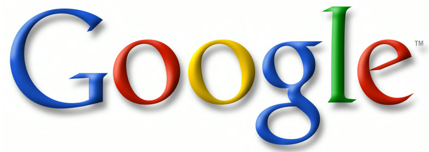

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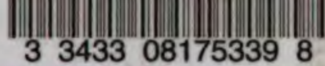
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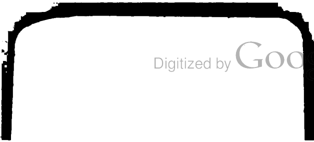

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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

VOL. XLIII.

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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OUR ANNUAL DISSERTATION.

The year which closed yesterday will be a memorable one in the annals of England. Absorbing consideration beyond all other questions, the Indian revolt—virtually crushed at the hour we write—has exhibited more heroic endurance on one side, more fiend-like cruelty on the other, than the world, perhaps, has ever witnessed,—or witnessed since the days of the early Christian persecutions.

Of those who have suffered, too many, unhappily, are beyond the reach of human power to console or reward, but a remnant still remain to whom a nation's sympathy may well be offered.

When the tale comes to be fully told, we shall find that the history of the beleaguered women and children of Lucknow, with that of their gallant protectors, is without a parallel. For the fortitude they displayed amid the appalling dangers to which they were exposed, the country owes them a deep debt of gratitude, and it will be an everlasting reproach to Lord Palmerston's government if—concurrently with other measures affecting India—some national tribute be not paid, at once honorary and substantial, to keep their patient courage in remembrance, and indemnify them by a large material aid for all they have undergone.

Commensurate rewards do not, however, appear to be the principle which Lord Palmerston's government is disposed to keep in view, if we may judge by the niggard, stinted recompense which has been doled out, against the grain, to the illustrious Havelock. One step of military promotion, one grade in the order to which he already belonged, a baronetcy—which any Lord Mayor may have to-morrow as the compliment attendant on a royal visit to the City—and a pension smaller than the salary of a mere treasury official, have been thought sufficient for the man whose prowess has saved an empire! And the *Globe* tells us that *government* have neither been slow to recognise the merits of the gallant soldier, nor wanting in generosity to requite them! Speaking in the name of every grateful heart in England, we will tell the *Globe* that the services of Havelock deserved, at the least, a peerage, with a pension fourfold the amount originally proposed; nor will the country be satisfied if that measure of gratitude be withheld to the saviour of Cawnpore and Lucknow, he who so well deserves the eulogy bestowed by the Anglo-Saxon poet on that Danish hero who first made the name of Havelock renowned:

> Havelok was a full god gome (good man),
> He was full god in everi trome (every company),
> He was the wicteste (most courageous) man at nede,
> That thurte (across) riden (did ride) on ani stede.

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We have taken General Havelock as our illustration of what the country expects at the hands of government, because he is "the foremost man of all the time;" but wide and ample must also be the recognition of the deeds of the crowd of noble soldiers whose names will henceforth be inseparably blended with the glory of the British arms. The long and distinguished services of Sir Colin Campbell, crowned by the relief of Lucknow, cannot be set aside, neither can Outram, John Lawrence, or Wilson, be omitted from the roll of fame inscribed at Westminster; while promotion and honours, "like stars, should shine" on all who, with Greathed, Showers, Stuart, Eyre, and Osborne, have so nobly sustained the military reputation of our land. Neither let the dead be forgotten: the energetic Nicholson, the brilliant Neill, the soldier-like Henry Lawrence, and a long file of men all true-hearted and gallant as themselves! Let parliament, while they decree distinction to the living, decree also a public cenotaph to the dead! Such a monument in Saint Paul's Cathedral would be one of the proudest trophies of which the country could boast.

Simultaneous with the relief of Lucknow has been the amelioration of that state of affairs which so lately produced the monetary crisis. Legislation has done its best, or worst, in the matter—for doctors differ with regard to the real curative process. Lombard-street, almost at its last gasp, no longer feels the pressure on its throat; and shaky credit stands steady for a while; discount has gone down and Consols have gone up again, and so we are out of that scrape.

Is there to be a new Reform Bill? The Speech from the Throne said something that sounded like it; Lord Palmerston also made a promise. But speeches from the throne are not always literal pledges, and certainly Lord Palmerston is no very ardent reformer. Quien sabe! Perhaps he may be too intent on other matters to think about the constituencies! He may be occupying the present recess in planning another monster mortar, to burst, like its predecessor, the first time it is fired; emulous of Mr. Denison, he may be founding a second "Big Ben," to crack as that did almost as soon as its voice began to be heard; or, jealous of Mr. Brunel, devising the means of moving the *Leviathan;* as Sir Robert Peel said the other day, at Tamworth, he may be writing *telegrams* on the crown of his hat between the acts of shooting and bagging partridges; he may be cramming his friends and retainers into all the good places that fall vacant, from a colonial government to the treasurership of a county court; he may be doing some, or all of these things, for Lord Palmerston—or he is belied—aims at the reputation of the Admirable Crichton; or he may have resolved to do nothing at all until he is obliged to move—a supposition as likely as any. The future career—even at seventy-three—of a statesman in whom fifty years of political life have not exhausted the Protæan faculty, is still a fair subject for speculation; but it would be labour thrown away to speculate on the acts of Lord Palmerston's colleagues. On one point, however, we may congratulate the public: no new Treaty is on the *tapis* for Lord Clarendon to mar.

While we are writing these lines, we perceive that an attempt is being made to cure the dry-rot which affects the upper half of the Cabinet. In the room of one of the least useful planks, a well-seasoned, though not, perhaps, a very solid timber, has been inserted. Lord Harrowby has been

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re-placed—the word is not amiss as applied to the office of Privy Seal—by Lord Clanricarde. He, at all events, will have something to say. Of late years his speeches have been all against his quondam allies; but people get tired of uttering the same thing for ever: they like a change that ensures them a salary.

With respect to the promised measure of Parliamentary Reform, whether it be based on an extended franchise or on a wider territorial distinction, we trust it may include the educated portion of the community, in whose favour a memorial, signed by political men of all parties, has lately been presented to the Prime Minister. It is time that Literature should be as efficiently represented as the bacon-fed boroughs on the Wiltshire downs; but, to secure this object, Literature must do something for itself.

At present a literary man, though he belongs to a class more numerous in England than in any other country, is little more than a mere waif and stray. In nine cases out of ten he becomes literary by accident; it is the after-thought and not the first object of his life; he is a member of a body in which there is no attempt at organisation; his *métier* is so little recognised by the governing powers that, if you wish to know how he is rewarded, when time or sickness have done their worst with him, turn to the Civil List, and count the alms bestowed on literature. There have of late been more than one movement to bring men of letters into a common centre of action, but speciality of construction has rendered them all abortive: unity of purpose has been wanting throughout. If we would but begin at the beginning, there might be a reasonable hope of success, and to make the beginning, let us think how best we may realise the desire expressed by Mr. Thackeray, a few days since, at the annual dinner of the supporters of the Commercial Travellers' Schools. "I wish," he said, "we had an institution like this, to which we could confide our children, where they could be educated, and well educated, instead of having to send them to private schools, where, generally, they receive a very inferior education at an awful cost. Why cannot we—we men of letters—get up such a scheme as this?" Mr. Thackeray's inchoate idea may yet be the nucleus of that organisation which literature in England requires.

But whether ministers do their spiriting well or ill, a busy session opens before them! Besides the new scheme for the government of India, and the bit-by-bit Reform Bill, there is the criminal code to consolidate and amend, the law of real property to settle on a more popular basis, and then they have to carry the everlasting Old Clothes Bill—we beg pardon, we mean Lord John's annual sacrifice to his Hebrew friends in Whitechapel. Apropos of that which replaces what is obsolete, we are to witness the workings of the new Court of Probate, Raminagrobis and all the "chats fourrés" of his following—surrogates and advocates, proctors and doctors—being now morally defunct, after a mysterious existence of more than five hundred years.

To turn from political questions to a pleasanter theme.

The most prominent and interesting event—not of the session, but the season—which casts its shadow before, is the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal with the Heir to the Crown of Prussia. Not loyalty alone, but earnest love—the love of a mighty nation—prompts the universal

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prayer for the happiness of "the fair-hair'd daughter of the isles:" to imitate her royal mother in every relation of life is, humanly speaking, to ensure it.

The transition from a wedding to a *jour de naissance* is an easy one. On this first day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, *Bentley's Miscellany* attains its majority, having been founded exactly twenty-one years ago. None of our readers need be reminded that the promise of its infancy has been well sustained throughout the period of its vigorous adolescence, nor is it necessary for us to do more than point to the contents of the present Number to show that the first step of its maturity has been taken in the right direction. During those twenty-one years of literary existence how many popular writers have contributed to its pages! Of them we may say as Byron said of his travelling companions:

> They were a gallant company,
> * * * *
> And through the wide world might ye search,
> Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.
> But some are dead and some are gone,
> And some are scatter'd and alone,
> * * * *
> And some are in a far countree,
> And some all restlessly at home!

The latest of the "company" whom we miss is John Hughes, one of the earliest contributors to *Bentley*. He was the intimate friend of the lamented "Ingoldsby," to whose genius his own was closely allied. Under the name of "Mr. Buller of Brasenose" he shone conspicuously in *Blackwood's Magazine*, where also his "Boscobel Tracts" (of which a new and revised edition has just been published) made their *début*. A poem in the Beppo measure and style, with much affinity of wit, called "Walter Childe," appeared in this *Miscellany*, of which he was the writer; and when Mr. Ainsworth started the magazine that bore his name, Mr. Hughes led off with a polyglot contribution of unrivalled versatility. But the most popular thing he ever wrote—it was one of those effusions which seize at once on public attention—was his "Magic Lay of the One-Horse Chay," rendered still more popular by the inimitable drollery of Jack Reeve. Mr. Hughes's writings were marked as well by profound scholarship as by a broad and genial humour, and for his personal character no more estimable man or perfect gentleman has lived within our remembrance.

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FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

A TEACHER OF LANGUAGES.

WHEN, after the fall of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, the Faubourg St. Germain was nearly emptied of its noble inhabitants, when runaways of all descriptions, fearing a new reign of terror, made England once more their place of refuge, there landed at Portsea a storm-tossed fugitive, named Pascal Perrotin.

He had furtively embarked, in the dead of night, on board a small fishing-lugger, called the *Jeune Adèle*, of Saint-Mâlo; and, after three days' experience of rough Channel weather, such was his state of mind that, whether he set foot on the shore he fled from or on that for which the vessel was bound, had become to him a matter of supreme indifference: to find himself on *terra firma* again, was all he asked.

At last—it seemed a lifetime to Monsieur Perrotin—his prayer was granted, and he stood on the well-known landing-place of Common Hard, safe from his enemies who—it may be observed—had never troubled their heads about him. But fear makes men gregarious and imitative of others' flight, and when Pascal Perrotin heard that The First Christian Baron had taken wing, he thought it high time to follow the illustrious example. With perfect safety to themselves and without any danger to their country, both might have remained—the one at his hotel in the Rue de Grenelle, the other in his lodging on the Quai Voltaire; but it seemed an important thing to emigrate—and so they emigrated.

In taking this step there was one point of view in which Monsieur Perrotin appeared to have the advantage over his co-mate in exile: the State might seize upon the property of The First Christian Baron, but it was out of its power to confiscate the goods of Pascal Perrotin—for the simple reason that, when he quitted Paris, he left nothing which could, by possibility, be confiscated, except the State had been his washerwoman. This was a negative advantage, however, for by the time he had paid his passage to Portsea, and ascertained, to his sorrow, that even an emigrant does not cross the Channel *gratis*, he discovered that all the money he was master of amounted to rather more than a hundred *francs*, but as the superabundance was only in *sous*, his fortune may very fairly be estimated in the round numbers already given.

Now a hundred *francs*, managed with French economy—the straitest of all financial processes—will go a long way in Paris (at least, it would have done so before the era of Imperial luxury), but a hundred *francs* in England is not a sum to fall back upon in every emergency, particularly

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when you start with the rate of exchange against you. The latter fact Monsieur Perrotin speedily discovered on entering the shop of Mr. Levi Abrahams, where an intimation, conveyed in his own language, that the utmost value was given for all descriptions of foreign coin, attracted him like a welcome. He was, indeed, welcome enough to Mr. Levi Abrahams as long as the latter thought there was a chance of making the stranger lay out on "a shplendid di'mond pin" the three pounds five, which was the conscientious equivalent for a hundred *francs;* but when the Israelite merchant found that Pascal Perrotin had no fancy for trinkets, his welcome and his greasy smile disappeared together: he did not even know where the Frenchman could find a lodging—that was not his line of business—and having "cushtomers" waiting—two jolly tars who looked like prizes—he wished him good morning.

Alone, then, in the streets of Portsmouth, Monsieur Perrotin was left to shift for himself, with his three pounds five in his pocket, and a very small bundle in his hand.

While he is wandering about, observing everybody with an eye of distrust—the result of his interview with Mr. Levi Abrahams—a few descriptive words, to say who and what he was, may not be out of place.

Pascal Perrotin's father was an honest vinedresser in the department of the Loire, and owned a small parcel of wine-producing ground on the banks of that noble, but revolutionary river. Living beyond the reach of its ordinary floods, and favoured by good harvests—his own industry aiding—old Michel Perrotin had husbanded, out of his small gains, sufficient to send his son to be educated at Tours. Pascal took to his studies kindly, did not disgrace his clerical instructors, and when he left college was fully qualified to instruct others. Education was his *métier*. He followed it, in the first instance, in the *château* of Monsieur Saint Aubin, a wealthy proprietor, near Blois, but after a few years, his pupils having in the mean time grown up, he departed from Touraine to seek his fortune in Paris. Impressed with the belief—and justly impressed—that to impart the pronunciation of Blois, is to confer the same benefit on a Parisian which a Scotchman *fancies* he bestows on a Londoner when he favours him with *his* dialect, Pascal Perrotin thought he had little more to do, in making the fortune he sought, than merely to announce his arrival in the capital.

But whether he did not advertise sufficiently, or whether the self-satisfied Parisians preferred their own clipt phrases to his full-weighted flow of language, certain it is that he did not grow richer: it may, on the contrary, be affirmed, that at the end of five or six years he was considerably poorer, and if it had not been for the modest income he derived from his *succession* in the Blésois—old Michel Perrotin being dead—it might have gone hard with him to find the means of living. It is true, he got a stray pupil now and then among the English who lived in Paris, but in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty the Loire forgot its propriety altogether, despised the limits of the Levée, broke through that famous dyke wherever it opposed resistance, and inundated the country far and wide, sweeping away everything before it. Thousands were ruined by the inundation, including Pascal Perrotin; his smiling vineyard be-

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came in one night an unsightly heap of stones and gravel; he had no capital wherewith to restore his desolated property, and remained that very pitiable object, a proprietor without a landmark. Within three months of this distressing event, the *ordonnances* of July were issued—the revolution followed next day, away went king and court, away went The First Christian Baron, and—what was more to the purpose, and served in some degree to justify the flight of Pascal Perrotin—away went all the English families.

What was he to do? Loyalty and honour counselled him to tread in the steps of his king, contempt of the Parisian "*butors*"—that was his word—pointed the same way, and self-interest, with a glimpse of hope in the distance, beckoned from the cliffs of perfidious Albion.

So, to perfidious Albion he made up his mind to go. He disguised himself, in a city where nobody knew him, secretly took a place in the diligence to Saint-Mâlo, travelling in the obscure depths of the *banquette*, and after confiding himself to the sea—a sacrifice which none but a Frenchman can rightly understand—arrived *incognito* in England.

The Portsmouth people are in the constant habit of seeing strangers from all countries in their streets, and few, as he passed along, took any notice of Monsieur Perrotin. Nor was there, in his personal appearance, very much to notice, unless it were the extreme fragility of his figure, his very meagre features, and an excessively prominent, bony nose, which he seemed, literally, to be always following. For the rest, he was a man prematurely old, who might have been taken for sixty, when he wanted at least twenty years of that age. But there are a great many who, like the Wechselkinder of the German tradition, have never looked young, and Monsieur Perrotin was *facile princeps* of this race.

From the Common Hard of Portsea he found his way past various gates and bridges into the High-street of Portsmouth, anxiously searching for a not too expensive hotel where he might quiet the wolf that now gnawed within him. But to look for an inexpensive hotel in that locality was a fruitless endeavour, and on he went till he reached the Sally Port and entered the Alsatian region of the Point, finally bringing up at the "Blue Posts," which well-known house, since Peter Simple has been there, requires no description.

However uninviting to anybody but midshipmen, the Blue Posts appeared to Monsieur Perrotin exactly the kind of place to suit him, and he entered.

Being a Teacher of Languages, *en gros*, he had no fear of not being understood, though certainly English was not his *forte*, all he knew of it having been picked up here and there in Paris, amongst his English pupils: the value, moreover, of what he remembered was considerably modified by his pronunciation. As a recompense for these drawbacks, he possessed a very powerful voice, and, as Bob Fudge says of old Laïs, generally "chose to make use of it." It may, indeed, be laid down, almost as a general rule, that, whatever other qualifications a Frenchman may have to recommend him to the world, the capacity for making a noise is very rarely denied him.

"I say," he roared to the waiter, who, accustomed to bundles, stepped forward to relieve Monsieur Perrotin of his, "I will somma dinnerre."

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"Very well, musseer," said the waiter, at once detecting Monsieur Perrotin's country, though, for that matter, he said "Musseer" to every foreigner; "what would you like to have?"

And he gabbled through the larder of the Blue Posts.

"Sheep!" exclaimed Monsieur Perrotin, with emphasis. "First of all—sheep."

The waiter, being a true-born Briton, laughed, of course, at the Frenchman's mistake, before he corrected it.

"Mutton, musseer! That's it!" said he, nodding. "There's a nice 'arnsh in prime cut; three of the *Powerful's* young gentlemen is all as it 'as been to."

Monsieur Perrotin accepted the waiter's nod as an answer to his exclamation: of his speech he could only make out that mutton was the theme, but he was not likely to be at a loss on this point, his informant having pointed, as he spoke, to a table where three saucy, handsome boys were paying their addresses to the joint in question. The ravages they had already made in it showed plainly that their appetites deserved the name of the ship they belonged to.

A hungry Frenchman, however, who had been three days at sea without eating, was not likely to object to anything in the shape of food; and, bestowing a gratified smile on everybody in the coffee-room, Monsieur Perrotin sat down in a corner and prepared for his meal.

If the three young gentlemen of the *Powerful* had not been under the necessity of fulfilling the engagement which had brought them on shore —that, namely, of riding off to Portsdown fair the moment dinner was over—it is very probable they might have had some fun at the expense of Monsieur Perrotin; but, their time being short, they limited themselves to a few remarks on his personal appearance, while they hastily swallowed the scalding hot gin-and-water with which they wound up their repast.

"Johnny Crappō!" said one, by way of designating Monsieur Perrotin's nation.

"What a twist he has!" observed the second, forgetful of his own exploits.

"Never ate meat before, I'll swear," said the third. "Nipcheese wouldn't like to mess that fellow!"

And Monsieur Perrotin, raising his eyes and perceiving that the three young gentlemen were looking at him while they talked, gave them another grateful smile and resumed his agreeable occupation.

The *Powerfuls* burst out into a loud laugh, lit their cigars, shouted out "Good-by, old boy, don't swallow the bone!" rushed out of the room, mounted their steeds which were waiting at the door, and galloped away at the usual midshipman's pace, one of the three a little behind the other two, having stopped to buy an orange which he threw at Monsieur Perrotin's head as he sat with his back to the open window. The young gentleman was a good marksman—he could already lay a gun well, and hoped some day to do so in the teeth of an enemy's battery—and the missile caught Monsieur Perrotin in the nape of the neck, causing him to drop a glass of porter which he was at that moment raising to his lips, and eliciting from him a tremendous expletive which need not be re-

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peated. But beyond the broken tumbler and this momentary explosion of astonishment and wrath, no damage was done, and Monsieur Perrotin finished his dinner in peace.

Being now on more equal terms with the world, he began to consider what course he ought to take.

To remain at Portsmouth, where he knew nobody, was not likely to serve his purpose. He had left France, partly from fear, partly in the hope of gaining a livelihood by teaching French and Italian. There was written down in his pocket-book the name and address of an English lady to whose two daughters—*des êtres charmants!*—he had given lessons at their apartment in the Place de la Concorde. The lady had a magnificent house in London, and, if he hoped to prosper, thither Monsieur Perrotin must go.

He took out his pocket-book, and turned over the leaves till he found what he sought. He had copied the address from that hastily written by one of his pupils. English ladies write very good hands—no one denies them that accomplishment—but, if a fault may be hinted, it is that *every letter* so much resembles some other, that the reader, if at all desirous of making out the meaning, must, nine times out of ten, be guided by the context. But besides the general vandyked illegibility, Monsieur Perrotin's difficulty of transcription was increased, in the present instance, by an after-thought on the part of the fair writer, and an emendation of his own, arising from his profound knowledge of English ceremonials, so that his copy represented a somewhat doubtful topography. As he looked at it now, it read as follows:

"MISTRISS SCROPE ESQ.
No. 64 GRINRAM KIPPER SHUT
LONDON."

Monsieur Perrotin, however, felt perfectly satisfied with the address. It was a talisman, he doubted not, which would carry him safely to his journey's end; and after repeating it three or four times to fix it in his memory in case he should have the misfortune to lose his pocket-book, he resolved to announce his arrival by letter, and told the waiter to bring him "pepper."

The usual *imbroglio* followed, but at last he obtained what he wanted, and composed the following epistle, which, in honour of his patroness, he wrote in his best English:

"MADAME,—Having passed the Sleeve by a detestable weather which has failed to loose me, I am descended to-day upon the costs of the old England, and at the moment I write I am making my box to go to London see you, remembering of your amiable kindness to give me a former invitation. Unhappily for France we have for us at last the revolution come back, but not yet the real conditions of it are known. For that I have not waited thinking only of my salvation which I accomplished in the diligence of Saint-Mâlo. From there I come to Portsmout, a very sad city, in which to live would be impossible. Therefore I hope to arrive at London to teach my tong to the scholars who shall desire to

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learn her. But the first thing, Madame, I make haste to throw myself at your feet and squeeze your hand.

"Agree, Madame, the respectuous homages of your obeying server,

"PASCAL PERROTIN.

"One thousand remembers of my part to the young Misses."

This letter, superscribed as above, he sent to the post-office by a porter who was sufficiently skilled in polite literature to be able to grin at the direction, and sufficiently kind-hearted to wish that he or she, whoever it was meant for, "might get it,"—a phrase in great vogue just then, which, popularly understood, detracted rather from the porter's claim to benevolence of disposition.

It was not Monsieur Perrotin's intention to wait for Mrs. Scrope's answer, his object in writing being merely to herald his own approach. He had found out, by dint of much hammering at the Ganymede of the Blue Posts, that there was a night-coach for London, and he forthwith secured a place outside. With the amount of the fare and his bill at the inn, Monsieur Perrotin's Three-pound-five was reduced by at least one-half. He stormed a good deal at the price of his dinner and the charge for a broken glass, and then it was the waiter discovered the meaning which Monsieur Perrotin attached to the word "sheep."

"You should have spoke out like a man," he said, "and not have chattered in gibberish as no onecan't unde rstand, if you wanted me to know you meant to dine here cheap. Roast mutton's a precious sight too good for anybody as is mean enough for to go and offer a waiter three-halfpence, and them French ones, not worth nothing, most likely. Keep 'em yourself, you'll want 'em afore you've done."

