I have not the least doubt of it, sir," rejoined Herbert, in a stern tone.

"Aha!" cried Wilkes. "You will have something to amuse you presently, gentlemen," he added, turning to his companions.

Happily, however, the dispute was cut short by Mrs. Walworth, who rushed up, imploring Wilkes to tell her what had become of her daughter.

"Really, madam, I am very sorry," he replied; "I can only tell you, as I have just told this impetuous young man, that your daughter left me to dance with some one else, with whom I was totally unacquainted, and whom I should not know again were I to meet him. That is the sum of my information, madam. I must beg of you to excuse me. If Mr. Herbert Lorimer has any further communication to make to me he will easily learn where I am to be found." So saying, he made her a low bow, and marched off with his companions.

After this, Herbert instituted another search in the hall, but with no better success than before. He then mounted to the galleries and looked down amongst the crowd, but failed to discern Alice. As time wore on, Mrs. Walworth's uneasiness increased, and even the old hosier became alarmed. Sir Felix Bland with some of the committee of aldermen aided in the search, and it soon became apparent that Alice was gone. But where, or how, no one could tell. Wilkes was again sought for, but by this time he had gone too. After a long and fruitless search, Mr. and Mrs. Walworth were obliged to give up the matter in despair, and went home in a state bordering on distraction.

Long before this, the king, who always kept early hours, had departed. Their majesties were ceremoniously ushered to their carriage by the Lord Mayor, with the sword of state borne before him, by the sheriffs, and the aldermen composing the committee. On taking leave, the king warmly expressed his acknowledgments to Sir Gresham, adding emphatically, "I shall never forget your generous conduct to your poor brother."

Guildhall-yard was one blaze of light, all the lamps with which the surrounding buildings were covered being illuminated. Loud cheers were raised as the royal carriage drove away, escorted by a troop of Horse Guards.

The whole of the houses in New King-street and Cheapside were brilliantly illuminated—as indeed were those in every street through which the royal party had to pass on their return to St. James's. On many of the habitations were displayed large transparencies and loyal devices.

In consequence of these illuminations, which were extremely beautiful, especially in the City—and seen to great advantage, the night being singularly calm and fine—the streets were almost as crowded as during the day; and though no doubt there were a good many persons who could not be complimented upon their sobriety, the behaviour of the majority of the concourse was orderly, and nothing occurred to dissatisfy their majesties with their visit to the City. The train-bands still lined the streets as far as Temple-bar, though many of them, owing to the plentiful libations in which they had indulged, could scarcely preserve their equilibrium, and reeled off as soon as the royal carriage had passed by.

Shortly after their majesties' departure, the rest of the royal family quitted Guildhall—though some little delay was experienced in getting up their carriages. On parting with her, the Duke of York said many gallant things to Lady Dawes, and carried off her fan as a souvenir, leaving her perfectly enchanted by his attentions.

Determined not to expose himself to a repetition of the annoyances he had undergone, Lord Bute returned in a sedan-chair, and luckily escaped discovery, or he might have fared still worse than in the morning. Lord Melcomb adopted a similar mode of conveyance.

Mr. Pitt went back with Lord Temple, and hoped to escape detection, but being speedily recognised, the crowd surrounded his carriage as before, and shouted so vociferously that they roused many decent citizens from their slumbers; and these worthy folk, on ascertaining the cause of the uproar, threw open their windows, and waving their long cotton nightcaps, cheered lustily in concert with the throng below.

Thus was the Great Commomer's return as triumphant as his entry into the City.

The festivities in Guildhall were kept up for several hours longer, and it was past four o'clock before the entertainment was brought to a close. Sir Gresham, however, did not see it out. After the departure of Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple he retired with the Lady Mayoress, and having ascertained that his supposed brother was safe and well cared for, sought repose after the fatigues and excitement of his first day of mayoralty.

End of the first Book.

TRAVELS IN EQUADOR.

SINCE the beginning of the American war French publishers have been particularly careful, and the number of works possessing a serious interest has been greatly reduced. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we greet the volume we have now under notice,* for it contains much original matter about a comparatively little-known land. As it is on the cards that the interests of the South American republics may be vitally affected by the settlement of the war between North and South, we ask our readers to investigate the present condition of one of them with the assistance of an intelligent traveller, who was certainly a Pole, and, in all probability, a refugee. As he, however, displays a reserve as to his antecedents, it will not become us to speculate on them.

When he resolved to visit South America, M. Holinski first proceeded to Guayaquil, a town situated about fifteen leagues from the sea on a river bearing the same name. Although this river is deep enough for ships of war to sail up to the town, from an artistic point of view it offers no charms, being excessively muddy and of dirty red hue, like that which gave the title of *flavus* to the Tiber. All the streets debouch on the Moleçon, or quay, and, though very wide, they are unpaved, gasless, and traversed by no vehicles. The grass grows in them abundantly, and flocks of goats browse on it from morning to evening. But that is nothing unusual in America: cows to the present day graze freely in the spacious streets of Washington; very recently pigs went about various parts of New York, while the gallinazos—a sort of hideous vulture—settle down every night on the city of Lima, as if it were a battle-field covered with corpses. In the houses the upper story projects, and is supported on pillars, which thus form a portico for pedestrians. The rooms are generally large and airy, and people, as a rule, sleep in hammocks made of very flexible straw, and which have a well-merited reputation. Their price varies from one pound to eight, and, when carefully made, they will last fifteen years or longer. All ranks and all ages employ these hammocks; the very children have no other cradle, and could not have a better. It is a great favourite with the ladies, who swing idly in it, and fancy they are taking exercise, and now and then a lovely Creole girl may accidentally display her well-turned leg. Another manufacture of Guayaquil is Panama hats, which are known all over the world. The Havanese dandies will pay as much as 20*l.* for a superfine straw hat of this sort.

The traveller in Equador must be highly pleased with the society of Guayaquil, for if he have but one letter of introduction, he is soon invited by the ladies of the highest rank, who send their visiting-cards to his house. He at once finds himself at his ease, and treated with that graceful familiarity which the Spaniards call *confianza*. At the end of a week the Señor is dropped in addressing him, while he is permitted to call ladies and girls by the diminutive of their baptismal name: Merce-

* L'Equateur: Scènes de la vie Sud Americaine. Par A. Holinski. Paris: Amyot.

dita, Dolorita, Panchita, &c. Nor is a stranger restricted to ceremonious visits or certain hours; he can call when he pleases, and is the more welcome the more frequently he visits. It is no longer the fashion at the tertulias to play the guitar—that symbol of the old Spanish gallantry—but every house of any distinction has its piano. It is surprising to find so many young ladies playing this instrument excellently, although there are no professors of music, and the science was introduced by some lady who paid an accidental visit to Peru. The want of the means of civilization in Spanish America is very remarkable: thus, with a population of twenty-five thousand, Guayaquil had no watchmaker, while at Lima, during our author's visit, the sole dancing-master was an old native negro. In many towns, again, there is neither physician nor chemist.

The native dances have been proscribed with the guitar: the polka, waltz, and quadrille take the place of the piquant *amor fino* and the voluptuous *alzo che te han visto*. The stranger who wishes to see the latter dance will have to seek it in the circle of the ostrich egg-coloured hours. Fortunately for the traveller, the inhabitants of Guayaquil are wondrously hospitable, for there is not a single hostelry in the town. M. Holinski resided for a month with a German merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation, and he declares that the only thing with which he can compare his treatment is his experiences in the tents of the Desert Bedouins. As there are only one hundred Europeans resident at Guayaquil, such an impost of hospitality would become burdensome were strangers more frequent than they are. Still Guayaquil must have a great future awaiting it, as it is the sole outlet of a country possessing vast mineral resources, and as large as the Spanish Peninsula.

On making his arrangements to set out on his journey across Equador, M. Holinski discovered that there were two modes of ascending the river; one in canoes, the other in a small steamer that went up as far as Bodegas. It was, unfortunately, a choice of evils, for the river was infested with pirates, which rendered canoes dangerous, while the steamer was a rickety, high-pressure boat, which might explode at any moment. By the advice of his guide he resolved on the latter course. In a region like Equador, the traveller may say *omnia mecum porto*; and M. Holinski's indispensables consisted of a mattress, a hammock, waterproof boots, two ponchos—one of striped calico, the other of red cloth—a mask of blue silk with glass eyes to protect the face against the Chimborazo wind, a saddle with two pistols, some pounds of chocolate, two bottles of brandy to correct the hardness of the water, candles, cups, plates, &c.

The steamer runs up to the small village of Bodegas, whence the journey is continued on mules. This village is the depôt for merchandise coming from Guayaquil and provisions arriving from the interior. This exchange produces great animation during the dry season, and Bodegas resembles a fair; but when the wet weather arrives everything is at a stand-still, for the water is six feet deep in the streets. The houses, which are built on substantial pillars, are separated from each other like small isles, the inhabitants communicating by boats, though some build rafts to act as floating houses, decorated with flowers and trees. The first thing M. Holinski had to do on arrival was to hire his cattle, consisting of two saddle-horses and two bâts. This is cheap enough, for each horse costs but six francs as far as Guaranda, a three days' ride. The general food

along the road consists of roast fowl, boiled eggs and potatoes—in every way preferable to the native messes, the basis of which is pork and pimento.

On leaving a place called Guabab, our traveller passed for two or three leagues through a torrent gorge, covered with pebbles and large stones. This portion of the route presented a curious meteorological phenomenon, for it rains there every day in the year. The houses, scattered at great distances from each other, bear the generic name of Aiza-Aqua, or the walk in the water, and no title could be more appropriate, for M. Holinski was compelled to pass a stream in which his horses were imbedded to the girths seven or eight times. Beyond this place the country gradually rises, and you ascend from the *tierra caliente* to the *tierra fria*, which by its temperature recalls pleasant recollections of Europe. The general halting-place for travellers is what is called a *tambo*—that is to say, a house in which, as in the khans of Asia, shelter is afforded, and nothing more. The landscape, however, is magnificent, although the traveller feels depressed by the wretchedness prevailing among the inhabitants, and which M. Holinski attributes to the fact of the government being oppressive, although ostensibly liberal. But the same is the case throughout all the South American republics, and may be considered the privilege of republics everywhere.

On reaching Guaranda, M. Holinski had to engage fresh cattle to carry him to Quito, and found that the price was raised to twenty-five francs. This comparative dearness, however, is due to the length of the journey and the passage of the Chimborazo, which is considered very wearying. The road across the mountain is comparatively good in the dry season, and the horses were able to cover six leagues in less than three hours. The Arenal is the culminating point of the road, which rises on this sandy plateau to a height of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this spot the Chimborazo springs up in a single peak, and attains a total height of 21,420 feet. Although this peak can no longer be regarded as the loftiest of mountains, it still remains a majestic and admirable work of nature. In the months of July and August there blows on the Arenal a wind which is powerful enough to hurl riders from the saddle, or dash them with their donkeys, mules, or horses to a distance solely determined by the inclination of the ground, and they may esteem themselves fortunate if they only escape precipices. A mound, surmounted by a clumsy cross, covers the remains of numerous victims of the blast, and every year new bodies are added.

But the cold also adds to the deaths: the thermometer, when M. Holinski crossed, indicated 5 deg. Réaumur, and this was considered very mild, although it must be a dangerous trial for the traveller who has so recently left the *tierra caliente*. Yielding to intoxication for the sake of keeping the cold off is almost sure to be fatal: thus, an Englishman could not refrain from drinking half a bottle of brandy to the health of the Chimborazo, and died on the spot. Crime also occupies its place in the mournful chronicle. An English gentleman belonging to a mercantile house in Lima set out to visit the great mountain with his servant: his muleteers led him astray and assassinated him. Some fifty piastres he had displayed induced the crime. On this occasion, however, justice displayed a far from ordinary activity: the malefactors were detected and

shot at their native place. The four leagues of road between Tiopullo and Machacha are the favourite region of the bandits, and a cross by the way is said to indicate the resting-place of two hundred murdered men. Only three months before M. Holinski passed through this gorge, two couriers had been murdered and robbed of four thousand piastres. The police, however, declined to interfere on this occasion, not because they did not know the criminals, but because they belonged to an honourable family.

On approaching Quito, the wretchedness of the population grows more and more visible, the huts become worse built, their clothes more ragged, and their faces more suffering. According to geographers, M. Holinski fancied the city would appear as a vast mass of houses and churches, situated amid snow-clad peaks; but this is not the case. The capital of Equador presents itself in a fragmentary fashion among the emerald hills that surround it, and is scattered about ravines. As there is no hotel in Quito, M. Holinski was compelled to seek furnished apartments, and, after two hours' searching, found a ground-floor consisting of three rooms. The mistress of the house furnished them in his presence: she added to his own mattress and wraps, a wooden bedstead, a sofa, three chairs, a carpet, a mat, and a wash-stand. From these rooms he was driven by a cholera, produced by the dampness, and he hired a large handsome room for five piastres a week. If it be difficult to procure a lodging at Quito, it is not the same with food. In addition to fish, brought from Guayaquil on mules, the market is abundantly supplied with meat, game, and vegetables. A mulatto or Indian woman can also be hired as cook for two piastres a month.

Going up and down, down and up, is the fate of the inhabitants of Quito. The streets will not allow the use of vehicles, hence persons must go about afoot or on horseback. The principal streets open on to squares, among which the Plaza Mayor is the handsomest. Some of the churches contain fine pictures, and to one of these churches—that of the Dolores de la Virgen—a curious history of the sixteenth century is attached, which we venture to quote for its novelty.

CAPTAIN FERNAND SUAREZ had taken into his service an Indian, discarded by his relatives and repelled by all on account of his ugliness, which was comparable to that of the Fiend. He felt pity for the unfortunate man, had him christened, and taught him to read and write. Ere long the attachment of the master to his servant became so great that he treated him like his own son. The Indian, whose name was Cantuna, loved his benefactor as he would have done a tender and affectionate father.

Reverses of fortune fell on Suarez; crushed with debt, no other resource was left him but to sell his house, and then die in want. On seeing the captain reduced to this extremity, Cantuna said to him:

“You have no need to sell your house, merely have a subterranean vault made. I will go there alone, with the proper implements for melting metals, and supply you with enough gold to satisfy your creditors, and let you live in opulence; but, on two conditions, my excellent master.”

“What are they, my son?”

"That you will not divulge to a soul that it is I who supply you with such wealth, nor will you try to discover whence I obtain it."

Suarez, convinced of the religious principles and probity of Cantuna, believed him no more capable of committing an action contrary to the law, than of forming a compact with Satan. He accepted the conditions, and swore to observe them scrupulously, in the presence of an image blessed by the Pope. He thought, too, that since so much mystery was wanted, it would not be wise to call in workmen to make the vault.

"Let us make it ourselves," he said to the Indian.

Both set to work, and the job was soon finished. After his first solitary visit, Cantuna brought up a mass of molten gold, worth more than 100,000 piastres (20,000*l.*). Everybody was amazed at seeing a ruined man not only get rid of his embarrassments, but display extraordinary munificence to monks and beggars. The respect with which he inspired all classes, however, checked the comments of the crowd. It was not so after his death. Cantuna, who became the heir of his master's fortune, surpassed even him in his pious donations and alms. Public curiosity insisted on knowing the source of such generosity, and the Indian, compelled to have an explanation with justice, answered as follows:

"Yes, I confess it; it was I who gave gold to Suarez and many others. The treasure is inexhaustible, but it costs me dear. I have signed a compact with the Fiend in my blood, and I obtain from him the power of giving such lavish bounty."

Such a confession, it might be supposed, would have brought the Indian before the Holy Office, but the pious use he made of his gold was taken into consideration. The Franciscans, whom he peculiarly favoured, protected him, for they feared the loss of a splendid income. Still they exhorted him to break his insidious compact; but he was too wise to do so, as he felt sure that when his money stopped, the monks would have no hesitation about sending him to the stake.

Cantuna braved, calmly and stoically, both aversion and pity. He laughed at those who declined his gifts, and told them they were wrong; to those who accepted them—and all the priests were of the number—he remarked that the demon groaned at seeing the fruits of his toil pass into pious hands.

Thus lived Cantuna, distributing publicly and secretly a goodly number of thousands. At his death, which created an immense sensation, the religious orders proceeded with reliquaries and conjurations to defend his corpse against the infernal powers. When the house had been sprinkled with holy water all over, it was thoroughly searched; the vault was discovered, and in it lay piles of molten gold and Indian jewels, prepared for the crucible.

The latter explained the fable by which the Spaniards had been duped. Cantuna indubitably procured them from some unknown hiding-place. It was remembered that he was the son of Heralia, the puissant Indian chief who buried the rich treasures of the Incas. It was from this source, then, that Cantuna drew his immense treasures, and carefully melted them down, inventing a fable not to set the Spaniards on the right track.

Great was the sorrow of the Franciscans at not having suspected this fact sooner. They would have overwhelmed the dying man with pro-

mises and threats, in order to become the legatees of the secret which the Indian bore with him to the tomb. His mode of acting, up to the last moment, led to the belief that the treasure of the Incas was far from being exhausted, but they sought for it in vain, and it has not yet been found. Still, the Franciscans thought themselves bound to rehabilitate Cantuna's memory, and secure his salvation, with a part of his money. They published the narrative and founded a church, specially intended for Indians, and devoted to the Virgin of Sorrows, for she was the *Madoña* whom Cantuna had ever most fervently worshipped.

A sketch of Quito would be incomplete without some notice of the lepers, or *los lazarus*, as they are called. This frightful disease, which in our part of the world is only known in Norway and Andalusia, still exists in Asia, South America, and, before all, in Brazil. The hot land of Equador is tolerably free from the scourge, but its ravages are great in the spring atmosphere of the cold region, which, through its purity, would seem to repulse every species of epidemic. According to the natives, leprosy is engendered by contact, and hence there is excessive reserve in the social relations. If a man's ears swell and his eyelids droop, he is declared leprous; should he be poor, he is thrown into some solitary den, where want and hunger soon shorten his sufferings; if rich, his family send him to the hospital of Quito, the only infirmary for the horrible malady, which is reputed incurable. Scientifically, however, it is a moot point whether leprosy is contagious. Although Dr. Echeveria, who was of the contrary opinion, caught the disease after lying in the bed of a leprous person, to convince his *confrères* of their mistake; on the other hand, his wife and children have lived with him ever since, and have not displayed the slightest trace of leprosy. The disease, too, attacks all classes: the Marquis Larria, one of the richest men in Equador, was rendered a frightful object by it. Not wishing to lose the pleasure of society, he had a glass cage made in his salon, which, while concealing him from his guests, enabled him to take part in their conversation. It seems as if the leprosy in South America is something fearful: not only do the features lose all human aspect, but the noses and lips are destroyed. In some cases hands and feet drop off, without any sensible pain, but through a slow and regular ulceration.

The squares of Quito are adorned with fountains, but the majority of them do not play, although nothing could be easier, as there is such an abundance of water. Unhappily the numerous gulleys running down the streets are not under police supervision, hence washerwomen employ them for lavatory purposes, while all the filth of the houses is poured into them by the careless servants. The *bolsiconas*, or grissettes, of Quito, may also be seen washing their feet in the *acequias* of the most frequented streets. The Spanish title is derived from the word *bolsa*, a purse, which these young ladies have in their petticoats, and this class comprises all women who earn their livelihood, and who wear the same uniform. It is simple, but coquettish: over a substantial petticoat is a long silk or calico skirt, covering the chemise but not entirely concealing it; and over the shawl again a piece of cloth, called a *rebozo*, which is drawn over the head. The striking contrast of colours forms the originality of the costume; and their numbers give a liveliness to the city, which would appear dead without the *bolsiconas*.

The public amusements of Quito are not extensive, consisting only of religious processions and masquerades of the Indians. The latter are vestiges of social life from the time of the Incas, but have been so often described that we will not dwell on them. As the police system is bad, thefts are frequent, but murders are rare. Only three took place at Quito in 1860, while at Guayaquil they amounted in the same year to thirty. This speaks in favour of the inhabitants of the *tierra fria*, and probably the atmosphere in which they live softens down insubordinate passions. The delicious climate of Quito—the realisation of perpetual spring—allows bathing to go on in running streams all the year round, and this is fortunate for the inhabitants, who do not possess a single establishment for warm baths. Thus far the physical wants of the population of Equador, and now for their moral aspect.

Throughout the whole of Equador, public education being under the auspices of the priests, is only the maintenance of ignorance. The catechism forms the basis, and there ends the instruction of the immense majority of the inhabitants. The Indians, pure-blooded or half-bred, rarely possess the advantage of learning to read or write. A few legends of saints are taught them, and these are their religion. The ancient policy of the Conquistadors prevails with respect to this unfortunate race. A capitation tax of three piastres presses on each individual, and is paid in substitution of military service, but does not exempt from the *corvées* of war times. Moreover, contrary to the laws of the Republic, speculators profit by the poverty of parents to secure the domestic services of young boys and girls, and sell the agreement again at a profit. These are the deplorable vestiges of the old odious *repartimientos*—a disguised slavery, against which the Indians know not how to protest.

Quito possesses a public university and library. The latter comprises some fifteen thousand volumes, obtained from the old Jesuit monastery; but the taste for reading does not distinguish the Equadorians. Throughout the country there is not a single bookseller, though mass-books and the romances of Alexandre Dumas and Paul de Kock may be purchased at the linendraper's shops. The few persons who are not satisfied with such literary pabulum order their books direct from Paris or Lima. That Lima, the South American Parthenope, should be a source of light to Equador, proves the intellectual prostration of the country. Pious publications issued by the Jesuits, political diatribes, and reprints of conservative articles, are the sole symptoms of mental activity to be found beyond the Chimborazo. The only paper that appears is the *Nacional*, which is the official journal of the government, and merely reprints ministerial decrees.

Quito, on the other hand, is the only city in the New World which has for a long time possessed a real school of painting. Another art that exists, though it can hardly be said to flourish, is wood carving. The Indians, or half-breeds, specially attend to this, and generally carve Virgins, crucifixes, and other notabilities of the Calendar. Still, their art is not very far-fetched, and they generally ought to write under their animals what they intend them for. The cheapness at which these articles are sold explains their mediocrity; but, if properly encouraged, the sculptors of Equador would make their figure in the world, for the Indo-American race has a minute patience like that of the Chinese, and in certain branches of art patience is almost genius.

The greatest scourge of Equador is the mode of recruiting the army, which is done in the most brutal and arbitrary manner. The artisans are dragged from their work, and the labourers from their fields, and neither youth nor strength determines the selection. The recruiting officer will spare the bachelor for a few crowns, and pitilessly seize the father of a family too poor to ransom himself. At each enrolment, the mountains and forests are filled with men escaping from the uniform: they are tracked, hunted down, and led back, chained like wild beasts. The pay of the soldiers is small, so small that it is hardly sufficient to support them. This pay, owing to the bad state of the finances and the want of faith among the employées, is delayed, clipped, and sometimes embezzled. Threatened with death by starvation, as are their families abandoned to the mercy of Providence, these soldiers are compelled to exchange their military outfit for a morsel of bread. Sell all they can, and then steal—such are the extremities to which harsh necessity drives them. Dragged by violence or surprise from home, the recruit impatiently awaits the moment to return. In vain has a terrible punishment been established to keep the troops under the flag, for five hundred blows of the lash—applied in such a way as to produce death frequently—punish desertion. In spite of so terrible a code, more worthy of Austria or Russia than a Republic, the desire of escape predominates over fear, and becomes contagious. The military leaders, in the midst of a civil war, are anxious to finish their campaign, for they run a risk of being left alone to face each other. The first company sent from Quito against Urbina consisted of three hundred men when it started; a week later, it was reduced to two hundred. The deserters, breaking up into bands, beg, plunder, and kill. The passive humour of the inhabitants, on one occasion, allowed twelve of Bolivar's veterans to go from Guaranda to Bogota, plundering towns and villages. On reaching the capital of New Granada they were loaded with plunder, and might, perhaps, have had to account for their conduct had not a general amnesty been announced just at the moment.

There is one thing, and perhaps only one, to be said in favour of the Spanish republics, that they declared liberty and slavery irreconcilable. Buenos Ayres, the first province to free itself from the mother-country, was also the first to break the chains of the slaves; and Chili followed this example. The pentarchy of Central America acted in the same way, although in Mexico the emancipation was accomplished suddenly and without any indecency to their owners. In spite of the example and efforts of Bolivar, slavery was kept up in Old Columbia; but New Granada, Equador, and, lastly, Venezuela, cleaned themselves from the hereditary blot. In Peru, although a constituent congress abolished all involuntary serfdom, the religious brotherhoods and a few planters went on buying and selling negroes and mulattos, until General Castilla put a stop to this scandalous abuse. At the present moment, Spanish-America, divided into some fourteen or fifteen republics, is all but purged of the iniquity about which Brasil is beginning to blush, and of which the United States alone are the apologists and propagators. Bolivia, which still possesses a few slaves, will ere long efface this vestige of colonial barbarism.

At any rate, the South Americans are exempt from the absurd prejudice against colour, by which the North Americans dishonour themselves

in the eyes of humanity and sound reason. In all the Spanish republics, blacks and mulattos are admitted on a footing of equality by Creoles of European blood, who regard them as being far more civilised than the native Indians. Everywhere the Africans have adopted the manners and customs of a superior education; their sympathising nature impels them to become amalgamated with the whites, whose virtues and vices they speedily assume, and the blacks and mulattos are regarded as the best soldiers of Equador and Peru.

From all M. Holinski tells us of Equador we do not see much prospect of any speedy amelioration. The inhabitants seem steeped in ignorance and sloth, and the constant *pronunciamentos* check any attempted progress. There is, however, a chance that the dissolution between North and South may induce the latter republic to try and extend its influence, and in that case, no finer chance could be offered than the occupation of a territory which seems only to require a proper infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood, in order to become one of the most prosperous countries in the world.

A DARK MOOD.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

I WALK towards evening through the noontide glare,
 Behind me lie the dewy morning hours,
 Melodious voices filled the fragrant air,
 And rainbows hung above all passing showers;
 Light were the shadows glancing 'mid the rays;
 Ah! it was joy to live in life's young days,
 They flowed like an unconscious hymn of praise.

The tender verdure of the leaves is gone,
 They darken unto death on ev'ry bough,
 Withered or strewed with earth, faded or wan,
 The human faces gracious then, are now;
 They who were young with me, and they who smiled,
 Mature in power, upon the active child,
 And friends benign, in age serenely mild.

First known and best known, deep in memory's mine,
 For ever gentle, gifted, fair, or brave,
 As jewels through a cloud of years they shine,
 Who drifted down Time's ne'er recurrent wave,
 And stranded, long ago, on that vague shore
 Where hope, and doubt, and patience are no more,
 And faith is knowledge—or else all is o'er.

I ne'er had "troops of friends;" I've loved a few,
 A rare and precious band; the brightest sleep,
 And often to their loss I wake anew,
 As back into the silent land they sweep,
 With happy dreams that made them mine again,
 And, quickened by false joy to keener pain,
 I reason with my rebel heart in vain!

I crouched, in silent grief and curious awe,
 Beside my only sister, as I told
 The last faint throbbings of her pulse, and saw
 How peacefully adown her pale cheek rolled
 A tear, that gathered softly as the dew,
 While her pure spirit from this world withdrew,
 Fluttering along her lips, and fair throat veined with blue.

Under her windows basked the crocus wreaths,
 Purple and golden in the sunny glare,
 And daffodils just bursting from their sheaths,
 The box-flower's subtle fragrance filled the air;
 In crown imperials honey-jewels hung,
 And to and fro the nodding tulip swung,
 Amid the apple-blossom throistles sung.

Through dark blue curtains strained the brilliant day
 Into the quiet chamber where she died;
 Veiled, as in crape, came ev'ry wand'ring ray
 From the life-teeming, joyous world outside:
 When the stars rose, and she all coldly laid,
 I softly drew aside the dusky shade,
 And, kneeling in the solemn moonlight, prayed.

Imperfect fragments, little worth, alas!
 My thoughts and labour since I saw the light:
 Good works I've planned, but seldom brought to pass
 As well I did not even as I might:
 For promise unfulfilled, for chance gone by,
 For lovely aspirations born to die,
 For vainly taken pains, a bitter cry!—

As hopeless as the melancholy song
 Of Indian women mourning for the dead,
 On isles of western rivers wide and strong,
 In shadows dark where groves of cedar spread,
 On treeless prairies, in savannahs deep,
 On table-lands whence mighty cataracts leap,
 They sing and sigh, sad loving souls, they weep.

My heart beats faintly, in my busy brain
 A vivid apprehension works and wakes,
 Incurable the faults between the twain,
 One cannot rest—small rest the other takes.
 Days of my life monotonous and fleet,
 On the same site their dawn and close I meet,
 Treading my constant path with weary feet.

Ah, God forgive me! struggling in the net
 That ministering causes round me fling,
 In learning patience, if I sometimes fret
 Wildly to rise a spirit on the wing,
 To kiss the faces that I love, and go,
 Blessing and weeping, whither scarce I know,
 From days of languor—death in life below!

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.*

M. XAVIER EYMA is one of the few Frenchmen who thoroughly understand what they are writing about when they treat on the difficult question of American manners and institutions. He has written a large number of volumes already about America marked by good sense and modesty, and the one we have under notice is not the less notable at the present moment, when the temporary successes of the North have induced the abolitionists once again to raise their war-cry. Of course, there is no Englishman who does not feel desirous of that abolition, but we all object to making a pretext of abolitionism to excuse the horrible and unjust war now going on in the United States. M. Eyma's volume contains several striking tales relating to negro affection and hatred, but these we will pass through merely to draw our own conclusions from them as to the present state of slavery, and the possibility of its eventual eradication.

Slavery granted, the black code must necessarily exist, and hence the abolitionists have fought tremendously against a phrase without exactly knowing what they were talking about. The black code has not accorded the master any extraordinary power over his slave, but it is society which has armed him with all possible penal severity against the negro, who is culpable of crimes which the human conscience, philosophy, and religion excuse in countries remote from the social medium in which the law reigns. The black code, on the contrary, imposes duties on the master, defines and limits his powers and his rights. It is not against the black code that the slave revolts, but against slavery. Slavery has humiliated, degraded, and subjugated a human race: the law has taken the negro while in that condition, and covered him with its protecting buckler by preventing abuses, though ever keeping him in a condition inferior to that of the white man. Slavery has made the negro the property of the white man—an active, intelligent property, and, consequently, susceptible to all the passions of the free man and of the slave. Were there not an equally protective law for both, the master could commit as many crimes on the person of his slave as the slave could on his master.

All Slave States have their black code, which is everywhere the same, and inspired by the same spirit. With but slight exceptions, the same reciprocal obligations existed in the United States, South America, and the West Indies. There was the same omnipotence on one side, the same submission, degradation, and humiliation on the other. That our readers may form an idea of these laws, we will extract from the black code of one of the Slave States the principal regulations:

“The black code guarantees slaves the enjoyment of the Sunday; still the master may compel them to work on that day by paying them an indemnity of four shillings. This regulation, however, is not applicable to domestic servants, drivers, slaves employed in the hospitals, or those who carry vegetables to market.

* *Les Peaux Noires. Scènes de la Vie des Esclaves. Par Xavier Eyma. Paris: Michel Levy.*

“The black code ensures the slave a barrel of Indian corn per month, a pint of salt, a cotton shirt and trousers for the summer, flannel shirt and trousers, and a cap for the winter, and a piece of ground to cultivate. Infirm, aged, and blind slaves must be fed, clothed, and taken care of at the master's expense, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each infraction of this regulation.

“The master cannot evade the duty of supporting his slaves, by allowing them a day a week to work on their own account.

“Children under ten years of age cannot be sold apart from their mothers.

“Slaves are prohibited from possessing anything, selling anything, having weapons, or sporting, without their master's permission. They cannot prosecute or be witnesses at any trial, criminal or civil.

“Any slave met on horseback without his master's permission may be arrested and punished with twenty-five blows of the lash.

“No one can strike a slave in the service of another master under a penalty of twenty-five dollars; still, any person meeting a slave beyond the limits of his master's plantation is authorised to arrest, punish, and even kill him in the case of resistance.

“Everybody has a right to fire at a runaway slave, or at one who, when ordered to stop, refuses.

“Any one wounded by a runaway slave, while trying to seize him, receives an indemnity from the state, or, in the event of his death, it is paid to his heirs.

“Every owner of a runaway slave has the right to seek him, or have him sought for, by white persons, on the plantations of other owners, without their permission, excepting in the interior of the house or any place closed with a key.

“Any master who ill-treats his slaves, or refuses them food and clothing, is taken, on the declaration of one or more persons, before a magistrate, and sentenced to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars for each offence.

“Free men of colour who fail in respect to a white man, attempt to stand on an equal footing with him, or insult or strike him, are punished with imprisonment according to the gravity of the offence.

“Any slave accused of a crime is tried within the three days following the charge by a tribunal composed of three or five free persons; but neither the owner of the slave, nor any of his relatives to the fourth degree, can be a member.

“Any man of colour, free or slave, is capitally punished for the crimes of arson, poisoning, assassination, or outrage on a white woman.

“Any free man of colour who helps a slave to escape is condemned to two years' hard labour and to pay the value of the slave; if he cannot satisfy the latter penalty, the former is doubled.

“Any slave who voluntarily wounds his master, his mistress, or their children, is punished with death.

“For a slave condemned to death the owner receives from the government of the state three hundred dollars.

“Any master who favours the escape of a slave arrested for crime is liable to a fine of two hundred dollars; if the crime be one that may entail capital punishment the fine is raised to a thousand dollars.

“Any slave convicted for the third time of striking a white person is punished with death.

"A master accused of treating his slaves barbarously is liable to a penalty of from two hundred to three hundred dollars.

"Any slave who denounces a plot or an insurrection is rewarded by receiving his liberty.

"No slave can be liberated before the age of thirty, and he must have always behaved himself properly, and not been condemned for running away, theft, or any other crimes during the four years preceding his emancipation. Any slave, however, who has saved the life of his master, mistress, or any of their children, is exempt from these conditions."

We have said that this code was the same everywhere, save in the details; we will mention one detail that sets the seal on the slave's humiliation before the white man: it is an old colonial law which prohibited the negroes wearing shoes. At a later date, when this law was repealed and fell into desuetude, the negroes had grown so accustomed not to wear shoes, that on highdays and holidays they put them in their pockets.

The protection assured the slave by the black code is so thoroughly the general law, and has so penetrated the hearts of white men, that any infraction of the obligations imposed on the masters easily arouses public indignation. Here is a circumstance in support of our statement:

In 1837, a lady resided at New Orleans, who occupied the highest rank in Creole society, and both she and her family were treated with the utmost respect. The event that hurled her from her position occasioned such a disturbance and scandal, that it will be unnecessary to conceal her name: she was a Madame Lalaurie.

A fire broke out at her house one night. In the midst of the confusion, and when people were beginning to despair of mastering the fire, the report spread that a building the flames were beginning to assail contained slaves, and they must be extricated. M. Canonge, judge of the Criminal Court, and whom zeal had brought to the fire, asked Madame Lalaurie for the keys of the building: the lady began stammering frivolous excuses, and finally declared that there were no slaves in the house. On the judge insisting, Madame Lalaurie refused to give him the keys. A too well-founded suspicion crossing M. Canonge's mind, he, with the help of bystanders, broke in the door. A horrible spectacle was visible: seven slaves were lying in a dark close room, with chains on their feet and hands, and were still living corpses, lacerated by blows, with bleeding shoulders and swollen limbs. One of these wretched men declared that he had been enduring these tortures for upwards of five months, and that he had seen more than one of his companions die by his side.

So soon as Madame Lalaurie saw that her crime was discovered she thought of flight, and, strange to say, her other slaves aided her escape, while the people were searching the house for the purpose of making her expiate her crimes. Madame Lalaurie succeeded in reaching New York, where she was joined by her husband and son. She embarked for France, under a false name; but during the voyage, one of the passengers, who suspected the truth, questioned the lad, who in his simplicity revealed his mother's name. From this moment not one of the passengers or crew spoke to her again.

A similar occurrence took place at Martinique, in 1822, and had the same results for the culprit as in Madame Lalaurie's case. Like her, he

was compelled to leave the colony, taking with him the public hatred and indignation. Such attempts, however, are exceptional, and the punishment they provoked permit a doubt whether crimes of a similar nature imputed to white men in Slave States have remained unpunished. Hence it is with all reservation that we relate here a few melodramas that borrow their verisimilitude from the black code we have just quoted. We do not deny that the crimes are possible, but we contest the existence of impunity and public indifference to infamous deeds that sheltered themselves behind a law possessing an exaggerated elasticity.

The Northern and Western States of the Union are the home of the propaganda against Southern slavery. The American papers in the service of emancipation perform their mission admirably: for instance, they carefully avoid importuning the public by philosophical discussions and the exposition of doctrines with which their readers are thoroughly impregnated. They are far more clever, and have a model in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's celebrated romance, which is so admirable in many respects. They make proselytes by a skilfully-arranged recital of facts, which are generally false, but adapted to the unhappy life of the slave. Truth to tell, Mrs. Stowe's book is a clever and ingenious reproduction of a multitude of little stories scattered over the American newspapers. It is a book, in short, in which the authoress, in behalf of a cause which is gained in public opinion but opposed by the slave-owners, has falsified the character of the negro, imagined impossible cruelties, and exaggerated and misunderstood the existing relations between master and slave.

Here is one of the terrible dramas to which we alluded, and which we read in an American paper. We are unable to say, though, whether the paper in question was inspired by sundry passages in Mrs. Stowe's romance, or whether the latter was acquainted with the circumstances, and cleverly worked them up.

The scene is laid at Wilkesbarre, in Pennsylvania. One morning, the assistant marshal, Roscoe, escorted by three Virginian slave-hunters, stopped at an hotel in the little town, and the party comfortably sat down to breakfast. They were waited on by a young mulatto, of the name of Bill, whom they knew to be a runaway slave from Louisiana.

This Bill was a tall, handsome young man, with an intelligent countenance, and he had so little African blood in his veins, that at the first glance he might be taken for a white man. It was to this he trusted to insure his flight and to believe himself in perfect safety at Wilkesbarre. Bill, who had no reason to suspect the strangers, was conversing familiarly with them, when he suddenly felt himself caught round the neck.

The handcuffs had already been thrust over one wrist, when, by a desperate struggle, he succeeded in freeing himself from his adversaries. In spite of the slight prospect such an unequal contest offered the poor mulatto he succeeded in getting out of the room, where they had tried to confine him. He rushed out of the house, covered with blood. A few paces from the hotel was the river, and Bill threw himself into it, saying to the few persons who tried to prevent him:

"Let me alone. I would sooner be drowned than fall again alive into the hands of my old master."

His adversaries, who followed him closely, twice fired a volley at him

from their rifles, but fortunately not one of the bullets struck the bold swimmer. The slave-hunters crossed a bridge, and went to wait for their prey on the other side of the river, and at the moment when the fugitive was going to leave the water, they levelled their guns at him, and ordered him to surrender.

"No," Bill shouted, "I would sooner die."

This answer, given in an energetic voice, was greeted by a new discharge, and this time one of the bullets struck the unhappy fugitive in the head. He leaped up in the water, his face covered with blood, and, in spite of the pain, found in his despair fresh strength to try and escape his enemies.

This scene had attracted a considerable crowd of spectators to the river bank. The sight of the bleeding wretch heated heads and hearts, and some persons, going up to the slave-hunters, indignantly upbraided their conduct. The latter thought it advisable to withdraw a little distance and consult as to what they had better do.

Bill, not seeing them any longer, supposed they had gone off, and, not feeling strong enough to remain any longer in the water, approached the bank. When he was assisted to land, he was so exhausted that he lost his senses, and for some moments was supposed to be dead.

"Well," one of the hunters exclaimed, "our chase is over: a dead nigger is worth nothing in the South."

Poor Bill having, contrary to all expectation, given some signs of life, a coloured man of the name of Rex, taking him in his arms, prepared to carry him home. But the Virginians, informed of the resurrection of the fugitive, returned, pistol in hand, threatening to kill any man who attempted to rob them of their prey.

This menace dispersed the crowd, and Bill was on the point of falling into the hands of his enemies. Although seriously wounded, and scarce recovered from his emotion, the wretched man did not hesitate a moment in throwing himself into the water again, and sought a refuge on one of the small wooded islands that studded these waters, stained with the blood of a man whose sole crime was seeking liberty.

The five slave-hunters, whom Bill's resistance exasperated, displayed remarkable energy. Scattered on either bank with shouldered rifles, they tried to discover the fugitive's hiding-place among the shrubs. One of them was preparing to unfasten a boat in which to explore the river, when Bill, showing himself at the end of the island on which he was hidden, shouted to him with the exaltation of despair:

"Come if you dare; but I swear that we will both find death at the bottom of the river."

This affecting scene had lasted about two hours: the crowd had again congregated, a shudder of indignation ran along the ranks of the spectators of this horrible man-hunt, and the most timid felt courageous. The Wilkesbarre justice of the peace, who had hitherto calmly surveyed this monstrous tragedy, which his presence seemed to encourage, ordered the hunters to withdraw.

The energetic attitude of the magistrate aroused the crowd, who uttered threats of death. The marshal and his men were obliged to beat a retreat, while poor Bill, taking advantage of the confusion, quietly drifted with the stream, and landed lower down. There he found assistance, and

during the night was conveyed to Canada, where he at length found liberty.

A great deal has been said and written about the slave-trade, and it has been assimilated with piracy. We will only ask one question. Was it more humane to leave negroes, who were prisoners through the chances of war or rapine, to pine away in barbarous slavery than to lead them by expatriation to the sight of a civilisation, by which they have, unhappily, not been allowed sufficiently to profit? Slavery for slavery: the second was more human, more rational than the first. Remember, too, the words of one of the first missionaries, when Europeans, and with them slavery, were established in the colonies:

“We may say of the negroes that their slavery is the foundation of their happiness, and that their disgrace is the cause of their salvation, since the faith they embrace in the isles places them in a condition to know God, and to love and serve Him.”

Still we are bound to add that the trade, as it was carried out, was a monstrosity, against which the spirit of the age revolts even in the Slave States. To give an idea of this trade we will transcribe the following narrative, almost word for word, from the Californian paper, the *Evangelist*, of about two years back:

At this moment there is in the Tomb's prison a man declared guilty by a jury of having taken part in that infamous traffic, which our laws justly rank with piracy. Even though Mr. Smith, as a foreigner, protests against the right the American courts have arrogated in condemning him, he does not contest the truth of the facts that occasioned his trial. The following is a resumé of a conversation one of his friends has just held with him:

“Most of the American vessels,” said Captain Smith, “that go to the African coast to fetch slaves to carry to Cuba and Brazil hail from New York. They also start from other ports. Philadelphia fits out four or five a year on the average, and Baltimore one or two. In 1853, New York sent off thirty-five a month. Once the cargo has been discharged the vessel is destroyed, in order to get rid of proofs.”

“But how do you manage not to arouse suspicion when you are starting?”

“We make our preparations with the least noise possible, and only ask for our papers at the last moment. It is on leaving port that we incur the greatest danger; not that we are afraid of a visit, which would lead to nothing, but the number of the crew is always larger than the vessel requires, and we are anxious lest the attention of the authorities should be drawn to the fact.”

“But how do you get rid of the English cruisers on the African coast?”

“When we are empty, we do not trouble ourselves much about them. The English officers come on board, and, as we sail under the American flag, they have no right to search us. We show our papers, and that is all. These gentlemen, who do not fail to suspect the truth, growl, matter, and then go away.”

“But suppose you have a cargo, what do you do then?”

“That is rather more difficult, but we have more than one way of getting out of the scrape. So soon as the cruiser comes up, we send all

the negroes down into the hold; we close the hatches, and when the officers come aboard we show our papers. If the niggers keep quiet, all is well; but, if the officers suspect the truth, they remain aboard an hour or two sometimes. In that case the niggers, who are choking, make a row, and it is all up with us."

"And are you punished?"

"Not always. We often succeed in making our escape. From the moment we declare we are American citizens, we must be taken before an American court. Now, sooner than make this voyage, the cruisers prefer fining us a pound a head for each negro captured, and let us go."

"Were you never caught?"

"Only once. We were well out to sea, far from the coast, and the weather was very calm, so we had no chance of escape. So soon as the English cruiser came in sight, I began thinking of the way to get out of the scrape; eventually, I threw overboard every barrel of water but one, and what I expected occurred. For some motive or other the commandant of the corvette did not take us with him, but placed aboard us a prize crew of twenty men under a lieutenant, who had orders to take us—I forget where. Being obliged to touch on the coast to procure water, the lieutenant, who was sailing in these parts for the first time, was compelled to take me as pilot. 'Do not attempt to escape,' he said, as he gave me the charge of the wheel, 'or I shall blow out your brains.' I proceeded towards a part of the coast where there is a great number of slave depôts. So soon as my ship was sighted, the sea was covered with boats, for she was well known; but, by the lieutenant's orders, they all withdrew. But I had found time to let several persons I was acquainted with know in Spanish who I was and what was up. Hence, so soon as night set in, they came in great force, and recaptured us. As for our English crew, after providing them with a good boat amply supplied with all necessary to take to sea, we hinted to them that they had better be off."

"How many negroes did you carry each trip?"

"On my last voyage I had six hundred and sixty-four, as I was going to Brazil; had I loaded for Cuba, I should have taken eight hundred."

"How did you treat them?"

"At the beginning, we are stern with them, in order to establish our authority; but at the end of a week or two, our rigour is relaxed. During the night the niggers lie on their side, for if they lay on their backs there would not be room for them all."

"Do many die?"

"Too many to please us. The first thing done in the morning is to inspect the cargo, and throw overboard the dead and those in a desperate state."

"Are your profits large?"

"On my last voyage to Cuba, the expenses amounted to thirteen thousand dollars, and my cargo was worth two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. On our arrival, we fell into the hands of the agents of the Captain-General Pezuela. He did more to repress the slave-trade than all his predecessors put together, and had he remained much longer in Cuba I would not have answered for his life. From time immemorial the private abode of planters had been sacred, and no one dared enter it;

but Pezuela respected nothing, and had recently-disembarked niggers seized wherever he knew them to be hidden."

"At last you were caught for good?"

"Yes, my mate betrayed me: he was a fellow with no heart. Certain wrinkles in his face ought to have at once aroused my distrust. Before taking a man with him a slaver ought to read his character merely by his face and temperament. Once at sea, a captain is only master of his ship so long as he has in himself more nerve and vigour than his entire crew, for he cannot reckon on the support of the laws, but solely on his personal strength. My villain of a mate played me a trick for which I ought to have killed him. We were between Martinique and St. Domingo, when we all at once sighted an English steamer. My mate, who at first thought, like myself, that it was a man-o'-war, gave orders to tack. In a second, I perceived the danger of such a manoeuvre, which might induce the steamer to chase us, and I at once gave orders to lay her on her course again. Thanks to my boldness, we got out of the scrape once more."

"Are you not tired of such a life?"

"During my last voyage, I thought once or twice about giving up a sea-life for ever. I meant to sell my vessel, retire into the country, marry, and have honest children. But disposing of my vessel was not an easy matter, and while I was arranging it, the authorities got wind of it, and stopped me."

The pirate, who seemed very agitated, and had not once left off walking round his narrow cell, here suddenly stopped. After a moment's silence, he continued:

"Give me a vessel fitted out to my liking, with a crew of twenty fellows picked by myself, and——"

"Well, what?"

"And I will begin again."

Although slavery is unanimously condemned, it still appears to have a wondrous vitality. When the internecine war in America broke out, everybody believed that the knell of slavery had rung, for the North had risen in its might to crush out the peculiar institution. But it was speedily discovered that the republicans were loth to inscribe abolition on their banners, and that, in reality, the fight was as between Free trade and Protection, rather than an earnest effort to get rid of slavery. However, in whatever way the American war may terminate, there is but little doubt that it will entail the abolition of the peculiar institution within a given time, for the Confederates are quite willing to get rid of their negroes. It is rather a startling comment on human wisdom, that a small portion of the money already expended by the rival nations in fighting for supremacy would have sufficed to purchase the freedom of all the slaves in America. This is proof positive that slavery is not the motive of the war, though it is positive that the war will pave the way to abolition. How this will come about we have not space to discuss at present, but may find it on a future occasion.

RECREATIONS IN SWITZERLAND.

AN ASCENT OF MONT COMBIN FROM ST. PIERRE.

THE season, in Switzerland, of 1860, almost uniformly wet or cloudy, was generally unfavourable to the objects of tourists. This year the Mont Blanc feat was not often attempted, still less often performed, and, probably, not many new ascents were accomplished, owing to the constant deposits of fresh snow upon the glaciers, as, also, to the difficulty of finding two or three continuous fine days. A certain class of mountains, nevertheless, including the Jungfrau, Wetterhorn, and one or two others, were found to be more accessible than in most years, as the steep icy sides of their peaks were now masked by a layer of snow of sufficient depth to offer a good foothold. Crevasses were also less numerous or better bridged, the intricacies of the Mer de Glace were diminished, and the passage of the Col de Géant consequently became, or ought to have become, a more simple affair, notwithstanding the deplorable accident which this year involved the loss of the lives of three Englishmen, together with the guide Tairraz, of Chamounix.

Disappointed in "doing" this pass, from the circumstance of a friend not having kept his engagement, I turned my steps from Courmayeur towards the Great St. Bernard, with an eye to Combin or Velan. The latter mountain, known also as the culminating point of the Great St. Bernard, is seen from the Hospice and the lake, and is very conspicuous from Vevey and the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, a fine glittering mass of ever-resting snow marking the position of Napoleon's celebrated passage of the Alps. Its nearest neighbour is the Grand Combin, the loftiest summit between Mont Blanc on the one hand, and the Matterhorn and the Dent Blanche on the other.

To return to Courmayeur. On leaving the village, instead of following the usual route by Morgex and the Col de Séréna, I turned up the small valley which runs parallel with, and nearest to, the Vallée d'Entrèves. When I had walked to the head of the valley, I climbed the mountain on my left, as seeming to me the most practicable mode of exit without turning back. I now found myself on the top of the ridge which had separated me from the Vallée d'Entrèves, and in close proximity with the mighty chain of Mont Blanc. The weather, of which the previous evening had given little promise, was everything that might have been desired for the thorough appreciation of so magnificent a panorama. Scarcely a speck of vapour soiled the clear atmosphere above those vast fields of snow, out of which rise the stupendous and inaccessible rocks of the Géant, the Fréty, and the Jorasses, now standing out in boldest relief against a deep blue sky. Nearly twelve thousand feet of Mont Blanc must have been visible from here; more to the westward of the chain, the lofty Aiguilles de Trélatête. I soon discovered a rugged but perfectly practicable descent towards the Col de Ferret, still, however, keeping a considerable height above the valley. After passing over the brow of another mountain, I fell in with a herdsman, who directed me to the high and little known Col de Belle Combe,

which I reached after a tiresome ascent over fallen rocks, slaty débris, and lastly snow, passing a small glacier on the right. I found the snow drifted deep between the black rocks, which form a bleak and jaggy ridge along the summit of the Col, which must be higher, as it certainly is steeper and less inaccessible, than the Col de Fenêtre. I remarked no signs of any vegetation within some distance of the summit. The herdsman had told me that he would undertake to drive his cows over this col, but on looking down through the rocks on the other side, his words returned to me with a strong smack of braggadocio. The descent is at first exceedingly abrupt, and for two or three hundred feet was over snow. After slowly descending a few steps, I sat down, and, with alpenstock in position, settled myself into a long glissade. It was nearly an hour before I reached the upper châteaux, where I got some milk, although I could make little of the lingo of the inmates—a miserable patois, neither French nor Italian—they were not Swiss, but Piedmontese, and a very poor and dirty class of humanity. From the châteaux I had another long climb to the top of a col, which, I believe, is named the Col de St. Remy; from it I saw in the distance the road leading to Aosta. This proved to be much farther off than I anticipated; I got on to it about twenty minutes' walk from the Hospice, where I was received by my old acquaintance the almoner just as the supper-bell was briskly proclaiming the hospitality of the institution. I found assembled in the hall an unusually large number of visitors, while fresh ones were continually dropping in. After supper we all made common acquaintance; meeting, for the most part, for the first and last time, no introduction is required here. The Prince of Wales's piano was brought into requisition; songs were sung in every language; one young Cambridge man, full of his vocal powers, and despising any accompaniment, gave us "Nelly Gray," much to the amusement of every one; adventures of the day were rehearsed, and remarks uttered highly ridiculous for the ignorance they betrayed of the country, of the manners of the people, and, above all, of a knowledge of distances. Apropos to this, I remember, on my return from a successful ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, being asked with the gravest simplicity by a lady, who had been staying a fortnight at Thun and Interlaken, in sight of the Bernese Alps, "whether I went up to the top of that mountain on a horse or a mule!" I stole off early to bed. The first instant of contact with the sheets at this eight thousand feet above the sea is no joke after ten hours' grilling in the sun; but the good monks grudge us not blankets, a reaction takes place, and one is soon asleep.

Breakfast is very meagre, now-a-days, at the Hospice; so next morning early, after dropping the customary contribution into the box in the chapel, and hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls of the hard toast and goats' butter, with a cup of very bad coffee, I hastened down to St. Pierre in search of the Ballays, to whom I had been recommended as good guides, and a hearty meal. I met Gaspard, the youngest brother, just outside of the village, and proposed to him the ascent of Combin. He told me I must take two guides if I went alone; I remonstrated:

"Why," I said, "when quite a tyro on the glaciers, I got up to the top of the Hôchste Spitz of Monte Rosa with one guide, why should I not do so here?"

"Ah, monsieur," he replied, "the Combin is a laborious and difficult undertaking, and has never been completely ascended except by ourselves and André Dorsax, with a savant paid by the government. You cannot think of going with less than two guides."

As the man was reasonable in his demands, I came to an agreement with him that I should start that evening with two guides, to sleep at the chalet of Valsorey. On entering the inn at St. Pierre, I was bothered by the gendarme asking for my passport, which I had not brought with me. Despite the explanations of my newly-installed guide, the fellow was most uncivil, insisting that I should deposit five francs with him, which, however, I had the satisfaction of making him refund before leaving the place. After a two o'clock dinner, I was introduced to my other guide, Emmanuel Ballay, a thin, wiry looking fellow, apparently some years senior to Gaspard, with whom I had made the arrangements in the morning. The men then went away to look after the provisions: a liberal supply of cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, bread and cheese, sugar, coffee and chocolate, together with a few dried prunes—an excellent antidote against mountain sickness—were all stowed away in a couple of knapsacks, while four bottles of country wine and a flask of brandy were added to the whole. Rope, hatchet, and alpenstocks were next brought to the front, and thus equipped, we set out about four o'clock to walk leisurely up to the chalet. Just above the village the path skirts a deep, narrow ravine, the bed of the Drause of Valsorey, which forms a pretty cascade, then dashes downwards with the headlong impetuosity of a mountain torrent to form its junction, below St. Pierre, with the Drause of the St. Bernard. In about an hour and a half we were at the chalet; after a hearty drink of new milk all round—a beverage which ought never to disagree with the true mountaineer—the guides proposed a walk on to the glacier of Valsorey, which lies in a southerly direction from the chalet, at the foot of Mont Velau. After a tolerably steep climb, of nearly an hour, terminating in a sort of cheminée, we obtained a view over the surface of the ice, upon which we descended in a few minutes more. This is a remarkably fine glacier, and, till lately, almost unknown to tourists; the main body comes down on the eastern side of the Velau, and then takes a northerly to north-westerly direction round the base of the mountain. There is also another glacier running down nearly at right angles to this one, between the southern side of the Colossal Combin and the rocks, of which the principal peak is, I believe, named the Aiguille Verte of Valsorey; in these rocks, near to the Velau, is a remarkable hole, showing a large patch of blue sky, and similar to the holes one sees in the masonry of old ruins. As we walked across the ice, we observed something like the figure of a man lying at full length on the moraine of the other glacier; my guides, after examining this object through a telescope, informed me that it was a chasseur, who did not wish to be recognised as such, for at this season of the year the chamois are protected by the laws of the country. Desolate and solitary enough for the doom of a Prometheus was the spot where this hardy hunter lay, his only companion his rifle, far above even temporary human habitation, surrounded by ice and barren rocks, towering in grandest sublimity towards the sky over his head; walking, crawling, and crouching by turns with his telescope constantly at his eye, over rotten rocks, or at the slippery edge of

death-threatening precipices; for twelve, or perhaps twenty-four, hours together, would this man, in all probability, watch and follow his guide to the exclusion of every other thought. The Swiss are eminently a material race, but yet there is a wonderful infatuation in this sport, so little remunerative in a pecuniary point of view. One of De Saussure's guides is reported to have said to the savant, "My father and my uncle have already fallen victims to the dangers of the mountains, and I shall probably share the same fate one of those days; yet, believe me," he added, with great earnestness, "were you to offer to make my fortune to-morrow, on condition that I renounce for ever the *chasse de chamois*, I would not conclude the bargain." The same man fell from a rock and lost his life within two years after having spoken these words to De Saussure. Emmanuel told me, that, when crossing a level glacier alone, he always carried his alpenstock swinging horizontally by his side, in order that it might fall across the crevasse in the event of his slipping into one. I have also heard experienced icemen say, that as the crevasses one is most apt to tumble into are small at the top, it is often possible to save oneself by throwing the body instantaneously forward while in the first act of sinking, and getting the breast and arms upon the farther edge of the cleft. Be this as it may, the most practised hunters have perished in these insidious chasms. The celebrated Colani, of Pontresina, in the Grisons, the slayer of two thousand and seven hundred chamois, once fell many feet down a crevasse, and with the coolness and determination which he was known in an eminent degree to possess, extricated himself from this horrible position by cutting little steps, or notches, for his fingers and toes, with his pocket-knife, up to the opening of the ice—an anecdote which is told with great pride by the inhabitants of the Bermina.

Returning to the *châlet*, we found there a sportsman who had just brought in a very fine marmotte. He was a superior-looking man, superior both in dress and address, to the people of these parts: his manner was even polished. He was clad in velvetenees, with sporting buttons; round his throat he wore a silk bird's-eye, and a felt broad-brim upon his head. This individual was indeed a native of St. Pierre, who had spent the better part of his life—he must have been now nearly sixty—in the Neapolitan service, and returned, with true Swiss love of home, to pass the evening of his days among his own mountains. This gentleman gave us the pleasure of his company at supper. We discussed over hot chocolate the chances of our intended ascent in all its bearings. When the chocolate was finished, we prepared to "turn in" for four or five hours' sleep, and our friend suddenly disappeared, for we saw nothing more of him until our return here the following evening. The interior of the *châlet* was divided into two compartments—a temporary dwelling-place for its owners, where also the milk was boiled and the cheeses kept, and a cow-house. The former boasted four beds, one of which was placed at my disposal; a smaller one at my feet was made to contain the two guides, while Nos. 3 and 4 were appropriated by two very big women and some half-dozen children. Taking off my coat and necktie, I threw myself upon the top of the bed—quite a luxury to the damp hay one is often thankful to sleep on while on mountain excursions; the light was then extinguished, and every one else retired. After several vain attempts

to sleep, I got up and looked outside ; the weather promised well for the morrow. Millions of stars were twinkling ; the silence of inanimate nature was occasionally broken by the crash of ice tumbling down some distant crevasse, or the more confused noise of stones rolling upon the glacier. The white mantle of the Velan formed in this light but a feeble contrast with the dark shadows of the other mountains, nor did its 12,300 feet of actual height allow it that apparent superiority which it retained in daylight. Returning to my bed, the snoring and half-muttered dreams close to my ear, together with the eternal jingling of the restless cow-bells, kept up a noise within the chalet which now rendered further thoughts of sleep entirely futile. I was truly delighted when I heard the guides turn themselves in bed, speak a few words, and then go outside. Returning immediately, they lighted the fire, and told me that it was time to rise. Coffee was soon prepared, and I set about making the best breakfast I could before starting, as I can very rarely eat meat at any great elevations. We were in good time, as daylight was necessary for mounting the rocks on to the glacier, which we expected to reach in less than an hour and a half, from the chalet ; consequently we did not begin our day's work till half-past three o'clock, or perhaps a quarter to four, when the guides, having again packed up the provisions, shouldered the knapsacks, and leisurely led the way straight up the mountain, which rises opposite the door of the chalet, and which is, indeed, the base of the Combin, and the only part of that mountain visible from these pasturages.

For about three-quarters of an hour we were picking our steps over the short herbage, and occasionally breaking our shins in the dark against the loose rocks ; then cresting this first ascent, over éboulements unrelieved by a blade of grass, we attained, as the darkness was fast wearing out, a little plain of snow, enclosed on three sides by high rocks, among which my guide Emmanuel informed me that he had often watched for chamois, climbing from crag to crag at the risk of his life. A little farther on we crossed the tracks of one of those animals, apparently quite fresh, in the snow, and passing from one mountain to another. About the north-eastern extremity of this plain a small glacier descends from the edge of the rocks above to the névé (snow without ice) covering the plain. Its appearance at a little distance is quite perpendicular. The rocks on the north-eastern side of this glacier afford the only known access from the Val d'Entremont to the Col de la Maison Rouge, on the northern face of the Combin, leading to the Vallée de Bagnes by the glacier of Corbassières, from which col it would appear that the ascent of the Combin is alone practicable. As we reached the foot of the rocks, the rising sun was just beginning to light up with beautiful rose-colour the Mont Blanc, and, one after another, the Aiguilles of Chamounix.

After halting a few minutes to gaze on this truly gorgeous spectacle, we commenced our ascent of the rocks, with the cheering prospect of unexceptionable weather. This part of the business must have taken us about an hour and a half at least, and required some little caution. We were almost constantly above the bed of the glacier as we climbed from one rock to another up this frightful-looking gorge. There are one or two mauvais pas, where the weight of the body must be almost entirely entrusted to the hands, while the feet go in search of small protuberances, just large enough to support the toes ; the arms are in turn stretched out,

till the rock is passed, in advancing sideways. A fall here would almost inevitably lead to death; for the body of a man, once set in motion, would bound like a ball over a succession of small precipices till it reached the glacier. At the top of the glacier we left the rocks, and stepped into a little hollow or snow-basin, up the steep sides of which a hard scramble of about fifty feet brought us on to the col. Here we breakfasted. This operation finished, the gaiters were put on, and one of the knapsacks, with a bottle of wine, was left in the rocks to await our return. We now roped for the first time, securing the cord firmly under the arms, with an interval of about fifteen feet between each man. Emmanuel led the way. His straight bony figure was attired in a close-fitting blue cloth jacket, not reaching below the waist, with pockets at the sides, and rather tight brown inexpressibles; round his wide-awake he had twisted a piece of white maulin, as a protection against the sun. Gaspard, who brought up the rear and the knapsack, wore the ordinary blouse over his other clothes, and sported a green veil. For a short distance we marched over level snow, almost entirely unbroken by crevasses. The majestic Combin now rose in masses of thick snow upon our right, while rather to the left again we had the point known as the Petit Combin, of comparative insignificance.

Leaving the col, we now bore off to the right, ascending gradually. Our route presently lay across far-scattered fragments of ice, from the glacier above; these crystal débris had, apparently, lain for some days, as they were, to a certain extent, buried in the snow. As we passed under the shoulder of the mountain immense cliffs of blue ice hung threateningly over our course. I asked the guides whether it would be possible to save ourselves from an éboulement in such a spot. "Oh yes; if not a very large one we should, probably, be able to avoid it," they both replied. Our ascent was becoming very laborious, and the snow much broken by crevasses; we had to turn some, of enormous breadth and depth, but the smaller ones, though very numerous, were mostly well bridged. Once or twice we got into a perfect network of them, when Emmanuel had to probe the snow all round him at every step he took, treading very gingerly, but quickly, at the same moment. We were making straight for the lower part of the main ridge of the mountain; as we drew nearer, the top of the mountain appeared to me to rise from this ridge in an inaccessible, though not lofty, precipice of snow and rock; lower down, however, it sloped away more.

We now wheeled round to our right, walking at some little distance below the ridge, till we came to the foot of the ascent: it certainly looked wonderfully steep, and was here without an inch of rock. Gaspard suggested we should take a diagonal line in the first place, and then pass round the slope, instead of going up direct at once. We agreed upon this, and allowed him to go to the front. We were now over some of the glaciers that we had seen above us upon our leaving the col, and this was undoubtedly the most difficult part of the ascent. Had it been necessary to cut steps here, I fancy we should have found it very ticklish work indeed; but, as the season would have it, a little pounding with the foot, and a good use of the alpenstock, were sufficient for our purpose. Just, however, as we were getting to the top of this vast butte, at its steepest point, the leading guide staggered for an instant, as the snow

gave way from beneath his feet. "Plant your stick firmly in the snow, monsieur," roared the man behind me, as I prepared to go on. As soon as I raised my head over the top, I was nearly choked, as well as blinded, by the grains of snow blown against my face by one of the fiercest winds I ever met. I thought it would have been impossible to have held on, but the guides told me that the worst was over, and immediately afterwards we were standing on a much better footing. It was all plain sailing from this point. A few steps were cut to enable us to retain our footing where the snow was frozen hard in a few places, otherwise we had only to walk up steadily to the summit of the mountain—about 14,130 feet above the sea—which we reached at a quarter-past ten, the entire ascent from the chalet having occupied us six hours and a half. The day was one of the finest and clearest I ever remember having seen in Switzerland, but the cold was excessive, owing to the wind. I was very much annoyed that I was unable to mark the degree of cold, the mercury of my thermometer having become deranged.

The summit of the Grand Combin is the culminating point of a ridge of some length covered with snow, which surges over the southern side of the mountain, where perpendicular precipices of bare rock fall probably for many thousand feet without a break. As on the Titlis and the Buet, approach to the immediate edge of these snow-fringed precipices would be extremely dangerous. The view from this mountain is, I consider, decidedly inferior to that of Monte Rosa, more particularly in extent, although its position, between the latter and Mont Blanc, affords a distinct panorama of the most colossal peaks in Switzerland, together with their glaciers, for the Bernese Alps and the Aletsch glacier, across the Valais, in addition to the Pennine and Valasian chains, are seen at no great distance. We were particularly surprised at the lofty appearance from here of the Aiguilles of the Mont Blanc range; the Grandes Jorasses and the Aiguille Verte seemed to rival in height even the Monarch of the Alps, although both are, in fact, lower than the Combin. The Aiguille du Tour is like a pyramid with its top sawn off. The Velan seemed to be almost within a stone's throw of us. The line along the north of Piedmont presents a number of probably never-trodden glaciers, surmounted by snowy tops, among the nearest of which are the Grand Ruktor, the Paradis, and others. There is a grand ocean of ice between us and the sublime peaks of the Matterhorn and the Dent Blanche; beyond the former, an arm extends to the group of Monte Rosa and the Mischabelhörner, and the latter throws out a branch terminating in the Weisshorn and Bruneckhorn.

Looking straight down into the Valais, the dark-brown top of Mont Catogne fills up a space, beyond which rise the silvered rocks of the Dent du Midi, encircling a glacier. A little farther eastward, the Dent de Morcles, Diablerets, Wildstrubel, Gemmi-horn, Altels, and Blumlis Alp, form a chain facing us, which, gradually increasing in height and extent of glacier, is at length lost in the mass of the Bernese group. As the highest point of this mountain is not immediately above the lower ridge, which I have before described, but nearer Valsorey and the Velan, we had, in descending, to bear away to our right, walking for some distance nearly parallel to the col below us, until we arrived at the top of the passage leading to the lower ridge. Here the guides asked for a modicum

of brandy, for the descent before us was calculated to be a little trying to any nerves. After tying ourselves together as before, the elder guide went cautiously over the edge of the declivity, following the track of our ascent; at each downward step he carefully pounded the snow five or six times, in order to give it the proper consistency for my safe descent, and it is, perhaps, not easy for those who are unacquainted with the work of mountain guides to appreciate the amount of fatigue produced by this continual stamping down the snow in such a position, as well as by the cutting of steps. When he had reached the full extent of his tether, he stood with his stick firmly planted in the snow above him. It was now my turn to go on, while both guides remained stationary. We had to descend sideways; so, sticking my alpenstock deeply into the snow, I did not attempt to move it until I felt my foot fast in the step below.

"Maintenant faites bien attention, 'Manuel!'" exclaimed Gaspard to his brother, as the snow gave a little from under one of my feet.

The startling tone in which those words were uttered made Emmanuel look up over his shoulder, while he grasped his stick more tightly with both hands. When I had got close to him, I anchored my stick deep into the snow, and waited for Gaspard. I must confess I did not feel this a very pleasant position; the mountain rose like a wall over my right shoulder, while on the other side the snow sloped away from my feet at a very steep angle, then bulging out like a globe poised upon the edge of a precipice, carried my eye at once over it, to a depth of perhaps more than two thousand feet, without being able to see what intervened. I felt persuaded that a decided slip on the part of any one of us—no very difficult matter in the fast-softening state of the snow—must have carried us all three, by a very rapid but most unpleasant route, over the ice cliffs we had passed under in the morning, down to the Col de la Maison Rouge. I was, therefore, resolved not to make a false step, and redoubled my exertions accordingly. My alpenstock had an iron crook at the end of it, which made it very laborious to pull it out of the snow, into which I plunged it about two feet at every stroke. Gaspard, observing this, insisted upon my taking his, which, being made of bad pine-wood instead of ash, snapped almost immediately with me, nearly throwing me off my balance. I took my own again, leaving him less than two feet of stick to get down with; but these fellows are as active as cats on their own mountains, and in the event of a slip would probably arrest their fall by digging their fingers and toes with great force into the snow, without the aid of any stick. When we were at the bottom of this passage, I asked the guides if I would have pulled them down, supposing I had lost my footing while descending.

"No, no, monsieur," they replied; "by moving one at a time only, we should have been quite able to hold you up had you slipped."

And it is really quite possible for a good and resolute guide to save a heavier man than himself by arresting him at the first instant of falling, as in the case of Jacob Leuthold, of Meyringen, who, with the rope merely twisted round his arm, retained the weight of the savant Désor and two other gentlemen, who had made a false step, and dragged one another several feet down a snow-slope, in crossing the Strahleck Pass. We found the crevasses more troublesome now than in the morning, as the effect of the sun had already had great influence upon the snow. I

got my entire leg into one of them, and we were constantly sinking up to our knees; we had, notwithstanding, to hasten our steps until we got clear of the overhanging glacier, which, at this time of day, becomes a very unsafe neighbour. However, I could not restrain myself from stopping more than once to look down the transparent sides of some of the larger chasms, wide as many a stone quarry, and perhaps between one and two hundred feet in depth. The guides told me that they had seen those crevasses of greater dimensions and more numerous on former occasions—so much so, indeed, as to offer a considerable obstacle to the farther ascent of the mountain. When we descended upon the col the glare was so strong that I put on my blue spectacles for the first time. The temperature here was warm, and the wind, which had troubled us so much above, was no more felt. We got back to the rocks, where we had left the knapsack, about half-past one o'clock, having spent not less than six hours and a quarter upon the snow, not treading one inch of rock during that period. There are, perhaps, few mountains so densely covered with snow as the Grand Combin, and this fact, coupled with its great height and large dimensions, gives it a gigantic and commanding appearance when seen from a distance. The form of this mountain, when examined from the top of the Torrenthorn, as well as from the Sassenoir, between the Val d'Anniviers and the Val d'Erin, is decidedly that termed the "saddle-back." From the peak of the Dent du Midi, its appearance, in the panorama of mountains, is only second to Mont Blanc.

After a very satisfactory dinner at the top of the granite rocks, which probably have contributed many boulders to the blocs erratiques scattered over the lower valleys, we made our descent down the side of the glacier with more difficulty than we ascended. However, we reached the châlet in safety about four o'clock, having been absent from it more than twelve hours. Our acquaintance of the previous evening was at the door to welcome us, and to express his surprise at our return so early. After a bowl each of smoking chocolate, most refreshing after the cold, heat, and fatigue we had undergone, we all walked down to St. Pierre, where I slept, starting early next morning on foot for Martigny. I had every reason to be satisfied with my guides; they insisted upon taking even more than the necessary precautions; and when I felt the cold in my hands very severely on the upper part of the mountain, and discovered that I had brought no gloves, one of them insisted upon my taking his, while he nearly had one of his fingers frostbitten in consequence.

W. E. U.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF ROYAL MARINES IN CHINA,

FROM 1857 TO 1859.

WHEN the danger that threatened our possessions in India was causing the government so much anxiety, and the necessary despatch of so many regiments seemed to be the only chance of quelling that awful rebellion, and the transports filled with troops that were on their way to protect our interests in China had necessarily been directed and sent off to Calcutta, it was evident that if we wished to protect the colony of Hong-Kong, and to re-establish our mercantile communications with that country, other troops must be sent to replace those that had been intended for duty there. But it was impossible to send more regiments from England to that country, as in all probability their presence would be required in India. It was then that the government determined on sending a brigade of Royal Marines to replace the troops that had been ordered to Hong-Kong, and on the 18th of July, 1857, orders were received to this effect by the commandants of the four respective divisions of Royal Marines. Each division was required to furnish four companies, and each company to consist of one captain, two subalterns, and seventy-five rank and file; the battalions were each to have one lieutenant-colonel, adjutant, and quartermaster.

It is my intention only to relate the doings of the first battalion, and therefore I shall confine myself entirely to them, except in instances where it will be necessary to mention the 2nd battalion. Two vessels had been chartered to convey the battalion to Hong-Kong, the *Imperatrix* and *Adelaide*, and it was between the 10th and 18th August that the battalion embarked on board these ships. Nothing could exceed the liberality of the messing on board these magnificent transports, but the accommodation of the one far surpassed that of the other. And thus have we started the battalion on its long and monotonous voyage.

It may be interesting to some of those who remember the voyage out in the *Imperatrix* and *Adelaide* to know something of those places where they touched, and to have recalled to them scenes they well remember, and where they spent many a happy hour. Madeira was the first of these places, situated in the temperate zone about ten degrees north of the tropics, and surrounded by the ocean. This beautiful island enjoys a climate of singular mildness. Funchal, the capital, stands on the shore of the shallow bay on the south coast, and is backed by an amphitheatre of mountains. Numerous country-houses, with their gardens on the neighbouring slopes, give an air of great cheerfulness to a rugged landscape. The ride to the Curral many will remember with pleasure. The deep ravines or gorges that everywhere intersect the mountains, cutting through them almost to the very base, give a grandeur hardly to be described; and well must be remembered that scene that suddenly opens to the view, where the eye descends to a depth of two thousand feet into the immense chasm below, and wanders over the rugged and broken outline of the many peaks that rise from its very bottom, or upwards, following the grey precipitous rocks till their summits are lost in the clouds.

Add to all this, the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the cliffs, caves, and gulfy torrents of the island, and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion with all their toils and ambition, while Nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams and renews her forests with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign. Throughout this beautiful scenery the eye wanders amongst groves of chestnut, and where pine-trees stretch along higher declivities of the hills, and the banana-leaves wave in the lower plains; and then overtopping the roofs is seen the beautiful leaves of the palm-tree.

It was evening when we left Madeira, and from this place, until we arrived at Ascension, we were favoured with the most lovely weather. The solitary island of Ascension, situated in the Atlantic, about eight degrees south, is one, I should imagine, of the most wretched-looking places upon the face of the earth. The green mountain, the highest in the island, is about three thousand feet above the sea-level; and from this mountain the garrison of Georgetown is supplied with water.

The Cape was the next place the battalion touched at, and many will remember the pleasant days they spent in this beautiful colony. Among the best sights in Cape Town are the museum and the botanical gardens; in the former there is an excellent collection of geological and mineralogical specimens, as well as a collection of South African animals, some of which are brought from those plains of the far interior that Pringle describes so well in the following lines :

Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the antelope's haunt and the buffalo's den,
By valleys remote, where the ourebi plays;
Where the gau, the sesseybe, and hartebeest graze,
And the eland and gemsbok unhunted recline,
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the riverhorse gambols, unscared, in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the pool where the wild ass is drinking his fill;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
As he scours with his troop o'er the desolate plain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed, by the bay of the hunters' hounds.

Twenty-six days after leaving the Cape, Java Head was sighted, and the *Imperatrix* dropped anchor for the night, and at daylight, the next morning, steamed up these lovely straits.

In no part of the world, I should imagine, is vegetation more richly and luxuriantly developed, or the natural advantages of situation and soil more varied and abundant, than it is in this island of Java, truly called the Queen of the Eastern Isles—a climate, where the intense heat of the torrid zone must be moderated by the surrounding seas; a diversified surface, where the hills are clothed with forests of the most valuable trees, and the plains yield the richest plants and spices in spontaneous abundance. But I cannot help quoting Dr. Bleeker's spirited description of this island. He says: "It is more especially on the low coast lands that

we find superb palms, bananas, aroids, amaranthaceæ, poisonous euphorbiaceæ, and Papilionaceous legumens. Scarcely had we reached the height of a thousand feet above the level of the sea, when our eyes were struck by the quantity of ferns, which already preponderated over the other plants. Here, too, we are surprised by magnificent forests of slender bamboos growing spontaneously. The further we ascend, the greater is the change in the aspect of vegetation. Palms and leguminous plants become rare, and bamboos are less abundant. In recompense, we find forests of fig-trees with their tall trunks, spreading branches, and thick foliage, enveloping more lowly trees and humbler plants, and exhibiting a majesty which even surpasses the splendour of the palms of the coast. There is but one region higher than that of the oaks and laurels, where the magnificence of the trees begins to decline; it would seem as if Nature, at the height of five or six thousand feet having accomplished her masterpiece, becomes powerless to maintain the tropical character of the vegetation. It would, perhaps, be as well to explain the kind of plants that I have mentioned under their botanical names. The aroid or drum order are herbs or shrubby plants, sometimes climbing, and usually with branching veins. The amaranthaceæ are herbs or shrubs, and are most common in the tropics. The euphorbiaceæ are trees, shrubs, or herbs, with opposite or alternate leaves: these plants are often poisonous, abounding with a milky juice. The Papilionaceous legumens are plants having seeds growing in pods, as peas."

Remaining at Anjier for a short time, the battalion started for Singapore, at which place they arrived in four days. Up to this time great doubts had been entertained by the officers on board the *Imperatriz* whether they would be sent to China at all, especially as the news from India was anything but favourable, and they expected that in all probability they also might be directed to Calcutta, but orders were awaiting them at Singapore to proceed to Hong-Kong with all despatch. It took fourteen days to steam up the China Sea against the north-easterly monsoon, and that portion of the battalion in the *Imperatriz* arrived at Hong-Kong upon the 6th November, having made the passage from Spithead, including all stoppages, in eighty-six days. The whole of the force to be employed against Canton was collecting off the Bogue Forts in the Canton River, and thither the battalion proceeded up on the day after their arrival in Hong-Kong, to await the remaining portion that were daily expected in the *Adelaide*.

Slowly the time seemed to pass whilst remaining at the Bogue Forts, and the only change in the daily routine was the occasionally landing part of the battalion for three or four days upon the island of North Wantung. This island was celebrated in the last Chinese war as being the place where a treaty was signed by a Chinese commissioner, and arrangements were made by Captain Elliot for carrying on the trade, but were unfortunately nullified by the unauthorised entrance of an English ship, which led to the rupture of negotiations. It was not until the 2nd of December that the long-looked-for *Adelaide* arrived, and upon the following day two captains were taken from the battalion: one to act as major, and the other as side-de-camp to the brigadier. Every one was now preparing for the intended occupation of the Island of Honan, preparatory to the attack upon Canton.

On the 17th of December the brigade staff, having already gone to Honan (that island having been taken without opposition), the battalion was ordered to move up without delay. Nothing of any importance was done here, the duties being principally those of fatigue, until the 26th of December, when Major-General Straubensee took the command of the troops.

The following is a copy of the general orders issued on that day :

“Head-quarters, Honan, Dec. 26, 1857.

“The troops under command of Major-General Van Straubensee, C.B., will be formed into brigades as follows :

“1st, or Colonel Holloway’s brigade, will be composed of the first and second battalions of Royal Marines.

“2nd, or Colonel Graham’s brigade, will be composed of the Royal Engineers and volunteer company of Sappers, Royal Artillery, and Royal Marine Artillery, provisional battalion of Royal Marines, 59th Regiment, and 38th Madras Native Infantry.

“Captain Morrison, of the first battalion Royal Marines, is appointed Provost-Marshal.”

The following is the copy of an order that came out before the bombardment of a city that many thought (and which really turned out to be the case) more like the performance of a battle upon the stage of a London theatre, so few were the missiles of destruction that were sent forth from the cloud-capt forts of that indifferently fortified city against the truculent invaders of the Celestial Empire :

“The major-general commanding cannot allow the troops to embark without impressing upon them the necessity of the most strict discipline and sobriety ; they are well aware how many of their comrades have been destroyed by the deleterious spirit of this country, namely, samshue ; he trusts, for the honour and credit of their profession and regiments, they will avoid it, and prove that British soldiers can resist temptation with as much determination as they always oppose the enemies of their country.

“The major-general trusts that all will bear in mind that the object of this expedition is to coerce the government and mandarins, and not to injure the unoffending inhabitants ; and that the honour of her Majesty’s arms will be as much dependent upon their orderly conduct when in occupation of Chinese ground as of their gallant behaviour in the field.

“The troops will upon this occasion be associated with the naval forces of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, our gallant allies, with the British naval forces, and Royal Marines. Every effort will be required of one and all to uphold the credit of the British army, as well as to maintain that cordiality and good feeling which characterised the operations of the allies during the late war.”

The following was the order in which the troops were to leave Honan for the attack upon Canton :

Colonel Lemon’s battalion were to embark at seven A.M., and to be followed by 300 Coolies, under command of Captain Temple.

The first and second battalions of Royal Marines, to be followed by the remainder of the Coolies.

Before daylight on the morning of the 28th of December, 1857, the battalion had formed in rear of their quarters, as is the custom before an enemy, although the common report was, that it was for fear that the vibration of the cannonading that was to commence at daylight, might bring down some of the buildings that the troops were quartered in. The bombardment commenced at daylight, and the first shell was fired by the Marine Artillery, stationed on Dutch Folly, at Gough's Fort.

At eight o'clock, the battalion embarked in different gun-boats, and after going down the river for some distance, landed on the Canton bank, a short distance below Fort Lin.

After having formed in column, the arms were piled, and pickets were thrown out on each flank, the advance on Fort Lin having been given to other troops.

The battalion did not move again until the evening, when they advanced parallel with the walls of the city, and halted for the night in a paddy-field, close to the road leading from the east gate of the city to the village of Yentong, which is situated at the foot of Artillery Hill.

The amount of the force that was employed against Canton was as follows :

Troops from the garrison of Hong-Kong, including the 59th Regiment, the Artillery, the Engineers, and a portion of the Madras troops	800
Royal Marines	2500
Naval Brigade	1500
French troops and sailors	900
Total	5700
Chinese Coolies	671
Attached to Medical Staff	85
Commissariat	49
Malays	183
Grand total	6687

The battalion remained encamped until three A.M., when some quinine wine was issued to the men, and when the pickets were called in they all moved off, where to no one seemed to know, and after following the directions of a decidedly stupid guide, halted, and found that they were nearly on the same ground that they had been encamping upon during the night. Halted as it were to view that awful yet grand spectacle that was before them, listening (and I hope with some feelings of pity) to those minute guns—guns that always betoken the presence of death, and in this case not only told of it, but were the cause of it. And then above, the sky, illuminated by the light of a thousand fires, too truly showed how fearfully the rockets had done their duty; the devouring element that was raging in that vast and populous city was then depriving hundreds, ay, might be thousands, of houses, and not houses only, but homes, and their savings that they may have been hoarding up for those days when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves; in the days that the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance about them, and they shall say, "I have no

pleasure in them ;" but all hopes of such were perishing before them, and all caused by the folly and perverseness of one man.

At dawn, the battalion moved towards the city, and halted at a joss-house, where the general and his staff had passed the night. The day's ration of rum was served out to them here, and they then moved towards the north-east parade-ground, adjoining the walls of the city, and situated at the foot of the hill upon which Gough's Fort was placed. Here the battalion was thrown out in light infantry order, and commenced firing upon the fort, as well as upon a party of Chinamen on their right, and who very soon retreated, when they saw two companies thrown out to cut off their retreat.

Gough's Fort very soon ceased firing, and then the whole of the fighting in which the battalion took a part was over. The city, or rather the heights within the walls, were in our possession by twelve o'clock, and at three the battalion entered the city by the north-east gate, and remained in the open, on the slope of the hill, for the night. And thus finished the proceedings of the 29th of December, 1857.

The casualties that occurred in the battalion during the attack were as follows :

First Lieut. W. F. P. S. Dadson, right arm, severely.

Sergeant W. Rea, right leg, severely.

Private W. Burton, wound of head, severely.

„ James Lucas, right thigh, severely.

„ Fred. Mears, right arm, slightly.

On the morning of the 30th, an order was received by the commanding officer of the battalion to detail four companies for the attack of the western gate of the city ; the right wing of the battalion was detailed for this duty, but no opposition was shown anywhere, and the troops marched along the walls entirely round the city, destroying the guns that were placed at the gate, and taking all those that were of any value, which only amounted to a few brass ones.

It was on the New Year's-day, 1858, that his Excellency the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, her Majesty's special ambassador and minister plenipotentiary, made his official entry into Canton, and a more appropriate day could hardly have been fixed upon, for with the new year commenced a new and kinder dynasty for the inhabitants of Canton than they had been subject to in the past one. The forts outside the city were destroyed by the Royal Engineers on this day.

It was not until the 4th of January that an advance into the city was made, and a detachment of the battalion, under the acting major, proceeded to the Treasury and seized the bullion, whilst another managed to capture Peh-Kwei, the lieutenant-governor, and the Tartar general; and on this day the atrocious Yeh was taken. The latter was conveyed on board the *Inferible*, but the two others were sent as state prisoners to the general's head-quarters, where they remained until the 9th, when Peh-Kwei was reinstated as lieutenant-governor.

The fourth company of the battalion was sent to do duty in the city. They were the first British troops that occupied a yamun in this hitherto forbidden place, and they escorted the Earl of Elgin, the major-general commanding, the officers who had been appointed commissioners, the lieutenant-governor, and the Tartar general (now no longer prisoners),

to the lieutenant-governor's yamun, where the Earl of Elgin installed Peh-Kwei as lieutenant-governor, and addressed him as follows:*

"We are assembled here to welcome your excellency on your return to your yamun, and on the resumption of the functions of your office, which have been momentarily interrupted. It is proper, however, that I should apprise your excellency, and through your excellency the inhabitants of Canton, that the plenipotentiaries of England and France, and the commander-in-chief of the allied forces, are firmly resolved to retain military occupation of the city, until all questions pending between our respective governments and that of China shall have been firmly settled and determined between us, the high officers appointed by your government for this service, and plenipotentiaries of equal rank and powers whom his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of China may see fit to appoint to treat with us.

"Any attempt, therefore, whether by force or fraud, whether by treachery or violence, to disturb us in our possession of the city, will not fail to bring down on its authors and abettors the most severe and signal punishment. I am, however, no less to apprise your excellency that it is equally our determination, when the questions to which I have referred shall have been so settled, to withdraw from the military occupation of the city, and to restore it to the imperial authorities.

"Meanwhile, it is our own sincere wish that, during the period of our military occupation, the feelings of the people should be respected, life and property protected, the good rewarded, and offenders, whether native or foreign, punished.

"We are desirous to co-operate with your excellency for these objects, and with this view we have appointed a tribunal, composed of officers of high character and discretion, to act in concert with you.

"We hope that through the agency of this tribunal confidence may be restored to the people, and the foundation laid of a better understanding between foreigners and natives, so that henceforth all may pursue their avocations in peace, and traffic together for their mutual advantage."

After a good deal of ceremony had been gone through, Lord Elgin and General Straubensee returned to head-quarters, leaving the commissioners in the city, with the afore-mentioned company as a guard.

Isolated as they were in this yamun, and the road to head-quarters being anything but easy to find, they were, to all intents, cut off from the remainder of the troops. Anything but pleasant was the situation of the commissioners during the night of the 9th; but such an effect had been produced upon the minds of the Chinese by the events of the past few days, that a surprise dare not be attempted, and therefore all were comparatively safe. A few days afterwards, a detachment of the battalion occupied the west gate, and two companies took possession of the adjoining yamun, which was being fitted up for the allied commissioners, and for the first battalion as a guard.

This yamun had been the residence of the Tartar general, or commander-in-chief in the city, and is said to have been erected for the King of the South, about A.D. 1700, and a more uncomfortable residence could hardly have been built, at least to European ideas; for to the Chinese it might appear, and very probably did, the height of luxury.

* From Cooke's China.

One large room was full of bats—an animal peculiarly sacred to the Chinese—and they watched us with feelings of horror and indignation when we commenced to turn these animals out, and assured us that some dreadful calamity would befall this building, and, singularly enough, this very building was totally destroyed by fire in 1859.

This yamun was henceforth denominated "The Commissioners' Yamun," and in it was held a court, where the commissioners sat during a greater portion of the day, judging and passing judgment upon English, French, and Chinese.

What a difference this must have seemed to the Chinese to what had taken place there only a few months back; and yet I sincerely believe, and so must many more who even pretended to think the commission a farce, that those heathens knew that at that board they should receive justice, and that was more than they could hope for at their own abominable tribunals; they knew the worth of the honour—the untarnished honour—of the British officers and gentlemen who sat there, and felt assured that their complaints would be listened to with patience, their wrongs redressed, and that their punishments would be deserving of their crimes.

And has all this been done without any possibility of good arising from it? It is impossible such could have been the case, for it must be very evident to the minds of the Chinese that there is some peculiar moral in the character of Englishmen—some inward power that maintains the approval of what is right, and the disapproval of what is wrong; and depend upon it, that the effect produced upon the minds of the inhabitants of Canton by the justice and good policy of the allied commissioners, as well as by the straightforwardness and general kindness of the British officers, has done more towards the permanent establishment of friendly feelings towards this country, and the accomplishment of that great object which must be the aim of every Christian land to achieve, than by all the battles we have ever fought and won with the perverse and conceited mandarins, who form the aristocracy of the empire.

This yamun was ready to receive the battalion on the 25th of January, and on that day the head-quarters moved down with the remaining companies that had been left on the heights; and in the orders of that day, Captain Pym was appointed to command the constabulary, Captain Morrison to be D.A.A.-General, and Captain Usher to be Provost-Marshal. Thus the duties of regimental courts-martial and boards, besides the regular regimental duty, fell upon the three remaining captains of the battalion.

CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORiot.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SECOND COLUMN OF THE "TIMES."

COWPER, the post, calls the postman a

—Messenger of grief

Perhaps to many, and of joy to some.

The same, in a sense little less widely extended, may be said of the *Times* newspaper, where all that we wish, or don't wish, to know is sure to be recorded. Like the Limbo of Vanity, in which everything lost on earth was once supposed to be treasured, so, now, all the waifs and strays that float about the world wanting an owner, sooner or later find their way into the second column of the universal journal.

Thus it befel that, on the same morning, several of the personages named in our story, found matters interesting to themselves in a series of advertisements in the *Times*, closely following each other.

The first ran as follows :

"CAPTAIN JOHN MORTIMER, deceased.—WANTED, any DESCENDANT OF RELATIVE OF JOHN MORTIMER, formerly of Limehouse, master mariner, who married SARAH TIMBERLAKE, 5th November, 1820, and was lost, with his two sons, PETER and GILES, when in command of a vessel called the *Julia Bowser*, on the Wolf Rock, off the Scillies, 29th of June, 1835, on his homeward voyage from Pernambuco to the port of London. Any person proving himself or herself to be a descendant or relative, may hear of SOMETHING GREATLY TO HIS OR HER ADVANTAGE, on application to Mr. William Oldstock, Solr., of Plymouth. It is believed that the widow of Captain John Mortimer was living, at the time the *Julia Bowser* was wrecked, in Jubilee-street, Mile-end, with an infant daughter, then about twelve months old."

This was the second :

"LEFT THE MATERNAL BOSOM on Wednesday last, while on a visit with dear friends at Twickenham, A YOUNG LADY, of great beauty, age 18, of middle height, straight nose, small mouth, dark blue eyes, and waving hair of golden brown. Immediately before disappearance had on a high dress of black figured silk, fastened at the throat by a cameo brooch, with the head and bust, in profile, of Joan of Arc, gold earrings with long-pointed drops, a waistbelt-buckle of chased gold, Balmoral boots, black merino shawl with broad ribbon border, black kid gloves, and plain white silk bonnet. Is supposed to have carried a dark-green silk parasol and a small black morocco travelling-bag. Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the above will receive a REWARD

OF FIFTY POUNDS. Address at the Private-inquiry office of Mr. Pug-nacious Rollicky, 166, Craven-street, Strand, or to Violet Bank, Twicken-ham, where a distracted parent appeals in mercy to the tenderest recollections."

The third of the series ran thus :

"DEAREST ESTHER. BELOVED OFFSPRING. MY ONLY ONE. Come back to your sorrowing, heart-broken mother, and afflicted relatives. All shall be forgotten and forgiven, and no attempt renewed to influence, even to its own advantage, a too sensitive, high-spirited nature. There are lights and shades to every picture. Sunshine beamed upon a happy home and loving hearts on Wednesday morning. The blackest of gloom now deforms the once gay and brilliant parterre, where the roses of hope and happiness now lie crushed and withered. Listen to the voice of reason, and save from madness and misery ONE WHO ADORES. The fruit of the past has not only been bitter but humiliating. When the dark curtain of prejudice is withdrawn, the combined feelings now operating, but hence-forward unopposed, will fade away before the light of love, duty, and affection.