This growling farewell accompanied Monsieur Perrotin all the way to the door of the Blue Posts, from whence the Telegraph set out for London. He climbed up to a seat behind the coachman, where he was conspicuous enough to be recognised on the road by the three young gentlemen of the *Powerful*, as they galloped back from Portsdown fair. Luckily for him they had no oranges in their pockets, but they favoured him, as they rode by, with a shower of nuts and the vociferous salutation of "Bonsoir, Johnny Crappō." Monsienr Perrotin did not smile on this occasion, for he could not resist the conclusion that the greeting thus bestowed was not intended for a compliment. But he was something of a philosopher, and being also very tired, he soon afterwards fell asleep, dipping and diving and very nearly falling off the coach at least twenty times in the course of the night. He, however, weathered that danger, partly by the strong instinct of self-preservation, partly by the assistance of a friendly hand, and eventually got down, safe and sound, at the sign of the White Bear in Piccadilly.

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CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR PERROTIN FINDS A FRIEND, AND HEARS A LOVE STORY.

ALONE on the London pavement in the grey of the morning, with his little bundle tightly grasped in his hand, Monsieur Perrotin looked round inquiringly, uncertain whither to bend his steps. Two or three passengers by the Telegraph had gone into the hotel, but the French traveller, remembering his scanty purse and the charges at the Blue Posts, hesitated to follow their example.

While he lingered, a tall, handsome, military-looking young man, who was waiting to have his luggage taken out of the coach, came up and addressed him: it was the owner of the friendly hand.

"You seem to be a stranger, sir, in London," he said.

"Oh yas!" replied Monsieur Perrotin, "I am very strange. It is the first time of my life that I come here."

"And have you no acquaintance in this great city?"

"Yes, I have somm. Not a great many. But it is too soon to call to them, and where is their house I do not know."

The young man smiled.

"It is," he said, "rather too early for a morning visit, and I am in the same predicament as yourself—that is to say, about calling. I think you had better do as I do. I mean to put up here. It's not a bad house of its kind, and one is sure of getting something to eat. I don't know how you feel, but travelling all night outside the coach has made me very hungry. Do me the favour of breakfasting with me!"

There was something so off-hand and good-natured in this offer—which a rapid survey of Monsieur Perrotin's little bundle had suggested—that it was not to be resisted. The Teacher of Languages bowed, and said it should give him a great pleasure.

They were soon very comfortably seated at breakfast, and Monsieur Perrotin, who required little pressing, entered into the history of his adventures. He told his entertainer all that the reader knows, interspersed with various details, chiefly relating to the subject that was uppermost in his mind, the events of the three days of July. As an eye-witness of those events he had not very much to say, for the moment the firing began in the streets he shut himself up close in his room, and never left it till all was over; but this trifling circumstance did not prevent him from giving a very picturesque account of the revolution, mainly derived from his own scared imagination. His strongest point, however, was the manner in which he had effected his retreat from the blood-stained streets of Paris. It was a piece of strategy, as he described it, to which there was nothing comparable in the annals of retrograde movement.

"And your wife and family?" asked his new friend, who took it for granted that a person of Monsieur Perrotin's appearance must be so accommodated. "Did they escape with you?"

"I have not a wife," replied Monsieur Perrotin—"not any littel child. I have only myself and my effects. It was not mosh to take," he added, with a half-suppressed sigh.

The young man made a quick gesture as if about to say something,

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but checked himself, and was silent for a few moments. At length he appeared to have made up his mind.

"I hope," he stammered, "you won't be offended at what I'm going to say, but perhaps you didn't bring much money with you. Now it's a hard thing to be driven out like that, and come to a strange country. If you happen to be short, I shall be very happy to lend you some."

He took out his purse as he spoke.

Monsieur Perrotin's eyes glistened, and the piece of toast he was in the act of swallowing very nearly choked him.

"You are a good person, sir," he said, seizing the young stranger's hand, and closing it upon what it held. "But, I thank you, no! It is not a great deal I have, but before that is gone I have hopes to get more. There is in London one very great lady whose daughters I have the honour to teach in Paris. Madame Scrop will give me to do when she know that here I am."

At this name the young man changed colour, and asked where the lady lived.

Monsieur Perrotin had recourse to his pocket-book, and, spreading it wide open on the table, pointed to the entry he had made.

"I can make nothing of this," observed the youthful Amphitryon, repressing a strong desire to laugh at what he saw; "I never heard in all my life of 'Grinram Kipper.' And what on earth does 'Shut' mean? I'll venture to say there's no such place in London!"

"Ah, but you must be mistake: my young lady have wrote it down herself. See!"

He took out a piece of paper and placed it beside his own copy.

The young man glanced at the writing and again changed colour. He bent his head over it, as if for the purpose of closer examination. When he looked up again, he said:

"The mistake is yours. I believe I can make this out. 'Mrs. Scrope'—we don't in England put 'Esquire' after a lady's name, that only belongs to gentlemen, (you observe it is not so in the original: 'Mrs. Scrope, No. 64, Grosvenor'—yes, it certainly *is* Grosvenor—'Upper Grosvenor'—only the word 'Upper' has been added, to distinguish it from 'Lower'—and what you took for 'Shut' is 'Street.' It's plain enough now. Lucky you had this to show. I defy the cleverest hackney-coachman in London to have found out the place by your description."

Monsieur Perrotin's face lengthened.

"But so I address my letterre to Madame Scrop."

"Then it's fifty to one if she has received it. However, that don't so much matter, I suppose, since you have come here yourself. Do you know Mrs. Scrope well?"

"Certainly I know her. Madame Scrop is one grand personage, but very kind for me."

"And—her—her daughters. You liked them?"

"It should be impossible not; all two of them are so equally good and handsom."

"Which did you admire most, now? Agatha or Edith?"

"How, then! You also are acquaint with those agreeable misses?"

"I—I—that is, I have met them frequently in society."

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"Where you see them? Not in Paris?"

"No—not in Paris. Mrs. Scrope was in the Isle of Wight this summer, after she came from abroad. I am quartered there with my regiment."

"You are an officer, perhaps?"

"Exactly. Here's my card. Lieutenant Walter Cobham, of the Rifle Brigade."

"Monsieur Cobham, I am very much oblige. Now I shall answer your question. It is the elderly sisterre I think the finest."

"Elderly! What do you mean? Edith Scrope is not elderly!"

"She is the old one. Not so?"

"Oh, I see! Yes, you're right in that respect. Edith is a year older than Agatha, but she'll be only eighteen the tenth of next month."

"Ah, ha!" said Monsieur Perrotin, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "you know that!"

Lieutenant Walter Cobham blushed exceedingly,—a propensity he could no more get the better of, than he could conquer the eager frankness of his nature, which always led him to betray his closest secrets.

"Monsieur Perrotin," he said, "I haven't known you long"—the exact time was thirty-five minutes—"but I think I can trust you."

The Teacher of Languages placed his hand on his heart, and, if the grateful expression for the more than civility which Walter Cobham had shown him might be relied on, the young man had not been wrong in his hasty calculation.

"I'll tell you all about it, then, if you like to listen."

The speaker did, however, take the precaution of looking round him, to see if they were alone in the room, before he went on. Having satisfied himself on this point, he continued:

"The fact is, Monsieur Perrotin, Miss Scrope—that is, Edith—and myself are engaged. Only it's an odd business. No one knows anything about it but ourselves. You see the Isle of Wight is a great place for parties of pleasure, pic-nics, and all that sort of thing. Do you understand?"

"Oh yas! vary well. I have pique-nique myself with the family of Madame Scrop, in the forest of Montmorency. We had *baudets*—donkeys, I think—and strawberries at the hermitage of Rousseau, where Miss Edith play on the piano of Grétry."

"Ah, you have heard her play! Isn't it beautiful? What a voice she *has, too!* I never heard anything like it—on the stage or off it. Well, I was telling you about our parties, sometimes in carriages, to one place or other, sometimes in boats, sailing round the island."

"On the sea!" exclaimed Monsieur Perrotin, with a shiver. "Ah, mon Dieu! Quel triste plaisir!"

"On the sea—of course," returned Walter Cobham. "What can be more delightful!"

Monsieur Perrotin groaned.

"Thrown together in this kind of way, wasn't it the most natural thing in the world that I should fall in love with Edith Scrope? It was at Carisbrooke Castle, in the ruins; I was helping her round the walls when I stopped and told her all about it. I asked her to have me. She didn't say 'No,' and she didn't say 'Yes'—not at first, at least, but

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afterwards she consented. Only there was a difficulty in the way: she was afraid to tell her mother. I offered to go at once and speak to her, but Edith wouldn't let me. I know Mrs. Scrope is very rich and very proud, and wants her daughters to marry men of rank and fortune, for that's what she is always saying. I know, too, I've neither one nor the other, but my father was a gentleman, and so am I, and people can live, if they like, on very little. I fancy if I was allowed the opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Scrope, I could make her hear reason."

Monsieur Perrotin smiled.

"What, you think not! Ah, that's like Edith. 'Walter,' she said, in her very last letter, 'I'm persuaded mamma won't listen to anything at present. She has very strong feelings—prejudices, perhaps, I must call them. We must wait for time to remove them.' Now waiting is impossible, for my regiment is ordered out to Canada, and if I go abroad before we're married fifty things may happen. So I decided at once. The minute I received Edith's letter I went to the commanding officer, and asked for leave between the returns. He gave it me directly, and I started for town yesterday afternoon, to try and see her somehow. Now, what is your advice? How should you act in my position?"

"Shall you go see Madame Scrop?"

"That's just what I should like. I see you agree with me. I ought to go. But Edith won't hear of it. She says there would be an end of everything. She don't even want me to call, for fear of exciting her mother's suspicions, so what I must do is this: I must get Edith to meet me privately, and then we can come to a thorough understanding. Letters never say half enough, and I'm obliged to be very cautious in writing. I think it quite a godsend I met with you, and I'll tell you why. You wouldn't mind taking a note for me? I declare I should be so thankful! You'd be the best fellow in the world!"

Although Monsieur Perrotin had some difficulty in following the impetuous lover through all he said, he perfectly comprehended the nature of the service that was required of him. He was himself of an impressionable character, felt interested in the story he had heard, and was really grateful for the young officer's proffered kindness and positive hospitality. As a Frenchman, also, he did not see any great impropriety in abetting a love affair, and therefore very readily expressed his willingness to do what Walter Cobham requested. At his instance he also consented to remain at the hotel for the present, instead of seeking a lodging elsewhere.

With various conversation, in the course of which both Walter Cobham and Monsieur Perrotin went over a good deal of their former ground, love passages and scenes of terror alternating, the morning was occupied until the hour arrived when the Teacher of Languages might reasonably hope to be admitted in Upper Grosvenor-street.

As Monsieur Perrotin did not, of course, know an inch of the way, Walter Cobham undertook to be his escort there and back: he accompanied him to within a short distance of Mrs. Scrope's house, and when he saw the door closed upon him, took up a position in the neighbourhood, and anxiously waited the result of the Frenchman's mission.

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CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR PERROTIN'S PATRONESS.

Mrs. Scrope's intentions in marrying her daughters had been correctly described by Walter Cobham.

Herself of aristocratic birth, and a wealthy heiress when she espoused a gentleman of equal rank and estate, she never for an instant admitted the idea of derogation in her family. Her husband had died within three years of her marriage, leaving only the two girls, Edith and Agatha, to succeed to his large unentailed possessions, and thus, from their infancy, Mrs. Scrope began to expect for them matches with the highest in the land. As their fortunes accumulated, during their minority, with great personal beauty also for their share, this expectation, if it did not acquire force, certainly did not diminish. In the pride of hereditary station Mrs. Scrope considered the world as composed of only two classes, her equals and her inferiors, whose positions she regarded as immutable.

She admitted no qualification of money, genius, success, or—as she phrased it—"any other accident," to raise to her level those not born to the distinction. However condescending, familiar, or friendly her behaviour to people whom she looked upon as of inferior condition to herself, the law she had made she never broke: her identity was kept quite distinct from theirs. She was liberal enough of patronage, but the persons who were the objects of it always felt that they had a patron. To assume an equality with Mrs. Scrope, unless you were of the privileged order, was to lose her protection for ever.

If such was the principle on which she acted towards society in general, it may easily be believed that its strictness underwent no relaxation where the affairs of her own family were concerned. No one, she felt assured, would venture to think of her daughter without first addressing her. It did not enter into her mind to conceive the possibility that anybody could aspire to mingle his blood with that of her race who did not boast an equally illustrious descent, and she took less than the ordinary precautions against so very possible a contingency.

It was owing to this circumstance that Mrs. Scrope had never perceived what consequences might arise from the intercourse which was permitted between Edith and Walter Cobham during her summer sojourn in the Isle of Wight. She found the young officer in the houses where she visited, and saw him, with others, attentive to her daughters, but drew no inference from the fact. Had she been told that there was danger in such attention, she would have ridiculed the idea with contemptuous scorn. There was nothing, then, to prevent Edith and Walter from falling in love.

It was as well, perhaps, for his own prospect of success—as ill, it may be, for the issue—that Walter Cobham's choice had fallen upon the elder instead of the younger sister, for Agatha had much of her mother's pride, and held lineage in high esteem. Edith, on the contrary, never gave the subject a thought. According to her belief, her lover had in him all "those noble qualities that merit love;"—of the nobility of birth she made no account. Who he was she never asked; what he was alone she cared for.

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Only when it was too late, when they had mutually pledged their faith, Edith remembered her mother's opinions, and questioned Walter about himself. His answer was not of a kind to remove her suddenly-awakened fear. He was the orphan son of a brave soldier, who had died in the service of his country with only the rank of captain; but of his father's family there was only the tradition, from Ireland, that it was ancient and had been wealthy, and his mother, he knew, was the only child of a merchant in one of our colonies who left no fortune behind him. Walter Cobham stood, therefore, literally alone, with nothing in his favour but his good looks, his good heart, and the abilities which, at Sandhurst, had—at an earlier age than usual—secured him a commission in the army. Small recommendations these to the notice of Mrs. Scrope.

In Edith's relation to her mother, the feeling which predominated was dread. There was too much ambition in Mrs. Scrope's haughty nature to leave room in her breast for the expansion of maternal love: those who belonged to her were simply parts of a system which she governed; and the true, deep, and earnest affection which should have subsisted between parent and child, was entirely wanting. Hence Edith's apprehension of her mother's wrath if she prematurely disclosed her engagement to Walter Cobham; hence her desire to gain time, the great delusion of all who have only hope to live on.

Mrs. Scrope and her daughters were severally employed when the arrival of Monsieur Perrotin was announced. Edith was practising an air—perfect already in some one's belief, but which she thought capable of being made more so; Agatha was painting flowers; and Mrs. Scrope herself was engaged in writing letters, a bracket filled with unanswered ones standing before her: amongst the latter was not the missive of Monsieur Perrotin, the sagacity of the post-office clerks having failed to decipher the superscription.

All looked round with surprise on hearing the French teacher's name. Mrs. Scrope expressed hers audibly.

"Monsieur Perrotin!" she exclaimed. "What has brought you to England?"

"Alas! madame," he said, "I perceive that my infortune is unknown. Never has my letter reach you."

"There has been no letter," replied Mrs. Scrope. "When did you write?"

Monsieur Perrotin explained the circumstances, and was about to suggest that he had made a mistake in the address, but remembering who had set him right in that respect, he checked himself in time, and presumed that his letter had not been forwarded. Mrs. Scrope scarcely heard his answer, having resumed her occupation, and the poor teacher was still standing—stricken with the awe which her presence always caused him—when Edith, rising from her music, came forward and gave him her hand.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said; "pray sit down!"

Mrs. Scrope raised her head with an expression on her countenance which Monsieur Perrotin perfectly understood. She looked at him steadfastly for a few moments.

"You may sit down," she said; "I will speak to you presently, when I

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am quite disengaged. Go back to your music, Edith. It is a pity that the elder sister should have to learn from the younger."

She alluded to Agatha, who, after the first momentary surprise at Monsieur Perrotin's appearance, had continued painting.

The Teacher of Languages suppressed a sigh, less for himself than Edith, and his desire to serve his accidental friend increased. For the present he remained silent, watching Mrs. Scrope.

The great lady finished her letter at last.

"Well!" she said, "how came *you* to leave Paris?"

"But, madame, this fatal revolution."

"What had you to do with it? How did it affect you?"

"Madame, I lose all the friends I have. There remain to me only those which are of England. Besides, I love not Paris. I follow after my king."

These last words—the natural expression of Monsieur Perrotin's political sentiments—operated favourably with his patroness.

"In that respect," she said, "you did right. The people of Paris are *vraie canaille*. Those who have no respect for station ought at once to be put down by the strong arm. I would have shown them no mercy! But I am not surprised at what has happened. France has never recovered from the blow which was struck at the nobility in the first revolution. Without an hereditary peerage how can a country prosper!"

"It is true, madame, what you say. Where there are no great ones upon who can depend the poor!"

"And what do you mean to do in England?"

"I will exert myself, madame, to teach my tong, and those language with who I am acquaint."

"Pupils! Well, I dare say I can procure you some amongst my friends. My daughters are now almost beyond the age. But your French is very pure, I know; they may still profit by your accent. You will begin by coming here next week; the days we can fix on by-and-by. Have you got a lodging?"

"I am descended for the moment at the Hotel of White Bear, Piccadilly."

"Of course for the moment only. That is not a proper address. You must live in a private house. There are plenty to suit your means in London. I dare say you are in want of money. Take this!"

It was in form the same offer that Walter Cobham had made, but how different in reality! One was the spontaneous effusion of a generous heart, which pride had made him refuse, the other, the dole of careless wealth, which poverty compelled him to accept; but the few sovereigns in Walter Cobham's purse were far more precious in the eyes of Monsieur Perrotin, than Mrs. Scrope's twenty-pound note—even if it had been increased fivefold.

"You will stay to luncheon, Monsieur Perrotin," continued Mrs. Scrope, in her great condescension, "and then I can hear the history of your escape: at present I am too busy. Take a French play, one of Molière's—there is an edition in that case—and one of my daughters shall read to you. You want to copy those flowers, Agatha, while they are fresh? Then it must be you, Edith. Reading differs from music; it distracts one's attention more. Sit at the other end of the next room; near the conservatory; I shall not hear you, then."

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The reading began. Here was the opportunity for delivering Walter Cobham's note which Monsieur Perrotin had hoped for, but now that it presented itself, he, for the first time, doubted if he were doing right in availing himself of it. Mrs. Scrope was his benefactress, however unpalatable the way in which she showed her kindness. Should he repay an obligation by an act that resembled, if it were not, treachery? Miss Scrope's lover was an utter stranger to him until that morning, and his project was clandestine.

Strong both against the deed.

On the other hand, all his sympathies were with Edith and Walter Cobham. He had, moreover, made a promise; rashly, perhaps, but still a promise, and that concerned his honour. He must keep it, *coûte que coûte:* but he would not lend himself to such a scheme again: the old excuse for going wrong when inclination is at war with principle. And, like all who do wrong, the consequences came home one day to the wrong-doer.

He was more occupied with his thoughts than the play which Edith had chosen, though he seemed to listen with close attention; but having at length made up his mind, he raised an objection to the reading of a particular passage, and, asking for the book, declaimed for a few minutes in rigorous accentuation, and when he returned the volume there rested between the leaves the note of Walter Cobham. To prevent an exclamation from Edith, he repeated a line which had caught his eye:

"Garde-toi de rien dire, et me laisse un peu faire.

—Voilà, mademoiselle! Lisez-le comme ça. N'appuyez pas trop sur les mots."

Edith had instantly recognised Walter Cobham's handwriting, and instinct prompted her to conceal the note, wondering all the while how Monsieur Perrotin came to be the bearer of it. She turned again to the page, but her voice was now so agitated, that the effort to read was vain; Monsieur Perrotin also became embarrassed, and the situation might have been awkward for both if luncheon had not been opportunely announced. Edith rose at the summons, and the *séance* was broken up.

"Has she preserved her accent?" asked Mrs. Scrope.

"Oh, perfectly, madame," returned Monsieur Perrotin. "A littel *timide* for the want of practice, but for the *prononciation* there is noting to say."

"Others as well as myself will be glad to hear this, Edith," said Mrs. Scrope, turning to her daughter with a significant look.

Edith blushed and cast down her eyes, and followed her mother without reply.

Mrs. Scrope's solicitude on the subject of Monsieur Perrotin's adventures was not very great, for she never once questioned him about them. Her conversation turned entirely upon the extraordinary merits of a certain Lord Deepdale, the son of one of her dearest friends. He was expected in town in a few days from a long tour on the Continent, and if he had been a son of her own, Mrs. Scrope could hardly have expressed greater satisfaction at the prospect of meeting him.

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CHAPTER IV.

LOVERS.

As soon as Edith was alone she eagerly read her lover's letter. Too fondly attached, she could not refuse his request, though, in agreeing to meet him, her consent was clogged with the usual maidenly stipulation —"for that once only." "Indeed," her answer said, "she should not have consented at all, if something had not occurred which she could not write about."

For Edith's misfortune, her sister's nature was as cold as her own was warm, and thus she had never ventured to confide to Agatha the secret of her engagement with Walter Cobham. But, as a heart-secret must, for its own security, be told to some one, Edith was compelled to make a *confidante* of her maid, Rachel Loring.

An early walk in Kensington Gardens, with Rachel discreetly distant, afforded Walter the opportunity he sought, on the morning after his arrival in London. Having told Edith by what chance he had encountered Monsieur Perrotin, he anxiously inquired what the "something" was which she had to communicate. To the exclusion of every other thought the purport of that little word had haunted him ever since he read it: and yet he had been no lover if his heart had not guessed its meaning.

"Your mother," he said, "has spoken to you of some one else?"

"You are right, Walter," replied Edith, mournfully, "and she has spoken in a way that, I fear, I cannot misunderstand. How arbitrary her decrees are, I need not remind you."

"But you will never submit to such tyranny?" exclaimed Walter. "By what right does she dispose of your affections?"

"You know well, Walter," said Edith, "that it is not in my mother's power to do that!"

He pressed her hand, and for a few moments both were silent.

"And who," he resumed, "has she named?"

"A person whom I never saw, though I have heard a great deal of him: Lord Deepdale. He is about your age, Walter, or perhaps a year or two older; the heir to an earldom and an immense estate. His mother, Lady Delaval, and mamma, were brought up together; indeed, they are first cousins; and I imagine, from what mamma says, that it has long been a *settled thing* between them!"

"And where is he now, this Lord Deepdale?"

"On his way to England after three or four years' absence. Lord Delaval wrote to say that he was expected about the end of next month."

"About the end of next month!" repeated Walter Cobham. "Edith," he continued, "I also have something to tell you. Our regiment has received the route, and by the time you speak of I shall have embarked for Canada."

"Oh, Walter, this is very sudden!"

"So sudden, Edith, that we must come to a speedy decision. Is every chance to be against me? Am I to lose you altogether?"

"Lose me, Walter! What do you mean? Do you think I would marry Lord Deepdale? Have I not pledged my word to you?"

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"Ah! but, Edith, you little knew what you bound yourself to. You were ignorant of the claims of the service upon me. I myself never thought they would come to break our happy dream."

"A dream, Walter! To me it has been a reality."

"If we could make it so! But no! That is more than I dare ask."

"You speak in riddles, Walter: is not our love a reality? Why should we cease to love?"

"You misunderstand me, Edith. I can never cease to love you."

"And do you doubt the strength of my affection?"