"E. D. V. B."

There was yet another :

"FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, a FIELD OFFICER, in the East India Com-pany's service, left a motherless child, of four years old, under the care of MADAME MIRECOURT, a French lady, then keeping a boarding-school at Hampstead, which, on the death of Madame Mirecourt, two years after-wards, passed into the hands of two sisters, named GRIMES. For several years regular accounts of the health of his child were sent to the Officer, who, on being ordered to a remote part of India, remitted a considerable sum of money to be applied to her maintenance and education; but, from that time to the present, the Officer has received no intelligence whatever of the Misses Grimes, or of ELLEN HARPER, the servant to whose charge his daughter was originally and specially confided. In this painful state of uncertainty, the Officer, who has returned from India, earnestly re-quests, should this meet the eye of either of the persons mentioned, or of any one acquainted with the facts to which he refers, that a communica-tion on the subject, which will be HANDSOMELY REWARDED, may be forwarded to COLONEL B., at the New Hummums Hotel, Covent-garden."

These advertisements *did* "meet the eye" of the different persons whom they concerned, but the account of their effect on each must be postponed till those which related to Esther have been disposed of.

She was sitting with Mrs. Brooks, on the second morning after her arrival at the Devonshire Hotel, when the latter, who had taken up the *Times* to see if, by chance, any announcement were there of ladies wish-ing for a companion, which might be of advantage to her *protégée*, put down the paper, and addressing Esther, smilingly said :

"Well, my dear, I did not expect so soon to make money by you!"

"What do you mean, ma'am?" inquired Esther, in surprise.

"Fifty pounds," continued Mrs. Brooks, with mock gravity, "is very good payment for only two days' board and lodging, even at the height of the season, in one of the most fashionable hotels in London!"

"I do not understand," said Esther, with increased surprise.

"No wonder, my dear!" continued Mrs. Brooks; "but if you read

this advertisement, or—stay—I will read it to you—then you will know all about it. Let me see,” she went on, as she adjusted her spectacles—“where is it? Oh! this is the place: ‘Captain John Mortimer’—no—that’s not it—the next: ‘Left the maternal bosom,’” and so on, to the end, without a word of interruption from Esther, whose face, however, glowed like scarlet as she listened.

“If there were any doubt as to the beautiful young lady,” said Mrs. Brooks, when she had finished, “your cheeks, my darling, would reveal the secret. But, after what you told me yourself, there is no need of that sign, or of this woman’s impudence, to make it clear she is the person meant. The idea of calling herself ‘a distracted parent’ would make me laugh under any other circumstances, but—as I live!” she exclaimed, “here is more!”

This time Mrs. Brooks read the advertisement headed “Dearest Esther,” but not uninterruptedly, as before, for at almost every other word she broke off, to make some indignant comment. Her concluding remark characterised the whole:

“Awful rubbish! Where could she have got it from?”

“Her theatrical recollections helped her, I suppose,” replied Esther, more amused than annoyed at the high-flown absurdity of the language. “I think I mentioned that she had once been on the stage. She was very fond of reciting, and talking of the parts she had played. But I could not have imagined they would have printed such nonsense!”

“A proof, my dear, that you never read the papers. But, after all, this is something more than nonsense. I call it wickedness. But it will recoil on the heads of those who contrived it, or I am very much mistaken. You are in good hands at last, my dear; and, thank goodness, there are those who will help me to save you from harm!”

“You are the kindest, best person in the world!” exclaimed Esther, rising, and tenderly embracing her friend. “Heaven has been truly merciful in giving me such a protector! ‘Love, duty, and affection!’” she repeated—“I now know to whom they are due!”

As she spoke, she took up the paper which Mrs. Brooks had laid down, curiosity prompting her to look at the advertisements herself.

“After all,” she said, when she had read those inserted by Mrs. Drakeford, “there must be something very entertaining in these things to persons wholly uninterested in them. That one you began, about ‘Captain John Mortimer,’ reads oddly. Now I think of it, the poor, dirty, hard-working girl at Mrs. Drakeford’s called herself ‘Mortimer.’ I used to laugh at her having such a fine name. *Her* father, she said, had been a captain, and was lost at sea. Very singular if it should be the same! Here, I dare say, is something curious. ‘Fourteen years ago!’—it sounds like the beginning of a novel. Do you mind hearing it?”

Mrs. Brooks smiled, and desired her to do just what she liked, and Esther read on:

“‘Fourteen years ago, a field-officer, in the East India Company’s service, left a motherless child’”—“Poor little thing!” ejaculated Mrs. Brooks—“‘motherless child,’” repeated Esther, “‘four years old, under the care of Madame Mirecourt—’” She stopped suddenly: “Mirecourt!—Mirecourt!—that was the name of the dear old lady my papa took me to after mamma died! ‘French lady’—Yes, I

am sure of it!" With an agitation which she could not control, Esther continued: "'Hampstead!'—I was at school at Hampstead—'Grimes'—it is the very place—it is my own papa—oh, how cruel, never to let him know——!" Blinded by tears, she could not go on, but sank trembling into her chair.

Mrs. Brooks jumped up in alarm:

"My dear, dear young lady," she cried. "What is the matter? What have you been saying? Oh! let me see!"

She took the paper from Esther, and saw what she had left unread.

"Of all the extraordinary things that ever happened in the world, this," she said, "is the most extraordinary! And were you really, my dear, at the school kept by this French lady and the others at Hampstead?"

"Oh yes," replied Esther. "I was there many years."

Thereupon she related all that her memory had conjured up in her altercation with Mrs. Drakeford, adding to it much concerning the school in proof of her own identity.

"To my mind, my dear," said Mrs. Brooks, "it is all as clear as the sun at noon-day. But I never can get over my astonishment. To think of that vile creature's advertisements appearing at the very same time as that of your dear, good papa. Poor man, poor man, how he must have grieved! I don't wonder it makes you cry! Why your Mrs. Drakeford—the impudent, good-for-nothing, stage-playing hussy!—must be this very Ellen Harper. But we won't lose an instant in relieving your father's anxiety. I will go myself to his hotel, and prepare him to hear your wonderful story. Oh, my darling young lady, I can't tell you how happy this has made me!"

Completely exhausted by her feelings, sympathising Mrs. Brooks threw her arms round Esther's neck, and they mingled their tears together.

When both were somewhat more composed, Mrs. Brooks returned to her first proposition. It would be unadvisable, for many reasons, for Esther to leave the house, and most advisable to employ, on such an errand as she meditated, one so warm-hearted, earnest, and full of good sense as the kind housekeeper.

"Tell him," cried Esther, as her friend prepared for her departure—"tell him I recollect him perfectly. I wonder if he is altered!"

"Time, my love," said Mrs. Brooks, sighing, "makes great changes in us all. And then, remember, fourteen years in India!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

MORE THAN WAS EXPECTED.

WHEN Mrs. Brooks was gone, Esther tried to collect her thoughts, which were in a complete whirl at the strangeness of the events of the last few minutes. At one moment to be a homeless, penniless orphan, dependent for very bread on the kindness of a stranger; and in the next, to know that she had a father of a certain rank, and in all probability rich, anxiously seeking for her, was a transition that seemed more dramatic than real, and it was with difficulty she could bring herself to believe it true.

Again and again she turned to the broad sheet which conveyed the announcement of her impending change of fortune, and each perusal

strengthened her conviction that she was the "motherless child" so treacherously dealt with. But her joy at being reclaimed was mixed with some apprehension. Though a sense of early happiness was associated with the remembrance of her father, pain, too—undefinable in its nature—had also its share. He had, no doubt, sorrowed deeply, and might not that have produced an effect beyond her skill to remedy? Desirous as he might be of recovering his daughter, would he gaze upon her with the look of tenderness which so gladdened her heart when a child? They who live long in India, she had heard, become estranged from home fancies and recollections; but, on the other hand, if he had not retained his, why should he make it apparent that they were still the great object of his life. He must desire to love his child, or he would not advert so sadly to his deprivation. At all events, Esther felt that she was the lonely man's daughter, and all that a daughter could do to cheer his loneliness she inwardly vowed to perform.

It may seem a contradiction that, affected so deeply as Esther was by this newly-awakened filial sentiment, there should yet be room in her bosom, at that moment, for feelings of a different nature; but the human heart is an instrument whose chords vibrate to many touches, and the more finely one is strung the more naturally all the rest respond. Ever since Esther had received Lorn's letter, and in the midst of her own troubles, she had constantly dwelt on or recurred to it. That he loved her, she could entertain no doubt—it had, indeed, been evident from the moment he first heard her sing; that he did all but tell her so, his simple letter as fully revealed; and that she was moved by his unspoken declaration, her involuntary sigh, when she thought she only pitied him, almost as plainly attested. But impracticable as had been the attainment of his hope—perhaps, of hers also—while he was an outcast, and she, virtually, in the same condition, was the case changed for the better now? It was possible they might never meet again—and if they did, would the circumstances under which they met be favourable to their mutual wishes? If she had not been her own mistress before, she was still less so now. Her father's nature, his habits, his prejudices, might all be enlisted against Lorn, whose history, though she could only guess at its general character, would scarcely raise him in a proud man's estimation.

While absorbed by these and similar considerations, Esther was roused from her reverie by a gentle tap at the door. On being invited to enter, it was opened by a lady of very elegant appearance, who, glancing round, apologised for her intrusion, observing that she had expected to find the housekeeper there.

Mrs. Brooks, Esther said, was not then in the hotel, but her absence, she hoped, would be short; in the mean time, if Esther could receive any instructions she would be most happy to attend to them.

During the time Esther was speaking, the lady's eyes were so earnestly fixed on her face that she seemed to forget it was necessary to reply. At length, recollecting herself, she said:

"I beg your pardon! I fear you will think me rude; but your resemblance to a dear friend of mine—now, alas! no more—is so striking, that I can scarcely persuade myself I do not see her again before me."

The lady's manner was so pleasing, and her countenance so attractive, that Esther at once felt interested in her, and begged her to wait till Mrs. Brooks returned.

"But I have a young gentleman with me," said the lady, smiling. "Will you also permit him to remain?"

This request was, of course, immediately granted, and the lady beckoned to her companion, who was standing, at some little distance, in the passage.

"Lorn!" she said. "Come here!"

At the sound of that name Esther started, but her astonishment was increased beyond expression when he who answered to it made his appearance.

"This is my son," said the lady.

But the words were scarcely uttered when Lorn, in equal amazement, cried out: "Esther! Miss Drakeford! Can it be possible?"

It was the lady's turn to wonder now, and she looked alternately to Lorn and Esther for explanation.

Both were silent and confused, almost fancying they were dreaming.

Lorn was the first to speak.

In a low, hesitating voice he said to his mother, "This is—the young lady—I—I told you of."

Once more Madame de la Roquetaillade's inquiring glance dwelt on Esther's features, and again she smiled.

"My son, the Vicomte de la Roquetaillade, is, then, an old acquaintance. His mother must not be a stranger to one whom he is indebted to for so much kindness—at a time," she added, sighing, "when he sorely stood in need of it."

"I am quite bewildered, Madame," replied Esther, "by what I have just heard. I did not know—who Mr. Lorn—who your son was!"

"That does not at all surprise me," returned Madame de la Roquetaillade, "for eight-and-forty hours ago he did not know himself. This, however, is a subject for future explanation, which, I foresee, must be given. At present I am all anxiety to learn the cause of the fortunate chance that brings us all under the same roof."

"It will, perhaps, be necessary," said Esther, "for me also to explain some circumstances, into which I cannot now enter. At this moment I am staying under the protection of Mrs. Brooks, when you came here, Madame, to see. I am very, very glad," she continued, extending her hand to Lorn, "to see you again."

Lorn snatched the offered hand and pressed it eagerly. Then, speaking under his breath, he said, "Will you forgive me for writing that letter?"

"It was a thing to thank you for, not to forgive," replied Esther, returning the pressure.

"May I tell you all that has happened since?" he asked.

"There is nothing I more desire to know," she answered.

During this brief colloquy, Madame de la Roquetaillade stood attentively watching Lorn and Esther. Then, addressing the latter, she said:

"Your christian name I remember, for I have heard it already very often; but I am ignorant of that of your family. Will you allow me to ask it?"

The colour crimsoned Esther's cheeks, tears rose in her eyes, she tried to speak, but her voice failed her.

Pitying her agitation, Madame de la Roquetaillade moved towards her,

when, at that instant, Mrs. Brooks entered through the half-opened door, preceding a tall, thin, military-looking man, apparently about five or six-and-forty years of age.

Regardless of the presence of Madame de la Roquetaillade and Lorn—if, indeed, he saw them—the stranger advanced with a rapid step, and with unerring instinct clasped Esther to his bosom, calling her by the dear name of daughter. Though prepared for the meeting, Esther's feelings were so overwrought that she fainted in his arms.

Madame de la Roquetaillade and Mrs. Brooks flew to her assistance, while Lorn rushed hastily from the room calling for a glass of water. Before he returned, restoratives applied by Madame de la Roquetaillade had brought back Esther's consciousness. Looking steadfastly at the stranger, she said: "Oh yes! I remember your face. I have never forgotten it!"

"Yours, too," he replied, "is no less familiar to me. How should it be otherwise? You are the image of your darling mother, such as she was when I—I——"

He turned away his head, but with a strong effort he subdued his emotion.

"Are these your friends, my child?" he asked.

"I think so," said Madame de la Roquetaillade, interrupting Esther, who would have spoken; "but if not friends already, I hope we shall be very soon. Have I not the pleasure of speaking to Captain Beauchamp?"

"So I was called," replied the stranger, "when last in England; and my name remains, though the rank is altered. I am Colonel Beauchamp now. But you, Madame"—he paused, and carefully scrutinised Madame de la Roquetaillade's features—"I certainly ought not to have forgotten—no, I am sure of it—my own Margaret's bridesmaid, Agnes Cumberland!"

"That, too, was once my name—altered, long since, to De la Roquetaillade."

"How could I suppose it had not changed! But I called you by the one she loved. This is, indeed, an unexpected happiness."

After a long and cordial grasp of friendship, Colonel Beauchamp went on:

"By what you have witnessed, you perceive that this is the first time I have seen my daughter since my return from India; the first time for fourteen long, long years. My child, this lady was your mother's dearest friend!"

It scarcely needed these words to cause Madame de la Roquetaillade and Esther to throw themselves into each other's arms, where for a few moments they mingled their tears together.

Recovering herself, Madame de la Roquetaillade said:

"You have made your daughter known to me, Colonel Beauchamp; permit me to introduce my son, the Vicomte de la Roquetaillade. I know," she continued, "it will afford the greatest gratification to my husband to be presented in his turn, but, unfortunately, business has taken him out for the day. We are living in this hotel."

Colonel Beauchamp bowed and shook hands with Lorn, and said:

"I trust my good friend, Mrs. Brooks, to whom I owe more than I can express, will be able to find room for me, too. The earliest pleasure

I promise myself will be that of waiting on you and Monsieur de la Roquetaillade."

Mrs. Brooks, who, during this scene, had been making very liberal use of her handkerchief, answered that the Colonel could be at once accommodated, though it was hardly fair, she added, that one hotel-keeper should rob another.

"We have a way in India, where we get what little money we soldiers have," said Colonel Beauchamp, laughing, "of very easily settling such differences. Young gentleman," he continued, speaking to Lorn, "I have a desire to improve your acquaintance. Shall we leave the ladies together, while you go with me to see if we can settle this weighty affair?"

"Before I consent to lose you," said Madame de la Roquetaillade—

"—Or I," interposed Esther, taking her father's hand—

"—Before either of us consent—you see how soon we think alike—you must promise me your company at dinner. I am sufficiently French, by adoption, to desire a *réunion*; sufficiently English," she added, in a more serious tone, "to wish to cement our mutual friendship; and you know"—here her manner changed again—"you know, there is nothing to be done in England without a dinner."

Colonel Beauchamp and Madame de la Roquetaillade had at once understood the situation. Both knew the world, and felt that Esther had better be spared just then: grave subjects could be discussed hereafter. The mutual arrangement was, therefore, immediately agreed to, and, after once more warmly embracing his daughter, the Colonel took Lorn's arm, and, without consulting his inclination, or even supposing there were any to consult, carried him off prisoner.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BUSINESS.

WE have said that none of the advertisements described in a preceding chapter missed their mark.

To a young lady like Smudge, whose time, until the witching hour of dining arrived, was occupied with little but the adornment of her person—or, as she called it, "cleaning herself"—that she might reflect due credit on the establishment to which she belonged—to such a young lady, who, by her own confession, generally indulged in "a perooes" of the newspaper, it was only in the natural course of events that the notification relating to her should fall in her way.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed; "whatever's this? 'Capting John Mortimer diseased' was my father's name! 'Lime'ouse' was where we lived. 'Sarah Timberlake'! That's my mother, least was, poor soul. It's down in my Bible in her own 'andwriting! 'Peter and Giles'! Them was my two brothers as I never saw to my remembrance, but uncle Thomas, mother's brother, used often to talk of 'em. 'Jewlier Bowser'! I never know'd she. What's the 'Sillies,' I wonder? 'Per-nam-bucky'! Never heard tell of him. 'Defendant or re-la-tive'! I'm not a defendant, as I knows on—never was one—never nothink more than a witness, and that was t'other day for the fust and onliest time in my life—no, I'm not

a defendant, but I should say I was a re-la-tive. 'May hear of some-think greatly to his or her advantage.' Oh, crikey, how nice! 'Mr. William Oldstock, Soller, of Plymouth.' What's a Soller, now? But, I dessey he knows. 'It's b'lieved that the widdar of Capting John Mortimer was living, at the time the *Jewellier Bousser* was wrecked, in Joobly-street, Mile-end.' I should think so! I've heerd of that scores and scores of times. 'With a hinfant daughter, then about twelve months old.' That's me, and no mistake! I'm the hinfant, as sure as a gun! Oh, won't Mrs. Slyver be glad!"

With the *Times* in her hand Smudge ran into the parlour.

"Oh, mum!" she said, giving her mistress the paper, "read that 'ere if you love me. I never!"

"Read what?" said Mrs. Slyver, taken somewhat aback.

"These, mum! all about me," replied Smudge, pointing to the piece. In her flurry, Mrs. Slyver began to read the "marriages."

"Not that," cried Smudge, "the advertisements, next column. Quite at top!"

In the right groove at last, Mrs. Slyver read the announcement, slowly, from beginning to end, without a word of comment. But when she arrived at the last word she spoke.

"Was your father the capting of a wessel, Sally?"

"Yes, mum! Used to sail to the West Indies and back, and bring home such nice things, I've heerd poor mother say. Coky-nuts and jelly, and monkeyes and poll-parrots. P'r'ps that's what's to my advantage. I should so like to have a poll-parrot, and a monkey of my own! Wouldn't I dress him up in a red petticoat and black welwet jacket, with a 'at and fethers!"

"Nonsense, Sally!" said the more experienced Mrs. Slyver. "Sum-think to your advantage ain't trash like that, only fit for the Zollgikle Gardings. I shouldn't be surprised if it was a matter of a hunderd pound!"

Smudge opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"You don't say so!" she exclaimed. "A hunderd pound! Why, it's a fortin!"

"Yes, Sally. Quite. When me and Slyver begun, we hadn't, no, not harf as much, and see how we've got on. But then we was married. You must get married, too, Sally! I s'pose there is somebody."

Smudge blushed deeply—sighed—and was silent.

"Well, my dear," resumed Mrs. Slyver, "I arsts no questions. All I 'ope is, you won't go and throw yourself away on a onworthy object, as many does when they've money, which men often 'olds off till then, and goes and spends a poor gal's earnin's, and crooffly leaves her on the parrish, liker than not with babbies at the brest, and no means of main-tainance."

Smudge's thoughts dwelt on some one who, she was sure, would never do *that*, or anything bad; he was only too good for her; but money was money, and people said there was nothing money couldn't accomplish; if it was as much as Mrs. Slyver thought, it would set *him* up in business, and he would be his own master, and could do as he liked; and then, if he asked her to marry him—and so on, to the end of a vision as baseless as Alnaschar's, but, happily, all unuttered; though Mrs. Slyver's compassionate bosom would only too readily have sympathised

with a dream of true-love rewarded. Suppressing, therefore, that which lay nearest her heart, Strudge took no notice of the unasked questions, but returned to the subject of the possible fortune. How was she to reply to the inquiry set on foot by Mr. Oldstock, of Plymouth?"

After an earnest discussion, in the course of which a sea voyage was proposed as a means of reaching the maritime solicitor, both Mrs. Slyver and herself came to the conclusion that she could not do better than ask Mr. Raphael's advice; and this being resolved on, to him she went the same afternoon, and he at once undertook the management of the affair.

Mrs. Drakeford's turn came next.

It was less the pride of authorship—though to see her own effusions in print was something—than eagerness to attain her object, that made the "heart-broken mother" seize upon the *Times* the instant it appeared on the breakfast-table in Harley-street, her place of residence for the time being.

Of "Captain John Mortimer" she took no heed. What did it signify to her who was to hear something of advantage if she were not the person? But, her curiosity being satisfied, after reading her own advertisements half a dozen times over, she at last allowed her eyes to rest on "Fourteen years ago," and, once begun, she followed that to its conclusion.

Mrs. Drakeford, as we have intimated, was a vigorous breakfast eater, but tea and toast and all their savoury accompaniments remained untasted by her after seeing herself gibbeted under her maiden name and original condition.

The dreaded gout having come on during the night, Sir William kept his bed, so there was nobody by to witness Mrs. Drakeford's confusion. But her perplexity was not diminished by having it all to herself. Her first impulse was to thrust the paper into the fire, in the hope of concealing her disgrace, but a moment's reflection showed her the absurdity of that mode of proceeding: there were sixty thousand copies at that very moment wafting her fame to every quarter of the globe. On the other hand, who, out of the countless readers of those sixty thousand copies, knew or cared anything about "Ellen Harper?" Who could identify, in flourishing Mrs. Drakeford, the "servant" of former days? Only two that she was aware of: her own "husband," who was under lock and key, and Michel Bastide, her quondam lover and recent despoiler. As long as the conjugal partnership lasted, she would have consulted Drakeford, in preference to any one else, but that was over, in her mind, and what good could he do her now? All his desire would be that she should help him out of his scrape, but there was danger in going near him, and she was much too old a soldier to run any risk for the sake of friendship or humanity. Must she then find out Bastide, and take counsel of him? In the first place, to discover him would be difficult, for they had not parted on such excellent terms as to make her anxious to know his address; and in the next, to ask his advice would be to put herself still more in his power. What necessity was there, indeed, of trusting anybody with her secret. Was not her knowledge of the world sufficient in itself to keep her head straight? She determined, therefore, if anything was to be done, to do it alone.

She then questioned herself how, in this case, she should act?

Colonel Beauchamp, as she well remembered, was a very generous man,

and would, no doubt, give a large sum to discover his daughter. She could tell him everything about Esther, up to the day before yesterday ; but that unlucky disappearance, and the reason for it, made her revelations of little value.

"If," she said, "I get over him about the money he sent after the Grimes's were done up, and made him swallow all my other lies in the best way I am able, I don't see my way through the last part of the business. Suppose I found the gurl and took her to him, she'd turn round upon me with Sir William, unless I managed to get a promise from her to keep it all dark, not a very likely matter, considering all things. And what would be the use of my going empty-handed ? He'd ask me where the gurl was, and I should say, 'Gone to the deuce, for all I know'—a pleasant answer, and very likely to fill my pocket, which is all I care about, either way, whether the money comes from Colonel Beauchamp or Sir William. As to the Bart, I'm afraid his chance is all up with Esther. There he is on the broad of his back again, in, perhaps, for a month of it, and the deuce knows what may happen in the mean time. One advertisement has as good a chance as another. Indeed, I don't know if the Colonel's hasn't the best of the two, for the gurl won't come to me again if she can help it ; only then she don't know that she has a father to go to. One thing's clear : I'm in a devil of a fix !"

The room in which breakfast was laid was one of a suite which terminated in the bed-chamber of Sir William Cumberland at one extremity, and that occupied by Mrs. Drakeford at the other. In the midst of her meditations, Mrs. Drakeford was startled by a loud cry, as of some one in violent pain, and presently Sir William's valet entered, looking as white as a sheet.

"What's the matter, Charles," cried Mrs. Drakeford.

"Oh, ma'am," replied the valet, "my master's took very bad. I'm to send for the doctor directly !"

He passed quickly on, and Mrs. Drakeford immediately hastened to the sick man's room.

"I hear you are very ill," she said, approaching his bedside.

Sir William only groaned in reply, and she repeated her observation, making it an inquiry.

"Very ill !" he growled. "This is the worst bout I've had for some time,—more sudden and more severe. Ah !"

This exclamation was caused by a fresh paroxysm, which twisted him like a Zed.

"What can I do for you ?" she asked.

"Nothing but leave me alone," was his abrupt reply, making Mrs. Drakeford aware, if she did not already know, that a bad temper is not improved by the gout.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," she said,—with not the best intention in her speech.

"What about ?"

"Esther !"

"The devil take the girl ! I owe this cursed fit to her ! Well ?"

"Her father's come back."

"How do you know ?"

"He has advertised for her. There it is, as large as life, directly after ours. Do you wish to hear it ?"

"Yes!"

With the omission of the part referring to herself, Mrs. Drakeford gave Sir William the benefit of the advertisement.

"This is unlucky!" he said.

"Very," she answered, dryly.

Another twinge and another explosion of irritability; then, with an oath, he shouted, "I won't give her up!"

"But she is not yet in our possession," remarked his consolers.

"Double the reward, triple it, make it five hundred! Outbid him, anyhow."

"Outbid him!" echoed Mrs. Drakeford. "The poor sneak! He has offered nothing. He only talks about handsomely rewarding, which means just much or little, according to people's notions. But it's no use merely promising to pay. I was at Rollicky's private office late last night, and he says, without money down, to oil the wheels you know, we shall never do anything."

"Why didn't you say so before?" cried Sir William, angrily. "What's money to me? Give me my cheque-book! It's lying there. Bring desk and all!"

Propping him up while he wrote, and watching every letter as he slowly shaped them, Mrs. Drakeford hung over Sir William while he wrote the cheque,—for "five hundred," as she whisperingly suggested, though "a thousand" was on the tip of her tongue. He filled in the amount, and his signature was in progress—he had got as far as "William Cumber—" when a third paroxysm, the severest he had yet experienced, made him scream with agony and throw down the pen. Making a hideous contortion, he fell back on his pillow, writhing, while Mrs. Drakeford eyed him savagely. Only a moment more and the work had been complete. At that instant, footsteps, quickened by his cry, were heard approaching. Mrs. Drakeford tore the unfinished cheque from the book and hid it in her bosom, at the same time replacing the desk on a table close by. She had hardly done so before the physician entered.

Blandly as physicians listen to pains that are not their own, he heard Sir William's broken narrative of his sufferings, and soothed and prescribed accordingly.

"We must," he said, "subdue the inflammation, keep down the active fever, moderate the constitutional disturbance, and then we can safely leave the fit to take its course"—words which, of course, afforded inexpressible relief to the victim, clamouring for immediate release from pain.

Mrs. Drakeford followed the man of art into the next room.

"Is he very bad?" she asked.

"H'm, ha!" replied Æsculapius, knitting his brows and pursing up his mouth,— "in these cases, you know, my dear madam, we must always be—h'm—prepared. Not that there is any—h'm—immediate danger; but retrocedent gout, you are aware, is a ticklish thing—a ticklish thing. Lovely weather, a beautiful day for the flower-show, everybody will be there—good morning!"

With a melodious twang, like one of old Aubrey's ghosts, the physician glided off to console some other patient.

"What a piece of ill-luck," soliloquised Mrs. Drakeford—"that this deuced fit couldn't have waited just half a second!"

She took the crumpled cheque from her bosom, and after looking at it steadfastly for a few moments, her features brightened.

"It is only one little word," she said. "Let me see, though, how he is first. Perhaps he can do it still."

She went back to the sick-room, and again stood beside her friend's bed.

"Sir William," she whispered, "are you better?"

No answer.

"I wouldn't disturb you for the world," she continued—"but if you could sit up for an instant I should feel so much obliged."

A convulsive movement followed this request. Sir William raised himself on his elbow.

"Water! water!" he gasped.

Mrs. Drakeford crossed the room to fetch it. Another sharp cry arrested her, and she returned quicker than she went. She was too late. There he lay, collapsed; his knees drawn up to his chin. He was dead!

"Well!" she said, after a pause, during which she made sure of the fact. "What he could not do, I must."

Picking up the pen, which Sir William had thrown on the floor, she spread out the cheque on the desk, and added the syllable "land."

"There!" she said. "I defy any one to tell the difference. And where's the harm? He meant to have done it himself."

She left the room on tiptoe and safely reached her own, where, however, she only stayed long enough to put on her bonnet and shawl. On the staircase she met Sir William's valet.

"I think," she said, "your master is asleep. He had better not be disturbed."

Seeing that she was dressed to go out, the man asked if he should order the carriage "round."

"No, I thank you," she replied. "I am only going for a walk in the square."

But no sooner was she in the street, than, performing her favourite manoeuvre, she quickly turned the corner, hailed the first cab she saw, and, jumping in, desired the driver to go as fast as he could to Charing-cross.

She was in a hurry to cash the cheque.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SALT ON THE SPARROW'S TAIL.

MICHAEL BASTIDE might sneer as he pleased at the position his confederates were in, but his own was neither enviable nor secure. A sword hung over his head suspended by a hair, which might snap at any moment and close his vile career. He had, however, been too long accustomed to a life of peril to suffer anything but tangible evils to affect him. At the same time, he was not insensible to the risks he ran by still lingering on the spot where his most recent villainies had been enacted. Yet he was not without a strong motive for remaining in London, at least for a time. In the first place, returning to France was out of the question. He was

there utterly proscribed, and liable to immediate arrest, with the almost certain prospect of ending his days in the bagnio, if not on the scaffold. Of the first of these punishments he had experience enough, and he did not choose to incur the hazard of the latter. Belgium, it was true, was open to him, and the *confrérie* to which he belonged found plenty of occupation in Brussels and other neighbouring cities to make a residence there both a profitable and a pleasant thing; but at the best these places were only *petites villes* compared with London, where a harvest was to be gathered every day by one who knew how to ply the crooked sickle. He had also an especial field for his own reaping, in the plunder he aimed at securing, through the unconscious agency of his newly-made acquaintance, Monsieur Joseph Duval. On the evening, therefore, of the day after that which witnessed his successful *coup* at Twickenham, when he extorted her ill-gotten gains from Mrs. Drakeford, Bastide repaired to the Devonshire Hotel.

He arrived at an opportune moment. The ponderous valet of Monsieur de la Requetallade was dying of *ennui*, for the weather was too wet to tempt him into the streets, if the streets had possessed any temptation. He was sitting, then, alone in the room appropriated to the servants of the families staying in the hotel, and yawning fearfully over an illustrated newspaper which he had taken up for the twentieth time, when "Monsieur Charles" made his appearance.

He received a most cordial welcome, none but a Frenchman being able to express in an equal degree the delight he feels at meeting a fellow-countryman in this our melancholy island; and although Monsieur Duval was in the abstract a very heavy Frenchman, his *accueil* was perfectly mercurial in comparison with that which honest John Thomas would have accorded to a British friend under similar circumstances. Bastide, whose cue it was to make a good impression, put on his liveliest air in returning the other's salutation.

"I make no excuse," he said, "for coming to see you without waiting for your promised invitation."

"You are quite right," replied Duval; "it is the greatest charity you could show me. Conceive such a thing! I have scarcely opened my mouth to-day, except to eat my dinner."

"That is, indeed, a painful category, particularly for a person of your wit and understanding."

Duval bowed. "One might as well," he said, "be in a prison."

"A prison, my dear friend," returned Bastide, "is infinitely preferable—at least, I presume so, from all I have been told—for, of course, I only speak by hearsay. Yes! London is truly a miserable hole to live in. I do not wonder when I read in our journals that every Englishman, sooner or later, dies by his own hand. Pray tell me, how do you contrive to pass your time—you who are, in so great a degree, the master of your own actions?"

"I give a great part of it," said Duval, "to meditation. In fact, I am of a philosophical disposition. When not engaged in any other pursuit I am always thinking."

"It is a noble occupation," said Bastide, "and the characteristic of a great mind. May I ask what you have been thinking of to-day?"

"Assuredly you may ask, and I shall be most happy to inform you.

When I had the pleasure of meeting you at the apartments of our friend Coudeneux, I mentioned some circumstances affecting the family of my master, Monsieur le Comte de la Roquetaillade."

"You did so. I have a perfect remembrance of them."

"The affair which was only in progress then, has since been brought to a fortunate conclusion."

"I am delighted to hear it. In what manner?"

"The son of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade has been restored to him. The person who had been the guardian from his infancy of Monsieur le Vicomte, now a handsome young man, as tall as either you or I, yesterday surrendered his trust."

"Yesterday! Why did he not do so sooner?"

"It was not in his power. He knew not where to apply, having been led to suppose that neither of the child's parents was living."

"I suppose he has been handsomely rewarded."

"There can be no doubt of it, for Monsieur de la Roquetaillade is now very rich, but as the interview which closed the proceedings was secret, I cannot state the amount of the recompense. That subject, in fact, is the point on which my meditations have been occupied. A capital of so-and-so, hypothecated at so much per cent., would produce a *rente viagère* considerably more than a twelvemonth's wages."

"You have, in short, been wishing yourself in the position of the fortunate individual who restored to your master his son and heir!"

Duval stared at Bastide in astonishment at the readiness with which he divined his thought.

"And yet—if I understood you rightly"—continued the false Monsieur Charles, "it would not be difficult for your master to bestow on you a sum similar to that which he gave to the person you were speaking of."

"Certainly, he has the means. Indeed, he need not leave the hotel for that purpose."

"How so?" asked Bastide, effectually subduing all outward signs of the exultation this news excited.

"To you, who are a discreet man of business, I do not mind mentioning what I would not tell to everybody. Since the arrival of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade in London he has received that part of Madame's inheritance which consists of money and jewels;—for the ownership of the estates there may possibly be litigation, but the cash and other valuables are secure in his possession. It may be that he has no London banker, or perhaps he is unwilling to trust his property to one for fear the house should break—*que sais-je*? At all events, for the present he is his own banker, and the amount of his succession, in English bank-notes—besides the jewels I spoke of—is now in the *secrétaire* of his cabinet, in his own bedroom, for I saw him place it there myself."

"And how much," said Bastide, forcing himself to speak in an indifferent tone—"how much do you think Madame la Comtesse inherited?"

"Not less than one hundred and fifty thousand francs of our money."

Bastide, in his turn, silently meditated. Should he test the honesty of this *bavard*? Six thousand pounds—to say nothing of the unknown value of the jewels—was enough to tempt anybody. The fellow, in whose bosom discontent was evidently working, wanted courage, perhaps, to rob his master single-handed: would he listen to a proposal to that effect from

one wholly without fear? His knowledge of the localities would be useful; besides, in case of resistance, two were better than one. On the other hand, the *sigaud* might be one of those asses who pique themselves on being incorruptible. Even supposing he consented to join in the robbery, the division of the spoil would reduce the amount one-half, and, looking upon the money as already his, Bastide could not afford to part with three thousand pounds. No! He would pump him still further, and unless assistance were absolutely necessary, accomplish the adventure alone.

"Well," he finally said, with a cheerful voice, "I wish your master joy of his property. When I have realised as much by trade I shall retire from business altogether. I can't, however, help thinking that Monsieur le Comte is unwise to keep so much money in his bedroom, for London, as we all know, is a terrible place for thieves. I hope his chamber is not easy of access."

"It is the last of a suite of several rooms," replied Duval, "and the outer door is always locked at night by Monsieur le Comte himself. For convenience of admission I have a duplicate key, by means of which I enter the first thing in the morning, and that I always carry in my pocket, so you see it would be difficult for any stranger to find his way there."

"I am rejoiced to hear of such sensible precautions. But, to speak of other things. Have you seen Coupendeux since that pleasant evening?"

"To say the truth, I have not. Yes, our friend treated us very handsomely. Had I been prepared for your visit I would have sent to ask him in, but I suppose it is too late now."

"You would not find him at home. I called at his apartments on my way, and he was then absent; in fact, he is seldom to be found there unless he makes an engagement. But I fear I am disturbing you. You, doubtless, have business to attend to."

"On the contrary. In the evening I am always my own master. And I hope you will do me the honour of staying to supper."

"It will afford me very great pleasure."

"In that case, I must give the necessary orders. That is all the trouble I shall have, though I confess to you," added Duval, smiling, "it is not easy for me to speak the English language."

"I regret that I cannot help you," said Bastide, "but I have the same difficulty, which I find an impediment to my business: otherwise, it is of no consequence."

"Certainly, none. Only sometimes it is of use. Ah, here is the waiter who attends upon me—quite à propos."

In a hybrid dialect, the meaning of which was enforced by the very loud tone in which it was delivered, Duval contrived to make the waiter understand his wants, and very shortly an excellent supper, sufficient for half a dozen, was spread, and both the host and his guest set to work in good style, the knowledge that neither of them were to pay for the entertainment adding zest to their endeavours.

Monsieur Charles was in high spirits, and did his best to be amusing: his memory was good, his stories, capital of their kind, were numerous, and his manner of telling them provoked the risible faculties of his companion to a great extent. If they related chiefly to the adventures of the *chevaliers* of an industry different from that which he professed, they

were not less welcome to Monsieur Duval, for your honest folks, how honest soever they be, have no objection now and then to listen to tales of roguery, just as virtuous women sometimes permit themselves to indulge in a little scandal.

But in the height of his apparent *abandon*, Monsieur Charles never lost sight of the object which had led him to call that evening on Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's valet—an object which chance had so greatly assisted. Suddenly, in the midst of one of his liveliest anecdotes, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and the water-bottle, to which he appealed for relief, was at that moment unfortunately empty. Duval got up to ring the bell, which was at some distance from where they were sitting; and, the instant his back was turned, Bastide leant forward, and, with his habitual rapidity, took out a small phial and poured the dark-coloured contents into a glass of port wine which Duval had just filled, for the purpose of proposing a toast.

The water was brought, and the cough soon subsided, the waiter looking on with a very sympathetic expression, as if the operation of drinking had been one of remarkable novelty.

"Now den, Williams," said Duval, rubbing his hands, "I ring you no more. Ve have got all vat ve vant, and ven my friend go, I vil open de door, so you need nevare trouble to com again. You are better now?" he continued, turning to Bastide. "Good! Then I shall propose the toast in which I hope you will join."

"With all my heart," said Bastide. "Name it!"

"The health of my new young master, Monsieur le Vicomte de la Roquetaillade!" exclaimed Duval, tossing off his glass.

"You could have proposed nothing more agreeable," said Bastide, following his example—"unless," he added, when he had finished his libation—"unless you had given that of Monsieur le Comte himself, in whom I am equally interested."

"I thank you," returned Duval. "But, diable! Don't you find this wine very strong? I—I—it does not—that is, I feel—ah!—my head is turning—where are you?—I cannot see—give me your hand—I—I——"

The laudanum had acted quickly. Duval gasped, made some inarticulate sounds, and then, yielding altogether to the soporific, fell back in his chair, breathing heavily.

Quietly Bastide rose, went to the door, opened it, and peeped out. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he returned to where Duval was helplessly lying.

"I must take the liberty, my good friend," he said, "of depriving you of that key you were talking of. Ah! here it is! He does not stir, nor is likely to do so for some hours, and in the mean time he will get the credit of being very drunk. This is a large house, and I must conceal myself somewhere up-stairs till I get my opportunity. I have had a very good supper, but I may be hungry before I sit down to another regular meal, therefore, with your permission, Monsieur Duval, I will provide against famine. This, too, is a necessity!"

So saying, he broke off a large fragment of a loaf, and seized a carving-knife which lay on the table. He concealed both beneath his dress, and stole from the room.

TABLE-TALK.

BY MONKSHOOD.

III.—ABOUT DINNER-TIME.

§ 1. A SILENT SESSION.

SCOTT makes it one of the most exemplary characteristics of Mistress Martha Bethune Baliol, in his very delightful sketch of that far from imaginary personage,* that when she gave a dinner to a small party, which she did now and then, she had the good nature to look for, and the good luck to discover, what sort of people suited each other best, and chose her company as Duke Theseus did his hounds,

—matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each,†

so that every guest could take his part in the cry; instead of one mighty Tom of a fellow, like Dr. Johnson, silencing all besides by the tremendous depth of his diapason. Oracular Mr. Emerson, indeed, pronounces the rule of "one to one" to be peremptory for conversation, which, says he, is the practice and consummation of friendship. "Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together, and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company, the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondness of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may thus speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one."‡ When Captain Basil Hall was at Abbotsford, in the palmy days of its creator, he was struck by the difference between Sir Walter entertaining a couple of dozen, or so, of titled and literate guests, hospitably gathered together anyhow, and Sir Walter carving and conversing for his own family alone. "At dinner he was in great force, and pleasant it was to observe the difference which his powers of conversation undergo by the change from a large to a small party. On Friday, when we sat down twenty to dinner, it cost him an effort apparently to keep up the ball at table; but next day, when the company was reduced to his own family, with only two strangers (Fanny and I), he appeared delighted to be at home, and expanded with sur-

* See Introduction to *Chronicles of the Canongate*, ch. vi.

† *Midsommer Night's Dream*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

‡ *Essays*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Ess. vi.* "Of Friendship."

prising animation, and poured forth his stores of knowledge and fun on all hands."* Byron again and again journalises on the unsatisfactory talker twaddle of mixed medley dinner-parties. Thus, in March, 1814: "Last night, party at Lansdowne House. To-night, party at Lady Charlotte Greville's—deplorable waste of time, and something of temper. Nothing imparted—nothing acquired—talking without ideas:—if anything like *thought* in my mind, it was not on the subjects on which we were gabbling. Heigho!—and in this way half London pass what is called life."† Again, in October, 1815: "Yesterday, I dined out with a large-ish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of Covent Garden, and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Douglas Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk."‡ Christopher North, in one of the *Noctes*, congratulates his three *intimados*, Tickler, Mullion, and the Shepherd, on the superior pleasantness of their present little *partie carrée* to "yesterday's lumbering throng," when there must have been a score at the very least. "I agree wi' you, sir," *ex animo* assents and consents the Shepherd. "It's just the maist difficult thing in a' this world to ken hoo to keep up a conversation in a mixed party. Out o' ony dizzen there's aye three or four sure to poishon the evening."§ One very summary, if not quite satisfactory solution of the dinner-party problem, has often, in one shape or another, been more or less ironically proposed,—to wit, that the guests should not talk at all, but confine themselves to eating; at any rate, that the talking should be postponed until the gobbling is over— if only to give the gobbling process a fair chance.

Once at the very least does Mr. Pepys, in the course of his Diary, convict himself of having dined twice,—and the terse description he gives of dinner No. 2, is pertinent to our theme on the Silent System. At my Lord Barkeley's he dines in company with some fashionable people, after enumerating whom, he writes: "A fine French dinner. To dinner [here begins No. 2] to my Lord Mayor's, being invited, where was the farmers of the Customes, my Lord Chancellor's three sons, and other great and much company, and a very great noble dinner, as this Mayor is good for nothing else. No extraordinary discourse of anything, every man [mark this] being intent upon his dinner."|| Now that is something like. One thing at a time. Work your jaws, messieurs, and "hold your jaw." Grinding flesh you find practically incompatible with chopping logic. You are invited by London's chief magistrate expressly to dine, not to talk; and you dine—you are intent on dinner. What your hands find to do, you do it with your might.

I do perceive here an undivided duty—

and his London lordship on these occasions nails his colours to the mast, and expects every man to do his duty. Eminent as this particular Lord

* Capt. Hall's Journal, Jan. 1825.

† Moore's Life of Byron, ch. xx.

‡ Ibid., ch. xxiv.

§ Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. xxv. (April, 1826.)

|| Diary of Samuel Pepys, vol. ii., 19 Oct. 1663.

Mayor was, by Pepys's account, in setting a civic example of economy in good words, and liberality in good fare, we question whether the two centuries that have since elapsed, cannot produce his equal, over and over again, at Mansion House and Guildhall dinners, and their *modus operandi*.

Mr. Thackeray* supplies us with a sketch of a latter-day Dinner in the City. Here is an elegant extract, as example of the table-talk. "Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went round. 'Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?'—'Gobble, gobble.—'Hice Punch or My deary, sir?'—'Smelts or salmon, Jowler, my boy?'—'Always take cold beef after turtle.'—'Gobble, gobble.—'These year peas have no taste?'—'Hobble, gobbleobble. 'Jones, a glass of 'Ock with you? Smith, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S.! mind your manners. There's Mrs. S. a-looking at you from the gallery.'—'Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat."† If we suppose the "chiel" that was "amang them takin' notes," asked, on getting safe home,

—and have you pass'd a night
In gay discourse and rational delight?

we cannot suppose him to shirk the too apposite answer, in poet Crabbe's continuation:

Alas, not so; for how can mortals think,
Or thoughts exchange, if thus they eat and drink?
No, I confess, when we had fairly dined,
There was no time for intercourse of mind;
There was each dish prepared with skill t' invite,
And to detain the struggling appetite;
On such occasions minds with one consent
Are to the comfort of the body lent.‡

And yet even this strain is of a higher mood than befits the guzzling vulgarities above depicted.

Just about one hundred years after the Pepysian picture, James Boswell composed a Pindaric Ode to Gluttony, one stanza of which gives us the beau ideal of aldermanic realism, at the time that then was: the taciturnity prepense is note-worthy:

Ev'n now on venison much intent,
The great John Bull, pleased with his fate,
Gorges until his sides are rent,
And glows voluptuous o'er his plate.

* Whom, by the way, a Quarterly Reviewer describes as "not less eminent as a dinner-giver than as a diner-out,"—and records, unreservedly enough: "We were once dining with the author of 'Vanity Fair,' at the *Rocher*, when a *matelote* of surpassing excellence was served up. 'My dear fellow,' exclaimed the distinguished moralist, 'don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish.'" Could he but have imposed a like silence afterwards!

† Sketches and Travel in London: A Dinner in the City.

‡ Crabbe, *The Borough*: Letter x.

He, while he eyes the godlike haunch,
 Rubs his rotundity of paunch;
 Which, when replete in every chink,
 His Worship makes sublimely think:
 Or, *an inveterate enemy to chat,*
 Delighted views a splendid store of fat!*

This was composed two or three years before Boswell's introduction to Dr. Johnson; but the sage, splendid table-talker as he was, most sometimes, in the act of deglutition, and until the Homeric rage of appetite was appeased, have reminded Bezzy of his pindarics. For, in the matchless biography we are told, that the Doctor, when at table, was wholly absorbed in the business of the moment; that his looks seemed riveted to his plate; "nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite; which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible."† Boswell once complained to him of having dined at a magnificent table without hearing one sentence of conversation worthy of being remembered. "Sir," said Johnson, "there seldom is any such conversation." "Why then meet at table?" Boswell inquires. The Doctor answers, "Why, to eat and drink together, and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done where there is no solid conversation; for, when there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humour,"‡ &c.—to say nothing of the solution of continuity in cramming.

One thing at a time seems to have been Coleridge's dinner-table policy, if we may judge of it by a cursory record in Sir Walter Scott's Diary. Thus: "Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries,"§ &c. Business first, pleasure afterwards,—if at least we may regard that hearty meal as a matter of business, and the Samothracian dissertation as one of pleasure—which, to some of the company, it was not.

Fielding makes his "Mr. Supple, the curate of Mr. Allworthy's parish," a good natured worthy man, but "chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never shut. In short, he had one of the best appetites in the world." However, the cloth was no sooner taken away, than he always made sufficient amends for his silence. || Mr. Supple is not meant to be an exception to his cloth. He is orthodox in practice at table, as well as doctrine in church.

The provost of a certain college at—call it, after Mr. Thackeray, Oxbridge (for that, like Camford, is splitting the difference)—used to follow up "grace before meat," at his groaning table, with the exclamation, "Come, boys, now let's be jolly, and no talking." Your too subtle epicurean and your ravenous clodpole are at one here: extremes meet: they both are jealous of interruption, or diversion (classically speaking), to mar the even tenor of their way. "Cependant," writes a

* See Letters of James Boswell (1801), p. 376.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1768.

§ Scott's Diary, April 22, 1828.

‡ *Ibid.*, *sub anno* 1776.

|| Tom Jones, ch. xxxviii.

master of French sensational philosophy, "on a vu des hommes qui mangeaient avec une attention particulière, dont même quelques-uns mangeaient seuls, pour n'être pas distraits du recensement qu'ils portaient dans leurs repas."* The Chronicler of Clovernook, after supping with the Hermit of Bellyfalle, informs us of the latter (though a philosopher, —or perhaps we should rather say, because a philosopher), that he never uttered a syllable till the meal was ended; and that, in an afterchange of thought, the Hermit confessed his admiration of his guest upon the same high principle. "A man, sir," observed the sage, "who gabbles at his dinner, may be said to swallow, not to eat. Eating, sir, is as much a mental, nay, more so, than a physical task. There is, sir, a wonderful sympathy between the brain and the palate. Talk destroys the exquisite harmony between them. All the nobler faculties of the soul should be present during every mouthful; and so sublimating it, the wise man eats with his brain, the fool with his mouth."† Again, when they meet at breakfast next morning: "I hastened to what we will call the refectory. The Hermit was seated in his chair; the breakfast—it would have put a stomach into a mummy—was laid out, widely and beauteously. As I entered the Hermit raised his face, scarlet with eating, from a platter; and his little black eyes twinkling welcome, he nodded, and gasped from his full mouth—'Salue! Sit and eat.'—One hour at least had run to the past, ere another word was spoken. 'That brewa, sir, was owned in Paradise,' were the next words uttered, as the Hermit pushed away his platter, and fell like a pillow in his chair."‡ And then the sluices of conversation are opened with a will. So at dinner. "He dined as though he was fulfilling a devout exercise of his life. Not a word escaped him, as dish after dish was levied upon, then taken away." At last the Hermit again "pushes away" (he should have known better) his final plate, and utters a profound remark. And his guest knew by that infallible sign, the broken silence, that dinner was now an accomplished fact. "He had dined—for he had spoken."§ Béranger had such philosophers in his mind's eye when thus counselling *messieurs les gastronomes*,

Pour goûter à point chaque mets,
À table ne causez jamais;
Chassez-en la plaisanterie;||—

though the last line, and indeed the context generally, are of course inapplicable to him of Clovernook. He is but a reproducer, in effect, of the pleas for a silent system sown broadcast throughout the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. He is but a retail dealer in their wholesale stores.

Some of the Ambrosian hyperboles, so recklessly hazarded, so dashingly kept up, we must glance at, merely, *passim*. "Now, James, if you please," says Tickler, at the close of a sederunt, "we shall [Anglicè, will] adjourn to supper. It is exactly ten o'clock, and I smell the turkey. From seven o'clock to this blessed moment your tongue has never ceased wagging. I must now have my turn." "Tak' your turn, and welcome," replies the Shepherd. "As for me, I never speak nane

* Cabanis, *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*, t. i. § 4.

† *Chronicles of Clovernook*, p. 240 (edit. 1853).

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 249.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 275.

|| *Chansons de Béranger*, "Les Gourmands" (1810).

during supper. But you may e'en gie us a soliloquy."* At a long subsequent "spread" occurs this pregnant parenthesis, signed by the short-hand writer in attendance: "*Silence, with slight interruptions, and no conversation for about three-quarters of an hour.*—NATHAN GURNEY."† At another, this more graphic pendant: "There is silence in the Snuggery from half-past seven till half-past eight; or, rather, a sound like the whutter of wild-fowl on the feed along a mud-bank by night, in Poole Harbour, at low-water, as described by Colonel Hawker."‡ At another, they draw lots for the tureens,—“And let no man,” Tickler proposes, “say a good thing, except between courses.” “Or a bad thing either,” adds North; “agreed.”§ At another, the Shepherd *loquitur*: “Noo, sirs, dinna distract my attention frae the board, for it requires as meikle attention to play a supper o’ this complicated character as a game at chess. You twa are at liberty to speak to ane anither, but no’ to me, and mind that ye converse in a laigh, or at least moderate key,”|| &c. Elsewhere he of Ettrick valiantly defends the Ambrosians from the charge of gluttony. Is there any test of gluttony, he is asked. Yes, there is. “Watch twa men eatin’. As lang’s there’s a power or capacity o’ smilin’ on their cheeks, and in and about their een—as lang’s they keep lookin’ at you, and round about the table, attendin’ to or joinin’ in the tauck, or the speakin’ cawm—as lang’s they every noo and than lay doon their knife and fork, to ca’ for yill, or ask a young leddy to tak’ wine, or tell an anecdote,—as lang’s they keep frequently ca’in on the servant lad or lass for a clean plate,—as lang’s they glower on the framed picturs or prents on the wa’, and keep askin’ if the tanes originals and the tithers proofs,—as lang’s they offer to carve the tongue or turkey,—depend on’t they’re no’ in a state o’ gluttony, but are devourin’ their soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, like men and Christians. But as sune’s their chin gets creeshy—their cheeks lank, sallow, and clun-clunky—their nostrils wide—their een fixed—their faces close to their trencher—and themselfs dumbies—then you may see a specimen ‘of the immoral and unintellectual abandonment o’ the sowl o’ man to his gustative natur’, then is the fast, foul, fat feeder a giutton, the maist disgustfu’est cretur that sits—and far aneath the level o’ them that feed, on a’ fowers, out o’ trochs on garbage.”¶ The Shepherd’s exclusion bill is liberal enough; but we fear, taking Boswell’s word as trustworthy, that it would put Dr. Johnson, for one, on the wrong side, among the self-evident gluttons, who, too literally, have not a word to say for themselves.

Earl Stanhope’s retrospective review of English life and manners—or rather British—during the period his History comprises, makes allusion to a Lowland gentleman of large estates, and well remembered in Edinburgh Whig circles, who used to say that, as he thought, “the great bane of all society is conversation.”** The gentleman himself was thinking more of hard-drinking than of heavy-eating: but there were plenty to accept and endorse his maxim, in either construction, or both. Mr. de Quincey, who is eloquent and ingenious, as ever, in his exposition of the true philosophy of dining—as a meal sacred to hospitality

* *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, April, 1826.

† *Ibid.*, Dec., 1829.

‡ *Ibid.*, Jan., 1831.

§ *Ibid.*, Nov., 1834.

|| *Ibid.*, Jan., 1835.

¶ *Ibid.*, April, 1829.

** *History of England*, by Lord Mahon, vol. vii. ch. lxx.

and genial pleasure—says of barbarous nations generally (and none were, in this respect, more barbarous than our own ancestors), that they made this capital blunder: if you asked them what was the use of dinner, what it was meant for, they stared at you, and replied—as a horse would reply, if you put the same question about his provender—that it was to give him strength for finishing his work! “Therefore, if you point your telescope back to antiquity about twelve or one o’clock in the day-time, you will descry our most worthy ancestors all eating for their very lives, eating as dogs eat—viz. in bodily fear that some other dog will come and take their dinner away. What swelling of the veins in the temples (see Boswell’s natural history of Dr. Johnson at dinner)! what intense and rapid deglutition! what odious clatter of knives and plates! what silence of the human voice! what gravity! what fury in the libidinous eyes with which they contemplate the dishes! Positively it was an *indecent* spectacle to see Dr. Johnson at dinner.”* And the essayist subsequently alludes to what he calls an “admirable picture” in Wordsworth’s “Peter Bell” (since expunged?), of “a snug party in a parlour” removed into *limbus patrum* for their offences in the flesh:

Cramming, as they on earth were cramm’d;
Some sipping wine, some sipping tea;
But, as you by their faces see,
All *silent*, and all——

(rhyme and reason supply the monosyllable in demand). “How well does that one word *silent* describe those venerable ancestral dinners—‘All silent!’ Contrast this infernal silence of voice, and fury of eye, with the *risus amabilis*, the festivity, the social kindness, the music, the wine, the *dulcis insaniam*, of a Roman *cæna*.”† George the Third set a bad example in this respect, if we may credit that perhaps over-credulous gossip, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall: not that his Majesty ate so much, but that he got through his modicum so rapidly, that the lords in waiting must needs leave off hungry, or continue “enjoying themselves” while royalty sate and looked on. One of these distressed Persons of Quality said to Sir Nat., “We know so well how soon the king has finished, that after we sit down at table not a word is uttered. All our attention is devoted to expedition. Yet, with the best diligence we can exert, before we have half dined, his Majesty has already thrown himself back in his chair, and called for his cup, with which he concluded his meal.”‡ A dignified scramble, forsooth; if George had not been the *bonhomme* he was, or had ever shown a trace of Frederick of Prussia’s sportive malice, we should have suspected him of putting my lords on short commons, purely to vex them, and amuse himself.

But Farmer George resembled Old Fritz neither in *malin* disposition, nor in *gourmandise*. He was rather of that “heavy soil” class of mind—bucolic and agricultural,—a harvest-home feast of whose humblest representatives, native and to the manner born, is thus touched upon by Mr. Charles Reade: “Few words were uttered during the discussion of the meats, for when the fruges consumere nati are let loose upon beef,

* See De Quincey’s essay, “The Casuistry of Roman Meals” (more familiarly known under its original title, “Dinner, Real and Reputed”).

† Miscellanies, by Thomas de Quincey, vol. i. p. 280.

‡ Wraxall’s Posthumous Memoirs of his own Times, vol. iii. p. 134.

bacon, and pudding, among the results dialogue on a large scale is not."* Eager voracity apart, there was a deal of these Georgics about great George our king.

At any rate he did not bring on his long malady by that overwork of brain at the dinner-table, to which Mr. Disraeli and others have ascribed a formidable amount of physical blight and bane. Like the prophet of old, he kept silence, yea, even from good words—understanding by good words, literally *bons mots*—nor was it pain and grief to him, so to abstain.

We are informed that Tancred—he of the New Crusade—could not refrain from contrasting the silent, business-like way in which the Shehaabs, the Talhooks, the Djinblats, and the Habeish, performed their dinner operations, on Fakredeen's carpeted marble floor, with the conversation "which is considered an indispensable accompaniment of a dinner in Franguestan" (Christendom). And the corollary is, that the Shehaabs, the Talhooks, the Djinblats, and the Habeish, were sensible men, who were of opinion, that if you want to talk you should not by any means eat, since from such an attempt at a united performance it generally results, that you neither converse nor refresh yourself in a satisfactory manner.

For, according to Mr. Disraeli, there can be no question that, next to the corroding cares of Europeans, principally occasioned by their love of accumulating money which they can never enjoy, the principal cause of the modern disorder of dyspepsia prevalent among them, is their irrational habit of interfering with the process of digestion by torturing attempts at repartee, and racking their brain, at a moment when it should be calm, to remind themselves of some anecdote so appropriate that they have forgotten it.† Hence the jealousy of your Lord Gulose-ton of any interruption to the *ataraxia* of dinner-time—and their entire approbation of the didactic French bard, who says,

Défendez que personne, au milieu d'un banquet,
Ne vous vienne donner un avis indiscret;
Écartez ce fâcheux qui vers vous s'achemine;
Rien ne doit déranger l'honnête homme qui dine.

Thus Englished by Sir Bulwer Lytton :

At meals no access to the indiscreet;
All are intruders on the wise who eat.
In that blest hour, your bore's the veriest sinner!
Nought must disturb a man of worth—at dinner.

Admirable advice, says the noble lord we have named (as a type), toy-ing, as he speaks, with a *filet mignon de poulet*. "Do you remember an example in the Bailli of Suffren, who, being in India, was waited upon by a deputation of natives while he was at dinner. 'Tell them,' said he, 'that the Christian religion peremptorily forbids every Christian, while at table, to occupy himself with any earthly subject, except the function of eating.' The deputation retired in the profoundest respect at the exceeding devotion of the French general."‡ On the same principle his lordship, on another occasion, when his guest has been dilating on the joys an ambitious epicure might experience by feasting the great

* Clouds and Sunshine, by C. Reade, ch. ii.

† Tancred, book v. ch. ii.

‡ Pelham, ch. lviii.

men of the age, all the year round, assures the projector that the ardour of his enthusiasm blinds his philosophy. "For instance, you must allow, that if one had all those fine persons at one's table, one would be forced to talk more, and consequently to eat less: moreover, you would either be excited by your triumph, or you would not,—that is indisputable; if you are *not* excited, you have the bore for nothing; if you *are* excited, you spoil your digestion: nothing is so detrimental to the stomach as the feverish inquietude of the passions. All philosophies recommend calm as the *το καλον* of their code."* With the dinner-bell, ataraxia should be at its apogee.

After a pungent description of the black, spicy, opaque, mysterious compounds which our female cooks of a bygone age called *entrées*, Mrs. Gore observed (some score of years since), that, now that these peppery substitutes for savoury viands have given place to epigrammes d'agneau aux pointes d'asperges, the epigrams of the table-talkers have become less pointed.

The fools who come to talk, remain to eat;

"and the light *soufflés* and piquant *mayonnaise* stop their mouths with a *bonne bouche*, instead of a *bon mot*."†—Of the same lively author's Augustus Hamilton (a clever though odious portrait, of the George Osborne class) we are told, that "he was one of those who consider talking an impertinence during the grave business of the first course."‡ So the shrewd writer (who is he? or what else has he written?) to whom we owe "My Peninsular Medal," in describing an elaborate meal, four-in-hand, of portentous liberality and length, remarks: "As we were all sensible people, or wished to appear so, there was very little talk; and what there was referred to the important business in hand."§ *Lorenzo* was otherwise-minded when he deferred till dinner-time any prolonged *causerie* with his winsome wife. *Jessica* would fain draw him out to play with her at question and answer, as they stroll together,

Happy, happy, happy pair,

in the garden at Belmont. "Nay, but ask my opinion too of that," pleads the lady. But *Lorenzo* thinks all this just the thing for the dinner-table:

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.||

Clearly, *Lorenzo*, though in the honeymoon, was ready for his dinner. It must be owned that he shows himself rather fond of the table: still, he thought none the worse of it, but all the better, for some genial and fresh-flowing table-talk. He was good Christian enough, depend upon it, not to have repudiated the precept of quaint but holy George Herbert,

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.

Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;

Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.¶

* Pelham, ch. lxvii.

† Cecil, vol. i. ch. iii.

‡ The Hamiltons, ch. xviii.

§ My Peninsular Medal, part i. ch. ii.

¶ Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. 5.

¶ George Herbert, The Church-Porch.

CANTERBURY AND ITS ARCHBISHOPS.

THE first volume of Dr. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," having brought down their history from the mission of Augustine to the close of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty—a period of about four hundred and seventy years—the Archbishops during the Anglo-Norman reigns form the subject of the second volume of this important biographical work,* and it brings before the reader a totally new set of ideas as well as a different race of men, and a greatly altered state of things in Europe. It comprises historical characters and times of undying interest in the annals of this realm; for here we have the lives of Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Hubert Walter, and Langton, not to mention six archbishops of inferior distinction. The book occupies a period of little more than a century and a half; but the years that elapsed between the Conquest and the Great Charter, between Lanfranc and Langton, between Hildebrand and Innocent, are among the most eventful years in mediæval history. They saw the rise of feudal institutions and of the age of chivalry; they saw the rise of the universities and of our courts of law; they saw the beginning of the great struggle between the ecclesiastical and the civil power, in which the Church fought the battle of the people against kings and barons; and they saw the sanguinary yet romantic warfare of the Crusades, which brought arts and learning of the East to Europe, and aided the progress of civilisation.

In those contentious ages, when even ecclesiastics were more commonly combative than literate, the primates of England maintained the foremost place, and archbishops were ministers of state and viceroys, warriors and judges, and a bishop was seen at one time emulating the lives of saints, and at another besieging a castle, then acting as commander-in-chief, or seated among mail-clad barons in the royal councils. It helps one to realise the character of the stormy Anglo-Norman reigns if we remember these features of the age, and think that the cathedrals and the castles of England were then rising; that the speech of the people was still Anglo-Saxon, and the language of the court and the aristocracy Norman-French; that the only written language was Latin, and the only scholars were the clergy; that the feudal lords were generally turbulent and warlike, and wicked as well as unlettered, and knew not the refinements or the means of enlightenment that are now accessible to the peasant; that the Saxon trials by ordeal were still in use, that our judicial system was only in its dawn, and England had not yet seen the beginning of her parliament; that the lower classes of the people were for a large part in feudal slavery, and the freedom and independence of municipalities was hardly begun. No towns of portentous magnitude then spread labyrinths of streets over the fields, or darkened the landscapes of England; most of the highways were those the Romans had left; a great part of the country was still forest, the abode of the bandit, the wild boar, and the wolf; and the abbeys, which received the traveller

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, Dean of Chichester. Vol. ii.: Anglo-Norman Period. Bentley. 1862.

on his route, afforded almost the only humanising influences of the time.

The Dean of Chichester prefixes to the series of biographies contained in the present volume an elaborate introductory sketch of the spirit of the age, the state of the people after the establishment of the Norman rule, and the influence of the Crusades on the progress of civilisation. He also shows the importance in those days of the monastic institutions—then the nurseries of statesmen and the homes of learning—and glances at the rise of the university system; and for the better understanding the conduct of the archbishops, he sketches the policy of the popes and the lawlessness of the kings.

The Crusades cannot be adequately discussed in an incidental notice, but the advantages and the calamities that resulted from them (amongst the former, the abolition of slavery in England), seem to us to be very fairly stated by Dr. Hook: we must not judge them by modern standards, or measure Christian enthusiasm by maxims of political economy. It was an age when (as some one has truly said) life was earnest in its beliefs as well as stormy in its ambitions; when abbeys were reared in many a quiet vale, as well as feudal castles on many an English hill; and when the feudal chivalry, though unskilled in any art but that of war, and too often the representatives of lawless power, could glow with enthusiasm for the Holy Land, and endow churches, in which, if they lived to return from Palestine, they were laid for their final rest. But, whatever the rank of the Crusader, no considerations of worldly honour, interest, or pleasure, restrained him from the heroic enterprise, for religious zeal combined with military ardour. However depraved the state of society may have been, the Crusade appealed to the nobler instincts of human nature; from those instincts chivalry sprang; and chivalry represented all that was humanising, and softening, and self-denying and courageous in mankind. People can now talk wisely about the insanity of the Crusades, and the superstitions of what they call "the dark ages," but a lust for gold is the superstition of the present age; and we believe with Mr. Ruskin that "those who have worshipped the thorns of Christ's crown will be found at last to have been holier and wiser than those who are devoted to the service of the world." Ages may have been warlike and stormy without being dark, and men may have been rude and unlettered without being barbarous; and it certainly does not become an age that tolerates the Revivals—with their insane and revolting accompaniments—that believes in spirit-rapping and hears Spurgeon, to condemn the superstition of the middle ages or the fanaticism of the Crusades.

Dr. Hook regards the first Crusade as the termination of the "dark ages" and the commencement of a new era. Mediæval history, he remarks, extends from the commencement of the fourth century to the close of the fifteenth—a period of twelve centuries, of which, he says, "seven may be regarded as dark." But the learned author surely cannot mean to call the first seven centuries of this period "dark?" That reproach cannot be applied to the age of Cyril and St. Augustine of Hippo; of Theodosius and Justinian; of St. Benedict, and Boethius, and Gregory of Tours; of Pope Gregory the Great and Augustine of Canterbury; of Aidan, and Bede, and Aldhelm; of Alcuin and Charlemagne; of Arch-

bishop Egbert and Erigena; of Theodorus of Canterbury, Alfred the Great, Elfric, and Dunstan. Neither can the age be called "dark" in which schools of learning were incorporated into universities, and in which the monasteries began to shelter religion, literature, and art. The term is relative; and, after all, the question arises, what is meant by "a dark age?" If the want of letters, of civilising influences, and of great men makes an age dark, no doubt England passed through dark ages in the time of the first Saxon invasions, in the contests between the petty kingdoms of the Heptarchy, in the long years which preceded the missions of the Celtic Church and the Roman Church, and (in later periods of our history) after the Danish and the Norman ravages laid waste the north of England.

But the character of the age in which the archbishops lived is material to their biographies only in as much as their actions must be regarded by the light of contemporary history, and with reference to the state of society in their time. The dean disclaims any attempt to depict the character of any one of the personages whose lives he has written, and professes to record actions and opinions only.

The noble and commanding figure of Lanfranc heads the procession of the Anglo-Norman primates. He was a native of Pavia, in Lombardy, and having acquired proficiency in the civil and canon law, he practised as an advocate, until political troubles led him to make choice of Normandy as the place of his future labours; and founding a school at Avranches, he attracted crowds of scholars, for he is said to have been as skilful in imparting as he was laborious in acquiring knowledge. A newly-acquired enthusiasm led him to the monastery of Bec, in which he spent some time, and which he quitted reluctantly for the court of the Duke of Normandy. Although long unwilling to exchange the studious life of the cloister for the thorny distinction of the primacy, he suffered himself to be promoted in 1070 to the archiepiscopal dignity of Canterbury. Three years before that time the Saxon cathedral had been destroyed by fire; and it is remarkable that we should owe to Italians not only the planting of the Church of Christ in England at the end of the sixth century, but the building of the Norman cathedral of Canterbury in the eleventh. Lanfranc's edifice was destined to be, like its predecessor, not of long duration. He rebuilt also the episcopal palace, and over it placed Gundulf, a monk of Bec, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, the builder of the massive and more enduring castle upon the Medway, and the architect of the Tower of London. Lanfranc served the Conqueror in high civil office; and the ecclesiastical polity of William's reign is, no doubt, to a considerable extent, attributable to Lanfranc's counsel. He it was who separated the ecclesiastical from the civil tribunal, and in the administration of the Church he acted with prudence and justice. It was in his time that Osmund "the good," Bishop of Salisbury, drew up the service book which afterwards, throughout the province, formed what was known as "the Salisbury use," and regulating liturgical usage, became the model ritual of the Church of England, and the basis of our Book of Common Prayer. We are glad to see that Lanfranc's literary works, and services to literature, are mentioned with due honour by his present biographer. If the age in which he lived was dark, Lanfranc, at all events, nobly contributed to its enlightenment.

He died in May, 1089, in the second year of the reign of William Rufus, and was succeeded by the famous Anselm, who was also one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was a native of Piedmont, for he was born at Aosta, beneath the

Throned emblems of eternity, that rear
Above the earth-born clouds their mitred snows.

He became a pupil of Lanfranc in the monastery of Bec, and ere long a teacher of others, and his fame attracted to that place a multitude of students, and scholars, and penitents. In 1079, when forty-six years of age, he accepted the abbot's staff from the hands of William the Conqueror, and his literary genius raised the community so high that it came to be regarded as an assembly of philosophers. Here he passed thirty-three happy years, the object of adulation, the oracle and lawgiver to all around him, though sadly indifferent to providing food for his monks, for he had a bad habit of preferring his books to his meals, and disregarded creature-comforts himself. At Lanfranc's death, the Red King had seized the temporalities of Canterbury, and filled the royal coffers by delaying the nomination of a successor. At length, however, when the profligate and avaricious oppressor believed himself to be dying, he nominated the Abbot of Bec for the vacant see, and amid great rejoicings Anselm was enthroned in 1093. We shall not follow Dr. Hook through his statement of the violent disputes which arose between the king and the archbishop, who, inflexible in his notions of duty to the Church, seems to have disregarded tact and conciliation, and he resolutely refused to yield a supremacy to the king that was incompatible with obedience to the Pope. In 1097 he took refuge in Rome, and remained in exile during the rest of William's reign. At length, on the death of the fierce and godless monarch, Anselm was summoned to England by Henry I. But his refusal to receive investiture from the king involved fresh disputes. He nevertheless assisted at the marriage of Henry with Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and of Margaret, the sister of Edgar the Atheling, by which restoration of the Anglo-Saxon line, and as a descendant of Matilda, Queen Victoria is connected with Saxon royalty. Henry, with his accustomed policy, made the talents and influence of Anselm conducive to the consolidation of his own power, and the good queen made him her spiritual adviser. In 1093, Anselm went to Rome, and a long and vexatious controversy arose between him and Henry, who at length conceded terms which the archbishop, by advice of the Pope, accepted, and which formed the precedent for the conciliatory adjustment, some years afterwards, of the ominous controversy as to investitures. Returning to England in the autumn of 1106, Anselm was joyfully welcomed on his landing at Dover, and Matilda in person made the provisions for his comfort which his illness and age (he was now seventy-three) required. He found Prior Conrad engaged on the magnificent architectural works which superseded Lanfranc's choir, and he aided their execution nobly, but he was not destined to witness the completion of the Norman cathedral, for on the 11th April, 1109, amidst his attached friends and the monks of Canterbury, the good archbishop passed to his rest. He was acknowledged to be "mighty in Scripture," and the many literary works he produced attest his intellectual power and depth of thought.

The saintly Anselm was succeeded by Ralph de Escures, a Frenchman, who, as archbishop, was perhaps chiefly remarkable for being the patron of good and learned men. He was himself of a happy temperament, kind, affable, and joyous in spirit, and he seems to have borne with great equanimity the disputes and divisions which agitated the Church of England in his day. The last public act in which he was engaged was the marriage of Henry I. to Adela of Louvain, and the coronation of the fair young bride. His successor, William of Corbeuil, was, like him, a Frenchman, and he was elected to the archbishopric at a time when the desire of the bishops was to see in the office of primate a politician who could defend the Church from the king on the one hand and from the encroachments of the Pope on the other. The character given of him by a contemporary might really be drawn from the life at the present day: "He was a man of smooth face and strictly religious manners, but much more ready to amass money than to spend it." The works commenced by Lanfranc and carried on by Anselm were completed during his primacy, and he consecrated the cathedral on the 4th May, 1130, in the presence of such a royal and noble assemblage as had never before been seen even in Canterbury, for it included Henry I. and David of Scotland (himself the founder of many abbeys and churches in his own realm), and nobles and bishops almost without number. Four years afterwards Archbishop William crowned Stephen, and in 1136 he died, "leaving immense sums secretly hoarded in his coffers." In Theobald, his successor, Canterbury now received a third archbishop from the monastery of Bec. England was in a miserable condition of civil anarchy when this noble Norman became archbishop, and Christianity would have been extinguished if it had not been for the monasteries. But rude and boisterous as was the time, his court soon became the centre of resort for all the learning and ability of the kingdom. John of Salisbury, one of the most classical writers of the age, was his secretary, and "in close conversation with him might be seen sitting a young man whom no one could look upon without asking who he was. In stature tall, of strength equal to any undertaking, with a keen eye, a quick ear, fluent in speech, cheerful in discourse, ready in debate, with the manners of a noble and a knight, Thomas of London, the son of Gilbert Becket, the portraive of the city, at once commanded respect, secured attention, and won friends."

The study of the civil law had been shortly before revived in Italian universities, particularly at Bologna; and Archbishop Theobald, who was more of the lawyer than the theologian, introduced the study of the science, and attracted its professors to his court, and about the year 1144 placed a professor of the Roman law at Oxford, whose lectures were afterwards attended by persons of every rank, especially by aspirants to high office in Church or State. He discovered, encouraged, and employed the talents of the young Londoner, and enabled him to complete his legal studies by a year's residence at Bologna, and is said to have afterwards employed Becket in a negotiation with the court of Rome, in which he rendered good offices to the house of Anjou, and paved the way to the favour in which he was held by Henry II. A very remarkable concurrence of circumstances fitted Becket for the position he was destined to occupy; and his patron, the archbishop, soon after officiating

at the coronation of Henry (19th Dec., 1154), commended to him the youthful scholar—then known as Thomas, the archdeacon—as the fittest person to be his chancellor, and he was the first Englishman ever appointed to that office. In 1161, the enlightened, charitable, and munificent archbishop died, and was succeeded (in May, 1162) by the brilliant and courtly favourite, his former pupil and archdeacon.

To the life of Becket the Dean of Chichester has evidently devoted especial care. St. Thomas of Canterbury is an ecclesiastical hero who has found so many biographers, and whose life affords such abundant materials for controversy, that the outlines of his career are tolerably familiar to most readers. His character has been viewed from different stand-points, according to the prejudices of the writer, but Dr. Hook's narrative is distinguished by its fairness and justice no less than by honest and painstaking research. The history of Becket is very conveniently arranged under the distinct periods of—first, his chancellorship; second, his primacy; third, his exile; and fourth, his return to England, so speedily followed by the martyrdom (29th Dec., 1170), which has never had a more graphic delineator than Professor Stanley. We must own a wish that Dr. Hook had himself summed up the evidence and given his own view of the character of this extraordinary man, and that he had made more apparent to the general reader the motives of conduct which often seems inexplicable. The archiepiscopal mitre seems to have transformed his whole character; and Dr. Hook's portrait of him from the time when his acceptance of the primacy placed him in a situation of antagonism to the king his former friend, as often repels our sympathy as it raises our admiration. In one scene, Becket, as the champion of ecclesiastical independence, popular, yet never basely courting popularity, loving splendour, yet indifferent to the pleasures of the world, nobly contending for his right, single-handed, against the heathen rage and might of power, engages our sympathies and homage, while in the next, his conduct is that of an aggressor towards the king, and seems marked by the most perverse and wrong-headed obstinacy and passion. But no one, impartially reviewing the circumstances of his position, can deny that his aims were most unselfish, and his actions guided by high views of duty; that he was as noble, high-minded, and consistent as he was independent and uncompromising, and that he was a hero worthy of his crown in the noble army of martyrs.

Without placing ourselves amidst the controversies of his time, and realising the aims which claimed the loyalty of churchmen in the days of Hildebrand, and remembering also that to concede supremacy to the secular power in things ecclesiastical appeared to them to be to fear man rather than God, and to be a rendering to Cæsar of things that are God's, we cannot adequately appreciate the cause for which Becket fought and died. However he may have been regarded since the Reformation, we must remember that, in his day, the people, and what may be called the religious sentiment of the nation, was with him; and this was the case, not on the Continent only, where during his exile he was regarded as a Confessor for the Christian faith, but also in England, where, in the memorable conflict with the king and his council at Northampton—portrayed in the present volume with much dramatic force—and again on his return from exile, he was borne, as it were, in triumph on a wave of

popular enthusiasm. In this day, a champion of ecclesiastical independence contending against the temporal power would find arrayed against him what is called the Religious World, and encounter the roar of Exeter Hall and the motley and heterogeneous Protestants who, we presume, are adverted to by the apt description of "those noisy, intolerant, ignorant, yet sincere and zealous religionists, who, by their vehemence and violence, overawe, if they do not overpower, wiser and better men."

It is to the honour of Richard, a Norman monk, the successor of St. Thomas in the see of Canterbury, that he too was the protégé of Archbishop Theobald, and, to the last, the friend of Becket. He seems to have thought more of peace, of making parks, and preserving game, than of following the ecclesiastical policy of his celebrated predecessor, and perhaps a more amiable man, and one whose rule was more equitable, never sat in the chair of Augustine. The penance to which Henry II. submitted in Canterbury Cathedral on the 12th of July, 1174, for the atrocious murder of Becket, was the first of the two memorable events of his primacy: the other was the destruction by fire, in the following September, of Conrad's choir, the glory of the cathedral. Its reconstruction was entrusted to the famous William of Sens—who was in church architecture the Scott of his day—and was completed in 1184; but shortly before the work was finished Archbishop Richard died. He was succeeded by Baldwin of Exeter, a monk of the Cistercian monastery of Ford, who seems to have been of a fervid and inconstant disposition, and who finally forsook his see and province to join the third Crusade, in company with the illustrious Ranulph de Glanville, the Justiciar, but not before he had crowned Richard king of England. The enthusiastic old primate, after distinguishing himself before Acre, died of grief and disappointment in Palestine, and Hubert Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, followed his friend and patron to his grave in a strange land, and, on 30th of May, 1193, to the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury.

Hubert Walter was of noble family. He was the nephew of Ranulph de Glanville, and, like Becket, was educated as a lawyer. He must have been a perfect incarnation of British energy. After his consecration as Bishop of Salisbury, he fought valiantly as a Crusader, and exhibited the military skill of a general officer, while he found in the camp a new field for his pastoral offices. When, on the advance to Jerusalem, the illness of King Richard spread a panic through the Christian host, the army owed its safety to Hubert Walter's courage and presence of mind; and Saladin himself is said to have respected in him the wisdom and prudence in which Richard was deficient—duly as he inspired respect for the "muscular Christianity" of the age. At a later period the king owed his ransom and delivery to his zealous and judicious friend, who, on his return to England, assumed the functions of the king's justiciar and vicerent, and was elected Archbishop of Canterbury. When it became necessary to reduce the fortresses that were held by John the king's brother, Hubert, the archbishop, took the command of the forces in person, and at length welcomed back to England the royal hero of the Crusades, who, however, again committed to Hubert the care of the kingdom.

We have not room to follow Dr. Hook into his interesting digression on the state of London at this time, and on the domestic affairs in

which the archbishop exhibited his administrative abilities. He had no sooner suppressed the formidable insurrection of the Londoners, which was raised by that strange demagogue, Fitz-Osbert, known as "William with the Long Beard," than he put himself at the head of the army to check an incursion of the Welsh. Hubert, accustomed to fight by the side of prelates on the plains of Palestine, saw nothing incongruous in commanding as viceroy an army assembled for the defence of his country; but the Pope thought him too much absorbed in secular affairs, and he gladly resigned the office of justiciar to Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, but, on the coronation of John, accepted the office of lord chancellor. At his hands all people, of whatever rank, were sure of justice and protection; he was a lover of peace and of truth, and a reformer of abuses; and the magnificence of his spirit was shown in the architectural works in which he was engaged, in his gifts for the church of Canterbury, and in everything in which he was concerned. Exercising at once regal and apostolical power, this great primate held an accumulation of offices which never centred in any other individual, and he is altogether one of the most remarkable characters in the history of his time.

Archbishop Hubert died on the 13th of July, 1205, and was succeeded by Stephen Langton, one of the most distinguished statesmen this country has produced. By his varied talents and knowledge of human nature he was qualified to shine equally in the court and in the cloister. Pope Innocent had called him to Rome, that he might have at hand, as his counsellor, a man of piety and wisdom, skilled in law and at the same time in divinity. He reluctantly parted with him, in order that the most important see in Western Europe might be filled by the fittest man. His appointment by the Pope without the previous consent of the king, roused the monarch's indignation, as well as the resistance of the Chapter. The latter, placed in a dilemma, obeyed the Pope and incurred the fierce resentment of the king, and soon England was plunged in all the troubles of the interdict and the negotiations, which ended in John's vassalage to Rome. These exciting chapters of national history are well and concisely written by Dr. Hook, who, by placing before us the active life of Langton as a politician and statesman, portrays his wisdom, his influence, and his superiority to his contemporaries, and we are to remember that it was as the adviser of Eustace de Vesci and Robert Fitz-Walter, the future general of the baronial army assembled against King John, leaders of the barons of England, that Stephen Langton became the author of Magna Charta. The splendour of his political life seems to outshine that of his primacy, but in his case the bishop was not wholly absorbed by the statesman; and the retrospect of his life might justly have been cheered by the reflection that he had ever lived for God, for liberty, and his country.

In conclusion, we congratulate Dr. Hook on these contributions to historical literature, and on the increasing interest of his work.

W. S. G.

THE BEAUTY OF VICQ D'AZIR.

BY OUIDA.

BON AMI, do you consider the possession of sisters an agrément to anybody's existence? I hold it very intensely the reverse. Who puts a man down so spitefully as his sisters? Who refuses so obstinately to see any good in the Nazarene they have known from their nurseries? Who snubs him so contumaciously, when he's a little chap in jackets and they young ladies already out? Who worries him so pertinaciously to marry their pet friend, "who has ten thousand a year, dear! Red hair, Cyril? I'm sure she has not! It's the most lovely auburn! But you never see any beauty in refined women; you care for nothing but danseuses and such people—odious, low creatures!" Who, if you incline towards a pretty little ineligible, rakes up so laboriously every scrap of gossip detrimental to her, and pours into your ear the delightful intelligence that she has been engaged to Powell of the Greys, is a shocking flirt, wears false braids, and has most objectionable connexions? Who, I should like to know, does any and all of these things, my good fellow, so amiably and unremittingly as your sisters? till—some day of grace, perhaps—you make a telling speech at St. Stephen's, and fling a second-hand aroma of distinction upon them; or marry a co-heiress and lady-in-her-own-right, and they raffolent of that charming creature Adeliza, speculating on the desirability of being invited to your house when the men are down for September—*then*, what a dear fellow you become! they always *were* so fond of you! a little wild! oh yes! but they are *so* glad you are changed, and think more seriously now! it was only from a *real* interest in your welfare that they used to grieve," &c. &c. &c.

My sisters were my natural enemies, I remember, c'est-à-dire, when I was in the daisy age and exposed to their thralldom; they were so blandly superior, so ineffably condescending, and wielded, with such smiling dexterity, that feminine power of torture known familiarly as "nagging!" Now, of course, they leave me in peace, only decree me en petit comité a "terrible mauvais sujet," quite irreclaimable! and trouble me no more, save when they beg me to choose a riding-horse for them in the Yard, or give them a good place in the inner circle at a review. But from my earliest to my emancipated years they were my natural enemies. I might occasionally excite the enmity, it is possible. I remember when I was aged eight, covering Constance, a stately brune incapable of dérèglement, with a mortifying amount of confusion, by asking her, as she welcomed Mrs. Breloque with effusion, why she said she was delighted to see her when she had cried "There's that odious woman again!" as we saw the carriage drive up. I have a criminal recollection of taking Gwendolina's fan, fresh from Howell and James's,

and stripping it of its gold-powdered down before her face ere she could rush to its rescue, as an invaluable medium in the manufacture of flies. I also have a dim and guilty recollection of saying to the Hon. George Cursitt, standing then in the interesting position of my prospective beau-frère, "Mr. Cursitt, Agneta doesn't care one straw for you. I heard her saying so last night to Con; and that if you weren't so near the title, she would never have accepted you;" which revelation inopportunately brought that desirable alliance to an end, and Olympian thunders on my culprit's head. I had my sins, sans doute, but they were more than avenged on me; my sisters were my natural enemies, and I never knew of any man's who weren't so, more or less. Ah! my good sirs, those domesticities are all of them horrid bores, and how any man happily and thrice blessedly free from them can take the very worst of them voluntarily on his head by the Gate of Marriage (which differs thus remarkably from a certain Gate at Jerusalem, that at the one the camels kneel down to be lightened of all *their* burdens ere they can pass through it; at the other, the poor human animal kneels down to be loaded with all *his* ere he is permitted to enter), does pass my comprehension, I confess. I might amply avenge the injuries of my boyhood received from mesdemoiselles mes sœurs. Could I not tell Gwendolina of the pot of money dropped by her caro sposo over the Cæsarewitch Stakes? Could I not intimate to Agneta where her Right Honourable lord and master spent the small hours last night, when popularly supposed to be nodding on the Treasury benches in the service of the state? Could I not rend the pride of Constance, by casually asking monsieur son mari, as I sip her coffee in her drawing-room this evening, who was that very pretty blonde with him in Regent-street yesterday? the blonde being as well known about town as any other star of the demi-monde. Of course I could: but I am magnanimous; I can too thoroughly sympathise with those poor fellows' keen relish for cutlets and claret in the old garçon-peace at White's or the Conservative, to have any hand in supplying les trois dames with any additional gall and aloes to embitter further the dreary turtle and turbot of their respective matrimonial tête-à-tête. My vengeance would recoil on innocent heads, so I am magnanimous and silent. My sisters have long ceased to be mesdemoiselles, they have become mesdames, in that transforming crucible of marriage in which, assuredly, all that glitters is not gold, but in which much is swamped, and crushed, and fused with uncongenial metal, and from which the elixir of happiness but rarely exhales, whatever feminine alchemists, who patronise the hymeneal furnace, may choose to assure us to the contrary. My sisters are indisputably very fine women, and, as femmes du monde, develop in full bloom all those essential qualities which their moral and mental trainers sedulously instilled into them when they were limited to the schoolroom and thorough-bass; Garcia and an "expurgated" Shakspeare; the society of Mademoiselle Collet-monté and Fräulein von Engel; and the occasional refection of a mild, religious, respectably-twaddling fiction of the milk-and-water, pious-tendency, nursery-chronicling, and grammar-disregarding class, now-a-days indited for the mental improvement of a common-place generation in general, and growing young ladies in particular. My sisters are women of the world, as I say, to perfection; indeed, for talent in re-

frigerating with a glance; in expressing disdain of a toilette or a ton by an upraised eyebrow; in assuming a various impenetrable plait-il? expression at a moment's notice; in sweeping past intimate friends with a charming unconsciousness of their existence, when such unconsciousness is expedient or desirable; in reducing an unwished-for intruder into an instantaneous and agonising sense of his own de trop-ism and insignificance—in all such accomplishments and acquirements necessary to existence in all proper modes, I think they may be matched with the best-bred lady to be found any day, from April to August, between Berkeley-square and Wilton-crescent. Constance, now Lady Maréchale, is of a saintly turn, and touched with fashionable fanaticism, pets evangelical bishops and ragged-school boys (Cliquot and Crème de Bouzy for the one, bohea and buns for the others), drives to special services, and is called our noble and Christian patroness by physicians and hon. secs., holds doctrinal points and strong tracts, mixed together in equal proportion, an infallible chloride of lime for the disinfectance of our polluted globe, and appears to receive celestial telegrams of indisputable veracity and charming acrimony concerning the destiny of the vengeful contents of the Seven Vials. Agneta—now Mrs. Albany Protocol—is a Cabinet Ministress, and a second Duchesse de Longueville (in her own estimation at the least); is “strengthening her party” when she issues her dinner invitations, whispers awfully of a “crisis” when even penny-paper leaders can't get up a breeze, and spends her existence in “pushing” poor Protocol, who, pur Anglais that he is, considers it a point of honour to stand still in all paths with praiseworthy Britannic obstinacy and opticism. Gwendolina—now Lady Frederic Farniente—is a butterfly of fashion, has delicate health, affects dilettanteism, is interested by nothing, has many other charming minauderies, and lives in an exclusive circle—so tremendously exclusive, indeed, that it is possible she may at last draw the cordon sanitaire so very tight, that she will be left alone with the pretty woman her mirrors reflect.

They have each of them attained to what the world calls a “good position”—an eminence the world dearly reveres; if you can climb to it, lecteur or lectrice, *do*; never mind what dirt may cling to your feet, or what you may chance to pull down in your ascent, no questions will be asked you at the top, when you wave your flag victoriously from a plateau at a good elevation. They haven't all their ambitions—who has? If a fresh Alexander conquered the world he would fret out his life for a standing-place to be able to try Archimedes' little experiment on his newly-won globe. Lady Maréchale dies for entrance to certain salons which are closed to her; she is but a Baronet's wife, and though so heavenly-minded, has *some* weaknesses of earth. Mrs. Protocol grieves because she thinks a grateful country ought to wreath her lord's brow with laurels—*Anglicè*, strawberry-leaves—and the country remains ungrateful, and the brows bare. Lady Frederic frets because her foe and rival à outrance, Lady Maria Fitz-Sachet, has footmen an inch taller than her own. They haven't all their ambitions satisfied. We are too occupied with kicking our dear friends and neighbours down off the rounds of the social ladder to advance ourselves always perhaps as entirely as we otherwise might do. But still they occupy “unexceptionable positions,” and from those fortified and impregnable citadels are very

severe upon those who are not, and very jealous of those who are, similarly favoured by fortune. (When St. Peter lets ladies through the celestial portals, he'll never please them unless he looks out all their acquaintance, and indulges them with a gratifying peep at the rejected candidates.) The triad regard each other after the manner of ladies: *c'est-à-dire*, Lady Maréchale holds Mrs. Protocol and Lady Frederic "frivolous and worldly;" Lady Frederic gives them both one little supercilious expressive epithet, "précieuses;" Mrs. Protocol considers Lady Maréchale a "pharisee," and Lady Frederic a "butterfly;"—en un mot, there is that charming family love to one another which ladies so delight to evince, that I suppose we must excuse them for it on the plea that

'Tis their nature to!

which Dr. Watts puts forward so amiably and grammatically in excuse for the bellicose propensities of the canine race, but which is never remembered by priest or layman in extenuation of the human. They dislike one another—*que voulez-vous?*—relatives always do—still, the three Arms will combine their Horse, Line, and Field batteries in a common cause and against a common enemy; the Saint, the Politician, and the Butterfly have several rallying-points in common, and when it comes to the question of extinguishing an ineligible, of combining a sneer with a smile, of blending the unexceptionably-courteous with the indescribably-contemptuous, of calmly shutting their doors to those who won't aggrandise them, and blandly throwing them open to those who will, it would be an invidious task to give the golden apple, and decide which of the three ladies most distinguishes herself in such social prowess.