"No! no! But time and circumstances are sometimes terrible agents. See! in a few weeks I shall be gone, and another will stand on the ground I occupy, backed by your mother's authority."

"But I have told you, Walter, that Lord Deepdale can be nothing to me. I have given myself to you."

Walter Cobham drew Edith closer: he looked on her sweet face and saw his own love mirrored in her eyes: he had striven against the temptation, but it was too powerful now to be resisted.

"Edith," he whispered, "dearest, my heart's life, will you marry me before I go?"

Edith became faint, and gasped for utterance.

"How can that be?" at length she faltered. "You would not have me fly from home—even to you!"

"I seek an assurance, love, beyond the power of the world to deprive me of. With the knowledge that you are irrevocably mine, the grief of absence might be borne. Whatever befel I should then have the right to protect you. In three years—perhaps less—I shall get my promotion and return,—a poor man still, no doubt, but with more of a home to offer."

"Three years, Walter! Will you not believe that I can be faithful to you for that little space? It will be wiser—better for us to wait."

"To wait, Edith! And to know that day by day, while I am from you, everything may be attempted to make you yield to your mother's will! If the barrier I seek were interposed, compliance could not even be enforced!"

Edith was deeply moved.

"Oh, Walter," she said, "you ask too much! I dare not take the step to which you urge me. Nothing in the shape of entreaty or menace can make me untrue. If I had sworn at the altar to be your wife I could not feel more steadfastly bound to you. Will not that content you, Walter?"

"Edith," he replied, sadly, "forgive the selfishness of passion. The sacrifice I ask is, indeed, too great! I must strive to find comfort in the promise you have given. But—but we shall meet once more before I go. I could not part with you—perhaps for ever—here!"

Edith could not speak for tears.

"When—when shall I see you?" urged her lover.

With a strong effort she mastered her emotion.

"I am afraid, Walter, to come to this public place any more. Besides, it was only accident that enabled me to be here to-day. But rely upon this—as I bid you rely on the promise I have made—I will not let you part without a last adieu. That kind Monsieur Perrotin, who has already

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helped us, will not refuse to do so again. I will write to you as often as I can, and he will bring me your letters."

"Be it then, Edith, as you say. I will not add to your pain by seeking more than you can give. Farewell for the present!"

They were alone in the most sequestered part of the gardens: he folded her to his heart in one long embrace, and left her!

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

EDITH'S resolution was very soon tested.

Not only determined upon the attainment of her objects, Mrs. Scrope was one who never could press them forward too quickly for her desire. It was a feature of her imperious character to expect that everything must at once submit to her will. The slightest opposition awoke her anger, and her anger awakened was uncontrollable.

The fixed idea of Mrs. Scrope was the marriage of her daughters to the men whom she should choose, and since the speedy return of Lord Deepdale had been announced, she thought of nothing but the match with Edith.

Hitherto she had only alluded in general terms to the probability of the connexion, but as the time drew near when he must appear as her future son-in-law, Lord Deepdale became her constant theme, and all vagueness on the subject was discarded.

One evening—it was about a fortnight after Edith's interview with Walter—Mrs. Scrope and her eldest daughter were alone together.

"Edith," she said, abruptly, "you are aware that you are very soon to be married."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Edith, turning pale.

Mrs. Scrope neither noticed the exclamation nor the change in her daughter's countenance.

"You remember what I said to you lately about your cousin Deepdale!"

"Yes, mamma!"

"Within six months he will be your husband!"

Edith strove to reply, but it was impossible.

"I need not say that I suppose you are delighted with my choice."

Still Edith did not speak.

"Deepdale will have the largest estate in Leicestershire, and even, before his time, it is very likely that the marquisate of Vipont will be revived in the family. No girl could marry better than you will, Edith. You may be very thankful to Lady Delaval and I that we have so decided it."

"Mamma," said Edith, summoning up courage, at last, to speak. "I have never seen my cousin since I was ten years of age."

"I dare say," observed Mrs. Scrope, indifferently, "you will not know him again."

"But something more than recognition is necessary, mamma. If he is to be—what you say"—she could not utter the word her mother had used—"I ought to know him well, beforehand."

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"What need of that? Are you not blood relations? Deepdale is not a stranger to the family."

"To me he is, mamma."

"A stranger to you! What does the girl mean?"

"I may—not—like him."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Scrope, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "like or dislike is of no consequence!"

"Surely, mamma, it is of every consequence to the person most concerned."

"Edith," said Mrs. Scrope, severely, "you are disposed to be disputatious instead of being grateful."

"I cannot be grateful," said Edith, firmly, "for an unknown advantage."

Mrs. Scrope's eyes flashed fire.

"Do you dare, Edith, to question my authority?"

"I have never done so yet, mamma, but—but you are forcing a subject upon me for which I was unprepared."

"How, unprepared! unless you were stupid as you are evil-disposed? Don't answer me, I won't hear a word; you must have been prepared for what I have just told you! Have I not repeatedly, incessantly, spoken of Deepdale? To what purpose have I named him so often if not to make you understand that he was to be your husband? I see no reason, indeed, why I should have troubled myself to prepare you at all, having once resolved that it should be so."

It was time for Edith to speak with all the decision she was capable of mustering.

"I, too, mamma, am resolved," she said; "I will *not* marry Lord Deepdale."

Mrs. Scrope's face became as white as ashes.

"Are you in your senses, Edith? Have you the temerity to rebel against my commands?"

"I have the right, mamma, to think of myself in a matter so all-important as marriage."

"To think of yourself! You!—a child—a creature devoid of sense, or heart, or mind, or feeling!—a thing incapable of estimating a mother's care! To whom do you owe everything, if not to me? And this is the reward of so many anxious years! At the moment when I confer upon you the greatest benefit that a parent can bestow, you turn, like a viper, and sting the bosom that has warmed you!"

Edith threw herself on her knees before her mother.

"For God's sake!" she cried, "reproach me not so bitterly. I have not deserved it."

"Lie there!" returned Mrs. Scrope, pacing the room, frantic with passion. "Grovel in the earth, base in spirit as you are wicked and heartless!" Then turning towards her with clenched hand, she added: "You have dared to raise your voice against mine. Listen then to this. If Deepdale were the worst, as he is the best of his race, you should marry him and no other. And the sooner, I swear it, for your unheard-of, your detestable obstinacy. Ay, humble yourself to the dust; you may well do so, you thankless—monstrous——"

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Mrs. Scrope did not finish the sentence: her violence overcame her physical force; she threw herself on a sofa, and screamed with hysterical passion.

Edith rose from the ground, and rushed in terror to her mother. She had often experienced the effects of her temper, but never witnessed rage like this. Again she knelt beside her, chafing her hands, smoothing her brow, calling her by the most endearing names, incoherently promising all her mother desired if she would only look up again and speak with kindness.

Though her words were lost in air, Mrs. Scrope did look up, but it was to fix upon Edith a glance that might have turned her to stone.

"Edith," she said, speaking slowly and dwelling upon every syllable, "if ever you hope to be forgiven, if you would not incur my everlasting hatred, retract what you had the insolence to say just now. Promise me on your knees to marry Lord Deepdale!"

Again Edith burst into tears.

"Mother, mother!" she cried—"spare me, spare me! I cannot, cannot promise!"

"Leave my sight, hypocrite!" cried Mrs. Scrope, starting up with renewed fury. "Leave my sight! Never let me see your face till you come to my feet with tears of repentance."

Edith attempted once more to speak, but with a fierce gesture Mrs. Scrope motioned her to be gone, and she tremblingly obeyed.

It is a common saying that passionate people forget the cause of passion as soon as its explosion is over, but if this be generally true, Mrs. Scrope was an exception to the rule. Her anger was not the irritation of temper only, but the mortification of deep-seated pride. The opposition of Edith in the present instance was a blow to the dearest project of her life. What if Agatha, also, should in her turn oppose her will! But no—she felt sure of her! And she would make sure, too, of Edith, whose blind, ungrateful obstinacy—thus ran the current of her thoughts—was quite unfathomable.

After a sleepless night—sleepless alike to both—Mrs. Scrope, setting aside her determination not to see or speak to Edith, sent for her as soon as it was light. It was to exact obedience, and tell her in the sternest language that she looked for immediate submission. The struggle between duty and love had wrung Edith's heart sorely, and if her mother had only shown the slightest tenderness, she must have yielded, even at the cost of future happiness. But the harsh, inflexible, bitter manner of Mrs. Scrope chilled the spring of her heart's affection, and turned its current aside to flow no more in its first direction. Under a sense of injury Edith was as resolute as her mother; and resolutely, though tearfully, she refused the expected compliance. Mrs. Scrope then took another course. Inspired by a feeling which amounted now to positive aversion, she resolved to banish Edith from home till her rebellious spirit was broken.

What steps she took for this purpose, and what result attended them, will shortly be told.

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NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. III.

By Walter Thornbury.

THE BELLS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Napoleon in the grey surtout
  That kings had learned to dread,
With close-clenched hands behind his back
  And heavy bended head,
Climbed slowly (lost in battle plans)
  A hill near Fontainebleau,
One, three, two, four, the village chimes
  Came to him from below.

The marshals, glittering with gold,
  Paced laughingly along,
Nor hushed the scandal and the jest,
  Or scrap of opera song;
The Emperor stood silent there,
  A monarch turned to stone,
Nor smiled, nor moved—where great men stand
  The spot becomes a throne.

Below, the reapers, singing, toiled
  With sickles (not with swords),
Or down in clusters round the sheaves
  Lay revelling like lords;
The soldiers pointed to the slopes
  That bound the golden plain,
And almost wished that France were lost,
  To win it o'er again.

The grey man stood, one foot outstretched,
  As if upon a foe,
He cared not for the happy sight,—
  The plenty spread below,
Although the bells shook music down
  From yonder village tower—
And hark! the royal voice of Time
  Exulting in his power.

At last he spoke, and slowly turned
  (A moisture in his eyes),
Massena gave a shrug that showed
  A cynical surprise:
"Long years ago, at Malmaison,
  When all unknown of men,
I heard just such a laughing peal,
  And I *was happy then.*"

He turned upon his heel, and, stern,
  Sat down upon the hill,
Tracing upon the level sand
  With sword-sheath (oh that will!)
The star redoubt, the diamond fort,
  The battle lines again:—
A month from that he won the day
  Upon Marengo's plain.

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INTO SPAIN.

Ay! actually into Spain—the land of the Cid and Sancho, of Boabdil and Don Quixote—into Spain we have journeyed! But so short a way, reader, that, without risk of tiring your patience, we ask you to retrace it with us, and to travel mentally over the road that we in our bodily presence traversed on the last day of April, 185—.

We had spent the preceding day at Biarritz—a spot now rendered classic by the visits of our imperial French ally, who has there erected a marine villa—the "Villa Eugénie"—commanding an extensive view of the cruel grey expanse of the Bay of Biscay; the really beautiful landscape towards the Spanish frontier being skilfully excluded. *Sans* this landscape, and taking the village in itself, lo! we are transported once more to the outskirts of Brighton. Brightonian dwellings, square, and new, and ugly, meet our bewildered gaze on every side, and in miniature proportions. But here the likeness stops. In vain we look for esplanade and goat-chaises; Biarritz boasts them not. In vain we sigh for cupola and dome, and, sighing, learn that even the Villa Eugénie lacks the eccentric beauty of our own Pavilion!

But it was at *Bayonne* that, on this 30th of April, we took our place in the diligence for San Sebastian, the day fine and bright, and our humour equally genial. Taking our place, be it known, implied a great deal more than might at first be imagined, for that place happened to be on the *banquette* of the diligence; and, after ascending to it by a ladder, we suddenly found ourselves lodged behind a leathern contrivance that closed precipitately over our long legs in the form of an apron, and made us understand the helplessness of Dr. Rickeybockey's condition when philanthropy betrayed him into the village stocks. However, there was no help for it, and this place was better than none, the other alternative; so, being once fairly established, we forgot the trap we had fallen into.

"Hue—hiouppe!" shouted the driver, and off we set with our team of five small horses along the straight unvaried road which leads out of Bayonne—a road which the monotonous chant of the conducteur—a chant evidently borrowed originally from the Arabic—did not tend to enliven.

At St. Jean de Luz—a quaint-looking old town, whose projecting-roofed and painted houses gave a very foreign character to the place—we were subjected to the attentions of the douaniers, the frontier, of course, being jealously guarded on both sides. And so also at Irun, where, having crossed the Bidassoa (memorable passage!), we found ourselves on Spanish ground.

A sudden step, too, it seemed to be, this one "into Spain," as if Prince Hassan's carpet had been put into requisition, and carried us in a moment a long way farther than across that same Bidassoa, a distance of only some two hundred yards; for no sooner did we touch the Spanish side than we were, to all intents and purposes, literally struck dumb. Not one of the custom-house officials—not one of the loungers round the custom-house door—could speak or understand a word of French; and

when the driver of the diligence was not in the way to interpret for us, we bewailed the fatal hour when the foundation-stone of Babel was laid.

On again; passing to the left the ancient city of Fontarabia, and through the strikingly picturesque town of Rentiria, till we came to that of Passages, with its land-locked bay, at whose entrance two rocks stand sentry, showing through their framework the glistening sea beyond. Hurrying on; for we are anxious, reader, that you should make your entry into San Sebastian as we did, while the evening red still glows over the sea from which the fortress-crowned rock abruptly rises against the clear atmosphere, and while but the evening star shines overhead. This evening light lasts not long, and by the time we are deposited at the diligence-office the night has come, and we are glad of the moonlight to make our way to the "Fonda Berasa," where we recommend you to take up your quarters the first time you travel—bodily—to San Sebastian. Especially if you are anxious to study the effect of pantomime; for we warn you that no one in the house but the landlord's very pretty daughter (and an invisible but beneficent French cook) understands a word of French.

The sun rose beautifully bright on the 1st of May, and that being the festival of St. Philip and St. James, the fair devotees of San Sebastian were of course early on their way to the churches, into the principal of which we also followed. The interior is very handsome, and the eye is not there shocked by those glaring outrages on good taste that so perpetually revolt one in French churches, great and small. True, there was much gilding and ornament, but it was at least not tawdry, the high-raised and massive gilt altars seeming quite in keeping with their vast temple and with each other. True, also, that the Madonna, instead of being left simply to the sculptor's draping, had received extra adornment; but this adornment, in lieu of the usual frippery of dirty finery, consisted of a black lace mantilla, which covered the statue from head to foot, and thus left the imagination some play. Altogether, there was more solemnity about the whole church, more apparent devotion, than we had hitherto in our progress along the south of France witnessed; and—though this may seem irrelevant to the subject—as one by one the señoras of San Sebastian glided into the church, crossed themselves, and knelt silently down, we were fain to confess that, of all the head-dresses we had ever seen, none could be more graceful or becoming than the much-vaunted mantilla of Spain.

What a pretty picture "the señorita," our landlord's daughter, made while she knelt near one of the great pillars, her hands clasped together, her large dark eyes almost closed as she looked demurely down with their long lashes sweeping her cheek—the cheek through whose clear, pale brown there rushed such a bright carmine, fluctuating with each changing emotion. And over her small, delicately shaped head, with its masses of glossy, dark hair, fell the graceful folds of the mantilla, made simply of black net, deeply bordered with lace, and therefore transparent enough to show clearly the slightly aquiline nose and its proudly cut nostrils, and the curve of her full, red lips, the upper one shaded—dare we say it, fair English maidens?—with just the very least little black moustaches that ever grew on Spanish lip! You may not think it sounds pretty or looks pretty on paper, but I assure you that if you had seen the reality——

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Out of the church we now went, and, securing a guide, began the ascent of the rock, on the summit of which stands the fort of San Sebastian. Our guide, a little hunchbacked man, was singularly intelligent, and talked French fluently. On our questioning him as to his proficiency, "Je l'ai appris par la misère," he said, simply; and then went on to tell us how he had gone seeking employment through France; how work came not, and hunger did; and how he learned to beg, and, begging, learnt the most polished of languages.

The path wound by a steepish ascent round the sea-washed rock, and growing out of crevices in the grey stone, bright green grass and brushwood, ferns and rock-plants, made pretty contrast with the sober tints of the rock and the time-stained outworks of the fort. "And here," said the hunchback, stopping, and pointing to the side of the path—"here are the English graves."

Here, too, oh, my brethren! here, as throughout the world, we find silent records of your fame! Reverently we paused and looked; looked where our noble dead lay buried beneath the long grass and under the shelter of that Spanish fortress. It was no trim churchyard this; it lay unenclosed at the pathway side. Where they had fallen, there they lay, with the calm blue sky above them, and sounding through the air the distant murmur of the old Atlantic, girding *their* fatherland too. But never could finer monument have been raised to their memory than one that marks the spot—one more striking in its ruggedness than ever could be column or storied urn. Into a huge fragment of rock that lies detached from the mass a plain tablet of white marble has been inserted, and simply graven on it are the names of Sir Richard Fletcher and some of those who fell here in 1813, at the siege of San Sebastian.

Well my countrymen that one stone of the soil ye won should render you this tribute. But rest, rest, oh, noble dead! No tables of stone need ye to tell your deeds of fame, neither here nor of late on Alma's heights, nor on Balaklava's plain. On living, beating tablets are they inscribed—on fleshly tables of our hearts—of English hearts, oh, brothers!

The day was clear and bright as May-day need be; the sun shed a warmer light on us than it is wont to do on an English May-day; but as we followed our guide up the path a fresh breeze blew straight from the sea, invigorating us for the further climb. We entered the fort at length, and ever ascending, now by flights of stone steps, found ourselves on one of the ramparts, and in the midst of the enemy! A detachment of the garrison (a well brushed-up and trimly appointed set of men) were here actively employed, and made noise enough to acquaint one of the fact. But the noise was of an hilarious nature, and the weapons used showed that the men, instead of being at "sixes and sevens," were simply at "fives," which delectable game afforded them intense apparent enjoyment.

At length we found ourselves on the top of the citadel, and had leisure to look around. Shades of Claude and Salvator! what a view! We pause to take breath as we recal it, and as we did when we first beheld it. (Though for the latter suspiration, impeach the steep ascent, oh reader!) Descriptions of scenery avail but little in comparison with the reality; and yet imagine to yourself, first, the town in the foreground, with

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its rock-pedestalled "pharos" and the bright sea girdling it, shining round it, not with the sapphire blue of the Mediterranean, but like dancing waves of turquoises and diamonds dissolved. (Shade of Monte Christo, we now call upon thee!) And then, far as the eye could reach, that glorious stretch of the Lower Pyrenees dividing the Basque Provinces from France, their distant alpine peaks gleaming in the broad sunlight, standing ever still and snow-clad—sentries placed there by the Frost King to guard the border land. And in dark contrast cluster throughout the landscape woods of pine, and cork, and ilex—features of strength and sternness; for a physiognomist may read character in the face of nature as in that of man. And then—— But our attention is suddenly called away, for a *human* face presents itself before us, the like of which we have never yet had to read.

We were not alone on the citadel; besides our hunchbacked guide (who was but now pointing out to us the spot where at low water the English crossed to the assault) there was another man present, than whom we have rarely seen a more striking figure. Tall and commanding in stature, his dark eyes, high features, and olive-brown colouring, would have suggested his Spanish nationality, even had not the military undress of a Spanish officer he wore already told it. Though under a broiling sun, he was bareheaded, and paced restlessly backwards and forwards, his arms folded across his breast, his fine head bowed down in an attitude of the deepest dejection. And, as I scanned his features, I thought (my feelings assert my individuality, and I drop the editorial "we") that never, in any face before, had I seen so strongly blended rage, despair, and sorrow. No resignation was there, even though once tears started to his eyes as some more tender thought crossed his mind; indignantly were they repressed, and, like a caged lion, he resumed his walk to and fro, treading on the ground heavily with his heel, as if beneath lay the neck of an enemy.

Well might he chafe, well despair. Soldier though he was, he had no sword by his side; Spanish gentleman as he looked, he was a prisoner in this Spanish fortress.

We turned inquiringly to the guide, who shook his head and shrugged his misshapen shoulders. "No one knew his name, nor what his offence had been. He had been brought there a prisoner; and that was all." Food for speculation enough! He became to us a romance here at once. The very soul of honour shone out of his proud eyes, telling us he was imprisoned for no base deed. Some political offence probably—some share in the turmoils of this ever-embroiled country; and here, perchance, he was doomed to linger on for years and years, while the sad mother at home sighed prayers in vain for her captive son, sighed out thus her last breath for him, and, praying, died. *His* hand should have closed those eyes. Or, perhaps, the long loved, the promised bride he thought of, wasting away her youth in weary watching for his return, and seeking rest at last in some convent shelter, as in the old Rhine legend did poor Ildegonda. Or else, mayhap, jealousy showed a darker picture. Weary of watching for him, the ladye fair had listened to some hated rival's voice, and on another than him bestowed her hand. That hand that he alone should have clasped! Alas, poor captive!

Torments of Tantalus, too, arose from the very beauty of his prison.

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With such a view as that before him, mountain, wood, and water, breathing freedom around, every bird that soared above him, every boat that spread its white sails below and danced along the waves, but mocked him with their liberty. The voices of the soldiers taunted him with their merriment as its sound came up, borne by the free heaven's breath; the doors of his prison stood open, luring him to attempt escape; but the guard was below. Heigho! the misery on that one human face has clouded for us the brightness of Dame Nature's; for *that* face would have drawn milk of human kindness from a heart of stone. So, expressing as much compassion with our eyes as those small grey orbs are capable of, we cast a last look at our hero, and began our descent of the rock again.

Fair art thou, oh, fortress!—fairer the land on whose bosom thou liest! Yet, often as we have thought of both fort and land, our memory has oftener far recalled to our mind's eye the Prisoner of San Sebastian.

THE BHEEL TRIBE OF CANDEISH.*

By no means the least beneficial influence of British rule in India has been the complete reclaiming of many uncivilised tribes to a state not only advantageous to themselves, but useful to the government. Among the foremost may be mentioned the Bheels of Candeish, on the western coast. Warlike by nature and hardy to a degree, they were long looked upon with some feelings of uneasiness, and their antecedents are so interesting, exemplifying as they do what may be arrived at under careful management, that I cannot forbear entering into a few details respecting them. There can be no doubt that they are one of the aboriginal races of Hindostan, and have for ages been noted for their marauding propensities. They lay claim to high antiquity, and were formerly in possession of rich pastures in the low lands—Candeish and the fertile banks of the river Taptee—but were gradually driven out of them, and compelled to seek refuge in the passes of rugged and impenetrable mountains, where they pursued, free from molestation, the greatest atrocities. Strange as it may seem, they appear to have had a kind of moral code of their own—something on the principle of honour among thieves—and were considered quite capable of being trusted, and faithful to an extraordinary degree. They always exacted a tribute from every one found in or passing through their country, and, if paid, their word was sacred and their promise unimpeachable; but if not paid, or overcome by force of arms, they never forgot to seek retribution at some future day; the day might be distant, but satisfaction they *would* have.

* Since this paper was written, an *émeute* has broken out at Nassik, near Bombay, among the Bheels. It appears to have been confined, happily, to the villagers, and not to have affected the loyalty of that portion of them lately formed into a local corps. The disturbance was promptly quelled, though not before the life of a gallant and brave officer had been sacrificed.

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Formerly it was the custom to hire Bheels to protect the baggage of officers proceeding through their territory, and if this precaution were taken, money and even life were perfectly safe. It cost but a trifling sum—a few rupees; but they were true to their word. When once embarked on any of their thieving expeditions, they had recourse to singular contrivances to elude observation.