Need I say, *ami lecteur*, that I *don't* see very much of mesdames mes sœurs?—severe strictures on society in general, with moral platitudes concerning the "debasement tendency of that demoralising, senseless, pitiable waste of time and money" (which phrase is conveniently applied by ladies either to smoking or the turf, as may be needed), over the luncheon wines at Lady Maréchale's; discourse redolent of blue-books and *bas bleus*, with vindictive hits at Protocol and myself for our disinclination to accept a "mission," and our levity of life and opinions at "a period so full of social revolutions and wide-spread agitation as the present," through the soup and fish at Agneta's; softly hissed acerbities and languidly yawned satires on the prettiest women of my acquaintance, over the coffee at Lady Frederic's—are none of them particularly inviting or alluring. And as they or similar conversational confections are invariably included in the menu of each of the three ladies' entertainments en *petit comité*, it isn't wonderful if I forswear their salons, save occasionally when those salons are crammed for a crush or a drum. *Chères dames*, you complain en masse, and your chosen defenders for you, that we don't affect your society now-a-days save and except when making love to you. It isn't *our* fault, indeed: you bore us, and—what can we do?—we shrink as naturally and pardonably from voluntary boredom as from any other voluntary suffering, and shirk an air redolent of ennui from the same principle as we do an air redolent of diphtheria. Self-preservation is a law of nature, and female society consists too exclusively of milk-and-water, dashed here and there with citric acid of malice, to be either a *recherché*

or refreshing beverage to palates that have tasted warmer spices or more wholesome tonics.

So I don't see much of mesdames mes sœurs beyond crossing them accidentally in the season, but last August I encountered them by chance at Vicq d'Azyr. Do you know Vicq d'Azyr? No? Tant mieux! when it is known universally it will be spoilt; it will soon be fashionable, dyspeptic, artificial, like the crowds that will flock to it; its warm, bubbling springs will be gathered into long upright glasses, and quaffed by yellow-visaged groups; brass-bands will bray where now the thrushes, orioles, and nightingales have the woodlands to themselves; cavalcades of hired hacks will cut up its thyme-covered turf, and young ladies smiling on the "dear Baron," or M. le Comte, will sketch in tortured outline and miserable washes the glorious sweep of its mountains, the crimson tints of its forests, the rush of its tumbling torrents, the golden gleam of its southern sun. Vicq d'Azyr will be a Spa, and will be spoilt; dyspepsia and bronchia, vanities and flirtations, cares and conquests, physicians and intrigantes, real marchionesses puffing under asthma, fictitious marquises strewing chaff for pigeons, monde and demi-monde, grandes dames and dames d'industrie will float into it, a mighty army of butterflies with a locust-power of destruction, Vicq d'Azyr will be no more, and in its stead we shall have—a Fashionable Bath. But,

Non è prudenza
Ma follia de' mortali
L'arte crudel di presagirsi i mali.

"Au diable soit l'avenir!" Vicq d'Azyr is free *yet* from the hand of the spoiler, and is charming,—its vine-clad hills stretching up in sunny slopes; its little homesteads nestling on the mountains' sides among the pines that load the air with their rich heavy perfume; its torrents foaming down the ravines, flinging their snowy spray far over the boughs of arbutus and mountain-ash that bend across the brinks of their rushing courses; its dark-eyed peasant-girls that dance at sunset under the lindentrees like living incarnations of Florian's pastorals; its sultry brilliant summer nights, when all is still, when the birds are sleeping among the ilex-leaves, and the wind barely stirs the tangled boughs of the woodland; when night is down on the mountains, wrapping hill and valley, crag and forest in one soft purple mist, and the silence around is only broken by the mystic music of the rushing waters, the soft whirr of the night-birds' wings, or the distant chime of a village clock faintly tolling through the air:—Caramba, messieurs! I beg your pardon! I don't know why I poetise in Vicq d'Azyr. I went there to slay, not to sketch, with a rifle, not with a stylus, to kill izzards and chamois, not to indite a poem à la mode, with double-barrelled adjectives, no metre, and a "purpose," nor to add my quota to the luckless loaded walls of the Academy by a pre-Raphaelite landscape of arsenical green, with the effete trammels of perspective gallantly disregarded, and trees like Dr. Syntax's wife, "roundabout and rather squat," with just two-dozen-and-seven leaves apiece for liberal allowance. I went to Vicq d'Azyr, amongst other places, last August, for chamois-hunting with Dunbar, of the Queen's Bays, taking up our abode at the Toison d'Or, whither all artists, tourists, men who come for the sport, women who come for its scenery,

or invalids who come for its waters (whose properties, *miserabile dictus!* are just being discovered as a panacea for every human ill—from a migraine to an “incurable pulmonary affliction”), seek accommodation if they can have it, since it is the only hotel in the place, but a very good one; is adorned with a balcony running round the house twined and buried in honeysuckle and wild clematis, which enchants young ladies into instant promotion of it into their sketch-books; and gives you, what is of rather more importance, and what makes you ready to admire the clematis when, under gastronomic exasperation, you might swear at it as a harbour for tarantule,—an omelette, I assure you, well-nigh as well cooked as you have it at Mivart's or Meurice's. (Query, en parenthèse, will the Exhibition next month do anything towards opening the common Anglican mind to the witchery of the Omelette, and allow perception to dawn on British cooks that an admirable imitation of very tough leather may be *not* altogether an acceptable substitute for the delicate offspring of Gallic cuisines?) At the Toison d'Or we took up our abode, and at the Toison d'Or we encountered my two elder sisters, Constance and Agnets, travelling for once on the same road, as they had left Paris together, and were together going on to the fashionable capital of a fashionable little toy duchy on the other side of the Rhine, when they should have finished with the wilder beauties and more unknown charms of Vicq d'Azyr and its environs. Each lady had her little train of husband, courier, valet, lady's-maid, small dog, and giant jewel-box. (I have put the list in the inverse ratio of their importance, I believe. Your husband *versus* your jewel-box? Of course, my dear madam; absurd! What's the value of a little simple gold ring against a dozen glittering circlets of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and garnets?) Each lady was bent on recruiting herself at Vicq d'Azyr after the toils of the season, and of shining *après* with all the brilliance that a fair share of beauty, good positions, and money, fairly entitled them to expect, at the little court of—we will call it Lemongenseidlitz—dominated by its charming Duchess, Princess Hélène of Lemongenseidlitz-Phizzstrelitz, the loveliest and most volage of all minor royalties. Each lady was strongly opposed to whatever the other wished; each thought the weather “sultry” when the other thought it “chilly,” and *vice versa*. Each considered her own ailments “unheard-of suffering, dear!—I could never make any one feel!” &c. &c.—and assured you, with mild disdain, that the other's malady was “purely nervous, entirely exaggerated, but she *will* dwell on it so much, poor darling!” Each related to you how admirably they would have travelled if *her* counsel had been followed, and described how the other *would* take the direction of everything, *would* confuse poor Chandleros, the courier, till he hardly knew where he was, and *would* take the night express out of pure unkindness, just because she knew how ill it always made her (the raconteuse) feel to be torn across any country the whole night at that dreadful pace; each was dissatisfied with everything, pleased with nothing, and bored, as became ladies of good degree; each found the sun too hot or the wind too cold, the mists too damp or the air too dry, and both combined their forces to worry their ladies'-maids, find fault with the viands, drive Maréchale and Protocol to the registering of an oath never to travel with women again, welcome us benignly, since they thought we might amuse them, and smile their sunniest on

Dunbar—he's heir-prospective to the Gwynne Marquisate, and Lady Marqueterie, the Saint, is not above keeping one eye open for worldly distinctions, while Mrs. Albany Protocol, though a Radical, is, like certain others of the ultra-Liberal party, not above a personal kow-towing before those "ridiculous and ought-to-be exploded conservative institutions"—Rank and Title.

At the Toison d'Or, I say, when, after knocking over izzards *ad libitum* in another part of the district, we descended one evening into the valley where Vicq d'Azyr lies nestled in the sunset light, with the pretty vendangeuses trooping down from the sloping vineyards, and the cattle winding homewards down the hill-side paths, and the vesper-bells softly chiming from the convent-tower rising yonder above its woods of linden and acacia—at the Toison d'Or, just alighting with the respective suits aforesaid, and all those portable embarrassments of books, tiger-skin rugs, flacons of bouquet, travelling-bags warranted to carry any and everything that the most fastidious can require en route from Piccadilly to Peru, with which ladies do love to encumber and embitter their own persons and their companions' lives, we met, as I have told you, mesdames mes sœurs.

"What, you, Arthur! Dear me, how very singular! Never should have dreamt of meeting *you*; so much too quiet a place I should have thought. No Kursaal *here*? Come for sport—oh! Take Spes, will you! Poor little dear, he's been barking the whole way because he couldn't see out of the window. Ah, Major Dunbar, charmed to see you! What an amusing rencontre, is it not?" And Lady Maréchale, slightly out of temper for so eminent a Christian at the commencement of her greeting, smoothes down her ruffled feathers and turns smilingly on Dunbar. I have said he will be one day Marquis of Gwynne.

"By George, old fellow! *you* in this out-of-the-way place! That's all right. Sport good, here? Glad to hear it. The deuce take me, Arthur, if ever I am lured into travelling in a partie *carrée* again."

And Maréchale, poor devil! raises his eyebrows, and whispers confidentially to me stronger language than I may commit to print, though, considering his provocation, it was surely as pardonable as Uncle Toby's.

"The thing I dislike in this sort of hotels and places is the admixture of people with whom one is obliged to come in contact," said Constance, putting up her glass as she entered the long low room where the humble table d'hôte of the Toison d'Or was spread. Lady Maréchale talks sweetly of the equality of persons in the sight of Heaven, but I never heard her recognise the same upon the soil of earth.

"Exactly! One may encounter such very objectionable characters! I wished to dine in our own apartments, but Albany said no; and he is so positive, you know! This place seems miserably primitive," responded Agneta. Mrs. Protocol pets Rouges and Republicans of every country, talks liberalism like a feminine Sieyès or Desmoulins, projects a Reform Bill that shall bear the strongest possible family resemblance to the Décrets du 4 Août, and considers "social distinctions *odious* between man and man;" but her practice is scarcely consistent with her theory, seeing that she is about as tenacious and resentful of objectionable contact as a sea-anemone.

"Who is that, I wonder?" whispered Lady Maréchale, acidulating herself in readiness, after the custom of English ladies when catching sight of a stranger whom they "don't know."

"I wonder! All alone—how very queer!" echoed Mrs. Protocol, drawing her black lace shawl around her, with that peculiar movement which announces a woman's prescience of something antagonistic to her, that is to be repelled d'avance, as surely as a hedgehog's transfer of itself into a prickly ball denotes a sense of a coming enemy, and a need of caution and self-protection.

"Who is that deucedly handsome woman?" whispered Maréchale to me.

"What a charming creature!" echoed Dunbar.

The person referred to was the only woman at the table d'hôte besides my sisters—a sister-tourist, probably; a handsome—nay more, a beautiful woman, about eight-and-twenty, distinguished-looking, brilliant, with a figure svelte and voluptuously perfect as was ever the Princess Borghese's. To say a woman looks a lady, means nothing in our day. "That young lady will wait on you, sir," says the shopman, referring to the shopwoman who will show you your Jouvins. "Hand the 'errings to that lady, Joe," you hear a fishmonger cry, as you pass his shop-door, referring by his epithet to some Mrs. Gamp or Betsy Priggs in search of that piscatory cheer at his stall. Heaven forbid we should give the abused and degenerate title to any woman deserving of the name! (Generalise a thing, and it is vulgar. "A gentleman of my acquaintance," says Spriggs, an auctioneer and house-agent, to Smith, a collector of the water-rate. "A man I know," says Pursang, one of the Cabinet, to Greville Tempest, who is heir to a dukedom, and has intermarried with a royal house. The *pourquoi* is plain enough. Spriggs thinks it necessary to inform Smith, who otherwise might remain ignorant of so signal a fact, that he actually does know a gentleman, or rather what he terms such. Pursang knows that Tempest would never suspect him of being lié with men who were anything else; the one is proud of the fine English, the other is content with the simple phrase!) Heaven forbid, I say, we should, now-a-days, call any woman a lady who is veritably such; let us fall back on the dignified, definitive, courtly last-century-name of gentlewoman. I should be glad to see that name revived; it draws a line that snobbissimi cannot pass, and has a grand simplicity about it that will not attract Spriggs, Smith, and Spark, and Mesdames S., leurs femmes!

Our sister tourist, then, at the Toison d'Or, looked, to my eyes at the least, much more than a "lady," she looked an aristocrate jusqu'au bout des ongles, a beautiful, brilliant, dazzling brunette, with lovely hazel eyes, flashing like a tartaret falcon's under their arched pencilled eyebrows, quite an unhopéd godsend in Vicq d'Azyr, where only stragglers resort as yet, though—malheur pour ma belle Arcadie!—my sister's pet physician, who sent them thither, is about, I believe, to publish a work, entitled "The Water-Spring in the Wilderness; or, A Scamper through Spots Unknown," which will do a little advertising of himself opportunely, and send hundreds next season to invade the wild woodlands and sunny valleys he inhumanly drags forth into the gas-glare of the world.

The brilliant hazel eyes were opposite to me at dinner, and were, I confess, more attractive to me than the stewed pigeons, the crisp frog-legs,

the perdrix au naturel, and the other viands prepared by the (considering we were in the heart of one of the most remote provinces) really not bad cook of the Toison d'Or. Lady Maréchale and Mrs. Protocol honoured her with that stare by which one woman knows so well how to destroy the reputation of another without speech; they had taken her measurement by some method of feminine geometry unknown to us, and the result was apparently not favourable to her, for over the countenances of the two ladies gathered that expression of stiff dignity and virtuous disdain, in the assuming of which, as I have observed before, they are inimitable proficient. "Evidently not a proper person!" was written on every one of their lineaments. Constance and Agneta had made up their minds with celerity and decision as to her social status, with, it is to be presumed, that unerring instinct which leads their sex to a conclusion so instantaneously, that, according to a philosopher, a woman will be at the top of the staircase of Reasoning by a single spring, while a man is toiling slowly up the first few steps.

"You are intending to remain here some days, madame?" asked the belle étrangère, with a charming smile, of Lady Maréchale—a pleasant little overture to chance ephemeral acquaintance, such as a table d'hôte surely well warrants.

But the pleasant little overture was one to which Lady Maréchale was far too English to respond. With that inimitable breeding for which our compatriots and compatriotes are continentally renowned, she bent her head with stately stiffness, indulged herself with a haughty stare at the offender, and turned to Agneta, to murmur in English her disgust with the cuisine of the really unoffending Toison d'Or.

"Poor Spes would eat nothing. Fenton must make him some panada. But perhaps there was nothing better than goat's milk in the house! What could Dr. Berkeley be thinking of? He described the place quite as though it were a second Meurice's or Badischer Hof!"

A look of amusement glanced into the sparkling, brilliant eyes of my opposite neighbour.

"Anglaises!" she murmured to herself, with an almost imperceptible but sufficiently scornful elevation of her arched eyebrows, and a slight smile, just showing her white teeth, as I addressed her in French; and she answered me with the ease, the aplomb, the ever suave courtesy of a woman of the world, with that polish which gives the most common subjects a brilliance never their own, and that vivacity which confers on the merest trifles a spell to amuse and to charm. She was certainly a very lovely creature, and a very charming one, too; frank, animated, witty, with the tone of a woman who had seen the world and knows it. Dunbar adored her, à la première vue; he is an inflammable fellow, and has been ignited a thousand times at far less provocation. Maréchale prepared for himself fifty conjugal orations by the recklessness with which, under the very eyes of madame, he devoted himself to another woman. Even Albany Protocol, dull, somnolent, and superior to such weaknesses, as becomes a president of many boards and a chairman of many committees, opened his eyes and glanced at her; and some young Cantabs and artists at the other end of the table stopped their own conversation, envying Dunbar and myself, I believe, for our juxtaposition with the belle inconue; while mesdames mes sœurs sat trifling with the wing of a pigeon

or a slice of a partridge's breast, in voluntary starvation (they would have had nothing to complain of, you see, if they had suffered themselves to dine well!), with strong disapprobation marked upon their lineaments, of this lovely, vivacious unknown, whoever she might be, talking exclusively to each other, with a certain expression of sarcastic disdain and offended virtue—you know nothing of women, my good fellow, if you have not seen a similar one fifty times—hinting far more forcibly than words that they thought already the “very worst” of her.

So severe, indeed, did they look, that Dunbar, who is a very good-natured fellow, and thinks—and thinks justly—that Constance and Agneta are very fine women, left me to discuss, I forget what, Hoffmann, Heine, and the rest of Germany's satirical poets, if I remember rightly, with my opposite neighbour, and endeavoured to thaw my sisters—a very difficult matter when once those ladies are iced. He tried Paris, but only elicited a monosyllabic remark concerning its weather; he tried Vicq d'Ázyr, and was rewarded for his trouble by a withering sarcasm on the unlucky Toison d'Or; he tried chit-chat on mutual acquaintances, and the unhappy people he chanced to name were severally dismissed with a cutting satire appended to each. Lady Maréchale and Mrs. Protocol were in one of those freezing and unassailable moods in which they sealed a truce with one another, and, combining their forces against a common foe, dealt out sharp, spherical, hard-hitting little bullets of speech from behind the abatis in which they entrenched themselves. At last he, in despair, tried Lemongenseidlitz, and the ladies thawed slightly—their anticipations from that fashionable little quarter were couleur de rose. They would meet there people of the best monde, all their dearest—that is of course their most fashionable—friends; the dear Duchess of Frangipane, the Millamonts those charming people, M. le Marquis de la Croix-et-Cordon, Sir Henry Pullinger, Mrs. Merivale-Delafield, were all there; that delightful person, too, the Graf von Rosenläu, who amused them so much at Baden last year, was, as of course Dunbar knew, Master of the Horse to the Prince of Lemongenseidlitz-Phizzstrelitz; they would be bien reçues at the Court—which last, however, they did not *say*, though they might imply, and assuredly fully thought it, since Lady Maréchale already pictured herself gently awakening his Serene Highness to the spiritual darkness of his soul in legitimatising gaming-tables in his duchy, and Mrs. Protocol already beheld herself closeted with his First Minister, giving that venerable Metternich lessons in political economy, and developing to him a system for filling his beggared treasury to overflowing, without taxing the people a kreutzer—a problem which, though it might have perplexed Kaunitz, Colbert, Pitt, Malessherbes, Talleyrand, and Palmerston put together, offered not the slightest difficulty to *her* enterprising intellect. Have I not said that Sherlock states women are at the top of the staircase while we are toiling up the first few steps?

“The Duchess—Princess Hélène is a lovely woman, I think. Winton saw her at the Tuileries last winter, and raved about her beauty,” said Dunbar, finding he had hit at last on an acceptable subject, and pursuing it with more zeal than discretion; for if there be one thing, I take it, more indiscreet than another, it is to praise woman to woman?

Constance coughed and Agneta smiled, and both assented. “Oh yes—very lovely, they believed!”

"And very lively—up to everything, I think I have heard," went on Dunbar, blandly, unconscious of the meaning of cough, smile, and assent.

"Very lively!" sighed the Saint.

"Very lively!" smiled the Politician.

"As gay a woman as Marie Antoinette," continued Dunbar, too intent on the truffles to pay en même temps much heed to the subject he was discussing. "She's copied the Trianon, hasn't she?—has fêtes and pastorals there, acts in comedies herself, shakes off etiquette and ceremonial as much as she can, and all that sort of thing, I believe?"

Lady Maréchale leaned back in her chair, the severe virtue and dignified censure of a British matron and a modern Lucretia expressed in both attitude and countenance.

"A second Marie Antoinette?—too truly and unfortunately so, I have heard! Levity in any station is sufficiently reprehensible, but when exhibited in the persons of those whom a higher power has placed in exalted positions, it is most deeply to be deplored. The evil and contagion of its example become incalculable; and even when, which I believe her excusers are wont to assert of Princess Hélène, it is merely traceable to an over-gaiety of spirit and an over-carelessness of comment and censure, it should be remembered that we are enjoined to abstain from every appearance of evil!"

With which Constance shook out her phylacteries, represented by the thirty-six small flounces of her dress (a dress I heard her describe as "very plain!—serviceable for travelling"), and glanced at my opposite neighbour with a look which said, "You are evidently not a proper person, but you hear for once what a proper person thinks!"

Our charming companion did hear it, for she apparently understood English very well. She laughed a little—a sweet, low, ringing laugh—(I was rather in love with her, I must say—I am still)—and spoke with a slight, pretty accent, which deprived la langue Anglaise of all its hissing harshness.

"True, madame! but ah! what a pity your St. Paul did not advise, too, that people should not go by appearances, and think evil where evil is not!"

Lady Maréchale gave stare number two with a curl of her lip, and bent her head stiffly. "What a very strange person!" she observed to Agneta, in a murmur, meant like a stage aside, to be duly heard and appreciated by the audience. And yet my sisters are thought very admirably bred women, too! But then, a woman alone—a foreigner, a stranger—surely no one would exact courtesy to such, from "ladies of position?"

"Have you ever seen Princess Hélène, the Duchess of Lemongenseidlitz, may I ask?" Maréchale inquired, hastily, to cover his wife's sneer. He's a very good fellow, and finds the constant and inevitable society of a saint slightly trying, and a very heavy chastisement for a few words sillily said one morning in St. George's.

"I have seen her, monsieur—yes!"

"And is she a second Marie Antoinette?" She laughed gaily, showing her beautiful white teeth.

"Ah, bah, monsieur! many would say that is a great deal too good

a comparison for her! A second Louise de Savoie—a second Duchesse de Chevreuse—nay, a second Lucrezia Borgia, some would tell you. She likes pleasure—who does not, though, except those with whom ‘*les raisins sont trop verts et bons pour des goujats?*’ ”

“What an insufferably bold person!” murmured Constance.

“Very disagreeable to meet this style of people!” returned Agneta.

And both stiffened themselves with a little more starch; and we know that British wheats produce the stiffest starch in the world!

“Who, indeed!” cried Maréchale, regardless of madame’s frown.

“You know this for truth, then, of Princess Héléne?”

“Ah, bah, monsieur! who knows anything for truth?” laughed the lovely brunette. “The world dislikes truth so much, it is obliged to hide itself in out-of-the-way corners, and very rarely comes to light. Nobody knows the truth about her. Some think her, as you say, a second Marie Antoinette, who is surrendered to dissipation and levity, cares for nothing, and would dance and laugh over the dead bodies of the people. Others judge her as others judged Marie Antoinette; discredit the gossip, and think she is but a lively woman, who laughs at forms, likes to amuse herself, and does not see why a court should be a prison! The world likes the darker picture best; let it have it! I do not suppose it will break her heart!” And the fair stranger laughed so sweetly, showing her beautiful white teeth, that every man at the dinner-table fell in love with her on the spot; and Lady Maréchale and Mrs. Protocol sat throughout the remainder of the meal in frozen dignity and unbreakable silence, while the lovely brunette talked with and smiled on us all with enchanting gaiety, wit, and abandon, chatting on all sorts of topics of the day.

Dinner over, she was the first to rise from the table, and bowed to us with exquisite grace and that charming smile of hers, of which the sweetest rays fell upon me, I swear, whether you consider the oath an emanation of personal vanity or not, my good sir. My sisters returned her bow and her good evening to them with that pointed stare which says so plainly, “You are not my equal, how dare you insult me by a courtesy?” And scarcely had we begun to sip our coffee up-stairs in the apartments Chanderlos had secured for the miladies Anglaises, than the duo upon her began as the two ladies sat with Spes between them on a sofa beside one of the windows opening on the balcony that ran round the house. A chance inadvertent assent of Dunbar’s, apropos of—oh, sin unpardonable!—the beauty of the inconnue’s eyes, touched the valve and unloosened the hot springs that were seething below in silence. “A handsome woman!—oh yes, a gentleman’s beauty, I dare say!—but a very odd person!” commenced Mrs. Protocol. “A very strange person!” assented Mrs. Maréchale. “Very free manners!” added Agneta. “Quite French!” chorused Constance. “She has diamond-rings—paste, no doubt!” said the Politician. “And rouges—the colour’s much too lovely to be natural!” sneered the Saint. “Paints her eyebrows, too!” “Not a doubt—and tints her lashes!” “A dame d’industrie, I should say!” “Or worse!” “Evidently not a proper person!” “Certainly not!”

Through the soft mellow air, hushed into evening silence, the words of mesdames mes sœurs reached me, as I walked through the window on to the balcony, and stood sipping my coffee and looking lazily over

the landscape, wrapped in sunset haze, over the valley where the twilight shadows were deepening, and the mountains that were steeped yet in a rose-hued golden radiance from the rays that had sunk behind them.

"My dear ladies," I cried, involuntarily, "can't you find anything a little more kindly to say of a stranger who has never done you any harm, and who, fifty to one, will never cross your path again?"

"Bravo, Arthur!" echoed Maréchale, who has never gone as quietly in the matrimonial break as Protocol, and indeed will never be thoroughly broken in (believe me, chères dames, the quietest horses won't bear *too* tight a curb)—"bravo! women are always studying to make themselves attractive; it's a pity they don't put down among the items a trifle of generosity and charity, it would embellish them wonderfully."

Lady Maréchale beat an injured tattoo with the spoon on her saucer, and leaned back with the air of a martyr, and drawing in her lips with a smile, whose inimitable sneer any lady might have envied—it was quite priceless!

"It is the first time, Sir George, I should presume, that a husband and a brother were ever heard to unite in upbraiding a wife and a sister with her disinclination to associate with, or her averseness to countenance, an improper person!"

"An improper person!" I cried. "But, my dear Constance, who ever told you that this lady you are so desperately bitter upon has any fault at all, save the worst fault in her own sex's eyes—that of beauty? I see nothing in her; her manners are perfect; her tone——"

"You must pardon me, Arthur, if I decline taking your verdict on so delicate a question," interrupted Lady Maréchale, with withering satire. "Very possibly you see nothing objectionable in her—nothing, at least, that *you* would call so! Your views and mine are sufficiently different on every subject, and the women with whom I believe you have chiefly associated are not those who are calculated to give you very much appreciation for the more refined classes of our sex! Very possibly the person in question is what *you*, and Sir George too, perhaps, find charming; but you must excuse me if I really cannot, to oblige you, stoop to countenance any one whom my intuition and my knowledge of the world both declare so very evidently what she should not be. She will endeavour, most probably, if she remain here, to push herself into our acquaintance, but if you and my husband should choose to insult us by favouring her efforts, Agneta and I, happily, can guard ourselves from the objectionable companionship into which those who *should* be our protectors would wish to force us!"

With which Lady Maréchale, with a little more martyrdom and an air of extreme dignity, had recourse to her facon of Viola Montana, and sank among the sofa cushions, a model of outraged and Spartan virtue. I set down my coffee-cup, and lounged out again to the peace of the balcony; Maréchale shrugged his shoulders, rose, and followed me. Lo! on the part of the balcony that ran under *her* windows, leaning on its balustrade, her white hand, white as the flowers, playing with the clematis tendrils, the "paste" diamond flashing in the last rays of the setting sun, stood our "dame d'industrie—or worse!" She was but a few feet farther on; she must have heard Lady Maréchale's and Mrs. Protocol's duo on her demerits; she *had* heard it, without doubt, for she

was laughing gaily and joyously, laughter that sparkled all over her riant face and flashed in her bright falcon eyes. Laughing still, she signed me to her. I need not say that the sign was obeyed.

"Chivalrous knight, I thank you! You are a Bayard of chivalry; you defend the absent! What a miracle, mon Dieu! Tell your friends from me not to speak so loudly when their windows are open; and, for yourself, rest assured your words of this evening will not be forgotten."

"I am happy, indeed, if I have been fortunate enough to obtain a chance remembrance, but do not give me too much praise for so simple a service; the clumsiest Cimon would be stirred into chivalry under such inspiration as I had——"

The beautiful hazel eyes flashed smilingly on me under their lashes. (*Those lashes tinted! Heaven forgive the malice of women!*) She broke off a sprig of the clematis, with its long slender leaves and fragrant starry flowers, and gave it to me:

"Tenez, mon ami, if ever you see me again, show me that faded flower, and I shall remember this evening at Vicq d'Azur. Nay, do not flatter yourself—do not thrust it in your breast; it is no gage d'amour! it is only a reward for loyal service, and a souvenir to refresh my own memory, which is treacherous sometimes, though not in gratitude to those who serve me. Adieu, mon Bayard—et bonsoir!"

But I retained the hand that had given me my clematis-spray.

"Meet you again! But will not that be to-morrow? If I am not to see you, as your words threaten, till the clematis be faded and myself forgotten, let me at least, I beseech you, know where, who, by what name——"

She drew her hand away with something of a proud, surprised gesture; then she laughed again that sweet, ringing, mocking laugh:

"No, no, my Bayard, it is too much to ask! Leave the future to hazard; it is always the best philosophy. Au revoir! Adieu—perhaps for a day, perhaps for a century!"

And with her tormenting, witching laugh, the belle inconnue floated away from me and through the open window of her room. You will imagine that my "intuition" did not lead me to the conclusion to which Lady Maréchale's led her, or assuredly should I have followed the donor of the clematis, despite her prohibition. Even with my "intuition" pointing where it did, I am not sure what I might have done if, in her salon, I had not caught sight of a valet and a femme-de-chambre in waiting with her cafetière, and they are not such spectators as one generally selects.

The servants closed her windows and drew down their Venetian blinds, and I returned to my coffee. Whether the two ladies within had overheard her conversation as she had heard theirs, I cannot say, but they looked trebly refrigerated, had congealed themselves into the chilliest human ice that is imaginable, and comported themselves towards me fully as distantly as though I had brought a dozen danseuses in to dinner with them, or introduced them to my choicest acquaintance from the Château des Fleurs.

"A man's taste is so pitifully low!" remarked Lady Maréchale, in her favourite stage aside to Mrs. Protocol; to which that other lady responded, "Disgracefully so!"

Who *was* my lovely unknown with the bright falcon eyes and the

charming laugh, with her strange freedom that yet was *not*, somehow, free, and her strange fascination? I bade my man ask Chanderlos her name—couriers know everything generally—but neither Mills nor Chanderlos gave me any information. The people of the house did not know, or said they did not; they only knew she had servants in attendance who came with her, who revealed nothing, and paid any price for the best of everything. (Are impertinent questions ever asked where money is plentiful?) I was dressing the next morning something later than usual, when I heard the roll of a carriage in the court-yard below. I looked through the half-open persiennes with a semi-presentiment that it was my belle inconnue who was leaving ere I could presume on my clematis or improve our acquaintance. True enough, she it was, leaving Vicq d'Azyr in a travelling-carriage, with handsome roans and servants in imperial-blue liveries. Who the deuce could she be?

"Well, Constance," said I, as I bade Lady Maréchale good morning, "your *bête noire* won't 'press herself into your acquaintance,' as you were dreading last night, and won't excite Maréchale and me to any more high treason. Won't you chant a *Te Deum*? She left this morning."

"So I perceived," answered Lady Maréchale, frigidly; by which I suppose *she* had not been above the weakness of looking through *her* persiennes.

"What a pity you and Agneta agitated yourselves with such unnecessary alarms! It must have cost you a great deal of eau-de-Cologne and sal-volatile, I am afraid, last night. Do you think she contaminated the air of the *salle-à-manger*, because I will order Mills to throw some disinfectant about before you go down?"

"I have no inclination to jest upon a person of that stamp," rejoined Lady Maréchale, with immense dignity, settling her turquoise wristband-studs.

"That stamp of persons! What! Do you think she is an adventuress, an intrigante, 'or worse' still, then? I hoped her dashing equipage might have done something towards cleansing her character. Wealth is a universal purifier generally."

"Flippant impertinence! As if Arthur did not see, as plainly as you and I, '*Quartier Bréda*' written on both that woman and her carriage!" murmured Lady Maréchale, disgustedly, to Mrs. Protocol, as she swept onwards down the staircase, not deigning me a glance, much less a response, stiffening herself with a little extra starch of Lucretian virtue and British-matronly dignity, which did not grow limp again throughout breakfast, while she found fault with the chocolate, considered the *petits pains* execrable, condemned the sardines as uneatable, petted *Spes*, kept Maréchale and me at Coventry, and sighed over their enforced incarceration, by Dr. Berkeley's orders, in Vicq d'Azyr, that kept them in this stupid place away from Lemongenseidlitz.

Their anticipations from Lemongenseidlitz were charmingly golden and rose-tinted. They looked forward to consolidating their friendship with the dear Duchess in its balmy air, to improving a passing acquaintance into an intimate one with that charming person the Baroness Lieben-frauenmilch, Mistress of the Robes to Princess Hélène, and to being bien-*reçues* at the Court, while the Pullingers (their bosom friends and very dear rivals) would be simply presented, and remain in *chagrin*, uninvited

to the state balls and palace festivities. And what more delightful than that last clause? for what sauce invented, from Carême to Soyer, flavours our own plats so deliciously, I should like to know, as thinking that our beloved next-door neighbour is doomed to a very dry outlet?

As Pérette, in an humbler fashion, built visions from the pot of milk, so mesdames mes sœurs, from the glittering court and capital of Lemongenseidnitz, erected brilliant châteaux en Espagne of all their sayings and doings in that fashiovable little city whither they were bound, and into which they had so many invaluable passports. They were impatient to be journeying from our humble, solitary valley, and after a month of Vicq d'Azyr, they departed for their golden land, and I went with them, as I had slain izzards almost *ad nauseam*, and Dunbar's expiration of leave had taken him back to Dublin.

It was five o'clock when we reached its Reidenscher Hof, nine when we had finished dinner. It was stupid work yawning over coffee and *Gakgaxavi*. *Que faire?* Maréchale proposed the Opera, and for the first time in his life was unopposed by his wife. Constance was in a suave, benignant mood; she was thinking of her Graf von Rosenläu, of the Pullingers, and of the sweet, adroit manner in which she would—when she had captivated him and could proffer such hints—awaken his Serene Highness to a sense of his moral guilt in not bringing to instant capital punishment every agent in those Satanus-farmed banks that throve throughout his duchy. Lady Maréchale and Mrs. Protocol assented, and to the little Opera House we drove. They were in the middle of the second act of "Ernani;" the house was not quite full, and they gave us a private box. "Ernani" was stale to us all, and we naturally lorgné'd the boxes in lieu of the stage. I had turned my glass on the left-hand stage-box, and was going steadily round, when a faint cry of dismay, alarm, amazement, horror, broke, muffled and low, from mesdames mes sœurs. Their lorgnons were riveted on one spot; their cheeks were blanched; their hands were tremulous; if they had beheld a spiritual visitant, no consternation more profound, more intense, could have seized both with its iron hand. *My sisters too!* the chilliest, the calmest, the most impenetrable, the most unassailable of mortals!

"And we called her, in her hearing, not a proper person!" gasped Lady Maréchale.

"We thought her a lorette! an intrigante! a dame d'industrie!" echoed Mrs. Protocol.

"Who wore paste jewels!"

"Who came from the Rue Bréda!"

"Who wanted to know us!"

"Whom we wouldn't know!"

I turned my lorgnon where their lorgnons turned; there, in the royal box, leaning back in the fauteuil that marked her rank, there, with her lovely hazel eyes, her witching smile, her radiant beauty, matchless as the pearls gleaming above her brow, there sat the "dame d'industrie—or worse!" the *bête noire* of Vicq d'Azyr; the "evidently not proper person" of my discerning sisters—H.S.H. Princess Hélène, Grand-Duchess of Lemongenseidnitz-Phizzstrelitz! Great Heavens! how had we never guessed her before? How had we never divined her identity? How had we never remembered all we had heard of her love of *laisser-*

aller, her taste for adventure, her delight in travelling, when she could, unattended and incognita? How had we never put this and that together, and penetrated the metamorphosis?

"*And I called her not a proper person!*" gasped Lady Maréchale, again shrinking back behind the azure curtains; the projectiles she had shot with such vindictive severity, such delighted acrimony, from the murderous mortar of malice, recoiling back upon her head for once, and crushing her to powder. What reception would they have *now* at the Court? Von Rosenläu would be powerless; the Pullingers themselves would be better off! Pérette's pot of milk was smashed and spilt! "Adieu, veau, vache, cochon, couvée!"

When the pitcher lies shivered into fragments, and the milk is spilt, you know, poor Pérette's dreams are shivered and spilt with them. "I have not seen you at the palace yet?" asked her Grace of Frangipane. "We do not see you at the Court, mesdames?" asked M. de la Croix-et-Cordons. "How did it happen you were not at the Duchess's ball last night?" asked "those odious Pullingers." And what had my sisters to say in reply? My clematis secured *me* a charming reception—how charming I don't feel called upon to reveal—but Princess Hélène, with that calm dignity which easily replaced, when she chose, her witching abandon, turned the tables upon her detractors, and taught them how dangerous it may be to speak ill—of the wrong people.

"That we should have taken her for not a proper person!" bewailed mesdames mes sceurs, crestfallen, humbled, burning with chagrin, and smarting with discomfiture, as they departed from Lemongenseidlitz a month afterwards, never more to set foot in it. For once the resources of their adroit intellects fail them, and when the Butterfly Lady Frederic Farniente rallies them with merciless satire on their "admirable intuition," their "perfect knowledge of character," the Saint and the Politician have—nothing to say! Women of breeding and ton, how can they recover the shame of such a miserable *gaucherie*, such a ridiculous mistake? Belles dames, take warning! and when you exercise your Christian virtue, and pass the publican with decorous sweep of your heavily-broidered phylacteries, make sure that it is not only "*evidently* not a proper person," but "*certainly* not a proper person," and remember the BEAUTY OF VICQ D'AZYR.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:

OR, CITY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Second.

THE CITY MALL.

I.

OLD "BOW BELLS."

JUST as Bow Church clock struck nine on the morning after Lord Mayor's Day, an elderly personage, wrapped in a dark-brown cloak, which had evidently seen long service, and with mouth and throat protected by a shawl, entered the large draper's shop which called Sir Gresham Lorimer master, and pausing for a moment to cleanse his shoes on a mat near the door, cast an inquisitive glance around. Owing to the careful manner in which they were muffled up, little of the features of this individual could be discerned, except a prominent nose and eyes provided with spectacles, but the shopmen and apprentices had no difficulty in recognising him, even as he passed the shop window, and calling out to each other that "Old Bow Bells was coming," instantly ceased laughing and chatting, and some of the younger of them vaulting over the counter, put on a very demure and business-like expression of countenance.

The person, of whom these gentry stood so much in awe, was Sir Gresham's manager, Tobias Crutchet—an old and much-trusted servant, who had lived in the establishment—in one capacity or other—for nearly fifty years. He had acquired the nickname just applied to him by the shopmen in consequence of making it a boast that he had never been, and never desired to be, beyond the sound of Bow Bells. The designation stuck; and Mr. Crutchet was known throughout Cheapside, on 'Change, at Lloyd's, and Garraway's, and at the quiet tavern where he smoked a pipe and drank a single glass of punch at night, as "Old Bow Bells."

A few words must be devoted to this worthy fellow's history. At the time that our Lord Mayor was apprenticed to his future father-in-law, Mr. Tradescant, Tobias Crutchet was a porter

* *All rights reserved.*

in the house, and though a very young man then, was capable of giving advice and setting a good example to those about him, and Sir Gresham always declared that he mainly owed his rise to honest Toby Crutchet's precepts. As young Lorimer got on, we may be sure his humble friend was not neglected. Toby Crutchet very soon had a place behind the counter, and was gradually promoted — with a constantly increasing salary — until he became foreman and manager. In fact, Sir Gresham would have taken him into partnership, but Crutchet gratefully declined the offer, being perfectly content with his position, which was far better than in former days he could have hoped to obtain. Moreover, he was unmarried, and had no relatives to provide for. Bound as he was by ties of strongest gratitude to his master, old Crutchet was equally attached to the rest of the family. He had known the Lady Mayoress, now expanded into a dame of such goodly proportions, as a pretty, lightsome girl, and had often borne her in his arms to church on a wet Sunday, and brought her home in the same way from a neighbour's house. Naturally, little Celia Tradescant was very fond of Toby Crutchet, for the obliging fellow did whatever she asked him. But when, some years afterwards, a certain marriage took place, Crutchet was nearly as proud and happy as the bridegroom himself. It was positive rapture to him to behold the young couple standing before the altar of Bow Church, and to see Mr. Tradescant give away his daughter. His next gratification was the christening of Olivia, at whose marriage with Sir John Dawes he assisted, some five-and-twenty years later. All his master's children were dear to him as his own offspring could have been, but his favourite was decidedly Tradescant. Though the boy was a sad pickle, Toby Crutchet was ever ready to overlook his faults, and if possible screen him from blame or punishment, fondly persuading himself he would grow steadier in time, and become an exemplary character like his father. Even when Tradescant began to plunge into dissipation and extravagance, the old man, who was more fully aware of the extent of the youth's follies than Sir Gresham himself, would not give him up. Actuated by the same mistaken feelings that had influenced his conduct towards his favourite in earlier days, he now strove to conceal Tradescant's proceedings from his father. Whenever the young prodigal was in difficulties, he applied to Crutchet for assistance, and never in vain. The old man's savings were as freely lent as unscrupulously borrowed.

Unaccustomed to refusal, and regarding Crutchet as an inexhaustible source of supply, Tradescant was surprised and provoked when the old man — only a few days before the commencement of our story — for the first time declined to let him have the considerable sum he required, or any part of it. The only reason he assigned for the refusal was one which Tradescant did not credit

—namely, that it was not in his power to make further advances. So the young spendthrift railed at him very heartily, calling him a stingy old curmudgeon and a skinflint; and went away in a tremendous huff. The denial effaced all sense of gratitude for former favours from Tradescant's breast—if, indeed, he had ever felt grateful—and he now only regarded his assistant as an avaricious old hunk.

But Crutchet was deeply grieved—not by the abuse heaped upon him—for this he cared little—but by the utter recklessness exhibited by the young man. Yet while reproaching himself that he had not long ago acquainted Sir Gresham with his son's misconduct, he could not even now make up his mind to open his master's eyes.

Methodical in all his habits, Crutchet always entered the shop as Bow Church clock struck nine, and had not been known to vary for years. Originally a tall and strongly-built man, he was now somewhat shrunk and bent, as might well be, seeing he was upwards of threescore and ten, but he still looked robust, and might hope to hear the chimes of his darling bells for several years to come. When he took off his shawl and cloak he exhibited rather a gaunt person, arrayed in an old-fashioned snuff-coloured coat, with immense pockets and plated buttons, waistcoat and breeches of the same material, buckles at the knees, brown woollen hose, and square-toed shoes, with high quarters and large silver buckles. He was a dark-complexioned man, and wore his own iron-grey hair combed back from the forehead and tied behind in a queue. Spectacles, a hat shaped like a tin flour-scale, and a long cravat dangling down in front, completed his costume.

After glancing round the shop to see that all was in its place, and asking a few questions of the shopmen, Crutchet marched into the counting-house, and gravely saluting the book-keepers, seated himself on a high stool, and opened a ledger.

While he was thus occupied, a note was brought him from the private part of the house by Tradescant's valet. It merely contained the words, "I must see you immediately." Crutchet heaved a sigh as he read the message, feeling that some fresh trouble was impending.

"Is your master up yet, Tiplady?" he inquired of the valet.

"No, sir; his honour is still a-bed," replied the man—almost as much of a coxcomb as his master—"but he begs you will come to him as soon as you can."

"I will wait on him immediately," replied Crutchet.

On this Tiplady departed, strutting consequentially through the shop, and winking to some of the apprentices, who made comical gestures to him in reply. Crutchet remained for a few minutes in deep thought, debating within himself what he ought to do, but unable to arrive at any positive conclusion. He then

closed the ledger, and unlocked a door at the back of the room, which admitted him into the private house. Avoiding the principal passage, which was environed by a multitude of the Lord Mayor's servants, he mounted a back staircase, and soon reached the second-floor, where Tradescant's room was situated. Tiplady was standing at the door, and at once admitted him.

II.

A MATRIMONIAL PROJECT.

TRADESCANT'S chamber was spacious, luxuriously fitted up, and so arranged as to serve the purposes both of bedroom and morning-room. At the farther end, on a superb French bed, with a rose-coloured canopy and curtains, and supported by large downy pillows edged with lace, lay the young prodigal. Near the couch stood a large Japan screen. But notwithstanding the richness of the furniture and decorations, great disorder reigned within the room. Thus a pink silk domino and mask, tossed upon a sofa by their wearer on his return from a masquerade, had not been since removed. Articles of attire in velvet and silk of the gayest colours were lying scattered about near the open wardrobes, and so were rich Mechlin shirts and cravats. Half a dozen perukes appeared to have been tried, and for some fault or other cast aside. In one corner was a collection of gold-headed canes and walking-sticks; in another a pile of swords, several of them with handsome handles. Here there was a dressing-table, with all its appliances in crystal and chased silver. Beside it was a large cheval-glass, wherein our young beau could survey his fine figure from head to foot. On the chimney-piece was a magnificent Louis Quinze clock, and on the other side of it stood some exquisite specimens of Sèvres china, while on the right and left of the hearth were two great green porcelain jars. The walls were covered with portraits of popular actresses—Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Abegg, and Miss Macklin—intermingled with pictures of opera figurantes, prize-fighters, cock-fights, and famous race-horses.

“Good morning, Bow Bells,” Tradescant cried, as the old man entered the room. “Glad to see you. Bring a chair this way, and sit down.”

Crutchet complied, and, gazing earnestly at the young prodigal, said,

“I am here at your bidding, Mr. Tradescant. But I hope, sir, you haven't sent for me in the expectation of getting money.”

“Indeed but I have, Bow Bells. Without a good round sum I shan't be able to get on, and I don't know who else to apply to but you. Cash I must have, but I would rather not apply to the Jews.”

"Oh no, sir! That mustn't be thought of," cried Crutchet, shaking his head.

"I've been devilish unlucky of late," pursued Tradescant. "Cards and dice have been always against me. Since I spoke to you last, I haven't won a guinea."

"But how many have you lost, sir? May I venture to ask that?"

"Here, take this, and you'll see," rejoined Tradescant, tossing his tablets to him. "Look at the last page."

Crutchet turned to the page intimated, and was so horrified by what he saw that he could not repress a groan.

"Heaven preserve us!" he ejaculated. "Here's a total of five thousand pounds and upwards."

"Ay, that's about it, Bow Bells," rejoined the young man. "Don't look so confounded glum; that won't mend the matter. You must get me out of this scrape, as you've done out of others before it. If I don't pay my debts of honour I shall be scouted—that you know as well as I do. Fortune has frowned upon me of late, but I am certain my luck will change to-day, and that I shall win."

"Oh, don't go on in this way, my dear young gentleman; for your good father's sake—for your own sake—don't!"

"But I *must* retrieve my losses," rejoined Tradescant, wholly unmoved by the appeal. "To-day I am sure to win, I tell you, and then I'll repay you all you've lent me, worthy Bow Bells—principal and interest."

"I want neither principal nor interest, sir. But oh! let me entreat you, as you value your reputation, to forswear cards and dice in future."

"I'll *never* leave off a loser, Bow Bells," replied Tradescant.

"But if you never win, sir—how then?"

"I tell you I *shall* win. So cease preaching, and come to the point. Will you let me have the money? I know you can."

"Indeed, sir, I have not the power."

"Poh! this is a mere idle excuse, and won't pass with me. Say you *won't*, and then I'll believe you."

"There is no lack of inclination on my part, I assure you, sir. All I ever possessed I owe to your good father. My poor services have been far overpaid by him. Therefore you have been welcome—heartily welcome—to all my savings. If I had aught left you should have it for the asking, though I deeply regret to see money so misapplied. But I have nothing—literally and truly nothing."

"Zounds! you don't mean to say this is really the case, Bow Bells?" cried the young man, looking fixedly at him.

"Alas! sir, it is too true. But in telling you this, I do not mean to convey any reproach. I am compelled to state the fact in order to prove my inability to help you. But oh! Mr.

Tradescant, give ear, I beseech you, to the counsels of an old man who loves you dearly as a son, and would make any sacrifice for you. You are blessed with one of the best and kindest of fathers. Pause in your fatal career. Do not bring shame and sorrow upon him—do not—do not!”

“Did I not know you mean well, I should be very angry with you, Mr. Crutchet,” rejoined Tradescant, haughtily. “But in consideration of your motives, I forgive you. No more sermonising, however. I haven’t patience for it.”

“I trust you will never wring your father’s heart as you do mine, sir,” groaned the old man.

“Why, what the deuce would you have me do, you stupid old Bow Bells? I can’t stop now, if I would. I must pay my debts, I suppose. How much do I owe you?”

“Never mind me, sir—never mind me.”

“Well, you can wait, certainly. But the others won’t. So the rhino must be had somehow. Harkye, Bow Bells! will you borrow the money for me from Shadrach, of the Old Jewry?”

“What! I go near the old Israelitish money-lender—not for the world, sir! No, Mr. Tradescant, there’s only one course open to you, and that’s the straightforward one. Confess your errors to your father—fully, freely. ’Twill be a great pang to him, but he will forgive you—I am sure he will.”

“I don’t know that, Crutchet. My dad can be very obdurate if he pleases. When I last applied to him he was in a towering passion, and swore he would never help me again. And then, to mend matters, Captain Chatteris is hard up too, and means to ask for aid to-day.”

“Lord bless us! and the captain has had his debts paid twice already! What will the world come to! We shall all be brought to rack and ruin by these young spendthrifts.”

“Not so bad as that, Bow Bells,” rejoined Tradescant, laughing. “Make yourself easy about me. I shall soon be all right. I’ve got a rich wife in view. Who do you think she is? You know her—or, at least, you know her father.”

“Nay, I can’t guess, sir. But I entirely approve your resolution. ’Tis the best thing you can do. But who may the young lady be, for I presume she is young?”

“Young and handsome, Bow Bells. She has only one drawback, namely, a vulgar old dad—but to make amends for his vulgarity, he is astoundingly rich. Do you know old Walworth, the homier, of St. Mary-axe?”

“Is it Mr. Walworth’s daughter you have fallen in love with, sir? Oh! she’ll do—she’ll do.”

“Yes, yes, I think she will do, Bow Bells. I abominate the notion of matrimony, but apparently there’s no avoiding it. I’ve often seen Alice Walworth before, and thought her a fine girl, but

the idea of marrying her never entered my head till last night; when I met her at Guildhall. I don't think it would have occurred to me then had I not been piqued."

"Well, sir, you can't do better, that's all I can say; and I'm of opinion the match will be agreeable to Sir Gresham. But what about the young lady, sir? Is she favourably inclined towards you?"

"She has more than half consented, Bow Bells. You shall hear how the thing was managed. Yesterday was a day of adventures to the Walworths. A young fellow, who pretends to be a nephew of my father, suddenly turned up, and during the procession on the Thames to Westminster, managed to rescue Alice Walworth and her mother from drowning—their boat having been upset in the Thames. Such a daring feat was enough to give him a wonderful interest in a romantic girl's eyes, and I must do the young fellow the justice to say he is by no means ill-looking. Habited as he was last night in one of my best suits—confound his impudence in taking it!—he cut rather a fine figure, and it was quite evident had began to make an impression upon Alice's somewhat susceptible breast——"

"Indeed, sir," interrupted Crutchet—"that doesn't augur well for you."

"Wait a moment and you shall hear. Enraged at the assurance of this pretender, I had some words with him near the refreshment-room, and, on quitting him, was determined to thwart his love projects. At that time Alice was dancing with a friend of mine, Mr. Wilkes, so I immediately went and engaged her for the next dance, and the moment she was surrendered to me by Wilkes, I laid desperate siege to her, vowing I had long adored her, and acted my part so briskly that I soon found I was getting ahead of my cousin. However, not to give him a chance, I resolved Alice should not dance with him again, and by good management contrived to keep her out of his way during the rest of the evening—making the most of my time all the while. He could not learn that Alice was dancing with me, as I had cautioned Wilkes on that head. Time flew by—so quickly that it was four o'clock in the morning before Alice recollected that she ought to look out for papa and mamma—and as I now felt pretty secure, I had no objection to her doing so. Accordingly, we went in search of them, when who should we stumble on but Sir Felix Bland, who quite started at the sight of Miss Walworth, and told her her distracted parents had been looking for her everywhere, and had just gone home in despair. 'They couldn't have used their eyes to much purpose,' I said, 'or they must have seen her, for she has been dancing with me the whole evening.' 'Oh! that's it!' cried Sir Felix, with a knowing smile. 'However, Miss Walworth must go home directly.' 'I'll take her at once,' I said. 'No, that won't do,' he replied.

‘I’ll take her in my chariot—but you may go with us if you like, to explain matters.’ This being settled, the good-natured alderman drove us to St. Mary-axe, and you may imagine the scene that ensued when Alice was delivered to her disconsolate parents—ha! ha! ha!” And he threw himself back on his pillow to indulge his laughter unrestrained.

“And was Mr. Walworth quite satisfied with the explanation, sir?” inquired Crutchet.

“He was too glad to have his daughter back again to ask any questions. As to Mrs. Walworth, Sir Felix Bland, who I must say is the most obliging person in existence, soon set matters right with her. He told her I was quite smitten by Alice’s charms, and insinuating that I meant to propose in form, appointed a meeting in the City Mall at half-past four o’clock to-day.”

“I hope you won’t disappoint them, sir. Ah, if you could but comprehend how much more respectable—how much happier you would be as a decorous domestic character than as a jaded votary of pleasure, thinking only of carding, dicing, racing, cock-fighting, operas, festinos, masquerades, and ballet-dancers, you wouldn’t hesitate a moment. It was once my cherished hope that you would take the management of the concern down stairs——”

“What! I become a draper! Never, Bow Bells, never! I would as soon turn hosier like my respected father-in-law—that is to be—old Walworth. But, talking of the shop, Crutchet, I forgot to tell you you are likely to have a new master, in the person of the young gentleman who pretends to be my cousin, and calls himself Herbert Lorimer. My dad declared yesterday, before a large assemblage, that he meant to place him in the establishment.”

“Lord bless us! this is startling news indeed!”

“But it mustn’t be, Bow Bells. Make it your business to dissuade Sir Gresham from so foolish a step. He’ll listen to you.”

“Oh, sir, I couldn’t venture to oppose my opinion to my master’s. No doubt he has excellent reasons for this determination. Mr. Herbert Lorimer——”

“—shan’t have a share in the concern, if I can prevent it. I’d sooner take the place myself.”

“Ah, that would be something like, sir. There I would support you,” cried Crutchet, brightening up.

“Nay, I was but jesting. Business would never suit me, Bow Bells; I’m not made for it. No, I must amuse myself. I can’t lead a dull, humdrum, plodding life. I have no interest in City affairs and City folk like Sir Gresham. I must mix with the beau-monde, haunt the coffee-houses and the theatres, excite myself with a race, or at the cock-pit, or the groom-porter’s, or seek an adventure at Ranelagh or the masquerades. I should have found the ball at Guildhall horridly tame last night but for my love affair with Alice Walworth—ha! ha!”

"Ah, sir, I don't see much chance of your settling down into a steady character," sighed Crutchet. "If you have no further commands for me, I'll take my leave."

"Stay, Bow Bells, I haven't half done with you yet. I can't get a wife unless I have money, and I can't become steady unless I have a wife."

"Then follow the advice which I ventured to give you at first, and apply to Sir Gresham."

"Have you seen my father, Crutchet?"

"No, sir, he hasn't sent for me. But he is sure to do so before he goes to the Mansion House."

"I tell you what I'll do, Bow Bells—I'll get my mother to break the matter to him. Push that table towards me; it has pen, ink, and paper upon it. I'll write her a few lines." And as Crutchet complied, he set to work, and the note being written, he rang a handbell which was set upon the table, and the summons was immediately answered by Tiplady. "Take this to her ladyship, Tip," he added, giving him the note. As soon as the valet was gone, he continued, "I hope this will do the trick, Bow Bells; but if it fails, we must have recourse to Shadrach."

"I hope it will never come to that!" exclaimed Crutchet, with a shudder.

III.

TWO NOTES.

WHILE the interview detailed in the foregoing chapter took place, the Lord Mayor was breakfasting in a lower room with the Lady Mayoress. His lordship was wrapped in a magnificent brocade dressing-gown, and looked little the worse for the fatigue he had gone through on the preceding day. Neither did his appetite seem impaired, for he had consumed the best part of a broiled fowl, and was helping himself to some potted meat, when his two elder daughters entered the room.

"Good morning to you both, my dears," he said, as they each kissed his cheek. "Delighted to see you. But how is it you are out so early?"

"We came early in order to see you before you go to the Mansion House, papa," said Lady Dawes. "We have something to say to you."

"Well, sit down and take some chocolate."

Sir Gresham soon perceived, from the looks and whispers exchanged between the Lady Mayoress and her daughters, that an attack was about to be made upon him. Nor was it long in coming. The Lady Mayoress opened the fire thus:

"In spite of their fatigues of last night, dearest Livy and dearest Chloris have ventured out, in order to tell you, Sir Gresham,

how dreadfully shocked they are by what occurred at Guildhall, when that pitiful old wretch, whom you persist in calling your brother, was brought before his majesty."

"Yes, papa," interrupted Lady Dawes, "I really couldn't sleep for thinking of it. But for this disagreeable incident, everything would have gone off most charmingly. What could induce you to acknowledge such a creature as I am told this wretched old man is?"

"It is perfectly unaccountable, papa," chimed in Mrs. Chatteris, "and wholly inconsistent with your usual good sense and discrimination. Why, you'll make yourself the laughing-stock of the City."

"And then to complete the measure of his folly, your papa must needs send the old wretch here!" cried the Lady Mayoress. "But I'll pack him about his business pretty quickly."

"Hardly so, I think, my dear," observed the Lord Mayor, continuing his breakfast unconcernedly, "when you learn it is my pleasure he should stay."

"I think mamma quite right, I must own," remarked Lady Dawes; "and certainly, if I were in her place, I wouldn't submit to such an intolerable nuisance as this old man must prove. You can't be surprised if she should proceed to extremities with him."

"Indeed but I shall—very much surprised," rejoined the Lord Mayor.

"Surely, papa, you won't distress us all, and disgrace the family, by bringing this miserable creature among us?" cried Mrs. Chatteris. "I would never have believed it of you! Now, do be persuaded by me," she added, in a coaxing tone. "Let me give the necessary directions for his dismissal to Tomline."

"Hear me, Chloris. By this time all the City knows that this unfortunate man is my brother, and were I to cast him off as you recommend, disgrace would not only attach to me, but to you all."

On this, a general sigh was heard by the ladies.

"And pray what do you propose doing with your so-called nephew and niece, Sir Gresham?" inquired the Lady Mayoress, glancing at her daughters.

"My niece will remain here for the present," he returned; "and as to my nephew, he will be placed in the shop to-day. Crutchet will take charge of him, and if the young man goes on well, he will fill the position Tradescant ought to occupy."

"That is your intention, Sir Gresham?" said the Lady Mayoress, bitterly.

"That is my intention, madam," he repeated. "Oblige me with another cup of chocolate. If you would have allowed your son to be placed under Crutchet's care it would have been all the better for him."

"And why should Tradescant trouble himself about business, Sir Gresham? With his prospects——"

"Ay, there it is," cried the Lord Mayor, sharply. "It is owing to your perpetually prating to the lad about 'his prospects,' and putting ridiculous notions into his head, that he has become the idle fop he is. You will be responsible, madam, for any ill that may befall him."

"La! Sir Gresham, you quite frighten me," she exclaimed.

At this moment Tomline entered the room with a note, which he presented to Mrs. Chatteris on a silver plate.

"From the captain, madam," he said. "He wished it to be delivered to you immediately."

"From my husband!" she exclaimed, taking the billet. "What can he want? Pray excuse me, papa."

Opening the letter, she read as follows:

"DEAREST CHLORIS,—I must have 1000*l.* to-day—to discharge a debt of honour. Wheedle your papa out of the money. Exert all your arts, for if you fail I am done for. I have just been to your room, but find you are gone to Cheapside in your chair. Mind, nothing less than a thousand will do, and I must have it to-day.

"Your perplexed

"Tom."

"What's the matter, my dear child?" cried the Lady Mayress. "You seem agitated. Take some eau-de-luce," handing her a flacon. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Not very good," replied Mrs. Chatteris, with an hysterical sob. "Dearest, dearest papa!" she exclaimed, rushing towards Sir Gresham, "I'm sure you will save him."

"Save him! Save whom?" cried the Lord Mayor, laying down his knife and fork, and staring at her.

"My husband—your son-in-law—Tom Chatteris. Save him from ruin—utter ruin!"

"Whew! Is it come to this?" cried the Lord Mayor. "Why, I paid his debts only a few months ago, and he then solemnly protested he would never get into the like scrape again."

"But this is a debt of honour, papa!"

"So much the worse. These so-called debts of honour are the most dishonourable debts a man can incur. An honest creditor is put off without hesitation, but a knavish gamester must be paid, because, forsooth, his is a debt of honour. What does your husband want, madam?"

"I'm almost afraid to tell you, papa. He'll never trouble you again. He won't, indeed! He wants—that is, he hopes you'll let him have—a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor. "He shan't have it."

"Oh, don't say so, dearest papa! You wouldn't see us ruined. Join your entreaties to mine, dearest mamma!"

"It will be in vain," rejoined Sir Gresham. "I won't listen to either of you. Captain Chatteris deserves to pay for his folly, and he *shall* pay for it."

Here Tiplady entered the room, and presented a note to the Lady Mayoress.

"From my master, your ladyship," said the valet.

"Oh, lud! my heart misgives me!" cried the Lady Mayoress, taking the letter.

"Why does your master write, puppy?—why not come here, if he has anything to say?" demanded the Lord Mayor.

"His honour is not yet up, my lord," replied Tiplady. "He wrote the note in bed, and desired it might be given instantly to her ladyship." And, with an affected bow, he withdrew.

"I'll warrant it's the same tune as t'other," muttered Sir Gresham, noticing his wife's changing countenance as she perused the billet.

It was to this effect:

"If you have any love for me, mother, you will save me from dishonour and despair. I have been frightfully unlucky of late, and have lost more than I dare confess; but help me out of my present scrape, and I will abjure cards and dice in future. I will, upon my soul. Coax my father out of 5000*l*. It's not all I want, but it will help me through the day. If you find him amiably disposed, ask for 10,000*l*. I depend upon your getting the first-mentioned sum. Crutchet is now with me. He won't let me have a farthing more. Tom Chatteris is desperately hard up, and means to ask for money to-day, so it will be well to be beforehand with him.

"Your affectionate Son,
"TRADESCANT."

"What's the matter?" demanded the Lord Mayor. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh no—nothing wrong," she replied; "that is—there's no use concealing it—the fact is, Tradescant wants money, Sir Gresham."

"I knew that was the burthen of his song," he replied. "Nothing less urgent would have caused him to write."

"Then I hope you have made up your mind to grant his request?"

"Hum! I can't say. How much does he want?"

"Well, Sir Gresham, he has been rather imprudent—but young men, you know, will be young men—he wants—but pray don't look so cross, or I shall never be able to tell you."

"Give me the letter, and let me see?"

"No, I can't do that. Since it must out, he wants ten—that

is, five thousand pounds—and I hope you'll let him have it, Sir Gresham."

"Five thousand pounds!—why, it's a fortune!" cried the Lord Mayor, starting to his feet. "How can he have squandered away such a sum? He has been gaming—betting, dicing—but I'll know the truth."

"I won't attempt to defend him, Sir Gresham. Overlook his faults this once. He won't err again."

"I have overlooked his faults too often, madam," rejoined the Lord Mayor, sternly. "But a stop must now be put to his folly and extravagance. You are to blame for it."

"Oh! blame me as much as you please, Sir Gresham. I will bear all your reproaches without a murmur—but do let Tradescant have the money. I'll answer for his good conduct in future."

"And don't forget poor dear Tom, papa?" implored Mrs. Chatteris. "He'll be ruined if you don't help him."

"I shall be ruined if I have to answer such demands as these upon me!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor. "Why, you ask me for six thousand pounds as if it was nothing. I can't do it, and WON'T. If these spendthrifts will go headlong to ruin, I can't help it. They must reap the fruit of their folly, and go to gaol."

"What! the Lord Mayor's son and son-in-law go to gaol!" exclaimed the Lady Mayoress, lifting up her hands. "You can't be serious, Sir Gresham."

"Zounds! this is enough to make me serious," he replied. "A pleasant commencement this to my mayoralty, truly! Just when I want to settle my spirits and get into a proper frame of mind for business, I must be ruffled in this manner. Do you know what I have to do, madam? I'll tell you. First of all, I'm going to the Mansion House, where I shall be engaged till twelve in giving audiences to I know not how many applications. Then I shall enter the justice-room, and shan't leave it till four o'clock. Then I dine at Merchant Tailors' Hall. This is what I have to do to-day, madam. I can't do it unless my mind is tranquil."

"Then pray tranquillise your mind, and tranquillise ours at the same time, Sir Gresham!" cried the Lady Mayoress.

"That is easily said, madam. But not so easily done. Large as are the sums you ask for, I would pay them without hesitation if I felt the slightest security that they would be the last required. But I have no such belief. On the contrary, were I to accede to this request, it would be followed by yet heavier demands. All Captain Chatteris's promises of amendment have been broken."

"But indeed, papa, he will reform," cried Mrs. Chatteris.

"And Tradescant is just as little to be relied on."

"You can't tell that, Sir Gresham," cried the Lady Mayoress
 "At least, give him a trial."

"I have tried him, and found him wanting. The thing must come to a stop. As well now, as later."

"Oh dear, Sir Gresham!" exclaimed the Lady Mayoress, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "How contradictory you are! You are liberal to all the world except your own family."

"My poor dear Tom will be ruined—and then what will become of me?" cried Mrs. Chatteris, sobbing like her mother.

"Well, I can't stand this any longer," said the Lord Mayor. "You'll drive me distracted. I'll go to Tradescant at once, and give him a little of my mind." And he dashed out of the room.

IV.

IN WHICH PRUE DEFENDS TRADESCANT.

ABOUT the same time, in a room in the upper part of the house, formerly used as a nursery, Millicent and Prue were seated at breakfast, talking over the various occurrences of the ball on the previous night, and while they were thus engaged, Herbert entered the room, habited in the plain attire in which he first appeared before his uncle.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, cousin Millicent," he said, saluting her and his sister. "I feared you might suffer—as I confess I do—from last night's dissipation. But it was a magnificent sight, and we must all rejoice we had an opportunity of witnessing it."

"Indeed it was!" exclaimed Prue; "and only think of Milly being so much noticed by their majesties!"

"The king was, indeed, very gracious," replied Milly, "and gave me some advice by which I shall strive to profit. And the queen was charming. What a delightful smile she has! But we saw very little of you, Herbert. I ought to scold you for not asking me to dance; but I suppose you found so many agreeable partners that you never thought of me."

"He is dreadfully ungallant, I must say," observed Prue; "but I trust he has some good excuse to make for his conduct."

"I had but one partner, and she was lost in a very extraordinary manner," replied Herbert.

And he proceeded to recount the mysterious disappearance of Alice Walworth.

"Mercy on us!—how strange! What can have happened to her?" exclaimed Millicent. "Have you made any inquiries this morning?"

"Not yet," he replied. "But I want to speak to you on another subject, Milly. I hope you believe how grateful Prue and myself feel for my good uncle's and your kindness to us. So deeply sensible am I of it, that I do not intend to notice certain

very galling remarks made to me at the ball last night by your brother, and I trust the altercation may proceed no further. My position here, however, might be made so painful, that I could not remain——”

“I trust this may not be so, Herbert,” interrupted Milly. “It would distress papa very much, and me too, if you and Prue were to leave us. You mustn’t mind what Tradescant says. He is very hasty, but has a good heart.”

“I’m very glad to hear you say so, Milly,” he rejoined, “for then I shall have some hopes of succeeding in a scheme I have formed. I will venture to speak to you, because I know you must entertain the same feelings as myself in the matter, and will be able to advise me. If I pain you, therefore, in what I am about to say, forgive me, and attribute it to the right motive. Your brother is in a very perilous position.”

“You alarm me very much, Herbert,” replied Milly, looking anxiously and inquiringly at him.

“I trust you are mistaken, brother,” said Prue, who had become deathly pale. “What is the nature of Tradescant’s peril? Relieve our anxiety, I beg of you.”

“I grieve to say he has got into the hands of sharpers,” replied her brother, “and can only be saved from certain ruin by prompt and direct interference.”

“Then why don’t you interfere promptly and directly?” cried his sister. “If the persons into whose hands he has got are really sharpers and cheats, why don’t you expose them? I would do so, were I you.”

“Upon my word, you display a vast deal of spirit, Prue,” replied Herbert, “and Tradescant has found a warm advocate in you.”

“I have more faith in him than you appear to have,” she replied, slightly blushing. “I can never believe that one endowed with such noble qualities as my cousin, can be so weak and unprincipled as you represent him. He may be a victim to the resistless passion of gaming, but ere long I am persuaded, he will recover his judgment, and become ashamed of his follies.”

“I wish you could accomplish his reform, Prue,” observed Milly. “That would be doing him, and all of us, incalculable service.”

“I will do my best, if I have the opportunity,” rejoined Prue, blushing.

“Before you proceed further, Herbert,” said Milly, “I would recommend you to take counsel of papa’s manager, Mr. Crutchet. He knows Tradescant’s affairs better than any one else, and will be able to advise you. You will find him in the counting-house.”

“I will go to him at once,” replied Herbert.

And he left the room.

“Oh, Milly!” exclaimed Prue, as they were left alone together,

"this is a sad state of things. But I do not despair of Tradescant's reform. Perhaps its accomplishment may be reserved for us."
 "If you *should* accomplish it, you'll deserve—I won't say what," rejoined Milly.

V.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS SON.

PROCEEDING to his son's room, the Lord Mayor threw open the door without allowing Tiplady to announce him. Crutchet was still there, and immediately arose on Sir Gresham's appearance.

"Good morning, sir," cried Tradescant, forcing a laugh. "I didn't expect this early visit, or I would have been prepared for you. Ten thousand pardons. Let me call Tip, and I'll be ready for you in a twinkling."

And, without waiting for his father's consent, he rang the bell violently, and the summons being instantly answered by the valet, he ordered him to draw the screen before the bed, and, springing out as soon as this was done, proceeded with Tiplady's aid to attire himself with all possible despatch. Meanwhile, the Lord Mayor, who could scarcely control his anger, continued to pace to and fro within the room, occasionally kicking some obstruction out of the way, and casting an angry glance at Crutchet, who looked beseechingly at him. At length, having completed his toilette, Tradescant stepped from behind the screen, and tried to put on an easy air.

"Once more, good morning, respected sir," he said.

"Leave the room, puppy," said the Lord Mayor to Tiplady. And as soon as the valet was gone, and the door closed, he continued:

"You must have plenty of effrontery to be able to look me in the face, sirrah, after what I have just heard from your mother. So you have been gambling, eh? Harkye, Tradescant, if there is one fashionable vice that I abhor and dread more than another, it is gaming. And that a son of mine should be a slave to such a vile passion, gives me inexpressible pain."

"But, Sir Gresham, your son has just promised me——"

"Don't talk to me about his promises, Crutchet. A gamester's promises are never to be relied on. All sense of honour, all right feeling is lost, when once that fatal passion has taken possession of the breast. There is but one way of curing him, and that I shall not hesitate to adopt."

"And pray what may that be, sir?" inquired Tradescant.

"Leaving you to get out of your difficulties as you can."

"But, sir, consider, these are debts of honour."

"The very last debts I should be inclined to pay. Debts of honour! And to whom are they incurred?—a pack of cheats and sharpers. Possibly, they may be titled cheats and sharpers; but

they are just as great rogues as those of lower station. I'll pay none of them."

"What, sir, would you have me forfeit my position in society?"

"You deserve to forfeit it for your scandalous conduct. But you should have thought of this before. You have gone too far, sir. I know you would laugh at any counsel I gave you."

"On my soul, sir, you wrong me. I see my fault, and will amend."

"I won't trust you, Tradescant. You are a gamester. Such a one is no longer his own master, but is slave to an evil spirit who tyrannises over him inexorably. But I'll try to exorcise the demon. You have got a plague-spot upon you, and actual cauterisation alone will cure it. You may wince during the operation, but if it proves effectual it matters not."

"Why, sir, I shall have nothing for it but the road. I must ride out to Hounslow and Bagshot and take a purse, and then you may have the satisfaction of committing me to Newgate, trying me at the Old Bailey, and consigning me to Jack Ketch. How well it will read in the newspapers: 'The Lord Mayor's only son was turned off yesterday at Tyburn, and made a very fine ending.'"

"You won't drive him to such dire extremities, surely; Sir Gresham?" put in Crutchet.

"He may be hanged for aught I care," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "Harkye, Crutchet, I know your weakness for this young scapegrace. I forbid you to lend him money—peremptorily forbid you."

"When your lordship is a little calmer, perhaps you'll listen to reason," said Tradescant. "I take Mr. Crutchet to witness that just as you entered the room I was discussing my future plans with him. I had expressed a lively sense of my past follies, and a firm resolution to reform. As an earnest of my intention, I design, with your permission, to marry."

"Yes, my lord, to marry!" cried Crutchet. "And the young lady Mr. Tradescant has selected is one I feel certain your lordship will approve."

"Well, who is she?" demanded the Lord Mayor.

"The daughter of Mr. Walworth, the hosier, of St. Mary-axe," replied Tradescant; "a very charming young person, with the additional recommendation of a large fortune."

"I believe you have more regard for the young lady's fortune than for herself, sir," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "But what sudden whim is this? Why, you and Tom Chatteris turned away from the Walworths in my presence last night, and now you tell me you intend to marry Alice. Like all the young coxcombs of the day, you think you have only to ask to be accepted."

"I'm pretty certain I shan't encounter a refusal on Alice's part," rejoined Tradescant.

"You surprise me. I own I thought she favoured your cousin Herbert, as was not unnatural after the very important service he rendered her and her mother yesterday."

"Whatever her feelings may have been towards Herbert at the commencement of the evening, sir, they were changed before the close."

"Well, that doesn't say much for her constancy. Such a volatile creature as you describe is likely enough to change again before noon."

"I flatter myself not, sir," rejoined Tradescant, with a self-complacent look. "But do you approve my choice? Do you consent?"

"If I withhold my consent, I will give you my reasons for doing so," replied the Lord Mayor. "In the first place, you know nothing of the girl, and cannot tell whether she would suit you, while your own description of her is far from being calculated to prepossess me in her favour. It is, evidently, mere caprice on your part, and probably the same on hers. A poor foundation this for an engagement for life. You must see more of her."

"But I can't afford to wait," cried his son. "The marriage must take place speedily, if at all."

"I understand," observed the Lord Mayor, coldly. "This young woman is to be sacrificed to pay your debts. Such an act, however unworthy, reflects no discredit on a modern fine gentleman. A broken fortune is thus easily repaired. But I will be no party to any such dishonourable scheme, sir. Neither will I allow this thoughtless girl to be duped. If this affair proceeds further, and Mr. Walworth confers with me upon it, I will hide nothing from him. I will give him the result of my own experience, for, unfortunately, I know what it is to have a daughter married to a gamester. I shall ever reproach myself that I yielded to your mother's entreaties, and consigned your sister Chloris to Captain Chatteris. When you can convince me that you have abandoned play, I may consent to your marriage; but not till then."

"But you shut every door against me, sir," rejoined Tradescant, sullenly. "You will neither aid me, nor allow me to aid myself. How the deuce am I to get out of my difficulties?"

"That you must find out for yourself, sir, since you have been foolish enough to run into them," said his father.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Crutchet, imploringly; "but I think, with all submission, that you are rather hard upon your son."

"I am determined to read him a lesson," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "He will thank me for it hereafter. I have now done, sir," he added, sternly, to Tradescant, "and leave you to your

reflections. Come with me to my study, Crutchet. I have something to say to you before I go to the Mansion House."

"I come, my lord," replied the old man. But he lingered, as the Lord Mayor quitted the room.

"Oh, Mr. Tradescant!" he groaned, "that ever I should live to see this day. I never remember Sir Gresham in such a way before. What will be the end of it?"

"Deuce knows!" rejoined the reckless young man, with a laugh. "He'll calm down by-and-by."

"I don't think so, Mr. Tradescant, I don't think so. It'll break my heart if anything happens to you."

"Poh! don't be discouraged, Bow Bells. I shall get through it without damage."

"Dear! dear! what wonderful spirits you have to be sure. You can stare ruin in the face without blinking."

"Ruin! Who's thinking of ruin? It's all very well for old dad to grumble and lecture, but he'll never let me go to the wall—not he! He makes a pretence of buttoning up his breeches-pockets tightly, but he'll be obliged to fork out pretty handsomely by-and-by. He deserves to smart for his obstinacy. Whether I like it or not, he forces me to raise money. Nothing now but Shadrach and twenty per cent. You must go with me to the old usurer this afternoon, Bow Bells."

"It goes against my conscience, but I can't bear to see you harassed, Mr. Tradescant."

"You're right, Bow Bells. I am confoundedly harassed—improperly harassed, I may say."

"Well, well. I won't exactly promise to accompany you; but, if I do go, it'll only be to keep you out of harm. But I must follow your father. He'll think I'm plotting against him if I stay longer. How will it all end?"

And with the slow, vacillating footstep denoting a heavy heart, he quitted the room, casting a compassionate look at Tradescant ere he closed the door!

As soon as he was alone, the young man threw himself upon a sofa, and indulged in the following self-communion. "I was a fool to make my old dad acquainted with my embarrassments, but I fancied I was all safe with my mother. She seems to have lost her influence over him. However, since he throws me on my own resources, he can't blame me for any steps I may take. And as to letting me go down for a paltry five thousand pounds, he won't do that. His own credit is at stake. The Lord Mayor of London must sustain his son—so I may make myself perfectly easy. The main point is to raise the money to-day. I must pay Wilkes and the others, and have my revenge from Gleek and Bragge. How cursedly spiteful old dad is in regard to my matrimonial project. But he shan't frustrate the scheme. Opposition only

makes me determined to marry the girl. I'll have her—with or without old Waltham's consent. But I must proceed to make my toilette, for I've plenty to do to-day. Here, Tip," he added, as the valet appeared in answer to his bell; "send Le Gros to dress my peruke, and if Mr. Williams, or any other of my friends should call, show them up stairs?"

"What will your honour please to take for breakfast?" inquired Tippley.

"A grilled chicken, an omelette aux fines herbes, and a bottle of Bordeaux," replied Tradescant. "En attendant, Tip, a thimbleful of usquebaugh to steady my nerves. They have been considerably shaken."

An hour or so elapsed, and during this interval Tradescant had completed his toilette to his entire satisfaction. His flaxen peruke had been dressed and carefully adjusted by Le Gros, and he was discussing the grilled chicken and claret, when Captain Chatteris burst into the room. The captain had just been informed by his wife of the ill-success of her application on his behalf to Sir Gresham, and he came to Tradescant to complain of the shabby treatment he had experienced, and to concert measures with him for obtaining a supply.

Tradescant told him he was in the same predicament himself, and recommended him to accompany him to the Jew money-lender's, where possibly they might both be accommodated, and to this proposition Chatteris unhesitatingly assented. Tradescant then proceeded to acquaint his brother-in-law with his newly-fledged matrimonial scheme, at which the captain laughed heartily.

"I'll go with you to the City Mall at half-past four," he said, "to see how the affair comes off. But, meantime, we must look up Shadrach. It is highly important to take Old Bow Bells with us. The very sight of him will induce Shadrach to lend the money."

As soon as Tradescant had finished breakfast, the two young men went down stairs, and knocking at the door of communication between the house and the shop, were instantly admitted to the counting-house by Crutchet.

VI.

IN WHICH MR. SANDERSON APPEARS IN A NEW CHARACTER.

ON quitting Tradescant, Crutchet descended to the first floor, and proceeded to the Lord Mayor's study, which was situated at the end of the gallery, and looked towards the back of the house. It was small, plainly furnished, and contained a book-case, a table provided with writing materials, and a few chairs. Over the chimney-piece was a portrait of the founder of the house, Mr. Tradescant, a handsome, portly man, attired in a dress of the

early part of the century—square-out, maroon-coloured coat, with gold-edged button-holes, flowered silk waistcoat, formally-curved peruke, and cravat fringed with lace. On entering the study, Crutchet found the Lord Mayor standing with his back to the fire, evidently expecting him with impatience.

"What! more last words with that graceless boy, Crutchet?" he cried.

"I know he has been very foolish, and I'm not surprised you are very angry with him, sir. Still, I wish you would view his conduct a little more leniently."

"I've made up my mind, Crutchet, and all your persuasions won't change me. Nothing, indeed, but your blind partiality would induce you to attempt his defence."

"I do detest upon him, Sir Gresham. When I consider whose son he is, and whose grandson," he added, glancing at the portrait over the fireplace, "I can't and won't despair of him."

"Well, I trust you may prove to be right, and I wrong, Crutchet. But I must exercise more caution yet against lending him money."

"Your caution comes too late, my lord."

"Why, you stupid old dotard—you deserve—I don't know what. Scandal I never thought to be really angry with you, Crutchet, but I am now. How dared you lend my son money, sir, without consulting me? You have encouraged him in his profligate ways—undermined my authority—betrayed my confidence—deceived me, sir."

"How so, Sir Gresham? Surely I have a right to do what I please with my own?—to give my money to whom I choose—to throw it away, if I think proper!"

"You have no right to corrupt my son, sir. How much have you lent him? Tell me at once, that the debt may be discharged."

"I can't tell you, Sir Gresham. I have kept no memoranda."

"No memoranda! Impossible, sir. This is the way I am to be treated. My commands set at naught—"

"I have never disobeyed you, Sir Gresham. I have been a faithful servant to you, as I was to my honoured master, Mr. Tradescant, and I can give a good account of my stewardship."

"Forgive me, my good friend," said the Lord Mayor, grasping his hand warmly. "I was too hasty."

"I know I have been to blame in this matter," replied Crutchet, much moved, "and can only say in excuse—that I couldn't help it."

"The young rascal knows his power over you, and abuses it. 'Tis well I am made of sterner stuff. However, though this concerns me much, it is not what I want to speak to you about. Have you any recollection of my brothers, especially of the elder of them, Lawrence?"

"To be sure I have, Sir Gresham. I knew them both when you lived in Bucklersbury. But they wanted your steadiness. Neither of them would work. Lawrence was fond of plays, and Godfrey idled his time in the streets."

"Should you know Lawrence, think you, were you to see him again?"

"No doubt—but I fear I shan't behold him again in this world."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Sir Gresham, ringing a bell. And he added to Tomline, who answered it, "Request Mr. Candish to come to me."

"If I am not misinformed, my lord, you had a visit yesterday from some relations you never saw before?" remarked Crutchet.

"True!—a nephew and niece, children of my poor brother Godfrey, who, it appears, died some years ago at York. I was going to tell you about them. My niece, Præ, is a very amiable, pretty young woman—all I could desire, in short—but her brother, Herbert, pleases me best—a fine, spirited young fellow. Would Tradescant were like him."

"I'm sure your son has spirit enough, my lord. Ah! you'll live to be proud of him yet."

"But with all his spirit, Herbert has no distaste to business—quite the contrary—so it's my intention to place him in my own concern, and, if he turns out well, to make him a partner. You must take him in hand, Crutchet. Fit him for the post."

"I'll do my best, my lord," returned the old man, with a sigh, feeling that Tradescant would be entirely superseded.

"Engrossed as my time will necessarily be by the important duties of my office," pursued the Lord Mayor, "I shan't be able to attend to my nephew, and must leave his instruction to you. You shall see him presently. But what keeps Mr. Candish? I thought he would have been here before this."

"Pray who is Mr. Candish, my lord?" asked Crutchet.

"You'll see," replied the Lord Mayor. "I'll try whether he knows him," he added to himself.

With this he sat down at the table, with his back to the door, pretending to busy himself with some papers, leaving Crutchet standing near the fire.

Shortly afterwards the door was opened, and some one entered the room. Sir Gresham had no doubt it was Candish, but he did not turn round to look, wishing to ascertain what effect his brother's appearance would produce upon Crutchet.

In no way prepared for the new comer, Crutchet was not surprised, as he might have been, if he had heard a description of him. He beheld a little old man, dressed in a peach-coloured velvet coat very much faded, a tarnished laced waistcoat, and tawny velvet breeches just as much worn as the coat, pink silk

stockings hanging loosely on his shrunken calves, and shoes with paste buckles. His costume was completed by a well-powdered wig with a high foretop, ailes de pigeon, and a prodigiously long queue. A touch of rouge on the sunken cheeks, together with a couple of mouchets artistically placed, and a little darkening of the eyebrows, gave an entirely different expression to the old man's face. His dress, looks, and manner were those of a superannuated beau. He carried a three-cornered hat under his arm, and a cane in hand. On entering the room, he made a very ceremonious bow to Mr. Crutchet, who returned it, and said,

"His lordship is occupied for the moment, sir."

"Oh! don't disturb his lordship for the world," replied Candish, in accents totally unlike those of the day before, being high and affected—"I can wait. Allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff, sir."

"Eh day! what's this?" thought the Lord Mayor. "That doesn't sound like Lawrence's voice.—Give Mr. Candish a chair, Crutchet. I shall have done in a moment. Talk away. You won't disturb me."

"A thousand thanks, my good sir," said Candish, declining the chair. "Mr. —— I didn't quite catch the name."

"Tobias Crutchet, at your service, sir."

"Do you recollect the name, Mr. Candish?" asked Sir Gresham, without looking up.

"Not in the least, my lord," replied the individual appealed to.

"Come here, Crutchet," cried the Lord Mayor; adding, in a low tone, as the other drew near, "Well, who is it?"

"I don't understand your lordship," replied Crutchet. "I've never seen the gentleman before."

"Look again! Observe him narrowly!"

"I'm quite at fault, my lord."

"Why, you're blind and stupid! Don't you recognise——ha!"

The latter exclamation was uttered as the Lord Mayor turned round, and perceived the extraordinary transformation that had taken place in Candish. So totally changed was he that Sir Gresham himself did not know him again.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed, "I can scarcely believe my eyes. Are you the individual I saw yesterday?"

"The identical person, my lord," replied the other, with a profound bow. "A good night's rest and a good breakfast have wonderfully improved me; while by your kindness, and the attention of your coiffeur, M. le Gros, I have been provided with these habiliments."

"Well, I was about to acquaint Mr. Crutchet with some circumstances connected with your history, but I shall now defer them to another opportunity. Mr. Candish is an old friend of mine—a very old friend, Crutchet, and I fancied he had been an

acquaintance of yours. He will remain with me for the present—perhaps altogether—and I wish him to be treated like one of the family.”

“He shall have nothing to complain of as far as I am concerned,” said Crutchet, greatly surprised.

“Your lordship is a great deal too good,” cried Candish.

At this moment the door was again opened to admit Herbert.

“Good mornow, nephew!” said the Lord Mayor. “Glad to see you. I have just been speaking of you to Mr. Crutchet—telling him that I design to place you in my establishment, and recommending you to his best attentions.”

“Mr. Herbert Lorimer has only to command me,” replied Crutchet, bowing to the young man. “He will find me in the counting-house whenever he wants me, and I shall always be at his service. Your lordship, I presume, does not require me further?” And, with a general bow to the company, he departed.

“Have you forgotten Mr. Candish, Herbert?” said the Lord Mayor.

“What! is this he? On my soul! I didn’t know him. Excuse me, uncle—you are so changed.”

“Prithee, young gentleman, do not address me by that title again. I am no more your uncle than I am the Lord Mayor’s brother.”

“Well, let him have his way,” rejoined Sir Gresham. “But notwithstanding his denial, it is my intention to treat him as a brother, and to undress myself to him, as well as to you, nephew. I grieve to say, then, that my son, Tradescant, has acquired a taste for play, which, if not checked, may lead to lamentable consequences.”

“Your lordship, I fear, is hardly aware of the full extent of your son’s danger,” observed Herbert. “It is right you should know the worst, that you may guard against it. I heard enough last night to convince me that my cousin, Tradescant, is in the hands of sharpers.”

“Sharpers! Then indeed he is lost!” exclaimed Sir Gresham. “Oh! my unhappy boy!”

“Why did you tell him this?” whispered Candish.

“I did it for the best,” replied Herbert. “But I fear I was too abrupt.”

“I thank you for your sincerity, Herbert,” said Sir Gresham, recovering himself. “It is best to know the truth, however painful it may be. But oh! to think he should have come to this!”

“Who are the sharpers with whom Tradescant has been playing?—are they notorious cheats?” demanded Candish.

“It would seem so from what I heard. They are named Gleeck and Bragge.”

“Two arrant knaves as any that infest the gaming-tables, and

as little likely to abandon their prey as any of their rapacious tribe," rejoined Candish. "Nevertheless, my lord, I do not despair of rescuing your son from them. But I must have a little money for the purpose. My pockets, I need scarcely say, are quite empty."

"Take what you please," cried Sir Gresham, producing a pocket-book, and offering him notes—"a hundred—two hundred——"

"A hundred will suffice for the present," rejoined Candish. "If I want more I will ask for it."

"Can I be of use in the plan?" said Herbert.

"I count upon you," rejoined Candish. "If possible, my lord, I will extricate your son from the peril in which he is involved, and without making the affair a public scandal, which, for his sake, and for your sake, too, ought to be avoided."

"It must be avoided—at any sacrifice on my part. There must be no public scandal. I should never hold up my head again, if such a disgraceful affair as this should take wind."

"Have no fear, my lord. It shall not do so," rejoined Candish.

"Let me give you both a caution," said Sir Gresham. "Whatever your plan may be, do not confide it to Mr. Cratchet, or the object may be defeated. Though one of the trustiest persons breathing, he cannot keep a secret from Tradescant. You must therefore be upon your guard with him."

"It was well your lordship cautioned me, for I was about to consult him on the subject," observed Herbert.

At this moment Tomline entered to say that his lordship's chariot was waiting to take him to the Mansion House.

"I'll come directly," replied Sir Gresham.

"You must excuse me, Lawrence," he added, as soon as the man was gone; "and as I may not see you again until late in the day, let me beg of you to make yourself perfectly at home here. Consider this room as your own. Order what you please, and do what you please. I will give directions to the servants to attend to you. It will be your own fault if you are not comfortable. As to you, Herbert, Mr. Cratchet will be glad to see you in the counting-house." And with a kindly look at both he quitted the room.

Proceeding to his dressing-room to make some needful change in his attire, he then entered his chariot, and drove to the Mansion House.

Acting on his uncle's suggestion, Herbert went down to the counting-house, and while employed there made a discovery, which he thought it necessary to impart without delay to Candish.

VII.

THE LOWER WALKS IN MOORFIELDS.

A LONG discussion had taken place in the counting-house between Crutchet, Chatteris, and Tradescant, and this discussion Herbert overheard.—As Crutchet positively refused to enter Shadrach's dwelling, it became necessary to make an appointment with the money-lender elsewhere.—Accordingly, a note was despatched by Tradescant to Green Dragon-court, Old Jewry, where Shadrach dwelt, desiring him to be at a particular part of the Lower Walks in Moorfields at four o'clock; to meet some gentlemen, who would not care to be seen at his house. The hour and place were fixed to suit Tradescant's engagement with the Walworths in the City Mall. Half an hour would suffice for the transaction with the Jew. An answer was brought back by the porter to the effect that Mr. Shadrach would not fail to attend to the appointment. It may be proper to mention that a handsome fee to the messenger had procured the wily Jew full information as to whom the note came from. It was then agreed between Crutchet and the others that they should find their way separately to Moorfields, and meet, as if casually, at the place of rendezvous.

Accustomed to dine at an eating-house at two o'clock, Crutchet did not return to Cheapside after his meal, but, the afternoon being fine, proceeded along Coleman-street, in the direction of Moorgate, unconscious that he was followed by an elderly individual wrapped in a roquelaure, who had dined at the same eating-house as himself, and had quitted it the moment after him. Contrary to his custom, which was to walk briskly, Crutchet proceeded very leisurely. The Cambridge coach first attracted his attention; then some waggons drawn up near the Bell Inn; and lastly, Moorgate itself; for though he had pressed through the gateway many a hundred times before without bestowing much regard upon it, he now paused to contemplate it with a melancholy kind of interest.

This gate, which could not boast much antiquity, having only been erected some eighty or ninety years previously on the site of a much older structure, was accounted the most magnificent in the City, and consisted of a lofty arch, which could be closed if required, with a postern on either side of it. The upper part of the fabric, comprising two stories, and forming a commodious dwelling-house, was ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, above which was a round pediment displaying the City arms. The arch was unusually lofty, being so built, it was said, to enable the train-bands to carry their pikes erect while marching through it. The rooms over the gateway were assigned to Mr. Towse, the Lord Mayor's chief carver. Though the edifice was in very good preservation, and justly admired for its beauty, it was found inconvenient, owing to the increasing traffic in that part of the City,

and its removal had been decided upon. Aware it was doomed, Crutchet, who had known it ever since he was a boy, now contemplated it with regret. At last he moved on, passed through the right-hand postern, and found himself in Moorfields.

This extensive piece of ground, which would now-a-days be termed a "park," was very charmingly laid out in four large grass-plots, or "quarters," as they were called, intersected by broad gravel-walks, and was much frequented by the citizens for purposes of exercise and recreation. The mid walk, which was of considerable length, with a row of well-grown elm-trees on either side, and seats for the convenience of promenaders, was designated—owing to its being the resort of all the persons of fashion to be met with at the eastern end of the metropolis—the City Mall. And if the smartness of the company who frequented it was to count for anything, it might be fairly said to rival the Mall in St. James's Park. On Sundays and holidays the City Mall was thronged; but even on ordinary occasions it was greatly frequented, and exhibited much more variety of character than could be found at the West-end. Here might be seen the citizens' wives and daughters flaunting in all their finery, and displaying their charms to the Moorfields macaronis, whose hats were cocked diagonally over the right or left eye; and who gave themselves quite as many airs as the coxcombs of St. James's. But the City Mall was really very lively and amusing, and had something of a continental air. Booths and small shops, where fans, toys, trinkets, confectionary, and other light matters, could be purchased, were arranged under the trees, and there was generally some show or mountebank diversion to be witnessed on the "quarters." The central walk could be lighted up at dusk by lamps swung from ropes attached to the trees on either side. A grand termination to the vista on the south was offered by Bethlehem Hospital, which, with its noble façade upwards of five hundred feet in length, its three pavilions, high roof, and handsome stone balustrades, looked like a palace, and indeed had been built on the model of the Tuileries, to the infinite annoyance of Louis XIV.

Taking his way along the high wall, built of brick and stone, which enclosed the spacious gardens laid out for the recreation of the unfortunate inmates of the asylum, Crutchet walked on until he came to a grand semicircular sweep, in the centre of which was a pair of magnificent iron gates, forming the principal entrance to the hospital. On the piers to which these gates were hung were placed the two life-like statues, representing raving madness and melancholy madness, executed by the elder Cibber, and alluded to in the Dunciad:

Where, o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand.

Having spent a few minutes in surveying this stately edifice and its gardens, Crutchet turned in the opposite direction, and looked

down the City Mall. The promenade was now thronged by gaily-dressed folk, but being in no mood to join them, Crutchet kept alone by the hospital wall until he reached the east side of Moorfields, where there was a long range of stalls belonging to second-hand booksellers, and dealers in second-hand goods of all sorts. While he was examining the volumes on one of these stalls, the individual who had followed him so pertinaciously came up, and employed himself in a similar manner. A quarter of an hour passed in this way, when glancing at the large clock placed in the central pavilion of the hospital, and finding it only wanted a few minutes to four, Crutchet proceeded to the place of rendezvous, and, just as he reached it, Tradescant, looking the very pink of fashion, got out of a sedan-chair, and joined him. In another moment Captain Chatteris made his appearance from another chair, and shortly afterwards a little old man, dressed in black, and wearing a dark hair-cap, surmounted by a large three-cornered hat, and having unmistakably Jewish features, approached them. This was Shadrach, the money-lender. After the needful introductions had taken place, the whole party left the walk, and repaired to an unoccupied bench near a large tree on the west side of the "quarter." They had not long seated themselves on this bench, when the person who had been watching Crutchet came cautiously up, and planted himself on the other side of the tree, the trunk of which was quite large enough to screen him from observation.

"Well, Shadrach," commenced Captain Chatteris, "you can guess what we want with you."

"Yes, yes, I understand, captain," replied the Jew; "but you couldn't have come to me at a worse time. Money's very scarce—the market's exceedingly tight, as Mr. Crutchet will tell you. However, I'm always happy to accommodate my friends, if I can. How much do you want, captain?"

"Only a thousand pounds," replied Chatteris.

"Only a thousand, eh! A mere trifle! why, I shall have to borrow it myself at fifty per cent., so I must charge you seventy-five, my dear."

"Seventy-five per cent.!" exclaimed Crutchet. "Have you no conscience, Mr. Shadrach?"

"Consider the scarcity of money and the risk I run, Mr. Crutchet," replied the Jew. "But I must have good security, captain.—What can I do for you, sir?" he added, turning to Tradescant.

"I want a much larger sum than Captain Chatteris," replied the other. "Nothing short of five thousand pounds will serve my turn."

"Bless my soul! that is a large sum. I haven't got half the amount, and how am I to procure the remainder?"

"That you know best, Shadrach. But I want it without delay."

"But it's not to be got in an instant, my dear; and if I lend you the whole sum, I can't oblige the captain."

"Well, never mind me," observed Chatteris. "Give Mr. Lorimer the preference."

"But I can't do it for seventy-five per cent. I must have a hundred."

"Well, well—a hundred be it," rejoined Tradescant. "Only let me have the money speedily."

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Crutchet. "You mustn't yield to such infamous extortion."

"As Mr. Lorimer pleases," rejoined Shadrach, with affected indifference. "I shall make no abatement. I can't afford to do it under."

"I agree, I tell you," observed Tradescant.

"But five thousand is a serious sum, sir," and if I lend it I must have good security. I have every reliance upon you as the Lord Mayor's son, but the debt may be disputed. You must give me your bond, my dear, and Mr. Crutchet must join you in it. Without this, I won't do it."

"Well, there will be no difficulty in that, Shadrach. You are willing to join in the bond, eh, Crutchet?"

"I don't like it, and I'm sure you'll repent the transaction, sir."

"Nonsense!—the matter may be considered settled, Shadrach. But I must have the money to-day."

"Well, if you can manage to be at Moss and Levy's offices in the Barbican, at seven o'clock this evening, you may, perhaps, be accommodated."

"This is a bad business, sir," groaned Crutchet, "and I wish I could dissuade you from going on with it."

"Have done with this croaking," cried Tradescant, rising from the seat. "We will be with you at Moss and Levy's punctually at seven, Shadrach."

"Mr. Crutchet must come with you, my dear," said the Jew.

"Oh yes, I'll bring him," replied Tradescant.

"Have you done with me now, sir?" inquired Crutchet. And receiving an answer in the affirmative, he bowed stiffly to Shadrach, and quitting Moonfields, hastened back to Cheapside. Tradescant and Chatteris remained for a few moments talking to the Jew, and then proceeded towards the Mall, very well satisfied with the result of the negotiation.

Shadrach remained where he was, watching them, with his arms folded upon his breast, and a contemptuous grin playing upon his sallow countenance. All at once, a slight noise aroused him, and he perceived an old gentleman, wearing a roquelaure, standing on his right.

"Your servant, Mr. Shadrach," said this personage, bowing politely.

"Sir, your humble," replied the money-lender, raising his hat.

"Don't let me disturb you, sir, I beg," said the stranger. "I'll take a seat beside you. Will a pinch of snuff be agreeable?" offering him a box. "You sometimes lend money, I believe, Mr. Shadrach?"

"Sometimes," replied the Jew, wondering whether the old gentleman wanted to borrow; "but only on good security, sir."

"Oh! that's understood," rejoined the other.—"Large interest and no risk; that's your maxim—eh, Mr. Shadrach?"

"Not exactly my maxim, sir. But it's not a bad one—ha! ha!"

"You may be surprised at the interest I take in you, Mr. Shadrach, but you'll find out my motive presently. Excuse me for putting the question, but I hope you're not going to lend money to the two sparks who have just left you?"

"I must decline to answer that question, sir."

"As you please. My desire is to serve you. I should be sorry you lost your money."

"Lose my money!" echoed the Jew, snapping his nose. "These ain't much chance of my doing that, Mr. What's-your-name."

"Candish is my name, Mr. Shadrach. I've given you a friendly hint. You'll do well not to neglect it."

"And pray, Mr. Candish, do you know the two young gentlemen whose credit you're trying to shake?"

"Perfectly well, sir. One is the Lord Mayor's son, Mr. Tradescant Lorimer; the other, the Lord Mayor's son-in-law, Captain Chatteris. Both extravagant, both in debt; and consequently both obliged to have recourse to you."

"Well, sir, your description, I own, is tolerably accurate; but I see nothing very alarming in it. If they can't pay, some one else can; and that's all one to me."

"Perhaps you calculate upon the Lord Mayor, Mr. Shadrach? You think he will come down, eh? If so, allow me to set you right. His lordship won't pay one farthing. Nay, more, he'll take every possible means of punishing you. The prodigality and vices of these young men have exasperated him beyond endurance, and he'll be the consequences what they may; he is resolved to make them feel the effects of their folly. I will confess that I played the eavesdropper just now, and overheard your bargain with the young prodigals. But I am persuaded, when you consider the risk you will inevitably run, coupled with the certainty of obtaining merely lawful interest—if that—you will hesitate in carrying it out."

"Oh no, sir, I shan't. Your arguments are very plausible, but they don't weigh with me. I'm content to run all risks. Besides, I've a better opinion of the Lord Mayor than you have, Mr. Candish. He's not half so bad as you represent him. He won't let his son go to the wall, or his son-in-law either. Ne—no; I know better than that. But even if his lordship should disappoint me, I shall have Mr. Crutochet to look to, so I shall be quite safe."

"You're wrong, Shadrach. You'll get into trouble, and lose your money into the bargain."

"I must take my chance," replied the Jew, curtly. "I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Candish. My respectful compliments to the Lord Mayor." And, with a cunning leer, he bowed and departed.

"The crafty old rascal won't take fright," muttered Candish. "The profit is too great. What's to be done? Crutchet mustn't go to Moss and Levy's. But how to prevent him?—I'll turn it over as I go along."

Thus ruminating, he shaped his course slowly towards Moorgate.

When Tradescant and Captain Chatteris gained the Mall, it was exceedingly crowded, and by rather a miscellaneous set—wealthy-looking merchants and bankers, sharp stockbrokers, tradesmen of every variety, apprentices, ladies, City beaux, City militia-men, footmen, nursemaids, and children. Through this concourse our young sparks made their way, but for some time they could discern nothing of the Walworths. At last, as they had got nearly to the farther end of the Mall, where it was less crowded, they perceived the objects of their quest. There undoubtedly were Alice and her mother; the young lady in an adorable rose-coloured satin sacque and fly-cap, and the elder in a sky-blue silk *négligé* and Ranelagh mob. Both wore a good deal of lace, and carried fans. Behind them strutted a little African page, leading a snowy French barrette by a ribbon. This sable attendant, whose hideous face glistened like polished ebony, and who answered to the name of Pompey, was attired in a semi-Oriental garb, his head being crowned by a muslin turban, with a few parti-coloured feathers stuck in it. The ladies were escorted by Mr. Walworth and Sir Felix Bland.

In another moment the parties met, and all the customary greetings were gone through. Alice blushed on beholding Tradescant, cast down her eyes, and then raised them again to allow them to dwell fondly upon him. It was quite evident, from the manner in which young Lorimer was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Walworth, that he had only to ask and have; but not to leave him in any doubt on the subject, the ever-obliging Sir Felix Bland contrived to whisper in his ear, while shaking hands with him,

"It's all right, my dear boy. They're both mightily pleased with you—the mother especially so. Old Walworth means to come down handsomely, so the sooner you talk to him the better."

Acting upon this friendly hint, Tradescant, after a little tender discourse with Alice, begged a word with her father, and allowing the others to pass on a little in advance, at once opened the matter, and, with a preliminary flourish descriptive of the violent passion he had conceived for Alice—a passion which he declared he had every reason to believe was shared by the young lady herself—he concluded by asking the old hosier's consent.

"Well, Mr. Lorimer," old Walworth replied, "I won't pretend to deny that this proposal is agreeable to me, and that I shall be very glad indeed to have you for a son-in-law, and very proud to be connected with your worthy father, the Lord Mayor, but, before we go any further, let me inquire whether you have asked his lordship's consent?"

"I have not thought it necessary as yet, sir, because I feel certain he will at once accord it," replied Tradescant. "When he finds my affections are fixed on so charming a person as Miss Walworth, he will offer no bar to my happiness."

"I trust it may be so, sir. To-morrow I shall wait upon him, and state my intentions in regard to my daughter. You shall have no reason to complain of me, Mr. Lorimer. You won't take a beggar to your arms, sir."

"Oh! sir, you are too good. But Alice would be wealthy with no other dowry than her beauty."

At this moment, Sir Felix Bland, who had been casting an occasional backward glance towards them, received a look from Tradescant which caused him to loiter till they came up.

"Well, my dear Mr. Walworth," said the little alderman, "I hope I may congratulate my young friend. All is settled, eh?"

"All is settled, so far as my consent is concerned, Sir Felix. But Sir Gresham has to be consulted."

"No opposition, I fancy, need be apprehended in that quarter, my dear Mr. Walworth," replied Sir Felix. "I may venture, I think, to answer for my friend the Lord Mayor."

"That's very well, Sir Felix. But no positive engagement can be made till his lordship's sanction is obtained. May I ask you to accompany me to him to-morrow?"

"Anything I can do to serve you, my dear Mr. Walworth, you may command. But this will be a positive pleasure."

"Sir, you are extremely obliging. I'm a plain man, Sir Felix, but I've saved a little money——"

"I know it, sir. We are all aware that Mr. Walworth is rich—immensely rich——"

"No, not immensely rich—well off. I don't like to boast, Sir Felix, but I can give my daughter a plum, and I mean to give it her if I am satisfied."

"Upon my word, my dear Mr. Walworth, you are exceedingly generous, and surpass the expectations I had formed of you. D'ye hear that?" he whispered to Tradescant. "A plum! You're a lucky dog."

"I've the highest opinion of the Lord Mayor," pursued Walworth, "and I shall esteem it an honour to be connected with him."

"Cheap at a hundred thousand pounds—cheap, I should say, my dear Mr. Walworth."

"In confiding my daughter to the son of Sir Gresham Lorimer, I feel secure. The father is a guarantee for the son's good conduct."

"Very true, my dear sir—the father is a guarantee," replied Sir Felix, nodding.

"Some young men of the present day are sad rakes and gamblers. Now, such a son-in-law wouldn't suit me at all."

"What the deuce is he driving at?" muttered Tradescant to Sir Felix. "I hope he doesn't suspect me."

"I approve of your caution, my dear Mr. Walworth," said the little alderman. "But Mr. Lorimer inherits all his father's good qualities—an excellent young man, sir."

"You will have no reason to regret bestowing your daughter upon me, Mr. Walworth," said Tradescant.

"That Mr. Walworth feels, my dear young friend. Sir Gresham's consent has only to be obtained, and the wedding-day may be fixed as soon as you please, eh, Mr. Walworth?"

"Just so, Sir Felix," replied the old hosier. "This being understood, Mr. Lorimer, you can join my daughter, who, I make no doubt, thinks I have detained you long enough."

"When my obstinate old dad learns she is to have a plum, he won't refuse his consent," thought Tradescant, as he returned to Alice.

So elated was he by the notion of the large fortune he was likely to obtain, he had now no difficulty in playing the ardent lover. They had taken a few turns in the Mall, when they met Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris, attended by Wilkes and Tom Potter, and followed by a couple of laced and powdered footmen. Fearing his sisters might say or do something to mar his project, Tradescant got Captain Chatteris to explain matters to them, on which they became all smiles and civility to the Walworths, and professed to be charmed with Alice. Wilkes and Tom Potter, as may be supposed, did not fail to rally their friend on the expedition he had shown in running his head into a noose, and Tradescant was on thorns lest some of their jests should reach the ear of his future father-in-law. However, all went on pretty smoothly, and the whole party were moving along the Mall, laughing and chatting gaily, when they perceived Herbert coming towards them. The appearance of the young man at this juncture was agreeable neither to the Walworths nor to Tradescant, but Wilkes was secretly delighted, inasmuch as he anticipated amusement.

"Ha! here comes your cousin, Lorimer," he cried.

"I must beg you not to apply that term to him again," cried Tradescant. "I disclaim all relationship with him."

"So do we all," exclaimed Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris together.

"Oblige me by not noticing the young man, Alice," said Tradescant. "He is personally disagreeable to me."

"Since you desire it, certainly," she replied; "but he will think me shockingly ungrateful."

"Never mind what he thinks. Look another way."

By this time Herbert had come up, and, bowing to the party, was about to address himself to the Walworths, but, struck by the altered manner of Alice and her mother, and repelled by the haughty looks of Tradescant, and the disdainful glances of Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris, he drew aside, and the party, with the exception of Wilkes, Sir Felix Bland, and Mr. Walworth, passed on. Pained that the young man should be thus treated, Mr. Walworth stammered out some apologies, but they were very coldly received.

"I have just called at your house in St. Mary-axe, Mr. Walworth," said Herbert, in a sarcastic tone, "to inquire after your daughter, and was glad to learn that she was brought back safely last night."

"Safe and sound, sir," rejoined the old hosier. "All's well that ends well, Mr. Herbert."

"You did me the honour to make me accountable for Miss Walworth, Mr. Herbert Lorimer," observed Wilkes, in a sneering tone; "but you will now perceive you might have spared yourself the trouble. She was in excellent hands."

"So it seems, sir," rejoined Herbert; "and I ought to have been quite sure that no credit was to be attached to your assertion that you had consigned her to some one with whom you were unacquainted."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Wilkes. "You have found that out, eh? A mere quibble, which I am sure Mr. Walworth will now readily pardon."

"Don't say a word more about it, my dear sir," rejoined the old hosier.

"You may call it a quibble, sir," observed Herbert, sternly, "but I should use a shorter and stronger word."

"Hold, hold! Mr. Herbert," cried Sir Felix.

"What's that you say, sir?" demanded Wilkes, becoming very pale.

"If I have not made myself sufficiently intelligible, I will be yet more explicit," rejoined Herbert.

"Nay, it will do," cried Wilkes. "Your object is evidently to provoke me. I might well refuse to go out with you, but your impertinence deserves chastisement. You shall hear from me, sir."

"Sir Felix," said Herbert, "as I am almost a stranger in town, and have few friends, may I venture to ask your aid in this matter?"

"Mine! my dear sir. I avoid duels, whether as principal or second. However, to oblige you, I will break through my rule in this instance."

"You make me for ever your debtor, sir," replied the young man. And, raising his hat, he strode haughtily away.

End of the Second Book.

A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

No one who has ever travelled over the fertile plains of Guzerat, that large and valuable province in the Bombay Presidency—a province so famous for its cotton, its grain, its cornelians, agates, and its other varied products, including that grotesque and gigantic freak of vegetable nature, the Boabab-tree, or *Adansonia*, with its white flower and large fruit, so valuable to fishermen, to whom it serves as floats for their nets; its wood, light almost as cork, being used as rafts, the pulp of the fruit also made into a kind of sherbet; its zoology, from the lion and wild ass to the alligator and the deadly cobra de capella, a snake next to the tic prolonga of Ceylon one of the most deadly reptiles in the world—no one, we say, who has travelled over this beautiful province can forget the city of Broach, situated on the banks of the noble river Nerbudda, at about thirty-three miles from its embouchure, in the Gulf of Cambay. Broach is supposed to have been the Barygaja of Ptolemy and Arrian, and was long a place of considerable trade under the dynasties of Aokbar and other Mahomedan rulers of India, and was taken, after various vicissitudes, by the British forces under the command of Colonel Woodington, in 1803, from Scindia, and ceded to the East India Company.

The city is situated on a large mound of earth, of about seventy or eighty feet elevation above the river, and is supposed to be of artificial construction along the edge of the river—here a noble and beautiful sheet of water, of about two miles in width at low water, shallow, but navigable for craft of forty to fifty tons burden. A wall surrounds the town, which is in tolerable repair on the river-side, but on the other faces it is much dilapidated. This encloses the town, containing about thirty thousand inhabitants of the Parsee, Hindoo, and Mahomedan persuasions, who are employed in weaving and dyeing silk and cotton fabrics, amongst which the imitation of Scotch plaids and stripes is excellent and of moderate cost.

The Nerbudda, flowing in its calm beauty past the walls, may be classed amongst the great rivers of India, as from its source in the district of Ramgurb, in Bengal, its length to its embouchure in the Gulf of Cambay is a little above eight hundred miles. The river takes its rise in the Vindhya mountains, a chain crossing the peninsula of India from east to west, the Mahomedan natives of India calling the territory to the north of the range by the name of "Hindustan," and that to the south the "Deccan," or "Dukhan" more properly; the vast valley formed by the two ranges alluded to, and the Ghaut mountains, forming the drainage surface which produces the Nerbudda. Rising, according to Blunt, in an elevated tract of about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, it runs a very direct course east and west, and receives but few tributaries in its way, the principal ones being the Herun, the Shair, and the Towah. It is said to take its rise in an inexhaustible pond, enclosed by a wall of masonry, close to the Hindoo Temple of Amaranth, in the Vindhya Hills, in latitude 22 deg. 39 min. north, longitude 81 deg.

49 min. east, being a yard wide at its exit from the pond, passing the military station of Jubbulpore, about ninety miles from its source. Thence it flows a few miles below Jubbulpore between two vast cliffs, of limestone formation, and meeting lower down with rocky impediments in the shape of trap formation. Much of the hill country through which the Nerbudda passes produces large quantities of iron ores; but these are useless, owing to the navigation of the river being impeded by the basaltic rocks alluded to. At the junction of the Nerbudda with the river Towah, near Hoshinjabad, it is about nine hundred yards wide, a large ridge of limestone-rock producing a cascade; the body of the water below forms a deep pool, tenanted with alligators, and here, from its course to the sea, the river swarms with these hideous monsters of the tropical waters. The Nerbudda then pursues its course over rocks and rapids till it becomes navigable for boats, about eighty or ninety miles only from the sea. It may be noted that the tidal influence is felt for about fifty miles from its mouth, or about twenty miles above the city of Broach.

Owing to the kindness of a Parsee gentleman of the name of Merwanjee, whose hospitality during our stay with him was unbounded, we found no difficulty whatever in procuring a large *bunder-boat*,* manned by a crew of thirteen men, for our projected trip up the river. Not only had our good friend, Merwanjee (now no more, I regret to say), provided us with mattresses and pillows, but he had laid in a stock of creature-comforts, such as Fortnum and Mason might equal, but not excel, for be it known there are few stations in the Presidencies of India where the luxuries of Piccadilly and Regent-street may not be obtained, and—tell it not in London—at a cost not much beyond the retail prices in the modern Babylon.

Beautiful, exceedingly beautiful, was the evening—such an evening as the month of February in Guzerat always offer us, an evening laden with the scent of the Mogree, Champah, and a thousand sweet-scented flowers—when we passed through the gateway of the walled town to the *bunder*, or wharf, where our boat lay. The sun was setting over the distant Rajpeepla hills, bathing with a flood of glorious sheen the varied and beautiful landscape, the lowing of the cattle on their way to their homesteads, the cry of the Brahminee kite, the cawing of countless flights of crows, the long lines of snow-white paddy birds (the *ibis*) wending to their resting places for the night, and the multitude of people performing their ablutions in the river after the labours of the day, preparatory to the evening meal, together formed a series of sights and sounds only to be seen and heard on the banks of a river in India. Here was to be observed the Brahmin, the twice born, with his sacerdotal cord or *coostee*, the emblem of his caste, with fingers on his eyes and ears, waist deep, dipping himself, and repeating after each submersion a portion of his *muntra* or orison to Vishnu, Shiva, or Brahma, the preserver, destroyer, and creator of the Hindoo mythology; here the Hindoo maiden, graceful as a gazelle, and of form such as would have delighted a *Praxiteles*, went through her ablutions, her massive tresses veiling, but

* *Bunder* (wharf) boat, a large and commodious boat of five or six tons burden, manned by a crew of eight, ten, or twelve men, according to her size, and a tindal, or steersman. A large cabin at the stern accommodates five or six individuals, lockers at the sides affording seats or sleeping places as may be required.

not hiding, her beautiful bust; others were busy exchanging the wet robe or saree for a dry one, and so deftly was the action performed that the keenest observation could not catch the slightest glimpse of a limb; some were seen bearing poised on their heads pyramids of brass lotahs or water-pots for domestic purposes, the hand placed on the hip to maintain a proper equipoise of the trembling load; here a huge elephant, the property of a native of rank, might be seen lying on his side in the water, his clumsy legs stretched out, a man balanced on his body with broom in hand scrubbing the hide, the curled-up trunk and twinkling eye of the animal showing his enjoyment of the titillating process; the grave Parsee, too, was seen with outstretched hands to the setting sun ranting his prayers to the departing God of day, anon prostrating himself, forehead to the ground, in token of his humility. Ferry-boats passing to and fro, cattle swimming, fakirs and mendicants asking alms, and Indian evening life, in all its phases, afforded altogether a scene of the most surpassing interest.

In such places the Hindoo passes the *dolce far niente* of his peaceful life: here he bathes, dresses, lounges, prays, and sleeps the live-long day listening to the tales of the Kyniewallas, or bards, and here at his death his body is brought to be bathed ere it is consigned to the funeral pile. The river side is, in fact, the Alpha and Omega of the Hindoo's existence: at it are centred his pleasures and his pastimes, and here he often settles his business transactions, spending the day and retiring home at evening to eat and to sleep.

It was on such an evening that we found ourselves seated on the roof of the cabin, looking at the scene around us, and watching the preparations of the boatmen for going up the broad river at the flow of the tide. The north-east wind blew cool and refreshing from the Rajppeepla hills dim in the distance, and crowned from base to summit with dense forests, the abode of the Bheels, a mamuding race of savages, who of late years have however, been induced to abandon much of their pilfering propensities, and settle down somewhat to agriculture and other industrial occupations.

Domingo, the Portuguese cook, who had stowed himself away amidst the comestibles, set to work for dinner by decollating a couple of chickens, for the concoction of the eternal rice and curry, without which no Indian meal is ever complete, while old Mahomed, the butler, spread a table-cloth on the roof of the cabin, not forgetting to wrap some bottles of Allsopp in wet straw, for refrigerating the nectar—what would India be without Allsopp? The night, as all nights in India are from October till June, was lovely, and soon the full moon rose, shedding her soft and beautiful light over the banks and surface of the broad river, dotted here and there by boats flitting to and fro, while the song of the boatmen, called "Poonchea Poput" (little parrot), rang clear and melodious over the placid waters of the magnificent Nerbudda.

A person who is accustomed to no other skies but those of the leaden and murky atmosphere of Britain can form no idea of the beauty and brilliancy of a tropical moonlight night, for although the disc of the planet at its full is not apparently so large as may be observed in a high latitude, yet its light is of a softness and a radiance immeasurably far beyond what is ever observed by us in England, for when the tropic moon

rise high, the Queen of Night photographs on land and water every fibre and leaf as distinctly as if it were reflected in a camera; and the smallest print is easily to be read; indeed, I have seen ladies thread a small needle by an Indian moon, with as much facility as could be done by daylight.

After the enjoyment of a fragrant Manilla or two we turned in, in full anticipations for the morrow; first, for seeing that great and far-famed wonder of the Indian world, the banian-tree of Guzerat, second, in shooting and bagging those monsters of the tropical rivers, the alligator, with which, of immense size, the Nerbudda abounds; but we had hitherto seen none, as they are seldom found in the vicinity of Broach.

We may here, whilst the boat is making her way up the river in the deep silence of the night, broken occasionally by the howls of packs of jackals or the sharp bark of the hyæna, prowling the banks in search of food, say a few words on the alligator. By nature this denizen of the Indian waters is the most cowardly creature imaginable. Watch for him at about ten o'clock in the morning when the warmth of the sun attracts him to the surface, after his night's rest at the bottom; and you must be well concealed to do this with any chance of success. At first you will see the water slightly agitated at about six or eight feet from the water's edge; presently you will notice a grim black snout slowly emerge, followed by a portion of the back. It slowly approaches the bank; a paw projects itself, then the head, and for a minute or so it peers right and left, up and down; then for a while the head lies quiescent on the sand; then another paw advances, and the whole head and shoulders slip forward; another rest, and the animal gradually hitches himself forward, until half of the body is out of the water. In this position the alligator will remain for half an hour or so before he ventures to advance any further, and if the watcher remains quiet he will see several soon making their egress in the same cautious manner. The slightest noise, even the rustle of a leaf, is enough to send him back to the depths, to be seen no more for hours, ere he makes another advance towards terra firma. Should nothing disturb him he will make his way to some sand-bank or sunny nook, a few feet above the water, and there lie basking for hours; and there he is difficult to detect at any distance, for the mud on his body soon drying, it becomes similar in colour to the soil on which he may be lying. If anything should alarm him during his siesta, a rush and a sudden plunge, like the fall of an avalanche, makes the water seethe and boil as he regains his watery home.

With regard to the moral temperament of the alligator, it is well known that he is invariably found to be more ferocious at the mouths of rivers where there is a solution of the salt water with the fresh, the danger of attack being much less in fresh water than in the brackish; indeed, buffaloes and other cattle will swim the upper waters of the Nerbudda with impunity. The superior size and ferocity of the alligator in the lower portions of tropical rivers may also be accounted for in this wise: the fish, which form the principal food of the animal haunting those parts, attain a larger size than in the fresher portions, and, consequently, require the exertion of a greater force for their capture, and the constant exercise of this power would naturally make the alligator of the lower part more dangerous than his neighbour higher up, who contents himself with a

human being, a goat, or a smaller animal down to a rat. The greater force, depth, and density of sea water may likewise tend to produce far more muscular development than is found in the alligator frequenting water that is entirely fresh. In shooting the alligator the most vital part is just behind the fore-shoulders, or through the head, if the sportsman can by any means get a vertical shot, as may be sometimes obtained if he be found basking under a bank; but in any case cautious indeed must be the approach if a good shot is to be expected; but the tenacity of life in the creature is so great that a shot is seldom fatal, and he escapes by a rush into the water, where he will be generally found a day or two afterwards floating dead.

But to return to our trip. At earliest dawn, having only been awakened once or twice by bumping against a sand-bank, and by the rattling of the chain of the grapnel when we anchored shortly after midnight, we were roused by the loud call of the tindal to his fellows: "Ooth sou mera bhai juldee ooth!" ("Get up, my brothers—up quick.") The scene was enchanting. Before us lay a low, broad island of some twenty acres in extent, which, formed by the floods of the rainy season, had on the fall divided the river into two branches. The island, at the highest part barely five feet above the water, composed of light brown alluvial soil, was covered with patches of water-melons and tobacco-plants, both coming to equal perfection, the melons particularly being celebrated throughout Guzerat and other provinces adjoining. The morning mist was floating over the river, from the bed of which ascended little spiral curls of vapour, condensed by the cool night air, for we found the temperature of the river on the surface to be 74 deg., whilst that of the air was only 59 deg.—a degree of cold in India enough to make a woollen cloth jacket acceptable for an hour or two until the sun gets high. The river was alive with water-fowl—birds everywhere; on the ground, in the air, on the water and under the water. Flanking the edges of the island were myriads of flamingoes, in long lines, like a regiment of Indian sepoy's standing at ease, their long legs and white breasts adding to the illusion. Further on were seen long files of the purple gigantic bird called the demoiselle-crane, whose magnificent plumage and graceful form well deserve the name given to it; flocks of pelicans, Brahminee ducks, teal and widgeon, and other aquatic fowl covered the water as far as the eye could range. Presently the great unclouded sun rose, pouring its warm rays through the mango-trees which clothed the banks, setting this mass of feathered life in motion, much accelerated by a rifle-shot taking the row of flamingoes in line, and knocking over several of these brilliant birds. Few vestiges of other animal life were yet to be seen beyond some vultures soaring high in air, on the look-out for their carrion prey—a defunct ox or buffalo. The banks of the river at this place, some twenty-five miles above Broach, are about twenty to thirty feet above the level of the water at this the dry season, the stream flowing generally with a current hardly perceptible, except where, as in this instance, it was divided into two branches by the low islet in question; and of these, large and small, there are many of various sizes, the larger ones planted with water-melons, tobacco, sweet potatoes, and other esculents. For some hours of our upward voyage we saw nothing worthy of observation beyond the countless numbers of water-

fowl disturbed by our passage, for the villages of the inhabitants were situated at some distance from the river, out of the way of the inundations consequent on the rains of the south-west monsoon, when the river, full to the brim from bank to bank, must present a most magnificent spectacle. As yet not an alligator had been seen, as these creatures at night or towards morning retreat to the bottoms of the deep pools, lying perdue until the rays of the sun warm the surface of the water cooled by the action of the night air; but at ten o'clock my attention was attracted by a hand of the tindal gently laid upon my shoulder, and an exclamation of "Dekko Sahib! muggar hi!" ("Look, sir! there is an alligator!") at the same time pointing to an object about three hundred yards ahead, lying on a rock some twelve or fourteen feet from the edge of the water. Pushing quietly to the shore, I jumped out, and by taking advantage of a few bushes and masses of clay torn from the high banks by the force of the rushing waters of the monsoon, I got within eighty or ninety yards—I could not get nearer, for by this time he was getting aware of his danger—of the monster, about fifteen feet long, whose hide had by this time, by the mud drying on him by the heat of the sun, got changed from black to a dirty brown, and, raising my gun, I let fly a two-ounce ball from a Lacy's rifle, which, however, missed the quarry, and, striking the rock, went flying with a loud ping far away into the distance. The alligator flung himself half into the air, and fell sideways into the river, making the water boil as if a ton weight of stone had been flung into it. In a moment half a dozen others, which had been concealed in various crannies about the banks, rushed and scrambled into the water in all directions. Reloading, I ascended the bank and walked along it for a mile or two, leaving the boat to follow with my dogs, of which I had three on board, when, at some distance ahead, in a small indent at a bend of the river, I saw a veritable monster asleep on a ridge or platform of soil which lay at the edge of a deep pool. Walking softly forward, and laying down the rifle at some yards off to enable me to advance softly, I crept on hands and knees to the edge of the cliff, and cautiously peeping over, I saw beneath me, at a distance of some twenty feet, the huge brute fast asleep, with outstretched paws, looking like a large canoe bottom upwards. Determined not to spare him, I retreated to where I had laid the weapon, and put three pistol-bullets, wrapped up in a bit of my handkerchief torn off for the purpose, on the top of the two-ounce ball. Crawling forward again on all, not fours, but threes, and gently and noiselessly protruding the barrel of the cocked rifle over the edge of the bank, I brought the muzzle to bear on the head of the alligator at the broadest part behind the eyes. At the instant of the pull of the trigger I could see the large hole made by the balls in the spot I aimed at, when up flew the head of the beast (astonished at this salute, as well he might be), open mouthed, exhibiting his ugly serrated teeth and vast cavernous red mouth, as with a start and bound from his hitherto comfortable couch he fell headlong into the river, with a crash like the fluking of a whale when struck by the harpoon. I could trace his course along the bottom by the large volume of mud which rose in a zig-sag line soon afterwards to the surface. Of course there was no expectation of his rising until sometime after death; in a day or two. This was disappointment number two; but, notwithstanding that, the sport was sufficiently exciting, to say nothing of the thrill of that silent contemplation, at a

few feet distance, of a creature within whose jaws, if a human being once got, nothing short of a miracle could release him.

Following the windings of the river, I came upon many flocks of pea-fowl, whose gorgeous trains were spread out glittering like diamonds in the morning sun; but these birds, being held sacred by the natives in Guzerat, become so tame that to shoot them would be as unportsmanlike as shooting fowls in a farmyard or tame ducks in a pond; besides, the flesh at best is so coarse that a Soyer himself would be puzzled to make an eatable dish out of an old peacock. Monkeys, too, grinning at the intruder, congregated in every mango and banian tree, quietly skipping from one branch to another at your approach, for they, like pea-fowl, are objects of great veneration with the Hindoo races. I may here as *passant* relate an anecdote of some of these monkeys. I some years since paid a visit to the source of the Crishna River, which rises in a temple on the eastern side of the Mahaleshwar Hills, a few miles from the town of that name, at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The day was sultry, and I followed the course of the tiny stream (which becomes a large river of eight hundred miles long ere it falls into the Bay of Bengal) in search of a pool for a quiet bathe; to find this took me some half-mile down the stream before I discovered one deep enough for a swim, surrounded by a grove of the sacred banian-trees. I had scarcely plunged in, when my attention was attracted by a noise amongst the branches, and on looking about me I saw some dozens of large grey monkeys seated side by side gravely watching my proceedings, certainly not ten yards off; there they sat in solemn conclave, steadily looking on, till at last one grey-bearded fellow raised himself on all fours, and quietly commenced his descent. Slowly he let himself down, hand by hand, and took his seat on the bank some five or six feet off, seating himself, as monkeys and bipeds are wont to do, on his head's antipodes, one hand resting on his knee, he remained quietly staring at me. Presently one monkey after another descended the trees in precisely the same deliberate manner, and, to the number of fourteen, sat down at a yard or so from each other in exactly the same position, to scrutinise the, to them, extraordinary apparition. There they sat in a semicircle; not a change of the face, not a movement of the limbs was observable, but like Quakers at a meeting, looked on with a philosophic gravity which I defy any description to do justice to. What they thought of me I know not, not being versed in *animaki parlanti*; but, unacquainted as they must have been with the sight of a white skin, probably the first they ever saw, not the slightest fear was observable in any of them; nay, I believe that had I had food to have offered them, they would have approached and taken it out of my hand. At last my gravity was entirely upset by seeing one about two feet high quietly jump upon the shoulders of another, and, steadying himself by his hands clasped over the forehead of the other, the two looked so inexpressibly ridiculous that I fairly roared with laughter. At this unexpected outburst the whole troop took to their heels, and scuttled up the trees a good deal faster than they had descended, and, with loud chattering and squeaking, stood shaking the boughs at the intruder on their solitude; but none of them again ventured near me after this rude disturbance of their inspection. In many of the towns and villages of Western India these quadrumanous animals are so much respected as objects of veneration, being typical of Huny-

mann, the monkey-god, that they become so familiar as to be most abominable nuisances from their mischievous propensities, by unroofing tiles, getting through windows, and carrying off anything that is moveable. Woe betide the contents of a sideboard of glass if a monkey gets on it, and is disturbed during his scrutiny of the various articles; he makes short work of its fragile ware in his hurry to escape.

But to our narrative. Proceeding some distance farther, I sat down, rifle in hand, on the edge of the bank to allow the scared monsters of the fresh water deeps time to recover from the effects of the report of the rifle; after a while one emerged his hideous frontispiece, and lazily took his lair not many yards' distant from where I was sitting, pretty well concealed by some small bushes. This time I was more successful, for the ball passed through his body, and breaking both fore-legs at the shoulder, laid him wriggling in the mud. This proved to be a young alligator, not above nine or ten feet long, but with a mouth and teeth large enough to seize and hold a goat. Leaving the carcass where it lay for the vultures to discover its whereabouts, which they speedily would, I bent my steps back to the boat, to discuss in the shape of tiffin some of the good Merwanjee's luxuries, with a second edition of Domingo's rice and curry. Soon after three o'clock the grand object of our expedition, the "Kubbur Burr," rose in sight in the distance. We were sitting in the cabin, out of the intense heat of the sun, rendered doubly powerful by the reflection of its rays on the glassy surface of the water, when the tindal appeared at the door, his swarthy face animated with excitement, and exclaimed, "Sahib! Sahib! Kubbur Burr nuzzerata hai!" ("Sir, sir! the Kubbur Burr is appearing!")* "Kither hai? kither hai?" ("Where is it? where is it?") said we, jumping up out of a half-somnolent state. "There it is," said he, pointing to a huge domed-shape mass of foliage, which loomed in the distance like a gigantic inverted basin. Here, then, was the wondrous tree, descriptions of which I had so often read in youthful days, envying the happy lot of those who had stood under its massive shadow, watching its troops of gambolling monkeys, its flocks of brilliant-plumaged birds, its snakes entwined amongst its branches (what Indian picture of a tree is ever complete without a snake or two seeking whom he may entwine within his terrible coils?), and herds of deer bounding through its leafy glades. We shall soon see what was the reality of this object of poetic interest.

Where we first had sight of the tree, the channel of the Nerbudda had widened to a breadth of about a mile, and, as a natural result, the river having more space for the flow of its enormous supply of water produced during the yearly freshes of the rainy seasons, no longer furrowed its way through high banks like those through which we had passed, but had spread out into two shallow arms, enclosing several small islands, planted with vegetables at this season. In the horizon the tree appeared to stand alone in its grandeur; apparently not another tree

* This famous banian-tree (*Ficus Indica*), about the size and grandeur of which so much has been said, is called by the natives of Broach "Kubbur Burr." "Kubbur" is the name of a Mahomedan local saint, whose tomb lies under a clump of banian-trees on the right of the small island to which we were bound; "Burr" is the Hindoo common name for the banian-tree. The male banian-tree, the *Ficus religiosa*, is by the natives called "Peepul."

was there to consort with it, so solitary it stood in its gloomy magnificence, the Queen of the plain. "Beautiful! magnificent!" were the only words uttered as the boatmen toiled upwards towards it: larger and larger grew the vegetable wonder; more defined and beautiful was its dome-like shape, its outlines regular, as if they had been clipped by the shears of a Titan gardener. "Certainly," said we, "it is no hyperbolic assertion to make, that a large army could encamp under its shade." Nearer we came, and the mass still increased in size, looking a forest in itself; but stay! was it a delusion? a myth? a bend in the river soon began to show it in a different aspect. Alas! a change was coming over the "spirit of the dream;" romance was beginning to fade away before reality, as the mist fades away before the morning sun; the beautiful and the sublime were no more. What is this?—see! the tree is dividing, it is separating in two. Is that a palm we see?—that a cashew-nut tree?—that an areca?—that a clump of bamboos?—is that an opening disclosing a paddy-field? Yes; and more; the famous banian-tree had now resolved itself into a considerable-sized woody island, clothed, not with one banian-tree, but with hundreds of them, of all sizes, interspersed with great numbers of other species of trees, together with a large growth of underwood of various kinds. Still the disappointment, great as it was, led us to speculate as to the probability that, notwithstanding the discovery we had made, might not there yet be a tree on the island found answering the glowing descriptions we had read in Forbes and other writers? for we had an instinctive dislike, after our trouble, to find all a romance. Anxious to obtain a solution of the question, we ran the boat's nose aground, and jumping ashore, raced over the tobacco (which here grew with the greatest luxuriance) to see who would be first to put an end to our mystification. It was but too true; the great banian-tree *was* a myth, a delusion; still, we surmised it might be possible that the trees, large and small, would be found connected one with the other by the lateral arms, which threw their snake-like shoots in all directions perpendicularly to the ground, and thus in the aggregate form one tree, the tree of our desire. But no—not one banian had any connecting limb with another; they were all unmistakably and decidedly as distinct one from another as trees are in an English park. It is true here and there we found trees of large size and of some age, but not one at all approaching in magnitude to banians we had seen before growing singly in other parts of the province; here it was a commixture of all kinds of trees usually flourishing in any Indian jungle of moderate size.

The "Kubbur Burr," as it is called by the natives, *par excellence*, no doubt had an existence at some former period, probably not many years since; for a venerable native, the owner of the tobacco-patch alluded to, who lived in a cadjun hut under the shade of the trees, told us that there was a tradition amongst his fellows of such a gigantic tree, but that it—the tree—had long ago been torn up and destroyed by the floods of the Ner-budda, and that the numbers of banian-trees we saw were its "butchas," or children, and that they were, notwithstanding the disappearance of the "father of trees," still under the protection of "Saint Kubbur," whose tomb, a small erection of masonry and chunam, he showed us. Monkeys, parrots, pigeons, and other birds there were about the trees, of course—for what Indian wood is without them?—and I shot some of the beautiful

painted snipe in the paddy-fields, which were surrounded by the progeny of the defunct "Kubbur Burr," and also jungle-fowl and partridges in the wood, where the venerable patriarch of the Nerbadda once had his sylvan throne, sole monarch of the place, ere he fell a victim to the resistless floods of the mighty stream. Standing up to the knees in a paddy-swamp whilst in search of snipe, I could not avoid calling to my companions to mark the contrast between the reality and the gay pictures they had seen of the elephants, and the retinues of native princes encamped amongst the stalactite-like trunks of the ideal tree; the luxurious carpets of the Persian loom spread below, on which the gazelle-eyed daughters of song, the Nautch girls, had lang syne performed the graceful peacock dance, or trilled forth the favourite melody of "Taza be Tazah" (Now be now), to the gurgling sound of the ambrosial hookah, or the evening breeze sighing through the foliage of the giant-tree.

To sum up the whole, the "Kubbur Burr" is a respectable assemblage of banian-trees, all of moderate dimensions, intermixed with other trees of various descriptions; in short, it is a wood, amongst which the banian-tree predominates. Viewed from a distance down the river, by an approaching boat, the illusion of a vast tree is complete; and any encomiast, forming a judgment at a mile or two away, without putting foot on the island, would be apparently justified by applying to the enormously dense mass of foliage then visible, the epithets of "gigantic," and even "awful;" and by any vivid word-paintings that exaggerated description might suggest concoct a wondrous tale:—as I said, at a distance down the river, the view of the pseudo tree is majestic, but, like a dissolving view at a change of scene, it becomes a huge confused mass of what it really is, namely a wood, and a very ugly wood it is too.

At this season (February) the aspect of the country about Broach was somewhat barren in appearance, as the rainy season had ceased since October, and the principal food crops of the coonbies, or cultivators, of which Jowaree (*Holcus sorgnum*), a kind of large millet—the stalks of which form excellent food for cattle—wheat, rice, pulse, and other grains, form the principal portion, had long been housed; the castor-oil plant (*Palma Christi*), however, was largely under cultivation, growing here to a considerable size, and assuming the proportions of a small tree. The natives of Guzerat express this oil from the seed for lighting their huts after sundown, although its thick and viscid composition affords a poor illuminating power; but the poverty of the majority of them necessarily induces the use of this oil, the cost of cocoa-nut oil being far beyond the reach of most of the lower classes, who are wretchedly poor, they being dependent on the small crops of cotton cultivation to raise the necessary funds to pay the rent to the government for the land they hold. In bad seasons, by the failure of the cotton crops, they become wretchedly off, and are often reduced to great straits, being obliged to mortgage their future crops to obtain, at a high rate of interest, the money requisite to pay the government dues.

At this time of the year the whole of the villagers were busily engaged in picking and collecting the cotton crop from the pods, gathering it with both hands, and depositing it in a bag hung round the neck. Men, women, and children were engaged in this operation, whilst others were clearing the fibre from the tough small seeds, by means of a diminutive churka, or gin, composed of a wooden and iron roller, turned by a winch,

and so disposed that the cotton fibre is drawn between them, separating the seeds from the former, the seeds being given to cattle for food, for which its oily nature admirably adapts it. The spaces of ground cleared about the villages were white with newly-gathered cotton spread out to dry previously to taking it to market for sale to the buniahs, or traders, who in return dispose of it to the great native cotton-dealers for transit to Bombay. In several places I saw fish in the hands of the natives, some of them of a large size, over fifteen pounds in weight. Apparently they were of a species of carp, having the same kind of scales and colour. Large as they were, the fishermen told me that they were to be caught of more than double the size, a sufficient proof that fish can hold their own against the attacks of their arch-enemy the alligator.

Returning to our boat in the evening, well laden with guavas, papaws, pine-apples, and other fruits—not the produce of the famous Kubbur Burr, but of the wood, whose place he might once have occupied—we found Domingo ready with the inevitable rice and curry, and, after the discussion of a cheroot, we turned in, well pleased with the afternoon's excursion, but most specially disappointed with the wonderful banian-tree.

H. S.

A SUMMER IN AMERICA.

BY CAPTAIN BROOK J. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

"I'M ON THE SEA."

"THE steam-tender *Jackall* will leave St. George's Wharf at half-past eight A.M. on the 22nd of June, to convey passengers on board the *Persia*."

Acting upon this official information, we presented ourselves at St. George's Wharf, Liverpool, at the time specified, and were duly conveyed on board the *Persia*, lying about a couple of miles higher up the river. The mails were brought on board shortly after nine o'clock, and the passengers' baggage being stowed away, we steamed slowly from our moorings at 9.50 A.M.

"How delighted I shall be when I see that boat again," said my wife, as the *Jackall* spluttered from our side.

We did see it again in less than three months, during which time we saw many more wonderful sights than the dingy, labouring *Jackall*, of which I purpose giving a sketch. A summer in America has, at least, the charm of novelty in its favour. It has nothing in common with the Rhine, the spas of Germany, the mountains of Switzerland, or the Italian lakes. True, there are mountains, lakes, and spas in America, but I "guess" the broad natural features, which are to be met with everywhere, are about the only points of similarity between the other side of the Atlantic and Europe. However, I have no business to "guess" till I get there, which we hope to do in ten days, for is not the *Persia* the

pride of the Cunard fleet, the finest steam fleet (commercially speaking) on the seas!

There was scarcely a breath of wind as we forged slowly ahead. A heavy fall of fog and smoke hung over the river. In vain we endeavoured to pierce the lurid darkness in search of the *Great Eastern*, which, we were told, was at anchor about half a mile astern of us.

"There she is! Don't you see her?" cries one whose wish was (I think) father to the sight. "Don't you see that huge black mass with all those masts and funnels looming up out of the fog?"

Yes, I saw them, but whether they represented the big ship, or half a dozen little ones, I would not take upon myself to say.

We had a very quiet passage to Cove, and a very slow one, for we had more time than we wanted, owing to the fact of having to wait for the mails, Scotch and Irish, I believe, till four o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Why, then, did we leave Liverpool so early? Why not have started in the evening of Saturday? Had we started as late as ten o'clock at night, we should still have been at Cove long before four on Sunday afternoon.

I received three answers to the above questions; you shall have them all, and adopt which you please:

First, I was told that it was as well to be in time; secondly, that the tide would not serve till too late at night; thirdly, that by starting early we were enabled to go half-speed, which saved fuel, *id est*, money to the company.

I went on deck about eight o'clock on Sunday morning in search of a purer atmosphere than that which we had enjoyed during the night in our state cabin (save the mark!). We were running down the south coast of Ireland, which, to say the truth, looked particularly unpicturesque and devoid of interest. At half-past nine we came to our moorings off Spike Island, directly opposite Cove, which smiled at us at a distance of about a mile and a half. I say "smiled at us," because the sun was shining brightly, and all nature smiled, even Spike Island.

Say, ye subalterns who have been quartered on that romantic island, redolent of rugged rocks and gloomy barracks, saw ye ever a smile during your sojourn there on aught save the lips of the comrade departing?

Truly, Spike Island enjoys a very moderate reputation as a quarter amongst military men.

We had divine service in the saloon at half-past ten, the captain officiating; and most excellently well did he perform his part. He read slowly and distinctly, with a becoming reverence, removed alike from the offensive gabble of hurry and haste as from the equally offensive droning of affected sanctity. Many a country clergyman might take a lesson in reading the service of our Church from Captain Judkins, and the reason of his success was evident enough—he took pains. He did not read merely as a duty, a thing to be got through and done with, but he read as well as he could.

After service we wrote letters to send back by the coming mail-boat, and then we lounged about and grumbled at the delay.

The mails were on board at four o'clock, and ten minutes afterwards we were steaming out of Cove harbour, which, by the way, has been re-baptised under the name of Queenstown. Certainly vanity is the parent

of folly—one of her parents, at all events. If all the towns her gracious Majesty has been pleased to pass through had changed their names in honour of the royal visit, we should have, in very sooth, a right regal country.

We were still running down the south coast of the Emerald Isle: the emeralds (if there were any) had a rough setting—such a dreary, desolate, rugged coast it would be difficult to match. About a mile or so from the mainland, upon a narrow strip of an island, I saw the ruins of what once, apparently, had been a castle.

“What an extraordinary place for any one to build a castle,” I observed.

“Those, sir, are the Stag Rocks; there is no building there whatever,” said one of the mates.

I knew, of course, that the man was right, and yet I could scarcely credit his assertion, so exactly had nature condescended to imitate art: there was the tower, there the walls and buttresses. I wondered whether the mate had ever landed there.

Soon after dark we passed Cape Clear, the most westerly point of the Irish coast. The next land we should sight would probably be Sandy Hook.

The wind freshened during the night, and for the next four or five days we had a strong breeze ahead, which stopped our way, and disturbed our stomachs “some,” as our American friends would say.

Owing to the disturbed state of America we had scarcely the usual complement of passengers on board; a great proportion of these were Americans.

I had never before seen much—I may almost say anything of that nation—and certainly the nasal drawl peculiar to that people is the reverse of agreeable to an English ear. They have also many idioms and phrases different from ours, but, as far as my experience goes, their hearts are in the right place. We made acquaintance—I may, indeed, say friends—with several American ladies and gentlemen on board. Nothing could exceed their kindness to us, and nothing would give us greater pleasure than to have an opportunity of returning in England the hospitality we received in America.

When we had been about five days out fogs proclaimed the vicinity of Newfoundland, and cold, that of icebergs. The change of temperature was very apparent, for although we had experienced somewhat stormy weather previously, there had always been a summerish feeling in the air; but now it was piercing, it breathed of ice. The fog enveloped us night and day, not, however, continuously, but with short intermissions, for several days.

Have you ever been in the vicinity of icebergs in a fog?—a fog so thick, so dark, that you could not see the funnel of the boat as you stood on the binnacle, steaming furiously along at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour? It is a situation in which, I trust, never again to be placed. True, the immensity of the ocean is very much in favour of miss *versus* hit; it may be ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred to one in one's favour; but however great the odds against collision, the *chance* of a sudden and awful death must ever be present to him who is tearing furiously through impenetrable darkness in the neighbourhood of ice.

bergs. That the *Pacific* was lost by coming in collision with an iceberg there can be no doubt. She was a large and powerful steamer, well officered, well manned, and as capable of riding out a storm as any ship afloat. She entered the dark fog-bank of Newfoundland, but never did she emerge from the darkness; that fog-bank was a funereal pall to the doomed ship. A terrible concussion, a few frantic plunges, a rush of water, and the *Pacific* is blotted out from the face of the sea; down into the depths below she sinks, with hundreds of human beings in her arms.

Just before leaving Liverpool we heard of the loss of the *Canadian*. It was but a telegraphic, and, therefore, only a meagre account: "Cut up by the ice in the Straits of Belle Isle, between thirty and forty people lost, the remainder saved by boats. Land five miles distant." The question that naturally first suggests itself is, "How many would have been 'saved by boats,' had the accident occurred a couple of hundred miles from land in place of five miles only?"

A gentleman on board the *Persia* told me (of course during the densest fog, and in the immediate vicinity of ice) that he had once come into collision with an iceberg. It happened, he said, about two years ago in the *Edinburgh*, running from New York to Glasgow. The fog was so thick that the "look-outs" did not see the iceberg until they were close upon it; the helm was instantly put down, and the boat shot past the opposing mass, but a shock was felt as she glided by, and her bows seemed to settle down on the water. In fact, although they had escaped the ice *above* water, they had struck the ice *below*, and had stove in the two forward compartments. Lucky for all on board, the ship was built in compartments, but for that she must have gone down at once; and had she run full upon the iceberg in place of grazing the underfloat, she must have been dashed to atoms. They were two hundred miles from St. John's, Newfoundland, when the accident occurred, which place they reached thirty-six hours afterwards, but which they never would have reached had they not been blessed with calm weather; the steamer had settled so much by the head that a storm must have sunk her. "No one on board," said Mr. R., "knew the extent of the mischief; we knew that the two forward compartments must be stove by the sinking of the boat's bows, but what further damage had been done we could not tell. All hands worked at the pumps until we reached St. John's, and during the whole of those thirty-six hours all felt that the boat might sink from under them at any moment. When we anchored, and the ship's bottom was examined, it was discovered that she had lost upwards of thirty feet of her iron sheeting forwards; we had, therefore, pumped to no purpose, for we must have pumped the Atlantic dry before we could get the water out of the injured compartments; but," he added, "it was a good thing we *did* work; it employed our minds as well as hands; we fancied we were doing something towards saving our lives, at all events."

So much for a slight collision with an iceberg under water; what must inevitably be the effect of a direct collision with an iceberg above water may be readily imagined.

One morning, whilst steaming rapidly through the dense fog, we suddenly emerged into daylight—as suddenly as one emerges from a subterranean vault into the outer world; more so, indeed, for in the latter case

a glimmer of light, getting brighter and larger, would have heralded our approach to the outer world, but in this instance the change from utter darkness to daylight was instantaneous. It was a most curious and remarkable sight. A close, dense wall of fog was behind us, so close, so dense that we could not see a foot into it, whereas overhead was a clear sky and a bright sun, and beneath us a deep blue sea glittering in light.

These fog-banks extend for hundreds of miles, with occasional breaks. They literally settle down upon the face of the waters, and are frequently no higher from the sea than the mast-head; indeed, I was told that a "look-out" on the top-gallant cross-trees has sometimes a bright sky over his head whilst all below are enveloped in darkness.

During the break in the fog to which I have alluded, we had a sight of four icebergs; three of them were indistinct, looming grandly out of a dark fog-bank; the fourth was glittering in the sunlight, and presented, to us land-lubbers, at least, a singular and beautiful appearance. It was about fifteen miles off, and assumed different fantastic shapes with our change of position. When first we saw it it looked like two pillars, with an arch and a pedestal above. This form, we were told, was a species of mirage, caused by refraction. It then assumed the appearance of a cone, with a small hole in the centre. Again it changed, and presented the perfect form of a cross, cut out of white marble. Yet another change, as we neared the iceberg, and we saw it as it really was.

We were not long under a clear sky; about noon we entered another fog-bank, and were ploughing our way through a leaden sea.

Whilst upon this subject allow me to say a few words with regard to the course that our packets take across the Atlantic. Of all the dangers which beset the path of the hardy mariner, an iceberg is probably the most formidable. Winds and waves, however furious, however mighty, may be met and conquered. A lee-shore has, since the introduction of steam as a motive power, lost its unenviable prestige for danger and destruction; boats and engines are now built with power sufficient to work off from a lee-shore in almost any weather; rocks, shoals, and bars are accurately marked upon the chart—if you run against them it is your own fault, for you know, or ought to know, where they are. This is not the case with an iceberg. When the frozen world in the North Sea begins to move, mountains of ice break away from the main body, and float over the surface of the deep, driven hither and thither by wind and current. It is impossible even to conjecture their whereabouts; we know, indeed, that we are in the vicinity of icebergs by the lowness of the temperature, but we do *not* know their situation with sufficient exactness to enable us to avoid them. It is only in particular latitudes that icebergs are to be met with; if carried by wind and current south of these latitudes they soon melt away. Men-of-war and merchantmen usually shorten sail at night, always, should the night be foggy or boisterous. Packets, on the contrary, "carry on" night and day, as hard as they can tear. Speed is the one great desideratum; to race from one port to another, in the shortest space of time, is the object of every captain of a packet, especially should the ship he commands be "the crack" ship of the line. She has a reputation to keep up. "She always has done the passage quicker than any other boat, and she always shall."

This emulation on the part of captains of packets is natural, and, to a

certain extent, praiseworthy. It is natural and right that the captain should endeavour to make as short a passage as possible, *with due regard to safety*; but is that "due regard to safety" observed when a man "carry on" at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour in the middle of the night, through a black fog, a fog so dark and so dense that you cannot see half the ship's length ahead, and this in the vicinity of icebergs? In a fog of the above description, which is common enough on the banks of Newfoundland, a "look-out" is of no avail; fifty "look-outs" would be of no more use than one, for fifty pair of eyes can no more penetrate obscurity than one.

The temptation to "carry on" is great; the sea is calm, the vessel is on an even keel, the paddles work smoothly; moreover, the ship has raced through many such a fog with impunity. Now suppose that there is an iceberg directly ahead, as why should there not be? a collision must inevitably take place; no human power, no human skill, could prevent it; the danger could not be perceived in time to avoid it. The result of the collision would depend upon its nature. If you ran full tilt on an iceberg you would go down headlong, with every soul on board; if you grazed it and merely stove in the sides, or knocked a hole in the ship's bottom, you might have time to get out the boats, and—dependent on weather and on your distance from land—perhaps save some of the crew and passengers.

This is no fanciful sketch of what *might* be, it is a simple statement of what *has been*. The Montreal Ocean Steam-ship Company, running from Liverpool to Quebec, have lost four vessels in a very few years by their coming in collision with ice; one, the *Canadian*, as recently as last June. In all these instances many lives were lost, and those who were mercifully saved in boats had great sufferings and hardships to undergo.

The question naturally arises, Is there no remedy for this great evil? Is it necessary to run these risks? There is no remedy, and these risks must be run so long as the quick delivery of letters is made of more importance than human life; but reverse the relative value of letters and life and the remedy is easy—the risk avoided. By keeping a more southerly course between Liverpool and Quebec, or Liverpool and New York, the passage would be two days longer, but you would be clear both of fogs and icebergs, for you would not touch the banks of Newfoundland, so redolent of both. And, be it remembered, this southern course need not be followed but for five, or at the most six, months in the year. The icebergs are not afloat till April, and they have melted into the sea by September. After September, although you will meet fogs on "the Banks," you need fear no icebergs—they are all fast locked in the iron embrace of the north, and a fog without an iceberg is but a wasp without a sting.

Are we justified in imperilling the lives of our fellow-creatures, during five months of the year, for the sake of a two days' shorter passage for our letters? Who dare say "Yes?" The North American passage is well known to be a hazardous one, the entrance to the St. Lawrence is both difficult and dangerous, the Straits of Belle Isle have witnessed many a disaster; why, then, render the dangers greater than need be by persisting in the northern course?

The fogs hung about us most pertinaciously, even after we had passed

the banks of Newfoundland, but they were not quite so dense or so incessant as they had been, and the last two nights at sea were clear, enabling us to see the comet, which I had not even heard of, but which, I suppose, was expected. It was a very fine one, with a far larger and longer tail than the comet of 1859, but not so brilliant; the nights, however, in these latitudes are clearer and lighter than ours in England, and probably somewhat eclipsed the comet's brilliancy.

When about two hundred miles from Sandy Hook we came up with a New York pilot-boat, on the look-out for us. It was blowing fresh, and the little schooner pitched about like two hogs on a plank; however, notwithstanding the fresh breeze and the rough sea, the cry of "The pilot is coming on board!" brought every one on deck. Sea-sickness was for a time forgotten, and ladies with pale faces, but sparkling eyes, might be seen eagerly looking out for the harbinger of land. "Which is he?" "Where is he?" "Not in that little boat, surely?" were questions rapidly asked, and certainly not without reason, for, by the side of the *Persia*, the pilot's schooner looked fearfully fragile. How dare any one trust himself so far from land in so small a boat? How would she ever get back again? It is wonderful what those pilots do and dare. Nothing like being used to it.

Whilst we look and wonder at the little schooner, a small row-boat leaves her. The pilot is really coming on board, and "in that little thing!" Yes, truly "in that little thing!" See how she dances over the big waves! how she balances for a moment on the top, and then dashes down headlong to destruction. Now don't scream. See! she has only shipped a paulful or two of water, and is already mounting up the steep sides of another huge wave, to be dashed down as before. But the pilot does not care, so you need not. Behold how calm and unconcerned he sits in the stern-sheets, tiller in hand, guiding the tiny boat surely and steadily past the portals of destruction, out of the very jaws of death; for a capsized in such a sea would be into that dread tyrant's jaws.

And now the tiny boat is alongside us, and is lifted by the swell half as high as our bulwarks; up and down she is tossed in perilous proximity to our hull, which, by some magical dexterity of her crew, she never touches. And now a coil of rope is hove into her bows; it is caught, made fast, the boat is steadied, and the pilot on board (you don't know how) in the twinkling of that useless piece of household furniture—a bed-post.

The excitement being over, sea-sickness regains its ascendancy, and the ladies vanish below.

I watch the gig return to the schooner, I watch the schooner make sail, and I watch again until there seem to be a hundred schooners in place of one, dancing over the angry waters; in other words, till I cannot distinguish her sail from the crests of the waves. Then I, too, go below, and sigh for Sandy Hook.

When a man prefaces an ill-natured remark with "I may be uncharitable, but——" he does not in reality think he is so, therefore he had better make his observation without that hypocritical introduction, as I shall mine. One is sometimes quite overpowered with praises of the sea: "So charming!" "So amusing!" "So enjoyable!" These praises

are generally sung by young people on land; when at sea, the flow of their eloquence is commonly interrupted. But we will put sea-sickness out of the question. Where is the charm or enjoyment of sleeping on a shelf and dressing in a closet? Of being stifled if your port is closed, or drenched if it is open? Of being poisoned with disagreeable odours, and stunned with everlasting noises?

"But it is so amusing! the beautiful sea and the lovely sky!—and—the beautiful sky and the lovely sea!" My dear Miss Araminta, it is just so amusing as this: that whereas fifty vessels passed before your eyes whilst you were listening to the band of the Royal Battleaxe Rangers on the Marine Parade at Brighton, and you never even bestowed a glance upon one of them—you left your bed of sickness and rushed upon deck to behold one small schooner. Do you know why you did this? I will tell you. Because you had nothing else to do—nothing else to look at; because the monotony, confinement, and stupidity of being on board ship is really—though it does not sound romantic to say so—most oppressive.

The arrival of the pilot was worth looking at, I allow; but you would equally have rushed to look at the schooner, had there been no pilot in the case. When I have seen the passengers crowd to one side of the ship, and gaze anxiously into the distance, I have frequently asked, in my innocence, "What are all those people looking at? Is it an iceberg or a whale?" Neither; it is simply a ship, hull down, her topsails just showing above the horizon! Some particular ship, of course—a privateer. Perhaps the *Scepter*—perhaps *Jeff Davis*? No; no particular vessel that any one is aware of. It is simply a ship—something to look at; and so the people look at it, as though they had never seen a ship before.

The day previous to our arrival at New York we made a most extraordinary run, three hundred and sixty-five miles in twenty-four hours, being more than fifteen knots an hour the whole time. One of the mates told me that he never had known or heard of a steamer making such a run in the same time. The *Persia* has the reputation of being the fastest vessel afloat; her public running proves this, they say. She is certainly the finest vessel I was ever aboard of, and seems to be exceedingly well managed, quite man-of-war fashion, everything as regular as clockwork. She is four hundred feet from stem to stern, and the upper deck extends the whole length, over the saloon, engine-room, kitchen, and fore-cabins. Such a splendid deck you would scarcely find in any ship afloat, saving the *Great Eastern*.

About four o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 3rd of July, a bell was rung vigorously, and all started up in their berths to listen. "We are just off the Nook, sir," said the steward, "and we shall be at Jersey city by six o'clock." Out I tumbled post-haste; to miss seeing the harbour of New York would never do.

I was on deck about half an hour after the sun had risen, grumbling of course at having to turn out "in the middle of the night;" but my grumblings were speedily transformed into exclamations of pleasure. What a beautiful scene was that which burst upon my view as I stood on the deck of the *Persia* that 3rd of July! We were passing alongside Staten Island, with its undulating slopes, thickly wooded and covered with villas and villages. On the right, Long Island stretched

away into the distance, quivering in the luminous atmosphere of the rising sun. Immediately in front was the mainland of New Jersey, and beyond might be seen, in the far-away distance, the highlands of the Hudson.

To the right of the Hudson a forest of masts and a few church-steeple proclaimed the position of New York; and, still farther to the right, the same indications of a town were perceptible; but neither New York nor Brooklyn were yet opened out to view.

The morning was tropical in its clearness, the horizon simmering with heat, thus enhancing the splendour of the scene a hundredfold.

We soon approached the Narrows, the entrance to the inner harbour, Sandy Hook being the outwork, as it were, of this sea fortress. These Narrows are protected by forts on either side. The fort on Staten Island is new, indeed not yet completed; it is quite on the water's edge, and mounts nearly a hundred guns. It looks, and is said to be, extremely strong; and certainly, if the guns are heavy and well served, they ought to blow any ship approaching with a hostile intention either out of or under the water.

On the right I saw two forts, one on Long Island, the other in advance of it, on an isolated rock. I could not make out the number of guns the forts mount, but of this I am sure, viz. that any fleet attempting to force those Narrows would have enough on its hands. An iron-plated vessel that ran that gauntlet would solve the question as to the invulnerability or otherwise of iron sides, for she could not be easily missed.

When we had passed the Narrows and were well within the harbour, New York and Brooklyn opened out to our view. I doubt if I shall see anything during my travels in the States more beautiful than the portals through which we entered them.

We came alongside the custom-house shed, at Jersey city, at 6.30 A.M. The baggage had all been got up from the depths of the ship long before, consequently there was no delay. Here again the good system on board the *Persia* was conspicuous. Passengers and baggage were soon in the shed, and my feet touched American soil for the first time.

What mixed sensations thrilled through my bosom! This, then, is the land of liberty and freedom! What thoughts, what aspirations swelled within me! Is it possible that I breathe the same air—that I tread the same soil the immortal Washington once breathed, once trod!

Alas! that I should say so; I thought of none of this: my sensations were indeed mixed, for I was delighted at being on land, and still giddy from the effects of the sea. My predominant thought was that the floor of the custom-house shed moved slowly and sickly up and down, like the deck of the *Persia*, and my highest aspirations were to get my baggage passed and be off as quickly as possible, which, owing to the kindness of Captain Judkins, I was enabled to effect very speedily.

DREAMLAND.

It was a conception worthy of a true poet to show the depth of his sympathy for the Great Masters of English Song, by devoting the outpourings of his Muse to their special illustration, after the manner which Mr. Kent has chosen.* Tracking their footsteps through their own familiar haunts, and conjuring up associations inseparably allied to their memories, he has, he says, in his modest, reverential preface, "striven to unite, upon each occasion, within the framework of a single picture, some shadowy reflection at least of the contrasting yet harmonious interests derivable from the charms of Biography and Topography."

This pleasant task has been happily accomplished; for there is not one of the many pictures here collected which is not perfect in all its parts—whether we consider the sentiment by which it is inspired, the truth of the local colour, or the beauty of the setting. With a thorough appreciation of character, Mr. Kent combines an admirable descriptive power, and a masterly command of most mellifluous verse, so that, while the mind is fully gratified, the senses—so to speak—are equally charmed. In the course of his picturesque pilgrimages, the shrines of twenty of our most famous poets are visited, and a wreath worthy of the image is placed at the feet of each. The general nature of these votive offerings may be gathered from the following enumeration. First we have "Shakspeare at Shottery," where he first told his love under the trellised porch of Anne Hathaway's cottage. Then comes "Chaucer at Woodstock," where he, who has been likened to "the morning star," sits dreaming of the immortal *cortège* that wended from Southwark to Canterbury. To him follow in succession, "Surrey at Windsor"—"Spenser at Kilcolman"—"Milton at Cripplegate"—"Butler at Earlscreomb"—"Dryden at Soho"—"Pope at Twickenham"—"Young at Welwyn"—"Thomson at Richmond"—"Shenstone at the Leasowes"—"Falconer at Sea"—"Johnson at Streatham"—"Goldsmith at Edgeware"—"Burns at Mossiel"—"Cowper at Olney"—"Byron at Newstead"—"Shelley at Marlow"—"Scott at Abbotsford;" and, lastly, "Wordsworth at Rydal." In this list there are omissions which will, at once, strike everybody; but, as the French proverb says, "What is deferred is not lost," and we hope, before long, to find that Mr. Kent has given us such as are yet wanting to render the British galaxy complete.

Of the treatment of his various subjects, Mr. Kent says: "Sometimes, as in the limnings of Chaucer and Scott, I have surrounded them with the shadowy forms of the creatures born of their imagination. Sometimes I have contented myself with celebrating a single incident, selected from the pathetic record of the career then under commemoration: as where Pope is described awaiting, in the unwonted solitude of his home at Twickenham, the arrival of the friendly portrait-painter, summoned to perpetuate with his pencil the angelic grace of age still lingering upon the features of the dead mother then lying up-stairs in the darkened death-chamber: or as again, where Lord Byron is seen with the boxing-gloves yet upon his hands, suddenly interrupted in a bout with one of his wild companions, gazing for a moment with sullen anguish after the

* Dreamland. With other Poems. By W. Charles Kent. Longman and Co.

funereal cavalcade bearing to the grave the remains of *his* mother, unwept and almost unattended. Occasionally, moreover, as in the instances of Surrey and Spenser, I have opened up to view in dim perspective the chequered vista of the musing poet's life."

We have selected, as our first example of Mr. Kent's method, the striking contrast between the "reverent sorrow" of Pope and the "sullen anguish" of Byron.

POPE AT TWICKENHAM.

Why sits that silent watcher there,
Still brooding with that face of care—
That gaze of tearless pain?
What bonds of woe his spirit bind—
What treasure lost can leave behind
But stings within his brain?

He dreams of one who lies above,
He never more in life can love—
That mother newly dead:
He waits the artist-friend whose skill
Shall catch the angel-beauty still
Upon her features spread!

A reverent sorrow fills the air,
And makes a throne of grief the chair
Where filial genius mourns:
Death proving still, at direst need,
Life's sceptre wand—a broken reed,
Love's wreath—a crown of thorns!

BYRON AT NEWSTEAD.

Strange memories of dead childhood throng
That void heart yearning o'er the past;
For thoughts less dark than sad belong
To strife that cannot last—

When, quenched with Life's invested brand,
Run out with Time's swift gliding sand,
Expires the wrath of angry years:
Alone before a lonely tomb
Remorseful love blends grief with gloom,
A sullen grief too harsh for tears.

One moment on the threshold there,
With clenched hands strung for sportive blows.
No prescience his of after care,
Of glory, or of woes—
He thinks not of his new-born fame
Presaging an eternal name
Upon Earth's grand poetic scroll,
But here all childhood's joys have flown,
How by his hearth he broods alone,
And tears unshed flood o'er his soul.

The interior of Abbotsford is sketched to the life. We would willingly give the whole description, but must content ourselves with a few passages:

Within a noble Gothic room,
Adorned by many a casque and plume,
A homely form with tranquil air,
Sits musing in an antique chair.

* * * *

Stretched on the hearth before his feat
 Lie basking in the grateful heat
 Two shaggy deer-hounds, grim and gaunt,
 Their life's delight his steps to haunt.
 Around on oaken panels hung
 The sword unsheathed, the bow unstrung,
 The dinted target, the rusty mail,
 Reveal what memories here prevail :

* * * * *
 There, 'twixt the mullioned casements, bright
 With sidelong gleams of silvering light,
 Erect in sombre nook disposed,
 The warrior-knight with visor closed !
 Above, what once were blazoned flags,
 Mere splintered shafts and tarnished rags !
 While strown o'er table, stool, and floor,
 Lie littered heaps of student lore—
 Rare tomes in sallow parchment skin,
 Dry husk without, sweet core within :
 With varied volumes scattered round—
 Morocco pied, or calf embrowned :
 Battalions of like thought-born elves
 Ranged trimly on the laden shelves—
 The genius of the mighty dead
 O'er all the magic pages spread.

We must leave an exquisite picture unfinished to exhibit the truthful
 portrait of the bard of Rydal :

A gaunt, tall shape, without one touch of grace ;
 A simple, sentient, patriarchal face :
 Meek eyes, that view all life with looks of peace ;
 Grave lips, whose smiles are blessings of increase.
 A dark coat buttoned o'er his Quaker vest ;
 His knitted hands on calm crossed knees at rest ;
 His silvery locks, on saddened brows revealed,
 No more beneath the ungainly hat concealed,
 Now placed beside his large, loose-jointed feet—
 He sits and thinks in this dear home retreat.
 Here sits and broods on Earth's neglected things—
 The merest midge on gauzy, fragile wings ;
 The atom pollen, floating from the bloom—
 Dust-seed of flower-dye, verdure and perfume ;
 The wayside boulder, flicked with lichen stains,
 Like "frozen dreams" on wintry lattice panes ;
 The gnat's far bugle sounding by his ear ;
 The clinking scythe-hone heard across the mere ;
 Sweet zephyrs blown through new-mown meadow hay
 Past thymy barrow and faint fading may,
 His mind the microscopic lens that shows
 The hidden charms its crystal depths disclose—
 Such are the sights, the sounds, the scents that stir
 His thrilling heart-string like a dulcimer
 With hushed vibrations latent in its chords,
 Waking to music in melodious words !

Have we not quoted enough from Mr. Kent's attractive volume to
 justify our praise ?

THE CONVICT SYSTEM IN THE COLONIES.

BY CAPTAIN E. F. DU CANE, R.E.

WITHIN the last few years circumstances have brought up the question of the disposal of our criminals after conviction; and a small party have endeavoured, with more or less success, to support the theory that it is better to retain them among us than to send them to assist in the settlement of a new country. Foreign nations, knowing the consequences (unavoidable to those who had no colonies) of the former system, have envied England her advantages in that respect, and France, about the same time that we first began to keep our convicts at home, began pursuing the opposite principle, and formed a penal settlement for the reception of her convicts abroad. The outcry against the ticket-of-leave system at home, founded on the garrotting and frequent robberies with violence about two years ago, was the first result of our new theory, and some modification of it was made in consequence: but it was only a modification, and not, as was generally supposed, an abandonment.

Anybody who has compared the two systems of management that have been adopted in England and in Ireland—to which attention has been directed of late—must have concluded: first, that the best results are obtained by the Irish system; secondly, that that system has been tried in England, and found entirely inapplicable; and may have, thirdly, drawn the inference that the right course to pursue would be to send our criminals to some place where the Irish system would be practicable.

Western Australia is such a place; the system on which the convict establishment there has been conducted is, in principle and in effects, the Irish system: the colony is as anxious to receive the convicts as it is the mother country's interest to send them there; and there are absolutely no arguments against transportation but those drawn from certain consequences of the system as it was conducted in former times.

Of these systems, and of the plan pursued in Western Australia, some account will now be given.

Transportation appears to be a punishment entirely of English invention. The first time it is mentioned is in the Vagrant Act of Elizabeth; but the first instance of a criminal ordered for transportation instead of execution, was in 1590, though for lighter offences it was employed earlier. The earliest known enforcement of it on a large scale is in 1619, when James I. ordered his treasurer and council "to send to Virginia one hundred dissolute persons whom the knight marshal shall deliver to them." The term transportation is first mentioned in an act of the same tenour of Charles II., and who knows but what some of the great Yankee patriots that earn their bread by howling and shrieking against the Britisher, may trace their descent from some of those who in such remote periods left their country for their country's good. Certainly the slight infusion of pilgrim fathers that we sent them about the same period can hardly have leavened the mass, and since the Americans have become a nation of themselves, the United States have been the chosen home of our unconvicted felons, a large number of the most distinguished of the latter having gone there (for private reasons) of their own choice, so that alto-

gether we have no reason to wonder that in those regions 'cuteness is thought more of than honesty, that new and astonishing improvements are made in the art of swindling, and that whole states and governments perpetrate their frauds and repudiations in a noble and magnificent manner.

The punishment of transportation was introduced regularly into the criminal law in 1718, in an act which stated that "labour was wanted in our colonies and plantations in America" (which indeed it was, for the want of it was so great as to have led to extensive kidnapping, and to the revival of the slave trade), and, therefore, criminal courts were authorised to deliver offenders who were liable nominally, but not really, to the punishment of death, to certain contractors, who engaged to send them to America.

At first the government had to pay the contractors a great deal of money; and, besides, the contractors were vested with property in the labour of the convicts for seven or fourteen years. This they generally sold by auction, making latterly such great profits that at last they transported them to America at no expense to government, and the mercantile returns from the sale of convicts were estimated at 40,000*l.* per annum, calculating for two thousand convicts at 20*l.* per head. This system was nothing more nor less than slavery.

In 1783, by the revolt of the American provinces, that country was closed to us as a receptacle for our felons. At the same time, Howard's report of 1773 had caused general attention to be directed to the subject of prisons, &c. In consequence, an act was passed, stating that transportation deprived the country of a great deal of useful labour, that hard labour was, therefore, substituted for it, and the creation of *penitentiaries* for the purpose was authorised.

No penitentiaries were, however, erected, as it was said that no places could be found for them; but the hulk system was then invented, and, with the perverse tenacity of existence that frequently characterises great evils, has lasted, although acknowledged to be a most crying source of demoralisation, until within the last two or three years.

Transportation to other countries was then permitted, and a few convicts were actually sent to the West Coast of Africa, which was the first thought of for the purpose; the insalubrity of the climate, however, soon put a stop to this.

At length, what appeared a final and perpetual delivery from the difficulty, was found in a recommendation by Captain Cook to form a convict colony on the east coast of Australia, which he had visited and taken possession of in 1770.

In May, 1787, Captain Phillip, with "a fleet" of eleven vessels, conveying eight hundred convicts, started to take possession of this settlement. They took eight months on the voyage, which now occupies three, for they did not arrive in Botany Bay till January 20, 1788, from thence they subsequently removed to Sydney, and thus commenced the foundation of a new empire, in close proximity to the oldest on the face of the globe. This circumstance seems destined to have a peculiar influence on the future of Australia, for the number of immigrants attracted by the gold-fields is so great as to form an influential element in the community, and to have been made the subject of special enactments, tending to prevent their swamping, by force of numbers, the European

population. A late mail from Australia gives an account of a Chinaman being elected alderman in an Australian city.

The people now sent out of course had to be entirely maintained by government, until, by the influx of free immigrants, or the expiration of the sentence of some of the convicts, a class of proprietors and employers of labour was formed, and to these, in course of time, the convicts were assigned, under certain conditions, as bond-servants. It was a long time, however, before any considerable number of convicts got taken off the hands of government in this way, although many of the civil and military officers of the colony turned employers and traders under such advantageous circumstances. In the first twenty-two years of the existence of the settlement, only nine thousand convicts were sent out in all; at the end of that time the whole population was only ten thousand five hundred, of whom seven thousand were still convicts; most of the remainder had originally come as convicts, and of the whole number four thousand were still fed, wholly or partly, from the government store. The expense the country was at in this matter for that period was not far from two and a quarter millions.

Those were the days of severe discipline, and the accounts of the voyage out, up to 1801, reminds one somewhat of the Middle Passage of a slaver. In the first eight years of the settlement one-tenth of the convicts sent out died on the passage; and in one case, out of a batch of four hundred and eighty-one, only two hundred landed at Sydney, the remaining two hundred and eighty-one having died.

The men transported to New South Wales were chiefly men sentenced for life, or fourteen years, or such bad seven-years' men as could not be easily managed at home. When they arrived at Sydney, the government took the best mechanics and labourers for public works, and the rest were given to the settlers on assignment. When the demand for labour had become considerable, it was made a matter of favour, either with the governor or the superintendent of the convicts (who appears to have been at one time an ex-convict himself), to obtain an assigned man.

In both cases the men had to work for their employers from six A.M. to three P.M., after which they were free to go and amuse themselves or to work on their own account; and, in return for this, the government or the master had to furnish weekly rations of $11\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. wheat, 7 lbs. meat, and sugar, &c., with clothing, and in case of misconduct, the convicts could only be punished by a magistrate. The punishments were: flogging, sending them to work in the road-gangs, or in chains, or in the penal settlements, coal mines, &c.; where they had more laborious work, and were deprived of all indulgences. The chain-gangs were locked up from sunset to sunrise in caravans holding twenty to twenty-eight, in which all could not sit down or all stand up at the same time—eighteen inches' width of bare boarding being given to a man to lie on.

This system, which was only a mitigated form of slavery, still was very much better than the old American plan, which was slavery pure and simple. The "gentlemen convicts," or persons unused to labour, had "tickets of leave," and kept themselves; these men became clerks and confidential servants, retail dealers and publicans, receivers and general rogues: and till the peace of 1815, as the free immigration was small, these men became the leading persons in the place, and getting employment as government clerks, schoolmasters, lawyers, and in situations which

should have been held by men of character, became one of the principal sources of demoralisation to the colony. On the expiration of a convict's sentence, an allotment of land was given him, and for eighteen months afterwards he was victualled from the government stores.

The theory of Governor Macquarrie was, that the colony was for the convicts, not for free people, though to the civil and military officers were given some little advantages: for instance, they alone were allowed to purchase imported goods, and at prices fixed by the governor, and these they retailed at enormous profits. To the convicts he gave every encouragement for rising into high social positions, and even made some of them magistrates, so that, in fact, a convict, instead of finding himself in a probationary state, with reasonable encouragements to respectable behaviour, might find transportation rather a promotion; and some convicts were known to be transported two or three times, taking the fruits of their plunder with them to enjoy in their adopted country.

The progress of the colony was for many years very slow. It did not grow wheat enough for its own consumption up to the year 1810; and in that year it was reported that it was nowhere practicable for agricultural purposes beyond sixty miles inland, that it was only four degrees in length, and could not be extended farther on account of the sterility of the country, and that even of the occupied part one half was absolutely barren.

Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which the early reports of the sterility of all parts of Australia have in all instances been completely falsified, and the case above quoted is perhaps as perfect as could be brought forward; the colony now extends some six or seven times as far inland as was then assigned as the limit, and on the north and south of it have been formed the new colonies of Queensland and Victoria, in the race with which New South Wales will find it hard to hold her precedence. The settlements on the south and west coasts also now continue to push inland, in spite of the constant reports of explorers that the limit of arable or pasture land reached only a short distance from the coast; and, finally, the great fallacy of an interior desert has been exploded by three journeys that have been made right across the continent, which will undoubtedly be the pioneers of lines of settlement stretching right from north to south of Australia.

About 1815, it had been discovered that the colony of New South Wales possessed vast capacities for the breeding of Merino sheep, and fortunes began to be made in this occupation. The demand for labour increased enormously, and convicts were sent out and assigned to masters at such a rapid rate, that, during the period from 1810 to 1840, there were sent out no less than about eighty thousand convicts.

At this time, when the system of transportation was at its height, and everybody was satisfied, a committee of the House of Commons reported against its continuance, principally on the ground that it had ceased to be a terror to the criminal class, was corrupting both to convict and colonist, and was extravagant in point of expense—overlooking entirely the fact that these objections applied not at all to transportation if properly conducted and put to its legitimate uses, but to the particular form and manner of conducting transportation that then prevailed; more particularly were they due to the overwhelming proportion the convicts bore to the free people, and the absence of any attempt at selection in send-

ing them. As a substitute the committee fell back upon the old proposition for the erection of a greater number of penitentiaries in England; but it would be difficult to say why, if a penitentiary was a terror in England, it would not be a terror in Australia: and it is certain that, if a penitentiary is to make a man *repent*, in the latter case he would have the inestimable advantage of being set loose, not amidst the same scenes, temptations, and trials that had before led him into crime, but in a country where many forms of felony were impracticable, where his honest labour would earn him more than he had before gained by a precarious life of felony, and where, at all events, he would not be so fearfully weighted in the competition for employment as in England by the stigma his conviction would put upon him.

Their report was not, however, acted upon fully; but the system of assigning prisoners to work almost like slaves for private masters was abandoned, and they were held longer on the hands of the government. Also, it was determined to discontinue sending convicts to New South Wales (it was, however, again carried on for a short time a few years afterwards on the unanimous petition of the colonists). But as it was necessary to dispose of our criminals somehow, and the penitentiaries recommended by the committee were yet to be built, the transportation to Van Diemen's Land, our only remaining outlet, and which had been formed in 1804 as a gaol to New South Wales, was carried on at such a rate, that in five years no less than nineteen thousand convicts were poured into that island. An inundation of this character was more than a young colony could bear, furnished as it already was with a substratum of irreclaimable ruffians, and a very hostile feeling was aroused there in consequence, in which the neighbouring colonies so strongly participated, that in 1850 a league was formed among all the Australian colonies to put an end to the transportation system, which under existing conditions was becoming an intolerable evil.

That it was no imaginary one may be judged from the fact that in Van Diemen's Land, annually, one out of every twenty of the population was charged with some felony. Men were hanged by scores, the most horrible crimes were common, and among the statistics of the colony it is stated that out of 116 men who absconded from the penal station at Macquarrie Harbour, 75 perished in the woods, 1 was hanged for murder and *eating his companions*, 2 were shot, 8 murdered, 6 *eaten by their companions*, 24 escaped to the settled districts, of whom 23 were hanged. Of one group who escaped, one after the other was killed and eaten, till two remained, watching each other with hungry and murderous eyes for days, till an opportunity came for one of them to strike the fatal blow.

In this dilemma attempts were made to distribute the convicts in small batches among several different colonies, but this scheme entirely failed, and an ill-judged attempt to force it on the Cape of Good Hope gave rise to an opposition so serious as to indicate feelings that were not to be trifled with.

In this crisis one colony only, which was in such an expiring condition that nothing short of the strongest remedies could set it up again, came forward and expressed its willingness to become the receptacle for our convicts under certain conditions which tended to obviate the social evils anticipated by the committee of 1840. That colony, which is now our only convict settlement, was Western Australia; and having brought the

history of transportation by this short sketch down to the commencement of its present phase, it will be well to give some slight account of the scene of its operation.

Four or five years ago it is probable that there were few people so well informed or so distinguished in history and geography as to know anything about Western Australia. Those who did would have remembered it under the name of Swan River; they would have had dim recollection, of glowing reports of the capacities of this new-found land (*Hesperia*, they proposed to call it) coming home about 1828; of ship-loads of pilgrims setting forth to make their fortunes there (generally intending to return to England in a few years); of vast capital sunk and large companies formed on the most scientific principles to colonise it; of intense jobbery and mismanagement, and of disgust and disappointment in every case; and finally, of the very existence of the place being shoved away into the lumber-room of the memory, or recalled only to be quoted as an example of the failure of the theory of colonisation then attempted to be carried out.

The western shores of Australia were visited by the French in 182—, who landed and went a short distance inland, and the tradition is that, having encamped one night in low lands, they were aroused by the low roar of the bull-frogs all round them, which they mistook for the distant hum of a host of advancing enemies, and that they speedily beat a retreat to their ships, reporting, as the fox did of the grapes, that the land was not worth visiting. Be that as it may, the circumstance certainly roused our government to the inconvenience of having a French colony in those parts; and in 1827, Captain (now Sir James) Stirling, in the ship *Rainbow*, surveying on the coast, examined the neighbourhood of Swan River, and reported so strongly in favour of its capabilities as to induce the government to form a settlement there, of which he was named superintendent, and to have a free grant of one hundred thousand acres wherever he should choose it. All the other officers of the government who went out had free grants in the same manner, and those who went out to settle were granted lands according to the amount of property they brought with them. A company was formed in London, which engaged to send out ten thousand settlers in four years, in consideration of a grant of one million acres of land to settle them on; and though this scheme was afterwards reduced in its proportions, it was actually commenced and acted upon so promptly that, though the settlement was only commenced in June, 1829, by March in the following year fifty ships had arrived there containing two thousand immigrants, before any kind of survey of lands had been made to locate them on, before even they had examined the country sufficiently to know where they might commence to grow crops for their own subsistence.

It had been one of the futile ideas in founding this colony that it was to be a settlement of gentlemen, and this did not conduce much to the speedy overcoming of the first difficulties; but the company above alluded to was conspicuous for its absurd and reckless mismanagement. Their ships had been laden with a profusion of stores of all kinds, which might be supposed appropriate for a thoroughly organised community; furniture for villa residences, pianos, carriages of various descriptions, barrels of spurs for an imaginary corps of yeomanry cavalry, and so on, which were

landed and left on the open beach for want of any place to put them in, and there they remained till the sea swept them away. The manager of the company lived on board the ship that brought him out; the unfortunate settlers who landed made shift as best they could on the barren shores, which was marked on their map as the flourishing town of Clarence. One gallant gentleman, who had sold his commission in the 2d Life Guards in order to join this enterprise, had brought out with him the carriage in which he was to figure in an imaginary Hyde Park. Finding no present use for his vehicle in its proper sphere, and having omitted to bring his house out with him (perhaps he thought he would find plenty to let), he very judiciously built a chimney up against one door of his carriage and used it for a habitation. Others of the party, not being able to go to work for want of an allotment of land to work on, determined to make themselves happy, and commenced life somewhat in the style of a pic-nic. They sat themselves down where they landed, abode in tents, like the children of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, did *not* refrain from strong waters, but drank champagne so long as their supplies lasted.

These first mistakes in the formation of the settlement seem never to have been recovered. The system of free grants was worked so as to produce every evil that could be conceived of it: large blocks of the best land were given to men who neither used it themselves or would give it up to others who would. Sir James Stirling himself took his grant of a hundred thousand acres, in blocks of the most valuable land, in all parts of the settlement. When a new river was discovered, a certain belt on each side of it was set apart for his excellency, and a belt on each side of each tributary that fell into it, forming a block which, with grim professional jocularly, he named his "Semaphore grant."

This policy was the more ruinous as there was not any large amount of land available for immediate cultivation, and that little was much scattered; so that the saying was, that after all the rest of the world had been made, all the rubbish that remained over was thrown in a heap, and that made Western Australia.

And so the colony went on, spreading slowly but not prospering; very many soon left it for other countries; some stopped because they could not get away, and some few gallantly stuck to the ship, in consideration for those who were more or less dependent on them; but in 1848 affairs had arrived at such a pitch of hopelessness, that it was almost determined to break up the settlement, a determination which would assuredly have been carried out when the gold diggings were discovered in the eastern colonies in 1850, had the settlers not in the mean time, in opposition to one of the leading principles on which the colony was formed, petitioned for and been granted the boon of having a convict establishment formed among them.

The dilemma the home government were in at this period has been related; and so quickly did they take advantage of the escape now offered them, that in June, 1850, the inhabitants of Freemantle were astonished to find in their harbour a ship containing the first instalment of the desired convicts, with Captain Henderson, R.E., the new controller-general, a superintendent of convicts, and a detachment of Sappers.

The ship containing these men had been despatched so suddenly from England, that no information preceded them of Lord Grey's intentions; no kind of preparation had been made for their custody or accommodation, and the half-frightened settlers now began to look with dismay on the monsters they had raised. The colonial experience of convict discipline was derived chiefly from the treatment of such native prisoners as were convicted in the colony. These wretched beings were chained together, and set to work on the roads, under a hard-handed old gaoler, who tied them up to trees and flogged them whenever he had a mind, by which, doubtless, they gradually were made useful members of society.