They moved about on all fours wrapped up in a bullock's hide, so as to resemble that animal, and would pretend to graze on the low bushes which studded the plain, and by this means approach stealthily a party of unsuspecting travellers, who were perhaps seated under a tree for shelter during the mid-day heat. When near enough, and quite sure of their prey, these robbers would throw off their disguise, demand their tribute, which, if paid, all would be well, but if not, their lives would be forfeited.

Another contrivance was to carry over their heads a bush, and in this manner deceive the sentries on duty. They covered their bodies with cocoa-nut oil, being entirely naked, and shaved their heads, so that it was next to an impossibility to catch them, being as slippery as eels; but should it happen that one of them had by chance neglected these precautions and was captured, a formidable curved knife, which they all carried behind the ear, would be immediately used, and the bowels of the capturer ripped open. Notwithstanding all this, they were known to be very courteous to strangers, provided the *dustoor*, or tribute, which they exacted from travellers were promptly paid. The following story is singular enough: "A major in the Bombay army, having some stores coming to Baroda, in their journey they passed by a post where thirty-five Sepoys were stationed. These men had just been relieved from that duty, and were returning with the supplies, which were in the charge of a Parsee servant. On the road they were met by the Bheels, who wanted the usual tribute for the bullocks. This exaction the Parsee, with the approbation of the Sepoys, refused to pay. Whether the Bheels found the party too strong for them, or had orders from their Raj, or chief, not to engage in any affray, I know not, but the party escaped without paying or being molested, and the Parsee did not a little pride himself on his address and achievement. Some considerable time after this period, Major F. and his wife, taking an evening ride, had gone beyond the prescribed limits of the British cantonments, and heedlessly were pursuing their course, when some Bheels came upon them and claimed the money owing to them by the Parsee for himself and bullocks. Major F. having no rupees about him, they took him, his wife, horse, and vehicle together. After some consultation, and a promise, on the major's part, to pay the tribute demanded, he and his wife were allowed to depart, and an agreement entered into to send seven rupees (the sum required) by a servant, unarmed and alone. This stipulation was carried into effect, and at the appointed time and place the cost was paid, and the gig and horse returned uninjured, with the Bheels' compliments."

This tribe bears a strong affinity to the Ramousies, Coolies, and Goands, each being noted in former days for their daring exploits at robbery and murder. The former have been completely reclaimed, and are now employed as watchmen at night to guard officers' bungalows, and go by the name of "the Ramousie," or policeman. The Coolies have been reformed

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and drilled into a local corps. But the Bheels are a finer race than either of these, and profess Hindooism. Their greatest object of reverence is Sita Maya, or Matajee, the goddess of small-pox. So great is their horror of this direful disease, that her name is never uttered but with the utmost respect. The foregoing story that I have quoted, together with the one I am about to relate, I have found in an interesting book called "Seely's Ellora," but having myself heard them cited as curious traits in these Bheels, I have thought it not altogether improper to transcribe them.

"An officer, a Captain B., had, by interrupting and wounding a Bheel while labouring in his vocation, been marked. In consequence of this, he had a sentry to his house; but from the neighbouring bank of the river the Bheel had worked a subterraneous passage for a considerable distance, large enough for one man to crawl along, and had begun to perforate the floor of his bedchamber, when he was discovered. We had at the city where this took place nearly two thousand troops, yet it was necessary, for the officer's safety, to remove him to Bombay. A Parsee mess-man, who had refused to pay the usual tribute to the Bheels, was found dead in the morning in the mess-room. It was his custom to put his mat on a large wine chest where he slept: in the morning he was found with his head placed on the mess-table, the headless body lying on the chest. In neither of the above instances was plunder their object, but the tribute, which they considered to be their unquestionable right by established and immemorial custom, had not been paid."

Government now thought very properly that it was high time to put a stop to these proceedings, and means were speedily adopted to bring about a reformation. Notices were accordingly issued to the effect that if the tribe would give up their predatory habits and enlist themselves in the service of the state, their services would be accepted and liberally remunerated. By employing officers who were equal to the task, and who were tried servants, this was at last effected, and this formidable tribe at once came in, and many of them were formed into a local corps, now known by the name of the Candeish Bheel corps. It is well officered, ably commanded, and has amply answered every one's expectation. On my visit to the caves of Ajunta, I found them most friendly, and as I passed by the numerous sentries that were stationed to keep guard along the road, many came out to me to tender their salaams, and to assure me that they were on the alert. The manner in which they spoke of their masters—the British government—was highly creditable to both. As I prepared to resume my journey, presents of grapes and Aurungabad oranges were offered me (and of course accepted), and we parted with assurances of the *warmest* friendship. The foregoing is a little episode in Indian travelling. There is nothing marvellous about it. But there is something in it—a poetry, so to speak—which mere words cannot express.

J. W. B.

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MODERN GHOSTS.

"ARE there really such things as ghosts, mamma? Do you believe that Hamlet really saw one?" asked a little girl of seven years old, looking up from the Shakspeare she was gravely studying. The mother, a great actress, and one of the most remarkable women of the day, replied, "No, my dear; but Hamlet, you know, might have *thought* he saw his father's." The child read on for some time, silently; then, looking up again, she said, "Ah, but *Hamlet's friends wouldn't have thought that they saw it.*" This is worth more than the sharp speech of a clever child generally is. The discrimination between the excited state of one mind, compared with that of the other actors on the scene, is easier, indeed, on the boards or in a book than it is in real life; still it is the only fair test to which we can put the many marvellous tales to which we are asked to give credence. What was the state of mind of the person or persons bearing testimony to these supernatural events at the time of their occurrence? In most cases this is exceedingly difficult to arrive at. The Danish gentlemen upon guard on the platform at Elsinore, witnessing the apparition three successive nights, and without personal interest or undue excitement in the matter, would be accepted as more trustworthy evidences than the half-frenzied prince in a court of justice. We seldom feel sure that the imagination of the actors in such stories was not prepared to receive certain impressions. One thing is certain, at least: we should have but a poor idea of any one who could sleep in a "haunted room" without fancying that a figure stood ready to emerge from its dark corner all night long.

The belief in spiritual manifestations, which has existed from the earliest times, has in the present age assumed a special form. The ghosts who go through their manual exercise at the word of command from Mr. Hume, have a large and increasing number of adherents. But it is not of the rapping spirits, palpable as well as visible, that we would now speak. The experiences of Dr. Garth Wilkinson and others have come before the public in sufficiently varied forms to render any further account of them unnecessary. The story, however presented, is always the same. "Hands, hands, hands!" with apparently no better employment than to snatch up candlesticks, gather myrtle-twigs, and whisk away pocket-handkerchiefs, for, as Dr. Watts informs us,

> Satan still some mischief finds
> For idle hands to do.

In these utilitarian days, people are inclined to question the reality of such useless supernatural agents; but then, who ever heard of a practical ghost? We are not aware that the Witch of Endor was of much good in her generation, and in our own, electro-biology, which has worked its way into almost universal acceptance, is certainly the most useless of marvels. We cannot judge these questions in such a manner. The tests often applied to clairvoyance, for this reason, seem to us unfair. It proves nothing, that though the clairvoyant can read the letter in our pocket, he cannot tell us the perpetrator of the Waterloo-bridge murder.

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The information would be more valuable in one case than in the other; but to decide the question on such evidence is to judge a science, the anatomy of which we but imperfectly understand, and whose laws are as yet undetermined by determined and arbitrary rules. And so of ghosts. The concurrent testimony of more than one witness, the frame of mind, and conditions under which the apparition is said to have been seen—these are the only points that should, in common fairness, determine our acceptance or rejection of any story whatever. If we begin to ask what *object* there can be, &c. &c., we are judging by a standard that evidently will not admit of application to theology, or even to natural history, in all cases. With this premise, we invite the attention of the impartial reader to some anecdotes which have struck us as sufficiently remarkable to induce us to rescue them from the fate attending all oral tradition, *i. e.* amplification and distortion. They are simple and circumstantial statements, the actors in which may be relied on as trustworthy witnesses.

Mrs. A., a lady who has well earned her world-wide reputation, related to us the following anecdote, herself. She had been spending a summer's day with a party of friends among some ruins, whence they adjourned to the mansion of a Quaker gentleman in the neighbourhood, where they all dined. During dinner, some one asked whether the ruins were haunted, when Mrs. A. observed that the various members of their host's family looked grave, and the son, a young man who sat near her, was beginning to explain, but his father sternly reproved him for vain talking, and the conversation dropped. But woman's curiosity was naturally excited, and when they adjourned to the garden after dinner, Mrs. A. questioned the young man as to the inhibited story. "The fact is," he replied, "we have a ghost in our village, or are supposed to have one, and it has been the cause of a great deal of gossip lately. The story is a strange one. Many years ago a carter, John ——, whose cottage you see yonder there, gleaming through the trees, 'kept company' with a girl in the village; but as neither of them had any money, she prudently accepted a well-to-do Londoner who came down to these parts, married him, and disappeared until last year, when she returned a rich widow, on a visit to her friends. John, who had never left his native place, and never taken unto himself a wife, revived the old flame in the widow's heart, and in the course of a short time they were married. It was necessary that she should go back to London after the wedding to wind up her affairs there (I believe it was the sale of certain houses, in which her property chiefly consisted), before returning to her new home. She never did return. She was missing for some time; no one knew what had become of her, until it was discovered that she had been murdered, no doubt for her money, as she was known to have had a large sum upon her, which the sale of her houses had realised. John benefited in no way by her death. He was soberly sorry for that event, but nothing would induce him to go up to London, in the prosecution of justice, whereat the neighbours were somewhat scandalised. Perhaps he thought that the same fate that had befallen his poor wife awaited him in the great Babylon. 'What good could he do? He couldn't call her back to life. No, decidedly, he wouldn't go to London.' But whether this preyed upon his mind, or from whatever other cause, all his friends could not fail to remark that John

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grew thinner every day, and seemed ill at ease. They questioned him, and at last he confessed that he could get no sleep, on account of his wife, who, every night, came and stood at the foot of his bed. She said nothing, but there she remained looking at him; and he seemed to take it very ill of her. He would not mind it in the daytime, he said, if she came and stood by him while he was at work, but it was very hard that she could not let him sleep in peace at night. All this happened some months ago, but John persists in saying that his ghostly visitant still comes to him occasionally, and the excitement in the village upon this subject is consequently kept up. Of course the neighbours declare they have seen the ghost, and the belief in it is universal." "I should very much like to see this John, and have a talk with him," said Mrs. A. "Could we go down to his cottage?" "I am afraid he will be away at this hour, but we can try." And a party of five, three besides Mrs. A. and her young host, walked to the cottage, which was about a quarter of a mile distant.

It was then between seven and eight o'clock: a clear summer's evening. Mrs. A. described John's dwelling as forming one of a row of three or four cottages, having small gardens, of some ten or twelve yards in length, between them and the road, and a separate little wicket to each. While the young man went up to the door to see if John was at home, Mrs. A. and her three companions remained outside the wicket. The door was locked. John was evidently out, and had given the key to a neighbour, as was his custom; but to make sure of this, the young man went round to the back of the cottage to try the other door. It was then, as I have said, still perfectly light. He was scarcely out of sight, when the four persons who were outside the gate saw the figure of a woman inside the cottage, passing slowly by the window—a thin woman, dressed in a cotton gown of a lilac colour, her profile turned towards them; this was how they all subsequently described the figure they saw there, so distinctly and unmistakably, that there was a simultaneous exclamation of "Oh! you see, there *is* some one in the cottage, so we shall get in." But a minute afterwards the young man returned. As he had expected, the back-door was locked, showing the cottage to be empty. Impossible! they had just seen some one inside. The neighbour who had charge of the key was then applied to; the door was opened, and every corner of the cottage explored—in vain. It consisted of only three rooms, and there was but one other exit, which was fastened on the inside. It was therefore equally impossible that any one could have entered or left the cottage without being seen by the four persons who now felt so eagerly anxious to solve this mystery. They questioned the neighbours as to the personal appearance of the murdered woman, and it tallied precisely in the particulars above mentioned with the figure they had seen, On the minds of three of its witnesses that strange event produced a powerful effect; the fourth, a young artist, who had turned the whole story into ridicule beforehand, still endeavoured to laugh it off. But we have reason to know that he subsequently confessed himself deeply and painfully impressed by an occurrence which he could neither deny, nor reason upon, nor explain away.

We have very few observations to offer on this story. Two things will strike every one as distinguishing it from the generality of super-

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natural experiences: the fact of its happening in still clear daylight, and the concurrent testimony of no less than four witnesses. It may be objected that the imaginations of these persons were prepared to receive what they went "out into the wilderness for to see." But we have shown that in one at least the predisposition was quite the other way; and it is remarkable that, *at the moment*, they none of them connected the figure with the rumour belonging to the house, or were in any way disconcerted at its appearance. These are the simple facts. Some readers will account for them, no doubt, in a manner highly satisfactory, to themselves, and we willingly leave in their hands the solution of a mystery which we confess ourselves unable to explain.

Tales of "foreshadowings" and "warnings" are not uncommon among us, and, as a striking example of coincidence between the phantasmagoria of the brain and a cotemporary event (such we are disposed to consider it), we may mention a singular circumstance that happened not long ago in Dorsetshire to the wife of Major B. That gentleman was awoke in the middle of the night by his wife's terrified inquiry as to whether he saw *anything*? "There, there, at the foot of the bed!—James, the coachman, with his throat cut—staring at me!—can't you see him?" Her nervous terror increasing, Major B. got up, lit a candle, and searched the room—of course in vain. His wife was now tranquillised in a degree, though still by no means convinced that what she had beheld was simply an effect of the imagination. You may guess in what light she regarded it when, the following morning, she and her husband were roused by the intelligence that the coachman had actually been found in bed with his throat cut! It may be supposed that Mrs. B. knew the poor fellow to be in low spirits, and that a dread of this calamity preyed on her mind and haunted her dreams. It does not appear that such was the case. We believe that no apprehension of the kind existed in the household. But among the many thousand presentiments, omens, and warning-dreams that bear no fruit, it is enough that one, as in this case, shall seem to have direct connexion with the *actual*, for us to regard it as a spiritual manifestation in our behalf. The Emperor Napoleon's death was predicted for this year: had it come to pass, the chance hit of a false prophet would have counted as the bull's-eye of a true one. The terrible dreams our friend Smith relates over the breakfast-table happily remain unrealised; and Jones returned in rude health from Jerusalem, though he confided to us when he embarked that the figure of death on a portmanteau had appeared to him on the preceding night. We cannot accept such instances as the above, therefore, in any other light than as remarkable coincidences.

But distinct from these again, and to be approached with bated breath, as too solemn for discussion, however sceptical we may be, are the many stories on record (that of Lord T. is among the best known) of spirits appearing to the objects of a strong attachment, at the moment of dissolution, though absent from them in the flesh. There is something profoundly touching in this idea of the soul, on its passage from its earthly tenement, flying towards the beloved object, lingering around that one spot, and struggling, as it were, to retain the only link that still holds it to this earth. We know too little of the mysteries of our being to deny that this is possible; perhaps our eyes are darkened to such spiritual presence

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when our hearts are yearning towards the absent on the battle-fields of India!' The apostles of Mesmer may very plausibly assume, regarding the stories of such appearances, that the powerful influence of animal magnetism, exercised over the spirit, is able to draw it towards the magnetiser, at the extreme hour—and, by an unconscious effort, it may be, on his part—the intense *sehnsucht* of the Germans. We do not advance this as a theory of our own; for, of course, upon the principle with which we started, these experiences of highly excited imaginations cannot be received as facts: we do no more than touch on them.

We now come to a tale of a very different complexion, the scene of which should be a "moated grange" rather than a prosaic dwelling among the dingy streets of London. I am sorry I may not indicate more particularly the house in which the events I am about to record took place, as it is a locality well known, by name at least, to all.

Captain C. received a lucrative appointment some three years since, attached to which was the disagreeable condition of a residence in the heart of the city. He was lately married, and after the honeymoon, he and his bride removed to their future home, bent on making that gloomy abode as cheerful as might be. It had one spare bedroom, which was to be dedicated to the use of Mrs. C.'s father, an officer commanding at ——, during his occasional visits to London. The first of these visits took place shortly after the C——s had arrived in their new house. The old gentleman was inducted into his room, which it was understood he was to occupy for some weeks. The next morning, however, he appeared grave and silent, and after breakfast he said to his daughter,

"I have been thinking, my dear, that perhaps it is hardly right that I should remain away from my command. I am not quite comfortable about it. It is, fortunately, so near London, that I can run up and see you whenever I like, and back the same day; but I think it is better that I should not be absent at night, so I shall return to-day."

Captain C. and his wife were surprised at this sudden whim of her father's, but all their arguments to persuade him to remain were unavailing, and he departed.

A few weeks after this, a young Swiss lady, with whom Mrs. C. had been educated abroad, came to England, and her first visit naturally was to her old friend. She came, after the manner of her sex, accompanied by sundry boxes, indicative of a lengthened stay, and the spare room seemed now sure of an occupant for some time. But the morning after her arrival she set out to Kensington to visit some friends there, and two or three hours later, Mrs. C. received a note from her, saying, that as her friends had pressed her to remain with them, she had promised to do so, and would thank Mrs. C. to send her boxes. The latter felt naturally indignant at such extraordinary conduct, and was for giving the young lady "her mind" on paper, when Captain C. observed,

"There is more than meets the eye in this, I feel sure. This is the second time it has happened. Do you remember the sudden way in which your father left us? Perhaps there is something disagreeable about the room—a drain, or a dead rat—which drives away our guests in this manner. Let me advise you to go yourself *with* the boxes, and ask Miss —— frankly the reason of her leaving you in this way, as, of course, there *must* be a reason."

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Mrs. C. acted on her husband's advice, and the young lady, after some hesitation, said,

"I will candidly confess to you that nothing would ever induce me to pass another night in that room. What I suffered it is not in the power of words to describe. I will, however, try and give you an idea of what I saw. I put out my candle last night carefully before getting into bed. It stood on a table facing the bed and between the windows; I feel quite sure I put it out. I suppose it was about the middle of the night that I suddenly started up, feeling a cold wind near my face, and dimly conscious that there was a bright light in the room. The candle opposite was burning; that, however, was not what lit up the room. Between the candle and the bed stood a figure, a dark shadow, and yet, horrible to say! its spine appeared to be of fire; the candle was dim beside it. I could not scream; I was choking, without power to utter a sound, while the figure bent over me, and seemed about to encircle me in its shadowy grasp. I had just strength to draw the coverlid quickly over my head and crouch down under the clothes. There I lay gasping, trembling, with eyes tight shut, though I need hardly say, sleepless, until morning. I have told you all. Are you surprised now when I say I had rather do anything on earth than pass another night in that room?"

Upon Mrs. C.'s return home, she wrote to her father, simply begging him to let her know whether there was any reason which he had not named to her for his sudden departure from their house, some weeks before, as she had a very particular reason for the inquiry. Her father, in his answer said he had not breathed on the subject to any one, nor should he have named it now but for his daughter's urgent request. As she wished it, however, he would confess that he had never passed such a night in his life as the one spent under her roof. Whereupon he described, in almost identical terms, the apparition which had produced such an effect on Mrs. C.'s young friend. Here was a hale man, of vigorous mind, and by no means imaginative, as his daughter knew, corroborating a girl's statement, which Captain C., naturally enough, had regarded as foolish and fanciful. It was passing strange: it must be looked to: and he and half a dozen of his friends in turn tried their fate in the haunted room, with varied success. To some the spirit of the place appeared in much the same form as it had done to the two first occupants of that chamber. For others, and Captain C. among the number, it was invisible. But no additional evidence in this case would be of much importance. The room already enjoyed the reputation of being haunted; and the imaginations of its occupants were stimulated in a particular direction. It must be remembered that in the first two instances there was not only no rumour of this nature to put them on the *qui vive*, but the whole aspect of the room, as well as its position in the heart of the noisy, bustling city, was ill calculated to inspire terrors of a ghostly nature. Once inspired, however, they were not so easy to be allayed. Several of the workmen on the premises took fright, and struck work. All Captain C.'s efforts to account for, or throw discredit on the tale which had got wind in connexion with his house, were ineffectual. They only brought to light another tale which was almost forgotten, that a murder had been committed in that room many years ago, since when it had never been inhabited!

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GERMAN ALMANACKS FOR 1858.

WHEN we remember the enormous influence the German almanacks could legitimately exert over millions of peasants, whose staple literature they form in conjunction with the Bible, we are amazed to find how slightly the editors appear to comprehend their illustrious mission. It is true that the censorship necessarily binds them to a cut-and-dried style of writing, and nothing is deemed safe and well-intentioned in which any reference is made to the present; the Germans, in fact, are taught the past history of their conntry, before Teutonic unity became the absurd myth it now is, and they are obstinately inclined to dream of the glories of guilds and trade unions, which, in the present debased generation, merely represent the shadow of a name. The haughty burghers who, once upon a time, would combine to overthrow the usurped power of a Faustritter, and march out to destroy the castles which impeded the progress of rational industry, have now degenerated into a race of predatory tradesmen, who look upon English travellers as their fair prey. All along the great highways of the nation a race of bandits still exists, who plunder you with a long bill, and produce the same result on the more peaceful path of trade. But, if the chivalry of Germany has passed away, never to return, the peasantry are in a still worse condition; and, although the governments boast of the spread of education, and point tauntingly to the periodical distress prevailing in England as a proof of the fallacy of a popular government, they know in their hearts that they cannot rely on their peoples in any dangerous crisis, but are forced, on the first signal of commotion, to make concessions, which they mutually agree to withdraw so soon as the storm has blown over and an unscrupulous Soldateska has been trained into blindly obeying their behests. The events of 1848 did not pass away, however, without leaving deep traces on the mind of the peasants; the revolutionary propaganda that invaded the remotest nook of the fatherland exercised an astounding effect, and though the people have been again coerced into tranquillity, that *nimbus* which formerly surrounded crowned heads has been quite dissipated by the rough blast of revolution. The peasants are dissatisfied and restless in their minds; they have an uneasy consciousness that, in return for taxation, they have a claim to popular representation, and the longer it is deferred, the more sanguinary will the day of reckoning prove. They are deeply mortified at the idea of having allowed themselves to be again deluded by their princes, and having the power torn from their grasp by their own insane trust in princes; and those who have not emigrated to America in disgust, are moodily biding their time, and sharpening their scythes in readiness for the much-desired fray.

As in France, the German almanacks may be divided into the comic (Heaven save the mark!), the amusing, and the instructive. The first category may be dismissed almost without a word, at any rate this year, for they have really abused the privilege of being dull. The principal jokes appear to be that one paper will announce a new opera by Rossini, only to be contradicted in the next impression, and that Lablache will die several times during the year. Among the prophecies we may mention

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that a report will be spread of a person having amused himself in Hanover; but this is not to be accepted without further confirmation. At the diplomatic dinner given on the meeting of the congress, Wallachia, Moldavia, Switzerland, and Turkey will be handed round by France as "quatre mendiants." Christian ducats will suffer by the Turkish feast of circumcision. The Duke of Gotha's next opera will be composed exclusively of "collective notes." In the principality of Monaco two individuals will die of apoplexy, thus rendering a new census requisite. In Russia a new cure for cholera will be discovered; the patient will be ordered "Down on your knees, dog!"