The great dilemma of course was where to find a place sufficiently secure to keep this ship-load of ruffians, as they were thought, ready, no doubt, to rush forth red-handed and slay all the "early settlers" in their beds. One gentleman proposed to shove them all into a little damp tunnel that had been made in the early and enterprising days of the colony, to fix gratings at each end, and to post a sentry with loaded musket, to let fly among them at a moment's notice. At last a range of empty storehouses were found to accommodate them, and the first work these ferocious cut-throats were put to, was to build a wall round their prison to keep themselves in.

The excellent system adopted in this new convict colony by direction of Lord Grey is this: The first and severe stage of every man's period of punishment having been passed at Pentonville or one of the English prisons, a selection was made of those convicts who gave reasonable hope that they might lead a new life. "Incorrigibles" were not at first sent out: it was justly thought that no possible end could be served by sending out men who could never become good citizens, to poison the life-blood of a young settlement. This sensible provision has not been always, however, adhered to; and even so little is any principle consulted but the convenience of some prison authorities at home, that, as well as sending out men who had been convicted of crimes the most revolting in their nature and the most deplorable in their consequences to a new community, at one time large numbers of lunatics were sent out.

After arriving in Western Australia a certain further period is passed in the principal prison at Fremantle. Here they are employed on public works of various kinds. Among the earliest of these were a complete convict establishment, with prison, for 1000 men, planned according to the latest and most approved principles of prison construction; houses for the comptroller-general, superintendent, chaplain, surgeon, and all the prison officers; a commissariat store; barracks for a company of Sappers, that went out in 1851 to direct the convict labour; and a complete set of workshops; stations and quarters for the police; jetties and landing-places for the accommodation of the port; and roads to connect Fremantle, the port, with Perth, the seat of government of the colony.

While performing these works, each party of men is under the charge of a warder, while their work is directed by an instructing warder of the Royal Sappers. There is no guard over the working parties, no chains of sentries, no leg-irons; they are quite kept in order by the discipline they have been brought into, and the hopes held out to them in case of good behaviour, joined to a knowledge of the proved futility of any

attempt at escape from so isolated a country. Sometimes they have been employed on piece-work, not being paid in money, however, but earning by extra hard work, together with good conduct, some remission of their time in prison. Small sums are also credited to them as wages for work, and these they receive on leaving prison to start with in the world. The punishments that are made use of are: being deprived of some of the remission of imprisonment that is gained by good conduct, loss of small prison indulgences, as tobacco, &c., work in the chain-gang, flogging. Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains are attached to the prison, and a doctor: the rations are the same as in the prisons at home. A zealous young surgeon once started the idea that all illness in the prison (and there never was much) was due to the prisoners having too much to eat. This theory of course was supported by incontrovertible figures, as theories always are, but as exactly the same amount of food had been given in other places under exactly the same circumstances, without any lamentable results, probably this luminary may be set aside with those who started the notion that our soldiers died of eating boiled meat—"a preponderance of bile," as somebody called it.

After the convict has served his allotted term in the prison at Freemantle, and if he has conducted himself properly, he becomes eligible for a "ticket-of-leave." He is then drafted off to one of the hiring depôts in the different districts of the colony.

At this stage of his career he is, so long as he conducts himself well, separated only by a few restrictions from the condition of a free man. These are that he is obliged to remain within the district he is allotted to, though on good cause his district may be changed for any other. He is provided with a pass, showing who he is and where he belongs to, and this he must show on any demand by proper authority, and must have renewed periodically by the resident magistrate of the district. He may not carry fire-arms, or keep a public-house; and generally he is, on misconduct, liable to be dealt with summarily by a magistrate for offences which in a free man would require to be tried at assizes or quarter sessions. He is at liberty to work for any man on any terms he can make, or to work on his own account; in both cases obtaining the approval of the resident magistrate.

When the system was first commenced, it was intended that ticket-of-leave men, in course of their service, should pay to government a certain sum, to reimburse the expense of their passage to the colony—a very excellent idea, and which would remove one of the great objections of expense often alleged against transportation. After a time, however, some discontent arose among the settlers, who alleged that in fact it was a tax upon them, for that wages were raised by the whole amount of the passage-money required to be paid periodically. This was not, probably, entirely the case; but it was thought better to abolish the payment altogether.

When first a man is drafted out of the convict establishment at Freemantle, some place must, of course, be provided for him until he finds an employer. For this purpose eight "hiring depôts" were formed in central situations in the most populous districts in the colony, and here employers of labour would come to find a man suited to his requirements, making with him a written agreement, which had to be sanctioned by the resident

magistrate. In these depôts as much prison discipline was kept up as circumstances would allow. The main building consisted generally of one large room, fitted up with means for hanging hammocks, in which the men slept, a cook-house, quarters for the warder, a commissariat store, and carpenters' and smiths' shops. Each depôt was in charge of a superintendent, who had under him a certain number of warders. As long as the men remained on the hands of the government they were employed on public works, such as in building the houses above mentioned, building also the district gaols, and clearing and forming new roads of communication, to connect the scattered districts of the colony.

Whilst so employed they received their rations as before, and a certain rate of pay, calculated as just sufficient to enable them to supply themselves with clothing and absolute necessaries. Mechanics, whom it was necessary to retain for the purpose of erecting the necessary works, received a somewhat higher rate of pay; and a few, who were selected to assist in taking charge of the men, were also paid accordingly. It was always intended that the general rate of pay should be the least possible for existence, so as not to interfere with the current wages of the colony; but the plan of paying men at all did not give satisfaction to the settlers, as they said it had the effect of fixing a minimum rate of wages; and as it was found that a certain set of men preferred hanging about the depôt to entering upon any regular business with a master, it was, after some time, given up, and the men now receive the requisite clothing and necessaries in kind.

Sometimes parties of men had to be sent away from the main depôt to live by themselves in the bush, while sawing timber, burning lime or charcoal, quarrying stone, splitting laths or shingles, &c., or while forming roads, bridges, &c., at a distance too great for them to go backwards and forwards every day. If the parties were large, they were put under the charge of a warder or a sapper; if small, and the men well conducted, they took charge of themselves, and were only visited at some period or another by the superintendent. As an incentive to hard work, men in such positions were, if possible, employed on task-work, so that they might be able to earn a little more than the lowest rates of pay.

The number of convicts sent out has of late years been so small that these depôts have been shut up, all but one or two, and employers have to come down to that depôt from all parts of the colony to hire their ticket-of-leave servants.

The principle, in fact, which governed the management of these men was, that having once had experience of the effect of crime, they would, if given a fair chance, and the bonds of discipline not too suddenly relaxed, prefer an honest life for the future; and that the proportion of crimes committed was quite insignificant, I can affirm, from the experience derived from having been a magistrate of the colony, a visiting magistrate of three depôts, and holding another official situation besides. Though living for some years very near a depôt, in which, though the men were locked up, there was no serious obstacle to their forcing their way out, I never was molested in any way in person or property. The only case that ever occurred of trespass in my grounds, at unlawful seasons, was when once the celebrated "boy Jones" (whose lofty aspirations towards high life had not met with success) broke out of the depôt

about ten o'clock to complain that the lights had been put out too early!

I had several servants from among the ticket-of-leave men as well as free men, and the former were certainly just as well conducted as the latter. Both were liable to little irregularities in respect of drink, which is assuredly at the bottom of most of the scrapes men get into in England as well as there. My first servant was a young Irishman named Francis Barry. After some trial of him I had no hesitation in putting him in entire charge of all my belongings; nor did he ever wrong me, further than as I afterwards was told he was good enough to wear my shirts for me a second day before sending them to the wash. The motive of this, at all events, was cleanliness, which is a virtue in itself. After I was obliged to part with him, I found that he had been carefully keeping an accurate account of my little stock of wine (of which the following are extracts), which he sent me, together with the accompanying letter, from his retreat on a road party, to which I had consigned him. The account given of the history of each bottle and who helped to drink it was quite original, and the dramatic manner in which the accounts were brought up with perfect regularity to the time of "his misfortune," was almost affecting:

"SIR,—I am very sorry that I cannot give you, sir, an account of this week, but I hope an God I may next week, sir, for I know my frends from my fows, sir. Be so kind as to look over this time, and you will see alteretid in me pleis God, sir. I hope, sir, your umble sirvent,

"FRANCIS BARRY."

"Wine account—October 19th, Francis Barry drew from No. 2 case 12 bottles of sherry wines, 1 bottle open that day. Captain — and Mr. — in, that left 11 bottles on Sunday in the case. Drew from case on the 19th September, 9 bottles of portwine, 1 bottle open that night, Master in. September 27th, 1 yourself, tuckit when you came from York, sir. . . . October 7th, 1 Mr. —, I giv it myself, sir. . . . Saturday last, October 23d, Francis Barry received 6 bottles ale and 6 bottles porter, what was open of this dozen, sir, I cannot tell you, sir. October 23d, 1 of clarret, Mr. — in, and 1 bottle of clarret on the 22d, and 1 on the 23d, that leavs 4 bottles full, sir, when I met with my misfortunes.

"Sir, I have put the wins and beer by theirselves that you woud see how the ware yoused, sir."

This young fellow, after expiating his little offence, took service in one of the more distant districts of the colony, where his buoyant nature was less likely to lead him into scrapes. I never afterwards heard of his getting into trouble, and believe he did very well.

I had several servants from among the ticket-of-leave men after this, and they certainly gave as little trouble, and were quite as useful and satisfactory, as any servants, so much so that there is nothing to relate concerning them, excepting of one of the last, whom I had to discharge suddenly for getting drunk in too boisterous a manner.

Exploring this worthy's premises after his departure, I found some

documents in the corn-bin which I took upon myself to make free with, and here insert, as they represent the convict question from the convict's point of view, and shows the hopes and feelings of these men in a more genuine way than the letters one often sees written from the prison, which are always inspected by the chaplain. The first was entitled,

“Trials and Temptation at Giberaulte.

“For three years and ten weeks I have had to submit to those that has had authority over me, on my first goin there my first endeavour was that I would comply with all orders that was given and keep myself clean, so I won the favour of the officers and guards. I was very soon made sirvant to the officers, and I stayed with them till I had bad health. I was sent out to work by the doctor orders. I proforms no work, but was gangsmen over twelve prisoners, to see that thay did thay work right and did not run away. I was sent back to be sirvant in my ould place, and I did very well, and had good health, after a time I was taken from thear and sent to be sirvant to the oversear son Mr. W. Harmstrong. I had got as hight as I posable could get thear. I lived on the same vittles as them. I had all the work to do in the house. I was a futman but had no livery. I had white clothing, a clean sute on every day at dinner. I was expecting to be pardoning at the Rock, but the new law would not alow that. During my stay at the Rock a very searious affair hapened, that elegant preacher that I spoke of at Millbank was chaplin at the Rock, and hee used voilance upon himself by cuting his throat, and I had a black silk ankerchief as morning to whear during my stay at Mr. Armstrong. I was hily respected by all that new me, and many a belleyfull I have given to prisoners, perticler to Yorkshiremen. I had enuf and to spare, and they parish with hunger, and I thought it was duty to serve the hungry instead of making willfull waste. I past a very heasy life as a prisoner at the Rock. 1854, May 17, I had a bigger trial than ever. I hird the ship had com and I must away and leave my good place behind. At 4 o'clock 17 May we get on bord of the *Ramelees* ship, bound for Western Austrailer. Two hundred and seventy-seven ticket-of-leave men and one hundred prisoners came from home. Tottle 200 and 77 on bord, but with the ship's company 400 living souls on bord of the ship. May 20th, at 5 A.M. in the morning we sailed, and by Sunday the 25th we was in the wide oashum and out of sight of land. During our voyage it was miserable, for thier was to maney on bord. We had good health except 2 men, one died on the sea, and that made me miserable for a long time, to hear the bell toling till the body was thrown over bord the ship, and the other died as soon as he got to shoar. We ankered at Swan River August 7th and landed on the 11th, so I have ended my second voyage under government discipline, but I will promis you that the next will be for to please myself.”

Now, the men who wrote these letters had evidently a good disposition to do their duty, and the convict class contains large numbers like them; but who shall say that if they had been discharged in England the same cause that led them to commit little irregularities out there (which would have caused no annoyance in any but a domestic servant), would not have

led them into bad company and crime as in the case of their original offence?

The principal arguments against transportation are the greater expense and the demoralisation of the community to whom the felons are transported. Now, if transportation is the best, and keeping the convicts at home the worst system available, it must be a considerable difference in the expense that will make the latter system preferable; and a very little examination will show that the difference of expense, if there is any, is something very small.

By the existing rules, a prisoner, if retained in England, remains in prison about three-fourths of his sentence, and he is then discharged with a ticket-of-leave; or, if he is to be transported, he remains in prison in England about one-third of his sentence, and then is transported, receiving his ticket-of-leave at the end of about half his sentence. The cost of a convict in prison in West Australia is returned as larger than in England; and this is due to causes, no doubt, to a great extent temporary, even if they have not already disappeared. The figures are, in fact, founded on the prices in the first few years of transportation, when the sudden increase to the population and the discovery of gold-fields in the neighbouring colonies had raised the price of food and wages enormously. The impulse given to production by this very rise in prices must, of course, gradually bring them down again, and though wages must still remain higher than in England, it will not be to so great a degree as at the first sudden rush to the gold-fields, which were discovered simultaneously with the commencement of transportation to West Australia.

By a return furnished to the committee on transportation in 1861, it was shown that

A convict sentenced to 6 years costs 11*l.* 15*s.* more if transported than if kept in England.

"	"	10	"	27 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i>	"	"
"	"	15	"	80 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i>	"	"

A considerable portion of this excess being due to the causes above mentioned, will be reduced very much in future years; but there are other important reductions to be made to make the comparison a fair one.

1. On account of the recent uncertainty in the intentions of government, the prisons in West Australia have not been half full, while the staff of officers, &c., necessary could not be reduced: this has raised the average cost of superintendence, as stated in these returns, by an amount estimated at 2*l.* 10*s.* per head per annum.

2. In the cost of a convict in West Australia a sum of 5*l.* 8*s.* per head per annum is charged for building. Nothing is charged on this account against the expense of a convict in England, yet the expense on that head in the latter case will be something considerable, as a new prison will have to be erected for every public work the convicts are employed on, whereas the prison built in West Australia lasts for ever.

3. The cost of a convict in West Australia is charged with a sum paid by the imperial government towards the police establishment in the colony. This charge being paid in England out of local rates, not from the imperial treasury, is not made against the home convict in the return, though it is not the less paid by the public.

4. The expense of troops in the colony is charged against the convicts

—a portion of this only is due to them—and some expense on that head ought to be charged against the convict in England.

5. By the original agreement with the colony, a free immigrant is introduced for every convict. The expense of this is, of course, charged against the system of transportation; but it is only fair to take into account the additional emigration, and, perhaps, to allow something for it in diminished poor-rates.

6. Sir J. Jebb admits that from 20 to 24 per cent. of the prisoners discharged on license come back from re-conviction or revocation of license. This fact, even if considered in no other point of view, would, probably, turn the balance of expenditure against the home system.

The only advantage of keeping the convicts in England is that their work, whatever it may be, is to the advantage of England; but this is rather a narrow view of the case—firstly, because the work they do out in Western Australia is indirectly a greater source of wealth to England by conducing to the formation of the settlement than anything they could do at home; secondly, because the amount of work done, and to the credit of society at large, is greater in the case of their being transported, and set free earlier on ticket-of-leave, than if they were retained in prison in England; and, thirdly, because having these men to work in England *apparently* at no expense, is a continual inducement to undertake works of a nature that need not be undertaken at all.

As respects the demoralisation of the community, that is an evil which can be and should be most carefully guarded against. The government have, as before stated, undertaken to send as many free emigrants to West Australia as convicts, and they have hitherto done so. This and the tone of legislation out there is quite sufficient to prevent their ever becoming a leading class, as they did in New South Wales. It is also necessary that men should not be sent out of such character as would manifestly give rise to great social evils. Unfortunately this, which was at first established as a rule, has in some instances been most shamefully violated, for no other apparent reason than that the prison authorities wanted to get quit of a number of horribly depraved characters. Whenever demoralisation has been alleged as the result of former systems, it has been obviously due entirely to the neglect of these and similar precautions.

Another thing alleged against the system of transportation, is that now-a-days there are hardly any men sentenced to transportation. This argument would be very conclusive if it meant that there were not convicts whose crimes were sufficiently heavy to be punished with transportation, but it does not; at the time when we were in such uncertainty what to do with our convicts, an act was passed legalising sentences of "penal servitude," instead of or with transportation. In this sense, then, there are not enough men sentenced to transportation because many are sentenced to an equivalent term of penal servitude, instructions to that effect, of course, having been given by the Home-office. Mr. Waddington, under secretary of state, says: "That the present system of short sentences will continue, is what I cannot assume positively, because I do not expect it. I was a party to the change of system in 1857, but I supposed, as the framers of the bill did, that sentences of penal servitude would have been of far longer duration than they have been. A use has been made of sentences of three years which I was not prepared for, that

being now reduced to two years and a half, which can hardly be called penal servitude; but it is, of course, competent to all judges and chairmen of quarter sessions to return upon these steps and to change that; and, in truth, it is just as competent to pass sentences of seven years as sentences of three, and perhaps they may do so."

In pressing on these matters common sense, or "the verifying faculty" as it has been lately called, must have some credit. The clouds of figures brought to show the perfection of the system lately introduced into England must be read by the light of Canning's maxim: "There is only one thing one must be more doubtful of than 'facts,' and that is 'figures.'" Anybody conversant with "returns" knows that only one person can tell the true value of them, and that is the person who gets them up. Returns of things identically the same may be made to show entirely different results, according to the point of view adopted in their composition, and this does not necessarily imply "cooking."

"Common sense," which is really the acknowledged maxims of extensive experience, tells us that we must not look at punishment as revenge, but partly as an example to evil-doers, and chiefly as means of reform, and that reform is extremely difficult, and in most instances impossible, except by removal to an entirely different sphere of action. Common sense, in opposition to professional engineers, revolted at the scheme proposed to purify the Serpentine, in which it was intended, at enormous cost, to pump the foul water out, cleanse it, and pour it back into a bed which retained all the sources of contamination as active as ever. So our convicts, cleansed as they may be in Sir Joshua Jebb's great purifying apparatus, are to be poured back into the same scenes of temptation from which they came, to receive into their debilitated constitutions fresh seeds of moral contamination. Common sense pointed out that any expense on such a remedy was worse than useless; it is to be hoped that similar pressure with a similar result may be brought to bear on Sir Joshua Jebb's scheme for the propagation of vice.

We may pursue the analogy, that, as it was generally acknowledged that the only sensible way of cleansing the Serpentine was to remove out of it bodily all the pollution that was in it, so we must remove for ever from among us the criminals who pollute our society; further, that as the refuse and abomination that is so noisome in the Serpentine would, if spread abroad in barren fields, be the source of plenty and fertility, so will our criminals, if dispersed in an undeveloped country, be the source there of wealth and prosperity.

It will be a bad day for England when she finally gives herself up to foregoing what she alone for a long time possessed, and what foreign nations have always considered her great advantage, viz. colonies to transport her criminals to. It is no unknown thing what evils have been wrought by the "dangerous classes," forçats, galley slaves, &c., in times of civil commotion abroad. France, at the very time when we were thinking of giving up transportation (1852), was forming her first convict colony; and it is sincerely to be hoped that a system which has been pursued for a century and a half with such excellent results, notwithstanding the numerous errors that have tarnished it, shall not be given up in mere wantonness, when there is no manner of excuse for doing so.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"WELL, Mary, good night; I must be off to the tunnel," said a fine, good-natured-looking man to his wife, as he rose from the table on which their evening meal was spread.

"Good night, Mike, and may God preserve you! And oh! Mike, be sure and go straight to the tunnel. Don't mind Jim Donovan if you see him at the door of the Eagle!"

"Never fear, old woman; I'll be at the tunnel before you've cleared the table, or little Norah has said her prayers and gone to bed.

Michael Sullivan was a kind, affectionate husband and father. An honest and hard-working man he was when, some ten years ago, he had married Mary Shea, and happily had they lived and struggled to bring up the five children God had given them. Four of these were fine healthy children, and Owen, the eldest boy, was already beginning to earn a small sum in the week by clearing away rubbish and doing odd jobs on the railroad which, two years before our story begins, had reached the village, on the borders of which stood the cottage of Michael. Little Norah, the youngest child, was the darling of the family; she seemed to exert a gentle influence over them all. The father, when he came from his work, looked first for Norah, and seemed happy when, at the sound of his voice, her soft blue eyes were raised lovingly towards him. The boys would often cease their angry words when they saw the pained expression of Norah's face, for all loved and feared to grieve the gentle little girl, whose eyes, though bright, were useless to her. Poor Norah had never seen the father and mother she loved so much; she was born blind.

Much work had been produced by the railroad, and Mary, who since the birth of Norah had not been so strong as before, felt thankful that now she was less able to work herself, there was plenty of employment for her husband, and for her boys, too, as they grew old enough to accept it. For some months Mike worked steadily, and although, during the making of the tunnel near their village Mary had often felt anxious lest some accident should befall her husband, still, when he brought her home his wages on a Saturday night, and in his good-natured way produced sometimes the ribbon he had bought for her, or, more often, the little present for Norah, she felt happy that the rent was safe, and that the Sunday's dinner might be plentiful without taking too much money from the rest of the week's expenses. A happy day was Sunday to the Sullivans. Mary was early up to make the pudding, which was left in the pot to cook while they were all at church, and to prepare the breakfast. This over, the children, clean and merry, started for school. Even little Norah went there to learn the texts and hymns her father so loved to hear her sing; and a pleasant sight it was to see Mike with his wife and children, the little blind girl clinging to his hand, enter God's house to thank Him for the many blessings He had given him, and to pray for forgiveness for his Saviour's sake.

Besides employing the men who lived in the village, the railroad had

brought many others into it, some of whom, by their wild and riotous lives, did much harm to the people amongst whom they had taken up their abode. There were others who, though less openly wicked, were perhaps more dangerous—good natured, jovial fellows, who liked to idle and drink at the public-house after working hours, and were willing to treat others for the sake of gaining a companion. Of these latter was Jim Donovan, and Mary had for some weeks seen with fear and anxiety that this man was gaining an influence over her husband. More than once lately, instead of returning after work to his home, Michael had loitered at the Eagle with Jim, and the sum brought in on Saturday night showed that these loiterings had produced drinking, although as yet Mary had not had the bitter sorrow of seeing her husband in a state of intoxication. Latterly, instead of working by day on the railroad, it had been Michael's duty to watch in the tunnel by night, and to see that there were no obstructions in it to prevent the train from passing through. He received higher wages for this office, but Mary almost regretted his having undertaken it, for she had been told by the kind railway guard who passed by the village that she must warn her husband to be wakeful, as if by chance he fell asleep at his post the consequences might, indeed, be dreadful.

And so it was that on this evening Mary begged her husband to keep away from Jim, whose glass of beer might produce in Mike that drowsiness which would be so dangerous. Mike kissed his little girl, and, bidding his wife leave a basin of milk-porridge on the embers when she went to bed, so that he might have it when he returned in the early morning, started for the tunnel. As he passed the Eagle, he saw Jim sitting on a bench at the door; Mike was passing with only a friendly nod, but Jim called after him, and, offering him the jug from which he was drinking, began telling him some news he had heard on the rail that day. Mike refused the jug at first, but afterwards, as he loitered with Jim and chatted, he almost unconsciously drank the beer it contained; and suddenly remembering that the hour for him to be at his post was nearly passed, he hurried off, and arrived, heated and tired, at the tunnel just as the evening closed in.

Mary, as soon as her husband was gone, began with Anne, an active girl of ten, to wash and put away the tea-things; this done, she gathered all the children round her, and, with Norah on her knee, she joined them in the hymn they sang before they went to bed. Their young voices were sweet to her ear as they sang these words :

“ Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All of us in safety keep.

“ May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect in us all His will,
And protect us day and night.”

And as they ended, Mary folded her blind child to her bosom, and praying God to bless her and them all, despatched them with Anne to their little cribs.

"Tell daddy to come and kiss Norah, mother, when he gets back."

"Sure, and he'll do that, my darling. Sorra a bit would daddy go to bed without it."

It was a lovely summer's evening, soft and bright, the young moon rising like a silver crescent in the brilliant sky, illumined with the crimson glow of the setting sun.

The cottage in which Mary dwelt was not like those to which our English readers are accustomed: it was a low thatched cabin, the outer walls whitened, and with small lozenge-shaped windows. There were four rooms in it, all on the ground-floor; three were boarded, and were the sleeping-rooms of the family; the other, which was much the largest, had no flooring except the ground on which the house was built. This was trodden hard and smooth, and now, in summer-time, was dry and clean; but it was cold and damp in winter, and far less comfortable than the clean bricks of an English cottage kitchen. In the centre of the wall, at one end of the room, was a wide opening for the fireplace and chimney; the former consisted of two bars of iron on feet. On these were piled peat and brushwood, and over them hung a large pot which cooked all the food of the family. By the side of the fire was a basket containing two little pigs that had been given by a neighbour to Anne about a week ago, and which her mother was bringing up on goat's-milk; they were greedy little things, and squeaked continually to be fed, much to the amusement of the children, who were delighted to see them walk into the dish of milk in their anxiety to drink it directly it was given them. Two pretty goats had a little shed just outside the door. Great care was taken of them, for they supplied the family with milk. On this evening there was but one dog at the side of the fire, little Dot, a wiry, sharp terrier; the other, Madge, a large sheep-dog, had gone, as she generally did, with Mike to the tunnel. A white cat was purring on the hearth, and every now and then some fowls ran in and out at the door, expecting a few potato peelings before they went to roost. Mary drove the fowls into the goats' shed, fastened the door, and, returning to the kitchen, sat down to mend her husband's and children's clothes. As she worked, she thought anxiously of Mike and of the influence which Jim seemed to be gaining over him, and before she went to bed she prayed earnestly that her heavenly Father would watch over both the soul and body of her dear husband, and preserve him from all evil.

Mike, as we have said, reached the tunnel hot and weary. He walked up and down it once, and then sat down just within it, at the end nearest the village. Madge crouched at his feet and wagged her tail, pleased with the notice which Mike, in a dreamy sort of way, bestowed upon her. At last the hand that stroked the dog fell listless at his side, his head sunk on his breast, and he slept the sleep from which, alas! he was never to awake. At the appointed time the express train came rushing on—no warning signal was given—it passed through the tunnel. Just before it emerged from it, a very slight obstruction was felt by the driver—enough, however, to make him stop the train as soon as the speed with which they were travelling enabled him to do so, and then was found the body of the unfortunate Mike, who, in his sleep, must have fallen across the rails, and over whom the long train of carriages had passed. They picked him up, and, knocking together a couple of planks, they laid the

body on them, covering it with the rough coat poor Mike had brought with him; and then, the guard going first to break the sad news to his wife, they carried him towards his so lately happy home.

Mary had gone to bed, and had been asleep a short time, when she was awakened by the whine of a dog at the window, which the soft summer night had induced her to leave open. She started up, and was frightened by seeing Madge alone, and at a much earlier hour than that at which Mike was in the habit of returning. Before, however, she had much time to think, she saw the figure of a man coming towards the cottage. For an instant she thought it was Mike, but as he drew nearer, and the light from the fire fell upon him, she saw it was the guard who had so often warned poor Mike of the danger of giving way to sleepiness in the tunnel.

Mary knew at once that there was bad news for her. She could not speak at first, and the kind man seemed as unable to tell as she was to ask of her husband. At last she said:

"He's coming home? Oh, surely he's coming home?"

"They'll bring him home, mistress," said the guard. "It's full of sorrow I am for you and for the children, but, maybe, it's worse you are saved from. He's had no pain—too quick it was for that—and he might have fallen stronger and stronger into drink."

But Mary heard not this attempt to comfort her; the shock had stunned her, and she sank all but unconscious on the nearest chair. Presently the sound of feet was heard approaching; the dog put its head on Mary's lap, and, looking at her with its speaking eyes, whined again: this roused the poor woman, and had not the guard held her back, she would have run to meet the men who were coming slowly towards her cottage. Too soon they came. They brought the dead man into the house, and laid him carefully on the bed. Then arose the widow's bitter cry:

"Oh, Mike, my husband! my husband! and can ye not speak to me? Sure, sirs, never a cross word has he spoken to me; and the children, oh, what will become of me and the poor children?"

She fell in an agony of grief at the side of the bed, and at this moment little Norah, who slept in a crib in the same room, woke up, and hearing her mother's weeping voice, but seeing nothing, crept towards the bed, and feeling her mother there, laid her little face against hers, and said,

"Don't cry, mother, father will soon be home; take me into bed with you till he comes."

But Mary took no notice of her child; she was beyond taking notice of anything, and one or two neighbours, kind-hearted women, who had come in, took her by the hand, and led her, unresisting, to the outer room, while Norah, in happy ignorance of what had befallen her, was coaxed by them into quiet, and then laid in the bed of the still sleeping Anne. Sad indeed was the scene in poor Mike's cottage the next morning; he who had been so good and kind thus suddenly taken from those who loved him. The children's cries, when they saw their dead father, were piteous, but nothing seemed to rouse poor Mary. The guard called at her door the next day, bringing with him some mourning clothes his wife had been able to collect for Mary and the children, and

saying also that the railway directors would bury Mike, and had sent her two pounds; but the neighbours were obliged to make all the arrangements for the funeral, and it was not until the morning on which her husband was to be buried that Mary appeared to be really aware of the circumstances in which she was placed. One of the kind women who had stayed in the cottage took her by the hand, and withdrawing the lid of the coffin, said,

"You'll bid him good-by, Mary; you will not see him again until you meet in heaven."

Mary kissed the cold forehead of her husband, and then kneeling at the side of his coffin, she cried bitterly. They were the first tears she had shed, and they relieved her. She spoke again to her children; and the God whom she had served and loved, in this hour of deep affliction did not forget His suffering servant. Into Mary's mind came the words of Job, which she and poor Mike had often read together, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." And she, poor bereaved woman, called then to her Father in heaven, who is more willing to hear than we to pray, for strength to bear the great trial He had sent her. She rose from her knees calm and quiet; her poor frightened children gathered once more round her, and, although as she looked at them, her heart sank at the thought that now she was left alone to bring them up, yet again the blessed promise, "I am a father to the fatherless, and will defend the cause of the widow," arose in her mind, and brought with it the comfort always enjoyed by those who, with child-like humility, rest on God's holy word.

Poor Michael was laid in his grave; his wife and children and many a kind neighbour following him there. We will pass over the sad return to his cottage and a few of the first days of Mary's widowhood, and resume our story when Michael had been dead a fortnight, and Mary, in humble dependence on Divine help, had made her plans for the support of her fatherless children. On the first Saturday night after Mike's funeral, Mary, who had not long returned from work—she had been engaged to wash and iron four days in the week by the housekeeper at the Castle—heard a gentle knock at her door. She opened it, and was startled by seeing Jim Donovan. At first, the sight of this man, through whose temptation her husband's death had probably been caused, was so dreadful to her that she could scarcely help crying out, and bidding him go away from one he had injured so much; but Jim looked very sorrowful, and Mary was a kind-hearted woman, so she said,

"Come in, Jim; it is but a poor welcome I can give you; he's gone who would have made a better."

"Oh, Mistress Sullivan," said Jim, "I should not have made so bold as to come to this house, but that I have had no peace, wanting to tell you how my heart is grieved thinking of that jug of beer."

"The Lord's will be done, Jim, and may He forgive you and save you from the fate you have helped to bring upon another."

"Not another drop of beer shall ever pass my lips, mistress. Faith! and I took the pledge Thursday was a week, and it was partly to tell you this I came, and to see the blind colleen, and to say that, so long as I live here, every Saturday night when I take my week's pay, Norah shall have the two shillings that a pot of beer a day would have cost me

to help her now her father's gone. You will not refuse this, Mistress Sullivan; you will let me give the money to poor Mike's darling, and you will try not to hate me for what I have done."

Jim spoke very fast, as if he was afraid Mary would interrupt him and refuse his offer.

"There is no hate in my heart, Jim, and I'm thankful to you for your thought of Norah. May God be blessed for all His mercies; I begin to see the silver lining He puts to every cloud. But step in, Jim; the child has been but mopy since her father's death, and does little but sit and pet Madge, and sure it's a sight worth seeing to look at the dog and the child."

Jim entered the cottage. The table was ready spread for supper, with a large bowl in the centre for the potatoes and milk, which were nearly boiled. Little Norah sat in the chimney-corner, her arm round Madge's neck. The dog, whose eyes were fixed on Norah's face, turned quickly round at the entrance of a stranger, and began to bark, but Norah said, "Be aisy, Madgy darling; sure mother's coming back. Who's with you, mother dear?"

"It's Mr. Donovan come to see you, darling. Won't you speak to him?" For Norah, when she heard the name, shrunk back as if frightened.

"Oh, mother! it was Jim Donovan gave father the drink, and poor father fell asleep, and the big engine went over him. Mother dear, I do not like Jim; send him away." And the child turned her sightless eyes beseechingly towards her mother and wept, while Madge started up and growled fiercely at Jim.

"Jim is very sorry," said Mary, "and he is going to help mother now poor father is gone; so we must forgive him and try to love him, darling, or God will not love us and forgive us when we do wrong."

Norah said no more, but she kept tight hold of her mother's gown. The other children now came in, and looked surprised at seeing Jim, but Mary bid him sit down and share their supper with them. She put the little blind girl next him. He spoke kindly to her once or twice, and by degrees she seemed to lose her horror of him, and began to talk to him in her pretty childish way.

"Mother says father is gone to heaven, and when I die I shall go to heaven, too, and I shall see father. I have never seen him yet, nor mother nor Anne, nor any one, but I shall see all in heaven. Will you go to heaven, too, Jim, and let me see you there?"

"It's little I have thought of heaven," said Jim, "but, by the blessing of God, I will go there. Will you pray to God to take me there, Norah?"

"Father said Jesus loves us all, and will take us all to heaven if we ask Him; and my pretty hymn says,

Thou art the way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee;

so you must pray to Jesus yourself, Jim."

The rough, careless man was soothed and softened by the teaching of

the little child, and when he left the cottage he said, "I may come and see Norah again some day, may I not? Mistress Sullivan, I had rather hear a sermon from her than from the minister, and I can help Owen in the garden; there is more to be done in it than he can do, and it's glad I'd be to use my arms for you."

"Thank you kindly," said Mary. "Your help in the garden will be help indeed, for Owen is tired when he comes from the line, and little Maurice has no strength to turn the earth; so, when you can spare an hour of an evening to us, you will do us much good."

When Jim was gone, and the children, except Owen, in bed, Mary, weary with her day's work, sat down and began to take out of the basket she had placed on the table before her the few purchases she had been able to make with the money she had earned in the week. Owen produced his earnings, which amounted to four shillings; Mary had also four of hers left. Two of these were set aside for the rent, and the other six kept for the expenses of the next week.

"Mother," said Owen, "you work harder and have less food than when poor father was alive. I wish I was a man, and could earn good wages, like him. And Maurice, I wish he and I could work for you and Norah, mother."

"So you do, Owen, now; and when you grow older, and I am weak and old, you will be able to do more. And I have good news for Maurice, for Mistress Delany told me to-day the master had said the wood-ranger might have a boy to collect the wood in the park and to weed the drive, and she asked me, 'Had I a boy could do this?' So I made bold to mention Maurice, for though he is little, he is steady and willing, and she said, bless her, 'She would speak to the master for him.' So maybe Maurice will soon be bringing me wages as well as you, Owen dear."

"It's glad I am to hear this, mother; but Maurice is but poorly clad; he must have better clothes, and strong boots, before he goes to the park. He cannot run about without shoes there, mother; and how are you to buy them?"

"I have one pound left of what the good gentlemen sent me, and some of that must go to buy Maurice clothes; thankful am I to have it to spend for him," said Mary.

A few days after this, Mary was told to bring Maurice with her to the Castle, in order that the wood-ranger might see whether he was likely to be of any use to him. The little fellow trotted merrily by his mother's side, every now and then running forward to throw a stone for Dot, who seemed to partake of her master's glee, as she bounded with him along the road.

"Maurice dear, it's a brave boy you will be, if Mr. Murphy takes you. You won't forget to mind all he says to you, and be sure always to speak the truth; never fear to tell him if you have done wrong, even if you are punished for your fault; you will be happier afterwards for having owned it, for God hates liars, but He will love the boy who tells the truth."

"I will try to be a good boy, and make you happy, mother. I hope Mr. Murphy won't say I am too little. I am a good bit taller than Effie. I shall be proud to bring you home wages, like Owen, mother."

Both Mary and her boy felt a little frightened as they drew near the

Castle. Mr. Murphy was waiting in the servants' hall to see them. He was a tall, stout man, with a good-natured face, bronzed by exposure to the air. He looked at Maurice, and said:

"Why, you *are* a little chap; some of the branches the wind blows off the trees are a deal bigger than you are. You will want Tiger to help you to move them, I'm thinking."

Tiger, a fine large black-and-tan terrier, was at this moment doing his best to make friends with little wiry Dot.

"Please you, sir, he is strong, though he is little; and I think you will find him willing," said Mary.

"Well, we can but try. How soon can you get him ready to come? He will want a stronger jacket than that, for he will have to be out in all weathers, and he must have a good thick pair of shoes. Can you manage to get them for him?"

"Thanks be to the good gentlemen, I can," said Mary. "I have no work to do to-day, and if I make haste back we shall be in time for the twelve o'clock train; and the guard, blessings on him, always lets me ride into the town for nothing, so if your honour will give Maurice a trial, he shall be ready by to-morrow morning."

"Very well, bring him with you when you come in the morning, and we will soon see what he can do."

Mary reached the station in good time for the train; the guard put her and her little boy into one of the third-class carriages, and in a few minutes they arrived in the town, where Mary made the necessary purchases.

A proud and happy boy was Maurice the next morning, when, after a good scrubbing, which made his face shine, he put on the new fustian jacket and trousers his mother had bought for him. Anne, who, like most of the Irish girls, was a good knitter, had three pairs of warm worsted socks ready for her little brother; and although his feet felt rather cramped when he put a pair of these and his boots on, he said nothing about it; he was so pleased to be dressed, the first time, like a man, that he thought little of the discomfort of confining his feet in shoes.

Mary could not help smiling, when the little fellow came in to have his breakfast, at his endeavour to look manly and unconcerned; while Anne and Effie were loud in their admiration at his appearance, and little Norah stroked his new jacket and trousers, pleased with the smoothness to which she was not accustomed. It had been arranged that Maurice was to live in the wood-ranger's lodge during the week, and was to come home every Saturday evening and spend Sunday with his mother. She was anxious to have him to spend the Sabbath at home, for Mary and poor Michael were Protestant people, and she feared that if Maurice, at his early age, was thrown on the Sunday-amongst Papists, he would probably be induced to forsake that purer religion in which she so earnestly desired to bring up all her children. Before Mary distributed the porridge which formed the family breakfast, she knelt down with her children, and prayed in simple words for a blessing on them all, and entreated her heavenly Father to watch over and protect the child who was now for the first time leaving her. When she rose from her knees she drew Maurice to her, and, kissing his

light face, she said, "Never forget, Maurice, to pray to God every morning and every night, as poor father did: if you do so, God will love you and keep you from harm, and then you will be happy and make mother happy too."

Maurice found, when he began his breakfast, that his heart was too full to let him have much appetite. Struggle as he did, the tears would keep coming into his eyes. He looked at Norah, whom he had always led to school, and sobbed out:

"Norah darling, on Sundays I'll be taking you to school again. Won't you be glad when Sunday comes?"

"Sure and I will count the days, Maurice. But don't cry, Maurice dear; it hurts poor mother. Effie will lead me to school now you are going; and Madge, poor beastie, knows the way to the Castle, and if I hold by her, she will take me to meet you coming home on Saturday."

"Mother," said Maurice, "she is quite right about Madge; the dog will take care of Norah almost as well as I could; and if Owen would make Madge a collar, and let Norah hold her by a string, I am sure she would not lead her into danger. Would you, poor old Madge?"

Madge wagged her tail at this question, and, fixing her loving eyes on the two children, promised, as well as she could, to do all that Maurice expected.

"I know some of the men at the station will give me an old bit of leather if I ask them," said Owen, "and a piece of cord; so, when I come home to-night, Norah, I will make Madge a collar, and she shall lead you about quite grandly."

"That will be very nice," said Mary. "And now, Maurice, it is time to start. See, Anne has tied up your bundle; kiss her and Effie and Norah, and let us be going."

Maurice kissed his two sisters, and, throwing his arms round Norah, gave her a hug that seemed as if he could not part from her. The little thing nestled her head on his shoulder, and stroked his face:

"Good-by, darling Maurice; Sunday will soon come; don't cry."

"Good-by, Norah dear. Madge, mind you take care of her," said Maurice, giving her a last kiss and running after his mother, who was already on her way towards the Castle.

By the time they reached it Maurice had quite recovered his good spirits, and fully enjoyed a cup of milk and a piece of sweet bread, which the kind housekeeper gave him before he started with Murphy to the park. "Good-by, mother. Sure and it's rich you'll be when I come home on Saturday."

It was a great comfort to Mary thus to have obtained employment for both her boys; the wages they earned were of course small, but still she hoped, if her own health and strength were spared, to be able to struggle on. Effie and Norah went to school every day, but to Anne the master had kindly given permission to come only when she could be spared from home. While Mary was at work, Anne had a great deal to do in the house; she had also the goats to milk, and the fowls and little pigs to feed. These last were getting fine fat little things, and promised by the next winter to be fit to kill. Jim, who found many an hour during the long evenings to go to Mary's cottage, had pleased Anne by constructing, with some stakes and branches, quite a pretty sty for them. This, with the goats' shed, it was Anne's pride to keep

clean and tidy. Her fowls, too, were great pets, but hitherto she had not made any money by them. One evening, however, the railway guard, who, since the sad night that had made Mary a widow, had done many kind things for her and her children, called at the cottage just as Anne was distributing the contents of a large basket of potato-parings, bread-crumbs, and pieces of fish, amongst her pigs and fowls.

"You have some nice fowls," he said. "Do they not lay a good many eggs?"

"They do that, sir."

"And what do you do with them?"

"We eat them, sir."

"Well," he said, "I think you might do better than eat them yourselves. If you were to send them to the next town, people there would be glad to buy new-laid eggs."

"Ah! sir, but how would I be able to get them to the next town, seeing it's too far for me to walk?"

"If you will give me a basket of your eggs, I dare say my wife will put them in our front window, and I will bring you the money we get for them."

Anne was charmed at this prospect of making a little fortune of her own, and in a day or two after she had a dozen fresh eggs ready to go to the town for sale. She packed them carefully in moss in a basket, and, covering them with fern-leaves, she carried them to her kind friend at the station, who took charge of them, and, the next day, brought Anne a shilling, and told her he could sell as many eggs as she could supply him with.

"Ah! then I shall be able to buy boots for us all before the winter comes," said Anne. "I'm thankful to you, sir. Sure, mother said God would send us friends when He took poor father from us, and indeed you are one, sir!"

Owen got a good piece of leather given him, and bought a buckle to fasten Madge's collar. He was rather slow in making it, for it was new work to him, but he persevered, and at last succeeded in finishing a very neat one; and the buckle worked so easily, that, after a trial or two, little Norah managed to fasten it on the dog's neck herself. Her delight was great when, having done so, she put her little hand into the loop of the string that was tied to the collar, and Madge, as if she knew why she was thus harnessed, wagged her tail, and walked slowly out of the cottage door and along the road towards the Castle. Norah followed fearlessly, her sweet face beaming and her blue eyes so full of expression that it was difficult to believe she could not see.

"Sure and it's myself am safe now, Owen dear. Madge and I will always go together, and she will take such care of me. Poor father loved Madge, and now she is my own dog, and leads me as father did. Ah! he would love her more now if he could see her." And tears came into the blue eyes as Norah threw her arms round the dog's neck, while the faithful beast licked her face and hands with all a dog's strong affection.

Maurice shouted with joy when, on his return home the first Saturday, he saw, about a quarter of a mile from the cottage, his dear little sister and her dog coming to meet him. Taking off the boots and stockings, which impeded his progress, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

towards Norah. Her quick ear detected him before he reached her, and her arms were stretched out to join in the embrace of her darling brother.

"Ah! Maurice, Madge leads me nearly as well as you. Now, look how she will take me home to tell mother you are coming."

Maurice fondled the dog, praising her enough to satisfy even Norah. Madge received these marks of approbation in a dignified way, as if she knew that she deserved them, while Dot capered about, jumping first on Maurice, then on Norah, and at last on Madge herself, in the exuberance of her joy at the return of her young master.

The next day was a peaceful one in Mary's cottage, and when, at its close, she knelt amongst her children, she felt that, although God had deprived her of her best earthly support, His promise of defending the widow had been most true, and, from her heart, she thanked her heavenly Father for all the mercies He had shown her, and implored Him to continue to bless her and her children.

For some months things went on prosperously with the Sullivans. Owen continued steady and industrious, and had a prospect of a small increase in his wages after Christmas; Anne's egg-money was accumulating, so as to give her good hope of being able to provide the family with winter boots; and Maurice had become quite a favourite with Mr. Murphy, who, in more than one instance, had had reason to admire the truthfulness and obedience of the little boy. As far as her children were concerned, therefore, Mary had every reason to be hopeful, but she could not conceal from herself the fact that her strength was not equal to the increase of labour her husband's death had brought upon her. She was often so exhausted after a day's work, that the walk home from the Castle was a painful fatigue to her, and she looked forward with dread to the possibility of her becoming too ill and weak to work while Owen and Maurice were still too young to support the family without her help. "Oh! spare me yet, blessed Lord," she would prayerfully cry; "spare me for my children's sake!" And although even this cry, inasmuch as it drew her more closely to her Maker, brought some comfort with it, still her failing health weakening her body, seemed, at the same time, to damp the trusting faith in God's mercies, which had hitherto so comforted the poor widow in all her trials. At times Mary felt as if her prayers were useless, and that God had turned a deaf ear to the cry of His afflicted servant; still she prayed on, and the Lord, "whose ways are not as our ways," answered her petition, but by means most different to any that Mary could have foreseen.

Christmas had passed, and the short days at the end of January were rendered darker and more dreary by cutting winds and continual falls of snow. Mary had returned one Saturday evening more than usually exhausted by her day's work, and had, therefore, allowed Anne to go and purchase at the village shop the weekly allowance of grocery and other necessary provisions. Anne had returned with these, and having seen that her goats, pigs, and fowls were comfortably housed, was endeavouring, in the chimney-corner, to bring some warmth to her hands and face, which were blue with cold. Effie and little Norah were cozily seated on the other side, with Madge and Dot curled round at their feet, while Owen, now grown a fine strong lad, was busily employed in mending a pair of shoes, which were evidently much the worse for wear.

"I think, mother, if this sharp weather lasts, I must try to save something out of my wages to buy me a new pair of shoes; I have mended and patched these until I can hardly do anything more to them, and the snow gets in at the cracks and holes, and makes my feet so damp and cold I can scarcely bear them."

"We will all club together to get you a new pair, my son. Anne will give something from her egg money, and I from my work, and Maurice will not be behindhand, I know well. I would he were home to-night; it is a long weary way he has to walk after dark, poor little man."

"Sure and I hear him coming, mother," said Norah; "he is running quite fast. And Dot hears him too," she added, as the dog ran whining and scratching at the door to be let out.

In a few moments Maurice made his appearance, his face glowing with cold and exercise. Norah started up, expecting, as usual, the first greeting and kiss from her brother; but this once Maurice forgot his little sister in his anxiety to communicate what he rightly considered important news to his mother.

"Mother, I'm thinking there is a bad job on the line to-night. You know the sharp turn before you get to the village? Well, mother, such a great heap of earth has broken from the bank above, and fallen right across the line. It is quite dark there, and when the train comes in to-night, there will be no one to show the driver what is before him; and the train could never get over the heap, it is so big, and it will be quite hard, too, for sure its freezing and snowing as sharp as can be."

Mary saw directly the danger which threatened the train if there were no one to warn the driver of the impediment which had fallen in his way. She thought of the dreadful consequences of allowing the engine to run round the cutting, which in this part of the line was so sharp that, even by daylight, the obstruction beyond it would scarcely have been perceived in approaching it. She remembered, too, that amongst many other lives that might be lost, that of her kind friend the guard was in peril, and the grateful woman determined at once what she would do.

"I will warn them," she said.

"You, mother," said Owen. "You go there at night! Its sick and weary you are looking now, and we don't know when the train comes in—may be soon, may be not for hours. No, mother, let Maurice and me go; we will shout loud and strong before it turns, to make the driver hear us, and stop in time."

"He would not hear your shout, Owen; but you and Maurice, and Anne too, shall go to the line with me. It is not hearing, but seeing must be the warning. We will make such a light as shall frighten them to stop before they come upon their danger."

While Anne poured into the bowl the warm mess for supper, which had only waited the arrival of Maurice, Mary began to make preparations for her warning expedition. She took from the peg—where it had hung since his death—the long thick frieze coat of poor Michael. She burst into tears as she looked at it, and said, "Ah! there was no one to warn you, Mike darling, of the coming death when last you carried this; but, by the blessing of God, your wife will be able to warn and save the lives of many this night."

She wrapped and buttoned the coat well round her, threw a shawl over her head, and took for Anne the thick black cloak she usually wore her-

self. She then returned to the kitchen, and drinking in haste her mess of porridge, she bade Anne put the little girls at once to bed. "Madge will watch by you, darlings, till mother comes back, and God will protect us all," she said, "blessed be His name."

Mary then bid the boys collect as much brushwood from the yard as they could carry, and, all being ready, she carefully locked the cottage door, and, taking with her some matches, started with her children for the line. Arrived at the curve, she saw that Maurice had not exaggerated the danger which threatened the train. A large heap of frozen dirt and stones lay all across the track, just beyond so short a turn in the road that no view could be obtained of it on the other side, and the engineer, therefore, unless warned, would inevitably run the train into it before he was aware it lay there.

"We will make a large bonfire, and I will swing a piece of burning wood," said Mary, "so Owen and Maurice put down the brushwood you have brought, and Anne will light and watch it while you gather up more; maybe we shall have long to keep the fire alight, so get as much as you can. Give me that branch as soon as it is well alight; I will swing it round and round as high as I can. The engineer will wonder, a long way off, when he sees the fire in the air, and I'm thinking he will stop the train to see what may be the matter."

The boys worked well, and collected sticks and branches enough to keep Anne's fire burning brightly, though at times the snow fell so thick as to threaten to extinguish it. The poor child crept close to the burning wood, and would often have fallen asleep during the many hours she had to watch it, had not her mother, who seemed indeed to have new strength given her in this her hour of need, constantly excited her to wakefulness, while she herself brandished one burning stake after another in the air the long night through.

"Mother," said Owen, "I don't know what we shall do; Maurice and I have brought Anne all the wood we can find, and the fire is getting low. I wish the train would come." As Owen spoke, a muffled sound in the distance broke on their ears. "Sure and there it is!" he cried; "it is coming through the snow, and that is why we do not hear it well. Oh, mother! if the driver should not see us! Stir up the wood into a great blaze, Anne. Here, Maurice, throw up every bit. Ah! now it blazes well—they must see that; and mother, too, look how high she flings her wood—she does not look weary now, dear mother!"

On came the train, the drivers as yet unconscious of the peril from which this faithful family were doing so much to save them. Suddenly the engineer, whose attention has been much absorbed by the difficulty of propelling the engine through the deep snow that lies on the line, sees what looks in the distance like a revolving beacon, while a deep red glow pervades the atmosphere; he fancies, too, he hears shouting, but in the weak voices of women and children. He slackens his speed; all, save the one bright spot, is in darkness. Now he is sure that people are shouting, and, full of wonder, he stops the engine. It is a long train, and from the carriage windows many a head is put forth to inquire the reason of this sudden stopping in such a desolate place. The engineer bids the guard beg every passenger to keep still while he and a couple of firemen go forward to see what is the cause of the light and the shouting.

"There is no danger, ladies and gentlemen, but we do not quite un-

derstand that light. Pray keep your seats; we will return and tell you, directly we know ourselves, what is the matter."

Guided by the fire they go forward, and soon they see a sight which fills them with amazement and gratitude. On a heap of stones sits Mary in her white cap—for the protecting shawl has fallen from her head—brandishing a long branch of burning wood; close to her squats her little girl, too sleepy and tired to do more than look at Owen and Maurice, who keep stirring and kicking a large fire of brushwood, the light of which shows, just beyond it, an immense heap of earth lying across the rail.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the engineer, "from what has this light not saved us! Why, if we had come round this cutting we should, most of us, have been in eternity before this. We have a great deal to thank you and your children for, mistress. Who are you, who have done all this to save us?"

"I am Mary Sullivan, sir," she answered, in a weary, exhausted tone; for now that the excitement was over, poor Mary felt how great her exertions had been.

"Mary Sullivan! What! are you the woman whose husband was killed last year on this very line?"

"I am that same, sir."

"Well, Mary, many a woman may thank you for saving her husband this night; for had it not been for the light you have given us few would have been left unhurt, even if alive, by this time, of those who are now in the train, waiting to know why it has been stopped."

But they had not waited; curiosity and anxiety had induced most of the passengers to disregard the entreaties of the guard that they would sit still, and, while the engineer and Mary were speaking, a little crowd of ladies and gentlemen had gathered round them. The engineer immediately sent to obtain help in removing the obstruction from the line, and by the time the grey dawn of morning had appeared the train was able to proceed. But long ere it started the grateful travellers had each and all contributed towards raising a sum of money for their preserver. Many a lady's soft hand had wrung poor Mary's, and many a sweet voice had said, "May the Lord bless and reward you for your mercy to us this night." The children, too, had received their share of praise, and were loaded with cakes and sandwiches, and warmed with the wine that had been given them and their mother to drink.

Into the hands of the guard was placed the sum collected for Mary. It amounted to nearly twenty pounds. The kind man carried it to her just before the train started.

"See, Mary, here is what will make you comfortable for many a day. Come and thank the ladies and gentlemen for their handsome gift to you."

Mary had never seen so much money before; she was almost overpowered by the fortune she had acquired. She looked gratefully at the guard, and, going up to the train, she said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm thankful; may you never know the want of what you give me. But what I did was mostly on account of him; he was kind and thoughtful to the poor and afflicted, and I would have watched till I froze before harm should have come to him, if I could have helped it."

The train passed on, and Mary and her children, refreshed by the food that had been given them, soon reached their cottage again. All there was safe and peaceful, and Mary felt an inexpressible relief when, untying the handkerchief that contained the wealth bestowed upon her, she thought that now she had sufficient to render fears for the future unnecessary, and that this sum, placed in safe hands, would, with the addition of what Owen and Maurice earned, keep her in comfort for years. "The Lord hath taken away," she cried, "but He hath also given; most blessed is the name of the Lord!"

But the Lord to whom she had prayed had yet more in store for her. About a fortnight after the night of watching, as Mary was milking the goats during Anne's absence at school, she saw a gentleman and lady approaching her cottage. They were followed by a man leading a beautiful cow.

"Is this Mrs. Sullivan's cottage?" asked the gentleman.

"It is, sir," said Mary.

"Well, Mrs. Sullivan, I will step in, if you please. I am one of the directors of the railway to which you did such good service the other night, and I am commissioned by the other gentlemen to thank you truly, and to tell you that we have bought this cottage, to make a present of it to you; so for the future you will have no rent to pay, for you will be living on your own property. You seem to have, what is not common in Irish cabins, outhouses for your pigs and goats. Do you think you could find room in the goat's shed for a cow, which the engineer and brakemen who drove the train that night have also bought for you?"

True to woman's nature, Mary's first thoughts, on hearing all this unexpected good fortune, flew back to her dead husband.

"Oh! Mike, Mike, husband darling! would that you were here—would that you could thank the gentleman for all his goodness; but you are dead and gone! May the blessing of the widow and the fatherless be upon you all, sirs. It is almost more than I can bear, at first, to hear all that you have told me; but I pray you may be blessed for what you have done for me and mine."

"Is that pretty little girl, with the large dog at her side, blind?" asked the lady.

"She is, ma'am; her eyes, for all they are so bright and blue, have never seen the light of heaven."

"Poor little thing! But she looks well and happy; and how the dog watches her every movement!"

"True for you, lady," said Mary; "it's her father's place that Madge has taken by Norah. Never did child and dog love each other like these two."

The sound of young voices was now heard outside, and Anne and Effie, unaware of the presence of strangers, came running in:

"Oh! mother, sure and there is such a lovely cow——!" They stopped as they saw the lady, and, blushing, dropped their little curtseys.

"That cow belongs to your mother now, little girls. It is given to her because she saved the train from its great danger. I think I heard one of you were with your mother that night, were you not?"

"I was, ma'am," said Anne.

"Well, I dare say you will be very happy to help your mother to milk

the new cow. But we will leave you now, Mrs. Sullivan; you will be glad to sit down and think quietly over all your new possessions. So, good-by. Good-by, little Norah; some day Madge must lead you up to the Castle, and we will give you some cakes, and Madge some fine large bones for her dinner."

The cow was so gentle that Mary and Anne had no difficulty in leading it into the goats' shed, though this was too small to give it much comfort. When, however, Owen returned from the line that evening, Jim Donovan accompanied him.

"Mistress Sullivan, it is to wish you joy from my heart, that I am come this day. I am pleased, indeed, to know that, now I am going away from you, you will be above missing the two shillings I have been so glad to give you."

"Is it leaving us you are, Jim? We shall be very grieved to part with you. Where is it you are going now?"

"Why, mistress, that jug of beer that brought such sorrow to you, was the best of good fortune to me, seeing it was the last I ever took. I have been getting higher and higher work on the railroad ever since; and now I have just got a situation at Cork, which will bring me in thirty shillings a week; and, more than this, Florence Murphy, the wood-ranger's daughter, who would never listen to me so long as I went to the Eagle, has consented now to be my wife, for she says she thinks I shall never break out again. Oh! Mistress Sullivan, my heart is full of joy. Sure, and by the blessing of God, it's a happy man I'll be from this day forth!"

"May His blessing be upon you and upon your wife, Jim; and may you long be spared to each other. Florence is a good and modest girl. Many a time, when I have seen her as busy as a bee at the Castle, I have thought the man would be lucky who called her wife."

"That he will, Mistress Sullivan," said Jim. "But Anne," he added, "the new cow must have a new house. I'm thinking the poor baste must be sadly cramped up there with the goats. I will beg a holiday for me and Owen to-morrow, and we will soon knock up a shanty for the cow."

The cow was housed, the garden dug and well stored with seeds and plants in the early spring, before Jim, now the happy husband of Florence Murphy, bid adieu to his friends the Sullivans.

We will also take leave of Mary and her children. Comfort and prosperity had replaced the anxious care of the widow; the God in whom she had trusted had far exceeded all her hopes in the answer He had given to her prayers; gratefully could she now, in the words of the Psalmist, say, "As for me, I was poor and needy, but the Lord cared for me; and He hath put a new song into my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto my God."

Mary could look forward now to a peaceful life, with the loving hope that at its end she might rejoin the husband to whose memory her warm heart clung with all the tenacity of woman's love.

May those who have read this little history learn from it at least one lesson—that the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth; and that His arm is not shortened, nor His ear deaf to those who, in humble faith, make known their sorrows and their wants to Him.

THE DIET AND DAINTIES OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE indolence which is the prevailing characteristic of the Australian native is displayed even in his choice of food. That which is the easiest to procure is the general diet, and it is, in most instances, cooked in the most slovenly manner. The Australian is the only savage who owes to the European all the notions he has, or ever had, of cookery; his own crude way was to eat his food raw, or to throw it on his fire till it was grilled and half burned. He has no means of his own discovery or invention of heating water or cooking liquid food. The favourite delicacies of the natives were those which required the least pains or trouble to get or to prepare: the meat, of beasts which were the easiest prey, for their weapons of the chase were both rude and few.

The choicest food, when it can be procured, is the kangaroo—it is, in fact, their venison—and very good venison too. The European settlers cut from the hind-quarters fine steaks, which they esteem equal to venison collops, and, with the tail (an appendage which weighs, in a full-grown “forester,” some ten or twelve pounds), they make excellent soup, surpassing ox-tail. The tail and loins are, in fact, rich in gelatinous matter, but the head is the favourite part with the aborigines. The kangaroo is decidedly lean meat, the only fat being in the region of the tail; and the flavour of the full-grown beast, which frequently weighs two hundred pounds, somewhat resembles that of beef—when killed young, it approximates to veal. The aboriginal method of cooking a kangaroo-steak is to place it in a hollow stone, which is easily procured in the beds of streams, and cover it over with larger stones. A fire is then set over the improvised pipkin, and at the precise moment the covering stones are removed, and the delicious cookery displayed to the longing eye of the native epicure.

There are smaller species of the same animal much affected by the natives, probably because they are more easily caught. The brush kangaroo, a pretty little animal clothed in silver-grey fur, with a white stripe down its face, weighing about twenty pounds, and the wallaby, about twelve or fourteen pounds in weight, sometimes grace the dishless, knifeless, forkless, and boardless banquet. The “kangaroo rat” as it is called, by a singular misapplication of terms (for it is as large as a rabbit, and is, in fact, not a rat at all, but a diminutive kind of kangaroo), is surprised by the natives—in fact, “caught napping”—in the bed which it makes for itself from leaves and grass, and killed by their spears, or by the more summary process of being jumped upon. To European palates it is not distasteful, and, had it been called by any other name, might have been a favourite dish, but what man of English woman born will eat anything called by the name (even though it be a misnomer) of “rat?” So it is left to the aborigines, and the aborigines make the most of it, as well as of a little animal more nearly allied to the rat proper, and called the burrowing, or prairie rat.

The European stomach would, most likely, turn us much at the idea

of eating a bat as a rat; but the "flying fox" of Australia (*Pteropus*) is of the species, and occasionally affords food—which is by no means despicable, being both white and fat—to the settlers. The common wombat (*Phascolomys wombat*) is an ursine beast, attaining the weight of a hundred and forty pounds, and tastes like lean mutton, but the burrowing wombat is the native pig of Australia. It is covered with tough hide and fur, and, when skinned, its flesh looks red and coarse, but from its feeding chiefly on roots it is of very good flavour of the true porcine kind. The sucking-pig of England has a representative in the Australian porcupine ant-eater, which, though differing from it in shape, resembles it in taste. The short-legged bandicoot also affords a delicate white flesh, and, cooked like a rabbit, is a favourite dish even with the settlers. The native dog of Australia—the dingo—is also an article of food with the natives. They do not reject the common mice and rats when they can catch them; and the natives between Lake Torrens and the Great Creek appear to subsist almost entirely on a species of jerboa, or vaulting rat (*Dipus mitchelli*), of the size of a mouse, and the shape, in its hinder extremities, of a kangaroo. Captain Sturt relates that he once saw a native eat a hundred of these creatures. The description of this gourmand's feast is rather disgusting, and the *pro-prandial* reader had better defer the perusal of the few following lines till after he has concluded his repast: "He placed a quantity for a few seconds under the ashes of the fire, and then, with the hair only partially burnt off, took them by the tail, put the body in his mouth, and bit the tail off with his teeth. After he had eaten a dozen bodies, he took the downy tails and stuffed them into his mouth." The opossum, emu, and flying squirrel are also among the native delicacies. Their mode of cooking the opossum is primitive, and not such as to tempt a European to join them in their meal. Mr. George Bennett, in his "Wanderings in New South Wales," thus describes a native feast: "One of the opossums among the game was a female, which had two large-sized young ones in her pouch; these delicate morsels were, at this time, broiling unskinned and undrawn upon the fire, whilst the old mother was yet lying unflayed in the basket. It was amusing to see with what rapidity and expertness the animals were skinned and embowelled by the blacks. The offal was thrown to the dogs, but as such a waste on the part of the natives does not often take place, we can only presume it is when game, as it was at present, is very abundant. The dogs are usually in poor condition from getting a very precarious supply of provender. The liver being extracted and gall-bladder removed, a stick was thrust through the animal, which was either thrown upon the ashes to broil, or placed upon a wooden spit before the fire to roast. Whether the food was removed from the fire cooked or only half dressed, depended entirely upon the state of their appetites. The flesh of the animals at this time preparing for dinner by our tawny friends appeared delicate, and was no doubt excellent eating, as the diet of the animals was in most instances vegetable." The large grey opossum (*Phalangeria vulpina*), is the favourite with the natives, who climb the highest trees after it when it has taken refuge in the topmost branches.

No reptile which lives in Australia is too large or too small for the natives; from the crocodile to the lizard, they eat them all. In fact,

there is nothing which has life in Australia that is not turned to account for food—nothing at which the native nose is turned up, or against which the native stomach revolts. The Australian crocodile (which is also called an alligator) returns the compliment, and is strongly suspected of liking the flavour of man. He is a formidable fellow, that crocodile or alligator; sometimes, according to Captain Stokes, as much as fifteen feet long. But the natives of Port Essington hunt him into a creek where there is little or no water, and, as he has a silly way of thrusting his head into the first hole he meets with, under the delusion that he is thus safe from his pursuers, his hinder quarters fall a prey to their weapons, and he is thus easily despatched. His flesh is described as resembling veal.

The tortoise of New Holland (*Chelodina longicollis*), which is more like a snake about the head and back than a tortoise, is a great delicacy among the natives of Western Australia, and is eagerly sought for; as is also the Wango snake, and a horrible yellow-bellied venomous snake, from five to six feet long, which they call "dubyt." They are very much afraid of this reptile when alive, and perhaps for that reason have the greater pleasure in devouring him dead, as some cannibal tribes eat their enemies more from revenge than a taste that way.

Dr. Lang thus describes the native manner of cooking snakes: "One of the black fellows took the snake, and placing it on the branch of a tree, and striking it on the back of the head repeatedly with a piece of wood, threw it into the fire. The animal was not quite dead, for it wriggled for a minute or two in the fire and then became very stiff and swollen, apparently from the expansion of the gases imprisoned in its body. The black fellow then drew it out of the fire, and with a knife cut through the skin longitudinally on both sides of the animal, from the head to the tail. He then coiled it up as a sailor does a rope, and laid it again upon the fire, turning it over and over again with a stick till he thought it sufficiently done on all sides, and superintending the process of cooking with all the interest imaginable. When he thought it sufficiently roasted he thrust a stick into the coil, and laid it on the grass to cool, and when cool enough to admit of handling he took it up again, wrung off its head and tail, which he threw away, and then broke the rest of the animal by the joints of the vertebræ into several pieces, one of which he threw to the other black fellow, and the other he began eating himself, with much apparent relish." Dr. Lang adds: "As the steam from the roasting snake was by no means unsavoury, and the flesh delicately white, we were each induced to try a bit of it. It was not unpalatable by any means, although rather fibrous and stringy, like ling fish. Mr. Wade observed that it reminded him of the taste of eel."

All the lizard tribe afford food for the Australian aborigines, but the iguana or guana is the first of favourites. It is a large predatory species, from six to eight feet long, living in trees, and coming down at night to despoil the settlers' hen-roosts, for it is particularly fond of fowls and eggs, though its ordinary fare is the opossum, the bandicoot, and the kangaroo rat. The guana is a handsome lizard, nearly two feet across the back, with a rough brown skin spotted with yellow. The aboriginal swain presents the sweet young "gin," of whom he is enamoured, with this dainty dish, as a special mark of his favour and admiration. Its flesh

is described, in flavour, as excellent, and similar to that of a rabbit. Captain Keppel relates an anecdote which testifies to the keen relish with which it is devoured by the natives. In the course of a shooting excursion at Port Essington, he observed a native plucking the feathers off a goose, and, "whilst so employed, his eye caught the top end of the tail of an iguana, which was creeping up the opposite side of a tree; he tossed the goose, without further preparation, into the fire, and ran up the tree after his more tempting prey, almost immediately returning with the doomed creature in his grasp. It was the work of a minute to secure it to a stick of about the same length as itself, to prevent its running away, when it was made to change places with the goose, which, being warm through, was considered to be sufficiently done. The whole goose he devoured, making no bones, but spitting out the feathers. Then came the iguana's turn, which, although less tender, was not the less relished. It appeared to require great muscular strength to detach the flesh from the skin. The operation being finished, he lay down to sleep. His wife having sprinkled him with dirt, to keep off the flies, was proceeding to eat the skin of the iguana, when the arrival of some more geese offered her a more satisfactory repast." A banquet and a siesta worthy of a nabob or an alderman!

The lizard family in Australia is a very large one, and is met with in various shapes and sizes in every part of the continent; and the flavour of their ugly bodies is said to resemble poultry. Among those which afford food to the natives, is the fat, dark, Jew lizard, two feet long; the dragon lizard, which has the startling faculty of instantly spreading out a large frill when alarmed; the hideous scaly lizard, the night-prowling rock scorpion, the adder-like sleeping lizard, the spring-back rock lizard, &c. It may be mentioned, by the way, that this curious tribe of created beings possesses the power of snapping off their own tails if seized by them, and so escaping capture; whilst the guana, at least, can swallow a bottle of prussic acid with perfect impunity, though arsenic is fatal to it.

The aborigines of Australia are decidedly piscivorous, the only condition of time or place being when and where they can *get* fish, for it is needless to say they are not deep-sea fishermen. Such fish as come into their bays and creeks they capture if they can, and eat with a will and a relish. The Western Australian natives love the flesh of the whale, when a lucky wind or a relenting sea sends a dead carcass on shore. The New Zealanders, too, eat the whale and the shark also: the latter to such an excess as to cause vomiting and sickness unto death, for they gorge it ravenously, raw. All tribes on the seaboard of Australia make cray-fish, and such shell-fish as they can find, staple articles of food.

Of birds, the Australian savage prefers the oily emu, a stilted creature, seven feet in height, and as full of oleaginous matter as a seal. The bustard, or wild turkey, a bird measuring six feet from tip to tip of the wings, and weighing some eighteen pounds, is too "gamey" in its flavour to be relished by a people who, strange to say, have a great objection to food at all tainted or even "high." But the Tasmanian weakness (when there *were* natives in Tasmania, and before they themselves became dogs' meat) was the puffin, and some New Zealand tribes still look upon the

bird as a treat. It is a black sea-bird not so big as a duck. Now, sea-birds are not usually esteemed dainty eating by reason of their fishy-taste, and lean, tough, stringy flesh; but the aboriginal epicure selects only the young puffins in their nests, when they are fat, and "of the earth, earthy," before they have taken any marine flights or excursions. Their bodies are then stated to be composed of "pure white fat, 0.3 red-meat, and tender bones 0.1;" which is the learned way of saying "three parts flesh, and the rest, bones."

The eggs of birds, particularly of the emu, are a feast for the gods of the Australian native, though European palates might reject some of them with disgust, as too strong and coarse, and certainly our own taste would go in the opposite direction to that of the aboriginal urchin, whose feast we find thus described in the *Pastoral Times*, a New South Wales paper: "The other day, on visiting the owners of a station near Deniliquin, I found a party of blacks encamped near to the squatter's homestead. The rise in the river Edward had filled the lagoons and hollows near to it, and had also inundated a large extent of flat country for miles on either side of the river, making sheets of water over which the blacks in their frail canoes glided gracefully. This inundation gives the blacks a rich harvest, as in their canoes they paddle over miles of flooded country with ease, and they are enabled to visit and examine every nook and corner. On the sides of the river there are extensive reed-beds, and in the dry weather the blacks fight shy of these places in consequence of their being the haunts of snakes and other venomous reptiles. Here in the spring the wild-fowl lay their eggs—the wild goose, black swan, duck, teal, &c.—and the blacks rob the wild-fowls' nests, and bring away thousands of eggs. A few days since the blacks returned to the station with two canoes loaded with these eggs, and I watched them cooking them. They put them in the fire to bake, and I attentively looked at one of the boys preparing his meal; he had about forty geese eggs, and one by one after they were roasted he devoured them. After rapidly tearing off the shell, the insides were swallowed with the gusto of an epicure. Sometimes he came across an egg containing a gosling in embryo. This was indeed a dainty bit! The boy rolled it into a ball, the soft part of the egg serving as a layer of paste, and down his throat it went. He smacked his lips, and seemed to have attained the summit of all earthly enjoyment. One by one the whole forty disappeared; the boy's belly became swollen, his eyes dull and languid, indicative of satiety; at length sleep—gentle sleep—overcame the black, and rolling himself in his possum rug he lay down and was insensible to all around."

The "nasty creatures," as our pampered epicures would call them, also delight in grubs, caterpillars, and butterflies. The blackboy of Western Australia (*Xanthorosa*) gives asylum to a white grub, which the natives call "bardi," and devour with a gusto, either raw or roasted; and in the wattle-tree they find a disgusting, cream-coloured grub as long as your finger, which they also eat, as well as the grubs of a butterfly which they call "bugong," and the caterpillars of various moths. The former are of a strong nutty flavour, and so full of oil as to produce violent sickness and vomiting when first taken, but possess very fattening properties when the nausea is got over. The wings are never eaten, but the bodies divested of them are either grilled or pounded into a loaf.

Mr. Hodgkinson describes the way in which a native attendant, delighting in the name of "Bellinger Billy," used to procure the worms which his palate craved. "He amused me very much by his method of diving to the bottom of the river in search of 'cobbers,' the large white worm resembling boiled macaroni, which abound in immersed wood. He swam to the centre of the river with a tomahawk in his hand, and then, breathing hard that his lungs might be collapsed, he rendered his body and tomahawk specifically heavier than water, and sank, feet foremost, to the bottom. After groping about there for some moments, he emerged on the river's edge, with several pieces of dead wood which he had detached from the mud. Although I had tasted from curiosity various kinds of snakes, lizards, guanas, grubs, and other animals which the blacks feed upon, I never could muster resolution enough to try one of these cobbers; although, when I have been engaged in the survey of salt-water creeks, and I felt hot and thirsty, I have often envied the extreme relish with which some accompanying black could stop and gorge himself with the moist, living marrow."

Another traveller, Mr. Bidwell, was compelled by sheer hunger to be more adventurous. "I never before," he says, "tasted one of the large grubs which are a favourite food of the blacks. They are about four inches long, and about as thick as a finger. They inhabit the wood of the gum-trees. I had often tried to taste one, but could not manage it. Now, however, hunger overcame my nausea. It was very good, but not as I had expected to find it, rich; it was only sweet and milky."

We shall imitate Mr. Simmonds (to whom we are indebted for much information) in his judicious reticence on one point immediately connected with our subject, and refrain from any details of the way in which some native tribes cook and eat that choice dish—white man. We believe it is not so nice as black man having been described to a friend of ours by an aboriginal epicure as tasting "salty, massa—very salty." For really the aborigines of Australia have scarcely a taint of cannibalism among them. In the country recently explored by Mr. Frank Gregory, in the neighbourhood of the Murchison river, we believe that some tribes of anthropophagi have been met with, but they may be considered as exceptional—fellows of coarse and depraved tastes, who cannot appreciate the daintier delicacies of grubs, snakes, and caterpillars.

CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORJOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER L.

LE COUP MANQUÉ.

EXTERNAL scrutiny, together with information extracted from Duval, satisfied Bastide that he might manage to conceal himself in a part of the hotel favourable to his purpose, if he could only get up-stairs unobserved. This was not so difficult as, at first, it appeared; for the season being just then at the height, guests were arriving and leaving every day, and a stranger, met by one of the household, would hardly be noticed, unless he showed signs of doubt or hesitation. These were not Bastide's failings at any time, and he was not likely to exhibit them now, when boldness was above all things necessary; so, with an assured step, he crossed the hall, having an answer prepared in case he should be encountered. With better fortune than he deserved, he succeeded in reaching the first floor unquestioned, and then paused to look about him.

At the point where he stood passages extended right and left, forming the principal line of communication through the building, and he judged that the apartments of Monsieur and Madame de la Roquetaillade were hereabouts. To discover their exact locality was his first object; his own place of concealment could be determined afterwards. From Duval's description he imagined they must lie on his left hand, and in that direction he cautiously went, stopping to listen at almost every step he took. In this manner he proceeded till his further progress was stopped by a door, the handle of which he tried; it turned beneath his noiseless pressure, and he groped his way in, treading so lightly that he could not hear his own footfall. Conjecturing that this was the ante-room of which Duval had spoken, he crept across it, and peeping through the keyhole of a door opposite, through which light was shining, saw quite enough to convince him that he was on the right track. As nothing more was to be done at present, Bastide withdrew from the ante-chamber as silently as he had entered.

He was now to find his own *gîte*, and there being no outlet at that end of the passage, he retraced his steps to the nearest staircase; but just as he was about to ascend, he heard the voices of persons coming down. Luckily a large screen of several folds had been placed in the corridor to keep out the draughts, and he slipped behind it.

The speakers were two young women, each of whom carried a light, which enabled Bastide to observe them well. They were laughing and talking, and very leisurely pursuing their way, as if no particular business called them elsewhere. At the foot of the staircase near which Bastide

was hidden they stopped to finish their conversation before they separated.

"How much longer are your people going to stay?" asked one of the damsels, whom, by the freedom of her air, Bastide supposed was a chambermaid belonging to the hotel.

"I can't say exactly," returned the genteeler of the two—a lady's-maid apparently. "We had intended to have gone the day after to-morrow, but something has happened which keeps us. It's a family matter, but I don't mind telling *you*."

"I should never think of naming it, in course," said the chambermaid.

"Well, then, you must know that the Countess, who is an English lady, has a brother; at least she had, for we heard of his death only this evening."

"When did he die?"

"To-day, at his house in Harley-street. My master, the Count, brought home the news: gout in his stomach, very sudden."

"How shocking! What was the gent's name?"

"Sir William Cumberland, Baronet. He was the Countess's only brother. Immensely rich, and all his property goes to my lady,—I should say to my lady's son. Wasn't it a mercy *he* was found, for the Count and Countess have no other child?"

"Some people is lucky!"

"They are, indeed! But that's not all, Susan. Promise not to breathe a syllable of it to any one, and I'll tell you something else."

"If ever I opens my lips to a blessed soul, Miss Parker, I hope I may never be married!"

"You've seen Colonel Beauchamp's young lady?"

"Her that Mrs. Brooks brought here? Oh yes! I waits upon her myself."

"It wouldn't astonish me, Susan, if there was a marriage in that quarter one of these days."

"Gracious! Who with?"

"What do you think of my lady's son, the Viscount?"

"My! You don't say so, Miss Parker?"

"I do though. It seems, for all they only met in their proper persons for the first time to-day, that they've been acquainted ever so long. Miss Beauchamp was brought up under the name of Drakeford, and my lady's son by one that I can't remember. I know he's in love with her; he has eyes for nobody else; and if I'm any judge of people's looks, Susan, I don't suppose I'm far wrong in fancying Miss Beauchamp likes him."

"And is the parents agreeable, Miss Parker?"

"My lady and the Colonel are old friends, and wouldn't, I'm sure, desire anything better. About the Count I can't say; he's so very proud. Between you and me, Susan, he hasn't taken much yet to young master."

"What a pity. He's so handsome. Drat those bells, what a noise they make! I must be going. Good night, Miss Parker."

"Good night, Susan."

Thereupon the fair ones separated, and departed in opposite directions.

Their gossip enlightened Bastide on several points, and at the same time stimulated his felon purpose.

"Esther," thus ran his thoughts, "is, then, in the house—under a father's protection! This Lorn, too, has cast sweet eyes on her, and she returns them! Besides his recovered position, he inherits a large fortune from Nelly's friend. Everything prospers with him, it seems. Only my old friend, the Count, is not fond of the boy. That is natural, considering the wrong he did his son. But the fine name of De la Roquetaillade will be perpetuated. That is something towards reconciliation. I did the best I could to spoil his prospects, and all, perhaps, is not over yet. He who lives will see."

Revolving many a deep design Bastide left his hiding-place and stole softly up-stairs. Some candlesticks were standing on a bracket. He took one, and lighting the candle at a jet of gas, continued to climb till he reached the attic floor, where the servants, as well strangers as those belonging to the hotel, were lodged.

"If," he said, "I could only find the bedroom of the fellow whose quarters for the night are assured him where he now lies, stupified by the dose he has swallowed, I should be safe as long as I desire. Good luck assist me!"

There is a certain personage who is popularly said to favour his own—though his favours generally turn out evil gifts in the end—and on this occasion he befriended Bastide. Perceiving a door standing ajar, a circumstance from which he inferred that the room was empty, he entered without hesitation. By the light he carried he saw male garments hanging up, and in one of them recognised a cloak, lined with lamb-skin, which he had seen on Duval; a handkerchief, with his initials, also afforded proof that the good-luck he invoked had guided him rightly. He closed and bolted the door, and then reconnoitred the apartment, examining everything in it. From a table-drawer he took out several articles, amongst them a purse of French money, a "Recueil de Chansons," and an agenda. The former he put into his pocket, the song-book he threw aside, and the agenda he narrowly inspected. It contained a variety of memoranda, and a diary of events since the writer left Paris. From a perusal of the latter Bastide discovered that Monsieur Duval, though *excessivement bête*, had plenty of curiosity, and kept a very faithful record not only of his own but of his master's affairs, so far as he could ascertain them. One entry, the most valuable in Bastide's estimation, ran thus: "June 14. Monsieur returned home from the banker's with a large sum of money, which he deposited in his bedroom in the right-hand drawer of the *secrétaire*, in the corner farthest from the door."

"You were specially created to be of service to me, my good Monsieur Duval," said Bastide, when he had read this intimation. "What I chiefly like you for is, the habit you have got of speaking the truth. I wonder where you learnt that very difficult art! Unfortunately I could never acquire it. Dieu merci! I have one or two qualities which stand me in as good stead."

With this consolatory reflection Bastide shut up the agenda, and put it by to keep company with Monsieur Duval's purse, the contents of

which, though not amounting to more than forty or fifty francs, would save him time and trouble on the rapid journey he meditated.

To make himself completely master of the situation, in case it was necessary, Bastide went to the window and looked out. The view was limited to a range of roofs and chimney-pots, divided from the hotel by a mews, the existence of which could, however, be only conjectured, as a parapet, about half a man's height, separated by a tolerably wide gutter, ran along that side of the hotel. Bastide cared little what was beyond the parapet, his examination being made for the purpose of ascertaining if there were any means of communicating with the adjoining houses, by one of which he hoped to make his exit into the street, should his flight be cut off from below. He would avail himself of the window *en dernier ressort*, but not otherwise.

Having acquired all the information he could, Bastide looked at his watch. At that time of the year it was not to be expected that all the inmates of the hotel would be in bed and asleep before two o'clock in the morning, or even later. It was now not quite midnight; he must, therefore, wait at least a couple of hours before making his bold attempt to rob Monsieur de la Roquetaillade. As he had provided himself beforehand with a box of lucifer matches, he put out his light and watched in the dark, sitting close to the door to catch every sound. One by one he heard the various members of the household go past—now the light shuffle of a woman's foot, then the heavier footstep of a man, till all had found their place of rest for the night. Some anxiety attended this watching, lest the incapable condition of Duval should have been discovered, and an attempt made to carry him up-stairs; but he got rid of this anxiety at last, by wisely supposing that no one in the hotel would be at the trouble of disturbing the valet's slumbers, if even the room where he lay entranced were accidentally entered. "Let him sleep it off!" would have been his own remark, under similar circumstances, and why should others be more charitable or punctilious than he?

When all, at last, seemed hushed, Bastide rose—he had previously taken off his boots—and gently drew back the bolt. With the door in his hand, ready to close it at once, if necessary, he put out his head and listened. Everything within the house was as still as the grave, save the ticking of a large clock on the staircase by which he had ascended, and out of doors the occasional rumble of distant carriage-wheels became less and less frequent till that noise, too, subsided altogether. Yet, not to throw away a chance, he gave himself half an hour more. Then, as the clock struck three, he finally prepared for the work before him. The day was already beginning to dawn, and he found he needed no other light, which was a great advantage, as it left his hands free—those strong, nimble hands on which he so greatly relied. Of his own he had a good deal of property on his person, the fruits of his recent exploits: he ascertained that it was safe, felt in his breast for the knife, secured it ready for use, and then, with Duval's key in his hand, set forth on his sinister mission.

He had timed his movements with admirable exactitude. There is in London no hour of the four-and-twenty when sleep so completely seals up the senses of its inhabitants as that which precedes sunrise. Yet, more

than once, as he crept along, Bastide paused to make sure that all were sleeping. Here and there hard breathing assured him of the fact—elsewhere he took silence for a good omen. At length he reached the ante-chamber already spoken of. It offered no obstacle to his entrance, but Duval's key was called into requisition at the door which gave access to the rest of the suite. The first room and the next were exactly as they had been left the night before, the furniture displaced, and boots and other things carelessly lying about; but, scarcely bestowing a glance on these, Bastide turned towards Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's apartment, the situation of which he had learnt from Duval's description. There were no more doors to unlock, and as surely as if he had built the house, Bastide went straight to his object, crossing his former master's dressing-room, and only stopping at the threshold of his bedchamber. The window-curtains being withdrawn and those of the bed only partly closed, Bastide was able, from where he stood, to see Monsieur de la Roquetaillade lying on his back, to all appearance in a deep sleep. From the face which he so well remembered, Bastide's eyes travelled to the *secrétaire* in which lay the coveted treasure, and they glistened with delight as he noticed that the key was in the lock. Had it not been there, the weapon he now clutched would have been buried in the Count's throat as he slept. But his object was not to commit murder unless driven to it, strong as was his desire to slake his revenge in blood; and that there might be less risk of discovery, in case the Count should suddenly awake, he dropped on his hands and knees, and in this attitude crawled across the room, carrying the knife between his teeth. No Indian robber could have performed the feat more dexterously. Before he rose from his knees he looked round to see that the Count lay quiet, and finding him so, got on his feet and opened the *secrétaire*. Quiet enough lay the Count, but that was all. It was certainly not noise, it could only have been instinct—that instinct which combines self-preservation with aversion—that caused Monsieur de la Roquetaillade to wake at the very instant Bastide fixed his eager gaze on the *secrétaire*. The Count was a man of extraordinary presence of mind—it had helped him on many a trying occasion—and the quickness of his glance was no whit inferior to that of Bastide: he at once recognised his quondam valet, intuitively guessed his intention, and remained perfectly still—not with eyes quite shut, but only open a single hair's-breadth. The space was, however, sufficient to enable him to note all of Bastide's movements that took place in sight. He saw him sink on all-fours, watched the beginning of his cat-like progress, and then slightly turning his head without perceptibly altering his position, was ready for what next might happen. As soon as Bastide's back was turned, and his attention fixed on the *secrétaire*, the Count gently disengaged the bed-clothes, and, drawing himself up, prepared for a spring. Bastide opened the drawer indicated in Duval's diary, and taking out a large pocket-book, began to examine it. He was in the act of hastily turning over the bank-notes with which it was filled, when the Count leaped from the bed, threw one arm round the robber's waist, caught him by the throat with the other hand, and, driving his knee into his back, made a violent effort to bring him to the ground, an attempt in which he was very nearly successful. Taken quite by surprise, Bastide staggered beneath the unexpected shock, the pocket-book fell from his hand, and

the knife from his mouth, but struggling hard, and possessing great muscular power, he contrived to free his throat and turn face to face with his captor,

“Villain!” cried the Count, endeavouring to renew his grasp, “you are my prisoner! Dare not to resist!”

A curse and a foul name came in reply from Bastide as he grappled with Monsieur de la Roquetaillade.

In determination the two men were equally matched, but not so in other respects, for though the Count was both strong and active, his mode of life had not inured him to the rough encounters with which Bastide was familiar, neither did he approach him in physical force. It was on both sides a struggle of life and death! Locked in each other's arms, they writhed, they strove, they reeled to and fro. After the first burst of hate, not another syllable passed Bastide's lips: he knew the value of breath too well to waste it now. The Count was less prudent; passion influenced him, and angry words helped to exhaust his strength. Bastide, with deadly purpose, watched his opportunity, and, suddenly straining every nerve, threw his antagonist, upon whom, still entangled, he fell with his whole weight. At that moment he caught sight of the knife: it was within reach, and he seized it. Then, while his eyes sparkled with fury, he gave utterance to a fierce malediction, and raised his arm to strike. But while the knife was yet poised, it was suddenly snatched from his hand, and a heavy blow descended on his own head and stretched him on the floor. The blow came from Lorn, who, lying in the next room, was awakened by the Count's voice, and catching up a massive silver-candlestick, the first weapon that offered, arrived in time to save his father's life. Eagerly, without thinking of the ruffian by his side, Lorn raised Monsieur de la Roquetaillade nearly senseless from the shock of his fall, and placed him on the bed.

“Are you much hurt, sir?” he anxiously inquired.

Interpreting his son's looks rather than his words, the Count shook his head and faintly smiled. A few moments, during which Lorn bent over his father with anxious care, sufficed to recover him, and in those few moments, although half stunned and bleeding from a severe scalp wound, Bastide escaped from the room. Turning round to look after the man he had so maltreated, Lorn found that he had gone.

To pursue him immediately was not possible, as neither the Count nor Lorn had anything on but their night-clothes, but they rang the bells violently, and dressed as quickly as possible. The delay gave Bastide a fair start, and bethinking himself that it was useless at that early hour to attempt to get out by the street-door, and being, moreover, unshod, he made the best of his way to Duval's bedroom, his steps being quickened by the sounds of alarm which came from the Count's apartments. The fear of arrest by any one above was, however, a baseless apprehension, for London servants sleep too soundly, and hotel servants seldom hurry themselves under any circumstances; besides, the bells rung by the Count and Lorn only communicated below, and till the night porter was roused and set his alarm in motion, the danger of being intercepted was greater in appearance than in reality. Bastide was able, therefore, to reach his place of concealment unmolested, but with no time to spare; for, scarcely had he bolted himself in, before a clamour arose that even hotel servants could

not be indifferent to. Cries of "Murder!" "Thieves!" and, of course, "Fire!"—the necessary third element of popular alarm—brought everybody from their beds, and sent them scampering in the direction from which the sounds proceeded. The disturbance, indeed, was so great that it even acted on the tympanum of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's luckless valet, scattering the opium-dreams that oppressed him when he slept beside the table at which he had so fatally supped. Shivering, he lifted his bewildered head, and stared stupidly round, wondering in what place he was, and how he came there. Before he could settle these points to his satisfaction he heard his own name resounding through the hotel. "Where's Mounseer Dooval! Where's Mounseer Dooval! Who's seen the Count's valley! Mounseer Dooval, come down!" It was impossible for Monsieur Duval to come down, seeing that he had been down all night, but he did the next best thing to it: he went out into the hall and blundered up-stairs. In the corridor of the first floor he met the Count and Lorn, in their dressing-gowns, surrounded by a host of servants and others, more or less dressed.

"Where have you been, Duval," demanded the Count, "that all this noise did not bring you sooner? And how came you from below?"

This was Duval's great difficulty, and he answered he knew not what.

"A murder has been attempted," pursued the Count; "happily it was frustrated by my brave, my noble son,—and the assassin is still in the house. Whereabouts we must discover."

"Murder!" echoed Duval, at last coming to his senses.

"Yes, an attempt to murder *me*," returned the Count, "by one whom I recognised as my valet many years ago. A tall, spare man, very sallow, with dark hair and eyes, dressed entirely in black, and wearing a diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand,—I saw it glitter as he raised his knife to stab me!"

Light has the property of penetrating everywhere, and it actually illumined the mind of Duval.

"Ah, Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "You are describing Monsieur Charles, my guest of yesterday evening!"

Lorn caught at the name.

"That," he said to the Count, "was what the man called himself in this country, before he assumed your title!"

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade understood English, though he spoke it very imperfectly, and now saw how Bastide had obtained access to the hotel. Duval's explanation of the state he found himself in on awaking, and the discovery of the loss of his key, enlightened the Count still further.

While they thus debated, Bastide was preparing for flight. The *pis aller*, of which he had thought in the night, alone offered him a chance of escape. Having pulled on his boots, he looked round for something to disguise his person, in case he were seen on the roof. Duval's large cloak was the very thing, and hastily throwing it over his shoulders and fastening it at the throat, he clambered out upon the parapet. It was a beautiful morning, and though mists still floated in the sky, they were fast melting beneath the rays of the climbing sun, now visible from the height where Bastide stood. The busy hum of men had not yet begun, but the vast city was shaking off its slumber, and sounds occasionally

reached his ear, warning him that the earliest of the toiling multitude were already stirring. For the beauty of the morning the assassin cared nothing, all his thoughts being bent on the one desire—to reach the ground unperceived. His progress, in the first instance, was not difficult, but after advancing along the parapet about twenty yards, his further course in that direction was stopped by a fan-like barrier of lofty iron spikes, which projected so far over the mews below that he durst not attempt to get round them. He turned, therefore, towards the roof, and although a loose tile occasionally gave way beneath his weight, he managed to mount upon the ridge-like summit in safety. From this point he took a close survey of the locality, and considered how he should accomplish his descent. His purpose had been to clamber from roof to roof till he found an open window through which he might have passed into a house remote from the hotel, and so have gained the street, exposed to no greater risk than that of meeting some of the occupants; but the building on which he was now perched rose so much higher than the one next to it that broken limbs were almost certain if a leap were attempted. He was, consequently, obliged to give up this idea, and think of some other way. What would he not have given just then for a few feet of rope, great as his general repugnance was to that commodity! At one moment he almost decided on turning back and hiding himself in the room he had quitted, but the fear of discovery deterred him. In the open air he was comparatively free, and had, at least, his own energies to rely upon: they had served him well in many a hazardous occasion, and he would not mistrust them now. What chiefly led to this resolve was a glimpse he caught of a skylight considerably lower down, which, if his hasty *coup d'œil* of the interior did not deceive him, communicated with one of the back staircases. Moving forward a few paces he saw that, owing to the irregularities of the roof, access to this skylight was possible by a circuitous route. It was necessary, however, to proceed with caution, for the slopes were steep.

Meantime the confusion within the hotel had reached its height, being not a little increased by the loud broken English of Monsieur Duval, whose eagerness to explain all that had happened to himself the night before, of which, in fact, he could remember nothing distinctly, rendered him more than usually unintelligible. It was William, the waiter (Duval's friend "Villiams"), who, at last, threw some light on the general darkness.

"Why, Mounseer Dooval," said he, "if, as you says, you was 'ocussed at supper, and slep' in your cheer, what was you a doing of last night in your bedroom, which you know it's next to mine, for I heerd you moving about there long after I come up myself?"

"Me! Me!" exclaimed the valet. "Dat is impossible. I vake up in my share vare I have pass de night so dredful dreaming!"

"Somebody was in your room, then," returned William, "pulling out the drawers, and taking off his boots, and such like. I thought it was you going to bed, and I says to myself, 'mounseer's a little groggy: a sheet or two in the wind.'"

"Groggy—in de vind! Vot de devil you mean, Villiams? I nevare dare at all!" cried Duval.

"Then I'll tell you what it is! It vos that there t'other chap, as sure as a gun!"

The intellectual gas was suddenly turned on: every one saw the real state of the case. Duval's room was the robber's place of concealment. Most likely he had taken refuge in it now! Headed by William, who shouted "Stop thief!" with all his might, away the whole flock rushed upstairs as fast as they could run. The Count and Lorn only did not join in the hunt, but returned to their apartment to calm the fears of Madame de la Roquetaillade, and prove to her that neither of them were hurt. They found her risen and anxiously waiting their return. It was worth all the alarm she had felt to see the great change which had taken place in her husband's manner towards Lorn. He looked upon him now with a father's eyes, and spoke of him in a father's voice as he told the Countess all the circumstances of the attempted robbery and murder. He had only just finished his story, and Madame de la Roquetaillade had caught her husband and son in turn to her embrace, when all three were startled by a tremendous crash of broken glass, accompanied by a heavy dull sound, and immediately succeeded by fearful groans. The sleeping rooms of the Count's suite formed three sides of an inner courtyard, which was covered in by a large skylight. Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, his wife and Lorn, rushed instinctively to the nearest window. A horrible spectacle greeted their eyes. Prone on the pavement of the court-yard, in a cloak all torn to shreds, fragments of which hung on the broken glass, lay the body of a man, whose upturned face was streaming with blood. There was motion in the outstretched hands, but all the other limbs seemed powerless; one of the legs was bent under the figure, and the head appeared shockingly crushed.

Sickened at the sight, Madame de la Roquetaillade fell back almost fainting and tottered to a chair. Lorn was by her side in an instant, but her husband, as if fascinated by the mutilated object below, continued to gaze on it.

The man's eyes had hitherto been closed, but as the Count stedfastly watched, they opened, and he recognised Bastide.

One feeble moan reached his ears, the hands quivered again, the lower jaw dropped, and Monsieur de la Roquetaillade saw that all was over.

CHAPTER LI.

A CHECK.

MRS. DRAKEFORD was destined to verify, in her own person, the truth of the proverb; "More haste, worse speed."

Surely, on that day,

Some airy devil hover'd in the sky
And pour'd down mischief

on her and her associates.

Fast as the cabman drove, he arrived at Charing-cross too late: the bank had closed for the day.

"Catch me being behind time, to-morrow," she muttered. Then, addressing the driver, she said: "Go to Finsb'ry-circus, you Black!"

The man stared, pursed up his lips, as if about to whistle, but, subduing his melodious inclination, mounted his box and drove off. A fellow

cabman, whom he knew, passed at the moment. He did not speak to him, but with the mute eloquence of his reverted thumb and twisted mouth, intimated to his friend that he had got a good fare, and that the fare was "a rum 'un!" The action was not unobserved by a quick-eyed person of thoughtful aspect, who was loitering near the bank, and who immediately hailed another cab, and followed that which carried Mrs. Drakeford. He was the first to descend on reaching Finsbury-circus, and saw her enter a house with a brass-plate on the door bearing the name of Dr. Snowballe. His look became more thoughtful than before: he was evidently taxing his memory to complete some imperfect idea.

"From ten till four," he said, reading the inscription on the brass plate. "It's long past the hour; she's no patient. Besides, she went in without asking a question. I must find out who she is!"

He rang at the Doctor's door, which was opened by the servant wearing the Snowballe livery of rhubarb and blue, with silver buttons developing the Snowballe crest, a moth, proper, flying into a flame, gules.

"I think your mistress dropped this handkerchief as she went in," he said, producing one.

"Not my Missis, sir!" replied the servant, taking it. "A friend of Master's. Please to stop, while I ask."

He returned immediately. "No, sir," he said, giving back the handkerchief. "Mrs. Drakeford has her'n. It's a mistake."

"Oh, very well! Sorry I troubled you. Good evening." And, with this, he turned away; not, however, to leave the Circus, where he planted himself so as to command the Doctor's house.

"The very person I wanted," said Detective Snare, for he was the speaker.

While he waited and watched outside, an interesting conversation occupied those within. Mrs. Drakeford was less *bruyante* than usual, the Doctor more subdued: he was grave, even, for events had come to his knowledge which made him feel alarmed, though he had no personal cause for fear.

The lady had an ulterior purpose to accomplish in visiting her friend. His weakness she had long practised upon, and now, finding that all her other props were giving way, she hoped to make sure of him by a temptation which she thought he could not resist. A long story, with only one word of truth in it, prefaced what she had to say. An unexampled victim of baseness and ingratitude there was only one single person left on whom she felt she could rely. To him her heart had, all along, been given, but, thank Heaven, from rectitude of conduct she had never swerved! One error—a venial one, she trusted, for she was too young at the time, in regard to the knowledge of what were called worldly observances, to distinguish right from wrong—one fatal error had cast its baleful shadow over her whole life: yielding to serpent-like fascinations, she had suffered a connexion to exist not hallowed by the marriage-tie. With tears of penitence—ay, tears of blood—she confessed she had no right to call herself the wife of Drakeford. But all was now at an end between them. Drakeford had forfeited his respectability, and striven to drag her down with him into the abyss of crime. From that her inmost nature revolted. No one knew what she had undergone; she had battled with her feelings, till they almost consumed her very vitals. Was the

confession she made a degradation? Boldly she answered, No! Would the only being she had ever loved consider her conduct unfeminine? Let him look her full in the face and speak!

The Doctor did look her in the face, but he had not courage to utter what was on his mind. He had a faint notion of being made a cat's-paw, but when her brilliant eyes encountered his, they absorbed all his resolution, and he was only able to stammer a few unmeaning words.

"Yes! I was not mistaken," she exclaimed. "Your generous heart appreciates all my difficulty. Henceforward, I am yours, and yours only!"

The Doctor was vanquished. Yussuf fell into the arms of Zuleikha. Business followed their fond embrace, and she drew from him a promise of marriage. In three days he was to lead her to the altar a blushing bride. Who so happy as the Doctor! Who? Nobody on earth, except, perhaps, Mrs. Drakeford.

Detective Snare remained at his post with the patience which alone belongs to the members of his profession. Just as it was getting dusk he saw an empty brougham draw up before the Doctor's door, and presently Mrs. Drakeford came out escorted by her lover, who handed her into the carriage. It was not the Detective's cue to arrest her then, final instructions being necessary; but to make sure of finding her when wanted he passed near enough to hear her tell the coachman where to drive. The lady pursued her route towards Harley-street. There was a stoppage at the corner of a street, and a newspaper-vendor, who was bawling "Secund Eddishern," thrust the *Sun* into the open carriage window.

"'Stord'n'ry 'Currence! Death of a forriner at the Devonshire Hotel by falling through a skylight this morning!"

Mrs. Drakeford, with the true instinct of her class, was a lover of the horrible, and bought the paper. The paragraph was full of minute details, and these, contrary to custom, were so accurate, that it struck her at once the person killed must be Bastide. A gleam of satisfaction lit up her face as she read, which was not caused by vindictive triumph only, for the account stated that considerable property was found on the person of the deceased. There was a chance of getting back her hundred pounds, and she determined on making the attempt.

Mrs. Drakeford had many things to think of that night, and more than one project to execute on the following day. Her first thought was to make sure of the bird in hand, and again she hurried off to Charing-cross. At seeing so early a customer in the showily-dressed lady, a smile parted the thin lips of the cashier, to whom she addressed herself; but when he cast his eye on the cheque the smile vanished. "I will attend to you, madam," he said, "in a moment;" and so saying he disappeared. Mrs. Drakeford felt uncomfortable, and the more so as the clerk's absence extended to several minutes. At length, however, he returned, but it was with a request that she would be kind enough to step into an inner room. She found there a member of the firm, very sallow and very frigidly polite, who handed her a chair and begged her to be seated. This ceremony over, he entered *en matière*. He had not, he said, the slightest doubt that everything was perfectly correct, but the House had only one line of conduct to pursue in the transaction of business, and

they had just received information that Sir William Cumberland died on the very day the cheque was dated—in point of fact, on the day before. Now, this was an awkward circumstance, as it might expose the House to the loss of a large sum, in case the executors to the estate denied the validity of the signature—that is to say, contested the precise moment when it was affixed. Mrs. Drakeford, who took heart when she found that no suspicion was expressed, urged that Sir William wrote the cheque very shortly before his death. The banker replied that he did not, of course, mean to dispute the lady's word, but as, on the day named, the drawer of the cheque was dead, the lawyers might say, and very probably would say, that a dead man could not write a cheque; and, therefore, until it was shown by evidence that the act in question was prior to the drawer's decease, he, the banker, infinitely regretted to be obliged to state that the House—and here he brought emphasis to bear on the question—*could not possibly cash—the cheque*—which, moreover, it would be necessary for the House to impound. If, when Sir Williams effects were administered, no objections were raised, the House would be most happy—*et cetera*—but until that time arrived—*et cetera*—and so Mrs. Drakeford was bowed out—lucky, after all, in having escaped with a whole skin.

Half mad with vexation, and venting her feelings in expressions which, if he could have heard them, would have made the frigid banker's blood flow a trifle faster, Mrs. Drakeford once more returned to Harley-street. Sir William's man of business had, in the mean time, arrived, and he, without the slightest circumlocution, informed her that under existing circumstances it was necessary she should select another residence. Where to go was the question, but having made up her mind to claim Bastide's property, she resolved, while she remained in town, to take up her quarters at the Devonshire Hotel.

CHAPTER LII.

ATTRAPPÉE.

THE fearful manner of Bastide's death caused a great sensation throughout the hotel. The fact being communicated to the authorities, an inquest was held next day in one of the lower rooms, at which Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, Lorn, and Colonel Beauchamp were present, the two former attending as witnesses.

The first person examined was one of the hotel servants, who deposed as follows:

“Hearing a great noise down stairs, I got up, and while I was dressing I saw a man on the roof of the house opposite my window, which overlooks the skylight above the inner court-yard. He wore a large cloak, and was a perfect stranger to me. While I was watching him he got upon the ledge of the parapet, and tried to step on a sloping roof just by, as if he meant to get down that way; but moving too quickly forward one of his feet got entangled in his cloak, he lost his balance, and pitched head foremost, falling upon the skylight, and going right through to the bottom.”

Jules Duval next gave evidence, through an interpreter. He said:

“The man lying dead in the next room made himself acquainted with

me, since my arrival in London, at the lodgings of Monsieur Coundeux, a French tailor, in Regent-street Quadrant—also a recent acquaintance. He said he was a cloth merchant, and gave the name of Charles. He paid me a visit the evening before last in this hotel. We supped and drank wine together, but after that I remember nothing. The cloak produced, which he wore”—here the witness's voice faltered—“is mine. It was taken from my bedroom, where I left it hanging. If it were not for the beautiful lambskin lining—which cost me eighty-two francs—I should never be able to know it again—so shockingly is it torn.” At this point Duval's grief for the destruction of his cloak became so overwhelming that he was totally unable to proceed with his deposition, and the beadle led him from the court in tears.

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade and Lorn both detailed the particulars of the attempted robbery and assassination, and the Count spoke of Bastide as having been his valet many years before. He said he had reason to believe that a diamond ring worn by the deceased had been stolen by him while in his service. He could identify it if permitted. But first he would describe without seeing it. On the inside, if it were his, was a spring, indicated by a slight mark, which on being pressed by the thumb-nail, caused that part of the ring to open. When in the Count's possession it contained some hair, tied with a gold thread. The ring was examined by the jury, who, however, failed to make the expected discovery. It was then handed to the Count, and in an instant he found the place where the hair lay concealed. There could be no question, after that, about ownership, and by the coroner's direction the ring was restored to Monsieur de la Roquetaillade. But on the subject of ownership another question arose. What was to be done with the money found on the person of the deceased? The surgeon who made the *post mortem* examination, after describing the nature of the injuries and cause of death, added that by the letters T. F. P., which were burnt in on the right shoulder, it was evident the deceased was an escaped French convict, who had been condemned to the galleys for life. This supposition was confirmed by Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, who related the circumstances of the Genevese jeweller's murder in Paris, and the sentence passed in consequence.

At this stage of the proceedings the Beadle advanced and informed the coroner that “there were a lady which she had not been summoned to attend, and being a relative of the deceased, desired to make a statement.”

An order being given for her admission, a very tall and portly female was ushered in, attired in the height of fashion, who approached with faltering steps, leaning heavily on the Beadle's arm, and holding her handkerchief before her face. Accommodated with a seat at the head of the table, she removed the handkerchief at the coroner's request, and to the astonishment of Lorn, revealed the features of Mrs. Drakeford.

She, herself, was equally surprised at seeing Lorn there, and the sensation became painful when she observed two other faces, not seen for many years, but still distinctly remembered, for she had been the waiting-maid of Madame de la Roquetaillade, as well as the trusted, but unfaithful servant of Colonel Beauchamp. But Mrs. Drakeford had turned so many corners in the course of her career, and weathered so many diffi-

culties, that she did not lose her self-possession now. With a steady gaze she confronted her former masters, then turning her eyes away, as if from objects wholly indifferent to her, she sighed profoundly.

"I understand, madam," said the coroner, when she had been duly sworn, "I understand that you were related to the unfortunate man, the cause of whose death the jury is assembled to investigate."

"He was my half-brother, sir," replied Mrs. Drakeford, in a deep, melodramatic voice.

"Then, madam, you can tell the jury his name, which has not yet been given in evidence."

Recollecting Lorn's presence, she answered firmly, "I can, sir. It was Louis Charles."

"And your own is?"

"That of my husband, Drakeford."

"And before your marriage?"

"Eliza Heathfield. My mother was French, sir, and her second husband English. My poor brother was several years older than me. I was the only relation he had in the world."

The handkerchief was here applied. When it was withdrawn the coroner resumed:

"Is it long since you saw your brother?"

"I must enter, sir, into family affairs. Circumstances had separated us for some time, but a few months ago Louis arrived in London. He had embarked very largely in a manufacturing concern in the south of France, and things not going on so well as he wished, he came to this country for the purpose of raising money. My husband assisted him to a great extent, and only four days ago,—the last time we ever met,—I gave him, out of my own pocket, the fruits of my domestic economy, a bank-note for a hundred pounds, which, I suppose, will be found amongst his other property, all of which, as his nearest relation, I am of course entitled to."

The coroner coughed doubtfully, as if that point were not quite clear, while Colonel Beauchamp, who had been conferring with Lorn and the Count, wrote something on a slip of paper, and, rising, placed it in the coroner's hand. He glanced at it, and again addressed Mrs. Drakeford:

"I think you said your brother's manufactory—his place of residence, in fact—was in the south of France?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereabouts?"

"I—I—do not exactly remember. I have never been in France myself."

"Perhaps I can assist your memory. Was it Toulon?"

As one place was as good as another in Mrs. Drakeford's opinion, she, not perceiving the trap laid for her, replied boldly in the affirmative.

"I thought so," said the coroner. "Now, are you quite sure your brother's name was Louis Charles?"

"I hope, sir, you do not doubt my word."

"I am examining you upon oath. Remember—upon oath. You swear that his name was Louis Charles?"

"I swear it."

"And not Michel Bastide?"

Mrs. Drakeford did not answer, and the coroner continued :

"I am afraid, madam, when I commit you for perjury, that I shall be obliged to ask these two gentlemen to be your godfathers. I am ready, sir," he said, turning to Colonel Beauchamp, "to hear what you wish to say."

"I can describe this witness, sir," said the Colonel, "more accurately than she describes herself. Fourteen years ago she called herself Ellen Harper, whether rightly or not I am ignorant, but this I know, that, as Ellen Harper, she is accountable to me for a large sum of money, turned aside from the purpose for which it was entrusted, and applied to her own use. The Count de la Roquetaillade can also tell you, sir, something more of this lady's antecedents."

Mrs. Drakeford's prudence here forsook her. Livid with passion, she burst forth : "You are a liar, and so is the Count. I defy you both. I always paid for the gal's schooling as long as she stayed there. As for people that make away with their own children, they can't say worse of me than I can say of them."

It was plain from this last observation, that, amongst his other failings, Bastide was not a keeper of secrets, and had revealed that of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade. She was preparing to speak again, when Detective Snare, who had followed Mrs. Drakeford into the room, stepped forward, and said :

"I don't wish to interfere, sir, with your committal, or any other charges, but I have a warrant for the apprehension of Ellen Harper, *alias* Drakeford, charged with conspiracy in a case of arson, her confederate being already committed."

Mrs. Drakeford shrieked and fainted, varying her condition when she recovered, by floods of tears and violent hysterics, the genuineness of which may admit of doubt. It is not easy to lift a lady who weighs eighteen stone and is given to kicking, but Detective Snare was strong, resolute, and far from tender-hearted. With the aid of the Beadle and half a dozen more he managed to convey Mrs. Drakeford to the prison-van, which retributively waited "round the corner."

The jury, after this episode, returned a verdict of "Accidental death;" and as there could be no claimant to a convict's property, the coroner wrote to the French consul-general to place at his disposal the money claimed by Bastide's pretended sister.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FINALE.

MADAME DE LA ROQUETAILLADE had been so long alienated, and with such just cause, from her brother, that his death caused only a momentary pang.

Being one of those men who think they are immediately going to die if it is suggested to them to make their wills, but of that class also who, while in health, believe that the pale equal-footed spectre will never enter their doors, Sir William Cumberland went to his long home intestate, and all his property, with his baronetcy, reverted to Lorn. Could

people foresee how the accident of an hour may set the coldest calculations at defiance they would not so often cherish the desire to dictate from the grave. Sir William was not aware of the existence of his nephew, and had all along intended—should the time really arrive when his testamentary arrangements must be made—to cut his sister off with a sarcasm and a shilling; but the bitter word was left unwritten, and the disposal even of a farthing passed beyond his control.

The mutual explanations between the Comte de la Roquetaillade and Colonel Beauchamp were full and unreserved, and Esther's inclinations being sounded, while those of Lorn were openly declared, no opposition was offered on either side to their eventual union, if, at the expiration of three years, the flame which each acknowledged still burnt with undiminished brightness. It was agreed that, as soon as the affairs consequent on Lorn's inheritance were settled, he should visit France with his parents, study, and travel, so as to fit him for the sphere in which, henceforward, his lot would be cast. Meantime, intercourse with Esther was permitted him without reserve, and the more they became acquainted the stronger grew the assurance that time would only more firmly rivet the link which already bound them to one another.

The coroner's threat against Mrs. Drakeford was not enforced, sufficient punishment attending her misdeeds to render it unnecessary; neither did Colonel Beauchamp institute a prosecution for the recovery of the money which she had so unscrupulously misapplied. This forbearance was chiefly caused by the earnest entreaty of his daughter, who remembered only what had been kind in Mrs. Drakeford's conduct towards her, and forgave her all the actual and meditated wrong. But the Directors of the Salamander Fire Office had no tender reminiscences to strive with. Whatever their individual feelings where a handsome woman was concerned, as a Board they were inflexible; and when she was tried, together with her husband, and found guilty of participating in his crime, they did not even recommend her to mercy on account of her beauty—a plea as valid as many that are, now-a-days, offered. If Mrs. Drakeford derived any satisfaction from the trial, it was that her punishment was less than that of her marital associate, he being condemned to penal servitude for six years, and she to hard labour for four.

For the sake of his character as a lover, we are bound to say that Dr. Snowballe—to use his own words—was very much “cut up” when he learnt that the lady of his affections had come to grief. But there are some whose feelings are like camomile: the more you trample on them, the stronger they grow. He had a resource, too—in common with his patients—in the “Nervo-Arterial Elixir,” and as a proof of his faith in his medicine he, himself, swallowed a thirty-three shilling bottle (“the largest size, by which a considerable saving is effected”). He took it, drop by drop, on sugar, which probably reconciled him to a process that lasted a whole month—exactly as long as his passion for Mrs. Drakeford, who, without being reconciled to her fate, was beginning to be used to it when he married “another”—that is to say, his housekeeper.

Of Mr. Squirrel, it is only known that he continued to grub on as a pawnbroker to the end of his days. If generosity could have taught him charity, Madame de la Roquetaillade's gift might well have endowed him with that first of all virtues; but by neither the thrifless poor, the

pinched artisan, the impoverished tradesman, or the improvident spend-thrift, was its existence ever discovered. As to his foreman, Obadiah Cramp, who it is gratifying to think had a severe fit of indigestion, by walking too quickly after the dinner he forgot to pay for, he lived on and on, in the hope of being taken into partnership with Mr. Squirrel; but that hope he never realised. If gin-and-water could bring consolation to his blighted bosom, Mr. Cramp had his reward.

Another person remains whose fortunes must not be forgotten. Acting under the direction of Mr. Raphael, and supplied by him with money for her journey, Smudge proceeded to Plymouth to learn from Mr. Oldstock what was announced as being so "greatly to her advantage." As Mrs. Slyver had anticipated, it did not consist in occidental condiments and live-stock, but on the other hand, her modest supposition of a hundred pounds was far exceeded—the personality of the late Captain Mortimer exceeding five times that amount. Once more, when her succession was realised, did Smudge's daydream gild her imagination; but beyond "what might have been," it never extended, a letter from Lorn, written on the eve of his departure from England, informing her of everything that had happened to himself, and frankly speaking of his future expectations. The letter was very kind—more, it was affectionate, but it wanted that, without which all the rest was, in Smudge's estimation, comparatively cold and poor.

"I suppose," said the poor girl, wiping her eyes, when she had read the letter—"I suppose it can't be. He's a gentleman now, and I'm further off than ever from being of his equal, which I knew I never was. All I 'ope is that *she* may be good enough for him, and that he may be 'appy! Any how, I'll wear this to the day of my death."

"This" was a pretty ornament that accompanied the letter:—a little gold cross, with here and there a small turquoise.

Smudge wore it, indeed, on her wedding-day, which took place two years afterwards, when her hand, her money, and her heart—as much, at least, of the latter as she had to bestow—were given to George Diprose, a good-looking, honest young fellow, a nephew of Mrs. Slyver, to whose business he eventually succeeded.

Owing to a judicious employment of Smudge's capital, and their mutual steady industry, they are fast making a fortune.

It may, hereafter, be divided amongst a numerous tribe, but at present Mrs. Diprose has only one child, a pretty boy, who has several names, and one of them is LORN.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:

OR, CITY LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Third.

TRADESCANT.

I.

MOSS AND LEVY'S.

AT seven o'clock Tradescant and Chatteris were at Moss and Levy's in the Barbican.

Though the office was old and frouzy, a good deal of business of a certain kind was transacted within it. In the ante-room, boxes, apparently containing deeds and papers, were piled up to the very ceiling against the walls, and plans of estates and bills of auctions were stuck against the rails of the desks at which the clerks were seated. In this dirty and imperfectly-lighted ante-room the two young men were detained for a few minutes, much to their disgust. Tradescant had made sure of finding Crutchet there, but the old man had not yet arrived.

At length an inner door was opened by Shadrach, who begged them to step in, adding, as they complied, "All's ready, gentlemen. I've got the money, and the bond is prepared—but where's Mr. Crutchet? We can do nothing without him."

"Oh! he'll be here presently," rejoined Tradescant, with affected indifference, but some internal misgiving.

At an office-table covered with papers, and lighted by a couple of flaring tallow candles, sat a sharp-looking, Jewish-featured man, dressed in black, who rose as the others entered the room, and was introduced by Shadrach as Mr. Moss.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," said the scrivener, motioning them to a chair. "Are we ready, Mr. Shadrach?"

"No, sir," replied the money-lender. "We want Mr. Crutchet."

"I can't think what has detained him," observed Tradescant, with increasing uneasiness. "However, he's sure to come."

"Oh! quite sure," added Chatteris.

Five minutes more elapsed, and still Crutchet did not appear.

Mr. Moss took out his watch—a very handsome Tompion, with

* *All rights reserved.*

a gold chain and large bunch of seals attached to it—and held it to one of the candles.

“Quarter-past seven, gentlemen,” he remarked. “I fear the business must be postponed.”

“I hope not,” cried Tradescant.

At this moment a clerk entered to say there was a person without who brought a message from Mr. Crutchet.

“Show him in!” cried Shadrach, and the next moment Candish made his appearance.

“You here, sir!” exclaimed Shadrach, distrustfully.

“Mr. Crutchet has sent me to make his excuses and express his regrets, sir,” replied Candish, bowing.

“Excuses and regrets!” cried Tradescant, furiously. “I didn’t think him capable of playing me such a shabby trick. He boasts that his word is as good as his bond, and he promised faithfully to be here.”

“Perhaps Mr. Shadrach will take his word instead of his bond,” rejoined Candish, smiling.

“No, that I won’t,” cried the Jew. “But what prevents him from coming? Does he desire to make another appointment?”

“Here is a letter from him, which will explain all,” replied Candish, handing a note to Tradescant.

“Why not give it me at first?” cried the latter, tearing it open. “You shall hear what he says.”

And holding it towards the light, he read as follows:

“HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,—Contrary to my better judgment, I consented this morning to become your security to Samuel Shadrach for the repayment of the sum of 5000*l.*, to be lent you by said Shadrach, and to give him my bond. Reflection has since convinced me that this is a most iniquitous transaction, and that so far from serving you, honoured and dear sir, by enabling you to procure such a loan, I should be doing you a great and permanent injury, and, at the same time, should be wronging my respected employer.”

“Hang him for an old hypocrite!” exclaimed Tradescant. “Why didn’t he think of this before?”

“Proceed, sir,” said Shadrach. “Let’s have the end on’t!”

“The latter part doesn’t seem over-complimentary to you, Mr. Shadrach. However, since you wish it, I’ll go on:

“At the hazard of incurring your displeasure, I must, therefore, decline to have anything to do with the matter. I will neither enter that old extortioner’s den nor have any further communication with him.

“Your faithful, humble servant,
“‘TOBIAS CRUTCHET.’”

“‘Old extortioner’! He calls me an ‘old extortioner,’ Moss,”

cried Shadrach. "That's libellous. I'll bring an action against him."

"I shouldn't be sorry, after his shameful conduct, if he had to pay heavy damages," cried Tradescant. "But can't you dispense with him, Shadrach? If I give you my bond, won't that suffice?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," replied the Jew. "But I'll just say a word to Mr. Moss."

And sitting down by the scrivener, they conferred together for a few minutes in an under tone.

"It's all up," whispered Tradescant to his brother-in-law. "I can tell from Moss's looks what the decision will be."

"I'm afraid you're right," replied Chatteris.

Their apprehensions were justified, for immediately afterwards Moss thus addressed them:

"In the absence of the proposed security, gentlemen, I cannot advise my client to lend the money. The sum is large, and the risk great. Unless you have other security to offer, there must be an end of the transaction."

"I've been put to a vast deal of trouble," grumbled Shadrach, "and apparently to no purpose."

"I'm the person most aggrieved," cried Tradescant. "I can't conceive what has caused Crutchet to change his mind so suddenly."

"But I can," replied Shadrach. "It's your doing, sir," he added to Candish.

"I won't deny it, Mr. Shadrach," returned the other, coolly; "but, so far from being angry, you ought to be very much obliged to me."

"Obliged! for what?—for losing——"

"Cent. per cent. on five thousand pounds—that's what you counted on—but you would never have got it. I would have taken good care of that. Your intended contract, as Mr. Moss very well knows, was unlawful, and would have been utterly void, while you yourself would have forfeited thrice the amount borrowed, a larger sum than you would like to lose, I fancy. Your scrivener himself would not have come off scot-free. In addition to a penalty, he would have got half a year's imprisonment, if he had been brought before the Lord Mayor. Therefore, I repeat, you ought to feel much obliged by my interference."

During this speech Shadrach and Moss exchanged uneasy looks, and the scrivener whispered to his client,

"You had better get rid of the matter. This person is evidently the Lord Mayor's agent."

"You are right, sir," replied Shadrach. "Gentlemen," he added to Tradescant and Chatteris, "I thought I was dealing with men of honour——"

"Why, so you are," cried both young men together. "We have nothing whatever to do with this person."

"I don't doubt it," replied Shadrach; "but sufficient care has not been taken to keep the affair private. Instead of appointing a public place like Moorfields for the negotiation, you should have come to my house. You would then have been safe from spies—yes, spies," he repeated, looking hard at Candish. "As it is, the arrangement was overheard—and you see the result. I'm sorry I can't accommodate you."

"I'm half inclined to cut this meddling old rascal's throat," cried Tradescant.

"Not here, sir, if you please," said Shadrach. "Inflict any punishment you choose upon him in the street, but not here."

"When you learn my reasons for what I've done, you'll be more inclined to thank me than harm me," observed Candish. "I'll wait for you outside. Mr. Shadrach, your servant." And with a polite bow he left the room.

He was followed in a few moments by the two young men, who found him standing in the passage connected with the office.

"I hope you'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said, in an apologetic tone. "I have simply acted under orders. Can I be of any service to you?"

"A cool fellow this, upon my soul," cried Tradescant. "He spoils our game, and then asks if he can serve us. Harkye, sir, can you lend us a few thousand pounds?"

"Thousands are far beyond me, sir," replied Candish; "but if a trifle like twenty guineas would be of any use I can accommodate you."

"Well, that will be better than nothing," rejoined Tradescant. "It will pay our supper at Pontac's, and enable us to try our luck at basset. Let us have the twenty guineas. I'll repay you to-morrow morning—perhaps to-night, if you come to Picard's ordinary, near Queenhithe Dock, before midnight."

"I won't fail to be there," said Candish; "but you can repay me, or not, at your convenience. You will find twenty guineas in this purse," he added, handing it to him. "I wish you good luck, sir."

"Harkye, sir," cried Tradescant. "I should like to have some explanation——"

"As much as you please to-morrow, sir," interrupted Candish. "But not this evening. You will see me at Picard's, where I may, perhaps, be of some further use to you. I think hazard is played there as well as basset?"

"Hazard, passage, inn-and-inn—what you please. And at cards, besides basset, you may play piquet, ombre, English and French ruff, five cards, costly colours, bone-ace, and put."

"Picard's tables are the best in the City," observed Chatteria. "As large sums are staked there as at the Groom Porter's, or Speering's ordinary in Bell-yard."

“So I’ve heard,” replied Candish. “Is there likely to be deep play to-night?”

“There *might* have been,” rejoined Tradescant, significantly. “I wanted to settle accounts with Gleek and Bragge, but that can’t be done now, unless some great stake should turn up at basset.”

“Can you inform me, sir, whether the two individuals you have just mentioned—Messrs. Gleek and Bragge—will be there?” inquired Candish. “I should like to have an opportunity of witnessing their play.”

“Then you may enjoy that pleasure to-night, for they are certain to be at Picard’s. They expect to be paid, I tell you. However, I must find some means of pacifying them.”

“Oh yes, we’ll manage it, never fear,” rejoined Chatteris. “Since nothing else is to be done, let us go at once to Pontac’s. I have asked Sir Theodosius Turnbull to sup there with us.”

“With all my heart,” replied Tradescant.

On this, they got into their respective chairs, bidding the men take them to Abchurch-lane, where the noted coffee-house in question was situated, while Candish returned to the Lord Mayor’s house in Cheapside, where he found Herbert, with whom he concocted a plan to be put into execution that night.

II.

PICARD’S.

PICARD’S ordinary—a notorious gaming-house, where all the rooks and sharpers to be met with in the City flocked to prey upon the dissolute sons of wealthy merchants and traders—stood on the east side of Queenhithe Dock, close to the stairs. It had a large balcony on the first floor, overlooking the river, where it was pleasant to sit in the cool of a summer’s evening, and watch the various barks float by. But it was not to indulge in such harmless recreation as this that the majority of Picard’s customers went thither. Their object was play; and they found what they sought. The house possessed a basset-table with a well supplied bank, and smaller tables for piquet, whist, and ombre. An inner room was reserved for games without the tables, and here could be heard the rattling of dice, the shouts of the casters, the exulting laughter of the winners, or the yells and fearful imprecations of the losers.

It wanted about a quarter to eleven when Candish and Herbert entered this den of iniquity. The old man had again altered his attire, and appeared in black, with a bag-wig and ruffles. Moreover, he had taken the precaution to provide himself with a sword, and Herbert was similarly armed.

The lower room was full of guests, carousing and smoking, but

a glance around it satisfied Candish that those he sought were not there, so he and his companion went up-stairs to the principal play-room, which was of considerable size, and provided with card-tables, and a large oval table, set in the centre of the apartment, covered with green cloth, and designed for basset. A strong light was cast upon the tapis by a lamp furnished with reflectors, placed at either end. The table was large enough to accommodate twenty players, and about half that number were now seated around it. At one side of the room burnt a cheerful fire protected by a wire-guard, and on the other there were three French windows, opening upon the balcony, already described as overlooking the river.

Seated at the table with a pile of rouleaux of gold and a glittering heap of crown-pieces before him, constituting the bank, was the tailleur, or dealer—a young man, rather showily dressed, with a perfectly impassive countenance. No turn of fortune, it was evident, was likely to move him. On his right stood the croupier, likewise a young man, but apparently of a very different temperament from his phlegmatic companion, his eyes being bright and quick, and his features extremely mobile. For the convenience of the punters, a little book containing thirteen cards was placed on the table opposite each chair. Besides those engaged in play, there were several other persons, whose features and manner proclaimed their dissolute character, collected in little knots in different parts of the room. They were betting together, making matches for Epsom and Newmarket, or disputing about the merits of different cock-feeders and trainers. Amongst these groups, the gayest-looking and most noticeable comprised Tradescant and Chatteris, with their fashionable friends, Wilkes, Tom Potter, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Sir William Stanhope. With them also was Sir Theodosius Turnbull, a Leicestershire baronet, who had been a great fox-hunter till he grew too fat and heavy for the saddle. He was now in pretty good cue, having drunk three bottles of the delicious Haut Brion, for which Pontac's was renowned. These personages were talking and betting much in the same style as the rest of the company.

"I'll lay six to four—sixty guineas to forty, if you like," cried Tradescant, "that Drew Barantine's great ginger-hackle beats any cock Tom Trattles can produce."

"Done! guineas," cried Tom Potter. "Tom Trattles is the best cock-master going. When shall the main be fought?"

"This day week," replied Tradescant. "Stay! that won't do. For aught I know that may be my wedding-day."

"So you really are going to marry the hosier's daughter, Lorimer?" said Tom Potter.

"I suppose so," replied Tradescant.

"I don't believe the match will take place," cried Wilkes.

"The girl will jilt you, as she jilted your fire-eating cousin. Come, I'll bet you a hundred the marriage doesn't come off."

"Done!" cried Tradescant, "and I half hope I may be obliged to pay the wager."

"Hal ha! ha!" laughed his companions.

"I'll bet you another hundred, Lorimer, that she marries your cousin," said Tom Potter.

"Take him," whispered Wilkes, "for I mean to cut the impertinent puppy's throat."

"Don't call him my cousin, I beg, Mr. Potter," cried Tradescant, offended.

"Do you mean to run Regulus at Newmarket next spring, Lorimer?" inquired Dashwood.

"Assuredly, and I mean to win the Suffolk stakes."

"I'll take the field against you for fifty," said Dashwood.

"Done!" cried Tradescant.

"Don't back that!" cried Wilkes. "If you marry Alice Walworth you must sell Regulus. I heard old Walworth declare he didn't like gaming and racing—hal ha!"

"That shan't hinder me from making the bet, Dashwood," rejoined Tradescant. "Marry or not, I don't sell Regulus."

"I applaud your resolution, Lorimer," said Stanhope.

"Well, I only wish I had your chance, Lorimer," remarked Wilkes. "Alice Walworth is a devilish fine girl. For her sake, I could be content to dwell in St. Mary-axe, and even turn hosier, if my father-in-law made a point of it."

"No jokes at old Walworth's expense, if you please, Mr. Wilkes," said Tradescant. "He's as rich as a nabob, and means to give his daughter a plum."

"A plum!" exclaimed Wilkes. "Egad, hosiery must be a better business than I thought. But I have no faith in these splendid offers. I'll take odds you don't get ten thousand with her."

"Two to one I do," cried Tradescant.

"Done!" rejoined Wilkes. "If the marriage fails, you pay."

"Pshaw! I'm sure to win. But between ourselves, I would rather have ten thousand without the wife, than a plum with her."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Tom Potter. "That's what I call a frank confession. I hope it won't reach the young lady's ears, or you are likely to get neither one nor the other."

"I'll lay odds the Lord Mayor doesn't consent to the match," said Stanhope.

"What makes you think that?" cried Tradescant, surprised.

"Never mind. Will you bet?"

"No; but I'll take odds I marry her without his lordship's consent."

"Then you won't get the sugar-plum," cried Wilkes. "If she

Lord Mayor runs rusty—as you seem to fear he will—old Walworth will run rusty too, and decline the honour of the alliance. Of course, the girl has nothing of her own, so it would be useless to run away with her. Make sure of your honoured sire, Lorimer, or the thing's up."

"But how the deuce am I to make sure of him?" rejoined Tradescant.

"If you've any misgivings, don't let old Walworth see him till the marriage contract is signed. Sir Felix Bland will manage that for you."

"Seventy to fifty old Walworth finds you out, Lorimer, and turns the tables upon you," said Stanhope.

"Done!—guineas," cried Tradescant. "I'll book all these bets, and then we'll sit down to basset."

The foregoing conversation had been conducted in so loud a key, that the greater part of it reached the ears both of Candish and Herbert, whose presence, however, was unnoticed by the speakers. As Tradescant took his place at the table, Candish stepped quickly forward, and stationed himself behind the young man.

As soon as they were all seated, the punters took up their thirteen cards, and selecting one or more, according to fancy, laid them on the table, placing a couch, or stake, on each.

Taking a pack of cards, the *tailleur* then turned it up so as to display the bottom card, which, in the language of the game, is termed the *fasse*, and which proving to be the eight of diamonds, all the cards of the same suit laid on the table paid to the bank a moiety of the stakes set upon them by the punters.

The *tailleur* next began to deal, calling out, "Ace of hearts wins—five of clubs loses—knave of diamonds wins—seven loses," and so forth—every other card alternately winning and losing until he came to the last, on which, by the rule of the game, although it had been just turned up, and was consequently known by the punters, some of whom had staked upon it, he paid nothing.

The game went on with varying consequences, but, as may be imagined, the greater part of the stakes speedily found their way to the bank. Tradescant had laid three cards on the tapis, putting ten pounds on each, but the money—all he possessed—was swept away before the second pack was dealt out. But the young man could not bear to stop. Yet how go on? He had not even a crown in his pocket. He glanced at Chatteris, but the latter shook his head. In this dilemma, Candish came to his aid, and taking a fifty-pound note from a pocket-book, offered it to him. Tradescant took it without a moment's hesitation, promising to return the amount at once if he was lucky. He was about to get the note changed at the bank, when Candish stopped him, and said, in a whisper, "Put down the whole sum on that ace of hearts, and try for the grand chance."

"I may try," replied Tradescant, laughing, "but I shan't get it. I never saw the sixty-seven won yet."

"Make the attempt now," rejoined Candish.

Tradescant complied, laid the note on the ace, and was shortly afterwards gladdened by the *tailleur's* cry of "Ace wins—tray loses."

"Well begun!" whispered Candish.

"Paroli!" cried Tradescant, bending down a corner of his card.

The *tailleur* dealt on, and the welcome words, "Ace wins," were repeated.

Candish made no remark, but gave the young man an encouraging look.

"Sept et le va!" cried Tradescant, bending down a second corner of his card.

"What are you about?" cried Chatteris. "You've thrown away your second chance—350*l.*"

"Never mind him," urged Candish. "You're in a run of luck."

"On my soul I think so," replied the young man, laughing. "But I owe it to you."

Meanwhile, the *tailleur* dealt on, and once more, to Tradescant's infinite delight, called out, "Ace wins."

"Quinze et le va!" exclaimed Tradescant, turning down the third corner of his card.

"Seven hundred and fifty!—you won't tempt fortune further?" cried Chatteris.

Tradescant paid no attention to the remark. A look from Candish urged him on.

Again the *tailleur* dealt, and again were heard the cheering words, "Ace wins."

"Trente et le va!" exclaimed Tradescant, bending the fourth corner of his card.

"Sixteen hundred and fifty!—you had better take it," cried Chatteris.

The *tailleur* looked at him, something more than ordinary interest appearing on his immovable countenance.

Tradescant seemed undecided. Certain of a large sum, he did not like to lose it. But Candish whispered, "Courage! Push your fortune to its height."

By this time all the interest of the game was centred in Tradescant. His uninterrupted run of luck had surprised all the other players, and they wondered whether the fickle goddess would desert him at the last.

"Will you have your money, Mr. Lorimer?" inquired the *tailleur*.

"No," returned Tradescant. "I'll try the last chance. Soixante et le va!"

The *tailleur* made no remark, but carefully shuffling the cards, began to deal them again, but much more deliberately than before.

"Ten to five—a thousand to five hundred—your card don't turn up," cried Tom Potter.

"Take him," whispered Candish.

"Done!" cried Tradescant. "I'll make the same bet with any one else."

"I take you—I take you," cried Wilkes and Dashwood together.

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the point was decided. The lucky card was again turned up, and Tradescant declared a winner of sixty-seven times the amount of his original stake—or 3350*l.* Besides this, the bets he had won amounted to 3000*l.* more. He could scarcely credit his good fortune.

"I owe all this to you," he said to Candish; "but you must share my winnings."

"You are very generous, sir," replied the old man; "but it must not be. I can only take back the sum I've lent you. But don't trouble yourself about me. Secure your money from the bank."

The caution did not appear altogether needless, for the *tailleur* and *croupier*, looking perfectly confounded by the unexpected stroke of fortune, made no attempt at settlement.

"The money, gentlemen, if you please," said Tradescant.

"You shall have three thousand pounds, Mr. Lorimer," replied the *tailleur*, "and then the bank will be broken. We must owe you the remainder."

"Very good," replied Tradescant. "We are now quits," he added to Wilkes and Dashwood. "As to you, Sir William," he said to Stanhope, "instead of having to pay you four hundred pounds, you will owe me six."

"Exactly, my dear fellow," replied Sir William Stanhope, "and I congratulate you most sincerely on your good luck. Fortune for once has befriended you, but I advise you not to tempt her smiles again."

"You're afraid of me, I see, Sir William," cried Tradescant, intoxicated by his success.

"Count your money, if you please, sir," cried the *croupier*, pushing a roll of bank-notes, a pile of rouleaux, and a heap of crown pieces towards him.

"Shall I help you to count it, Tradescant?" said Chatteris, coming up.

"Ay, do, Tom," replied the young man. "And help yourself at the same time to a thousand. I little thought I should be able to accommodate you."

Chatteris did not manifest any scruples, but counting the bank-notes, and finding they made exactly the sum in question, he put the roll into his pocket.

"What the deuce shall I do with all these crown pieces?" observed Tradescant, laughing.

"I'll tell you what you shall do with them, my dear—you shall give them to me," said Shadrach, stepping forward from a corner where he had remained perdue. "Bless my heart! what luck you've had! I never saw such a thing done before, upon my soul."

"What! is that you, old cent. per cent.?" said Tradescant. "I didn't know you were in the room."

"Oh yes, Mr. Lorimer, I've been here all the time. I've been sitting in yonder corner. I watched the game, my dear, and you played beautifully—beautifully indeed. What luck! bless my heart, what luck—ha! ha! ha! When I saw you win, I said to myself, 'Now's your time, Shadrach. You've only to put Mr. Lorimer in mind of his note, and he'll pay it.'"

"What note? you usurious old rascal! I never gave you any," cried Tradescant.

"True," replied Shadrach, "but you gave a promissory note for two thousand to Messrs. Gleek and Bragge, and they transferred it to me. Here it is. All regular, you see, and the note's due. I wouldn't press for payment, but as you're in cash, it can't be inconvenient."

"Well, I suppose I must pay," rejoined Tradescant. "Take your money," he added, snatching the note, and tearing it in pieces.

"I've a little matter to settle with you, captain," said the Jew, addressing Chatteria.

"With me?" exclaimed the captain, turning pale. "I hope my note for a thousand pounds to Major Pepper hasn't found its way to your hands?"

"Indeed but it has, captain," replied Shadrach. "I won't hurt your feelings by mentioning what I gave for it, but I shall be happy to exchange it for the bank-notes you've just put into your pocket."

"Zounds! won't you allow me a few hours' enjoyment of them, Shadrach? Present the note to-morrow, and I'll honour it."

"No time like the present, captain. To-morrow mightn't be convenient—so, if you please, we'll settle at once."

"Why, you're a footpad, Shadrach—only you use a bill instead of a pistol. Here's the money, and be hanged to you."

And he handed him the notes in exchange for the bill.

As soon as he had counted the money the Jew departed, with an exulting grin upon his sallow features. And the bank being broken, and play consequently at an end, most of the company quitted the room at the same time.

III.

THE ROOKS.

"COME," cried Wilkes, "we've had enough here. I move an adjournment to the Dilettanti Club."

"I'm with you," replied Tom Potter. "Won't you come, too, Lorimer?"

"I'll join you there in an hour," rejoined Tradescant. "I mean to try my luck at hazard. I feel sure of winning."

"You *won't* win if you play with Gleek and Bragge," said Tom Potter; "and I see they've just come in. I've already cautioned you against those two rooks, and I warn you against them once more."

"Oh! I've no reason to doubt them!" exclaimed Tradescant.

As they were talking, the two individuals alluded to by Potter approached. Both were showily dressed in laced coats and flowered silk waistcoats, and wore Ramilies periwigs, deep laced ruffles, and swords with silver hilts. But in spite of their gay attire there was something equivocal in their looks and manner that would not allow them to pass for gentlemen. Gleek was the younger of the two, and had a slight figure and pale features, lit up by quick, restless black eyes, and hands delicately white as those of a woman. Bragge was larger and coarser-looking, with blubber lips, an ace of clubs nose, and a copper colour. They were received with great haughtiness by all the party except Tradescant; and when Gleek addressed Sir William Stanhope, the latter turned contemptuously upon his heel.

"Don't presume to address me, sir," said Tom Potter to Bragge. "I have no acquaintance with you."

The bully was about to make an angry reply, but the resolute expression of the other's countenance checked him.

"If you won't come with us, Lorimer," pursued Potter, "don't neglect my caution." And he glanced so significantly at Bragge, that the latter exclaimed,

"Had that remark any reference to me, sir?"

"Apply it if you please, sir," replied Potter.

And with a contemptuous look he quitted the room with his friends. Captain Chatteris and the fat Leicestershire baronet, however, remained with Tradescant.

"He shall pay for this insolence," cried Bragge. "I'll cane him publicly in the Mall to-morrow."

"Soh, Mr. Lorimer," cried Gleek, "I hear you've had rare luck at basset—broken the bank, eh? You'll empty our pockets next."

"I'll try, gentlemen—I'll try," replied Tradescant. "You've both won a good deal from me. It's only fair I should have my revenge."

"And we won't refuse it you," said Bragge. "Shall we begin with passage?"

"No, let us go at once to hazard," rejoined Tradescant.

"I'm ready," cried Bragge, taking a box from his pocket, and rattling the dice within it.

"No music like this, Mr. Lorimer," cried Gleek, rattling a box in his turn.

"Here, sirrah," cried Tradescant to a drawer, "give me a box and dice, and another for Sir Theodosius."

"Not for me," said the Leicestershire baronet. "I'll look on and bet."

As soon as he was provided with the necessary implements for play, Tradescant proceeded to the table which the rooks had selected for the game. He was followed by Sir Theodosius and Chatteris.

Elated by his previous success, Tradescant made sure of winning, and was all eagerness to commence; and on the onset it seemed as if his expectations were about to be realised, for he made several lucky throws in succession, and won twenty pounds from each of his adversaries.

"Deuce take it! I can't think what ails the dice to-night," cried Gleek. "I've scarcely had a chance yet, and haven't nicked the main once."

"I never threw worse," added Bragge. "All the luck is with Lorimer."

"Don't be daunted, gentlemen," cried Tradescant. "I'll play as long as you please, and for as much as you please. I should like to win a few hundreds from you."

"You shall win thousands if you can, Mr. Lorimer," cried Bragge, putting a hundred pounds on the table. "I'm no flincher."

"Nor I," added Gleek, imitating his colleague's example.

"I'll bet ten guineas on your next cast, Lorimer," said Sir Theodosius.

"I'll take you, sir," replied Bragge.

"So will I," added Gleek, shaking his box. "Seven's the main! —ha! ames-ace!"

"Seven's the main!" cried Bragge, throwing. "Confusion! twelve!"

"Now for it," cried Tradescant, throwing in his turn. "Egad! I've nicked it—eleven." And he swept all the money from the board.

"We each owe you ten guineas," said the two rooks to Sir Theodosius.

"Let it stand, gentlemen," replied the Leicestershire baronet. "I shall go on backing Mr. Lorimer."

For a few minutes longer uninterrupted good luck attended Tradescant. As the stakes were doubled after each successful cast,

there was now a considerable sum on the table. All this time the proceedings of the rooks had been carefully watched by Candish, who, stationed behind Tradescant, perceived that they had dexterously contrived to change their dice.

"Seven's the main," cried Tradescant, "quatre-trey."

"Cinque deuce!" cried Bragge, throwing.

"Six ace!" cried Gleek, following him.

"The chances are equal. Another cast must decide it," cried Tradescant.

"Hold!" exclaimed Candish, "the chances are *not* equal. These dice are loaded," he added, covering those used by Gleek with his hand.

"And so are these," cried Herbert, snatching Bragge's dice from the table.

"How dare you make such a charge against a gentleman, sir?" cried Gleek, vainly attempting to push away Candish's hand.

"I say the dice are loaded," cried Candish, giving them to Tradescant. "Split them, and you will see."

"Fire and fury! No such indignity shall be offered to me," roared Gleek. "I'll have your heart's blood."

"Both dice are filled with quicksilver," cried Herbert, who had shattered them upon the hearth.

"And so are these," cried Tradescant, flinging them at Gleek's head. "You are a cheat and a villain, and your accomplice is no better."

"You now see how you've been imposed upon, sir," said Candish, "and what rogues you've had to deal with."

"I do! I do!" rejoined Tradescant.

"This is a well-contrived trick, but it won't pass," cried Gleek. "We're not to be plundered in this manner with impunity. Give up the money you've robbed us of, or you don't leave this room alive." And he drew his sword.

"What ho! there—without!" shouted Bragge, knocking the floor with a chair.

And in reply to the signal some half a dozen ruffians of willanous mein made their appearance at the doorway.

Sir Theodosius was now seriously alarmed.

"I must have been mad to come here," he cried. "We shall all be murdered. Help! help! watch watch!"

"Hold your tongue, you silly old fool!" cried Bragge. "No harm shall be done you if you behave properly."

But the fat baronet rushed to the window, and tried to get it open. Darting after him, Bragge pulled him forcibly backwards, alarming him dreadfully. His cries brought Herbert to his assistance, who attacked Bragge in his turn. A general scuffle then ensued. Swords were drawn on all sides, and passes exchanged—luckily, without much effect. In the confusion chairs and card-

tables were upset, and the candles and lamps rolled on the ground, burying all in darkness.

If the Leicestershire baronet had been alarmed before it was nothing to his present fright, and it must be owned that his fears were not unwarranted. However, he contrived to get to the window—which, as we have said, opened upon a balcony overlooking the river—and at last, to his great delight, succeeded in unfastening it. This accomplished, he rushed out upon the balcony, and clamoured lustily for help.

IV.

FIRE.

MEANWHILE, the conflict raged in the room, with what result could not be known, all being buried in darkness, and no one could tell whether he was engaged with friend or foe. All at once, above the din of strife, a watchman's rattle was heard, and a similar noise was repeated, proving that the Leicestershire baronet's outcries had given the alarm. At the same time, fresh apprehension was caused by the sudden bursting out of flames at the back of the room. Apparently, one of the lamps which had fallen on the floor before becoming extinguished, had set fire to some curtains, and these now blazed up. At this new danger, the combat instantly ceased; the curtains were torn down, and prompt measures taken to check the progress of the fire. In vain: other combustible materials had caught, and the house being built of timber, now old and dry, it burnt with such rapidity as to threaten its speedy destruction.

The moment the fire broke out, the two rooks, who seemed fully alive to the danger of the situation, beat a hasty retreat, dashed down the staircase, and got out of the house. They were quickly followed by the rest of their associates, and in another moment only Tradescant and Chatteris, with Herbert and Candish, were left in the room.

"We must away too," cried Herbert. "It won't be safe to remain here longer. The fire is gaining rapidly."

"Where's Sir Theodosius?" inquired Tradescant.

"Here," replied the baronet, putting his head, from which the wig was gone, through the window. "Is the fight over?—are the villains gone? Bless my life, what a fire!"

"Yes, yes, you'll be burnt to death if you stay here," cried Candish. "Don't lose a moment, if you value your life. Come along!"

The whole party were then about to hurry down stairs, when they were stopped by a posse of watchmen and constables—mustered some ten or a dozen men—bearing lanterns, and armed with staves and truncheons.

"Here are some of the villains left," cried the foremost watch-

man; "the others have given us the slip, but we'll make sure of these. You are our prisoners, masters. Resistance will be useless, so I advise you not to attempt it. Come along with us quietly to the watch-house in Bread-street. You'll have to give an account of yourselves to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to-morrow morning."

"Sdeath! that mustn't be," exclaimed Tradescant. "Here are five guineas for you, my good fellows. Let us pass."

"Well, come down stairs, and we'll talk about it," rejoined the watchman.

"Don't go with them," whispered Chatteris; "they'll play us some cursed trick. The window's open; it will be easy to drop from the balcony to the ground."

No sooner was the hint given than it was acted on. A rush was made by the party towards the window. Of course the watchmen followed, but they were held in check by Herbert and Tradescant, who opposed them with their drawn swords. As the fire was now burning fiercely, and the watchmen suffered from the heat, they determined to bring the matter to a speedy issue, and dealt some heavy blows against the young men, which the latter with difficulty warded off.

"Make good your retreat," said Herbert to his cousin. "It won't do for you to be captured."

"Yes, go," added Candish; "I'll take your place."

Thus urged, the young man sprang through the window. On gaining the balcony, he found that Chatteris had already disappeared, but Sir Theodosius was still there, clinging desperately to the rails of the balcony, but not daring to let himself drop. Tradescant instantly flew to his assistance, and with the help of Chatteris, who was standing below, managed to effect the stout baronet's safe descent. This accomplished, he himself descended. At the same juncture, a wherry approached the shore, and the liberal fare offered by Tradescant soon induced the two watermen who rowed it to take all three on board.

"Stand out a few yards from shore," said Tradescant; "we must wait for our friends."

"Werry good, your honour," replied one of the watermen, a crafty old fellow; "if you'll only pay us well, we'll do whatsoever you axes."

Accordingly, they pulled out some twenty or thirty yards, and then remained stationary opposite the burning house. But though an anxious look-out was kept, nothing could be seen of Herbert or Candish. Indeed, a loud shout proceeding from the house seemed to proclaim that they had fallen into the hands of the watchmen, while a few minutes afterwards, flames bursting through the windows, made it evident that the room was untenable, or that any rash individuals lingering within it were doomed to destruction. Still, though aware they could render no further

said, the party in the boat tarried to gaze at the blazing building, which now formed a very striking spectacle.

But let us now see what had befallen Herbert and Candish. Endowed with remarkable activity, there is no doubt that, if left to himself, Herbert could easily have escaped from the watch. But he would not leave Candish, and it was while gallantly struggling to rescue the old man, whose sword had been beaten from his grasp, and who was being dragged off by his captors, that he himself was overpowered.

Both their prisoners being thus secured, the watchmen gave the shout heard by those on the water, and then hurried down stairs as expeditiously as they could. It was time. Had they remained another minute, not one of them would have quitted the place alive. The whole of the roof had caught fire, and some of the blazing rafters fell in, filling the room with flame and smoke. By this time a great number of suspicious-looking persons were collected in the narrow street or alley at the back of the ordinary, and it required considerable exertions on the part of the constables and the watch to prevent them from plundering the house under pretence of rendering assistance. All that could be saved was removed from the premises as quickly as possible, and the alley was partially blocked up with goods and furniture.

By this time an engine had been brought from Queenhithe, but owing to the confined situation of the premises great difficulty was experienced in causing it to play upon the burning structure. Another engine, set upon a barge, was also brought on the river side of the house, and this was far more efficient, but the conflagration had now made far too great progress to be checked, and the utmost that could be done was to endeavour to save the adjoining habitations by throwing a constant jet of water upon them.

The spectacle as witnessed by those within the boat, who still remained looking on, was now exceedingly grand. The night being profoundly dark, and perfectly calm, full effect was given to the fire. The habitation, as we have already said, being composed of old and dry timber, was rapidly consumed. The fire burnt with great fierceness, the flames springing to a vast height, illuminating not only the densely-packed intervening buildings in Thames-street, Paul's-chain, and Doctors'-commons, but the massive structure of St. Paul's itself, which was now displayed as clearly as in broad daylight; and casting a stream of radiance across the darkling current. The jagged buildings on the banks of the river looking black and indistinct, had a very picturesque effect. Many other wherries besides that occupied by Tradescant and his friends were there, and others were momentarily arriving, or hastening to the spot. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the Southwark side of the river, facing the conflagration, was crowded with spectators, while London Bridge, and, indeed, every other

place commanding a view, had some occupant. Owing to the crowded state of the street at the rear, and the confusion prevailing in it, the watchmen did not immediately convey their prisoners to the watch-house, but took them to an adjoining tavern, known as the Horse-shoe and Magpie.

V.

AN HOUR'S DURANCE.

HERE they were introduced to a small room adjoining the bar, and a watchman left in charge of them.

"Now make yourselves comfortable, gem'men," said this worthy, setting his lantern on the table. "Call for anything you likes. I'm agreeable. In case you don't know it, I may tell you the Horse-shoe's a famous house for punch, and you'll have plenty of time to drink a bowl, for you'll be here an hour or better, I dare say. There's no liquor allowed in the watch-house."

"I want nothing to drink," cried Herbert, seating himself on one of the rush-bottomed chairs with which the room was furnished.

"Nor I," said Candish. "But order something for yourself, my good fellow," he added, tossing the Charley a crown piece.

"Ah! I see, your honour understands business," the watchman replied, taking the money. And opening the door, he called for a quatern of gin, with a pipe and tobacco, all of which were brought him by a drawer. Thus provided, he sat down, and after sipping the gin, which he pronounced a perfect cordial, proceeded to light his pipe. While doing this, he made another effort to induce his prisoners to follow his example, but without success. Neither, though the watchman himself was disposed to be talkative, did they appear inclined for conversation. So, finding he got no reply to his remarks, the guardian of the night voted his companions dull fellows, and smoked his pipe in silence. Both Herbert and Candish had dropped off into a doze, when they were suddenly roused by a knocking at the door, which had been locked inside by the watchman.

"Open quick!" cried a voice outside. "It's me, Ned Finch. Here's the devil to pay."

"What's the matter?" cried the watchman, getting up and unlocking the door.

"You would soon have found out what's the matter, and to your cost, Corny Cloyde, if I hadn't come to warn you," replied his brother watchman. "The Lord Mayor is coming to see the prisoners."

"The Lord Mayor! impossible, Ned," rejoined Corny.

"You'll find it quite true," said Finch. "His lordship came down to see that due precautions were taken to put out the fire and prevent it from spreading, and while questioning the men as to the cause of the occurrence, heard about the prisoners, and being

informed they had been taken to the Hoss-shoe, said he'd go see 'em. So I ran on to tell you. There!" he added, triumphantly, "you didn't believe me. His lordship's at the door now."

"I'm ready for him," rejoined Corny, thrusting his pipe into his pocket, and hastily hiding the measure of gin and the glass under the table.

This hurried dialogue, as may be supposed, was not lost upon the prisoners, and was satisfactory, inasmuch as it held out a prospect of speedy release. A loud clamour and shuffling of feet now announced that several persons had entered the outer room. Presently the noise ceased, and a voice, easily recognised by both his auditors as that of Sir Gresham Lorimer, was heard inquiring about the prisoners. Then steps approached the door, and in another moment the Lord Mayor was seen standing at it, attended by the host and hostess, both bearing lights. Behind him were a couple of beadles, with a posse of constables and watchmen.

"Here are the prisoners, an please your honourable lordship," said Corny, advancing towards him, and inclining his person. "Both desperate characters—notorious sharpers."

"Sharpers, eh!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor. "I'm glad you've caught them. A stop must be put to these practices. If Picard's ordinary had not been burnt down I would have inflicted upon him the full penalty of two hundred pounds for keeping a gaming-table. But these rogues shall be fined, and give ample securities for their future good conduct. I won't let them loose to prey upon society again."

"Your lordship is quite right," said the landlord. "You can't be too severe upon these cheating gamesters. Picard's ordinary has been a great nuisance to the neighbourhood, and it's a blessing it's burnt down."

"Stand aside and let me look at them," said the Lord Mayor to Corny. "What do I see?" he exclaimed, in the utmost surprise. "You have made some stupid mistake, fellow. I thought you had caught those two sharpers, Gleek and Bragge. These persons are not gamesters."

"Oh yes, begging your honourable lordship's pardon, they are," replied Corny, "arrant gamesters. We took 'em in the fact. Let 'em be searched, and I'll lay my life dice and cards will be found in their pockets."

"Search us," cried Herbert, "and if it should prove as this fellow states, let the severest punishment be inflicted upon us."

"How came you at this gaming-house, for I presume you cannot deny having been there?" asked the Lord Mayor.

"We were both there, but not with the intention of playing," replied Herbert.

"His lordship wouldn't believe that if you were on your oath," cried Corny. "One of their associates won several thousand pounds, and broke the bank."

"Is this correct?" demanded the Lord Mayor.

"The man is right in stating that the bank was broken," replied Herbert.

"By whom?"

"Your lordship must excuse me if I decline to answer the question."

"I can easily find it out for your lordship," cried Corny. "Ned Finch heard the rascal's name. It was something like your lordship's own. Ah! there's Ned himself. Tell his lordship who it was that broke the bank."

"I didn't catch the name," replied Ned, evasively, "but I should know the gentleman again if I clapped eyes upon him. He is a very fine young man."

"We should have captured him if it hadn't been for these two," said Corny. "They kept us at bay with their swords while the others got off."

"No one, I hope, was hurt?" inquired the Lord Mayor, anxiously.

"A few scratches, that was all, my lord. Our opponents got as good as they gave. There was one fat old fellow with them who lost his wig, and got a knock or two. But no one was much hurt."

"That's well," said the Lord Mayor.

"I can prove, my lord, if needful," said Candish, "that I was present with a laudable design, and that this young gentleman merely went with me to enable me to carry it out. He neither played nor intended to play. Our object was to expose the tricks of the two sharpers your lordship has referred to, and in this we completely succeeded. We were fortunately able to open the eyes of one who has for some time been their dupe."

"Your statement carries conviction with it, and I therefore think it needless to pursue the inquiry further," said the Lord Mayor. "You are both discharged, and I am sorry you have been at all detained."

"Oh! that is not of the slightest consequence, my lord," said Candish. "We are too well satisfied with what we have accomplished to heed an hour's detention. But we may congratulate ourselves that your lordship was brought hither by the fire, or we must have passed the night in the watch-house."

"And have been brought before me in the justice court of the Mansion House to-morrow," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "You have had an escape certainly, and I'm exceedingly glad of it. Hark ye, my good fellows," he added to the constables, "those two sharpers, Gleek and Bragge, mustn't be allowed to escape. Ferret them out. I rely on their capture, d'ye hear? Now follow me, gentlemen, and I'll see you safely through the crowd outside."

With this he quitted the house, while Herbert and Candish, acting upon his suggestion, kept close behind him, and, being sur-

rounded by the constables, passed without hindrance or molestation through the noisy mob, and ultimately found their way to the house in Cheapside just as Sir Gresham had entered it.

It was late enough then, being past two o'clock, but Bow Church clock struck four before Tradescant was lighted to his chamber by Tiplady.

VI.

CHAT AT BREAKFAST.

NEXT morning the Lord Mayor, having previously sent Tomline to apprise Millicent and Prue that he would breakfast with them in their own room, made his appearance about nine o'clock, and found all ready for him.

Both girls were dressed with a simplicity that was especially agreeable to Sir Gresham, and he could not help thinking how much better they looked in their plain, neat attire, with their luxuriant tresses free from powder and pomatum, their complexions fresh and clear, and such as Nature had given them, than his eldest daughters in their rich silks and satins, and with their artificially-heightened charms. Their smiling countenances and eyes beaming with pleasure evinced their satisfaction at seeing him.

After an affectionate greeting had passed between them, Millicent said, in tones that bespoke her delight, "Well, this is really very kind of you, papa, to bestow a little of your valuable time upon us. You cannot conceive how pleased we both were to receive your message by Tomline."

"Yes, indeed, uncle," added Prue. "You have made us happy for the day. We did not see you yesterday, and I almost feared we might suffer a similar deprivation to-day."

"Neither would you have seen me, my dear, unless I had come now," rejoined Sir Gresham, smiling, "for my time is so much engrossed by my official duties and by engagements of one kind or another that I have scarcely a moment to myself. A Lord Mayor has so many demands upon him that he has little to bestow on his own family. After eleven o'clock I belong to the public. You must not be surprised, therefore, if I should now and then come and breakfast with you."

"Surprised, papa!" exclaimed Milly. "We shall be enchanted. You cannot come too often—that is, if mamma can spare you."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Sir Gresham, smiling, "I was rather anxious to escape a tête-à-tête with her ladyship."

"Oh! now you are spoiling all, uncle," cried Prue. "You won't allow us to flatter ourselves that you come to see us. However, we'll do our best to be agreeable to you, and hope we may induce you to repeat the visit."

On this they all sat down to the breakfast-table, where the honours were done in a very charming manner by Milly. Tea was

already made, and chocolate—Sir Gresham's customary beverage—was brought in, hot and foaming, by a page. There were pâtés, cold chickens, ham and tongue, and plenty of other good things upon a side-table.

"You know I like a substantial breakfast, Milly," said the Lord Mayor, helping himself to some Yorkshire pie, "and have provided accordingly."

"It is your own breakfast, papa," replied Milly. "On receiving your message, I ordered it to be brought up here. You must not suppose that Prue and I feast in this manner. Very little contents us, I assure you."

"There you're wrong, my dear. Always lay in a good foundation for the day. This is an excellent pie. Can't I prevail upon you to taste it, Prue?"

"No thank you, uncle. I never touch meat in a morning."

"Then you're not the girl I took you for," cried Sir Gresham. "You must improve your habits, and follow my example. You prefer cakes, sweetmeats, honey, marmalade, and all such trash, I suppose, to good, solid, wholesome food. Milly is just as absurd. She eats nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Oh! don't say so, papa. I'm sure I've an excellent appetite. Mamma often says I eat too much."

"Does she?" cried Sir Gresham. "Then she doesn't apply the same rule to herself, that's all I can say. If she had tasted this pie, for instance, she would most assuredly have come again—and quite right too. Speaking of your aunt, Prue—have you seen much of her since your stay here?"

"Not a great deal, uncle," she replied. "Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris were here yesterday, and I fancy they have no great affection for me."

"I fear not," said Sir Gresham; "but never mind."

"Yes, I told Prue not to mind," said Milly. "It's my sisters' way. They are often very cold and haughty to me, but I'm used to it, and don't heed it."

"Well, Milly and I must try to make amends for the sorry treatment you experience from the others," said Sir Gresham. "We shall remove to the Mansion House in a day or so, and then you can either stay here with Herbert, or go with us, as you like best."

"Oh, Prue will go with us, I'm sure," cried Milly. "I can't spare her."

"If my aunt wouldn't think me in the way, I should like of all things to stay at the Mansion House," said Prue. "It's quite a palace, I'm told—much finer than Guildhall."

"Quite a different thing, child. The one is an ancient edifice; the other modern. The Mansion House has only just been built—that is to say, it was finished eight years ago. But it is very magnificent, no doubt, and you'll be lodged like a princess while you stay there."

"Then you are resolved to take me, uncle—but if my aunt should say no?"

"The Lord Mayor is omnipotent in the City, my dear. What he wills is law."

"Very well, uncle, you shan't find me rebellious or contumacious. What you tell me to do I shall do."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do, my dear. You must see her ladyship's milliner, Mrs. Grogam, to-day, and direct her to make you a set of dresses suitable to the Mansion House entertainments—similar to those she is making for Milly."

"Oh, you are much too good, uncle."

"Then you must have shoes, gloves, hats, fans, ornaments, trinkets—all that a fine lady can require—all that my niece should wear. Milly will tell you what you want."

"I scarcely know myself, papa. But I dare say we shall easily find out."

"All I desire is that you should be fully equipped, and without loss of time," said Sir Gresham. "So see to it, girl, see to it. If there should be any mistake, Milly must bear the blame."

"I, papa—why so?"

"Because I expect you to see my directions implicitly fulfilled. I don't require you to look after Herbert——"

"Oh no, papa, I should hope not."

"But you must see him handsomely dressed. I don't want him, though, to become a fop, like Tradescant."

"Hadn't you better send your own tailor to him, papa?"

"I mean to do so. But you must give him the advantage of your taste."

"My opinion is worth nothing," said Prue; "but it seems to me that my cousin, Tradescant, dresses with much elegance."

"Pshaw!—a puppy—a coxcomb, who thinks of nothing but adorning his person, and spending his time in frivolous amusements. I am wofully disappointed in my son, niece. I looked for something better, after all that has been done for him."

"You must make some allowances for Tradescant, uncle. He has been exposed to a great many temptations, and it is not surprising if he should have yielded to some of them."

"A great deal a girl like you, Prue, brought up in the country, can know about it," rejoined the Lord Mayor. "Tradescant's conduct is not to be defended. What new whim do you think he has got in his foolish head? Nay, you'll never guess, so I may as well tell you. He wants to get married."

"Married!" exclaimed both girls together.

"And you'll be still more surprised when you learn who is the object of his choice."

"I hope she is some one whom you can approve, uncle," rejoined Prue, turning pale.

"Hum! not altogether. The girl is pretty, but coquettish and

frivolous, and not the sort of person I should have desired for my son's wife. However, you have seen her, and can judge. She was at Guildhall the other night, and danced with Herbert."

"Herbert only danced with Alice Walworth—he told us so himself," said Milly. "She can't be the person."

"Why, she disappeared from the ball, as we were told, in a very mysterious manner," cried Prue. "It can't possibly be Alice."

"You are both wrong, for Alice it is," replied Sir Gresham. "As to the disappearance, it turns out to have been a mere trick played upon Herbert by Tradescant, to which the girl must have been a party, but she never left the Hall. However, it was a very silly proceeding, and reflects little credit upon either of them. In my opinion, Herbert has been very badly used, for certainly the girl seemed much pleased with him."

"As was natural, after the great service he had rendered her," cried Milly. "I cannot understand how she can have changed so suddenly."

"She is a coquette, and has no real regard for either," replied the Lord Mayor. "Herbert pleased her well enough till Tradescant presented himself, when, dazzled by the false glitter of the latter, she at once gave him the preference. This is your hopeful cousin's present plan of reform, Prue. What think you of it?"

"I trust it may conduce to his happiness," she rejoined; "but I don't think she is good enough for him."

"There I differ with you, niece. I think her a great deal too good to be thrown away on such a worthless fellow."

"Oh! uncle, I'm sorry to hear you speak thus disparagingly of your son. It is not like you to be uncharitable and unforgiving."

"I hope I am neither, niece; and if I perceive any signs of amendment in Tradescant, I shall be the first to hail them, but I discern none as yet."

"Then you don't think this marriage will accomplish much?"

"I have no great hopes of it, I confess."

"Then why allow it to take place, uncle?"

"I may have little to do with it. Tradescant is very wilful, and may set my authority at defiance."

"I cannot believe this of him," said Prue.

"Well, time will show," replied the Lord Mayor.

At this moment Tomline entered the room, and said, "Sir Felix Bland and Mr. Walworth are below, and desire to see your lordship."

"Say I'll wait upon them immediately," replied Sir Gresham. "I suppose you can guess Mr. Walworth's errand?" he added, as soon as the man was gone. "He has come to talk over the marriage."

"I shall be very anxious to hear the result of the interview," said Milly.

"You'll hear something that will surprise you in the course of the morning. Good-by to you both!" said her father, quitting the room.

"Oh, Milly!" exclaimed Prue, as soon as they were alone together—"oh, Milly!" she sobbed, giving way to the emotion with which she had been struggling, and bursting into tears, "I can't bear the thoughts of this marriage. I hope it won't take place. And yet what business have I to wish so? Tradescant has probably never given a thought to me, and never might have done. Alice is very pretty—and may bring him a large dowry—and they may be very happy together—but I d-o-o-n't—th-th-ink—they will."

"I hope they mayn't have the chance," replied Milly; "but we must wait papa's decision—though, after all, Tradescant mayn't choose to be guided by it. Cheer up, dear Prue. Our dreams may yet be realised."

"Mine have been very foolish," replied Prue; "but they are over now."

VII.

HOW THE MATRIMONIAL PROJECT CAME TO AN END.

THE Lord Mayor found both the gentlemen who had been announced to him, in the drawing-room, and after shaking hands with them very heartily, expressing his pleasure at seeing them, and offering them chairs, begged to know the object of their visit, looking at Mr. Walworth as he made the inquiry.

The old hosier, who was dressed in his best, and wore a well-powdered bob-major and a fine muslin cravat, was visibly embarrassed, and after making an ineffectual attempt to open the business, and getting very red in the face, applied to the little alderman.

"Do me the favour to explain the matter to his lordship, Sir Felix," he said. "I can't get on at all."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, my dear Mr. Walworth," replied Sir Felix. Then rising, and bowing to the Lord Mayor, he thus addressed him: "It is my happy privilege to communicate to your lordship—though, possibly, you may be already aware of the fact—that your son, Mr. Tradescant Lorimer, captivated, as well he might be, by the charms of my friend Mr. Walworth's lovely daughter—an only child, allow me to observe—and considering her in all respects, personally, mentally, and pecuniarily, calculated to make him happy—persuading himself also, and not improperly, as the event showed, that he had succeeded in gaining the affections of the beautiful Alice, made her an offer of his hand. Coming from a person of Mr. Lorimer's figure and breeding—of so much promise and of such brilliant prospects—the only son of a distinguished and wealthy father—in a word, coming

from *your* son, Sir Gresham, the offer could not be otherwise than gratifying to Mr. Walworth. And so that gentleman felt it. In a manner which did credit to his judgment and feelings, he at once evinced his high sense of the value of the connexion by volunteering to give his daughter a magnificent dowry—a dowry which a nobleman would not despise. I have only to add that my good friend, Mr. Walworth, entertaining the profoundest respect for your lordship, and finding you had not been consulted on the point, would allow no engagement to be entered into till your sanction should be obtained; and it is with the view of ascertaining your lordship's feelings on the subject that he has sought the present interview. Permit me to add, on my own part, that I cannot conceive a couple better suited to each other than these two amiable young persons, alike graced by nature, alike rich in all the ingredients essential to conjugal felicity, and alike fortunate in the possession of parents opulent and liberal. No difficulties, as it seems to me, can exist in the way of a union so desirable on both sides, and it will always be satisfactory to me to reflect that I have been instrumental—in however slight a degree—in bringing it about.”

“I'm a man of few words, Sir Gresham,” said Mr. Walworth, as the little alderman sat down, evidently very well satisfied with his florid oration, “and cannot express myself in such eloquent terms as those employed by my good friend, Sir Felix. But I will try to speak to the point. I have had no hand in this matrimonial scheme, my lord, neither has my wife. The thing has come about quite suddenly and unexpectedly. The young folks settled it between 'em—apparently without much ado—and then came to me. Well, it would be useless to deny that the match was agreeable to me, so I at once consented—on the understanding, however, that there should be no positive engagement till your lordship had been consulted; and that's what I came about this morning.”

“You have acted in a very straightforward manner, Mr. Walworth,” rejoined Sir Gresham, “and I am greatly beholden to you.”

“And now a word as to my daughter's fortune, my lord. Sir Felix has been pleased to assert that I mean to give her a magnificent dowry. That's saying too much.”

“Excuse me, my dear sir, I don't think so,” interposed the little alderman, “neither, I am convinced, will the Lord Mayor think so, when acquainted with the amount.”

“If Alice marries with my consent and approval, as she will if she marries your son, my lord,” said Walworth, “I mean to give her a plum.”

“There!—was I wrong, my lord!” cried Sir Felix. “Isn't that magnificent? Your son has got a prize such as falls to the lot of few—a lovely girl with a hundred thousand pounds. Egad! it's very well some of those gay young fortune-hunters didn't know

this t'other night, Mr. Walworth, or Alice might have been run away with in right earnest."

"If she *had* run away, the rascal who induced her to take such an imprudent step would have profited little by it, Sir Felix. He should never have had a shilling from me. I hate a fortune-hunter."

"Agreed, my dear Mr. Walworth. If there's one character more odious and contemptible than another, it is a fortune-hunter."

"Yes, it's very bad; but when the fortune-hunter is a rake and a gambler into the bargain, as is not unfrequently the case, he's a far worse character."

"Far worse, sir, I agree with you," said the Lord Mayor.

"But we mustn't stigmatise all young men of ton as rakes and gamblers because they play a little now and then, and divert themselves at Ranelagh and the masquerades," said Sir Felix.

"Nobody thinks the worse of them for doing so."

"But I do," replied Walworth, stoutly. "I object to a rake or a gambler, and I won't have such a one for a son-in-law. I feel safe with Mr. Tradescant Lorimer, assured that with such an example before his eyes as is offered by his respected father, he cannot fail to be steady."

"An old fool!" mentally ejaculated Sir Felix, laughing in his sleeve. "'Twould be a pity to undeceive him."

"Sir Felix, will you allow me a word with Mr. Walworth?" said Sir Gresham.

"I don't like leaving them together," thought Sir Felix, alarmed at the Lord Mayor's manner. "But there's no help for it. I must go. Certainly, my lord—certainly," he added, aloud. Then whispering, "Of course your lordship will close with him. Capital match for Tradescant. A plum isn't to be picked up every day, even in the City—ha! ha!" And bowing to both gentlemen, he retired to the farther end of the room.

"Mr. Walworth," said Sir Gresham, in a calm and serious tone, "before proceeding further, it will be necessary that we should come to a clear understanding. I share in the opinions you have expressed as to the character and qualifications of the person to whom you may be disposed to give your daughter in marriage. Let me ask you, sir, whether you know much of my son, and whether—judging from what you do know—you think he comes up to your standard?"

"Since you put it to me so directly, Sir Gresham," replied Walworth, "I must own that I know little of him save by report, and that is highly favourable. But, indeed, I have not deemed it necessary to make any inquiries, as I feel perfectly satisfied that, with such model before him, the young gentleman could not go far wrong."

"I am obliged by your good opinion, sir. But in a matter of so much importance as your daughter's happiness, it is your bounden

duty—excuse me for saying so—to make careful inquiries, and till this has been done, a meeting like the present is premature.”

“But I repeat, Sir Gresham, that I am perfectly satisfied, and should consider it an insult to you to make any inquiries about your son.”

“If you had done so, sir, you would have spared me much pain. You now compel me, very reluctantly, to give you information which you ought to have obtained elsewhere.”

“How, Sir Gresham?” cried Walworth, looking very much perplexed.

“In no transaction in life, Mr. Walworth, have I intentionally deceived any one with whom I have had dealings, and I shall not begin now. Whatever pain it costs me to make the avowal, I shall not hesitate. You say you object to a rake and a gambler. I grieve to say, sir, my son is both.”

“You amaze me, Sir Gresham!” cried Walworth, petrified. “Had I heard this from any other lips than your own, I should not have believed it.”

“I would rather you had learnt it from others than from me, sir, but, as an honest man, I am bound to speak truth, even to my own detriment. What is more, Mr. Walworth, I fear my son cannot escape the imputation of being mercenary in his proposal; for, unless I am much mistaken, your daughter’s expected fortune, rather than her beauty and merits, constitutes her chief attraction with him.”

“Oh dear! oh dear!” groaned Walworth. “One should never judge by appearances. But perhaps I spoke rather too strongly just now. I could never have supposed——”

“Make no apologies, my dear Mr. Walworth. What you said was perfectly right and proper, and showed you have your daughter’s happiness and welfare really at heart. My own experience convinces me that the utmost caution ought to be exercised in the choice of a son-in-law, and that it is better—far better—a girl should remain single all her days than marry a man of indifferent character.”

“No doubt of it, Sir Gresham,” responded Walworth, dolefully. “But I fear I shan’t get Alice and her mother to agree with me. I needn’t say it would have been a pride and a pleasure to me to be connected with you, but after what you have said, the engagement cannot take place.”

“I don’t think either party will suffer much, sir,” rejoined the Lord Mayor. “They have not had time to form a strong attachment to each other. It must have been mere caprice on your daughter’s part, and I have told you frankly what I believe to have been my son’s motives in making the proposal. If the circumstances had been different, and I had approved of the match, I should have required that the young people should know more of each other before an engagement was entered into.”

"Your lordship is quite right," said Walworth; "the matter has been arranged without due consideration, and is very properly brought to an end. I much regret that I have inadvertently caused you pain; but I can assure you that the respect I have hitherto entertained for you will not be diminished by this interview."

"Ahem!" coughed Sir Felix, from the other end of the room. "All settled, eh?"

"All settled," replied the Lord Mayor.

"Delighted to hear it," cried the little alderman, hurrying towards them. "But how's this? You both look very grave."

"The negotiation is at an end," replied the Lord Mayor.

"At an end!" exclaimed Sir Felix, starting back in dismay. "Bless me! I hope not. But what has occurred to interrupt so desirable an arrangement? Can't it be set right?"

"I fear not," replied the Lord Mayor. "Mr. Walworth has thought better of his proposition."

"Not retreated from his offer, surely?" cried Sir Felix. "As a man of his word, he can't do that. No! no! we must have the plum."

The old hosier winked at the Lord Mayor.

"I've changed my mind, Sir Felix," he observed. "It shan't be said that Alice was married merely for her money."

"But, my dear sir, it's too late to change your mind. You must abide by your offer."

"If Mr. Tradescant Lorimer really loves my daughter, he'll take her without a fortune," observed Walworth; "I won't hold out a bribe."

"Oh! that's it, eh?" thought Sir Felix—"he has got alarmed. No one can be more disinterested than Tradescant; but after your promise, he will naturally expect——"

"I can't help what he expects," interrupted Walworth. "I don't mean to give it."

Just as the words were uttered the door was opened, and the young gentleman in question burst into the room.

"Ah! here he comes," cried Sir Felix. "We shall see what he says to the change."

"I'll put him to the proof by carrying on the deception a little longer," muttered Walworth.

"Good morning, Mr. Walworth," said Tradescant. "I heard you were here, and came down as quickly as I could to see you. All satisfactorily arranged, I trust?"

"Not quite, sir," replied the old hosier.

"There's a slight hitch, I am sorry to say," remarked Sir Felix, "owing to Mr. Walworth's declining to give his daughter the fortune he promised her."

"Is it possible?" cried Tradescant.

"Perfectly true," replied Walworth. "My daughter shan't be a catch for a fortune-hunter."

"A fortune-hunter, Mr. Walworth! I cannot allow such an injurious term to be applied to me. My attachment to Alice is purely disinterested——"

"I said so—I said so," interrupted Sir Felix—"purely disinterested."

"Then it cannot matter that I have seen fit to withdraw my offer."

"Pardon me; sir, but it *does* matter," cried Tradescant. "You won't, I am sure, behave so unhandsomely."

"Unhandsome or not, I've made up my mind not to give her a fortune," rejoined Walworth. "But if you regard Alice merely for herself, and not for what she is to bring you, that won't signify."

"But it *does* signify most materially, Mr. Walworth," exclaimed Tradescant, angrily. "Allow me to observe, that I consider this very extraordinary conduct on your part, sir. If you have made up your mind not to give Alice a fortune, I have made up mine not to marry her without one."

"I suspected as much," said Walworth. "Very disinterested affection indeed!"

"You must be labouring under a most singular delusion, Mr. Walworth," pursued Tradescant, "if you can for an instant suppose that a person of my figure and pretensions would throw himself away upon any woman."

"D'ye hear that, Mr. Walworth?" observed Sir Felix. "If you want such a son-in-law as Mr. Lorimer, you must pay for him."

"So it seems," rejoined the old hosier.

"Your daughter's a very charming girl, and might tempt me to commit a folly, but I can't afford to marry for love," said Tradescant. "I've a few debts, which the plum you were good enough to promise me would enable me to discharge."

"Faith, the son's as frank in his own way as the father," thought Walworth.

"What says Sir Gresham?" inquired Sir Felix. "We have not had his opinion."

"I think Mr. Walworth quite right," he replied. "I should give nothing were I in his place, and therefore I can ask him for nothing."

Here the door was thrown open by a couple of lacqueys in state liveries to admit the Lady Mayoress and a party with her. Her ladyship, who was very richly dressed, and looked all smiles and affability, was accompanied by Mrs. Walworth, to whom she was evidently playing the agreeable. Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris followed with Alice, the young lady looking enchanted by the extraordinary attentions lavished upon her.

VIII.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

MANY circumstances conspired to make Lady Lorimer desirous that her son should marry. If he could find a wife with rank as well as money so much the better—but money was indispensable. In Alice's case one was provided to his hand, who, though she might lack some things, had the grand requisite.

On the previous evening, after their promenade in the City Mall, Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris had proceeded at once to Cheapside to convey to their mother the surprising intelligence that Tradescant had made a proposal of marriage to Alice Walworth, and that the young lady's father had promised to give her a plum. The latter announcement dispelled any objections that Lady Lorimer might have raised to the match. Hitherto, the Walworths had appeared in her eyes low and vulgar people, with whom it was scarcely possible to associate. Now she began to see merits in them which she could not discern before. Old Walworth was stupid and had a bad manner, but then he was a nonentity, and his wife was rather an agreeable woman. If they proved objectionable, it would be easy to drop them, after the marriage. Alice was decidedly pretty, and, as Mrs. Tradescant Lorimer, would no doubt be greatly admired. Clearly, she was a prize that must not be allowed to slip through her son's fingers. Thus Lady Lorimer argued, and her daughters entirely agreed with her in opinion.

"You must carry this marriage through, mamma," observed Lady Dawes. "It is of the last importance to Tradescant."

"I see its importance as well as you, dearest Livy," replied the Lady Mayoress; "and it shan't fall through if I can prevent it. I dare say we shall have some difficulty with your papa—but so we had about your own marriage with Sir John Dawes—yet I managed *that*."

"Heigho!" exclaimed Lady Dawes.

"Wherefore that sigh?" inquired her mother. "Surely you don't regret that splendid match."

"Oh no, mamma; though perhaps I might have been happier if—however, we won't talk of that. Let us keep to Tradescant's affair. Mr. Walworth is coming here to-morrow morning to see papa before he goes to the Mansion House, and talk the matter over, and I have begged Mrs. Walworth and Alice to come too, promising to meet them. I needn't ask you to give them a gracious reception."

"They shall have nothing to complain of—but I'm glad you prepared me," replied the Lady Mayoress. "To-morrow the engagement must be concluded. But I won't say a word about it in the interim to Sir Gresham. He's so angry at present with Tradescant that he won't listen to reason. But this marriage will set all right."

"I fear nothing will be done for my poor Tom," observed Mrs. Chatteris, with a sigh.

"We must get this important matter settled first, and then we'll think of Tom," replied her mother.

On the following morning, as agreed, Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris came betimes to meet Alice and her mother, and shortly afterwards the expected guests arrived.

While Mr. Walworth and Sir Felix were shown into the drawing-room, Mrs. Walworth and her daughter were ushered into Lady Lorimer's boudoir, where all three ladies were waiting to receive them, and where a very sentimental scene was enacted. On Alice's appearance, Lady Lorimer hurried towards her, clasped her to her bosom with effusion, shed tears over her, and called her her daughter.

Lady Dawes and Mrs. Chatteris were equally profuse in their manifestations of affection. Assuring Alice with apparent sincerity that they should be delighted to have her for a sister, they declared that Tradescant's choice could have fallen on no one more agreeable to them than herself.

To Mrs. Walworth all three were exceedingly courteous, and though she was a little awed at first, they soon set her completely at her ease. Mrs. Walworth, who had heard the Lady Mayoress and her married daughters described as exceedingly haughty, thought they had been entirely misrepresented, and that they were the most amiable, unassuming people imaginable. In short, the interview was perfectly satisfactory. Alice and her mother were pleased; and Lady Lorimer and her daughters were pleased—because their object was accomplished.

After a while the Lady Mayoress proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room, to see whether the gentlemen had concluded the arrangement, and accordingly they all proceeded thither.

ALL SAINTS' EVE.

VIVIA PERPETUA, 7TH MARCH.—ST. DOROTHEA, 6TH FEBRUARY.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

THE fallen foliage fled in rustling crowds,
When the north wind drave slowly through the sky
Silver-edged continents of purple clouds,
And the horn'd moon rode high.

The earth was hoar with frost, on ev'ry tree
Hung glistening draperies, and crystals rare,
A bridal dress of ghostly purity
That martyr-maid might wear!

In frozen furrows future harvests slept,
That bloom not, nor bear fruit, unless they die;
In nature's trance of death-like rest we kept
The saints in memory!

Visions thronged on us of the holy dead,
Who served their God in each succeeding age,
In homes obscure, on torture's fiery bed,
The simple and the sage.

A pomp of honored men, and women fair,
 And learned fathers, and a countless train
 Of nameless ones, who humbly cast their care
 On Jesus, not in vain!

Related by imperishable ties
 Are they who rest upon redeeming love,
 Throughout the universe, beneath these skies,
 In the wide worlds above.

My soul rose up the martyr-crowd to meet,
 And fairest 'mid the foremost she who came
 Crowned with pale primroses, and violets sweet,
 And almond buds-like flame.

"Among the gusty days of March," she cried,
 "Your church remembers me, when spring is young,
 The passive prey of savage beasts I died,
 On the arena flung.

"My sire and lover pleaded at my knees,
 A first-born child fed smiling at my breast,
 I left the arms of love, the lap of ease,
 Christ on the Cross confess'd!

"And from my sobbing heart my spirit went,
 A flame, all tremulous, in search of bliss
 Eternal—though my tender innocent
 Was lifted to my kiss.

"Studded and starred with cruel hungry eyes,
 From capital to base, around me stood
 The theatre at Carthage, wild their cries
 Who thirsted for my blood!

"I knew no terror, and I felt no pain,
 I rose and gathered up my scattered hair,
 And turned to front the horned* death again,
 My Master's witness there!

"The Lord had touched mine eyes, and space was rife
 With forms angelic, shapes to men unknown,
 Chariots and horses, all the radiant life
 Encircling Heav'n's high throne.

"Above me, and beneath me, and around,
 The wings of everlasting Mercy spread,
 Through that pavilion, o'er time's fatal bound,
 Not 'darkly' light was shed!

"I pitied those who jeered me, they who wept,
 As in the footsteps of my Lord I trod;
 Warmth in my hands the helpless mourners kept,
 When I was safe with God!

"Mortal, the love that lags beside the grave;
 Mortal, the hopes that pale or perish there;
 Of many friends, but One is strong to save,
 Who hears th' unuttered prayer;
 With souls dismantled, on the lethal wave,
 One, only One, will dare;
 Of all life's wealth, only the pearl He gave
 From those dark shores we bear."²

* *Viola Perpetua* was exposed to a wild cow.

SAINT DOROTHEA, 6TH FEBRUARY.

Not the pale flowering dark-leaved hellebore,
Nor snowdrop pure, nor yellow aconite,
But apple-bloom and fruit the maiden wore,
And roses red and white.

"Where souls redeemed their glad Redeemer meet,
'Mid men who daily die on earth below,
Me, by these never-fading tokens sweet,
The saved and suffering know!

"I died in Cappadocia, where the shade
Of Mount Argæus towers o'er gardens wide,
When low the branching pines with snow were weighed
On Taurus' woody side.