Among the amusing almanacks, one of the best is the "Spinnstube," edited by W. O. von Horn, and illustrated by Richter. The principal story has an enormous title, "When the donkey is too well off he goes on the ice and breaks his leg," but then it is a German proverb, and the allusion is well understood in that country. Suppose we give an analysis of the story to show our readers what idea German writers have of amusing their readers. The story opens as follows (it must be borne in mind that the tale is supposed to be told by old Schmid Jacob to a number of girls assembled in the spinning-room):

Now, look ye here! It was upon a Sunday afternoon, when all Christian people were at church, when the parson was explaining the Catechism to the children, that a man came lounging down the village, and another, who had just woke up from his mid-day nap, was standing at the window, yawning and stretching, to see what sort of weather it was. They were both not very fond of work, but of something good to eat and drink, and on that point were one, however much they might differ in body, mind, and purse. The one strolling down the village was by name Thomas Weinheimer, by trade a spoiled tailor, and well-grown day thief; had no sitting-flesh, but was, at present speaking, pikeman, or day-guard of the village, also bellringer, gently slumbering night-watchman, and village gossip-carrier, fond of his joke, and always ready to let any simple person's purse bleed. Not a soul in the village ever thought of calling him Thomas, or even Weinheimer; but he was called by young and old, for shortness, Tommy; and he was so fond of that, or so used to it, that it did not annoy him, nor did he give the boys a rap behind the ears when they called him so, although, in other respects, he was always ready with such proofs of his love, and the boys had an extraordinary respect for his long, thin hand. He could put up with a great deal, if he could earn a good fat soup by it, and you know very well the meaning of this proverb, and if you don't I can easily explain it to you—he knew how to say something pleasant to everybody; to baste everybody with his own fat, so that a drop or two might fall for his own advantage. He was not so stupid as he looked, as is the case with other persons, and *vice versâ*. But the reason why the people called him Tommy was very natural; when he was at the best of his growth a frost set in. Thus his growth was checked and stood still. Thus, too, he never got beyond three feet and a half, even when he wore tall heels to his boots. When he was scarce three days old, his mother carried him out into the sun, and he fared like green wood, especially about the legs, which grew crooked, and looked exactly like two sickles with their points turned to each other. Further, his cradle stood between two windows, and as curiosity was born with him, he was always trying to look through both windows at once, so that his eyes at last grew into that position. Then, again, his mother put his father's cap on him, which was too wide for him, and the consequence was that the boy grew most about the head, which swelled so enormously that when he fell he always tumbled on his nose, thus contradicting the old proverb, which says of a cunning fellow that he is not one who has fallen on his nose. I will only mention one more defect, also caused by his mother, for she fed him with

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such an enormous big spoon that the cross slit between nose and chin, commonly known as mouth, or 'tater-trap, grew most enormously broad, and was a fearful sight when he laughed. There was enough of it for three boys. I have here purposely tried to show how external circumstances may have an evil influence on a boy, and hope I have done a real service to many a young mother now carrying her first-born in her lap. She will now know what to avoid, not to have such a Tommy as my hero; and good advice is highly useful to young and inexperienced women, that is, if they like to take it. That is their business, I have done mine.

Tommy's parents, on seeing him grow so outrageously deformed, thought, by a common rule in Germany, that he would do admirably for a tailor. He was, therefore, apprenticed, but did not appear to like it, for he ran away at the end of a week and preferred to stay at home idling. When his parents died, they left him enough to support himself decently; but Tommy, by this time, had made good acquaintances; he had learned to drink, gamble, and so on, and in a few years he had spent everything. When he climbed a tree, he had nothing to look for on earth. But hunger is an impertinent friend, and will return, so Tommy tried for the village appointments, and kept them, as they did him. His favourite department, however, was the day duty, for he would then employ all his flattery to procure a cup of coffee or a glass of good wine. At the time our story opens, he had designs on the farmer we lately saw yawning at the window, and set to work at once. It was a certain Windmüller, a rich and stupid man, fair game for Tommy, who fooled him to the top of his bent, and ended by persuading him to stand for the office of Bürgermeister, which would shortly be vacant. But Windmüller must be described in our author's own words:

Peter Windmüller was the only son of Andrew, who was a "thoroughly baked" peasant. He could turn a kreuzer into a gulden, and did it too. His first rule was "Spend nothing, and that is the right road to riches." But, many will remark, how did he set about that? Strictly speaking, it is not possible; so I had better correct it into "Spend as little as possible, and, before all, nothing uselessly." That Andrew managed capitally. He still held to the old style of dress: his marriage coat of the year '84 was still his Sunday garb, and there was an end of it. He wore week-a-days his leather breeches, his long green Manchester waistcoat, and his jacket, and a knitted nightcap, like all the peasants. His clothing cost him hardly anything. Food he had in abundance. He understood farming perfectly, and sold his grain when the price suited him; fed cattle, never sold a healthy calf, and had but a small family: so he got on famously. His son Peter was strictly managed by him. He was accustomed to industry and simplicity. But he was forced to be a soldier for three years, and those years made great changes. In the first place, he learned to be lazy and lounge about, which pleased him better than hard work at home; and then he could go to the public-house, and drink and play, which he did not dare at home. Then, too, as his father sent him plenty of money, he learned to feed delicately—and that pleased him better than potatoes every day. It was very strange that, although old Andrew was so close, he said, when his son became a soldier, "Here's money for you; if you want more, write!" And Peter did so, you may be sure, and acted the rich man in garrison, and the corporals bled his purse, for they understand the trick of plucking such young yellow beaks admirably. When he returned home, his father felt a pride in the smart young fellow; but things fell back into the old track, which did not suit Peter at all, especially in the matter of eating and drinking. But he did not dare say anything on the subject, for his father understood no joking about parental authority. Once, when he hinted about money, his father held up his forefinger,

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saying, "So! now you're a peasant again, and if a peasant invites his mouth to be his guest, he soon becomes a vagabond, like so-and-so;" and he had so many instances at his tongue's end, that his son was only too glad to be quiet.

By this conduct, when the old man died, Peter found himself a rich man, and thought about marrying and playing the gentleman. Henceforth, Peter put away the old-fashioned garb of his forefathers, and walked about in a hat and with a silver-mounted malacca cane. He left off working himself, and only carried on an inspection. On the death of his wife in childbirth, his brother-in-law, Fellinger, took charge of the infant, and brought it up as his own, with his little daughter. Needless to add, that the young couple fell in love with each other, and all appeared to be going merry as a marriage-bell, until that rascal Tommy put inflated notions into the head of the father. Windmüller determined on setting up for Bürgermeister, but the other peasants were too wise to choose a man who wished to be above his business, and put up his brother-in-law in opposition. When the election took place, Windmüller only had two votes—Tommy's and his own—and his vanity suffered a fearful blow. His first act of vengeance was to forbid his son Emmerich visiting at his brother-in-law's, and the marriage must be broken off. The boy, of course, obeyed with a lacerated heart, but, as he could not endure the scene of his past happiness, he determined on going at once as a soldier; although his time did not arrive for several months. This rendered the father still more furious, and he listened more and more to Tommy's insinuations, who liked the good wine too much to omit flattering the old man. About this time, too, a widow, an old flame of Peter's, returned to the village, and the father made up his mind to marry again.

Lizzy, during her year of mourning, had been confirmed in the opinion that widowhood was not the pleasantest of conditions, and determined on not obstinately adhering to it, if any opportunity offered to give it up in a respectable manner. She soon found that her mother had spoken truly when she wrote to say that she would find her old lover still acceptable, and that it would be worth while to try once again whether he was so fond of being a widower as to make any sacrifice to keep that condition. She had had plenty of suitors, but not one of them could offer her the comforts she desired. She confessed to herself there was much truth in the old saying, "Old love never rusts." She evinced such confidence and affection for Peter, that he fancied something still survived from former days, and that had a powerful effect upon him. When he went away, and she lighted him out, her "Good night, my dear Peter," sounded so pleasantly, that he fancied he heard the echo of it in his ears long after he had been lying on one of them, as well as he felt the warm pressure of her plump little hand. Lizzy would not have been Lizzy if she did not notice that Peter's feelings grew warmer for her with each moment, as one recollection after another was aroused. She had formed her plan, and there was no doubt it was ripening. She was ready to shout for joy when she thought of the happiness she might promise herself with Windmüller's money. But then something occurred to her—Emmerich! She rapidly reflected, however, that the fortune was principally on Windmüller's side, and she would take care that he should settle enough on her to secure her from Emmerich. You see that Lizzy was a clever woman, and had arranged everything on their first meeting as cleverly as the best lawyer could have done.

As may be supposed, Lizzy soon brought matters into the condition she desired, and the old fellow was willing to make any settlements so

that his happiness should not longer be deferred. Great was the indignation aroused in the village when the banns were put up, for Emmerich was a general favourite, and the old man was heartily abused for his ill-treatment of his son; but his former brother-in-law stood up stoutly in his defence. He considered that Peter had a perfect right to do what he liked with his own, and Emmerich had his mother's portion to start him in life. At any rate, no talking could prevail, and before long Peter and Lizzy were made one at the village church. For a time Windmüller fancied himself in Paradise: his wife attended to household affairs diligently, and increased his store, so that he was enabled to set up his chaise and become the great man he always desired to be. But there is a curse attached to money: it renders people greedy and avaricious. It would have hardly been fancied that the pretty young widow was a perfect money-spinner, but such was the case. She gradually cut off one expense after the other, and in the course of a few years the once happy home became miserable. She had gained a perfect mastery over her husband, and would not allow him a farthing of money. She was too proud to associate with the villagers, and too mean to have guests from the country town, so she and her husband sat opposite each other for hours, yawning and gaping. But Windmüller had not yet drunk the cup of misery to the dregs. Lizzy gradually became so corpulent that she could not move from the sofa, and could only give her orders to her husband, who had to run about backwards and forwards till he was as tired as a dog. But even at night he had no rest; for, as Lizzy could not sleep, she occupied her waking hours in quarrelling with her husband. Poor fellow! his marriage had turned out an awful mistake! he had grown ten years older in the last two years, and saw no hope of release. His only consolation was in thinking on his boy and counting the days before he would be released from the service. He had already been reconciled with him by the assistance of the clergyman, and, although it was never known what that gentleman had said to him, it was noticed that Peter's eyes were very red when he left the manse, and he became henceforward a regular attendant at church, which he had neglected in the days of his temporal prosperity.

At length Emmerich returned home, and Lizzy was not sorry for it, as she hoped to make him her slave. In this, however, she was disappointed, for Emmerich could not endure the misery at home, and determined on marrying his Annie and settling down. This led to a violent dispute with Lizzy, who attributed it to unworthy motives, and she insisted on all intercourse being broken off with the brother-in-law. But to this Windmüller would not consent. His only happiness consisted in watching that of his son, and the dispute eventually terminated by Lizzy taking to her bed from an attack of dropsy, and never leaving it again before her death, which took place, fortunately for all parties, about six months afterwards. The last days of Windmüller's life were passed happily: he gave over all his property to his son, and formed one household with them, finding in their happiness sufficient compensation for all the miseries he had endured through his own foolish conduct.

Among the stories which we like most in these almanacks are those relating to old traditions connected with the reigning families of Germany, affording as they do a pleasing contrast to what happens at the present

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day. One story has much pleased us, relating as it does to Philippine Welfer, the bourgeoise wife of the Archduke of Tyrol, who still lives enshrined in the hearts of the people round Schloss Ambras. We regret that its length precludes our quotation, but, in lieu, we will give our readers a story relating to the Emperor Joseph II.:

In Austria everybody knows, when the name of the Emperor Joseph II. is mentioned, that he was a man after God's heart, and the true father of his people. How gladly he did good, and how he did it, the following anecdote will serve to show. Once when the emperor was driving through a faubourg of Vienna, simple and unpretending as ever, a young, pretty, but very poorly dressed boy came up to the carriage, lifted up his hands, and said, through his tears, "A florin! a single florin! Have mercy upon me!" The emperor had never yet known anybody beg for a specific sum. He looked into the boy's mournful face, and conjectured that there must be some extraordinary circumstances attaching to the case. The emperor stopped and asked, "What will you do with the money, my lad?" "Ah!" the lad replied, as the tear-drops coursed down his cheeks, "I know it is a deal of money, but I must have a florin, for my poor mother is sick unto death. She sent me out to fetch a doctor, because she can't endure it any longer. I have been to two already, but no one will come unless I give him a florin beforehand, and yet my poor mother is so ill, and we have not a farthing. Oh! your honour, have mercy upon us! I'm sure you have a florin. Give it me, that my poor mother may not die. I have no one left me in the world but she! I never begged before, and will never do so again!" The lad's words pierced the emperor's heart. There was such evident truth on the boy's honest countenance, which proved to him that he had not to do here with one of the ordinary street scamps. "What's your good mother's name, and where does she live?" asked the emperor, with emotion, for his heart was now touched by that holy power which guides the hearts of kings like watercourses. The boy gave the name and the street, and the emperor handed him the florin. On receiving it, he kissed the emperor's hand fervently, stammered his incoherent thanks, and bounded away with all the signs of delight in his face. The emperor, whose heart was touched by the necessities of the meanest of his subjects, was so penetrated by the story he had just heard, that he determined to go and see for himself whether the lad had spoken the truth. The emperor was obliged to drive through many narrow streets he had never seen before until he reached a poor, shabby house, under which a poor cobbler lived. He had wrapped himself up closely in his cloak so that no one might recognise him. When the carriage stopped, the cobbler came out with a polite bow.

"Ah! you are surely the doctor, sir, whom little Augustus called in? Yes, you are wanted up there. Sickness is bad enough, but when poverty, grief, and want are added, then it is terribly hard to bear! We do all we can, but we are poor ourselves, and when a man has seven mouths to fill by his handicraft, there's not much left to give away." "I can believe it," said the emperor, sorrowfully, and walked with the man into the house. He pointed out the stairs to him, which were narrow enough; but everything was remarkably clean and tidy, and the cobbler's children, who crowded curiously to the door, saluted the emperor very politely, which produced a good impression upon him. At last he entered the sick-room. Traces might be noticed of better days, but also the unmistakable evidences of terrific poverty and need. The cobbler's wife was sitting by the bedside of a young but fearfully sickly woman, who attempted in vain to rise and salute the doctor, who came up to her so kindly and attentively. The emperor requested the cobbler and his wife to retire, and he then walked up to the bed and asked about the patient's situation. She told him in a weak voice that she was the widow of an officer in the Austrian service, who had died at an early age. As she had no private means, her small pension only just sufficed to save them from starvation. She had tried to earn something for herself and her dear child by sewing and embroidering, so as to be able to pay her worthy

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handled the rent. But she had probably over-exerted herself, and want, together with her anxiety for her boy's prospects, as well as grief at the loss of her husband, all this had thrown her on a bed of sickness, and, as her earnings had ceased, her position was truly terrible. The emperor soon saw that this was an illness emanating from the mind, and consoled the poor woman in the most affectionate manner. He then asked for writing materials. "Alas!" said the sufferer, "we have none; but stay—on that shelf you will find Augustus's copy-book and pen. I am sorry I must ask you to take them down yourself." The emperor took down the book and found a blank page in it. On this he wrote, as the sick woman fancied, a prescription, then promised to return, and left the room. On the ground-floor, he walked into the cobbler's room and talked kindly to the man, thanking him for the attention he had shown, and begging him to accompany him. He sent the carriage away and walked with the good man. He then made further inquiries, and was much pleased at hearing only good about the sick woman and the lad. At last he dismissed the happy cobbler with a handsome present.

While this was taking place Augustus returned with a doctor. The patient said, in surprise, that a physician had already visited her, and left a prescription on the table. The doctor hurried up to have a look at it, and perhaps find something to criticise, but he started back, exclaiming, "A physician? Yes, my good woman, I certainly am not one of that sort. He writes extraordinary prescriptions." "How so?" asked the woman, in amazement. "I will tell you," the doctor continued; "the emperor has been here in his own illustrious person. Here it is written, and the prescription refers to fifty ducats, which you will receive from the imperial treasury." The poor woman was overpowered with joy and terror, but the doctor consoled her, wrote her a prescription, and went away. He saw beforehand that joy would produce more effect than his prescription, and such was the case. The woman was quite restored in a few days. And the emperor did really return in a few days, was pleased with her recovery and her gratitude, and told her that he had settled a pension on her, which would keep her from want, and that he would undertake the education of her son. This produced abundant joy and tears of gratitude, and the name of the noble emperor was blessed. Scarce had he left the room when the cobbler rushed in, with a joyful countenance, to state that the emperor had offered to take charge of two of his children, and had given him money to lay in a stock of leather. And the two grateful people blessed the good emperor once again with grateful hearts.

The purely instructive almanacks do not come within the scope of our article. All we can say of them is, that they are as educational and dull as the sincerest friends of popular enlightenment can desire. They teach a vast quantity of matters, which cannot be of the slightest possible use to the reader, except to render him dissatisfied with his position. But, then, that appears to us to be the design of the "Friends of Education," and all we can say is that, in Germany, these are perfectly successful. In conclusion, we are bound to add that all the almanacks are charmingly illustrated, and, considering their price only averages one shilling, our bibliopoles might take an excellent lesson from their cousins German.

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THE SECRET WITNESS.

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

IN the year 1816 there lived in Copenhagen an elderly lady, Froken F——, of whom it was known that she sometimes involuntarily saw what was not visible to any one else. She was a tall, thin, grave-looking person, with large features and an expressive countenance. Her dark, deep-set eyes had a strange glance, and she saw much better than most people in the twilight; but she was so deaf that people had to speak very loudly to her before she could catch their words, and when a number of persons were speaking at the same time in a room, she could hear nothing but an unintelligible murmur. A sort of magnetic clairvoyance had, doubtless, in the somewhat isolated condition in which she was placed, been awakened in her mind, without, however, her being thrown into any peculiar state. She only seemed, at times, to be labouring under absence of mind, or to have fallen into deep thought, and then she was observed to fix her eyes upon some object invisible to all others. What she saw at these moments were most frequently the similitude of some absent person, or images of the future, which were always afterwards realised. Thus she had often foreseen unexpected deaths, and other fatal accidents. As she seldom beheld in her visions anything pleasing, she was regarded by many as a bird of ill omen, and she therefore did not visit a number of families. Those, however, who knew her intimately, both respected and loved her. She was quiet and unpretending, and it was but rarely that she said anything, unsolicited, of the results of her wonderful faculty.

She was a frequent guest in a family with whom she was a great favourite. The master of the house was an historical painter, and his wife was an excellent musician. The deaf old lady was a good judge of paintings, and extremely fond of them; also, hard of hearing as she was, music had always a great effect upon her; she would add in fancy what she did not hear to what she did hear. She had been very musical herself in her youthful days, and when she saw fingers flying over the pianoforte, she imagined she heard the music, even when any one, to dupe her, moved their fingers back and forwards over the instrument, but without playing on it.

One day she was sitting on a sofa in the drawing-room at the house of the above-mentioned family, engaged in some handiwork. The artist had a visitor, who was a very lively, witty, satirical person, and they were standing together near a window, discoursing merrily. They often laughed during their conversation, and the tone of their voices seemed to change occasionally, as if they were imitating some one, whereupon their hilarity increased, which, however, was far from being as harmless and good-natured as mirth and gaiety generally were in that house.

When the visit was over, and the artist had accompanied his friend

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to the door and returned to the drawing-room, the old lady asked him who had been with him.

He mentioned the name of his lively friend, whom, he said, he thought she knew very well.

"Oh yes, I know him well enough," she replied. "But the other?"

"What other?" asked the painter, starting.

"Why, the tall man with the long thin face, who stood yonder; he with the dark, rough, uncombed-looking hair, and the bushy eyebrows; he who so often laid his hand upon his breast, and pointed upwards, especially when you and your merry friend laughed heartily."

"Did you ever see him before?" inquired the artist, turning pale. "Did you observe how he was dressed, and if he had any peculiar habit?"

"I do not remember of having ever seen him before. As to his dress, it was very singular: much like that of an old-fashioned country schoolmaster." And she described minutely his long frock-coat, with its large buttons and side-pockets, and his antiquated boots, that did not appear to have been brushed for a very long time. "The peculiar habit you speak of," she added, "was probably the manner in which he slowly shook his head when he seemed to differ in opinion from you and your other guest. In my eyes there was something noble and striking in this movement. There was an expression of pain or sadness in his countenance which interested me; it was particularly observable when he laid his right hand on his breast, and raised his left hand upwards, as if he were solemnly affirming something, or calling God to witness to the truth of what he said. Nevertheless, I remarked with surprise that I scarcely saw him open his lips. It was of course impossible for me to hear what you were all talking about."

The terrified artist became still paler; he tottered for a moment, and was obliged to lean on the back of a chair for support. Shortly after, he seized his hat and hurried out of the house. The individual whom the old lady had so graphically described had been a friend of his in youth, but with whom he had been on bad terms for the last two years, and whom he had not seen lately. The whole conversation with his amusing visitor had been about this very man. They had been engaged in a laughable, and at the same time merciless, criticism of his character and appearance, and had been turning into ridicule every little peculiarity he had; his very voice they had mimicked, and, in their facetious exaggeration, had not only made a laughing-stock of his person and manners—which were, indeed, odd—but had attributed to him want of heart and want of judgment, which latter sentence they based upon his somewhat peculiar taste, and a kind of dry, pedantic, schoolmaster tone in conversation, from which he was not free.

"That old maid is mad, and she has made me mad too," mumbled the artist, pausing a moment when he had gained the street. "*He* certainly was not there—we do not meet any longer—she never saw him before. There is something strangely mysterious in the matter; perhaps it bodes some calamity. But, whether she is deranged, or I, or both of us, I have wronged him—shamefully wronged him—and I must see him and tell him all."

He stepped into a bookseller's shop, and asked to look at a Directory.

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After about half an hour's walk he entered a house in a small back street, and ascending to the third story, he rang at a door. A girl opened it, and in answer to his inquiries told him that the person he asked for was ill, and could not see any one.

"But I must see him—I must speak to him," cried the painter, almost forcing himself in. He was then ushered into a darkened sick-room, where he found his poor friend of bygone days looking pale and emaciated, lying perfectly still upon a sofa, in his old grey frock-coat and soiled boots. The kind anxiety with which the unexpected visitor asked about his health seemed equally to surprise and please the invalid.

"You!" he exclaimed. "*You* here! Do you still take any interest in me? Have you any regard left for me? I did you shameful injustice two years ago, when I saw your great masterpiece, and had not an enthusiastic word for what I often thought of since with the greatest admiration. Nay, within this very last hour I have wronged you, though in quite a different manner. I was dreaming of you, and I fancied you were speaking of me with scorn and derision, pulling me to pieces in a jesting conversation with a very satirical person, who vied with you in ridiculing me, and in mimicking all my oddities."

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me!—you dreamed the truth," cried the painter, in great agitation, while he threw himself down by the sick man's couch and embraced his knees. An explanation ensued between the two friends who had so long been estranged from each other; mutual confessions were made, old feelings were revived in the hearts of both, and an entire reconciliation immediately took place. The unusual emotion, and the surprise at the event related to him, did not, as might have been expected, increase the illness of the nervous and debilitated invalid; on the contrary, the meeting with his former friend appeared to have had a good effect on his health, for in the course of a few weeks he had quite recovered.

The old lady's qualifications as a seer, or rather her strange faculty of beholding, to others, invisible apparitions, had been productive of good; but it was such an extraordinary revelation, agreeing so entirely with what both the reconciled friends knew to be the truth, that they could only look upon it as a proof of the reality of what was then beginning to be so much talked of—*Magnetic clairvoyance*.

They continued unalterable friends from that time. From that time, also, the artist felt an involuntary horror at ridiculing the absent, or making or listening to any censorious remarks upon them. He always fancied that the injured party might be standing *as a secret witness* by his side, with one hand on his breast, and the other raised in an appeal to that great Judge who alone can know what is passing in every heart and every soul.