"Blackened by fire, and quivering 'neath the knife,
As I was led a cripple scorched to die,
One of my Saviour's foes, who sought my life,
Hailed me with mocking cry:

"'Maiden,' he said, 'when toying with thy spouse
In Paradise, to-night, remember me;
Apples and roses send me from the boughs
Of some celestial tree.'

"Then fired the spirit in my mangled frame,
In agony of fervent prayer I cried,
'Oh! witness for the honour of thy name,
Sweet Christ! when I have died.'

"I turned me to my challenger and said,
'Apples and roses shall be thine to-night
That grew in Paradise, while o'er thy head
The frosty heavens burnt white.'

"My Bridegroom heard my promise, and bestowed
These fruits and flowers by cherub hands on me,
An anodyne with their aroma flowed
Through nerve and artery:

"Feeding my spirit with the balms of spring,
I broke from prison like the leaf or fly,
When I could die no more, the child took wing,
To keep my promise high!

"No door for him was opened, on the walls
No curtain rustled; as the growing light
Of rosy morning, stilly, slowly falls
Through the dusk veil of night

"Came that brave cherub, earnest and grave-eyed,
Bearing these blooming tokens to my foe,
Who, feasting with his compeers dared deride
Him it is life to know!

"Then burst, through poisonous hate and fiery scorn,
The buds of faith, the stem of holy fear,
The scoffer was a babe in Christ new-born
At cockcrow shrill and clear!"

Like burning lamps that petals white enwreath,
Passed the fair martyrs, scattering flakes of light,
Till bloomed, like autumn crocus flowers, beneath
The purple plains of night.

THE WORLD'S MAY MEETING.

ALTHOUGH the daily and weekly press has done its best to spread to the farthest ends of civilisation the rise and progress of the International Exhibition, I have ventured to set down in this article some account of my eight weeks' experience of the building and its contents, and lay before my readers the results at which I have arrived during my peregrinations under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

To begin with the beginning. There was the wonderful building, whose growth and progress her Majesty's commissioners were most anxious that I should duly report. Daily was I buried beneath tons weight of brick statistics, or enclosed in a very forcing-house of glass. I was bidden to bear in mind, or my memory was refreshed by neatly-written statements, that so and so many thousand hundred-weights of iron had been converted into girders and pillars, and that such or such a thing was the finest specimen of casting ever produced. But, for all that, I fancy that her Majesty's commissioners regarded me and my fellows as nuisances, and would have liked to elect a Persigny from among their midst. It was all plain sailing so long as I exhausted panegyrics. If I adhered to the notion that Captain Fowke was a brick-and-mortar Sir J. Paxton, and that the commissioners displayed a true æsthetic taste, I might walk about unmolested, it is true, and be made a medium for the conveyance of tid-bits of information to the editorial sanctum. But when the building gradually assumed its definitive proportions, and my fellows and myself began to protest against this huge nightmare, and the general public joined in the outcry, then, her Majesty's commissioners, unable to distinguish between cause and effect, hit on the idea that "we" had inoculated the public with this erroneous notion, and they wished for a Persigny more than ever.

Everybody has, of course, read my description of a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, so I may safely come down to the day prior to the opening, which was the most enjoyable of all. A select few were invited to hear the rehearsal of the music, and the aristocracy assembled in large force. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge occupied a front seat with the princess, and the most courtly of baronets appointed himself master of the ceremonies. Stationing himself on the right of the august bench, he undertook the duty of collaring every person who tried to pass in front. There were many verbal passages of arms in consequence, and the Royal Duchess seemed the most amused of the party. But, alas for the worthy baronet! scarce had the orchestra assembled, ere a sturdy body of workmen marched upon the eastern dais and fairly overflowed it. They noiselessly but resolutely occupied every coign of vantage, and the poor baronet was in despair. If he pulled Tim back by the jacket, Mike took his place with a stolid good-humoured look, which defied the most energetic remonstrances. In a word, they meant to hear the music, and did so to their perfect satisfaction; and it was but fair, after all, for her Majesty's commissioners, for some inscrutable purpose, shut up all the refreshment-rooms during the rehearsal, and the workmen, unable to drink, naturally proceeded where there was something to be seen. I

may add that, on the opening day, they took panes of glass out of the dome from the outside and heard the music over again.

Of the magnificent performance I will say nothing, except that it was even better than on the next day, and it was possible to hear it without squeezing or being squeezed. Being a practical philosopher in a small way, myself, I enjoyed the sight of M. Costa gliding about among the aristocracy and collecting his tribute of applause. At one moment he had the ineffable happiness of shaking hands with Earl Granville; at another, jolly Lord Palmerston gave him a good-humoured smile, and that inimitable wag of the head so peculiarly his own; but M. Costa's beatitude attained its culminating point when H.R.H. looked down upon him and shook his mighty beard, as he laughed at some joke of his own. As for Lord P., he was the Flexmore of the company, and I could not help thinking every moment that he must burst forth into the "Here we are again!" I certainly pitied M. Costa's feelings when Saindon and Sterndale Bennett were greeted with tremendous applause, in which the workmen, knowing nothing of the affair, but delighted at an excuse for a row, vociferously joined.

I must do the commissioners the justice of saying that they worked with a hundred head-and-arm power, from the three o'clock of the Wednesday, when I quitted the building, up to eleven o'clock the next morning. For my own part, I do not exactly understand why they get behindhand, or, at any rate, why things were in such a muddle upon the opening day. Guests were invited to sit in certain blocks, but the blocks were not marked, while tickets were issued for blocks which had no existence. The building, on May 1, was entirely handed over to the police, and they carried out their duties in their own pleasing way. Above all, they had a special spite against the Press, which I hope was not inspired from higher quarters. Prowling about, I found a blue-ribboned gentleman, who most urbanely conveyed me to a seat in the gallery, overlooking the orchestra. But I was not singular in my sufferings: the wife and daughters of one of our highest ministers drifted into seats exactly behind me, where they remained till they were rescued by Sir R. Mayne and a noble duke, and taken to their proper seats on the dais. Another regulation was that no one in *maut* was permitted on the dais, and several noble lords found their way up to my gallery. It was highly amusing to hear their objurgations at a later part of the ceremony, when black-coated M.P.s forced their way on to the dais. Still, I am happy to say that not one of their lordships threatened to write to the *Times*. One elderly and sub-acid peer murmured in his ample cravat something about breach of privilege, but that was all.

The Olympian serenity with which the Japanese ambassadors made their way through an assemblage of the loveliest women in the world, while looking neither to the right nor left, was almost more than flesh and blood could stand. Some reporters have described in glowing terms the richness of the ambassadorial costume, but I could see nothing of the sort. On the contrary, they appeared to me seedy in the extreme, and uglier, if that can be possible, than the Chinese who represented the Celestial Empire at the first Exhibition. They took their seats with considerable dignity, however, and then subsided into

a state of blessed ineff (I don't know the Japanese equivalent). In one respect these ambassadors surpass *Lord Dundreary*—he never thinks at all, but the Japanese have a thinking animal, it seems, of their own, and thus gain the reputation of being extremely sensible men. The rest of the "dips," as, by-the-by, the countess behind me gracefully called the *corps diplomatique*, call for no special remark, except that I fancy the Austrian must have felt painfully warm in his far-lined coat. Altogether, the scene was very gay and striking; and though Lord Gough made his appearance a victim to gout, and leaning on the shoulders of two stalwart policemen, his "Star of India" and *brochettes* of distinctions produced a very glittering effect.

The procession which was to have been so remarkable was an utter *fiasco*: it was broken up by the trophies in the nave, and appeared on the eastern dais in a limp and straggling manner. Immense was the cheering when the ever-popular Lord Mayor walked up to his seat, and I was lost in amazement how so small a man could bear the weight of such a heavy gold chain. The units of the procession drifted into seats somehow, and the commissioners took their places on the right of the throne, three of them being in the most undignified uniform of deputy-lieutenants. Prince Frederick William of Prussia sat on the right, Prince Oscar of Sweden on the left, of H.R.H., and the other representatives of Majesty were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Palmerston, Earl Derby (looking fagged, and leaning on a stick), the Lord Chamberlain, only remarkable for a wand, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston was incorrigible, as usual: he had invested in a new blue ribbon for the occasion, and took advantage of it to chaff the superfine Lord Chancellor in a most merciless manner. They say, though, that Prince Oscar served him worst of all: wishing to be intensely courteous, the prince said to him, "I believe I have the honour to address his excellency the *Lor Maire*?" Fancy Lord Westbury's feelings.

His Royal Highness looked unhappy: either he had a touch of the gout, or the remembrance that he had something to say in public weighed on his spirits. However, he got through the latter performance very creditably, and perused the little speech which was pinned in the crown of his cocked-hat with great dignity. Prince Frederick William appeared surprised at the warmth of his reception, and bowed his acknowledgments with considerable fervour; while Prince Oscar, a jolly sailor, and tremendously powerful man, seemed to enjoy the whole affair. The most trying part of the ceremony was the length of time the company had to stand; the prayer was followed by the Hallelujah chorus, and that again by "God Save the Queen," all highly proper in their way, but there should have been a break between.

When the ceremony was ended, the performers in it subsided into private life, and left the dais as best they could, in an almost inextricable jam. Volunteers elbowed general officers, and ambitious councilmen had the pleasure of tearing the lace skirts of duchesses. But through all the throng the Japanese ambassadors moved serenely onwards, as if not belonging to this nether world, and indulging in that "far off" look which was characteristic of the lady in "Bleak House," who took such a lively interest in the savages of Borioboola-gha. No wonder such

thorough *nil admirari* gentlemen have excited a sensation in English fashionable society.

When the nave began to get a little cleared, I took a walk around, under unheard of difficulties, to see what had been going on during the interval. Ever since they undertook their arduous duties, the commissioners appear to have had the Court of Bankruptcy looming before them, and have acted on a penny-wise and pound-foolish principle. On the saving principle, the commissioners tried every scheme to get season ticket holders, but they did not provide them with seats. Every advantageous post was given away to some favoured individual, and the result was that the outsiders swarmed up statues and invaded damask-covered furniture, in order to get a sight of the ceremony for which they had paid their money.

There is another extraordinary point not yet explained: I know, for a fact, that the commissioners were so scrupulous that they paid for their own tickets, and there was every effort made to get in as much money as possible. Well! up to the 30th April some sixteen thousand season tickets had been sold, but there were nearly forty thousand persons in the building on the opening day. It is true that some two thousand foreign exhibitors forced their *gratis* entrance at the last moment under threats of removing their goods, and that two hundred press-men, as the policeman said, were present, but that leaves an ample margin. Where did the intruders come from? There's the rub. The members of the Sacred Harmonic Society complain, and justly so, of their treatment: it would have been a graceful act of courtesy to give them a second admission for the one day, but nothing of the sort took place. The English exhibitors were quietly ignored, under the specious argument that they sent in their goods for their own advantage; and, in short, wherever discourtesy was possible it was shown. One special act of ungraciousness was dealt to the representatives of the foreign press: they were refused season tickets, although, surely, the Continent is interested in one half of the Exhibition. To my knowledge, the English correspondent of the most important review in France applied to Mr. Sandford for a ticket for the opening day, which was at once granted, but he writes me: "I think that, generally speaking, the committee misunderstood their own interest in showing so little respect to the press." It is very generally asserted that this is the last International Exhibition which will ever be held in England, and I really cannot blame foreigners if they adhere to such a decision.

The exterior of the Exhibition has been unanimously given up: its greatest defenders confess that it is ugly, ill adapted to the purpose, and not worth the money expended on it. Captain Fowke and his adherents assert that they did their best, and that if the building has proved a barn, the fault was in the non-supply of funds. Once on a time an architect, requested to build a church like a barn, replied that it should be the handsomest barn in England; but Captain Fowke has the equivocal reputation of having turned out the ugliest edifice ever seen except in a nightmare. Given, so many million bricks, so many miles of girders, and pile them up like a child with a box of wooden bricks. The picture-gallery frontage is inexpressibly mean and tawdry, while the two annexes forming the main outline are fearful. The argument that the

architect could not produce a handsomer building because he had no funds, is neutralised by the fact that he has squandered thousands on the two abominable domes, which ridicule every idea of architectural grace, and are apparently only erected to show what our workmen in glass and iron can produce. But the first Crystal Palace showed that to ample satisfaction.

After the abuse lavished on the interior of the building and the style of decoration employed, it is quite a relief to find that it is not nearly so bad as may be supposed. On the contrary, there is a richness about it, not perhaps quite exempt from tawdriness, but very satisfactory in so far as it just trenches on bad taste, and does not pass the line of demarcation, which is saying a good deal for England. I surrender, at once, the absurd mottoes which have been painted up in English and Latin, as well as the frightful Catharine-wheel window in the eastern nave, but I should like to know, out of curiosity, who is responsible for the clock in the brightest sky-blue which surrounds that polychrome window. The genius, also, who allowed the trophy of Canada woods to be built up so as to conceal the only decent bit of stained glass in the building in the north-eastern transept, ought to have honourable mention. As for the much-abused trophies, I do not think anybody specially responsible for them, except the enterprising tradesmen who saw in them an excellent advertising medium; but I fancy Mr. Cremer, jun., has a right to complain that his toy trophy has been razéed to a *Merrimac*, while the food and leather trophies still stand defiantly erect in all their ugliness. I am bound to add, too, that the foreign exhibitors have been guilty of equally bad taste in the decoration of their portion of the nave, and while English critics abuse ordnance as not being exactly suited for an art trophy, the stearine candles of Holland and Belgium, and the huge Gobain glasses of plate, are not very graceful or ornamental. The same may be said of Meyer's trophy of walking-sticks, which desecrates the south-western corner of the western dome. In short, if judged artistically, there is not much to be said in favour of either side of the nave.

There are three great features in the Exhibition, and these are the French, Austrian, and Roman courts. The first is beyond all praise, for it is an exhibition within an Exhibition. The very best article in each class has been selected as a type, and things have not been allowed admission merely because they were offered. The display of jewellery is astounding, not so much for its intrinsic value as for the taste displayed in the setting. Cristofle exhibits the largest ruby in the world, while Mellerio has the largest sapphire, which formerly belonged to the Duchess of Cleveland. But commend me before all to the first-named gentleman's collection of emeralds, over which the Tenth Commandment is broken every minute. Hancocks, however, display a lump of unset emerald about the size of a tumbler, and a most remarkable green diamond. Harry Emmanuel has a necklace of emeralds and diamonds marked at 10,000*l.*, while Garrard's display of royal jewels is astounding, and yet Cristofle beats them all through the extraordinary taste of the setting. It is the same in every department of the French court. I do not profess to be a juror, but I feel unmingled satisfaction in wandering about France in England, and instituting comparisons with 1851. I can now perfectly believe the rumour that the French purposely delayed for a month, in order to produce the due effect with the ensemble.

The Austrian court is, perhaps, even more satisfactory, as indicative of such great progress, in spite of Italian war and chronic state of bankruptcy. The jewellery is very fine—I may specially refer to a set of diamonds under the western dome, while the Bohemian glass is perfectly dazzling, with its brilliant display of colours; indeed, every department is excellently represented. I was most struck, however, by a series of coloured photographs in the Hungarian courts, depicting the national costume of all the provinces. There is also a splendid display of wines, which fully bear out Mr. Dunkop's report on Hungarian vintages, and their capacity to supply Europe, if properly managed. In the gallery surrounding the Austrian court will be found textile fabrics of a most satisfactory nature, and looking at the display Austria has made, and comparing it with eleven years ago, I am not disposed to believe in her being *in articulo mortis*, as the liberals would like to persuade us.

The Roman court woke up one morning to find itself famous through an article in the *Times*. I am bound to confess that it contains many exquisite gems in the shape of intaglios, sculpture, and jewellery, but I do not feel so much surprised at the articles themselves as at the fact that they represent Rome, that decrepit city, as we are taught, which is pining away beneath the cold shade of Pope and cardinals. The jewellery after the antique, on which so much praise has been bestowed, is only a trick after all; and many more graceful art combinations will be found in the Pforzheim jewellery court. But art critics are very fond of falling into the error that because things are antique, therefore they must be beautiful: on the same principle, the bone necklaces and armlets found in the Swiss Pfahlbauten might be reproduced—and, in fact, have been to some extent by Emmanuel, who has introduced some very beautiful specimens of ivory inlaid with precious stones. I am glad to say that there is but one specimen in the building of a veiled statue, and it is only a very little baby. More gratifying still is it to find that the Roman sculptors are affecting a realism which will terrify the lovers of high art. I must, however, protest against one statue of a man entwined by a serpent, which may be very realistic, but is most disagreeable. This naturally leads me to the celebrated Gibson Venus, which is really not at all offensive, for the colour is so subdued and so thoroughly an accessory. At Frankfort, they pull down rose-coloured curtains when they show you Danneker's Ariadne, and this has been declared, perhaps truthfully, to be sensuous, but Gibson's Venus is of a very different character. In fact, if spectators had not preconceived ideas they would probably not notice that the statue was coloured. At any rate, as a work of art, it is very beautiful, and I fancy that is the main point. As a rule, however, the statuary collected in the building is not very wonderful; there is nothing which will excite such a sensation as the Greek Slave, for instance, and this results, perhaps, from the fact that the statues are too much crowded together. This is a fault, however, which is being gradually corrected with time, although the stunted and scanty orange-trees already introduced into the building are far from bringing it up to the standard of 1851. In fact, the present Exhibition is too crowded, and that is a fault which can never be redeemed. A practised pedestrian could not walk through the entire building and double galleries in a day and stop to look at things, and this will produce a feeling of discontent among the shilling

visitors, for it is in human nature always to miss the most important object of all. Some arrangement ought to be made also to take the pressure off the jewellery shows, which are exactly in the centre of the nave, and produce a chronic block, and though the most courteous of policemen bow themselves humble with their "Please to pass this way," ladies are not to be moved by such arguments. I may also object to the system of no system which has relegated many most valuable articles to the eastern annex, the entrance to which it is ten to one against your finding.

It is not difficult to predict that the military court will become a general favourite with the sterner sex, and it really deserves careful inspection. In reading of experiments between shots and shields at Shoeburyness, but little real effect is produced by the statement that a plate of iron four and a half inches in thickness has been smashed by a shot, for few will fetch a foot rule to discover the exact dimensions. But here you have the identical plate, and the gun that smashed it—the monster gun, invented by Captain Blakely, and produced by the Mersey Steel and Iron Company. The effect produced by the sight of this rent mass of iron is extraordinary; equally remarkable is the sight of one of the shells cast for Mallet's Monster Mortar, and which the Russians may thank their stars did not fall into Cronstadt. A curious specimen is a Whitworth shot fired at the broadside of the *Trusty* and recovered: the projectile has been somewhat flattened, like shutting up a telescope, but is otherwise in a healthy condition. In the nave is a magnificent Armstrong 110-pounder, the very perfection of handicraft and engineering skill; while a Whitworth, standing close by in friendly rivalry, is equally worthy of inspection. The Whitworth Company send a regular battery, beginning with a 1-pounder, and going by gradations up to 70-pounders, and splendidly turned out. In the same court will be found two breech-loaders from the infancy of the science: the Swedish, invented by Wöhrendorff; the Sardinian, by Cavalli. A comparison of these with the Armstrong and the Whitworth will prove instructive. The most interesting thing of all, however, is the Armstrong trophy, supplied by the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich. Not only is the process of formation shown in every stage, but there are several 12-pounders which have been fired an extraordinary number of times, and yet show no signs of defect. Of the much discussed cast-steel guns, Messrs. Vickers, Naylor, and Co. have a splendid specimen, rifled on the Blakely principle; while Krupp, of Prussia, also sends two, which appear singularly unfinished and dangerous looking. I looked in vain for the Napoleon howitzer, but Russia sends specimens of her cast-iron gun-carriages, which so much surprised the allies at the opening of the Crimean war. Lastly, I may mention that Spain has a very pretty mountain howitzer, most creditable in every respect.

Nor is the show of small-arms less perfect: the Royal Factory displays the service arm from the days of old Brown Bess up to the present, as well as the ammunition employed. The Birmingham manufacturers have a splendid trophy, and all the London makers are well represented. In short, judging from what other countries have sent, England will not be behindhand in this respect. A crowd is always collected round the model and transverse section of the *Warrior*, and the neighbouring naval court allow of comparisons of a very useful nature, by the aid of models ranging

from the sixteenth century up to the very last improvements. In one word, a day might be profitably devoted to these two courts alone.

Equally interesting are the Colonial courts. The Indian, perhaps, will cause a feeling of disappointment, as it is decidedly inferior to the one at the Sydenham Palace. But Australia and Tasmania have made most astounding progress since 1851, and the display of colonial products will create amazement. There are two things which give a capital notion of the colony, namely, collections of all the indigenous birds and reptiles, and photographs of remarkable scenery and buildings. The latter art is becoming a most powerful lever for our knowledge of the world, and Canada and New Brunswick are rendered familiar to us by a series of daguerreotypes, which will doubtless be reproduced after a while in the *Illustrated London News*. Nor are the colonies at all behindhand in articles of luxury: South Australia sends, for instance, a malachite table, which pleasantly recalls the Russian gates of 1851. The same colony has an almost inexhaustible array of ores, proving its mineral wealth, by which speculators are certain to be attracted. As these Colonial courts are close together, the progress of civilisation may be readily traced. There is also an extraordinary display of wine, very tantalising to the thirsty wayfarer.

I could go on *ad infinitum* about the note-worthy things of the Exhibition, but must defer my remarks till another occasion, else my readers may become, like myself, cloyed by the multiplicity of articles to be inspected. The picture-gallery is in itself perfect; the glass and porcelain courts must be visited, and the endless ranges of galleries, with their splendid laces and textile fabrics, are most interesting. In fact, sufficient is collected beneath the huge unsightly building to eke out at least six respectable Exhibitions. The exterior of the casquet may be mean and trivial, but the contents are beyond all price. But enough of this for the present, since I must make room for a concluding topic, naturally dear to all Englishmen. I allude—in the mildest way possible—to the refreshment department. A good deal of abuse has been lavished on the French contractors, but they, wise in their generation, count the money in their strong-box, and let the public hiss them as they please. It is not alone that the refreshments are dear and execrable—and I do not hold the English contractors guiltless on that head—for that is the rule at all public establishments in London; but I do not think that impertinence need be added. Now, Messrs. Veillard and Chabot have engaged waiters who speak no known language, and the only recognisable sentence they can frame is “Von shilling, sare.” Seriously speaking, though, these are matters which ought to be rectified; but the commissioners have tied their own hands by the arrangements they made, and in their desire to collect the uttermost farthing, taught the refreshment contractors a lesson which they are not inclined to forget. Season ticket holders can avenge themselves by walking across the road to the International Bazaar, where an excellent dinner may be enjoyed cheaply and in comfort; but the poor shilling visitors, who will not be allowed readmission, will not have that resource. Knowing by experience the *peine forte et dure* of the five-shilling Exhibition dinner, I shudder at the thought of what the eightpenny one will be. The complaints urged in the *Times* are not at all exaggerated; but

it was not quite fair play to exempt the English contractors so entirely, for there is very little choice between the two sides of the building. It is not with any desire to find fault that I allude to these unpleasant matters, but it is sad to find that of all the promises broken to the public, the case of the refreshment contractors, who heralded their coming with such a flourish of trumpets, is the worst. Unfortunately, it is a point on which Englishmen are peculiarly sensitive, and the legitimate success of the Exhibition may be imperilled, because the commissioners have not the courage to recal an unwise decision.

The great distinction between 1851 and 1862 will be found in the thoroughly business-like tone characterising the present Exhibition. In the first experiment people went in for glory, and were so dissatisfied, that on this occasion they have looked after the more solid pudding. This is more especially the case with the foreign exhibitors, who have carefully marked their wares with English, French, and German prices. The wisdom of this is proved by the fact that considerable sales have already taken place, though there are many articles which will remain on their makers' hands. The progress the several nations have made is most marked; but they have generally retained their characteristic features. But in no instance, perhaps, is the progress more remarkable than in English glass, porcelain, and textile fabrics. French writers may sneer at us, and say that we are indebted to French *artistes* for our designs, but the fact remains the same; articles de Paris and fancy goods generally, with which we thought it hopeless to compete in 1851, have not progressed in the same ratio as our artistic products generally. At the same time, the Sheffield court retains its proud pre-eminence; and though Austria is gradually creeping onwards, and displays some very creditable castings, it is plain that France will still remain, to a great extent, dependent on us for iron-work, in spite of free trade and commercial treaties. Altogether, then, England has no cause to feel dissatisfied with the position she holds in the World's Exhibition. Not only has she held her own bravely, and displays no sign of declension, but in many branches she has made the most marked progress. Before all, the display of weapons is extremely gratifying; for the most redoubtable Anglophobist must return home under the impression that if we have during the last ten years given way to unaccountable alarms, there was no real cause for them so soon as we possessed such an array of Armstrong guns and such a splendid volunteer army. While the moral economist may deplore such progress, an Exhibition of this nature is better adapted to pave the way for universal peace than the affectation of good will and charity which we displayed rather too ostentatiously in 1851.

THE LAST COQUETRY OF LADY CAPRICE.

BY OUIDA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

“LADY CAPRICE!”

I can see her now as I saw her for the first time as she stood in the gallery at Wierden, the golden autumn sun falling in through the many-columned base of the stained oriel windows, lighting up all the gay points of her delicate dress, all the witching charms of her matchless loveliness. Two spaniels stood by her, looking up in her face with jealous eyes of love, and she laughed as she saw the jealousy, and provoked it yet the more by leaping caresses on a little white Maltese, garnished with azure ribbons; the silvery méchant ring of her laugh echoing down the long gallery in strange disparity with the grave brows of the Vandyke portraits, and the silent lips of the *Lely* pictures that looked down from the walls, sole relic and faint semblance of the dead—the Dead, whose voices dogs once had loved to obey, whose laughter once had rung out as gaily, round whom once had streamed the mellow golden sunlight, that cease not whether it plays about our smiling lips or about our whitened graves—the Dead, passed from their places, gone, deposed, and—forgotten!

“Lady Caprice!” I can see her now as she stood in the gallery at Wierden—describe her I cannot. Is it to be described the subtle charm that smiles on us from Devonshire’s eyes in the portrait at Hardwick; the resistless beauty in *Laurens*’s face, as we gaze at it on the canvas, that makes us well believe that calumny knew no rest till it had soiled that radiant brow with the baseful touch of its devilish hand, or, that if its hideous jealous ravings be founded upon truth, a poisoned philtre from the *Borgia*’s hand might well be more eagerly drunk than the sweetest draught from other fingers? Is it to be described? No; its best charm is a charm intangible. The radiant loveliness of *Lady Caprice* has never as yet been caught on any artist’s easel; colourless words breaking it up into detail would very ill describe it, as those will fully agree who have been admitted to behold divinity in its holiest shrine—the boudoir at Wierden. The violet boudoir, with the shadowed light falling softly through the rose-tinted glass on to its myriad trifles of art and virtue, and its air heavy, but not too heavy, with perfume, none of your stifling incense-like fragrance, but a soft, subtle odour, such as a summer wind shakes out when it blows over a bed of wild hyacinths, or lilies of the valley, down by a river-side;—the boudoir where her Maltese slumbers through his luxurious little day; where her husband rarely, nay, never intrudes; where her morning letters are glanced at over her chocolate; where her pet friends tell and hear their most amusing historiettes, and where the favoured few (whose favour changes with cruel rapidity, it is true) lounge away in turn what rank amongst the pleasantest hours of their lives, and in payment for their pleasure invariably lose their heads, however competent they may have believed themselves to guard them.

The title by which she ranks in Burke is not, you may imagine, Lady Caprice; that sobriquet was first given her by Fulke Nugent seasons ago; adopted first by every man in the Household, successively by every male member of her set, and lastly by herself, when it was betrayed to her by a traitor in the camp, Little Nell, of the Blues, a mischievous compound of naïveté and impudence, petted by grandes dames in his Cornethood as much as were ever Lauxun and Richelieu in their Pagehood. But the betrayal did not harm the criminals; Lady Caprice deigned to be pleased with the name, took it up, and signed her notes to her intimate correspondents "Caprice Regina." It was an applicable title, without doubt, for our brilliant Lady Caprice was a terrible coquette, and ever changing one fancy

Of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that!

She was married, in her first season, to one of the best alliances of the time, by her mother, a soft, suave, pretty woman, who never dropped a thread in any web she wove, and never missed a point on which she set her will; who trained up her lovely daughter in the way she should go, and softly "hush! hushed!" and fanned away every scruple she might have raised as to accepting the proposal of the young Viscount, with few brains but sufficient good taste to be dazzled by the exquisite loveliness of the first beauty of the season, on whom Madame Mère had set her heart. Her daughter did not affect him, rather disliked him than otherwise, but, as I have said, she had been trained up in the way she should go, and therefore professed herself, and truly, indifferent to the matter, became his Viscountess, mistress of Wierden, and of a considerable rent-roll, and indemnified herself by commencing her charming coquetries the first season after her marriage for the many "quarts d'heure d'ennui," that had sounded probably quite as quickly and repeatedly in her honeymoon as they did in poor Rivarol's. She was a coquette of the most dangerous sort, our brilliant Lady Caprice—no tyro, whose weapon you could twist out of her hand, whom you could disable with a home-thrust, and add eventually to your list of killed and wounded, in lieu of being added to hers; no mere flirt, with whom you could spend an innocuous hour in the soft toxophilism, gathering up your arrows after the sport only burnished the brighter for fresh archery elsewhere; no "made-up" student of her art, whose wiles were so palpable that they lost all charm, and whose nets were so ill-spread that the very sight of them warned you off, wary as a bird on a wild day. She was a coquette, tranquil, trained, armed at all points, only the more resolute to win if her desired captive thought himself mail-proof; if she commenced that delicate fencing with you, you had no chance to *riposter*; and if those soft, white, taper fingers of hers took a fancy to close on yours, be sure they would wind themselves more or less round your life and your memory. Coquetry was her métier; in her hands it became an art, a science, a study, a sort of drawing-room diplomacy, a deeper boudoir écarté, exciting by its intricacy, though, to her, deprived of what gives it piquancy to other games, Uncertainty, since Lady Caprice was ever sure to win the *vole*, with whomsoever she might select to play. All men who were allowed to lounge away their hours in the dangerous demi-

lumière of her boudoir, either at Wieverden or in Wilton-crescent, lost their heads under the lustre of those dark, melting, languid eyes; she was neither to be defied nor forgotten, and she took a naughty pleasure, when she met any who thought they were strong enough to be capable of amusing themselves in that seductive atmosphere without danger, in giving them a soft blow with her *pattes de velours*, whose scar they should carry for years, possibly even for life.

But the vainest amongst us could not flatter himself, nor delude others, into the belief that he had secured the smallest niche of memory in her heart or her mind. When your brief reign was over, when you had fairly submitted to be harnessed to her triumphant chariot, when you had begun to feel secure that those eyes had looked into yours as they would not, soon at all events, look into another's—lo! your charm was fled for Lady Caprice; and if you were so ill-bred, knew so little of her world, as to even *look* a reproach or a complaint, how gaily and maliciously she would laugh at you! Her white transparent skin, with its delicate rose-tints on the cheeks and the lips, might have been an Amazon's armour, so impenetrable was she to any and all wounds. Clyde Suddleley, before whom all women go down, for whom little notes are piled a foot high at the Guards' and the Travellers', and who counts himself the Richelieu of our day, one season entered at long odds a bet, with Earls court of the Bays, that he would show the vanquishing Viscountess the other side of the medal, and show her that some could beat her at her pet *écarté*. But Clyde lost his bet, was actually drawn on till he was *earnest*, for the first time in his life, and then—was dismissed, with less carelessness than a faded bouquet is thrown aside, while some fresh captive in turn occupied, and in turn vacated, the violet velvet causeuse in the Wilton-crescent boudoir. "Was our brilliant Lady Caprice utterly heartless?" I heard the question mooted by many lips and in many circles, and never heard but one answer—an affirmative.

Wieverden lies in the west, down by the sea-shore. The house was designed by Vanbrugh, the old Gothic pile having been destroyed by a fire that broke out one peaceful summer night during Anne's reign; and if it be somewhat heavy in its porticos and cupolas, making us think of his buildings as Pope wrote of his plays, "How Van wants grace!" it is luxurious and comfortable enough in its interior to compensate. Wieverden is one of the most pleasant places to visit at in England; a charming *far niente* pervades the whole establishment, and makes the keenest after sport half doubtful, on a mizzly morning, which is preferable, the best bouquets of the battues, or the lounging-chair in the library, with a pile of yellow-papered romances, and the chance of being admitted to amuse Lady Caprice in the sanctum sanctorum of the violet boudoir. Guests in legion fill Wieverden annually by every First. Its lord is a rather silly young fellow, remarkable for nothing except enduring powers in the stubble and turnip fields, weak, obstinate, good natured, a character as common in this world of drab-tinted mediocrity as strawberries in June; but he has one virtue—hospitality—no mean one, surely? don't you hold the welcome of Admetus to Themistocles the most kingly touch in the Molossian's character? I do. The Viscount's, however, is hardly, it must be confessed, on the same principle as Admetus', its sole and

simple spring being to amuse himself, a desirable personal operation he can never perform without considerable extraneous assistance.

One September, amongst many others before and since, I went to stay at Wiererden ; the house was, as usual, full ; one or two choice pet friends of her ladyship's (lovely, amusing women ; *she* was far above the timorous need of selecting foils, as those do whose tenure is frail, and who fear comparison), and numbers of men were there, for no invitation was more readily accepted towards the close of the season than the little Viscount's—a readiness traceable, certainly, to his preserves, which are admirably stocked and kept, but much more traceable to his Viscountess, for a good battue and stubble well driven are to be had in many places, thank Heaven! but at Wiererden only was Lady Caprice! She rarely showed at breakfast—her maid and her Maltese alone officiated at that rite—and passed the day chiefly in her boudoir and her rose-garden. If the weather was unusually tempting and sunny she would order the saddle-horses round ; but rarely, for she was high priestess of the *dolce* that was a positive, and a very pleasant religion at Wiererden. But at dinner Lady Caprice always appeared, radiant as her diamonds, armed cap-à-pie for the slaughter, with all her arms burnished, and all her resources revived, ready to play at, and win in, her dangerous *écarté*—*écarté* at which all those whom she invited to take up those bewitched cards perilled heavy stakes on the game, while she, the wily Greek! was safe to win all and lose nothing. At dinner Lady Caprice ever appeared, ready to exercise all her magic on her guests, amusing herself by pitting them one against the other, and by sowing broadcast the seeds of jealousy, love, hate, and passion, fatal poisonous plants that only blossomed under her hand, to furnish her with a bouquet de corsage, worn to enhance her beauty, and lightly cast aside, without heed to what death-fragrance they might have scattered into the air for others.

The house was full, as usual, that September. Most of the people were as well known to me as my hunters Chasseur and Hesione ; others I knew but slightly, familiar as their faces had been through many seasons on the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall;" and one or two were strangers to me, known only by their name and reputation, as we know a horse we have never seen that has won the Goodwood or the Cesarewitch when we have been away before Sebastopol, or yachting in the Levant. Among the last class was a man of whom I had often heard ; for a cousin of mine, who had served with him in Bengal and Scinde, had conceived for him as romantic a friendship as Bouillon's for Charles Edward, and had often quoted him to me as one of the most dead shots and the most daring riders he had known in either hemisphere ; but I had never seen him till we met at Wiererden, for the best of reasons, that he had been out in India for the last ten years with his troop, the —th Light Dragoons. To look at Bertie Erroll the uninitiated might have wondered where the strength lay that had got him so many spears in Bengal, and made him so eager, whenever there was whisper of a tiger to be pugged, or a swarm of Beloochees coming up in the rear. His figure seemed made for grace rather than for force, and it was only those skilled in such matters who saw how admirably knit his frame was, and how tenacious, muscular a grasp his white hands could take when they chose. His mother had

been that rarest of beauties, a fair Spaniard, and there was something not wholly English in his look. He inherited from her the fair silken hair that fell over a forehead no sun could even tinge with bronze, and his long dark eyes, that melted and flashed with Southern warmth when anything touched or roused him, with the fire of a nature proud and passionate, the tenderness of a heart loving and easily galled.

Bertie Erroll had more in him of the gallant Free Companion—half Trouverre, half Soldier, or of the “*veray parfit gentil knight*” of Chaucer’s or of Spencer’s day, when honour *was* thought worth fighting for, and chivalry was *not* an empty name, than of our own blasé, non-chalant, uninterested, nothing-new-and-nothing-true-and-it-don’t-signify world, which is certainly much more philosophic, and infinitely more comfortable, where we pride ourselves on our perfection in polite lies, where we smile suavely on foes and friends alike, where we do not heed the stain on the escutcheon when the escutcheon is graven on massive gold plate, and where the old pointer, Truth, has to lag behind a hound of keener scent, called Expediency! He was already at Wieverden when I arrived there, as I had spent all September in Suffolk, with Jimmy Monthermer. Everybody liked Erroll. I found nobody’s laugh and wit enlivened us better when we had our feet in the papooses and our Manillas in our mouths in the smoking-room; he had a gay, bright, vivid enjoyment of life that was contagious; for he was one of those trustful and ardent temperaments whose Claude glasses are more golden, and (when those are perforce broken from their hands) whose dark hours are darker than any others. The women were all *entêtées* of him; they liked his soft and chivalrous manner to them; he had something of the old Castilian courtesy with them, and, fastidious in his taste, which the beauties of bungalows and hill-stations had offered but little to allure, the belles of his own monde had a fresh charm for him after ten years’ exile.

“He is charming, that Major Erroll!” said Lady Millicent Clinton to me.

“Go away! you are tame after Bertie Erroll,” laughed Beatrice Cassilis, with a little blow of her fan to poor Clive Wynne, of the Blues, who would rather have been proved Mephistopheles and Frankenstein at once than to have lived to endure the disgrace of being called—unamusing!

All the women at Wieverden were ready to pet, fêter, and flirt with him, rendered romantic in their eyes as he was by the aroma of a recent cool, dare-devil exploit in Seinde that had preceded him homewards, and would have gained him the Victoria had that Cross then been extant. But Bertie Erroll was not a flirt, never had been, and One had marked him whose aim never missed, and from whose fire the boldest and wariest never escaped without at best a wounded wing, that would drag through life a broken and wearisome limb, and whose nerve would flinch to the touch, in the maimed, unhealed spot, many a long year after.

“Erroll’s *au mieux* with Lady Caprice,” said Winterton to me, the first evening I arrived there.

“*Au mieux!*” echoed Wynne. “*Au pire*, I should say, if it be not too barbarous for a Gallician—I vote we bring it into usage, as the antithesis of the all-expressive and immeasurably comprehensive ‘*au mieux*’; (the prettiest picture must have its dark side, its back of the

canvas!) For Lady Caprice's bright eyes to fall on him, and decide on his desirability as a captive, I should say is about the *worst* fate that can befall a man. It's to be poisoned by a bonbon, it's to be murdered by kissing the tips of a little dainty white glove, it's to—

Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

"The deuce, Clive!" cried Winterton, "you must think very seriously of a subject if you are stirred to the length of a quotation! Never heard you so eloquent before! Have you suffered?"

"In my day, perhaps," laughed Wynne, a certain bitterness crossing his face, impassive and well-disciplined though it is, and though I know that it never moved a muscle when a shot winged him at the Alma. "Erroll's been staying at Vichy through all July, August, and September; so has Lady Caprice (to make loveliness lovelier, and to paint the lily, I suppose; certainly she *does* look more radiant than ever, if that's possible.) Bellays was there, too, and he told me her ladyship had doomed Bertie, he was sure. She was bringing all her batteries to play on him, and—if we didn't all know Lady Caprice too well—he should have positively thought her heart was engaged in the matter. Fancy Lady Caprice with a heart! She would be Lady Caprice no longer. Poor Bertie! *he's* drawn into the general fate, I can see. I am very sorry!"

There was one thing remarkable about Lady Caprice's myriad conquests: her victims, however furiously they fought for her favour during their days of illusion and glamour, however wearily the wound, as I have said, throbbed in after days, when she had well-nigh forgotten ever having added them to her triumphs, as the Apâche adds the scalps of the slain, and forgets them in the excitement of a fresh encounter, they never thought of being *jealous* of those who succeeded them, they only—*pitied them!* with a profound, compassionate, tender pity, as those warier travellers who have tasted the ashes of the Dead Sea apples might pity younger ones lured by the bloom, or as Thomas of Erceuldoune, as he rushed on the magic steed through the midnight gloom, breasting the dark-rushing waters, may be presumed to have compassionated all hapless mortals who like him should be led and misled by the witching touch of the Queen of Færie.

Even the Queen of Færie, as she appeared to the Rhymer under the green and golden sheen of the woodland boughs that fateful midsummer hour, could not have been lovelier to sight than Lady Caprice, as she sat that evening in the blue drawing-room in her own particular dormeuse, the gleam of the wax-lights illumining her lovely laughing eyes, her delicate lips curving now and then with their own peculiar smile, that had more of mockery, than of tenderness in them at all times; her dazzling, matchless beauty that by some link of resemblance always brought to my mind Mignard's Portrait aux Amours, and that portrait's original of the "Dove's Eyes and the Serpent's Tongue." The Maltese was curled up on his velvet cushion at her feet; a fitting pet for so fair a mistress, with his snowy curls and azure ribbons, the dainty mignardise that was stamped on everything about and belonging to Lady Caprice characterising even him. The Viscount was absorbed in écarté with Buceolo Ruel, one of the best players of France or England; Lady Millicent was singing some French songs—her voice is sweeter than any prima

donna's in these days so barren of cantatrici, and she makes us rate it yet higher by hardly ever allowing mortal ears to hear it; Beatrice Cassilis was playing chess with her sworn vassal Clan, known to the peerage and the public as the Earl of Clanmorris and Kirth; and our Lady Caprice was doing nothing, as usual, but letting herself be amused by A'Court, Alvanley, the Duc de Courrances, and Eyre Lee, who stood round her, while—significant sign and most enviable post!—Bertie Erroll had been given the low chair beside her dormeuse, where it was her custom to instal her *pro tempo* pet conquest. Oh! those women—what *are* they worth, *ami lecteur*, that we should hold as such high prize and priceless honour a seat near their chair, a dead flower from their bouquet, a mere glance of their eyes, a mere touch of their hand? But we *do* so hold them, and women like our fair Lady Caprice triumph in the weakness, and know well how to give to those trifles their uttermost weight, and to make us pay down a price for them that in our saner moments we might be appalled to have levied upon us for things of far deeper value. Winterton was right; Erroll was *au mieux* with the radiant hostess of Wierverden. I knew those dangerous glances of old; I knew when her eye grew so softly brilliant under their up-curved lashes—when her gay *méchante* laugh rang out so low and sweetly—when her manner changed so capriciously and bewitchingly from gay coquetry to languid softness—I knew Lady Caprice was bent on victory, was giving her Brinvilliers' poison in a cluster of roses, was pouring out the Aqua Toffania into a delicate goblet of perfumy, sparkling Chianti, whose intoxication none proffered it ever had will strong enough or head steady enough to withstand. I had often seen Lady Caprice at her favourite fencing; I had seen her come down with bright burnished arms to the slaughter, gaily and glitteringly as the young noblesse at Steinkirk; I had seen her laugh her pretty pitiless laughter when faces grew white as death under the sting of her mocking words, and I saw now that her fresh victim was doomed. If it *were* doom, however—a doom to be dreaded and shunned—no prophetic shadow of the end marred his present. Bertie Erroll had been ten years out of England; what did *he* know of our Lady Caprice, who ten years before had been a mere débutante in her first season, just affianced to the Right Hon. Viscount, whom Madame Mère had selected as the best parti of the time? What did *he* know of our Lady Caprice, the skilled coquette, the trained woman of the world, the beauty *régnante* of the drawing-rooms, the conqueror of the violet boudoirs, who tangled Hereditary Princes in her meshes, and added astutest statesmen to her train? Nothing! And no one put him on his guard; for we do not intermeddle with each other's concerns after the peculiar habit of women (who give and receive some fifty thousand diverse counsels, I believe, on every topic, specially if that topic be an *affaire du cœur*); since *we* presume a man knows his own business better than we can know it for him, and if we did interfere, should be most likely to receive a "go to the deuce!" or a pistol-shot by way of recompense for our good intentions. While Lady Millicent's voice rang out rich, mournful, and clear in the "Chemin du Paradis," and the Viscount and Buccel-Ruet, five all, entered on the decisive "*la belle*," and Beatrice Cassilis laughed with Clan over their chess, which appeared the very reverse of scientific, Erroll leaned forward in his chair, I remember that evening

looking up into the exquisite face beside him, talking in low tones that could not rudely reach Lady Millicent's ear, with a glad, eager light in his eyes as they met those of Lady Caprice, that told he was drinking, possibly had already drunk, of the glowing Chianti, without dreaming of the poison that would lurk in the dregs when the goblet was emptied, and the white, soft hands were holding it to other lips. Had he been wise, he might have said, with two lines in Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems,"

I fear you . . . because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your golden hair.

But such meshes are far too magically sweet for men ever to fear them in *real* life, if in long years after they may live to regret the web those meshes wove. Many older than he had lost their heads, and gone down, in very despite of themselves, before the gay, wily coquetries of Lady Caprice, and the long summer days at Vichy had not passed by, I fancied, without adding another to her endless bead-roll of victories. Wynne was right; Bertie Erroll was doomed; and as I marked how his eyes softened and grew dark as they looked up into hers, how glad and ardent a light there beamed in his face as he bent towards her, I thought he might pay a costlier price than men of a lighter nature or a colder temperament—I thought he might lose a heavier stake than most of her victims in my lady's dangerous heart-écarté, a stake that, perhaps, might beggar him for life. But does the wily Greek, who deals out to us so softly and (ostensibly) so fairly, the tempting, seductive cards, knowing well how he will keep the king in his own hand, and win all the gold pieces you have adventured on the game, pray does he care whether or no those gold pieces be your all, whether or no you go forth ruined and beggared from the salon—so long as *he* has won the game he wished? Basta! no; for Greeks, male and female, of the gaming-house or the social circle, are a rapacious, merciless race, from whose vocabulary Pity is crossed out with a contemptuous dash of the pencil *mes frères!*

At no house in the kingdom, as I say, did days pass more charmingly than at Wieverden. The sport was excellent, from the lazy battue to a real hard day's work after the wild-fowl, as your preference might happen to lead you to sweet idlesse, or to the pursuit of honours under difficulties; and in-doors—what need to dwell on its attractions?—was not our hostess Lady Caprice? She rarely troubled herself to visit the county people. "Why should I? Drive twenty miles over bad roads only to be bored when I reach my destination? Heaven forefend!" she would cry, arching her delicate pencilled eyebrows, if anybody mooted the subject, or her lord, who was too well-bred a fellow, and knew his place too well ever to interfere with her actions and dictates, suggested the possibility of being a little "sociable" with minor neighbours when his second brother Jack stood for the county. Lady Caprice never followed the harriers either, or took the stiffest bullfinches and closest-enclosed countries "for fun," like some fair aristocrates whom I know of; she held fast women in a calm, disdainful pity. "You laugh with, and you laugh at, fast women, but you never like them. Of course you don't want an ill-done replica, a weak water-colour copy of yourself; lips scented with your own cigarettes, words twanging with your own slang,—

you don't want that sort of thing from us; it's all stale to you; it never *tells*," she used to say, knowing better, perhaps, than any other woman in England what *did* "tell" with us and upon us. Lady Caprice, therefore, spent little of her time out of doors, save in those miracles of horticulture, her rose-gardens, where Beckford might have dreamt of Vathek, and Tom Moore of the vale of Cashmere; and I *have* known men at Wieverden, truthful men, wise men, men voués madly all their lives to sport, who would saunter down between twelve and one, to let us get off to the turnips and the stubble without them, or who, when they had been shooting till luncheon-time, and were discussing Bass and cold game under the hedges, would plead "confounded tic in my arm that the spear broke at Mejeerut," or "no end of letters to answer, deuce take them, by post-time," and wend their ways back to the house (where the tic was invariably cured, but I never knew the correspondence to be achieved) solely to join Lady Caprice in those fragrant aisles where she was strolling reading Tennyson's last poem, or "Jocelyn," with her two or three pet friends, or gain admission to lounge away the hours in that violet boudoir, where nothing of the male genus intruded without invitation, save the ever-welcome and ever-enviable little Maltese, Amor.

As for the Viscount, he never troubled his head about the flirtations and conquests of his bewitching wife. Madame Mère had "made" that alliance, and (a customary result of "made" alliances, of which a third person is the concocter, Expediency the cementer, and Convenience the arbitrator) the marital atmosphere at Wieverden was of that very general and useful if somewhat *fade* tint called discreetly "friendship"—a much prettier-sounding equivalent that what is really meant by it, which is, I take it, a cool, complete, unruffled, indifference, mutual and philosophic, such as is developed before our eyes in many houses where we go, and of course does an immense deal towards weakening our wicked preferences for garçon life, and making us converts to the "beauty of the Matrimonial Sacrament," and the "harmony of united lives," &c., on which our mothers and sisters occasionally hold forth such exalted and tender sentiments, with a view to our regeneration on those favourite points of feminine doctrine. Besides, as I have said, the Viscount, though an empty-headed, rather irritating fellow, very provocative of the contempt with which Lady Caprice, malgré elle, regarded him, was infinitely too well-bred ever to interfere with her actions; he was about the only man in her set, I believe, whom her coquetteries *didn't* occupy and disturb in the least degree. Perhaps, too, he knew what *we* could certainly have told him, that the gold-spurred and fire-proof though daintily-brodered brodequins of Lady Caprice danced, thanks to their own imperviousness, unburnt over fiery red-hot ploughshares, where feet more tenderly shod might—nay, must—have been scorched and seared to the bone long ere the Ordeal was passed.

The Viscount, therefore, never troubled himself about the coquetteries of Lady Caprice. Possibly he thought all her victims very silly fellows, and wondered what they could see in her so exquisite (two lustres of marriage *do* smoke the very brightest Claude glasses, I believe; once over the step!—you remember how Teniers's laughing, radiant Hymen looked *then*?). So her husband was the only man in the house who failed to see what we all did, that Bertie Erroll was the last caprice of Lady Caprice, and had

lost his head about her more utterly, more madly, than any of her captives were wont to do. God help him! he was cursed with one of those loving, trusting, fiery, ardent natures to whom calculation is unknown, with whom doubt is death, and who wager their all on a single die. To such life is rarely kind, and women, like children, prize the costlier toy a little higher for the moment than their common playthings, only to break it and throw it aside—pleased to see their own power over the complex springs that are shattered by the fall.

The dangerous smiles we knew so well of old seemed to fall with yet softer and more dazzling light on Bertie Erroll than they had ever done on any one, and had I not, like Wynne, known Lady Caprice too well to accuse her of possessing so weak a point in her organisation, I should have fancied, as Winterton had done at Vichy, that her heart was positively concerned in this last conquest; that she had not played with touch-wood for so long a time with such impunity, but what at the last the flames she amused herself with fanning into life might have drawn her into their fiery circle, and ignited her at last, however clad in the triple asbestos of vanity, coquetry, and heartlessness. But I doubt if a vain woman ever loves but herself, or ever suffers more unselfish sorrows than those of mortification, and a vain woman our lovely Lady Caprice was without doubt, not so much of her beauty—she was above that—but of her power, her triumph, her omnipotence. Indeed, could she well help it, with incense ever swung before her, censured by no mean hands either, and with every man whom she chanced to beckon to her side eager to fling away the warmest love of other women for the coldest smile from Lady Caprice? We allow for the wind that makes a shot swerve, but do we ever allow for the side breezes that have blown steadily on the nature of a man or a woman with so strong a current that its course is shaped, *volens volens*, by their influence? Never, I take it; and yet on all characters, more or less, bear *some* such side-winds, with a few, perhaps, mere zephyrs, but with others, lasting gales that waft them far on, and have much to do with shaping their course and their destiny. The breezes that had blown on Lady Caprice from her childhood had ever been heavy with incense, puffed by worldly wisdom, and sweetly scented with flattery and adulation. Perhaps it was not wonderful that they had bent her character vanity-wards, as the winds will blow a flower westwards till the stem be curved and bent past recovery.

“What’s play to her is earnest to him,” said Wynne, one morning to me while we stood on the south terrace smoking after luncheon, and saw Lady Caprice with Erroll beside her, and Amor shaking his blue ribbons before, saunter through the iron-scroll gate that led to that exquisite floral paradise the rose-garden. Wynne need not have troubled himself to paraphrase the hackneyed saying—the older and more graphic wording would have suited the case quite as well. In that game it is rarely, I fancy, that diamond cuts diamond, it is usually more or less metaphorically, play to the one and death to the other: the victor rides gaily away from the encounter with the toy-lance safe and unsplintered, and the silver shield flashing brightly in the sunlight; and the vanquished lies left biting the dust and ruing the day when he tried his arms in the unequal tournament. Sometimes, it is true, the lances may ring merrily on either shield, and the combatants separate with their pennons fluttering, and no

greave in the armour of either pierced: but when Agnès Hotôt rode down to the combat, Ringwood fell; and when Lady Caprice entered the lists her opponent was ever unhorsed. She flirted more dangerously, too, with Erroll than even she had ever done with any, less openly, and for that very reason more tenderly—de Courances, Albany, A'Court, all on whom she exercised her resistless coqueteries by caprices that changed each day—nay, each hour—envied him savagely the softer glance which fell only on him, the softer intonation into which her tone of raillery and mockery changed, perhaps unconsciously, when addressing him. She teased him at times—such a woman can no more help teasing you when you are in her power than a cat can help teasing a mouse that is shivering under her velvet paw. Sometimes she would neglect him utterly, lift her eyebrows wearily with a “plait-il?” when he spoke to her, smile on De Courances (a whilom pet of hers at the Tuileries, who set the fashion in the best cercles, and won the heaviest takes at Chantilly), a whole morning or evening, and then amuse herself by bringing Bertie to her side again by one single word or one languid glance from under her silky curled lashes. She teased him as Lady Caprice teased any and all who fettered themselves with her rose-chains and drank of her poisoned Chianti; she teased him—and at such times prudence flung to the winds, pride forgot, and self-possession powerless to simulate a careless indifference, a courteous vacuity—he would turn away with his face turning pallid as a woman's, and a strange deep anguish darkening his eyes. And then Lady Caprice would toy with Amor's ribbons, or gently flutter her fan, or play with the pages of her novelette, laughing low and mockingly to herself, and flirting with Bucelo or Courances, putting out all her most witching coqueteries, and after a while, as I say, beckon him back to her on some trifling errand, and bend her tenderest gaze upon him once more, and smile to herself to see how the dark cloud roused by her caprices was dispelled again by a word; smile to herself to see how glad and grateful a light shone in his eyes, how easily he forgot and forgave the cruelty passed, how blindly and lovingly he caressed the silken gyves that were each hour weighing down his strength, and eating into his flesh, and binding him farther and farther, closer and closer, down to an iron thralldom. Heaven help him! he loved her not wisely but too well; many have so erred to their own cost since the day when the changing shadows flitted on and off the paper where Shakspeare's hand was tracing the words for Viola's lips to utter.

THE MILLIONNAIRE OF SAINTONGE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

ONE bright summer morning in the year 1833 a young man wearing a blouse, with a stick over his shoulder, from which hung a very small bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, entered the city of La Rochelle, by the gate which is called La Porte Maubec.

Dusty and travel-stained, he seemed to have walked a long way,—and, indeed, he had performed a journey of twenty leagues in little more than as many hours, having left Bignay, his native place, which lies to the eastward of St. Jean d'Angely, at sunrise on the day before. With only five-and-thirty sous for all his fortune, he had spent nothing on the road, a loaf in his bundle supplying him with food, and an outhouse affording him shelter during the three or four hours he gave to rest. But at seventeen appetite is soon satisfied, and sleep little needed, when the phantom expectation beckons onward.

This young man must have been of a very restless nature, for he left a profession behind which, steadily followed, would soon have made him independent, endowed as he was with peculiar abilities for succeeding in it. Of poor parentage, his father being only a small vigneron, he had been noticed for his manual dexterity and general cleverness while at school at St. Jean d'Angely, by a watchmaker of that town, who took him as his apprentice. The boy acquired his master's trade, not merely perfecting himself in the mechanism of watches, but learning how to engrave them in the most delicate manner. Success in this line, however, was not his desire. He grew impatient of confinement, tired of sitting constantly on a high stool, bending, with a magnifying glass in his eye, over pallets and wheels and pinions; and so, without asking anybody's leave, confiding his secret to a single person, or paying the slightest regard to the 436th article of the Penal Code, he broke his indentures and ran away. Whither he was bound he had no definite conception, his only thought being to relinquish a wearisome occupation; but he had heard of lands beyond the sea where people led a life of uncontrolled liberty; he knew that ships were constantly sailing to all foreign parts from La Rochelle, and thither he directed his flight. A lingering desire to look at his home once more led him round by Bignay,—but though he yielded to this natural impulse he did not attempt to see any of his family; perhaps because he feared his father would have insisted on his returning to his master.

Behold him, then, at La Rochelle, passing, as it happened, unquestioned, the gendarme on duty being at the moment engaged in testing the merits of a glass of Armagnac in a cabaret near the gate. He walked quickly on till he reached the market-place, where he inquired of the first person he met the nearest way to the port. It would not have been difficult to find it even without assistance, the masts of numerous vessels serving as a guide at some distance. Once on the quay he relaxed

his speed, and leisurely surveyed the various ships loading and unloading, bringing up at their berths or casting off from them, as their exigencies required. It was a scene of great noise and confusion, and to avoid being hustled—for he seemed in everybody's way—he stood aside, and taking advantage of a log of timber that was lying near, for the first time that morning sat down, and taking out his last piece of bread, began to break his fast, pondering all the time he was eating upon the chances of the next meal—and the next.

He was at length in the place which, for several months past, he had been bent on reaching, believing that when he got there he should speedily find the means of transit to the country of his dreams and aspirations; but, after all, he had gained very little by his move. Vessels were in plenty, but how was he to obtain a passage in one? Certainly not for the miserable sum of thirty-five sous. He had deceived himself on many points, but not on that. When the idea first struck him of leaving France, he had thought of offering himself as a sailor, and working his passage out, as many had done before him; but when he came in sight of the sea, the only misgiving which, perhaps, a Frenchman ever feels arose, and he could not help asking himself the question—should he be able to work or do anything useful when once at the mercy of that fatal element, the dangers of which he instinctively appreciated? The wind, blowing fresh from the westward, whistling through the rigging and fluttering the tri-coloured flag, appeared to answer imperatively, No! He cast down his eyes,—small, quick, black eyes they were, of which he always made good use,—and went on munching his crust, still meditating.

While thus engaged, with the hot sun shining full upon him, he became aware, by a shadow that fell on the stones at his feet, that something intercepted its rays, and looking up, he saw a tall, swarthy man watching him with attention. He wore a broad-leafed Panama straw hat, whose light colour added to the darkness of his complexion, large gold earrings were in his ears, and his dress denoted a sailor of the better sort. He was smoking a cigar, and as the young man's glance met his he took it from his mouth and spoke.

"I should say you were hungry!" he observed, with a strong Provençal accent.

"Why so?" said the young man.

"To eat such bread as if you liked it," returned the other.

"Oh, as to that," said he who was thus addressed, "one must make the best of what one has. I eat it because I have nothing better."

"Nor able to get it?" asked the seaman.

"Not without making a large hole in a very little," was the answer.

"Will you breakfast with me,—in the town here?"

The young man stared hard at his questioner for a few moments, and judging from his countenance that he was in earnest, replied that he accepted with pleasure.

Saying this he rose from his log, and the two shook hands.

"Come this way," said the stranger. "I know a very good house for our purpose. One may eat and drink very well in this place, for the oysters hereabouts are delicious, and as to the brandy—I'll tell you what, though; they don't put garlic enough in their sausages."

"It is easy to see you come from the south," remarked the young man.

"Yes, I am a Marseillais. My name is Dominique Tisson. What is yours?"

"Alcide-Achille-Numa Giraud."

"Which of the three is your patron saint?" said the sailor, laughing.

"He is not yet in the calendar," returned Alcide, gravely; "but who knows! Perhaps he may be fifty years after I am dead!"

"This," said the sailor, "is my saint's day—the 4th of August. On which account I always stand treat with the first person I meet."

"A very good practice," observed Alcide; "and I only regret that I have not a saint to allow me to do the same."

The sailor eyed the young man with a comic expression, and these few words sufficed to make them good friends.

After two or three turnings they entered a long narrow street, and stopped at a house about half way down, where a signboard swinging aloft displayed three golden candlesticks, with "*Les Trois Chandeliers*" emblazoned beneath them to prevent any mistake. Into this house the sailor conducted Alcide, and it was not long before the promised entertainment was forthcoming. The meal, if not a very refined was a most substantial one, though he who was to pay for it did greater justice to it than his companion. But the good Bordeaux wine and the more stimulating brandy produced their natural effect, and so loosened the strings of Alcide's tongue that with invitation of the slightest he told his whole story.

"So," said the sailor, when he had heard it out, "you want to go to America! Well, it will not be difficult to manage that. See! I am the captain and part owner of *La Jeune Rosalie*, the brig lying at the wharf opposite to where you were sitting. We are completing our cargo for Cuba—chiefly with this"—holding up a glass of cognac, which he forthwith drained—"and I am in want of a clerk to keep my accounts. You have education you say. Let me see a specimen of your handwriting."

Pen, ink, and paper were on an adjoining table, and Alcide went to it and sat down.

"What do you wish me to produce?" he asked.

"Your name will do," said Captain Tisson, "as well as anything. It is long enough for variety."

Alcide looked at his pen, pressed the nib against his thumbnail, dipped it in the ink, and wrote hastily on the paper, flourishing his hand in the air when he had finished as if he were waving a sword, and leading young France to victory.

"There!" he said, handing the paper to Captain Tisson, "will that do?"

"Do!" exclaimed his entertainer in astonishment, "why, it is just like copperplate. The heading of my bills of lading is not half as good."

"If my pen had been a better one——" modestly observed Alcide——

"Impossible!" cried Captain Tisson, interrupting him. "I tell you again it is equal to copperplate. I never saw writing like it."

"It is because I know how to engrave," said Alcide. "If I had the

materials I could show you something in that line which I think would please you."

"You shall have them, if they can be bought in this place," said Captain Tisson. "But that is not our first affair. Are you willing to take the post I named just now as being vacant? Your living on board shall be at my expense. I will give you fifty francs a month for a year certain—and moreover, as you do not seem to be very well provided, I will provide you with an outfit for the voyage. What do you say?"

"There is nothing to say," replied Alcide, with eyes sparkling like diamonds. "How is it possible that I should refuse? Ah, but there is one thing which I forgot."

"What is that?" inquired Captain Tisson.

"My papers," said Alcide. "The fact is I have lost my passport."

"And," said Captain Tisson, "it would be inconvenient to apply for one here? I understand. It is a difficulty to be sure, but I think we may get over it. My late clerk died at New Orleans of yellow fever just before I sailed for La Rochelle; for which reason my books are not in such good order as they ought to be. When you take his place you must succeed to his name. As to his person, that cannot be identified as he has never been on shore: it would have been difficult for him to do so—on this side of the water. When I have made you look something more like a sailor than you do at present, I will contrive to smuggle you on board without the knowledge of any of the maritime authorities. You have only then to remain quietly in my cabin till *La Jeune Rosalie* sails—there will be quite enough to occupy you in the meanwhile—and by the blessing of Notre Dame de la Garde and my patron Saint Dominique, we shall make a prosperous voyage!"

Captain Tisson kept his word in every particular, nothing went amiss of all he had proposed, and under these circumstances Alcide-Achille-Numa Giraud left the shores of his native country.

II.

RATHER more than eighteen years have gone by since *La Jeune Rosalie* sailed from La Rochelle, and he who went out in her with thirty-five sous in his pocket returns with—how much? That is a secret known to Alcide-Achille-Numa Giraud alone, for he is not over-communicative on any subject, and least of all with respect to money matters. But there is a way of saying things by which people are given to understand that he who says them is richer than he chooses to declare; and it is the firm persuasion of the majority of the passengers on board the steamer from New York to Havre, that Monsieur Giraud, who is one of them, though he makes no display, has feathered his nest while in America in a manner satisfactory to himself if, possibly, it may not be so to others. They have no grounds for suspecting anything wrong, but fortunes are sometimes strangely made, and when a man won't give you his confidence freely you have a right to conjecture whatever you please. All you have to do is to beware of libel—a difficult task for those who love talking for talking's sake—more mischief, in nine cases out of ten, arising from gossip than from malice prepense.

It may be presumed that Monsieur Giraud, if he had found the philosopher's stone, was also a philosopher, for he took no heed of the *commérages* which, circulating at his expense, occasionally reached his ears: the only difference they wrought in his behaviour was to cause him to shut himself up more closely than before. The fact of his being a Croesus—a miserly, niggardly Croesus, if you like—was established in the minds of his fellow-passengers, and that was all he cared about. He made no friends amongst them, and when every one separated at the end of the voyage, he was, for a time, forgotten. If brought to recollection afterwards the fact arose from subsequent events.

At Havre Monsieur Giraud made no delay. As it is the act—we might almost say, the duty—of every unoccupied Frenchman to go to Paris, Monsieur Giraud went with the stream. He had a strong personal motive for doing so, having never yet seen the capital of France: but he knew by report how well the city was worth seeing, and he guessed—having learnt to guess in America—that his presence there would be to his own advantage. Where, besides, could a man learn better how to invest his accumulations? It is true that the “credit mobilier” was not in existence at the close of the year 1851, but it was a period that afforded rare opportunities—as the world has seen—for exhibiting strokes of genius; and Monsieur Giraud was one of those who had genius enough for anything.

What particularly safe investment Monsieur Giraud selected is not precisely known, but it must have been one that yielded him very good interest, for he appears to have led a very expensive sort of life in Paris. He had a suite of apartments in the Rue Royale, which, in spite of all the changes that have taken place, is still the fashionable quarter, and if he did not frequent the best society it was probably because he had never had the opportunity of cultivating it in America; or, perhaps, his inclinations took him the other way. He did not, however, plunge all at once into the dissipation of the great city. During the whole of 1852 he occupied a much more modest apartment than that which he afterwards tenanted in the Rue Royale—so modest, indeed, was it that all our researches have failed to discover its locality. His disbursements, too, at that time, were on a very moderate scale—he kept himself, in a manner, aloof from his kind, allowing none to pluck out the heart of his mystery—supposing that a mystery existed—and if the idea were not absurd when such a person as Monsieur Giraud was in question, one might almost have been tempted to think that he was living on expedients. But the fact is susceptible of a different explanation.

Early habits—even good ones—are hard to conquer; the pursuit to which we were brought up always, in some way, asserts its claim; and as Alcide-Achille-Numa Giraud began life as a mechanic and engraver, it is not surprising that he should still give his attention, when no more important avocation demanded it, to objects which called for the exercise of his abilities in those useful capacities. This may be presumed to be the reason why, at the commencement of 1853, he associated himself in partnership with the Sieur Duprey, a lithographic artist established in Paris, for the purpose of working certain mechanical processes of engraving, of which Monsieur Giraud claimed to be the inventor. It so happened—whether from supineness or neglect on the part of Duprey,

or from some other unknown cause—that the invention fell to the ground: at all events, it was not carried into operation in the manner originally proposed—and thus, as may be conjectured, when the inaction of 1852 is taken into consideration, the value of Monsieur Giraud's discovery was lost.

There are some men whom disappointments only stimulate to fresh and more energetic exertions; there are others who, like the tiger after an unsuccessful spring, recoil upon themselves, and tempt their fate no further—who, disgusted with failure, abandon the line they had chosen and take a directly opposite course. It is to be supposed that Monsieur Giraud belonged to the last-named category, for it is on record that towards the end of 1853, the gaiety, the extravagance, the fondness for expensive pleasures, to which allusion has been already made, began to mark his conduct. The philosopher's cell, the patient toiler's workshop, were abandoned for the Closerie de Lilas and the Bal Mabille; the humble *traiteurs* of the Faubourg St Jacques and the Barrière de la Chopinette were exchanged for the *restaurants* of the Palais Royal and the Rue Montorgueil; instead of taking a solitary walk along the Boulevard de la Bastille, Monsieur Giraud now bestrode a prancing steed in the Bois de Boulogne; and when he took off his hat to that handsome Lorette in the gay *coupé* from the Quartier de Bréda, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was he who paid for the equipage.

In the midst of these pleasant, if not altogether well-chosen pursuits, had Alcide-Achille-Numa Giraud entirely forgotten the paternal roof and the ancient province of Saintonge? By no means. From time to time, when amusement slackened in Paris, he broke ground in the department of La Charente Inférieure, casting a curious eye around and speculating on probabilities. His first visit to his native place assured him of one fact which he was anxious to ascertain, though the knowledge of it did not break his heart. His father and mother were dead, and twenty years had also swept off nearly every one of his relations; his name was remembered by few; the old watchmaker of St. Jean d'Angely, no longer lived to accuse his fugitive apprentice; and he found himself a *novus homo* upon old ground—an excellent position for one who entertained the fixed resolve of one day turning it to the best account.

III.

A BACHELOR may be a most admirable person, but he never enjoys half the consideration which attaches to a married man. This is a truth which Monsieur Giraud soon discovered. He had resolved to settle in his own department, but to do so with effect it was necessary he should take a wife. I will not say that, in making his choice, he was influenced by mercenary motives—after events, indeed, showed that this could scarcely have been the case—but he was desirous of finding a lady with a fair income, derivable from landed property. He accordingly cast his eyes upon Mademoiselle Félicité Michaux, a young person of good family, who was her own mistress, and owner of the estate of Gatebourse, in the canton of Aulnay, in that part of the Charente Inférieure which is bounded by the Angoumois and the department of Deux Sèvres. This estate produced the moderate, but, in Monsieur Giraud's estimation, the

sufficient revenue of from five thousand to five thousand five hundred francs.

How much of his past history Monsieur Giraud told to Mademoiselle Félicité Michaux I have no means of ascertaining. It is believed that he had a good deal to tell, but it has also been supposed that some passages of his bygone life were not worth telling. This, however, is the case with most men: they seldom make a perfectly clean breast of it; and if Monsieur Giraud practised any reticence while preferring his suit, he doubtless had sufficiently prudential reasons for doing so. It is enough for the purpose of this narrative that his proposals were favourably considered, and Mademoiselle Félicité Michaux, in the month of October, 1857, became Madame Giraud.

It is not known whether Alcide-Achille-Numa woo'd and won his bride without declaring the full extent of his own fortune, but the supposition is that he gallantly managed a surprise for her as well as for the rest of the world, who noticed with unconcealed astonishment the style in which he lived immediately after his marriage. He furnished his house at Gatebourse in the most expensive manner, filled it with servants, kept eight or ten horses in his stables, several carriages, and a pack of hounds, lost money at play, spent it freely, paying for everything in *argent comptant*, and received as his guests all the leading personages in the arrondissement, eagerly courting their society, and treating them with a degree of luxury and magnificence which, however agreeable to the recipients, was no less incomprehensible. "How on earth," they said, "can all this be kept up on an income of five or six thousand francs a year?" for they knew to a sou, as people always know in the country, what were the revenues of the farms of Gatebourse. Was Monsieur Giraud mortgaging them one by one, and living on the principal? But, no; there was not a notary at St. Jean d'Angely, at Saintes, at Angoulême, who had not been secretly sounded, and all returned the same confidential answer—they had had no dealings whatever with Monsieur Giraud, neither, in the course of their business, had they heard of any hypothecations on his estate. He must, then, have made vast sums of money in America. There could be no other solution to the enigma. It was absurd not to have thought of that before, and contented with the explanation which they offered to themselves, the neighbours continued to accept the hospitalities of Gatebourse. Nevertheless, some amongst them, if not all, kept their eyes and ears open, and waited till Time, the great discoverer, should give them complete satisfaction.

IV.

NOTHING is unassailable in this world, let its place be never so high. There is scarcely a peak in the Alps that has not been degraded by the luncheon fragments and broken bottles of adventurous climbers; not a reputation, military, mercantile, or political, that has not been, at one time or other, within an ace of perdition. Human audacity, like human malevolence, has no limits, and it is vain to say that any position exists which may not be attacked or shaken. In many cases, indeed, the prominence or inexpugnability of the object suggests the corresponding amount of daring.

It is my desire to speak in the highest terms of that most respectable establishment, the Bank of France. No one in his senses, in fact, would so far outrage propriety as to decry an association which not only possesses a capital exceeding a hundred millions of francs, but is also the depository of the disposable funds of the State. What could respectability desire more? Neither would I venture to breathe a syllable against the competence of a single official belonging to the Bank of France—for accidents will happen—and that is saying enough. Consequently, it need not excite surprise, nor provoke animadversion, if I remark, what many persons much more interested in the matter remarked, that, towards the close of the year 1853, a great number of bank-notes, each of the value of one hundred francs, found their way into the *grande caisse*, which never issued from it. They were excellent imitations of the real thing, bore the distinctive water-mark of the Bank of France, were filled up with every necessary date and signature, as well as the written names as those stamped in blue ink; the little pricked holes were there, indicating that they had been put in circulation; nothing, in short, was wanting to make them appear genuine but the numbers in the series of each emission, and the capital letter which marked it.

This discovery was most unwelcome to the Bank of France—for the richer you are the less you like being robbed—but it did not make any public demonstration. Interested in not throwing any discredit on its small notes, it invariably cashed the forged ones—a notification, besides, of the fact would have put the forger on his guard—but, as the number of the latter gradually increased, modifications in the design of the genuine notes were made, an expedient which was, however, of little use, for in a short time these also were copied with equal accuracy. It must be observed, as a remarkable feature in this affair, that bold and clever as he was, the forger exercised in one respect a very wise discretion: he took care not to flood the market with his notes, but kept them within a certain amount, not circulating more, during the first three years of their issue, than to the amount of about twenty thousand francs a year. At the beginning of 1857, however, the Bank found that this amount was on the increase, and still without detecting the offender, progress continued to be made till cash had been given for forged notes to the extent of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand seven hundred francs, a part of that sum being paid on the presentation of notes of two hundred francs, which were also found to be spurious.

As a matter of course, all the officials of the Bank of France were annoyed at this proceeding, though the money lost did not come out of their own pockets—which, to be sure, would with greater reason have caused still greater annoyance—but the *amour propre* of a vast establishment was engaged, and *esprit de corps* is sometimes as active as personal wrong. Of all who felt piqued by the insolence of this transaction, the foremost was Monsieur Aimé-Joseph Marsaud, the principal secretary-general to the Bank.

He was a man of great ability and acuteness, but every expedient which he had devised for putting a stop to this perpetual drain—this quiet, ceaseless *écoulement*—had altogether failed of its object. It seemed useless to multiply marks that were susceptible of imitation, unless a principle of general construction were adopted which might defy forgery.

At the same time his thoughts were constantly brooding on other means of discovering the forger.

The position which Monsieur Marsaud occupied brought him into contact with persons of every description, and amongst them it so happened that he established relations with a commissary of police, named Tenaille; and a more appropriate name for a person of his calling could hardly have been invented. One day, in conversation with Monsieur Tenaille, the Secretary-General spoke of the subject, which was always uppermost in his mind. In the multitude of his acquaintance in Paris did he happen to know any one who was skilful in engraving? A man of that kind, capable of performing a work of art, such as the Bank of France at that moment wanted—Monsieur Marsaud did not mind hinting the reason to the Detective—would be invaluable, and his reward would be well worth earning; in point of fact, the Bank would not mind paying any price the engraver chose to put upon his labour.

Monsieur Tenaille smiled as he replied: "It is singular; but I think I have your man. Do not, however, be mistaken. He is no needy operative, to be at the beck and call of every employer; on the contrary, it must be an act of pure kindness and good will on his part if he consents to attempt anything of the kind you require, for he is a gentleman of fortune, who lives chiefly in the country; though he occasionally visits Paris."

"That is, indeed, singular," observed the Secretary-General; "but has he really the knowledge we require?"

"I am assured of it," returned Tenaille. "Engraving is his hobby; he gives himself up to it entirely—to the exclusion, as he tells me, of all other occupations. I have myself seen his apparatus for work at his lodgings in the Rue des Martyrs."

"That is in the Quartier Bréda," said the Secretary-General, smiling in his turn.

"Oh no," said Monsieur Tenaille, in a tone that was almost expostulatory, "he is a very different kind of man. The Quartier Bréda is nothing to him. C'est un homme rangé. He is married to a charming person—as I hear—with whom he lives most happily, his only worldly anxiety being the care of her health, for which reason he accompanies her to the seaside when her medical men advise the change. Except on those occasions, and when he now and then comes to Paris, he leads the life, I understand, of a hermit, quite shut up, and given wholly to his studious arrangements."

"What is the name of this gentleman?" asked the Secretary-General.

"Giraud," replied the commissary.

"And where does he live in the country?"

"At the Château de Gatebourse, near Aulnay. I am not quite sure whether it is in the department of the Charente or of the Charente Inférieure, but I know it is not very far from Angoulême."

There were two peculiar circumstances connected with this communication. The first, that the commissary of police should not have known that Monsieur Giraud led a life at Gatebourse the very opposite to that of a hermit—as hermits are traditionally handed down to us; the second, that when he mentioned Angoulême, the countenance of Monsieur Marsaud suddenly wore a very strange expression. But whatever ideas

may have been awakened in the mind of the Secretary-General, he forbore, at that time, from giving utterance to them, and contented himself with remarking to Monsieur Tenaillé, that he should like to have an interview with this amateur engraver, and that as soon as possible.

"The first time he comes to Paris," said Tenaillé, "I will bring him to you. His visits are very regular, and I dare say he will be here in a few days."

V.

MONSIEUR TENAILLÉ'S anticipations were correct. About a week after the conversation above recorded, Monsieur Giraud arrived in Paris.

Appealed to in his scientific capacity, he made no difficulty of accompanying the commissary of police, and an introduction to Monsieur Marsaud took place. This was in the month of August, 1860.

The interview was highly satisfactory to the Secretary-General. He at once perceived that his new acquaintance was one thoroughly conversant with all the practical details of bank-note engraving, and he also ascertained that the politician's axiom—that every man has his price—was no fable. Although an enthusiastic lover of art, Monsieur Giraud was not above the consideration of recompense: he knew the value of his time, the value also of his skill, and rated them in combination at a tolerably high figure. The Secretary-General did not object to the same named, provided the experiment answered his expectations, but there were points to be discussed hereafter, and he could not give a final decision: Monsieur Giraud should hear from him on the subject, and thereupon the scientific country gentleman took his leave.

He was no sooner gone than Monsieur Marsaud sent for the commissary of police.

"Monsieur Tenaillé," he said, as soon as they were closeted together, "if these forged notes," taking a heap of them from his *secrétaire*, "are manufactured in France, your friend is the manufacturer."

The commissary of police was aghast with astonishment. What! A Pekin,—a mere bank official, know more of criminal affairs than he whose province it was to unearth them. The thing was impossible. The position, too, of Monsieur Giraud rendered the thing absurd. He indignantly denied the imputation.

"What an idea!" he exclaimed. "My friend is the most respectable man in his *arrondissement*. All the notabilities of the Angoumois are his constant guests: the bishop, the prefect, the general, in short, everybody that is anybody, dines with Monsieur Giraud and invites him in return. What more, monsieur, would you have?"

"Nothing," returned the Secretary-General. "That fact only strengthens my conviction. He has sought these notabilities as his moral safeguard."

"But why require a safeguard?" asked Monsieur Tenaillé. "How have you arrived at the conclusion that he needs one?"

"No person in existence," said the Secretary-General, "but he who engraved the plate from which these notes were struck, could suggest such means of altering it as Monsieur Giraud has proposed. He professes a knowledge of bank-note manufacture which could only have been acquired by constant practice. However, it is not well to be precipitate. All I wish to observe at present is, that in the interests of society and of

justice, you are bound to assist the Bank of France in an endeavour to arrest the progress of an enormous delinquency. You must keep your eye on this man, Monsieur Tenaille; follow all his movements, track him incessantly, watch every set of his life, make yourself acquainted with his most intimate and private pursuits, and if you do not at last arrive at the same conclusion as myself, I am willing to make your friend every reparation. If you wish to know why I am so persistent in fixing the crime on this opulent landowner in the department of the Charente I will tell you:—all the forged notes reach us from Angoulême!”

Such positive language on the part of the Secretary-General of the Bank of France had the effect of unsettling Monsieur Tenaille's belief in his friend's impeccability. It was true, if Giraud were guilty, that he owed it to that law of which he was, to a certain extent, the representative, to unmask and punish him,—but there was also another reason why he should do so: he had himself been deceived, and the last person in the world to forget an injury of that kind is a police-agent. He promised, therefore, to leave no stone unturned to ascertain whether the suspicions of Monsieur Marsaud were well or ill-founded,—resolving to act accordingly.

If justice be slow-footed in France, she is, at least, sure. The accumulation of proof is, often, a long process, but when completed the result is almost certain, and the odds as to escape are terribly against the accused. The fixed idea of the official mind being the culpability of the person who has fallen under suspicion, it becomes a point of honour on the part of “justice” to establish guilt. The surveillance under which Monsieur Giraud was placed, was consequently of the closest kind. The recommendation of the Secretary-General was carried out to the letter. Wherever Monsieur Giraud went, whatever he did, was strictly noted,—“set in a journal, learnt and conn'd by heart, to cast into his teeth.” Every time he visited Paris, somebody unknown to him was at his heels; the same individual, or another equally well instructed, was perpetually at his elbow,—sitting at the next table in the café, occupying the stall behind him at the theatre, watching him from unobserved windows, dodging his footsteps along every street, lying in wait for him in the obscurity of his own staircase, spying out his most secret acts through his own keyhole. It resulted from all this that the official mind satisfied itself that Monsieur Giraud spent ten times as much as his apparent means justified, and that the money so squandered was illegitimately acquired.

While this system of espionage was going on, there was one who might have been mortified at his previous want of acumen, but was wise enough not to betray his mortification. This was Monsieur Tenaille, the commissary of police. He did not suffer the slightest cloud to shadow his brow, but met his quondam friend with the same smile that had ever greeted him; they became, in fact, more intimate than before, and though confidence was not a thing for Monsieur Giraud to bestow, he in a manner took the commissary to his bosom.

French country-gentlemen have an odd way of illustrating their hospitality: since they have imported the word “sport” into their language, they offer their friends what they think it means in all the fiery plenitude of the dog-days. It was on this principle—though not, I believe, with-

out a hint of its being acceptable—that the proprietor of Gatebourse invited Monsieur Tenaille to pass a fortnight at his château in the beginning of August last year, to shoot and hunt whatever of fur or feather was unlucky enough to expose itself to be shot or hunted at such a season. Alas, Monsieur Giraud little knew that he was the game his friend the commissary was desirous of bagging!

A fortnight passed very pleasantly—for Frenchmen—in this unseasonable amusement, and during that time the sleepless eye of Monsieur Tenaille was never closed. He saw everything now in a new light, and all he saw he hoarded in his memory for proximate use—the thunder-cloud which hovered over Gatebourse being nearly ready to burst. The last day of the invitation arrived; the sport was magnificent—a fox and half a dozen sparrows were shot by Monsieur Tenaille, while an owl, a brace of crows, and one of his own dogs fell before the gun of his entertainer; the friends had an excellent tête-à-tête dinner—marred a little, perhaps, by the absence of Madame Giraud, who was not well enough to make her appearance—but this contretemps was in some degree compensated by the superb Château Margaux, in which the commissary, with the greatest fervour, proposed a toast to her health. Then they began to talk *de omnibus rebus*. Monsieur Tenaille was loud in his praises of the rural beauties of Gatebourse—the estate, he said, was everything man could desire, only, of course, the roc's egg was wanting: a certain improvement, which he pointed out, might, he thought, be made. To this Monsieur Giraud replied that what the Commissary said was true; he had often wished to turn the road in a certain direction, bridge the stream at a particular spot, plant out one or two objects which rather spoil the view—but then the expense!

Monsieur Tenaille burst out laughing.

“That,” he exclaimed, “is one of the best jokes I ever heard in my life. You talk of expense”—and here his language became figurative—“you, who can make money at will—”

He did not finish the sentence, but paused to observe the effect of the words he had already uttered. It was instantaneous. The blood rushed to Monsieur Giraud's face, flushing it of the deepest crimson—he raised his glass to his lips, spilt the wine, and set it down untasted, turned deadly pale, and stammered he knew not what. He then rose and went to the window. Monsieur Tenaille appeared not to notice his host's confusion, but while his back was turned threw a glance at him which plainly said, “My excellent friend, I have caught you at last!”

That evening the commissary of police returned to Paris.

VI.

MONSIEUR TENAILLE was too delicate-minded to strike the last blow himself, but his sympathy for the man whose bread he had eaten extended no further. Immediately on his arrival in Paris he laid a full and complete statement before the prefect of police, and the arrest of Monsieur Giraud was decided on.

Two clever detectives were sent down to Gatebourse to study the ground, which they were able to do with advantage, Madame Giraud being still confined to her room, and her husband still persisting in his daily sport. Loitering about the premises one thing struck them as

peculiar. This was a sort of cabinet on the ground floor, attached to the main building, but offering the means of access by separate doors at the back. The peculiarity consisted in the appearance of the windows, all the lower panes of which, higher than the tallest man could see over, being rendered opaque by limewash. They tried the doors of this cabinet, but found them locked. Here, then, there was evidently something to conceal; some process was carried on in this place which the proprietor of Gatebourse kept secret. Detectives unprovided with keys must have recourse to substitutes. They forced one of the doors of the cabinet and entered.

They found there many things which surprised them, and more than they knew the precise use of. Amongst them was a printing-press, a Bunsen's pile, a galvano-plastic apparatus, a great number of tools for engraving on wood and metal, wood-blocks prepared for engraving, acids, notes payable to order, and finally a bundle of one hundred and twenty-nine notes of the Bank of France for one hundred francs each, of the issue of the 14th of May, 1858, bearing the signature of Monsieur Soleil, the principal cashier, and of the Secretary-General Marsaud. Only the signature of the controller was not affixed to them, and the two white cartouches which are inserted in the upper extremity on the right hand and in the lower extremity on the left of each note, and which are destined to receive the numbers written in figures, were blank. They afterwards laid their hands on a second bundle of twenty-four notes of one hundred francs, signed by Monsieur Crousaz-Cretet, another principal cashier, by the Secretary-General Ville, and by the controller—but here also the cartouches were not filled up. The paper on which these "values" were inscribed was just as it had left the press; it had not been crumpled, and showed no creases or folds on its surface, certain signs of recent fabrication. Stimulated by these discoveries a further search was instituted, and in a drawer of a *secrétaire* were found two more bank-notes of one hundred francs each, also dated May 14, 1858, signed by Soleil, the principal cashier, Millet, the controller, and Marsaud, the secretary-general, the cartouches being filled in with the numbers 192 and 194, and consequently clothed with every necessary formality. Nor was this all. A third note was discovered in a portfolio in the same drawer, offering all the external characteristics of being genuine, and numbered 191; it was blotted with ink, pierced with pin-points, and bore every appearance of having enjoyed a wide circulation.

This fortunate "find" accomplished, one of the detectives remained on the spot to guard it, and the other set off in hot haste to the officer commanding the gendarmerie of the department, who, aware of the intended perquisition, was close at hand. He was another intimate friend of the lord of Gatebourse, and had free access to the domain. Accordingly, he buckled on his sabre and bent his steps in the direction of a certain warren, where Monsieur Giraud was in the habit of waiting all day long to pop at rabbits which pertinaciously refused to make their appearance. The officer's expectation was not disappointed: the sportsman was at his post.

"Much luck to-day?" asked the gendarme, after the usual salutations had passed between them.

"Not yet," replied Monsieur Giraud.

"Ah, it will come by-and-by," observed the other. "But, Sapristi,

what a fine new gun you have got! That ought to knock them over by dozens! Just let me look at it."

The unsuspecting proprietor handed his fowling-piece to his admiring friend, with the remark that it was of his own manufacture, but no sooner was the weapon in the gendarme's possession than he at once proceeded to business.

"I am sorry to say so, Monsieur Giraud," he said, "but you are my prisoner." And thereupon he pulled out a warrant for his friend's apprehension.

When a man is taken aback in this way he seldom makes resistance. Monsieur Giraud offered none, and quietly allowed himself to be conducted before the juge d'instruction of the district, who, after informing him of the nature of the charge, submitted him to an interrogatory which, *façete de mieux*, he duly signed, and was then conveyed to the local prison.

VII.

THE inquiry being now a judicial affair, was vigorously pursued. Monsieur Giraud of course denied everything, and equally as a matter of course his denial went for nothing. On the 1st of September, while the lord of Gatebourse was under lock and key,—what a happy day for the partridges!—a second search took place at the château. A cooper, named Geoffroy, had deposed before the juge d'instruction to having done some special sort of work for Monsieur Giraud, whose custom it appeared was to shut himself up alone in a building in the rear of his premises. This place contained all the necessary apparatus for the distillation of spirits, and in local language was called a *brûlerie*. Monsieur Giraud invariably prohibited every one from approaching it, and on one occasion when Geoffroy and his son went in to work, manifested the most violent anger. It was plain that he attached great importance to the locality, for on the day of his arrest the gendarmes who had him in charge overheard a message which he was endeavouring to send to his wife respecting the *brûlerie*, and prevented its transmission.

On this particular spot the attention of the magistrates charged with the search was consequently fixed, and their acuteness was rewarded by the discovery in a small barrel of the instruments which had been employed in the fabrication of the forged notes of the Bank of France. It is worth while to notice the excessive precautions which had presided over the arrangement of the tools in this place of concealment. One of the bottoms of the barrel had been very solidly fastened, and twelve hooks fixed to the inner surface, which, by means of strings, held fast two thick parcels, wrapt up in paper, so firmly that no accidental displacement of the barrel could make them budge. From this disposition of his materials one of the consequences resulted which the contriver had foreseen. On tapping the bottom of the barrel with the knuckles, a dull sound was given out, as if the vessel were full, which would naturally prevent an examination of the interior; but it had not struck Monsieur Giraud that the experiment might also be repeated on the side,—and when this was done the percussion replied by a hollow echo, attesting that the barrel, after all, was empty. It was, therefore, set on end, the hoops were hammered off, and the staves being no longer supported, the barrel

opened out, and disclosed the parcels attached to the bottom. Their contents were as follows :

In the first parcel were disclosed a copper frame, technically called a "frisket," which limits the borders of the engraved plates and sheets of paper; four separate stamps, engraved in relief on wood, producing the signatures: Croisac-Cretet, Soleil, Ville, and Marsaud; and twenty-seven smaller bits of wood, also engraved in relief, and furnishing the letters, words, and numbers necessary for the changes in the dates of issue and the indication of the series. The second parcel contained a plate engraved on wood, still impregnated with printer's ink, and reproducing the entire vignette on the hundred-franc notes. For the cartouches there were movable characters figuring the letter A and the number 66;—the date of issue complete in one instance—"Paris, 15 September, 1859;" two stamps, black and white, bearing the inscription of the 139th article of the Penal Code (the punishment for forgery), were also found, and a great number of copper pins, some of them microscopically small, showing that the plate had been submitted to various corrections, that its imperfections had been studied with patience, and that a most indomitable will had been exercised to produce a work of remarkable ability. Under the same envelope was also a zinc plate engraved in relief, with the words "Bank of France" in the upper part, and the cypher of a hundred francs. Seven sheets of white paper were with this plate, of the same size as the bank-notes, on which the water-mark was very clearly apparent. Finally, in the distillery and other places, were found numerous objects essential to the engraver,—copper and zinc plates, wood-blocks already used, acids, manuals of chemistry, prepared paper, photographs, chemical preparations, and a large provision of printers' and blue ink.

In the presence of all these facts it was impossible there could be a doubt about the guilt of Monsieur Giraud, but if any existed it was speedily removed by a series of experiments made at the Bank of France with the materials discovered at Gatebourse, from which it resulted that the notes produced were identical with those which had been surreptitiously circulated.

All the evidence being at length collected, and every formality fulfilled, the trial of the accused was fixed for the Spring Assizes of the department of the Seine, and came off on the 14th and 15th of April last.

Monsieur Giraud, who is a man of medium stature, of dark complexion, with grey hair and moustaches, and quick, dark eyes, appeared in court attired in sober black, with his shirt collar turned over a black cravat. He exhibited perfect calmness, save only on one or two occasions, when the searching questions of Monsieur Boissieu, the president, were too much for him. His general system of defence may be briefly summed up, but a few points in it will be afterwards noticed in detail. He declared that he had not manufactured the notes, but had found them in a secret drawer of a large bureau which he bought at the public auction-rooms (l'Hôtel des Ventes) in Paris, with a quantity of engraver's tools, adding, that the secret drawer contained the paper parcels discovered in the barrel, which, as they were sealed up, he had hidden there without being aware of their contents. He was, however, unable to produce any evidence of the purchase of the bureau in question, and no such piece of furniture was found at his lodgings in the Rue des Martyrs, or at the château of Gatebourse. The whole story, indeed, was so full of contra-

dictions and improbabilities as to be totally unworthy of credit. Moreover, the careful manner in which the prosecution was got up stopped every avenue of escape.

With reference to his resources he said that, when he married, he possessed a sum of forty thousand francs, which he had brought with him from America, and that a large plant of machinery for distillation and mechanical purposes was lost on board the *Grand Duquesne* when that vessel was unfortunately wrecked. He denied that he had lived expensively at Gatebourse. The sumptuous furniture which he was accused of buying, consisted, he said, of what he had put in his drawing-room, the cost of which was two hundred francs. He admitted having eleven servants and six horses, but said that they were necessary for farming purposes. Of his four carriages, one belonged to his mother-in-law, and the other to his wife's late brother. He described his liveried groom as a "petit bon homme," with a bit of gold lace round his hat, and his pack of hounds were common dogs, the greater part of them the property of those who came to sport with him on the estate of Gatebourse. He had received "the authorities" only on three occasions, and, in fact, those who accused him of prodigality and luxury—not to judge them too harshly—deceived themselves. Yes, he had purchased property to the extent of forty thousand francs, but then he had never paid the money, neither did he know when he should have been called upon to do so. It was true that the lower part of the windows of his cabinet were opaque with linewash, but this was done to prevent the rays of the sun from disturbing the movements of some watchwork placed there. Only thirty-four francs in silver were found in his house, but this he accounted for by saying that his wife—his sick wife—controlled all the expenses of the household. As to the graving tools, the acids, tracing-paper, and so forth, he received them for professional use as a watchmaker.

The witnesses for the defence were numerous, but their evidence was almost entirely of a negative character, being chiefly confined to proving that the prisoner's expenditure had not been so lavish as was represented by the prosecution.

When they had been heard, Monsieur Oscar de Vallée, the advocate-general, replied at full length on the whole case—so fully, indeed, that he ripped up a number of Monsieur Giraud's antecedents, which there was no evidence either to prove or disprove. Besides what was well known, he told the jury that the prisoner had succeeded in effecting his escape from a prison in Louisiana, after being committed on a charge of forgery; and that at the Havanna, or elsewhere on the American continent, he had married a lady who was still alive. For the sake of Mademoiselle Félicité Michaux, and her estate of Gatebourse, it is only to be regretted that proof of this last delinquency was not forthcoming.

The jury did not leave the audience very long in suspense. Half an hour sufficed for their consideration, and at the end of that time they returned into court with a verdict of guilty on the two counts of the indictment.

The application of the 139th Article of the Penal Code was then made by the President, who condemned Alcide-Alchille-Numa Giraud to hard labour for life and a fine of a hundred francs.

The last part of the sentence is not likely to disturb the equanimity of the Millionnaire of Saintonge.

A GLANCE AT ROME IN 1862.

Ruins ! a charm is in the word,
It makes us smile, it makes us sigh,
'Tis like the note of some spring bird
Recalling other springs gone by.

I AM not going to write a rhapsody on ruins, notwithstanding the quotation from Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem with which I commence, but I confess that, after longing for years to visit Rome, with our minds full of its ancient grandeur, its Christian monuments, and the exciting interest of its doubtful future, we were not prepared to find ourselves in the midst of a gay English coterie. "Do you know Mrs. M.?" said one friend; "she gives the best dinners in Rome" (where, by-the-by, not many are given); "will you join our party to Veii?" said another; "not much to see, but a pleasant drive and a capital luncheon at the end of it." All this was trying to people whose great interest in dancing and driving was over, and who had come romantically expecting to see "the Niobe of nations speechless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

The desolate Campagna, the glorious ruins, the maidenhair covered fountains, such were the impressions Rome left on the mind a few years ago, when the journey thither was one of some length and some difficulty. Now all this is changed. The English spend a week in Paris on their way to provide themselves with the adornments to be displayed in Rome in the newest taste. A journey to Marseilles, and the direct steamer brings them to Civita Vecchia, a dreary place, deeply and dolefully impressed on the mind by detention at the Douane. Let us hope that no photographs of Garibaldi or the King of Italy are concealed in your portmanteau, no possible combination of red, green, and white in your imperials. The eye of a papal douanier detects treason in a bouquet of red fuchsias with green leaves, and the flowers are ruthlessly torn from the white dress. From Civita Vecchia the railway takes you over the flat shores and through the evergreen woods of Italy. You see a gleam of the yellow Tiber winding among the tall reeds on its banks; a glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's against the darkening sky; a pause, a rush, and you leave the railway carriage at the very gates of Rome.

The first process after your arrival is to establish yourself in comfortable apartments. No slight labour, when you consider that many of the streets in the highest, and consequently the healthiest parts of Rome, are so steep as to be difficult of access in a carriage. And the best apartments, oh, comfortable middle-aged English lady! are generally—al terzo piano—up innumerable steps. There you have fresher air, a finer view, and, what is still more important, immunity from the noise and unpleasant smells in the streets.

One poor Englishwoman, who arrived during the carnival, having ascended and descended till she was weary, was told that it was necessary to drive in the Corso. Here, with a striped cloak and a mask, sedate English people hardly recognise themselves as they parade to see for once in their lives a Roman carnival, and here my unfortunate acquaint-

ance received a severe blow on the face from a packet of the hard confetti which are thrown on these occasions into the different carriages. With a swelled face, then, weary legs, and a bewildered mind, did this martyr to maternal duty chaperone her daughter to a ball that night. "Never mind, mamma," said the loving child, "people here don't know how your face looks in England."

It must not be supposed that severe blows from confetti, such as I have described, were dealt by the hand of the gentle and courteous Roman. Those who drove in the Corso this year were almost exclusively foreigners, and a few government hirelings sent to swell the number of the carriages. The Queen of Naples was visible in an apartment within from the opposite houses, but she did not appear in the balcony. Omnibuses (provided with boxes outside for confetti) were filled with English and Americans, and the effect of those, all dressed alike in white, trimmed with some bright colour, was very pretty. These white dresses and masks are a necessary precaution; for the confetti are composed principally of lime, and not only whiten but burn whatever they touch. These omnibus occupants threw and pelted with all the vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race, forgetting the consequence to the eyes and noses of their friends. Flowers were thrown plentifully to and from the balconies, and are in fact the only things pleasant to throw or to receive, and the abundance of them at Rome at the early season is one of the luxuries a stranger most enjoys. Violets, purple anemones, mignonette, and narcissus abound, and camellias, too, are in bloom in the open air; but here, again, the police interfere. White and red camellias with their dark-green leaves, formed the dreaded Sardinian tricolor of red, green, and white, and were not admitted into the Corso without an admixture of some other colour. The carnival this year was considered a failure by all Italians—"brutto e meschino" they described it to be; indeed, so many families in Rome were mourning for friends or children banished, or in prison, that it could not well be gay; and all true Romans are sad at heart, and longing for the time when Rome will again be free. Everything seems to prove that the present system cannot continue long. On the day in the carnival when all Rome drives on the Corso, the national committee sent printed papers round desiring that Romans would not join in amusements, and allow Europe to believe that they were happy and contented in their slavery. The paper went on to desire that they would assemble instead at the Forum, there to contemplate the remains of ancient greatness, and to comfort themselves with the hope that Rome would shortly again be free. It concluded "*Viva il papa non re, viva Vittor Emanuele.*"

We also drove to the Forum, and the scene was very striking. From the capitol to the Coliseum, on the green hill-side, around the broken columns, under the trees, and under the arch of Titus, all was covered with one great assemblage of people, in perfect order and in perfect silence, the more remarkable when one considers the excitability of the Italian character. The whole of the middle class of Rome seemed to be there, and a great many of the higher,—some few handsome carriages, amongst others that of Prince Torlonia, and numberless ordinary vehicles. It was one great silent protest against the tyranny under which Rome groans. On the Friday no festa goes on, no opera—a privation to an Italian equivalent to that of not reading the *Times* to an Englishman—

no one drives in the Corso, no confetti are thrown, there are no masks and no flowers, but the national committee again issued their fiat. "Romani," it said, "drive to-day in the Corso and show your strength."

This intention on the part of the Liberals only became generally known about one o'clock, and General Goyon, with the sympathy for the Italians which has marked the whole conduct of the French army, instantly foresaw that mischief would ensue if this demonstration were allowed. Once before, the people assembled on the 19th of March, the fête of San Giuseppe in honour of Garibaldi, and the papal soldiers used violence, and in remembrance of this General Goyon felt sure that this year "i Romani" would come prepared for self-defence. He issued instant orders to bar every entrance into the Corso. Not only were troops stationed at its two terminations, the Piazza di Venezia and the Piazza del Popolo, but throughout its entire length (one mile); every little side-street which led into it was guarded, and so quickly and effectually was this done that no one had time to enter. The popular party felt it was a recognition of their strength, and considered these precautions as a triumph, doubtless glad that General Goyon's interference had saved blood from being spilled uselessly, which they are ready to shed more effectually some future day for the freedom of Rome. English society at Rome this winter was not what it used to be. Palazzo Venezia, where the Austrian ambassador used to receive, as the frequenters of Rome twenty years ago will well remember, is virtually closed, but that must be a source of rejoicing to all sympathisers with Italian freedom. Garibaldi's Hymn, the chorus of which is

Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori Stranier,

now rings in our ears with its soul-stirring music, though it is of course strictly "proibito" in Rome, and one can but rejoice that except in poor Venice the stranger no longer rules. I was told that at Turin, when at the Opera this hymn was played the whole pit rose and joined with one voice in the chorus.

The Princes Borghese and Doria do not now open their palaces to the English as they used to do in the lifetime of their English-born princesses, and Italian society is at all times difficult of access to strangers. The Duc de Grammont, whose receptions used to be the best in Rome, is gone, and M. de la Valette, the new French ambassador, has not yet begun to receive. Lady M. Alford is not in Rome; and, in short, though there is plenty of society of different sorts there are no great réunions. Having thus endeavoured to sketch the two prevailing excitements at Rome, that of the Italians for liberty, of the English for gaiety, I must return to our impressions of the great city itself.

Here, at least, we find the calm and repose which we had pictured to ourselves, but not everywhere the grandeur. The want of keeping in Italian cities sensibly affects an English mind; there seems to be no consistency. You step from from a *very* dirty staircase into a palazzo; you look at Raphael's frescoed ceilings standing on a shabby and worn tile pavement; in short, there seems no medium between mud and marble. But once accustomed to these contrasts your enjoyment begins, and whatever your tastes or habits, you can hardly fail to find full occupation and interest at Rome. We were anxious first to take a general view of the

city, and for this purpose went to the Capitol, and began ascending the steps to the Senators' Tower. A French soldier emphatically ordered us to "halte," and we found, to our vexation, that a foolish joke had caused all access to the tower to be forbidden. Some young Americans had hoisted the Sardinian banner there. The next best view of Rome is from St. Peter's; but if you wish to see the city and the people, Rome ancient and modern, and at the same time one of the loveliest of views, go to Monte Pincio at half-past three some fine afternoon, where the French band plays. You will see the city itself, with its domes, lying at your feet from the broad terrace which crowns the summit of the Pincio, and you will see all living Rome walking, driving, and smoking there besides. Such a picturesque assemblage of handsome equipages, dark-eyed Italians, priests, and French soldiers it does not often fall to one's lot to witness. Here you may see exiled monarchs, pretty English girls, Italian nurses, with their coronet of scarlet ribbon fastened with silver pins round their dark hair; and here, if you are fortunate, you may meet the poor old Pope himself taking a short walk, and you can hardly believe, as you look at his benevolent old face, that circumstances, the traditions of his position, and Antonelli, have made him the cause of so much misery to Rome.

One great enjoyment, after having of course visited the public sculpture galleries, are the studios of sculptors, which are thrown open at Rome with a kindness and courtesy for which strangers ought to be very grateful. It is impossible to particularise all, but Tenerani is considered by Italians the greatest of living sculptors. How few Englishmen, even among those who are fond of art, ever hear of him before they visit Rome! England is certainly not the country for sculpture; her damp climate forbids statues in the open air, her quick and business-like habits are opposed to the slowness and grace which the sculptor needs in his models. Besides this, England is, I believe, the only country whose government does not send annually a few selected artists to study at Rome and complete their art-education. The French Academy at Rome has been established for two hundred years, and here pupils study, with a sum allowed for their maintenance during a term of years. Russia, Germany, and the smaller Italian states all send artists on somewhat similar terms. England only leaves her sculptors to struggle on alone, and thus, while we have a school of painters of whom we are justly proud, we have no public monuments which are successful. How much this is to be lamented we feel more than usual at a time when all England unites in the wish to honour worthily the memory of Prince Albert, and under these circumstances an obelisk seems the best possible choice. Here our engineering powers, which are unrivalled, are called into requisition, and our artistic taste not much needed. To any one writing from Rome the wish seems but natural that to a grand obelisk should be united a majestic fountain, giving life, and grace, and lightness to the monument, and making it at the same time an enduring blessing to the people, whom the Prince throughout his life endeavoured to purify and bless. How inferior in general effect is the Lateran obelisk, though in itself the highest and grandest at Rome, to that in the Piazza del Popolo, which has a fountain at its base!

To return to Tenerani's studio. We crossed the Piazza Barberini,

admiring as we passed the fountain with the Tritons, and glancing up at the tall corner-house which Hans Andersen declares to have been the birthplace of his improvisatore. We then turn towards the row of trees which shade the church of the Capuchin monks, and enter the studio. The professore himself, our guide told us, was absent, not being quite well, and we only saw his bust, done by himself, a very beautiful work, and the countenance marked and intellectual. The great monument to Pius VIII., to be placed in St. Peter's is to be finished in two years they say; and there is also a great monument to Bolivar, which is to be sent to South America.

In the first room to which we were admitted we saw the fainting Psyche, one of the most popular of Tenerani's works. It is peculiarly graceful; one of Psyche's hands rests on a rock, the box of evils has fallen down, the lid seems just escaping from her other powerless hand, and so expressive and life-like is the figure, that you almost imagine you see the wings gradually drooping.

What is most striking, especially after visiting the English studios, is the Christian and devotional spirit which Tenerani puts into his monumental works. Some of these are very touching: one to Lord Vivian's child represents the little thing sheltered by the mantle of the guardian angel, gathering flowers at his feet. In another our Lord is seated, and the guardian angel presents two little children to him. In another, which we thought still more beautiful, our Lord is seated, and the little child has approached alone, and is kneeling timidly at his feet, "beseeching forgiveness for all his faults," as our guide said, and our Lord extends his hand in the attitude of blessing. These are all bas reliefs.

For the English Chambers of Commerce are two beautiful little figures of boys, one the Genius of Agriculture, with his foot on a spade, digging vigorously; the other the Genius of Commerce, a real amorino, but with a book and a purse beside him, evidently calculating.

One of Tenerani's greatest works is the Angel of the Resurrection, a majestic seated figure on the monument of the Duchessa Lanti, in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva. That for the Pope is very calm and grand, a great relief, after the style of fluttering drapery and heathen imagery, which is seen on some of the papal monuments of the last century in St. Peter's. Above the door of the monument, which forms the base, kneels the Pope in an attitude of prayer and deep reverence; on each side of him are grand figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and above all, a majestic enthroned figure of our Lord, with his arms extended, as if receiving the Pontiff into his holy keeping. It is a monument worthy of being placed in the grandest of Christian cathedrals.

One more, a bas relief I must describe, for it seemed to us the most wonderful of all Tenerani's compositions. It is another Angel of the Resurrection. The angel is less than life size; he stands with the book in his left hand and the trumpet in his right. The wings seem soft and downy, and the expression of the face, as he looks towards Heaven, patiently waiting, yet earnestly listening for the order to sound, strikes one with awe.

Overbeck's studio is only open on Sundays and festas, when he himself takes his visitors round, and explains the symbolical meaning of his

works. They are so full of ideas that half their beauty would be lost if these were not thoroughly understood. He himself is a living picture, with his thin face and grey locks of hair escaping from under a black velvet cap. "He is a saint," one of his friends said to me; and indeed he looks it. By the laws of Rome a person may be adopted, and after going through certain forms, possesses all the legal rights of a child. Overbeck has done this with regard to Madame Hoffmann, the wife of the sculptor. Their son, young Monsieur Hoffmann, has his studio below Overbeck's, and assists in explaining the pictures. They are intended for frescoes, and are at present only in outline, which is the less to be regretted as this great designer has not, I believe, the gift of colour.

For some years Overbeck was prevented from painting by a failure of sight; but from this he has now, happily recovered, and though seventy-three, he continues to work. One beautiful outline represented "Joseph making himself known to his Brethren;" another represented the "Fine Arts learning from Nature:" Music was listening to a bird, and attempting to reproduce the sounds; Painting looked at the flowers reflected in the water, and tried also to give their colours; and Sculpture was endeavouring to represent a human form. His great works, however, are the "Seven Sacraments," each large picture surrounded by a broad border of symbolical subjects. The "Last Supper" is differently rendered from any pictures of it I have before seen—a square table, not long, as in Leonardo's and Andrea del Sarto's "Cene"—Judas sitting, only slightly apart, with the face, not of a confirmed traitor, but of one in whom the struggle between good and evil is still going on, though for the last time. Our Lord extends his hand with the bread across the table to a disciple, whose body is stretched forward, and his mouth slightly opened, to receive it, with a beautiful expression of earnestness and faith.

The Sacrament of Baptism is represented by St. Peter preaching on the day of Pentecost, and the different races of men—Medes and Elamites, Cretes and Arabians, and the dwellers in Lybia—coming to him for baptism are given with much spirit. But the most beautiful part of each composition is the border which surrounds it, emblematical of the blessings of each Sacrament.

For example, round the "Lord's Supper" we see the death of the first-born, the sprinkling of the door-posts of Israel with the blood of the lamb, and the manna gathering. Round "Marriage" a beautiful succession of pictures from Tobit form the border below. On one side married life is represented by Adam and Eve walking together among the flowers of Paradise; on the other, single life, by a solitary man amidst thorns and briars, finally dying alone, resting on the Cross, with an angel strengthening him. But "Extreme Unction" seemed to us most beautiful of all—the death of the father of a family, with his wife and children weeping, and our Lord and the disciples near him, forms the centre. In the border is the most wonderful and touching representation of the Resurrection. On the left angels are clothing one newly risen from the grave in a robe of stars, while another happy soul is entering the gate of the heavenly city, angels stooping from above to crown him, and the whole figure full of an elasticity of happiness which words cannot describe. On the opposite side the wretched are being precipitated into

an abyss, among the rocks of which a serpent is coiled and lurking. Between these two pictures are represented the angels sounding the trumpets, and the dead rising from their graves. In one group the recognition of the blessed is introduced in a way I can never forget. Two sisters are gazing into each other's faces, while a third figure struggles to join them, but is withheld by a stern angel. The fulness of joy in the sister's faces is inexpressible. Yet this scene seems only introduced incidentally, and not as the principal source of the joy which shall be hereafter. It would be wearisome to describe the other cartoons, but we earnestly hope they may soon be bought and engraved, for a greater boon to Christian art could not, I think, well be made.

We paid a hasty visit to Mr. Storey's studio to see his "Cleopatra," before it was sent to the London Exhibition. It is already well known by the eloquent description in Transformation; but even this had not prepared us for the ease and flexibility which Mr. Storey has put into the marble form.

In the next room is another grand figure, and Mr. Storey having conquered the difficulty of making the full-lipped African type beautiful, ventures upon it again in this majestic representation of the "Lybian Sibyl." It is a face full of sorrow, as if she foresaw one grief after another, and sat like a queen and a prophetess above all.

These two grand figures are to appear at the London Exhibition, where I think they cannot fail to be duly appreciated. One lovely little statue remains in Mr. Storey's studio, which I longed to send to England too. It is "Faust's Margaret." A graceful girlish figure, beautifully draped, stands looking down at a daisy in her hand; the expression of the eyes is melancholy, yet there is a smile playing about her lips. I forget that part of Faust; and in Rome so many books are prohibited, from a student's Gibbon to Mademoiselle Mori, that one becomes wonderfully ignorant. This graceful figure might be about to pull the daisy to pieces, after the manner of French girls, to ascertain how much she is loved. "Il m'aime peu, beaucoup, passionnément, point de tout;" and the word to which the last leaf falls is your fate (young ladies). Probably you have all tried for yourselves, and know the exact quantity of faith to yield to the charm. But I am wandering from the studios, and have not yet described that of Mr. Gibson, our most celebrated English sculptor, to whose courtesy and kindness, whenever we visited his studio, we were personally much indebted. He was modelling a beautiful bust of Lady Clifden, and the sculptor and the model are worthy of each other. Indeed, Mr. Gibson now seldom undertakes a bust, and it was the sight of Lady Clifden which tempted him to deviate from his ordinary rule. There were casts of many of his great works in his studio, and some executed in marble, but they are too well known in England to need description here.

I was disappointed to find no specimens which had colour introduced, but there will be one at the Exhibition, so all will be able to judge of the effect for themselves. Mr. Gibson says it ought to be looked at from a little distance, in order to perceive the depth of effect given by colour to the eye. The skin is all stained to a sort of ivory tint, and the hair slightly darkened, but no colour on the lips or cheeks.

It seems to the ignorant observer a thousand pities to destroy the tex-

ture of the marble without being able to give that of the flesh, any attempt at which would of course reduce sculpture to something approaching the level of Madame Tussaud. The bust in the Vatican, which has painted eyeballs and metal eyelashes, does not, I think, at all reconcile one's taste to colour in statuary, nor do the glassy eyes of Cleopatra, in the Capitol; however, with the ancients (in some degree) and Mr. Gibson as authority, we can only offer our own amateur opinion with diffidence and humility. Mr. Gibson is now engaged, I believe for the first time, on a work of Christian art. It is a bas-relief, representing our Lord blessing little children. Of the truth and nature and grace of the children too much cannot be said, but it seemed to us that the head of our Lord was human, and not divine; and, indeed, I fear the English artist life at Rome, with its continual study of heathen beauty, is not favourable for the development of that deep religious feeling which is needed to spiritualise the mind and enable it to imagine and represent worthily this highest and holiest subject of Christian art.

Mr. Alfred Gatley has sent several beautiful contributions to the London Exhibition. He has studied animals very thoroughly, and his representations of them are truthful, not conventional. The Roman bull, the angry tiger, and the sleeping lion, are all carefully studied from the life, and represented with such power and vigour that they will attract the lover of nature as well as the lover of art. The studies of elephants and camels were made for the purpose of being introduced into the colossal bas-reliefs, one of which is now in London, the other is still unfinished. These bas-reliefs represent, one the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, the other the triumph of the Israelites. In the first the horror-struck look of Pharaoh, the dismay of the charioteers, and the terror and agony of the horses, are wonderfully represented. In the second, which is only begun to be carved in a gigantic piece of marble, sixteen feet by eight, we see Miriam and the Israelitish maidens singing their hymn of triumph, and dancing. Moses and Aaron follow them, with other figures laden with the spoils of Egypt. Amongst these is a spirited bull, struggling with the man who leads it; while high above are the camels' heads, and in a chariot a mother bending over her child, and giving an air of peace and beauty, which contrasts well with the spirit and movement of the rest of the scene. We believe that these works will place Mr. Gatley's name high in the list of sculptors of whom England is justly proud.

At the French Academy we saw a group by M. Carpaud, a French artist (which is also on its way to the English Exhibition) of Count Ugolino and his children. It is powerfully rendered, but surely the triumph of sculpture is to give pleasure, and not pain, and such a subject as these gaunt agonised forms should not be chosen. The struggles of Count Ugolino and his sons are distressing to witness, and the only part of the group on which the eye rests with comfort is the youngest child, which lies dead and peaceful at its father's feet. Painting is not so well represented as sculpture at Rome, but there are some excellent copyists, and any lover of the beautiful old Florentine school of art should not fail to visit Marianecci's studio, where he will find copies in which the sweetness and expression of the originals are beautifully given.

There is also an English artist at Rome—Mr. Coleman—well-known

by his etchings, who paints animals, especially those of the Campagna, with great truth and spirit. One sketch (for a large picture) of a peasant in the picturesque dress of the Campagna, punting himself across a stream and driving before him a herd of buffaloes (who are here used to clear the marsh rivers of weeds), is very spirited and striking.

Before we left Rome we determined to be presented to the Pope. The easy terms exacted—namely, an ordinary evening dress for gentlemen, and a black dress and veil for ladies, deprive the presentation of all the trouble of our English drawing-room. But, *en revanche*, you must bend your Protestant knees and kneel. So many presentations were to take place at once that nearly one hundred people were seated round one of the great halls in the Vatican when the Pope entered. He wore the white flannel dress which marks him as a Dominican. The Roman Catholics who are presented kneel down and kiss his foot. Those of the English Church kneel also and kiss his hand, or, if they are scrupulous, his ring, which is supposed to be a relic connected with St. Peter. Many take crosses, rings, or rosaries to be blessed. One Englishman, with what seemed to us rather intrusive zeal, though not a Roman Catholic, took a photograph of the Pope, and begged him to put his signature to it, which the Pope, with his usual kindness, promised to do. As he went round he addressed some little remark in French to each individual, and the young he generally blessed, laying his hand upon the head, and saying, "Que Dieu t'accompagne ma fille." When he had passed round the whole assembly he stood in the centre of the room and gave his blessing solemnly and touchingly to all, praying that God might be with us in our homes or on our travels, and specially at the end of the great journey of life, that the blessing of the Father and the guidance of the Holy Spirit might attend us through true faith in God the Son. He then concluded with the usual Latin benediction, and left the room. Some of the more enthusiastic Roman Catholics followed him to kiss his hand once more.

The ancient churches and basilicas of Rome are a source of never-failing pleasure, and there are many Christian recollections mixed with the monuments of classical art which make them doubly interesting. The martyrs in the Coliseum; the Christians toiling to build Dioclesian's baths, now converted into the beautiful church of Santa Maria degli Angeli; the Mamertine prison, deep in the rock which forms the foundation of the Capitol, where St. Peter is believed to have been imprisoned; and the numerous well-authenticated Christian traditions which Rome possesses, make it to any reflecting Christian, however much opposed to Romanism, a sacred spot. I do not attempt here to speak of the Catacombs, nor of the Christian museum at the Lateran, filled with the most interesting relics brought thence. It is like entering on a new world to think of one thousand miles of excavated galleries beneath and around Rome, containing the bodies of six million Christians. Such, Cardinal Wiseman says, their size and numbers are computed to be by Marchi, in his work on Subterranean Rome.

Excavations are just now carried on with energy on the Palatine Hill, a part of which, near the Palace of the Cæsars, has been bought by the French Emperor from the King of Naples. It seems as if no buried treasure brought to light on such a spot would astonish one. The

seven-branch candlestick, or other relics of the Temple—about which there are so many theories—might, one imagines, here come to light, but at present little has been discovered—I heard only of a mosaic pavement. Near the church of St. Anastasia, likewise on the Palatine, the papal government are excavating; and it seems clear that they have discovered a part of the ancient wall of Romulus, with its great Etruscan stones, thus setting at rest the vexed question of the limits in that direction of the ancient city.

It is refreshing, after visiting the pompous rites of papal Rome, to be able to join so frequently in the services of our own Church, and a great debt of gratitude is due from all frequenters of Rome, and especially from invalids, to its excellent chaplain. In very few continental cities are our services so fully and beautifully given; and many, who would otherwise in a foreign country become careless of church observances, must at Rome find, with comfort, that their good habits are strengthened instead of weakened.

Monsignore Manning, as he is now called, gave a series of sermons at the large church at the end of the Corso, after Epiphany, at four o'clock on Sundays, to attract the English. We, amongst many others, yielded to curiosity, for I cannot say we had any better motive, and joined the throng one Sunday after church. His manner and voice had of course their old attraction, to which the striking monsignore dress gave additional effect. The church is circular, and has been carpeted and supplied with chairs by Prince Borghese, in order to humour the English love of comfort even in their devotions.

It was strange to see Dr. Manning, when he mentioned the name of our Lord, raise his little cap instead of bowing his head; and strange, too, to hear him quote the Romanist version of the Bible. His subject the day we heard him was, "Lo! I am with you always unto the end of the world," and from this text he attempted to prove the infallibility of the Romish Church; undoubted facts from which he drew false inferences, eloquently stated, made the whole sermon sad to English ears, and roused at times a good deal of indignation. One can but believe that his gifts and influence over other minds have been a snare to himself, and gratefully say, while we mourn over the loss the English Church has sustained in him, that we have left "five hundred good as he," more sound and as pious, though perhaps less brilliant.

And now, adieu to Rome! We have drunk of the waters of Trevi fresh from the fountain; for whoever thus tastes them before their departure *must* return to the city, which takes such hold of the hearts and imaginations of all that visit her.

Rome seems to us at this moment like the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale, awaiting in repose, not sleep, the magic touch of the deliverer. May her awakening be a happy one!

S. W.

THE POET'S DREAM.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

BY EDGAR A. BOWRING, C.B.

I HAD a dream. It was a summer's night,
 And in the moonlight, pale and weather-beaten,
 Lay buildings, relics of past ages bright,—
 The style, renaissance, of these wrecks time-eaten.

And here and there, with stately Doric head,
 Rose single columns from the mass there lying,
 And on the firmament high o'er them spread
 Gazed they, as if its thunderbolts defying.

In broken fragments lay there on the ground,
 Mingled with many a portal, many a gable,
 Sculptures where man, beast, centaur, sphynx were found,
 Chimera, satyr,—creatures of old fable.

The contrasts there presented were grotesque,
 The emblems of Judæa's God combining
 With Grecian grace,—in fashion arabesque
 The ivy round them both, its tendrils twining.

A fair sarcophagus of marble white
 Amid the ruins stood, unmutilated;
 And in the coffin lay a corpse in sight,
 Of features mild, with sadness penetrated.

The power supporting it appear'd supplied
 By caryatides, with necks extended;
 And many a bas-relief on either side
 Was seen, of chiselled figures strangely blended.

The glories of Olympus there saw I,
 With all its heathen deities misguided;
 Adam and Eve were there, decorously
 With fig-leaf aprons round their loins provided.

Troy's taking, and Troy's burning here were seen,
 Hector and Helen, Paris (that wild gay man);
 Moses and Aaron also stood between,
 With Esther, Judith, Holofernes, Haman.

God Amor also had his place hard by,
 Phœbus Apollo, Vulcan, Madam Venus,
 Pluto, Proserpina, and Mercury,
 God Bacchus, and Priapus, and Silenus.

Likewise was Balaam's ass omitted not
 (The ass for speaking seem'd in fact created),
 And Abraham's temptation, too, and Lot,
 Who by his daughters was intoxicated.

* This poem was the last composition of Heine, and was written two or three weeks before his death in 1856. It has only recently been published in German, and is undoubtedly one of the finest of his works.

Herodias' daughter's dance was shown as well,
 The Baptist's head was in the charger given;
 The monster Satan too was there, and Hell,
 And Peter, with the heavy keys of Heaven.

And next in order saw I sculptured there
 The loves of Jove, with his vile actions blending;
 How as a swan he ravish'd Leda fair,
 And Danaë, in golden shower descending.

The wild hunt of Diana was display'd,
 With her fleet dogs and nymphs attired so trimly;
 And Hercules in woman's clothes array'd,
 Distaff on arm, the spindle whirling nimbly.

And next was Sinai's mountain to be view'd,
 And Israel near it, with his oxen lowing;
 The Lord a child within the Temple stood,
 Disputing with the doctors proud and knowing.

But, strange to tell, when I had dreamily
 These forms awhile observed, in thought suspended,
 I suddenly conceived myself to be
 The corpse, in that fair marble tomb extended.

And at the head of this my grave there stood
 A flower full fair, of strange configuration;
 Its leaves were yellow-tinged and violet-hued,—
 The flower possess'd a wondrous fascination.

'Tis by the name of Passion Flower well known,
 On Golgotha they say 'twas first created,
 The day they crucified God's only Son,
 And the Redeemer's body lacerated.

Blood-witness doth this flower now bear, they say;
 Each instrument of torture then invented
 And used at His sad martyrdom that day
 Is in its calyx duly represented.

Yes! every Passion-attribute adorns
 The flower, each emblem of their cruel malice,—
 For instance, scourge, and rope, and crown of thorns,
 The hammer and the nails, the cross, the chalice.

Such was the flower which at my grave did stand,
 And o'er my body bending with compassion,
 As with a woman's sorrow kiss'd my hand,
 My eyes and forehead, in sad silent fashion.

But O, my dream's strange magic! wondrously
 The Passion Flower, the yellow-hued and rare one,
 Changed to a woman's likeness,—ah! and she,
 She was my loved one, she was mine own fair one!

Thou wert the flower, yes, thou, my darling child!
 At once I knew thee by thy kisses yearning;
 No lips of flowers so tender are and mild,
 No tears of flowers so fiery are and burning.

Although mine eyes were closed, my spirit gazed
 With steadiness upon thy face entrancing;
 Thou look'dst at me with raptured look amazed,
 Strangely illumined in the moonlight glancing.

No words we spake, and yet my heart could see
 The thoughts that in thy mind in silence hover'd—
 A word when spoken hath no modesty,
 By silence is love's timid blossom cover'd.

Voiceless our converse! Wondrous doth it seem
 How in our silent, tender conversation
 The time pass'd in that summer night's fair dream,
 Where joy commingled was with consternation.

That which we spoke of then, ne'er seek to learn!
 The glow-worm ask why in the grass it gloweth,
 The torrent, why it roareth in the burn,
 The west wind, why it walleth as it bloweth;

Ask the carbuncle why it gleams so bright,
 'The rose and violet, why so sweetly scented;
 But ask not what, beneath the moon's soft light,
 The martyr-flower talk'd with her love lamented!

I cannot tell how long it was that I
 Enjoy'd, as in the marble tomb I slumber'd,
 That beauteous happy dream. It fled by,
 Too soon the moments of my rest were number'd.

Death with thy grave-like silence! Thou alone
 Canst give us pleasure in a lasting fashion;
 Vain barbarous life for joy is ever known
 To give us restless bliss, convulsive passion.

Alas, alas! my happiness soon fled,
 For suddenly arose a noise exciting;
 It was a savage conflict, fierce and dread—
 Ah, my poor flower was scared by all this fighting!

Yes! there arose outside, with hideous yell,
 A quarrelling, a yelping, and a scolding:
 Methought that many a voice I knew full well,—
 It was the bas-reliefs my tomb enfolding!

Is the stone haunted by those visions wan?
 And are those marble phantoms all disputing?
 The fearful clamor of the wood-god Pan,
 Moses's fierce anathemas confuting!

Alas! this contest ne'er will ended be,
 The True and Beautiful will wrangle ever;
 Greeks and barbarians in wild rivalry
 The ranks of men are always doom'd to sever.

They cursed and raved—no end would there have been
 To this long squabble, and their passion towering,
 Had Balaam's ass not come upon the scene,
 The voices of the gods and saints o'erpowering.

The stupid beast with his offensive bray,
 That sobbing sound of sheer abomination,
 Made me cry out in terrible dismay,
 And I awoke at last in desperation!

A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

UP betimes—and such a morning! And, as I said, no one accustomed only to the lowering skies, leaden atmosphere, and dreary twilights of an English climate, can form the remotest conception of an Indian dawn in the cool season of the year; clouds even are almost unknown for eight months in Western India, and the only moisture is a heavy dew, or at most, now and then towards morning, a light fog or mist floats over the surface of rivers and low damp localities only to be dissipated an hour or two after sunrise. The dawn of day within the tropics occupies but a short period of time; from the darkness of night to the open day is but a few minutes; the cock's "shrill clarion" is the chronometer and repeater of the peaceful Hindoo, to its sound he rises in the morning and goes to rest in the evening. In the dark hours of the early morning, when the constellation Orion is sinking in the west, he knows it is time to shake off his slumbers, ere there is a pencil of light in the eastern horizon. While it is yet dark the water-birds in the sedge begin to give signs of life, by an eerie, half-suppressed sound, between a long-drawn screech, a croak, and a twitter, satisfactory of the near approach of day. Here and there a wild-duck in the river is heard, whilst standing on his legs treading the water and flapping loudly the surface with his wings; and the jumping of fish shows that the rivers are awaking as well as the land. On all sides of you are to be seen groups of natives stretched on the ground fast asleep, covered over head and foot with the daily and only garment of cotton, by day a waist cloth: and by night a sheet. As they lie at full length, with faces upturned to the sky—all natives sleep on their backs—they have a ghastly appearance, like a sheeted corpse, but that the garment is not nearly so clean as those devoted to the use of defunct human beings; still the similitude is very startling to the spectator unused to Indian habits and observances, particularly as you will probably see at the same time at the side of these silent objects, as if mourning for the dead, a mummy-like figure, wrapped up to the eyes, seated on his haunches, or rather squatted on his heels, his knees up to his chin, with his cold fingers spread over a tiny fire, allowing the blue smoke through them to ascend in a thin thread-like column, upright as a dart, into the clear atmosphere above.

As yet the sheeted prostrate figures and the squatted awakened ones are alike silent; it is too cold just now for conversation, and of that there is not much at any time unless food or money is the topic, and then the native becomes garrulous, as he does also when he gets angry, which is not seldom, and in that case mothers and fathers get sadly abused and vituperated. Whilst watching these melancholy-looking silent figures a small white line of light will be seen fringing the tops of the distant eastern Rajpepla hills; a minute or so more and it deepens to rose-colour, fanlike corruscations mount up Aurora tinged to the zenith; these fade away, and the east is a blaze of gold; anon the orb of day suddenly shoots up, and the morning glories of the dawn give way to a sober

blue, and Nature is awake. By this time the sleepers are awake too, and in turns attack the *goorgoorie*—the name given to the native *huka*, or *water-pipe*—an instrument of simple construction used for smoking, without which the native never ventures to any distance from his habitation unless he feels certain of finding one elsewhere, as is generally the case. The *goorgoorie* is a cocoa-nut shell half filled with water, into which, inserted through a hole in the top, is a hollow bamboo tube about eighteen inches long; this tube reaches to the bottom of the cocoa-nut shell, and is surmounted with a small cup of rudely-baked earthenware; the tobacco is placed in the cup, on which is put a few pieces of live charcoal; there is also another small hole in the top side of the shell for the purpose of inhalation, which is done by drawing the tobacco-smoke through the water, by which process it leaves a portion of its acidity behind, and becomes matured and purified. Of course, in order to constantly effect this desideratum, the water must be changed after one or more charges of tobacco; in the enjoyment of his pipe the smoker applies—not his lips, for that would be pollution to it, and render its instant destruction necessary—but his hand, with which he extemporises a momentary tube to the small orifice of the shell, and with his mouth he inspires a quantity of smoke fairly into his lungs, and the volume of the narcotic exhalation which natives can imbibe in this way is something most marvellous; and at the same time, as they practise it almost from the cradle to the grave without any evil effect it cannot be unwholesome, for the natives of India are most remarkably free from pulmonary complaints. The gusto with which a Hindostanee inhales the smoke of his *goorgoorie*, and the enjoyment with which he respires it is quite unctuous to behold, it is meat and drink to him; at night if he awakes he has a pull at the fascinating globe; before meals and after meals he inhales a puff of the beloved smoke; between the spells of his labour he fills his lungs with it; before making a purchase or a sale he takes a whiff; in short, it is his *lares et penates*, his *summum bonum*, to be without which he would pine and languish as the opium-eater deprived of his favourite drug; the water-pipe and his betel is the cynosure of his existence, with which he will, if compelled by necessity, labour fasting for an almost incredible length of time; deprived of these he is dull, fatuous, and inert, but give him his *quantum suff.* of these stimulants, and he will undergo any amount of fatigue with contentment, alacrity, and pleasure; seated in a circle, or squatted on his hams, the pipe passes from hand to hand, and as each one takes a whiff, with a self-satisfied grunt, it is given to the next.

After proceeding a few miles down the river on our way back to Broach, I landed with my gun at a spot where the lay of the country, interspersed with morinda bushes and high grass, appeared to afford a fair prospect of finding some four-footed game, and after proceeding a short distance I passed under the boughs of a fine *tope*, or grove of mango-trees, on the branches of which were seated several magnificent pea-fowl, some of which with their superb outspread tails were sunning themselves in the rays of the morning sun. Alexander Selkirk, in the beautiful poem on his solitude in the island of Juan Fernandez, is made to say of the animals in his prison isle, "they are so unaccustomed to man, their tameness is shocking to me." Here the order of things was quite reversed, for

these birds are so accustomed to the sight of mankind that they freely haunt the villages all day long, and from being quite unmolested they become as tame as the gulls in the Bosphorus—which will hardly get out of the way of the oars of the Caiquejees—as on my passing beneath them they showed not the slightest symptoms of fear, but merely stretched out their glossy necks and peered with curious eye at the intruding stranger, without the slightest attempt at flight or movement—nay, had I been on horseback I could have reached with my hand the nearest of them. The tails of one or two of them must have been near if not quite six feet long. Passing through a quantity of low scrubby jungle, out of which flew a few painted or black partridge, one of the most beautiful of the tribe, I came on a pack of a dozen hungry jackals collected round the carcase of a recently dead bullock; I say carcase, but there was little left of it beyond the mere bones of its framework, so clean had the nerya (jackal) picked them in company with the vultures. The animals on seeing me ceased snarling at each other, and set off at a slouching gallop, and turning at a few yards' distance, gazed at me with their sharp fox-like snouts and sharp bright eyes, looking as if they would make short work of my exterior man if I came in their way in the same state in which they had found the defunct bullock. As I ran at them they turned tail, and disappeared amongst the bushes. The jackal, unearthly as is the yell with which he in chorus with his fellows makes night hideous when prowling about in search of his carrion repast, is, after all, a most useful—indeed, valuable scavenger; it is all fish which comes to his net, a dead man or a live fowl is equally in his line, and as he gets—as he often does—into a poultry-yard at night, dire is the havoc he makes with turkeys, geese, and ducks. Often too in the daytime is the cook alarmed by a tremendous hubbub amongst the feathered tribe, when, on getting to the scene of the din, he sees a bushy-tailed villain off full tilt with a fat bubbly-jock,* or the flower of the anser tribe, with his neck in his mouth, trundling at racing speed by the side of master nerya. His noise at night, particularly if it be a moonlight one, is something petrifying to a stranger hearing it for the first time. A pack of these creatures, often thirty or more in number, will, after a long gallop, come to a dead halt; one will then begin a series of a kind of half-suffocated yelps, this is taken up by first one and then another until they lengthen out into a prolonged howl, shortening to yelp, and then again lengthening to howl alternately, combining a noise that no language can properly describe; domestic dogs within hearing of these horrible outcries are fairly driven frantic by the outrageous and unspeakable din. From night to early morning at periods do these animals discourse this most eloquent music, to listen to which with equanimity would require more patience than was ever possessed by the man of Uz. Still, no sportsman ever thinks of destroying one of these animals on account of their useful propensities, which they share in common with the adjutant, kite, crow, vulture, and pariah dog of India.

Soon after, in making my way through the jungle, my attention was

* A turkey-cock; *Scotticé*, bubbly-jock. *Vide* an anecdote of a civic functionary not long deceased. In a case before the court a Scotchman charged a man with stealing a "bubbly-jock." "Bubbly-jock?" said the astonished magistrate, "what kind of an article is a bubbly-jock?" Amidst the titters of the court, a gentleman born "ayont the Tweed" rose and said, "Bubbly-jock, my lord, is Scotch for a turkey-cock."

attracted by seeing, on a bush of some six feet high, a long green ribbon-like looking object, half stretched out, half bent (just, in fact, as a ribbon would lie if blown by the wind on to a bush), almost on a level with my face. Stopping to look more attentively at it, I found it to be one of the very beautiful, if not the most beautiful, of the snake tribe India, or perhaps any other country of the world, can boast of possessing. The graceful creature was about four feet long, and of the size of the little finger of a man, its colour a bright pea-green; body and head were of the same hue, with the exception of two long narrow bars of greenish white extending along the sides, about a fourth of an inch in width, but narrowing to a point towards either extremity; the head of an oblong diamond shape, tending to a sharp point at the nostrils; the eyes prominent, colour greenish, large, iris black, imparting to the handsome reptile a look of sparkling animation not usually observable in ophidians. By Europeans this beautiful snake is called the "eye snake," from its supposed habit of darting at the eye of the object of its attack; this hypothesis is probably founded on its practice of lying on the tops of high grass, or on the branches of small bushes about five feet above the ground, and of rapidly darting its sharp-pointed head towards any object or sound which might alarm it or attract its attention, and certainly as it lay with its head and bent neck within a few inches of my face, as if prepared to dart at it, it seemed as if it would verify the report of its predilections, so much so, that on seeing the animal in such close proximity to my face I involuntarily started from it. I am sorry to say that I was cruel enough in the hurry of the moment to strike down the pretty and harmless creature. I was sorry for it immediately afterwards, for on opening its mouth I found its teeth exceedingly small, like those of a small roach or dace. Its food was evidently insects, and probably small tree-frogs.

I mentioned before the fact that the natives, in inhaling the smoke of the water-pipe, will not apply the mouth directly to the orifice of the instrument, as such a method of using it would render it polluted beyond redemption, and I will here give an instance of the rigid adhesion of the Hindoos to the principles of caste, which are carried to an extreme which people in England are totally unaware of. My water-flask having been drained of its contents, and feeling thirsty from the exertion of a long and toilsome walk over the rugged ground, for although the day was yet young, the heat of the sun's rays had become excessive, I observed at some distance a person drawing water from a bowry, or well, of some depth. Making my way towards the place, I found the individual to be an exceedingly ill-favoured old woman, whose ugly countenance and haggard appearance would have done credit to the corps of witches in the Incantation scene in "Macbeth." I asked her civilly to draw me some water; this she refused to do, saying I was a melenshi, or outcast, and she could not do it. I told her I would draw it for myself, saying at the same time I would take care not to pollute the chatty, or vessel, by touching it with my hands. Taking the long cord attached to the vessel, at least three feet from it, I filled my flask by resting the edge of the pot on a crack in the top of the masonry, and canted it over by pulling on the rope, and thus avoided any contact whatever with the vessel itself, thinking thus to obviate the old witch's prejudices. But no! I had barely set it upright

when, with an expression of fiendish rage and disgust I shall never forget, the wretched old crone uplifted the pitcher with her left hand—touch it with her right she would not, for that would have been pollution too—and raising it above her head, she dashed it into fragments, and retreating to some distance, she faced round. She poured forth maledictions on the devoted heads of my male and female relations, in which my maternal parents figured largely, and then betook herself off to her village. A short time afterwards I saw the patell, or head man of the place, approaching, followed by the old woman and some of her friends, vociferating loudly at my unfortunate self, as if she had suffered the fate of the Sabine. After paying the village dignitary the customary compliment of asking “the news,” to which he replied that the “news was good,” though of what nature I knew not, I inquired as to what good star I was indebted for the pleasure of his valuable acquaintance. This opened the question as to the real reason for the honour of the visit. “I had taken the chatty, or pot, from the old woman, and had, by so doing, polluted it; she could touch it no more; it was desecrated for ever, and she was obliged to break it, and had not the means for purchasing another pot; that I was a great lord, and doubtless would be most highly delighted to give money to buy one.” I pleaded my cause with all the eloquence in my power, but it was quite unavailing. I said I had not touched the pot, I only held it by the rope some feet from it, that it had not been near my person. It would not do. The rope, said he, held the pot; the rope was polluted, and it naturally followed that the pot was also polluted through its agency, one result followed the other, and it must be so. Had the pot been a brass one, said the village sage, the affair would have been different; in that case the brass vessel might have been scoured with sand, and so recovered its pristine purity; but with the earthen one it was quite a different thing, and broken it must be, no cleaning could restore it to its former state. The villagers chimed in with the arguments of the patell; the pot was desecrated, and must be destroyed, and I ought to pay for it. The woman was “bhote ghurreeb” (very poor), had a large number of “cutcha butchaa,” raw literally, but meaning young children, and how could she draw water when she had no money to buy another chatty? She must die quickly without water. My lord was a great, very great lord, and money to him was dross. “My pot! my pot!” shrieked the old woman, beating her bosom with both hands. “I shall die, murjainga! I will die! I will give my life at once.” Argument was useless, so I gave the old creature a half rupee, the value of twenty pots. She now no longer expressed a wish for speedy dissolution. I was no longer connected with objectionable relatives, but was a “protector of the poor,” and a very great Sahib. So we parted on good terms. The old hag went off quite jubilant, and no doubt hoping that she might meet with many Sahibs, to afford her other opportunities of demolishing her crockery in the same profitable way.

The tale of my munificence spread, for I was soon surrounded by a small crowd of applicants for my spare cash. Amongst the people was one of the most disgusting specimens of humanity I ever set eyes on. It was a religious mendicant—a Byragee—one of a class who, in performance of a vow to one of the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon, either for remorse for former misdeeds, hopes of reward in the next metempsychosis, or for the purpose of exciting charity, subject themselves to the most ex-

traordinary distortions of their limbs possible. Some will keep the hands clenched until the nails grow through the palm out at the back of the hand; others will keep one arm elevated above the head until all power of movement in the muscles is obliterated; some will hold night and day for life a flower-pot containing a plant of the sacred *Tooslee* in the extended hand; others will keep the arm bent over the head never again to be movable; some will keep a leg bent till the limb becomes as-rigid as stone. In short, the system of mortifications practised by Hindoo ascetics is inconceivable, and in some cases disgustingly filthy and unmentionable. Some years since one of this class lived on a small island in the Ganges, below Benares, and absolutely fed on nothing but the flesh of the dead bodies of the people, who, according to custom, after death are thrown into the sacred river; and yet this horrid wretch was worshipped for his total abnegation of all human antipathies and feelings, so strange a hold has a degrading superstition over its votaries. The same race, who would refuse to give a draught of water to a person of a lower caste than themselves, thought it a duty to bow themselves before this beast in human shape.

The Byragee who presented himself before me was, with the exception of a small rag of dirty cloth, about four inches broad, wrapped round his loins, attired like the African princess, whose full dress consisted of a bundle of sheep's interiors folded round her head. His matted hair was plastered with a mass of wood ashes, with which also his whole body was smeared; his eyes, bloodshot from the use of bhang or want of sleep—probably the former—glared like those of a maniac beneath his shaggy brows. One arm—the left one—was raised perpendicularly above his head; its long continuance in that position had, by the stoppage of healthy circulation and the absence of muscular exertion, shrivelled the flesh and skin to the bone; the clenched hand at the end of the loathsome limb had also wasted away to a small lump, and the whole looked like a black club-stick, and as stiff as a bar of iron; or rather the similitude was as if the arm of a mummy from the catacombs of Egypt had been taken off and affixed to a living body. Altogether, as he stood glaring at me with sullen and vindictive scowl, he formed one of the most repulsive objects I ever saw, and such a one that not even a Fuseli in a nightmare-dream could embody.

I could get nothing out of him; doubtless he came there for money, but he would not ask for any. Had he been alone he probably would have spoken, but his sanctity would not allow him to forget himself before his fellows. The people told me that his arm had been in that position for more than ten years, but how he had managed to keep it elevated to such a time ere it had become permanently rigid, I know not. Probably for a long time—years perhaps—he may have had it lashed to a pole, and this tied in an upright position to the body, and thus the arm would become paralysed, and at length fixed in a permanent position, beyond the power of moving it. I do not think any physical power could enable a man to hold out his arm or leg in an unsupported position for above a few minutes; his firmness of determination might be enough to support the pain and weariness, but the limb would fall by its own weight when the extensor muscles became relaxed. I suggested the pole method to the villagers, but they shook their heads, and said that was not the way. The

devotee did it by his own determinate will and unalterable resolution, setting pain and deformity at defiance to obtain a step nearer to the goal of his wishes ; that was, eventual absorption into the essence of the Deity. Had they believed for a second that the Byragee had got his arm fixed in that position by any artificial means, he would cease to be an object of devotion.

In the course of my walk I saw a few black buck, the antelope of the Deccan, in the distance, but they were too far off for any chance of getting a shot ; so I soon retraced my steps to the bunder-boat, not having seen any signs of animals of a more ferocious nature than the musical jackal, the country being too open for the haunt of the tiger or other large wild animals.

After proceeding on our course down the river for some miles, a large clump of trees on the bank of the river looked so inviting that we were induced to land to take our breakfast in their shady recesses, and here I must relate an occurrence which, for thoughtlessness or fool-hardiness, or both, has not a parallel : for feeling heated and fatigued after my long ramble, and as my companions were strolling about, pending the preparations for breakfast, I thought a bath in the long and deep reach in the river in which the boat was anchored would be most refreshing, so I made my way down the bank and soon took a header from the stern of the craft followed by the dogs. After enjoying the delightful swim for a time, I returned to my friends and told them of the agreeable treat they had lost. "Surely," said one, "you have not been foolish enough to bathe in such a place, full as the river is of alligators ; you might have been taken down by one." "By Jove!" said I, "I never thought of the alligators at all, or I should have considered twice before jumping in." And so the matter passed. After breakfast and an hour or two's rest, on our return to the boat, we stopped on the top of the cliff to take a view of the country on the opposite side, and whilst so doing our attention was directed to a dark object moving in the pool, lazily curving its way just below the surface ; it was a large alligator, at a little distance was another, and in the course of half an hour several others came up from the bottom. I was horror-struck. "Good Heavens!" said I, "what an escape!" And an escape it was, both for myself and dogs also. I asked the boatmen in no measured terms why they had not warned me against bathing, as if I ought not myself to have known the danger, having the day before seen so many of these terrible creatures. The tindal replied, grinning like a Cheshire cat, "That certainly there were alligators, and that I knew it too ; but as it was the Sahib's pleasure to swim, why should he presume to address me, as I must know better than he did what was right and what was wrong." The man was a Mahomedan, and if the infidel and his dogs—of the same caste as himself—had gone to Jehannum, what did he care? Indeed, he and his fellows would have seen me seized and taken down without the slightest regret, and they would have smoked their goorgoories and chewed their betel after a catastrophe of the kind with as much nonchalance as if only one of the dogs had been seized.

The reason for our escape was, that the alligators at the time of this rash adventure were at the bottom, in the deepest part of the pool, and at the time I bathed had not yet risen, otherwise I should not have held

a pen to write an account of the occurrence. Once in the mouth of the monster escape is impossible, the victim is drowned and torn to pieces by the formidable jaws, the teeth of which fit into each other like those of a gigantic rat-trap. On the whole it was a merciful escape, and I had much cause for congratulation, although later in the day I met with another startling adventure, which I will here narrate.

Early in the afternoon I again landed on seeing an alligator of large size asleep on the mud at some distance ahead of the boat. I crept as warily as I could to get within shot, but he was wide awake, and began to waddle off towards the water whilst I was a long shot off; however, I fired as he began to move, and I could hear the thud of the ball against his body, but as the wound was not a mortal one, he got clear off into the river. Whilst I was taking the exploded cap off the nipple preparatory to reloading—as I stood opposite to a low broad slab of rock just above the water, some twenty or thirty feet from me—I saw the water at one side of the rock agitated, and the black snout of an enormous alligator emerged in the usual cautious way. The proximity of the animal was most dangerous, and I retreated quietly behind a high thick bush, and looked about for the means of escape up the bank, as my discharged rifle had left me quite defenceless; but to escape was utterly impossible, as the cliff was too steep to make climbing practicable, and I could not go forward or backward without going within a few feet of the hideous monster. I must say I was alarmed, but there was no help for it but to face the danger as best I might; it was a most nervous position to be in, to be thus hemmed in by one of the most ferocious of the *feræ naturæ* of the modern world—a position I wished myself well out of, for as the boat was out of sight in a turn of the river, I could get no assistance from it to scare away the monster, which appeared too huge to be terrified by any creature of less size than itself, and as to myself, I should have made a mere mouthful, a small tiffin, by way of whet for his appetite for a further meal. Keeping a dead silence, I commenced loading my rifle as quietly as possible, my eyes being directed through an opening in the bush to watch the motions of the deadly brute, but in my hurry I found, on ramming down the ball, that I had neglected to put any powder in. I must confess that my heart beat quick, but it was evident the alligator was totally unaware what a nice feed he had within his reach only for the trouble of taking it; but happily it was not to be so. I then bethought myself of attending to the state of my rifle, so unscrewing the cap of the ramrod which had a ball screw in it in case of such contretemps, I luckily drew the ball without noise and reloaded. Now I felt reassured, and knew that I was safe, for I was certain of my shot if the creature saw me and advanced towards me, but it was a most ticklish position to be in, to say the least of it. I now recalled to mind the naturally cowardly habits of the animal when out of his proper element in the daytime; this somewhat comforted me, and I lay perdu on the watch, for I could see distinctly the horrible eyes of the brute under their bony penthouses. At last he gradually crawled forward, with more than two-thirds of his body out of the water, and lay with his broadside on to me. Now was my time to disturb his siesta; gently cocking the hammer of the rifle, I took as steady aim as possible about six inches behind the shoulder; the two-ounce ball tore right through him, and went skimming, in what boys

call "ducks and drakes," across the river, whilst with a terrific snap of his ponderous jaws he surged several feet in the air, and fell back into the river with a crash like the fall of a tree, the small waves made by the blow of so vast a bulk rolling on shore like those caused by the paddles of a steamer. I could trace his course by the volumes of air-bubbles which rose for some time after the shot, but I saw no more of him. I could not estimate his length accurately, as a portion of the hind-quarters lay in the water, but it must have been fully fifteen feet; in fact, he looked more like a large canoe turned upside down than an ordinary alligator. I suspect, from his size, he must have been a stranger, as I saw nothing like him in the other parts of the river. I have followed the tracks of the tiger and the elephant through the jungle often, but I never felt so excited as I did when I saw the monster make his way out of the water so close to me. There is something so indescribably horrible in the motion of the animal alone: the head at one time lies flat on the rock as if glued to it, and now and then, if slightly alarmed, or its curiosity excited, it will raise it and part of the trunk to the utmost length of its legs, slowly scanning every surrounding object, until satisfied with its scrutiny, when it resumes its former quiet position.

Accidents by alligators are by no means of so common occurrence as may naturally be supposed, for he is shy of noise or the frequent passage of boats; he does not, therefore, haunt the water in populous neighbourhoods, although a stray one now and then does mischief where he was least expected. When the river is low the alligators betake themselves to the deepest and most solitary pools, to which they confine themselves until the rise of the waters by the monsoon rains affords them scope for wandering. The natives themselves are very careless and apathetic; they take no precautions against danger, probably because these creatures do not usually remain near frequented places; yet accidents do occur—and principally to women and children, who frequent the river more than men, for water for domestic purposes—for at a ghaut where the boatmen landed to procure firewood, a native told us that a girl, fourteen years of age, had been carried off a fortnight before by an alligator. She had gone to the river at noon, with a couple of earthen chatties, for water, and was carried off: no one saw the catastrophe, for the village was at some short distance from the river, but the floating pitchers, and some of the torn fragments of her dress seen here and there, told the sad tale. She had been seized, it was supposed, when about waist-deep in the water, which at that time had become rather thick by a high wind raising the mud in the shallows, so that the monster approached close without being seen, and the first notice the poor creature had of his terrible presence was when she found herself in his merciless jaws. Connected with the habits and ferocity of the alligator, I may mention that, monster as he is, he is yet capable of being disarmed of some of his savage nature. Not far from Kurrachee, on the Indus, there is a sheet of water full of alligators, who are harmless to mankind: it is called Peer Muggar, and also Muggar Tulao (the alligator tank). The animals are constantly fed by the natives; and I am told that not one instance is on record of their ever having attacked a human being; the habit of constantly seeing people about them, and obtaining food from them, appears to have removed all traces

of their naturally savage nature, although they will fight amongst themselves for the food thrown to them. The natives account for their tameness by the legend that a peer, or Mahomedan saint, once lived on the banks of the tank, and they became such favourites with him that he charmed them into gentleness, and, as a favour, ordered that neither they nor their posterity should inflict any injury on mankind. I myself, some years since, when in Ceylon, had a moderate-sized alligator in captivity for some time; he was about eight or nine feet long, and of proportionate size. At first he was sullen, and would not eat, and to induce him to open his mouth I would give him a sharp tap on the head with a stick to irritate him; I would then throw a piece of beef into his jaws; a novel mode of feeding him certainly; but quite successful, for soon on my approach he would open his mouth of his own accord, without the application of the stick, in expectation of the accustomed dole: some would probably say that he opened them not with any friendly intention towards me, but I think otherwise, for I would rub his gaping head with a hard brush, a process he evidently appeared to enjoy. I kept him chained up by the neck in the verandah, and although I had him constantly sluiced with buckets of water, he gradually pined away, from confinement and the want of indulgence in his natural habits. It is said that the alligator has a strong musky scent, perceptible at a considerable distance, but I must confess that I could never perceive any effluvia of the kind.

One more shot at an alligator, and I will dismiss them to their native deeps, where several of them lay from the results of my rifle, not to rise till decomposition floated them.

Seeing a large one basking on a mud-bank in the centre of the river, in the hope of getting a successful shot I told the boatmen to lay on their oars, or rather paddles, and, keeping silence, allow the boat to drop quietly down the stream towards the bank. This ruse succeeded, and a good shot knocked him over. Seeing him wriggling and writhing amidst a shower of mud, scattered about by the blows of his tail, I landed with half a dozen of the boatmen, with a long rope, to secure him: making a kind of lasso of it, and perceiving that as he was so desperately wounded there would be no danger in approaching him, in one of his contortions we got the loop over his head and shoulders in the hope of preventing his struggling into the river; it was "pull alligator, pull boatmen;" we tugged and strained with might and main, but in spite of the exertions of the seven of us, the animal got nearer and nearer to the water; now we mastered him somewhat, now he got the better of us, amidst shouts of laughter from those who were looking on at the scene from the boat. Covered from head to foot and half blinded with the mud, we pulled till fairly exhausted, when the brute got partly into the water: the instant he felt he was at home, he exerted his dying strength, and with a mighty swirl got loose from our grasp, and after dragging two or three of the men knee-deep into the river, swooped away, rope and all. I have seen the tremendous blows made by the tail of a large shark on the deck of a ship when hauled on board, but they were mere fleabites compared with the powerful contortions of this immense creature.

After this affair we got up our two large lateen sails, and with the

aid of a strong breeze, and with the current in our favour, late in the evening we got to our comfortable quarters in the good city of Broach, highly delighted with our trip up the noble Nerbudda.

Broach has but few objects of curiosity to attract the notice of the stranger-visitor. There is a pinjrapole, or native hospital, for old and diseased animals of all descriptions, large and small—horses, cats, dogs, monkeys, birds—in short, animals of all kinds in all stages of misery and starvation; but of late, I hear, some large bequests by charitable Hindoos have enabled the trustees to pay more attention to the wants of the poor animals. Fleas, of course, there are in millions, but there is no truth in the absurd story, that in order to feed these agile insects the trustees nightly hire three or four miserable wretches of beggars for a few pice, and bind them hand and foot, and deliver them over to the tender mercies of the fleas, who are said to feast on the cuticles of the poor varlets, who, in their bonded state, might, of course, crack a joke with their tormentors, if they felt so inclined, whilst under the titillating torments of these persecutors, but would find it perfectly impossible to crack one of them *in propria persona*. The truth is, the fleas feed on the poor animals confined in the pinjrapole, and on those who are bold enough to venture into the loathsome place to inspect it. The only animals within the confines of the pinjrapole who seemed to enjoy any immunity from the attacks of these saltant pests were the monkeys, who were most active in their researches in their own hides for any stray victim, who, when found, was instantly pouched. The doctrine of metempsychosis, innate in the Hindoo, teaches him that in providing for the wants of these helpless animals in the pinjrapole he may possibly be contributing to the comfort of the soul of one of his former relatives, who for some transgression of greater or less magnitude in a previous state of existence, had been condemned to serve a probation in the body of an animal whilst that soul was on its progress towards Nirwana, or absorption into the essence of the Deity, a doctrine tantamount to annihilation after undergoing a series of penances by inhabiting the bodies of various grades of brutes.

One object of very melancholy interest which I visited was the old graveyard of the European inhabitants of the former Dutch Factory, a trading establishment once of considerable importance, which was carried on by them from 1620 to about 1800, and if one can judge of them by the size and grandeur of the maulosea of this "city of the dead," the traders of Holland located in Broach must once have been merchant-princes. Obelisks, towers, pyramids, and ornamental tombs of large size, formed of polished stone and chunam, some of them of two stories in height, and ascended by flights of steps of the same material, many of them still in the highest state of preservation, attest the opulence of those when alive, who lie mouldering below these massive and in many cases fantastic piles of masonry, little partaking in style the character of places of sepulture—places of eternal rest of many whose name and family are probably extinct in Europe, but who yet live in these monumental records. Quaint in decoration and elaborate in execution are some of these mementoes, dating from 1640 to 1750, and probably some of them later, but the older ones are the most remarkable. Some of them are like a campanile, the upper story affording a good view of the locality and the surrounding tombs embosomed in foliage. Young England, too, had in those

days found his way to Broach, probably in the shape of a young sailor officer of a ship from the English factory at Surat, for on one of the pillars I found scratched, apparently with the end of a penknife, the letters, as fresh as if made yesterday, "Wm. Thompson, of y^e *Severen*, 1664"—"James Johnson, of y^e *Penelope*, 1664." Some of the tombs had been opened by sacrilegious pilferers in search for valuables; I descended into some and peeped into the openings of others, but every relic of mortality had disappeared, nothing being visible but a few stones evidently thrown in by idle boys. Futile was the hope of those who once lay below, that these magnificent tombs would preserve their ashes long; the spoiler had been there, not a vestige of the wrecks of mortality was left, whilst the enduring marble and the well-preserved names and titles stood proudly, as if in mockery over an empty hollow. The beautiful polish still remaining on the material is the result of a peculiar feature in the climate of India, and to it may be attributed the preservation of so many monuments of the past in its temples, caves, and cities, which in a northern climate would become obliterated and destroyed by storms, lichen, and moss. In India, man, and not the climate, is the destroyer of the works of his own hands.

H. S.

A SUMMER IN AMERICA.

BY CAPTAIN BROOK J. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK.

WE had been warned against the exorbitant charges of the hackney-coachmen in New York. "Mind you go in an omnibus to your hotel when you land," was the last injunction we received before starting. I acted accordingly, and into an omnibus we went, bag and baggage. New Jersey city being, as one may say, "on the Surrey side" of the Hudson, we had to cross that river to get to New York. This we effected by means of a steam ferry-boat, which conveyed our 'bus, together with sundry other carriages and horses, over to the other side, slowly and surely, whence a drive of about two miles and a half, chiefly up Broadway, brought us to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which we had been recommended, as the newest and largest house in New York, and therefore more likely to give us an insight into hotel life in America than any other hostel in the town. The Fifth Avenue Hotel is a monster building, of the Grecian order of architecture; it is faced with the white marble of the country, and has an exceedingly handsome and imposing appearance. I suspect that there is no hotel out of America at all to be compared to the one of which I write in grandeur and magnificence, for really the Fifth Avenue deserves both these epithets, and I am not sure that there is another in the country altogether on so splendid a

scale. It is capable of accommodating one thousand persons. This time last year nine hundred guests sat down to dinner daily in this princely establishment. This year, owing to the civil war, there were not above two or three hundred persons in the hotel; moreover, the suite of drawing and reception-rooms, to the number of half a dozen, or more, which are thrown open nightly for the benefit of all the guests in the house, were under some ornamental repairs, and we therefore did not see American hotel life in New York to advantage.

You enter the Fifth Avenue Hotel through wide and lofty portals, which conduct to a large hall, supported by marble pillars. Off this hall, and connecting with it, are a news-room, where all the papers and many periodicals, both foreign and domestic, are to be found; a barber's shop, a lady's hairdresser's shop, a chemist's ditto, a hatter's, a tailor's, and, I think, a shoemaker's. The business of the house is carried on in the bureau; here you proceed upon your arrival, state your requirements, how many rooms you want, upon what floor, &c.; you receive a key, and are handed over to the guidance of a grinning negro, who forthwith conducts you to your apartment. But before you leave the bureau you write your name in a book kept for the purpose; the number of your room is added by the book-keeper, and from henceforth you are, whilst dwelling in that hotel, No. 75, or No. 500, as the case may be; like Monte Christo, you have lost your individuality, but the simile goes no further than that isolated fact.

In the bureau you obtain any information you may require with regard to the town itself, or the means of leaving it, either by water or land. You can also impart information as well as receive it, for there is a telegraph-office in the hotel, and there is also a money-changer and a banker on the premises. Thus much for the ground-floor of the Fifth Avenue; but I have, strangely enough, omitted to mention a most essential part of the house, to wit, the bar, the grand "institution" of all American hotels; for, is it not a place sacred to brandy-smash, gin-sling, mint-julep, sherry-cobbler, and dog's-nose? Here it is that American gentlemen do congregate, to sip and to smoke; and truly the iced drinks of America are most praiseworthy productions, and are, as they deserve to be, very highly prized both by natives and foreigners, especially when the mercury ranges between 85 and 100 in the shade; also, I may observe, that the perfume of a genuine Havannah is preferable to the odour of preserved cabbage, or even horseradish-leaf, however well saturated it may be, in however strong a solution of tobacco-juice; and it is but justice to acknowledge that in this particular New York has a great advantage over London, and will have so long as we pay the outrageous duty of ten shillings per pound weight for cigars. I shall have a little more to say upon this subject by-and-by; in the mean time let us ascend to the first-floor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Here, the dining-hall is the great point of interest. It is a noble room, of circular form, both lofty and light, decorated with splendid mirrors, paved with variegated marbles, and supported by many marble columns. There might be a couple of hundred people in the dining-hall the first day we dined there, and the room looked half empty. Besides this magnificent hall there is a handsome tea-room, and the six or eight reception-rooms before mentioned, which last are fitted up most luxuriously,

and indeed splendidly, with rich damask, immense mirrors, and a profusion of ornamental gilding, not to mention several grand pianofortes. Above the first-floor are six stories appropriated to bedrooms. To said rooms there are two means of access, one by a staircase, according to the usual mode of proceeding in common-place hotels, the other by what is technically called "the vertical railway," that is, a room raised by machinery to the top of the house, stopping at each station, or floor, to land passengers *en route*. This latter mode of ascending is universally used by those whose rooms are high up, and thus the fatigue consequent upon having a room in the attics is avoided. There are really no such things as attics at the Fifth Avenue; the rooms are equally good all over the house, and are charged at the same price. There is another "vertical railway" for luggage, by which means everything in the shape of *impedimenta* is brought from the highest story and deposited in the entrance-hall, ready for bus or boat, with the greatest ease, and without the slightest trouble to any one. The best rooms are not, generally speaking, large, but always lofty, and scrupulously clean. There is one peculiarity which I observed and particularly admired, not only in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but universally both in the States and in Canada—viz. a window over the bedroom door.

The advantage of this "institution" is obvious. How often is it too cold or too damp to open your window which lets in the night air, and too stifling to have it shut? The American plan meets this difficulty; the air in the passages is cool, without being damp, and the window over your door is so high that no one under eight feet could possibly look into it. The passages in the Fifth Avenue Hotel are in reality corridors, being from fifteen to twenty feet in breadth, and twenty-five or thirty feet in height. The charge at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and, indeed, at all first-class hotels in America, is two and a half dollars per diem, or ten shillings English. This sum includes a bedroom, the entrée to all the drawing-rooms, servants' fees, lights, and five meals a day—viz. breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper. There is a table d'hôte at half-past five, and dinner à la carte from two to half-past seven.

There is a bill of fare for every meal, and the one for breakfast is on the same liberal scale as that for dinner. I now come to "the wine list," and there I am forced to halt in my commendations. All through America, wine is exorbitantly dear, in hotels that is to say; I know nothing of the merchant's price. In Canada the wines are still dearer than in the States, and not so good. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel I had some very indifferent claret for six shillings a bottle, not so good as you can, since our commercial treaty with France, get in London for two shillings and sixpence per bottle. We had a bottle of very good Madeira for the same price, which, for an hotel, is perhaps not so very dear; but nowhere else in the States did we get either cherry or Madeira at less than two dollars (eight shillings) a bottle. A sort of champagne is made in America called "catawba." It is a nice wine enough, something like French champagne, but with a peculiar taste of its own which I cannot describe, and, therefore, will not attempt to do so. It is two dollars a bottle, which seems exceedingly expensive for home-made wine, upon which, of course, there can be no duty.

There were so few guests in the hotel whilst we were there that we

had, so to speak, no table d'hôte. It was always dinner à la carte, and we therefore never saw the humours of an American table d'hôte upon a monster scale. The profusion of ice throughout all the hotels in America is one of the greatest luxuries imaginable. The moment you sit down to any meal a glass of iced water is placed before you as a matter of course; a plate of ice is also upon the table, from which you can help yourself to crystal lumps of marvellous clearness. Jugs of iced water stand, not only in the dining-hall but in the corridors, and in your bedroom huge lumps of ice rest upon rich yellow butter; goblets of iced milk are handed round; pails of ice for your champagne, catawba, or hock are placed at your feet; iced creams always at your order. Do you think you could live like this at Mivart's or at the Clarendon for ten shillings a day? Try it. Pick out half a dozen of the most expensive dishes from the most extravagant bill of fare, add ice *ad libitum* at every one of your five meals, and then picture to yourself what your bill would be at any first-class English hotel.

What shall I say, what *can* I say, of New York that has not been better said before? Probably nothing. My stay at New York was short, and I did not improve my somewhat scant opportunities, as another more enterprising traveller might have done, for, to say truth, I am but an indifferent sight-seer, especially in a town; mountains and lakes never weary me, streets and houses do very soon. I should say of New York that it is a city of palaces and hovels, a mixture of meanness and magnificence. Some of the stores (*Anglicè*, shops) are truly magnificent, both as regards size, the material of which they are built, and the style of their architecture. But these grand edifices of white marble, red granite, or iron, are intruded upon by small and dingy houses, which, standing alongside of the palace stores, destroy the beauty and uniformity of the street.

Broadway, the Regent-street, the Rue de Rivoli, of New York, is, I believe, upwards of three miles in length, but it does not deserve its name—its want of breadth strikes you immediately. There are many handsomer buildings in Broadway than in either of the two European streets I have mentioned, but there are also many meaner houses in the show street of the American metropolis; this, together with a want of breadth and paucity of plate glass, render it, as a whole, a less striking street than even Regent-street, and certainly Broadway cannot be compared with the Rue de Rivoli, probably the handsomest street in the world. The hackney-coach "institution" of New York requires revision. At present the fare for one passenger for one mile is fifty cents (two shillings), for two passengers, one mile, seventy-five cents (two shillings and sixpence). The consequence of this judicious tariff is, that no one hires a hackney-coach; how their owners manage to exist I cannot imagine. To make up (to the public) for the above absurdity, the omnibuses are excellent, numerous, and cheap. The fare is five cents (two-pence halfpenny) for the entire distance they run, or any part of it. There are twenty-nine omnibus lines, to work which they have six hundred and seventy-one vehicles. Besides these omnibuses there are five lines of city cars, drawn by horses or mules along a street railway. The fare of these cars is also only five cents; they are large and commodious, and are running every quarter of an hour, day and night, up to a late hour.

The omnibus regulations, or I might more justly say "observances," are

somewhat quaint; they smack strongly of independence and go-aheadism, and are, to my thinking, a great improvement upon our system. First and foremost, there is no "cad" on the footboard behind, to chaff and be insolent, or to haggle with about the fare, thus losing precious time. The steps into the 'bus are so large and low that you may without difficulty or danger ascend whilst the vehicle is in motion; many do so; but if you wish it to stop, you hail the driver, and your wishes are attended to. As soon as you are in, you ring a bell which hangs over a circular hole beneath the driver's seat. Upon the sound of the bell his hand appears at the aperture aforesaid; you place five cents in it, which he deposits in a tin box by his side, and then your fare is paid without a word and without a halt. Should you have no small change, and be obliged to give the man—say, a quarter of a dollar—you wait to hear the tinkle of the bell; you then look up, the driver's hand is at the circular hole with your change, which you rise up and receive, still without a word and without a halt. When you wish to descend, you pull a rope which hangs from the roof of the 'bus and communicates with the driver, the vehicle stops, you get out, and as your foot leaves the lowest step the 'bus moves on. An omnibus in New York is never to be seen standing for five or ten minutes at a time, as ours do in England, obstructing the traffic and delaying the passengers; they frequently move slowly for a few yards, but I do not remember ever to have seen one standing still, except to receive "a fare." The omnibuses are also much lighter and cleaner than ours, and, in consequence of the extravagant charges of the hackney-coaches, far more respectably filled. But, after all, they are 'buses, and not Hansoms; and if your business lay off the line, you can but be deposited at the nearest point to it, and walk the rest of the way.

Broadway is well paved, as are, for the most part, the Avenues, which answer to our Piccadilly, Oxford-street, &c., and are, in fact, the leading thoroughfares of the city. But the pavement of the cross streets is perfectly disgraceful; heaps of stones and holes of mud are their chief characteristics. They look as if they had never been repaired since first they were made: the stones have been forced out of their places, are allowed to remain *en masse*, and mud and grass occupy the vacant holes. The picturesque confusion of an American forest one can admire, but not that of an American street. In the forest dead and decaying trees, tossed here and there amidst rugged rocks and deep ravines, add much to the general effect, but in the streets there is—on our side of the Atlantic at least—a prejudice in favour of order. We prefer that the paving-stones should be side by side instead of piled up, one on the top of the other, on the margin of the holes they originally filled. "It is the fault of the corporation," said an American gentleman, to whom I ventured to point out the above nuisance. "The corporation of New York," he continued, "are a venal and corrupt body; no respectable person will belong to them. The rates are quite sufficient to enable them to keep the streets in good order, but they prefer putting the money into their own pockets." This, thinks I, is a very good reason why the streets are in such a dilapidated state; but why keep "a venal and corrupt body of men" in office? I believe I can answer that question. The citizens of New York do not care sufficiently about the disgraceful state of their streets to induce them to take the trouble of investigating the

matter. They have not yet reached that high state of civilization which recoils from dirt and disturbance, which classes comfort and quiet among the necessities of life.

I thought of the corporation of London under similar circumstances, and how "Paterfamilias," "A Ratepayer," "A Householder"—*et hoc genus omne*—would inundate the columns of the *Times* with complaints and revilings were there even one lane in their locality so dilapidated and forlorn as the majority of the streets in New York.

About three miles from what we should call "the West-end" of New York is the Central Park. It is at present quite in its infancy; indeed, it is yet unfinished, there being some three hundred workmen employed upon it in laying down turf, making roads, blasting rocks, planting, mowing, &c. &c. It was, however, a sight to be seen as a specimen of an American park *in posse*.

Accordingly we entered a car upon the Eighth Avenue tramway, and proceeded at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour to our destination. Arriving there, we hired a carriage and drove round the park. It is, I was told, seven hundred and seventy-six acres in extent, and in many respects its natural capabilities are great. The ground is picturesquely tossed about; valleys and hills, rocks and brushwood are all to be found within its area, and though last mentioned, certainly not least in importance, several small streams, which the ingenuity of man has already converted into divers lakes of lesser and greater dimensions. The rough, rocky banks of these lakes, fringed partly with natural woods, partly with ornamental shrubs, are very pretty; there are miles of gravel walks through the park, and numerous ravines crossed by picturesque bridges. There is also a swamp which might be converted into a lake of a hundred acres in extent, fed from the Croton springs, of which I will speak presently. The great want observable in the Central Park is timber; this want nothing but time can supply. A century or two hence, when the New Zealander has satiated his appetite for antiquity by gazing upon the ruins of ancient London, he may doubtless cross the Atlantic and find both shelter and shade beneath the stately limbs of some far-spreading elm or stately oak, but at present he would have to content himself with the imperfect protection afforded by scrubby brushwood and juvenile doodaras. Within the area of the park are the large buildings formerly used as an arsenal, the Croton reservoir, and a parade-ground of some fifty acres, on which artillery, cavalry, and infantry may successfully manoeuvre. A short distance from the parade-ground are the Botanical Gardens, the soil of which is said to be well adapted to the cultivation of a great variety of plants and flowers.

The suburbs of New York are not beautiful; they consist of small, irregularly-built wooden "shanties," dotted about here and there upon the barren rock. These shanties are for the most part inhabited by the lowest order of Irish; they erect their cabins upon any spare bit of rock they may choose to select. Here they "squint," paying no rent, as indeed why should they? If the rock supports the cabin, it certainly supports nothing else. Here these "squatters" remain, until by the extension of the city their rock is wanted, when down come the shanties, and streets arise in their stead, the squatters merely retreating a few hundred yards to squat again. The island of Manhattan, upon which New York is

situated, is itself a rock, with here and there a few scrubby trees, here and there a patch of scanty herbage upon its surface. As the city increases, the ground is made, cultivated, and beautified; trees, shrubs, gardens arise *parsi passim* with streets, and what erst was a howling wilderness becomes a fruitful and pleasant locality. It is a pity that the nature of the soil around New York is not more kindly; were it so, doubtless the suburbs would be the resort of the wealthy merchant and retired tradesman in place of the Irish squatter, and the suburbs would become an ornament to the city instead of an eyesore; but the cultivation of a bare rock being conducive neither to pleasure nor profit, the New Yorkers are fain to migrate to some of the adjacent islands—to Staten Island in particular, where are many beautiful villas, and where the vegetable kingdom flourishes exceedingly.

My visit to New York was too short to admit of visiting institutions, &c., and, had I done so, I could but have repeated statistical facts already sufficiently well known. In this journal I shall confine myself principally to my own experiences, interspersed with such information as I was, during my séjour on the other side of the Atlantic, able to obtain and have considered worthy of reproduction. If, therefore, you expect any enlightenment touching the institutions or political economy of the country, I fear you will be disappointed.

The streets of New York are all more or less lined with avenues of trees. The Catalpa and the Pride of India are the most common and the most beautiful. These avenues not only beautify the city, giving it a fresh and gay appearance, but by the shade which they afford they are a positive blessing to all, especially to those unfortunates who are compelled to pass a liquid existence in New York during the months of July and August. It was July when we were there, and although the weather was not considered hot for the time of year, the mercury stood at 80 deg. in our room.

The 4th of July, 1861, was the eighty-sixth anniversary of the American independence. Query! Will the 4th of July, 1862, be the *first* jubilee of a divided state? The way they keep this 4th of July is by decking every window and house-top with "the star-spangled banner," by firing guns and letting off crackers from twelve o'clock on the night of the 3rd to twelve o'clock on the night of the 4th. The cracker part of the demonstration might very advantageously be dispensed with. It is carried on by boys and "loafers" (*Anglicè, ragamuffins*), and is a most intolerable nuisance to all the respectable portion of the inhabitants—so much so, indeed, that the universal practice is to leave New York for Long Island, Staten Island, or some other neighbouring locality during the twenty-four hours of jubilee. It is positively dangerous for ladies to walk in the streets on the 4th of July; handfuls of crackers are let off under your feet, your ears are stunned with perpetual reports, and your nose stifled with clouds of sulphur. It is certainly a most childish and offensive proceeding, neither dignified nor intellectual, but, I suppose, consistent with the character of "free and independent" America, where each individual may do as he pleases.

The Croton aqueduct, by which the city is supplied with pure water, is, says a book entitled "New York as It Is," "one of the most gigantic enterprises of the kind undertaken in any country. The distance which

the water travels through this artificial channel, exclusive of the grand reservoir, is about forty miles. The dam crosses the Croton river six miles from its mouth, and the whole distance from this dam—thirty-two miles—is one unbroken underground canal formed of stone and brick. The great receiving reservoir is on York Hill, five miles from the city hall. It can receive a depth of water to the extent of twenty feet, and is capable of containing one hundred and fifty million gallons. The cost of the Croton aqueduct and reservoir was thirteen million dollars. The Croton lake covers an area of four hundred acres, the dam which forms it is two hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty-eight feet wide at the base, allowing a discharge of sixty million gallons of water daily.

I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter that, in conformity with advice received before we left England from a person well acquainted with New York, we had eschewed a hackney-coach when we landed at Jersey city, and placed ourselves and our luggage in an omnibus. "The Havannah Hotel" was painted upon its side, but the driver said he would take us to the Fifth Avenue, and as we saw no omnibus from that house we agreed to go with him. Upon our arriving at the hotel we immediately secured rooms, and went to look at them; whilst doing so, one of the porters of the hotel came to me and said that the driver of the omnibus was waiting to be paid, adding, "Shall they pay him at the office?" I assented, supposing, as a matter of course, that the clerk in the office would pay the man what was right and no more. Imagine my astonishment when I was about to pay my bill, just as we were on the point of leaving the hotel, to find seven dollars fifty cents, or *thirty shillings* English, charged for the omnibus that brought us from the wharf at Jersey city! In vain I remonstrated; the clerk said that the driver asked that sum and he paid it.

"Do you always pay those people what they ask? If he had asked seventy dollars should you have paid him?" I inquired. The official shrugged his shoulders but said nothing. In England no respectable hotel-keeper would allow a gentleman to be robbed in so barefaced a manner; indeed, it is a common custom in England to tell the waiter or the landlord of the hotel to pay for your cab, and you are quite safe in so doing. This piece of iniquity prevented our going back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel upon our return to New York; we took up our quarters at the Everett House instead, and upon our embarking for England we went in the hotel omnibus to the identical wharf where we had landed, paying for our trajet *three* dollars in place of seven dollars fifty cents. I mention this little episode for the good of future travellers.

INDEX

TO THE FIFTY-FIRST VOLUME.

A.

- A DARK Mood. By Mrs. Acton Tindal, 379
- A Glance at Rome in 1862, 637
- Ainsworth, William Harrison. The Lord Mayor of London; or, City Life in the last Century, by. Book I. Guildhall, 1, 197, 237, 347. Book II. The City Mall, 457. Book III. Tradescant, 567
- Albany, The Countess of, 67
- All Saints' Eve. By Mrs. Acton Tindal, 598
- Alligators, A Day with the, 491, 650
- America, A Summer in. By Captain Brook J. Knight, 501, 661
- America, Slavery in, 381
- American, A Real, 210
- Andrews, Alexander. The Diet and Dainties of the Australian Aborigines, by, 544
- Arab Village, An, 292
- Ascent of Mont Combain from St. Pierre. Recreations in Switzerland, 389
- Australian Aborigines, The Diet and Dainties of. By Alexander Andrews, 544
- Autumn, An, at Oedt, 300

B.

- Beauty, The, of Vioq d'Azir. By Ouida, 440
- Bushby, Mrs. The Death-Ship, from the Danish of B. S. Ingemann, by, 267

C.

- Canterbury and its Archbishops, 432
- Cecil Castlemaime's Gage; or, the Story of a Broideded Shield. By Ouida, 321

VOL. L.

- Chant for little Mary. By Mrs. Acton Tindal, 209
- China, History of the First Battalion of Royal Marines in, from 1857 to 1859, 398
- Colonies, The Convict System in the. By Captain E. F. Du Cane, R.E., 513
- Consort, The late Prince, 31
- Convict System, The, in the Colonies. By Captain E. F. Du Cane, R.E., 513
- Costello, Dudley. Crooked Usage, or, the Adventures of Lorn Loriot, by. Chaps. XXXVII. to XXXVIII., 115. XXXIX. to XLII., 173. XLIII. to XLV., 270. XLVI. to XLIX., 406. Concluded, 550. The Millionaire of Saintonge, by, 621
- Countess, The, of Albany, 67
- Crooked Usage; or, the Adventures of Lorn Loriot. By Dudley Costello. Chaps. XXXVII. to XXXVIII., 115. XXXIX. to XLII., 173. XLIII. to XLV., 270. XLVI. to XLIX., 406. Concluded, 550

D.

- Dark Mood, A. By Mrs. Acton Tindal, 379
- Day, A, with the Alligators, 491, 650
- Dead, The Forgotten, 383
- Death-Ship, The. From the Danish of B. S. Ingemann. By Mrs. Bushby, 267
- Diet and Dainties, The, of Australian Aborigines. By Alexander Andrews, 544
- Dream, The Poet's. From the German of Heine. By Edgar A. Bowring, C.B., 647
- Dreamland, 510

2 x

Du Cane, Captain E. F., R.E. The Convict System in the Colonies, by, 513

E.

Edward Forbes the Naturalist, 323
England getting ready, 83
Equador, Travels in, 371

F.

Favette and Thargelie; or, My Pastel-Portrait. By Ouida, 333
Five Months in a French Pine Forest, 78
Forbes, Edward, the Naturalist, 323
Forgotten Dead, The, 283
French, The Moral Condition of the, 55

G.

Gage, Cecil Castlemaine's; or, the Story of a Broidered Shield. By Ouida, 221
Glance at Rome, A, in 1862, 637

H.

History of the First Battalion of Royal Marines in China, from 1857 to 1859, 398

I.

Ireland, Social Science and Sunny Scenes in, 163
Irish Widow, The. A Story founded on Facts, 528

L.

Last Coquetry of Lady Caprice, The. By Ouida, 610
Lord Mayor, The, of London; or, City Life in the last Century. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Book I.—Guildhall. I.—Lord Mayor's Day, a Hundred Years ago. II.—The Lady Mayoress and her Family. III.—Introducing the Lord Mayor, Alderman Beckford, and Alderman Sir Felix Bland—and showing how his Lordship received a Visit from a Nephew and Niece, of whom he had never heard before, I. IV.—Guildhall—Past and Present. V.—How three Court Beauties came to Guildhall, and how they fared on their arrival. VI.—Under what circumstances the Lord Mayor supposed he met his long-lost Brother Lawrence. VII.—Of the Lord

Mayor's Procession to Blackfriars, and of the Pageants exhibited by the City Companies. VIII.—How the Lord Mayor went to Westminster by Water, and what occurred during the Passage, 197. IX.—How the Lord Mayor landed at Westminster. X.—How King George the Third and Queen Charlotte set forth from Saint James's to dine with the Lord Mayor. XI.—The Favourite. XII.—The Great Commoner. XIII.—How the Lady Mayoress joined the Procession on its return, and of the Disaster that befel her. XIV.—The Banquet at Guildhall, 237. XV.—How Mr. Pitt triumphed over his Opponents. XVI.—How the Lord Mayor's elder Daughters danced with the young Princes; and how his younger Daughter was presented to their Majesties. XVII.—How Herbert learnt that Tradescant had got into the Hands of Sharpers; and how Mr. Candish again appeared on the Scene. XVIII.—How Candish was brought before the King. XIX.—Of the mysterious Disappearance of Alice Walworth from the Ball, 347. Book II.—The City Mall. I.—Old Bow Bells. II.—A Matrimonial Project. III.—Two Notes. IV.—In which Prue defends Tradescant. V.—What passed between the Lord Mayor and his Son. VI.—In which Mr. Candish appears in a new Character. VII.—The Lower Walks in Moorfields, 457. Book III.—Tradescant. I.—Moss and Levy's. II.—Picard's. III.—The Rooks. IV.—Fire. V.—An Hour's Durance. VI.—Chat at Breakfast. VII.—How the Matrimonial Project came to an End. VIII.—Women of the World.

M.

Madame la Marquise, 32
Marshall, Frederick. Population and Trade in France, by. No. X. Merchant, 104
May Meeting, The World's, 601
Millionaire of Saintonge, The. By Dudley Costello, 621
Monkshood, Stage Emotion by, 45.
Table-Talk by, 189, 312, 423

- Mont Combin, Ascent of, from St. Pierre. Recreations in Switzerland, 389
- Moral Condition, The, of the French, 55
- Most Illustrious Mourner in the New Year, To the. By Mrs. Acton Tindal, 91
- O.
- Oedt, An Autumn at, 300
- On the lamented Death of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, 31
- Ouida. The Worries of a Chaperone; or, Lady Marabout's Troubles. Season the Third.—The Climax, 92.
- Cecil Castlemaine's Gage; or, The Story of a Broidered Shield, by, 231.
- Favette and Thargelie; or, My Pastel-Portrait by La Tour, by, 333.
- The Beauty of Vicq d'Azir, by, 440.
- The last Coquetry of Lady Caprice, by, 610
- P.
- Pine Forest, Five Months in a French, 78
- Poet's Dream, The. From the German of Heine. By Edgar A. Bowring, C.B., 647
- Population and Trade in France. By Frederick Marshall. No. X. Merchant Shipping, 104
- R.
- Real American, A, 210
- Recreations in Switzerland. An Ascent of Mont Combin from St. Pierre, 389
- ome, A Glance at, in 1862, 637
- Royal Marines, History of the First Battalion of, in China, from 1857 to 1859, 398
- S.
- Saintonge, The Millionnaire of. By Dudley Costello, 621
- Scandinavian Travel, 199
- Slavery in America, 381
- Social Science and Sunny Scenes in Ireland, 162
- Stage Emotion. By Monkshood, 45
- Summer, A, in America. By Captain Brook J. Knight, 501, 661
- Switzerland, Recreations in. An Ascent of Mont Combin from St. Pierre, 389
- T.
- Table-Talk. By Monkshood, 189, 312, 423
- Tindal, Mrs. Acton. To the most Illustrious Mourner in the New Year, by, 91. Chant for little Mary, by, 209. A Dark Mood, by, 379. All Saints' Eve, by, 598
- Travels in Equador, 371
- V.
- Vicq d'Azir, the Beauty of. By Ouida, 440
- Village, An Arab, 292
- W.
- Widow, Irish, The. A Story founded on Facts, 528
- World's May Meeting, The, 601
- Worries, The, of a Chaperone; or, Lady Marabout's Troubles. By Ouida. Season the Third.—The Climax, 92

C. WHITING, BEAFFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

MAY 10 1939