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A DAY WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS AT BRIGHTON.

Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near approach of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy ground.

A YARMOUTH bloater, well soaked, an indifferent cup of tea (Brighton water is not famous for tea-making), very fresh prawns, and a fair share of marmalade having been discussed with a sea-side appetite, I mounted my horse (Dyacolon), one very foggy morning in the last week in November, to take a ride and lionise Brighton.

The beauty of Brighton, says one of its *habitués* and admirers, is, that we are clear of fogs when the London world is enveloped in a pea-soup raddle sort of medium, and, to do Brighton justice, it certainly gets off easier in this respect than most places I know; but this was not the case on the morning in question. "Where shall I go?" said I to myself, half soliloquising aloud. I remember to have heard that Jack Musters (the first of sportsmen) had said that when Leicestershire failed, he would go to Brighton and hunt there with the harriers, because hares run straight upon those downs, and like foxes.

"Sir," said Mr. Walton's foreman of the stables, where Dyacolon lodged, "'the Brookside' are at Telscombe Tye to-day. Do go and have a look at them; it's only a matter of five miles or so—it is better than riding along our muddy streets this foggy morning."

But here again, to say a good word for old Brighton, in no town I know of do the *trottoirs* dry up so soon, being generally made of brick, and kept scrupulously clean; and if the great luminary will but smile upon them, the most delicate of ladies, in the very thinnest possible *chaussures*, and in the most splendid of dresses, may walk along the Brighton *trottoirs* without the chance of either being *abimé*-d.

"But where is Telscombe Tye?"

"Go right along the cliff, sir, past Kemp Town, and keep straight on; you will soon find that you are not alone. Cannot mistake the way, sir. They meet at eleven o'clock. If you are late you will easily find them: get on the top of a hill, and you will be sure to see them."

"But what about the fog?"

"Oh, I think that will clear off. But you will have to mind them downs, for it's very easy to get lost on 'em; it's a werry wild place, is them downs. I've heard tell of gentlemen as has not know'd the way back, and been a roaming about all night, and never see'd a soul to show them the way; and I have heard tell that the whole pack once ran clean away from every one, huntsmen and all, and never were heard of until next week."

"Well, I will go at any rate, fog or no fog, and take my chance."

On turning out of one of those feeders that debouch at right angles upon the Esplanade, and down which the wind as well as flys can descend

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at a marvellous pace, I came upon a crowd craning over a chasm where some twenty or five-and-twenty feet of iron-railing should have stood, but which had been carried away the night before. The smartest carriage in Brighton (save one), high-stepping, dapple-grey horses, London coachman, powdered footman, bearskin hammercloth, gilt paws and all, had been precipitated into Lady ——'s garden—an enclosed place some six or eight feet below the level of the roadway.

"How did it happen?" said I to a coachmanlike-looking fellow ("a horsey-looking gent," as *Punch* would designate him) in a fustian undress, with a short pipe in his mouth.

"Why, you see, sir, they was a driving quietly home—quite quietly like, after putting the missus down for dinner—and never seed that they had come to the end of Brunswick-terrace. The pole first caught the top cross-bar of the railings, when down they went; the horses, they followed, came on their knees, and dragged the carriage after them; the coachman was shot right over their 'eads, and the footman he was chucked clean over them all."

"Were any of them hurt? Was the coachman screwed?"

"Screwed, sir! lor' bless yer! no, sir—sober as I am, sir—saw it all happen myself; nothing was the worse of it: they got the carriage up again on planks—no one was hurt."

However, happen as it might, it was an extraordinary escape, and I left that crowd looking over the *débris* of iron railings, smashed chrysanthemums and mangled turf, to be followed by others, day and night, until all Brighton had stared at the place where a carriage and pair (in spite of the iron notice, "No Thoroughfare") had made a short cut from Hove into Brighton!

Leaving the mangled remains of the garden, I followed the Esplanade. The morning was frightfully cold, and the air being colder than the water, made the briny element smoke again, and a thick mist, independent of the fog, was drifted seaward by the north-east wind. I had never witnessed this phenomenon before in England, but on the coasts of North America frequently, where it is called by the "blue noses" of New Brunswick "The Barber."

All the army of bathing-machines were hauled up high and dry, as the sailors say, on the beach (bathing supposed to be over on the 1st of November), but one—one of Mary Hugget's, No. 112 (I like to be particular about figures). It was launched, and from it, at the extremity of a long rope, was a female form.

The luxurious Bedford (prince of hotels); a string of flys, donkeys, and chairs; then the Flagstaff, its six guns and its warlike accompaniments: but they are to come away, and the Esplanade is to be carried straight on—a great improvement, by the way, and the sooner it is accomplished the better; then Mutton's, with its huge bowl, in which stewed pears swim surrounded by little notices—"Made Dishes," "Soups ready," 'Dinners dressed," "Suppers supplied;" in the next window, ERIN GO BRAGH surmounting a harp; underneath, CHOICE POTEEN FROM THE EMERALD ISLE, all on an elaborate ground of shamrocks.

Booty's circular window and circulating library to boot, bonnet shops, pebbles and jet, CHILDE's toyshop, gay chessmen, backgammon-boards, and such loves of baskets! Flys, chairs, donkey-carts, and a man with

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a crimped hat upon his head with the Union Jack emblazoned on it; another in his hand, which he explains to you (if you will pay him for it), changes into many forms, amongst others a sentry-box in St. James's Park, or a lady's fan.

Then the "Old Ship"—somehow or another I like the look of the Old Ship—it gives the idea of some fun and jovial souls with which it was acquainted in days gone by. The gay, glittering Silvani's, where one longs to ruin oneself; everything in the best of taste, from a pen-wiper to the porcelains of Dresden, Carpo li Monti, and Sèvres (some of it old!). But the taste for old china is quite as dangerous in its way for those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the present system of repainting as that for the old masters. It is said the old Sèvres porcelain may be known by the evenness of the glaze continued over the piece, the absence of which to the practised eye would denote that the medallions of flowers, landscapes, or figures had been repainted. I am not speaking of the cross L's or the little hole often bored through the rim of the piece underneath—of course they can easily be made. Trays full of charms, such as the Italian ladies wear to keep off the "evil eye" or their lovers, if they do not find a sufficient confidence in themselves or in their prayers; but theirs are generally of coral—beautiful coral—these at Brighton are of all metals, and no doubt are, in their way, quite as effectual. Strange mixture! there are drums, pistols, and cannons to keep off the officers; but, oh perversity of female nature! a slipper to attract them, an opera-glass to look at them, a fish to catch them, a steam-engine to run away with them, and a cage to hold them.

Brill's Swimming-Bath, in which I hope to have a plunge on my return; Madame Mercier's, the best milliner, they tell me, in Brighton; Madame Temple's rare repository; then the Pavilion—the ci-devant but not sea-side abode of royalty. By-the-by, there is a quaint old print hangs up in the entrance-hall to Creke's Baths, and the porter there will act as cicerone, and point out the worthies and unworthies of that day, as they appear on the Old Steine and the New Steine. To the right the Chain Pier, but I cannot see the end of it the fog is so thick; a dangerous promenade, I should think, that must be now-a-days for the ladies, when a whisk of rude Boreas may reverse a steel petticoat, and the fair wearer suddenly find herself garotted, but not robbed.

The Cliff is now ascended—its pretty, gay-looking houses—"Clarence Mansion," with its two lofty bay-windows of plate-glass and bright green jalousies. Were I to have a house in Brighton, I should, judging by external appearances, like to have "Clarence Mansion." Farther on, is the house where Canning lived; "the Bristol," with its three bows; then a horseman in long boots (like Rice's, but not nearly so neat); then the Duke of Devonshire's fresh-painted and gay-looking corner; Lewes Crescent obscured by a labyrinth of tamarisk—quaint-looking stuff (tamarisk is said to be the only plant that will flourish in these parts, exposed to the sea breeze, but it is not ever green); and then comes Arundel-terrace; the last Bath-chair; and we are out of Brighton.

Straight along the cliffs (as Mr. Walton's foreman had told me) until I came to the turnpike, where I am asked for "Tuppence." All the turnpikes about Brighton are "tuppence." When, in these days of railway, is this remnant of barbarism to cease?

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More horsemen now pass, and one lady. Her horse is going at that indescribable pace between a walk and a trot, but neither the one nor the other. "It's a rack," says the American reader; "a market trot—butter and eggs," says my English reader. "Stuff!" says the horseman; "the animal only wants holding together." This was evidently the case here, but its fair freight has no idea of doing it; she has out-distanced her master and party. She is sitting across her horse, and shows a good deal of the fog between her habit and the saddle, and does so at regular periods. She has a very pretty hand, though not a good one on a horse; her waist is long—but not too long—her habit does not fit: it is evidently hired with the horse for the day's hunting. Her hair is lovely, and is enclosed in a net studded with little silver beads, which sparkled like dewdrops in the fog as it appeared from under the coquettish little hat, well put on, with its scarlet feather. This and the habit, I thought, were faulty; and as I pass her, I can see a most elaborate arrangement of *crève-cœurs.* A chain of at least three are arranged in front of the tip of what must be a tiny little ear. Her profile is decidedly good; but I cannot imagine how the *crève-cœurs* stand the fog, damp weather being supposed to be fatal to curls; but probably the bandoline is *assez forte;* it cannot be mere sugar and water, it must be positive glue. *She* looks like mischief and going, but as the eye wanders downwards to her horse's fore-legs, they are, as the Yankee would say, "a caution!"

She is followed by another lady, a hobbledehoy, on a hard-pulling roan, and a riding-master. The plot thickens, but the mist evidently thins; still the fog hangs grey and dense over the sea—a leaden-like weight upon it, making one giddy to look over those cliffs upon—nothing.

An effigy of a nondescript vessel looms through the haze, but no ship can be there, surely—the roar of the ocean is two hundred feet below; it looks cutter-rigged; it is neared, and turns out to be a coast-guard station, having a mast, a topmast, and yard-arm rigged in front of it; from the topmast-head streams a pennant, and from the yard-arm a small red ensign. The whole looked neat and natty, as all government things of the sort, standing in a small garden, with gravel walks, enclosed by a sprucely trimmed hedge of tamarisk. The number of these stations hereabouts is legion. What an expense to the country! Free-trade, indeed! why not free-trade in wine and oil as well as in corn?

Portslade is passed, and I sidle on to the green sward at the side of the road between it and the yawning cliffs. The perfection of turf to gallop over is on these downs, to be compared only to that on the Curragh of Kildare; so light, so corky. Away I go, on, on over the springy turf. Hurrah! the fog is lifting, drifting away. The effect is grand; a light spot, brightening all the while, marks where the sun means to make his appearance; this completes the agreeable sensations the canter has excited. It will clear at twelve. I then overtook a man who wore the Queen's livery—a blue jacket, brass buttons, and a nautical-looking cap; a long telescope is under his arm, he has a peculiar walk, as they have in all professions—the soldier, the sailor, the *flâneur,* the clod, and the coast-guardsman: this man was one of the latter very expensive articles.

"Good day."

"Good day, sir."

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"What is the weather going to do?"

"It will clear directly, sir; it's lifting to seaward, a certain sign that it will."

"What are those little heaps of white chalk placed for at such regular intervals as far as I can see?"

"They are to guide us as we walk along by night; if it was not for them we could easily walk over the cliff."

"Do you often catch fellows smuggling?"

"Oh dear no, sir. *Never*, sir; not in my time, sir! A long time ago I've heerd tell they did such things."

Another steep hill descended, and at the bottom another coast-guard station is passed. This one appeared like a small village. The mist was all this time clearing off. To the right the broad sea, sulky and swollen, began to show signs of life here and there, and there was to be seen a sail on the smoky horizon. To the left were the downs, dotted with clumps of gorse, and here and there white scores of chalk; flys, phætons, a basket-carriage on the road, more horsemen, and even horse-women, in the valley and along the hill-tops. On the far side of the hill is Telscombe Tye. But I was late; the music of the hounds and the horn can be heard. They are coming my way; a number of horses' heads appear on the hill-top. Another moment, and hounds, huntsmen, horses, men and all, are in view, going at a devil of a rate.

To my mind "The Brookside Harriers" are the prettiest pack of hounds I ever saw; they are so even in height, so prettily marked, and such good colours—all except one, a yellow dog, and I would draft him (he is too fast for the rest). They are hunted admirably by Saxby. In his green coat and broad-brimmed hat, he looks, as he is, the right man in the right place; and, though I am no lover of hare-hunting, I liked the turn out.

The hares on these wild hills run straight (whether from being constantly hunted or not I cannot say, but they do), and, what is still more extraordinary, will go to ground like a fox. The poor thing they were following went for three or four miles nearly straight, but was eventually mobbed in a patch of turnips. This went against the grain—at least with *me!* Hunting here reminded me more of that on the Campagna, near Rome, than of any other place or country I know. Here and there, too, a shepherd, leaning on his long staff in the distance, could easily be mistaken for a Roman *pastore*, and brought to my recollection a day I had there some years ago, when Borghese had the hounds—a tolerably good specimen of a scratch-pack in the fullest sense of the word; for when running at a pace known "as breast high," a couple or three of the leading hounds all of a sudden stopped dead short. There were no holes that I could see, or any sort of place for a fox to disappear in. After quite a scene had been enacted they were eventually whipped off. "What is it?" I said—"what did they come to fault about?" The reply from my Italian friend, in *sotto voce*, was: "They are truffle dogs! they found truffles! and when they find them they navare will leave them. They will go scratch, scratch; they like them, evair so much better as one fox."

There are no fences on these downs, but some riding is required. The hills are very steep, very slippery at times, and there are trea-

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cherous cart-tracks overgrown, which require a little management and quartering, as do "the ridge and furrow," well known to those who have ridden over high Leicestershire. The sketch in *Punch* of Mr. Briggs is not much exaggerated, where he is depicted as enjoying a day with the Brighton harriers, when having ascended one hill just to descend another as steep—Montaigne Russe-like—has to put on steam enough to force himself up the third. It is perfectly astonishing to the uninitiated how some of the horses, with the sort of fore-legs they possess, can carry their riders down such precipices; yet they do, poor things! and many of them have a turn on the Esplanade in the afternoon.

Well, I joined the chase, and a right good pace did these little hounds go. "No tailing," to use a fox-hunter's hackneyed expression; you might "cover them with a sheet." During the ardour of the chase, and as I was nearing the top of one of these descents, all at once rush came by me, his nose high in air, a thorough-bred horse, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, bearing its fair freight, who, at a glance, I recognised to be her of the elbows and the spangled net, from which her hair at one side was streaming; but the same glance enabled me to see that the arrangement of *crève-cœurs* still stood. In her wake came the hobbledehoy on the rearing roan, and close alongside of the Amazon raced the riding-master, hanging on her quarter (as the sailors would say), and *luckily* on her bridle too—just in time to force her horse's head round as he was going to charge down the precipice, and away he went instead in a contrary direction. The roan followed suit—not so its rider; the young gentleman made very short work of it—he simply threw himself off.

Having had a capital gallop, I turned my horse's head in the direction of Brighton, and left the Brookside harriers to look for another hare. Englishmen in general have a strong prejudice against hare-hunting, in which I have been always inclined to join. "There is something grand, they say, in hunting the wild fox;" that is an English fox-hunter's opinion. What is a Frenchman's, we once heard: "You English are one extraordinary people; you have, for example, your *chasse au renard* —your fox-hunting, as you call it; you ride all one long day after a great many dogs and one stinking animal, and when you have catch him at last you can neyvere eat him."

"Mais revenons à nos moutons," as the French would say. I left the Brookside harriers well pleased with the capital sport they had shown, and quite impressed with the fact that hare-hunting on these downs, whatever it may be elsewhere, is a very good pastime. No end of amusement in one shape or the other is afforded to the looker-on, who gets a good gallop in the freshest possible of air and over the most delightful turf, and can reach Brighton in good time to wash, dress, and flirt.

The day is now gloriously fine, and the sun shines. My horse starts at the streaky shadows made by the arms of a windmill (Irish horses are not accustomed to windmills). The tide is out, and men are shrimping; a couple of blue crows are pluming themselves on the cliff, and a couple more coast-guard stations are passed, which I had not remarked on my way out in the morning.

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The very face of Brighton is changed as I re-enter it and encounter crowds on horseback. Riding-masters surrounded and followed by squadrons of ladies; flys, donkeys, goats, chairs and perambulators, pedestrians in morning costume, two or three bands, organ grinders, a monkey mounted on a greyhound armed *cap-à-pie*, Lewis's Marionettes, brandy-balls, and a long horn heralding forth the birth of the *Brighton Gazette* of the day, a small boy or two, "*Heralds* and *Stars* only a penny!" and jolly, good-humoured Punch, with his own peculiar scream. I love old Punch, and am never tired of him, be he where he may. This one was at the corner of West-street—undeniably good. But the people will all go in to luncheon soon, and so shall I—after I have been to Brill's Baths. Nothing could be better than all the arrangements: its ante-room, with newspapers, the list of the hounds, and the telegraphic despatches.

Having discussed a dozen and a half of oysters, with their proportionate quantity of most delicious brown bread-and-butter, I went to the window. "The Barber," or sea-fog, of the morning, had mystified their outward surface, and elongated the objects seen through the glass in one direction, while in the other a reverse effect was visible. I cannot see very plainly into the bay-window opposite, but I do think I can discover a lady amusing herself with an opera-glass (a double-barrelled one). What is she looking at? The sea, of course, for there is nothing else visible (from my side at any rate) down the opening at the end of the street; but the sea is smooth and tranquil, not a ruffle upon its bright surface, not a vessel even. She is leaning back. I cannot see her face, only her taper little fingers as she directs the glasses. She has some rings, but the jewellery does not look first-rate. It is bad, decidedly; probably a forget-me-not, or something after that fashion, on an onyx stone; but she has a plain one on the fourth finger of her left hand, so she may be a widow.

She has changed her position a little, but I cannot see her face, that is still behind the curtain; there is a fairy foot, and a very mischievous-looking slipper with a bow upon it, as it peeps from under a bit of lace looking work, and a red petticoat of course; *ce n'est pas mal*, but in altering her position she has also brought her glasses to bear in another direction—a little more to the right. I fancy she has been at work, for at the same time she balances a ball of white cotton on the cross-bar of the middle window of the bay, where it steadies itself. I can see nothing, so I conclude the sea—the boundless sea—is still the object of attraction.

I turned from the window to light a cigar, but the fire had gone out and my fuzees were damp, and I was some time bungling before I could get my cigar a-going, when a knock at the opposite door attracted my attention. I cannot tell why I did it, but I looked instinctively first at the bay-window, where the glasses had disappeared, and I could just catch through the gloom a glimpse of a retiring form as it disappeared in the depth of obscurity. A man is standing at the door. I cannot see his face for his whiskers; he looks all hair and teeth, like a ratcatcher's dog. A spruce-looking maid opens the door, and is sent up, no doubt, to know if the inmates are at home. Quick as lightning, something which glistened, and looked very like a key, is tried in the lock. It fits, evidently

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(if it be a key). His hand turned first upwards and then back again, but the movement was so rapidly made, and the windows so obscured, as I have before said, that it might be a pencil-case which he returned (but with an evident look of satisfaction) so quietly to his waistcoat-pocket, probably intending to write his address or something on the card, which he now holds in his hand, but which he goes away without giving to the maid.

He could not have reached the corner, but still was out of my sight, before she was at the window again; and this time I see her profile. *Corpo di Bacco!* she is lovely—so piquante! a straight nose, slightly *retroussé*, a full under lip——But what is she at? What strange manœuvring is going on? She is arranging more balls of white cotton on the bow of the window—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—and the one placed there in the first instance, that makes eight. I looked at my watch, shook the ashes off my cigar, took my hat and gloves, and returned once more to the Esplanade.

The evening is lovely, and the inhabitants of Brighton are pouring out from every house and street like bees from a hive, and the buzz along the Esplanade increases, and is even heard above the rumbling of the carriages or the murmuring of the retiring tide. What a sight it was! all pleasure-seekers—at least apparently so; no poverty appears here—no rags at any rate; but the back-slums of Brighton might tell a different tale. No beggars save the few professionals dare to follow the rich crowd. *A propos* of professional beggars, I recollect a good story told of one of this race, a well-known character, one Maggy, in a town in Ireland. The poor-house had just been completed, to their horror. One of the great unpaid guardians, strutting in all the importance and dignity of his appointment, to which he had that day been elected, accosted Maggy. "Well, Maggy, how are you? Have you seen the fine house we have built for you?" "Oh, your honour! long life to ye! Remember your poor ould widders, and give me a little sixpence this morning to break my fast!" "Oh! no, Maggy; no more begging allowed now! go to the poor-house, and *I* will take care that you are admitted." "Is it to *that* place you would send me, your honour? *I* go to the poor-house *to be washed!—to be washed like a baby! I'd die first!*"

The crowd along the Esplanade seemed a motley one, and to be composed of collections from Hyde Park of a Sunday and from Rotten-row and the Drive on a week-day. Here all amalgamated. Some few friends, and many faces one had often seen—somewhere; and how smartly dressed are the ladies, and how well *chaussé*-d! There is something mischievous about those well-fitting Balmoral boots, so nicely and pliantly laced up, and the old custom revived of looping up the dresses, the parti-coloured petticoats sufficiently distended to show their well-turned ankles: but this is a sea-side privilege.

An open barouche dashes by—a dark-blue body with light-blue wheels, and black horses—such steppers! and such a love of a crimson bonnet! Amongst the pedestrians, Captain O'Grady, a regular watering-place half-pay lady-killer, of a florid complexion, rather given to corpulency, but very] upright (in his appearance), whiskers which, were they combed out to their full extent, must have been enormous,

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but now more curled up tight with an instrument called a Bostrokizon. I fancied I had seen a pair very like them lately. Captain O'Grady has been heard to say that he never saw such illegant famales in his life, that Carrick-on-Shannon was a joke to Brighton, and that no man in his senses could stand them, with their neat little heads, the darlings, and their little boots, and those petticoats! Did you ever see anything so gaudy? By the powers! if they were only to be walking along the banks of the Shannon instead of the Esplanade, why the very salmon themselves would rise at them!

As I neared the Flagstaff, and crossed with the crowd, I came upon Mason's Repository of Arts, and found myself (by permission of somebody) confronted with "General Havelock;" a little lower down, in the morning, I had seen a crowd staring at "What o'Clock it was at Lucknow"—two long rival prints; the "Duke on the Field of Waterloo," by Landseer; and the "Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur—both beautiful engravings. It would be treason to say I liked the latter the best: long as it was, it did not appear, at any rate, so long as the other.

The Brighton Talbotype Gallery, in large letters, above that of the Repository of Arts, induced me to make inquiries, and to find my way through the shop and up a couple of flights of steps until I was brought up by the formidable machine of Messrs. Henna and Kent, where there were numerous duplicate likenesses of the Brighton and other swells. The thought at once struck me that I would submit to the operation myself, in case any lady should fancy herself in love with the author of "A Day with the Brookside Harriers." Talk of the face pulled when at a dentist's, the same cold thrill runs up the spine as our head is leaned (quietly to be sure) against the iron support, to "steady it just for the moment." They say it is better to look rather away than towards the instrument, but look as you may, when the glass upon which the likeness is taken has had its bath in the *acid*, you will come out excessively cross, and so did I; therefore I warn my lady friends that I have not had justice done me.

For dinner a sea-side appetite again. Among other things, stewed pears made their appearance: they were coarse and rough, and the syrup very thin. No other disagreements as to the repast, save the chesnuts at dessert: they were not sufficiently roasted! had not been nicked, or probably not boiled enough before the roasting process; at any rate, the bruciata was not correct, and even a red-hot shovel did not mend matters. So, lighting another cigar, my second this day, I left for the Esplanade once more, *en route* to the theatre. Some one lets himself in at the opposite door, and a shadow of a large pair of whiskers disappears along the glazed passage-papered walls, and the door closes gently. The eight balls of cotton! And it is now eight o'clock—so, Captain O'Grady, I smell a rat.

But then the state of my windows in the *morning*—it may be a mistake after all.

The moon is up, and a great deal of company is on the Esplanade—not exactly the same sort of company as were there three hours ago—but still there were numbers of red petticoats, as well as I could see; and a great many cigars were alight.

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"A beggarly account of empty boxes" indeed the theatre presented. It is not supported by the *élite* of Brighton, that is evident; there were not half a dozen people in what is called the "Dress circle;" but I passed the remainder of the evening pleasantly enough. Lit another cigar (my third and last),—they were small but very good—Dash's king's regalias—and thus concluded to me, at least, a very pleasant day in jolly, gay Brighton. I went to bed and slept like a top, and if the reader be not bored, we may meet elsewhere some other day.

OUR POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE CIRCUS.

By Materfamilias.

It is a prize night at the Circus. Six geese, that have performed the arduous feat of dragging a greater goose than themselves all the way from the quay to the "hard" in the populous and fashionable watering town of T——, are to be given away to-night, after being hunted down in the house, by way of making their flesh a little more tender, by such of the spectators as shall be elevated to that honour by dint of ballot. The excitement is very fierce, for the whole town of T—— have been witnesses to the wonderful performances of these same geese. We ourselves can speak feelingly on the subject; having taken our small family a birthday water-trip in a very dirty-looking coble-boat, steered by an old sailor, and were horrified on returning to find the landing at the quay quite impossible, on account of the thousands of people swarming thick like bees both on it and along the side of the hard. Circumstances being too mighty for us, we gave in at last to the reiterated requests of our brood, and allowed our "ancient mariner" to steer us right into the very thick of the boats that were following in the rear of the hero of the tub. There he sat, with a white clown's cap perched cunningly on his head, quite indifferent to the uproar going on around him, only urging ever and anon, with stick and rein, the unfortunate geese, who, exhausted and half-drowned, lay on their sides on the water before him, and who, in our humble opinion, would never have reached the hard at all but for the presence of the boats behind, which impelled the tub forward, and kept them going whether they would or no. There was a Circus band close to the tub hero to enliven him; and if he wanted more encouragement, there were the shrieks, laughs, and cries to listen to, where the crowd, bent on mischief, were pushing whole files of those before them into the water, and laying bets one against the other that he would never reach the hard within the appointed time.

How little it takes to satisfy a mob! how easy it is to be a hero to a rabble! Above and over all this dense mass of careless, grinning, ragged,

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hungry, miserable population, there is a glorious sunset pouring down rosy light upon their heads, and spreading out a liquid sea of glory on the placid evening sky, whose colours blend softly and harmoniously with it. What cares John Bull for sunsets?—they are neither food nor clothing, mirth nor mischief. He infinitely prefers Ginnetto's Circus. In another hour the performance is to commence, and we, of course, are to be amongst the spectators, for have not our appetites been whetted by the geese just for this one particular purpose? We want, though, to see the fun, and so go second class. What is the good of sitting apart to be stared at, and having all our gentility to ourselves? Cecil Vane, our younger hope, is quite of our opinion, and has established himself already on the very lowest bench, to be nearest the horses. Sawdust is cheap here, and the ring smells like a stable. How the children clap their hands as all those warriors and fair ladies come in on horseback, with their shining gilt garments and lavish expenditure of pomatum-grease on their tresses! How noble the men look—though rather thick about the legs, it is true—as they tilt against one another, and deal blows with such utter disregard of the sufferings they must inflict! What beautiful habits the ladies ride in, and how nice it must have been in the olden times (which we suppose this represents), when every lady donned feather plumes for equestrian exercises, as ladies do now-a-days at court balls! How sadly degenerate we have grown.

But there is a pause in the entertainment, and the clown makes his appearance. He has got on a fool's cap that looks very like a white cotton nightcap, and has great patches of red and white on his face, and a striped zebra dress, and long shoes that turn up at the toes. Everybody laughs directly he comes in, because he is paid to make us laugh, which knowing, we like to have our money's worth. The worst of the affair is, that we have been at Circuses before, and we know so perfectly well just how he will jump about when the riding-master cracks his whip at him, and how he is sure to show us how ladies walk who wear crinolines, and how gentlemen act who are in love. We know, too, exactly the start he will give when the two servants in their red and yellow jackets come near him, and how he will say, "If he doesn't catch the yellow fever he is in for a dose of scarletina." We know, too, that very stale joke of his about cards being like the game of life—because we follow suit, and something about hearts being trumps! We are not at all startled, either, when we see him suddenly climb up the circus-poles and drop down like a monkey in the midst of the grinning people, who open their mouths quite wide enough to swallow him; neither are we concerned for his limbs when he throws six summersaults one after another, and finally distorts his personal appearance to that degree that we are persuaded his legs have become arms, and his arms legs. It is rather a relief when he vanishes—only that it is now half-price, and the Circus has increased very uncomfortably in number. A little pony now makes his appearance and does wonders. He bows to the people (poor wretch!), and sits down on his haunches and eats sawdust out of a plate, under the popular idea that it is meat. Wonders, too, he does in pointing to the cleverest, the prettiest, and the greatest thief in the house; and sends the whole place into a roar of laughing by marking out with his hoof a young woman with a red face and crimson flowers who is given to thinking much about

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her sweetheart. Finally, he turns tail and rushes off the stage in a desperate hurry, as though he dreaded having a cut on the road. Then we have the "greatest wonder of the age," the infant Clarina Somnina, who performs prodigies on horseback, and ends with being placed as a tower on her father's head, and so carried in triumph round the Circus, bowing and kissing her little hand to the admiring audience. We have rope-dancing also, and the youth Alonzo, who drives an imaginary chariot with five horses abreast, all of which he manages to bestride (we wonder he does not come in two pieces), and who ends by leaping through three successive hoops and throwing a spear straight into the bull's eye as he passes it. Other amusements follow; and, to crown all, the poor geese who drew the clown's tub are let out upon the stage considerably the worse for water, and running up into corners, submit mildly and considerately to to be caught by six rough-looking fellows who are launched upon them. How fresh the night-air feels after the orange-peel, and the sawdust, and the excitement, and the ginger-beer bottles! How we smile to ourselves at the children's rapture, and wish we could be a child again! We think, though, that we will take places in the first class next time. It is not so pleasant to have ill-looking fellows sitting into one's skirts, and sitting not without a reason either, for as we divest ourselves of our paraphernalia, we remember our purse was in our pocket; and *lo* and behold! it is now absent without leave!

We must take one more look at our last night's Circus and have done with it. We pay Mr. Ginnetto a visit in the morning, and find him after some little difficulty, as he appears to have had a fancy for trying all the lodgings down the street and never resting in any of them. At length, he is secured as he is entering a doorway with two other Jewish-looking individuals, smelling strongly of tobacco and brandy, and on being told our errand is to recover a purse that has been stolen, sets off philanthropically with us to the Circus on this second goose's exploit, ten times greater than that of yesterday's. Yester evening he stood, the idle, rich owner, at the entrance where the horses come in, with a new suit of clothes and white gloves, a dandy's cane, and an imposing air; now he has a yellow skin, a vulgar voice, and an ungraceful manner. How much he ought to be indebted to gas and gilding! The Circus itself has contracted into a rotunda of dirty benches, faded hangings, and damp, black, mouldy-looking sawdust, plentifully bestrewed with nuts and orange-peel. Mr. Ginnetto calls pompously to "his servants" to hunt under the benches for the missing purse, *as it may have fallen through. Their farthing* dips go groping about in the Egyptian darkness, but of course *they* find nothing. We never expected they would, though we are profoundly impressed all the same by the assurance Mr. Ginnetto gives us, that if the purse *is* found it shall be restored to us. And so, having satisfied our curiosity as to what a Circus looks like by daylight, we return somewhat the wiser to our lodgings.

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THE CAUSES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

A German officer, and former aide-de-camp to Sir Charles Napier, Leopold von Orlich, has recently published a short—too short—pamphlet on the Indian crisis, under the title of "Sendschreiben an Lord W.," in which he gives us the result of his own experience with such admirable lucidity and modesty, that we cannot refrain from imparting the most salient portions to our readers, as a further contribution to the Indian literature of the hour. At first, Herr von Orlich felt a diffidence in writing on the subject, naturally assuming that England must contain a number of persons better instructed on the subject than himself; but when he saw the utter ignorance evinced not merely by continental writers (the only exceptions being the *Augsburger Allgemeine* and the *Journal des Débats*), but also views and opinions expressed by the English press, which evidenced a most perfect ignorance of the condition and government of India, he thought it his duty to impart to the public the result of his own experience.

Nearly universal, in the press as among educated persons, is the desire to utter the bitterest accusations against the British government. Much of this is the result of malice, more of ignorance. The British government is charged with being barbarous and defective, because such a fearful feeling of revenge against the English has burst forth. At one moment all the evil is attributed to the East India Company or the Board of Control; then to one or the other, governor-general or high official; then again to worn-out officers or useless civil servants. It would display a gross ignorance of the real condition of India to try and thrust the blame of this terrible catastrophe upon one portion exclusively. But I am not surprised at even the most senseless views and opinions, for when I returned from India I was startled at the ignorance Englishmen of all ranks displayed as to the history and administration of India. I was positively beshamed when a member of Parliament visited me one day to obtain some information respecting questions of the day relating to India, as the honourable member designed to bring them before the House.

According to our writer, the events in India emanated from the same sources as those from which the bitter experiences of the Crimea were produced. No one could make up his mind, or felt himself strong enough, to bring forward those reforms in the system of government which were absolutely necessary for the removal of the evils complained of. Even the Duke of Wellington was indisposed to such reforms, for he could not forget that with this army he had performed prodigies. Unfortunately, this great general and statesman forgot that the continental armies had introduced such reforms as had been proved advisable by the experience of the latest campaigns, and, again, that a great character and talent like that the Duke of Wellington possessed can lead even a defective army to victories. But such a military machine soon gets out of gear when the great leader is wanting, and must lead to such results as were seen in the Crimea, or have displayed themselves in India so recently. It would be premature, however, to ascribe such a military insurrection, which is unique in the history of standing armies, solely to neglect of this nature, for many other influences have also been at work, which we will proceed to analyse.

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There can be little doubt that the first warning was given by the unfortunate events in Cabul. The news that a British army had been cut off and its officers were prisoners in the hands of the Affghans, produced a great effect on the armies of the three presidencies. The thoughtful Indian, as well as many Sepoys, recognised that the Briton, so long fancied indomitable, had a vulnerable spot; and, although many glorious instances of devotion to their officers were displayed by the Sepoys, the nimbus with which England's power was invested in the minds of the Sepoys had received its first blow:

At the period of these events, Lord Ellenborough was sent as governor-general to India, and a happier choice could hardly have been made in those days. His firmness of character and impartiality, and his love for the soldiers, removed in great measure the gloomy feeling by which the troops were depressed. The officer, who believed himself placed under the civil servant, found in Lord Ellenborough a protector and a promoter of his interests, which was absolutely necessary at that period. The corps returning, crowned with victory, from Affghanistan, restored to the army its feeling of strength and victory.

Our author, on being appointed adjutant to Sir Charles Napier, proceeded to join him at Kurrachee, and arrived just before that rocket accident with which the hero's Memoirs have rendered us familiar. As the general was forced to keep his tent some days, the new adjutant had an *excellent* opportunity for conversation with him on many interesting topics connected with the army. Sir Charles complained bitterly of the luxury of the officers, and Von Orlich could well understand this when he heard from excellent authority that the political agent who accompanied Lord Keane to Affghanistan travelled with a train of eight hundred camels for his own exclusive baggage, among which was a pianoforte. Von Orlich himself saw a captain going up to join the reserve army at Ferozepore with two large waggons drawn by oxen and loaded with comforts, not to mention kids and sheep, and the camels to carry his tent.

After the war was over, the government sought to cut down expenses in every possible way, and thus the extra batta given the Bengal army was put down. The Sepoy loves money, is fond of saving and sending the money home; so, therefore, such a stoppage of his pay must create dissatisfaction. Difficulties were thrown in the way of invalids who wished to retire on their pensions, because the expenses on this account had risen to an extraordinary height. Through this, many an old soldier, quite unfit for service, was kept with the regiment, and ended his days there; and this, too, caused very general dissatisfaction.

Ancient Rome began her political power with the destruction of Veii and ended with the conquest of the Old World. England established a colony on the Hooghly, and was forced, through self-preservation, to conquer the whole of India. From the foundation of the East Indian power up to the latest period, every extension of territory has been effected against the will of the Company. The shameful government of most of the Indian princes, as well as the utter want of nationality, facilitated the occupation of each new kingdom. The policy of every state has something of self about it; the larger the state the more evident this egotism becomes, which has often been proved in the history of England's supremacy. After the destruction of the Mahratta Empire and the power of Tippoo Sahib, it became the policy of the East India

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Company to watch over the independent kingdoms, and procure all possible influence over the princes and their ministers. Hence, great acts of injustice have been too often tolerated at the expense of the subjects of those countries. Thus, at the court of the Nizam of Hyderabad, there was not that counterpoise attempted against the villany and intrigues of the prince and his ministers which a healthy policy required. In Oude, the king and court, which had degraded into a sink of iniquity, were protected from their own subjects, who had a right to claim British protection. The most powerful of these independent states were governed by Muhammadan princes.

In two sanguinary actions Sir Charles Napier destroyed the power of the Emirs. Soon afterwards, a misunderstanding broke out between the general and the Directors, and, taking a just view of the matter, the latter, probably, had reason to be dissatisfied with this conquest. But regarding the state of the case, Sir C. Napier could not have acted otherwise; for what would have become of the English army with a Punjab war, if the power of the Beloochee chiefs had not been previously broken? Nearly all the inhabitants of Scinde are Muhammadans, their Emirs, though not loved, maintained a patriarchal power over the people, and the last of these Emirs kindled the liveliest feelings of interest among the noblest Englishmen. Scarce had Scinde been subjugated and incorporated with the Indian Empire ere the power of Gwalior had to be overthrown. Almost simultaneously, however, a palace revolution at Lahore placed the Sikhs in a state of hostility. At this time, too, Lord Ellenborough quitted India, as he could not agree with the Court of Directors. Even at that period this celebrated statesman had perceived the necessity of removing the king and court of Delhi to Calcutta. The moment could not be more favourable, in January, 1843, for all the appliances were at hand; but the council feared an insurrection, and opposed the design.

In the mean while, precautions urged by his health had forced Sir Charles Napier to return to England. He had administered the government of Scinde with rare caution, and the new government had begun to be liked, cultivation was extending, and the inhabitants felt satisfied. I had the fortune to see the general repeatedly after his return to London; his remarks about the army and a system of administration, in which young civil servants commanded old experienced generals, left a gloomy impression upon me. "Events may happen which can overthrow everything; let us hope that the reforms will not be too late." Hardly a year had elapsed before Sir Charles was obliged to return to India against his will, to assume the duties of general-in-chief. Just after the battle of Meanee, Sir Charles Napier wrote me that he was sixty-eight years old, much too old for his responsible position, and that it would be better to send him home, when he would go crawling and coughing to church every day. In this interesting letter the general expresses his views about the government of the English and of our army, and it is full of the most noble and patriotic feelings for his queen and country. Sir Charles Napier was, next to the Duke of Wellington, the greatest general of England. In his small body there was a rare mind, which recognised with a sharp glance the age and its faults, and peered into the future almost with a prophetic spirit. His firmness of character reminded me of the greatest heroes, and his compassionate heart was penetrated by the most beautiful Christian feelings. During the short period of his second stay he had effected miracles in raising the *esprit de corps* in the officers of the Bengal army; but his health failed him, and he was compelled to return home. It may be expected that Sir Charles brought to the knowledge of the Directors,

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or the Board of Control, the defects of the army and how they could be removed; but, unfortunately, the Directors could not forgive the general the conquest of Scinde, and they never agreed. Thus, party spirit is often the cause in England that the most necessary reforms are neglected, and incompetent men summoned to the most important duties.

After five years' rule, Lord Hardinge handed over the reins of government to Lord Dalhousie. We can all remember what an immortal name Lord Hardinge left behind him. After nearly ten years' war came the fructifying blessings of peace. Lord Dalhousie's administration has been recently repeatedly attacked; but no one can deny that many valuable improvements were effected by him, which will render his memory immortal. It was during his administration that Sir John Laurence converted the desert of the Punjab into a fruitful and flourishing country. It has, however, been asserted, that the law to resume those estates to which their owners could not prove a title has ruined many families, and caused great dissatisfaction.

It must not be forgotten that during these ten years the Anglo-British Empire had been marvellously increased by Scinde, the Punjab, and Moultan, and the kingdom of Oude. The army had been augmented by native troops, and the disbanded Sikh regiments had been taken into pay, with British officers at their head; but the European troops had remained in their original weakness. Even so far back as 1843, Von Orlich, being summoned before a council of war to give his opinion, had stated his regret that the English army was so small, and that double the number would scarce be sufficient. At the same time, he advised that the native regular cavalry should be gradually abolished, their place taken by irregular troops, and no natives be allowed to enter the artillery. Years of peace are always injurious to a great army, and have a most dangerous effect on discipline, in a climate like that of India. Of the then Indian armies, however, that of Bengal was most exposed to deleterious influences, because it contained a large number of high-caste soldiers, who had to be treated with a degree of indulgence incompatible with the necessary discipline. In the Bengal army the handsomest race of men might be found, and the Bengal Sepoy was truly a spoiled child.

After repeated attempts on the part of the East India Company to maintain the King of Oude in his position, the government found itself compelled, in the autumn of 1855, to remove the king from his capital, and take possession of his territories. In civilised Europe a man cannot form an idea of the tyranny, barbarity, and immorality of this king and his court. It was high time to put a stop to this conduct, for the intrigues and villanies of this abominable court might become extremely dangerous to the adjoining territories. The king, his family, ministers, and friends (for even bad kings have such), were detested in the country. Sir James Outram managed the deposition and occupation with all the caution and power peculiar to this distinguished diplomatist and statesman, and sent the king—whose forefathers had once been vassals of the Great Mogul, and had emancipated themselves—to Calcutta. According to old custom, the enormous sum of 150,000*l.* was given him as annual appanage. When Sir James Outram was called away to the Persian war, Sir Henry Lawrence took his place. This was the last act of Lord

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Dalhousie as governor-general: worn out and exhausted by the fatigue and labour of his great and responsible position, that highly gifted statesman quitted India. His corporeal strength had almost yielded to anxiety and exertion.

The civil administration of India is the most suitable under existing circumstances. Any one who has had an opportunity to observe its working on the spot, must be filled with respect and admiration. I must confess, to my shame, that I gained the conviction that no nation has so peculiar a gift for colonisation as the British. In a country where intrigues, corruption, and untruth are the general rule among high and low, it must do the heart good to see how justice, and every possible regard for the religion, customs, and manners of the Indians, characterise the conduct of the civil servants. I am far from wishing to remark that this can be said of each civil servant in the fullest extent of the word; but it would be contrary to our imperfect human nature that, in a country larger than Europe, injustice, violence, and weakness, should not occur. But whenever such accounts reached my ears, they were mostly the acts of native civil servants. India is the country in which England has formed her greatest statesmen and generals; it is the school in which her youth form that character which, in the hour of danger, finds itself competent for the greatest deeds. The principal mistake committed in the last years, in the administrative system, was the desire for centralisation. Each centralisation bears in itself the germ of overthrow and destruction. The centralisation of a kingdom like India must take place only in the exterior policy—all the rest must be left to the various districts; and the more self-government is allowed, the more firmly will men be attached to the chain. England shows the blessings of such a system most satisfactorily, just as her neighbour does the consequences of an unfortunate system of centralisation.

In India, religion represents nationality. It has ever been the principle of the government not to attack this, or draw too near it in any way. But, on the establishment of this principle, it was forgotten that an indirect interference in the religion and religious customs of a pagan nation which is governed by another Christian and civilised, is inevitable. This has been proved by experience. Self-sacrifices, suttees, &c., must be put down. The Indian government has effected wonders during the last twenty years for education, but always with the precaution to leave the Christian doctrines and its truths, as offered to us by the Bible, unmentioned, and only to teach its morality. Hence it has come about that the youth have become either atheists, or fall back, a few years later, into the pagan system. Even the missionaries, who are allowed to propagate the Bible, have made but very slight progress. Very few Hindoos have been converted: even the highly gifted Dwarkanauth Tagor, who passed the greater portion of his life among Christians, and only felt comfortable among Europeans, never became converted. On a visit to Rome, a priest tried to convert him to Catholicism, but the cunning Hindoo gave him the reply, "I see no advantage in changing my idol for yours," and turned his back on the priest.

From the moment when the Indian government determined on the idea of making the Indians susceptible of civilisation by means of education, Christianity should publicly have been laid as the basis. Too much indulgence and protection have been granted to the filthy idolatry of the Hindoos, and many dirty vagabonds who traversed the country as Fakirs were allowed to commit crimes unpunished. Without wishing to imperil their religion by any act of violence, it would have been the duty of the ruling power simply to tolerate it.

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This timid caution about drawing too closely to the Indian religion did not escape the notice of many of the Hindoos, and the still more fanatic Mussulmans, and was evidently regarded as a sign of weakness. In India, on an average, every twelfth inhabitant is a Mussulman. Still, they are not the same sort of men whom we find in Turkey and Arabia, who still believe partially in the lessons of the Koran, but a degenerate race, who are ignorant of the good laws of the Brahmins, but have appropriated all the idolatrous manners and immorality of the Hindoos. Their forefathers were converted violently and in masses by the Mongols. They have retained all the notions of caste; they consider it as a desecration to eat with Europeans, or even anything they have touched; they spurn the eaters of beef and pork, and feel a reverence for the cow. Thus, the cartridges with their animal fat must have been a horror to them; and we cannot feel surprised if their priests, an ignorant and fanatic race, fanned the flame of insurrection, and recalled the brilliancy of the old Mongolian Empire.

Another very awkward circumstance was a free press, by which poison was sown broadcast. The English papers provided the editors of the native papers the material, and thus increased the mischief. The free press in India was the unhappy notion of a man who gave this concession on his departure, after acting as a provisional governor-general—a present which raised a suspicion that he wished to make himself popular in that way. A free press in a subjugated country, where the numerous deposed princes have not only remained in constant connexion with the people, but also had enormous monetary resources at their command, and where the power of the executive is supported on the bayonets of native troops, was a theory which does not resemble the practical temper of the Briton. Hence it was a very necessary and commendable act to place the press under the censorship. At the present moment India requires a dictator. More than a million of money, the twenty-fifth part of the revenue of India, is in the hands of these princely pensioners. Nor must we forget the numerous schemes ever ready to hand among the natives to maintain communications to the farthest points of the country, and gain over the dissatisfied and the native press. The most powerful of these persons, and those whose memory is most closely connected with the nation and its history, were the Kings of Delhi, the King of Oude, the Nizam, and a few small Mahratta chiefs.

In the midst of this confusion and unexpected fermentation the war with Russia broke out. It must be within your memory that since 1825 Russia has been striving to gain political influence in Central Asia by means of secret agents. All efforts were then tried to gain over the court of Teheran, which was urged to occupy Herat, and we know how cleverly the Russian cabinet gained the best of the British envoy. Have not communications been kept up between Persia and these Indian princes? When we know that, until very recently, epistolary correspondence has been carried on between the King of Delhi and many of the Muhammadan princes in Central Asia, how passionately the Easterns are devoted to intrigue, and how they like to correspond, it would not be surprising if such a net had been spun. Was it not very natural that everything should be set in motion to seduce the armed force and get hold of the Bengal army? It appears that the papers, edited by Mussulmans, first brought up the cartridge question, which was greedily swallowed by the credulous Hindoo, and was propagated as a forced destruction of their faith. The weakness and errors of various military authorities and officials promoted the insurrection.

The first serious military outbreak took place in September, 1855, at Bolarum, in the Nizam's kingdom. Here Colonel Colin M'Kenzie com-

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manded the southern division, and was killed during the Mohurrum, by some soldiers of the 3rd Cavalry Regiment; at the same time, several other Englishmen and their wives were exposed to the insults of these drunken and fanatic horsemen.* Here, then, was the commencement, in small, of the outrages which have since filled us with horror. This circumstance ought to have opened the eyes of the authorities, and at least 20,000 Europeans should have been sent at once, without delay, to India. But they preferred the idea that this was only an isolated instance, produced by the sternly Christian mode of thought of the colonel. On this occasion, however, the Court of Directors opposed any augmentation of European troops. They flattered themselves with the idea that the Sepoys had on every occasion done their duty, and the native army was strong enough for all eventualities. In the autumn of last year, the first evidence of a disturbance among the Sepoys of the Bengal army became apparent. The authorities still regarded all these signs of a threatening storm as isolated symptoms. Nor could the English be led to believe that an entire army could become unfaithful—an army which had shared so many dangers with its officers, and was apparently devoted body and soul to them. Suddenly, however, a diabolical spirit penetrated the troops, like that which an Inquisition and fanatic monks brought into the world. Under the pretext that their religion was imperilled, fearful murders and brutalities have been committed, and they have persecuted their benefactors with a fury and demoniac spirit, such as the book of history has never yet displayed in the life of humanity.

The Bengal army has ceased to exist. The mutineers cleverly selected the most favourable moment, the period of the hot winds and the monsoon that follows upon them, when the rain frequently pours down for days without interruption. With equal caution they selected Delhi as the basis of operations, where the largest military magazine in the Northern Provinces was collected so far back as 1842. Lord Ellenborough brought this danger under the notice of the Directors, and wished to select the citadel of Agra as a depôt in preference. These magazines were entrusted to Sepoys alone, because the climate of Delhi was regarded as very dangerous to Europeans, and the government avoids, if possible, exposing troops to the seductions of a large city.

The insurrection has at length received a deadly blow in the fall of Delhi, and the want of union among a set of ruffians, who all wish to be commanders, will be of great service to us. Our troops are now rapidly landing, and reinforcements can be sent up from Agra by two channels—either by land, *viâ* Agra, or by water up the Indus—and they will, probably, arrive simultaneously with those from Calcutta. It is of the highest importance, too, that the provinces of Madras and Bombay should be kept tranquil, and the civil servants and authorities will have to be strictly on their guard, without, however, allowing any mistrust to be perceptible. In the Madras presidency the kingdom of the Nizam is a very dangerous neighbour. He is a Muhammadan; his followers are a wild and corrupt set, and he could easily lead 40,000 men into the field. His prime minister is devoted to the English, and we must hope

* A Narrative of the Mutiny at Bolarum, in September, 1855. By an Eye-witness.

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that he can retain his situation, and thus be of service to us. Another peril is, that the insurrection has assumed a somewhat communistic character. In the country and in the towns the proprietors are attacked by the vagabonds, and robbed of life and property. Bands have been formed, as in China, to devastate the country, murder, steal, and commit the most fearful atrocities. Naturally, in such a state of things, martial law will alone avail; the sword and the cord must extirpate the ruffians. When we reflect, too, that thousands of Thugs and Dacoits have been liberated from prison, men who make a trade of murder and rapine, we must not feel surprised if no one is safe of his life. The feeling rife among the Sepoys that they are fighting with a rope round their neck, naturally renders them desperate. The insurrection can hardly be suppressed before the spring of next year. Then, however, will come the no less difficult task of purifying Bengal from murderers and robbers. Several years will elapse before the power of the English has been again so strongly impressed on the minds of the natives, and the law regained such authority that Englishmen can once more travel safely and unarmed through the country.

The course of events will exercise the greatest influence on the formation of the future Indian government. But it must be evident to every sensible Englishman that the double form of government can go on no longer. The book of history shows us the great deeds effected by the Court of Directors and the East India Company. It would be the height of ingratitude not to recognise this. But since the wings of the court have been so clipped that it has become a shadow, behind which the Board of Control acts, and the administrative authorities have been brought into such a position that one thrusts the responsibility of the bad on to the other, while all eagerly claim what is good as their own, it is better to place something perfectly new in its stead. India must be incorporated with Great Britain, and the Queen be the ruler. This will admirably suit the customs and mode of thought of the Indians. It is true that such an incorporation will throw into the hands of the home government such an increase of power as might eventually imperil the constitution of the country. The disposal of so many good appointments may become menacing to the independence of the Lower House. But ways and means may be discovered to meet these dangers, and it must not be forgotten that public opinion has in England become such a power that no government dare neglect its warnings, for fear of losing the confidence of the nation.

It is also evident that the European army must become the actual support of the executive, and one hundred thousand men will scarcely be sufficient. On the other hand, the Sepoy army must be gradually reduced, and only so many kept on service as may be required to do the hard work for the European soldier. The Court of Directors opposed the increase of European troops in consequence of the expense and high rate of mortality; but, as regards the latter, it may be rendered less dangerous by paying greater attention to the clothing and maintenance of the private. So soon as infectious diseases break out at any place, a speedy change of garrison for a short period will frequently suffice to check them. Then, too, all possible pains should be taken to explain to

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the soldier what risks he runs by an irregular course of life, or by immoderate drinking. In such a case, the officer who personally interests himself for his men can effect wonders, as was proved in the Crimean campaign, when the sanitary condition of those regiments was most satisfactory in which the officers devoted themselves to their men. It will also be advisable to establish an *état-major*, that the officers may not be taken from their regiments for staff appointments. At the same time, India must be regularly fortified, and harbours formed like those at Kurrachee, Madras, and in the Hooghly, where a fleet of vessels of war can be stationed. As regards the pensioned native princes, the conqueror has perfect right to dispose of the persons and property of those who have been connected with the mutineers. Not only should their pensions be reduced to a minimum, but they, with their wives and families, should be deported to another colony. In conclusion, let our author speak in his own words:

England's power has developed itself as the greatest and most influential in the world. When moments arrive at which violent occurrences threaten its foundations, voices are heard, which announce the evidences of its fall. Purity of morals alone keeps up the power of a great empire, and so long as in England those virtues which distinguish a truly Christian nation are more highly esteemed than the treasures and honours of this world, there is no peril for England. Every great kingdom falls through itself, for it bears the germ of its overthrow in itself; and when this internal degeneracy flows through the life-veins of a nation, then external events will accelerate its overthrow. Such occurrences as the war in the Crimea and the military revolution in India give a great nation an opportunity to learn its strength, its weakness, and its foes. Such sufferings were required to produce reforms which could not be obtained in the common course of things. Any one who has carefully examined the history of human development during the last three centuries must have gained the conviction that the English and German nations are the pillars on which civilisation and Christianity are supported. The English nation, owing to its position and remarkable extension over the earth, and its free constitution, is peculiarly summoned to effect this; but it can only complete the task by a close alliance with Germany.

The British nation is evidently designed, under Providence, to disseminate Christianity through Asia, and that civilisation which renders men free, happy, and satisfied. Under this idea must reconquered India be entered, for our age, as it hurries along by means of steam and electricity, will, among nations, perform the duties of missionaries.

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AN AUTUMN IN WALES.*

There is something decidedly original in the idea of a German poet and gentleman quitting the shady recesses of Hanover and trusting himself alone among the mountains of Wales in search of fairy mythology and old ballads. M. Julius Rodenberg has, however, ventured on the experiment, and, as his book proves to us, with perfect success. He has set about his self-imposed task with true German conscientiousness, and has enriched the literature of his country by the attention he has shown to the original and interesting matter of which he went in search. To the English reader, however, we fancy that the impressions produced on the German traveller by the people among whom he spent the last autumn will prove the most attractive portion of the work, and we will, therefore, confine our attention to the descriptions he gives of the country and its inhabitants.

M. Rodenberg set out on his Snowdonian Odyssey from Liverpool, of which city he writes in the most enthusiastic terms, and brings out many latent beauties in that unpoetical city, which the Englishman, whose cruel fate leads him to the capital of the Mersey, is apt to overlook. But, after all, there is a certain degree of poetry in the busy life of those who go down to the sea in ships, as will be allowed after reading the following quotation:

On the next day after my arrival at Liverpool, we proceeded to the banks of the Mersey and the docks. The Liverpool Docks, larger and more convenient than those of London or any other maritime city in the world, extend for miles along the whole frontage of the city, from the sea deep down the Mersey, which, with its broad, majestic mirror, seems a continuation of the ocean. Liverpool and its harbour are the entrepôt for the Old and the New World. This lighthouse, these walls, are the first object on which the moistened eye of the Australian voyager rests, when, after months of sea-peril and uncertainty, he is once again to betread the loved soil of his home country: hither Brazil sends its dye-woods, and the Havannah its tobacco, Central America its sugar and its coffee, North America the hide and horns of the buffalo. Or again, to stand on the deck of one of these three-masters when the wind whistles through the tackle, and a swarthy sailor is suspended from the bows, giving a fresh coat of varnish to the spray-eaten figure-head, representing Lord Canning, or St. George, or the Amazon—and then to walk along the river-bank and observe the nervous forest of masts, and the busy life that prevails among them; the extraordinary movement on the water, caused by the constant arrival and departure of the ferry-steamers; the toiling of the multitudes in the warehouses, rendered still more surprisingly active by subterraneous railways; the creaking and groaning of the drays wending their way through the almost impenetrable confusion of the streets along the river-bank—to hear all this, to see all this, was a pleasure, was a delight!

Equal admiration does our author display for the public establishments of Liverpool, more especially for those which have been erected for the social welfare and progress of the working population. His visit to the free reading library caused him to blush for his fatherland, for he found

* Ein Herbst in Wales. Land und Leute, Märchen und Lieder von Julius Rodenberg. Hannover. 1858.

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there a catalogue containing more books than would be found in many a royal library. The visitors, too, afforded him equal satisfaction; and when he saw the apprentice in his grimy apron sitting next his master, and both busily engaged in reading, he, probably, began to think that there was more in our constitution and social institutions than foreigners are generally supposed to allow. But M. Rodenberg had no length of time to delay in Liverpool; he was anxious to reach the country he had selected for his autumn excursion, and we soon find him seated in a train bound for Aber. Another dis-illusion awaited him on his journey, for he found Englishmen, whom he had always supposed to be wrapped up in their haughtiness like a garment, most ready to afford him any information in their power. The scenery, however, soon demanded his entire attention, and, after passing Mostyn, he was forced to confess that it was more lovely than any he had seen at home: not even the Belgian line between Verviers and Liége (which has always been a pet bit of our own, by the way) can be compared to it. On reaching Aber, M. Rodenberg began making inquiries as to the accommodation he could find, and was directed to an outlying farm, where he could procure good entertainment.

A dog barked at me, and immediately a woman appeared in the doorway, very respectably dressed, and a picture of good-nature. I handed her the card which had been given me, but she only smiled, for she could not read! I then explained to her that I wished to lodge in her house. She smiled again, for she did not understand English. In the mean while several children had come out, the dog kept on barking, and the confusion grew worse confounded; so that at last the good woman saw the only way of escape was to go back into the house, the children laughing and the dog barking in her rear. I was then left alone, and waited. In a short while the entire company returned, but on this occasion accompanied by a girl of about seventeen, with dark-brown eyes, fresh, rosy cheeks, and nut-brown hair, which she wore turned back behind her ears. As she stepped out the children giggled and crept behind their mother's apron, while they earnestly regarded their elder sister. The latter, after looking at her mother, blushed violently, and said, "My name is Sarah, and I am the eldest daughter. I can speak a little English. I am to ask the gentleman what he desires." She had uttered these sentences hurriedly, and then stepped back, blushing up to the roots of her hair, to her mother's side. "My dear Sarah," I replied, "if that card is a sufficient recommendation, I should like to lodge at your house for a few weeks." With the help of my pretty interpretess, and after all had carefully examined me, I came to terms with the mother. Then the grandmother, an active old lady, who in honour of the stranger had put on a gigantic white cap, was called in, and it was settled that Hugh should fetch my traps from the inn. The exchange was soon effected, and by mid-day I was comfortably installed at Wern Farm and welcomed by the owner, Mr. Williams, by a hearty though silent squeeze of the hand.

Our author was certainly very fortunate in the residence he selected, for the scenery around was superb. It was close to the sea, and so exquisite was the silence of nature that the ripple of every wave could be heard, and as the heaving sea appeared but a continuation, in a different colour, of the corn-fields, so the murmur and rustling of both had a gloriously soothing effect on a poetic mind. M. Rodenberg spent the greater portion of his time with the family, striving to learn Welsh, and commence his collection of fairy episodes. He lived, too, with the family on their simple fare, only tasting meat on Sunday, and was in a fair way

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to return to a state of nature. But this idyl could not be perfect without the presence of love, and M. Rodenberg was soon enabled to complete the picture by a fortuitous discovery he made.

It was my habit every morning, after I had bathed on the solitary beach, to recline on the grass in the meadow behind the house, and, protected from the heat by the autumn-bronzed roof of leaves, to study the Welsh grammar. My usual companion was Sarah, who, although engaged with the fruit-trees, had time enough to spare in giving me lessons in the very difficult pronunciation, which gave abundant occasion for jests and laughter. One morning she was missing at the accustomed spot. Basket and fork were lying under a tree, many russet-leaves were strewn around, but my fair one was not visible. Not a trace of her was to be found, either, around, so that I sauntered up the meadow to the skirt of the adjoining wood. Here I perceived Sarah at a short distance from me. She was seated on the hedge-bank, with her back turned towards me, and cozily chatting with a young man, who had one of his arms thrown round her waist. Only a few colts, grazing in the meadow, were my accomplices in watching this love-scene. I was inclined to turn back; for the picture I had seen there was too affectingly innocent and too charming to be disturbed by my clumsy interposition. But the colts, more attentive than the couple, who at the moment only lived in each other's eyes, had pricked up their ears on hearing me crush the grass beneath my footsteps, and, on seeing me, started away with such a loud neighing, that the couple looked round with a start and perceived me. Sarah sprang up hastily: her lover, too, had started back, and then they stood behind the intervening hedge, with downcast eyes, as if before their judge. I saluted them in the language of the country; but instead of returning my salutation, Sarah began to stammer, timidly, "His name's Owen: he belongs to Gorddunoc Farm, over there"—and she pointed to an adjoining farm, whose handsome buildings stood beneath tall, leafy trees—"he is the eldest son," she then added. "And you are the eldest daughter on Wern Farm. Why, you'll make a capital match," I continued. Sarah turned bright red at this remark, and Owen looked at his felt hat, which he had removed with both hands. "No, no," Sarah went on, eagerly, "it's not so. Last week, at Conway fair, Owen made me a present of a blue waist-riband—look here—this sky-blue riband, with steel buckle—and I wanted to show him to-day how well it suited me." These last words, which Sarah had uttered with some difficulty, and then confirmed by repeating in Welsh, caused the true-hearted Owen to burst out in a loud laugh, which he immediately tried to suppress, for Sarah regarded him reproachfully, and asked, "Why do you laugh, Owen?" The kindly reader will remark that even among nature-people dissimulation has fallen to the share of women, even if it be displayed so naïvely and innocently as on this occasion by Sarah.

In the schoolmaster of Llanfairfechan, M. Rodenberg found an admirable coadjutor, for he was a walking encyclopædia of fairy tales and legends. With him he visited Conway and Llandudno, picking up a rich store of fables and poetry by the way. At the same time, too, he was enabled to clear up a story, which appeared in his unsophisticated eyes to throw rather a lurid shade over Sarah's spotless innocence. M. Rodenberg had, namely, been enjoying the scenery till a later hour than usual, and, on returning home, found Sarah waiting for him at the garden gate. Full of penitence, he began to excuse himself, but Sarah abruptly told him that she was not staying up on his account. What followed had best be told in our author's own words:

I wished Sarah good night, and went up-stairs. But I had scarce reached my room, when I heard the kitchen door and then the house door gently

opened. Growing curious, I went to the window, and saw, by the light of the moon, Sarah crossing the yard and proceeding towards a stall, from whose half-open door a male figure speedily emerged, which could be no other than Owen. "By Jove!" I thought, "she did not stay up on my account alone." I hoped to be witness of a Welsh pastoral in storm and rain; but I had deceived myself; the Phillis of our farm had arranged matters more comfortably. She walked back across the yard, and her faithful shepherd behind her, and then into the kitchen. How my astonishment increased, however, when, instead of sighs, oaths, and kisses, I only heard a sound intimating that Owen was pulling off his boots and Sarah her shoes. And I was right: they came up-stairs in their stocking feet, passed my door, and entered Sarah's little chamber." No," I said to myself, "that is a little too much—that is beyond decency." The girl was scarce eighteen years of age, with childish eyes, retiring behaviour, modesty in language and conduct. Celts! Celts! I might have thought to myself at once that they would not belie their nature. But, what does it concern me? Perhaps we are living here in a Paradise, where the Serpent has not yet spoken!

M. Rodenberg's idyl was certainly sadly blighted, but a slight conversation with the friendly schoolmaster led him to judge less harshly of Sarah's conduct. He found that this nocturnal visit was meant as a formal offer of marriage, which would not be long delayed. It was, in fact, the Carw-ar-y-gwily, common enough in Wales, and is not regarded as anything unusual. A girl, who was insulted by her lover, on an opportunity like this, would fly from him with horror, and, as soon as the news was spread abroad, why, he had better shave and change his name, if he wished to escape the righteous vengeance of the maidens. Actæon's fate would certainly await him, if he dared to withstand the popular fury. Still, there is much truth in our author's remark, when he thus found Sarah's fair fame cleared: "Sarah is excused; but as regards the custom, I would not recommend its application in countries where the people have hotter blood and a less stringent sense of duty than seems to be the case in Wales."

But there are many curious customs in Wales: thus, on visiting "Mother Moll," who lives at Llanfairfechan, and suffers under more than a suspicion of being a witch, our author found that marriages depended considerably on locality. Thus Gwenni, the witch's fair daughter, though well inclined to Griffith, was not able to marry him, because she came from Penmaenmawr Way, and people could not marry across the mountains. Mother Moll was decidedly a character; she had a strong faith in fairies, and it was her firm opinion that the railroad had driven them away. In fact, she had seen them pack up bag and baggage and depart on the very afternoon that the first train crossed the great Llandegai Meadow. They all assembled, the king and queen being at their head, and were very sorrowful, many of them weeping. After singing a parting strain, they mounted their white steeds, rose into the air, and were departed for ever. Their place was to know them no more. It is supposed, however, that they are making a bold stand, and will not be driven out of Wales, so long as mountains offer any opposition to the passage of the steam-horse; and any one desiring to watch their sports is hereby recommended to go into Glamorgan and Caermarthen, which may be regarded as the last home of the fairies. They are still in the habit of visiting the dairies, but are not nearly so liberal as formerly,

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when they never skimmed the pans without leaving a silver penny for the dairymaid.

But the autumn was advancing rapidly, and our author having made an extraordinary collection of pennillions and myths, which he honestly imparts to his readers, was anxious to return home. Still there was much he had not yet explored in Wales, and he therefore employed the period before Sarah's marriage "came off" (at which he had been bound by many oaths to assist), in making an excursion to Bangor and the surrounding country. But it was a sad change from the piquant simplicity of the Welsh farm when M. Rodenberg found himself drifting with that stream of tourists, who destroy all the charms of nature by their artificiality. On going to see Penrhyn Castle, the seat of Colonel Pennant, he found the court-yard thronged. Ladies with leathern gloves, not unlike fencing-gloves, and with blue-silk "uglies" in front of their straw bonnets; gentlemen in plaid caps, and their necks pillowed in a stiff shirt-collar, for your true gentleman dares not to be too comfortable, even when travelling. The visitors were admitted into the castle in sections: every quarter of an hour the door opened to let out a couple of dozen and receive another batch. M. Rodenberg having nothing gentlemanlike about his appearance—for he carried a knotted stick and wore his shirt-collar turned down—was a special object of suspicion to the old lady who showed the treasures; she never left his side, but watched his fingers, as if suspecting that he designed to carry off everything rich and rare in that fairy residence. But, on returning to Bangor, our author was consoled by the kindly greeting he met with from a charming hostess in a black-silk dress, and a gold chain adorning her heaving bosom, and—true poet!—he admired her more than all the treasures of art he had been listlessly gazing on during the morning. But his troubles, connected with his return to civilisation, were not yet over, for in the coffee-room he fell into the clutches of three Birmingham bagmen, who clove to him, like the old man of the sea to the luckless Sindbad. He could not escape from them, and go to revel alone in the prospect from the Menai bridge, before he had promised to join them in an excursion to the slate quarries They evidently regarded a German who could talk English as a *lusus naturæ*. At length, however, M. Rodenberg was enabled to give them the slip for a while, and enjoy his solitude at Caernarvon.

My first walk, on arriving late in the afternoon, was on the terrace, which still runs along the old walls of the town, above the Menai Straits. It is the favourite promenade of the townsfolk, and the prospect extends over the town, the sea, and the immense castle; behind one are charming villas, set in a bed of refreshing verdure. Above all rises the Twt-hill, or Guard-hill, a rock from which a superb prospect is obtained. On one side the open sea, on the other the jagged blue lines of mountains, the Snowdon chain in all its splendour and beauty, and beneath one the town, above whose roofs the evening mist, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, slowly floated away, and the castle resting against the slope of the hill. The castle, although a ruin, is in such an excellent state of preservation, that, when compared with Conway, it seems almost modern; the walls are barer, not so densely clothed with ivy, and all is wider and broader. In the courts, lambs are grazing on pleasant-looking turf-plats, a peacock is boldly parading its plumage in the evening sun, over the plain floats the shadow of the great English banner from the Eagle Tower, and in the loop-holes hangs the nest of "the summer guest, the swallow that in temples breeds."

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The most celebrated of the towers is the one known as the eagle, so called, as the story runs, from a Roman aquila found in the keep of Saguntium, which once adorned the battlements. In this tower, too, are shown the naked walls of the chamber in which Queen Eleanor gave birth to the first Prince of Wales. This tower, the admiration of many centuries, is still in a perfect state of preservation. All is still firm, even to the steps that lead to the battlements; and a glance into the dark and gloomy court ices the heart. From the summit a different, though equally pleasant view, is obtained through each loophole: here the silent courts, the hill with its verdant glades, the town with its narrow streets and quaint houses; on the other side the jagged tops of the mountains, and beneath them Snowdon in the distance; then, again, the island of Anglesea, with its pleasant undulating hills, intersected by valleys, with white farms peeping out; and—far extended prospect—a brilliant plain of water reflecting the beams of the setting sun; the sea, and in the harbour the ships which bear the Welsh slate—the present "queens and princesses" of Wales—to Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, and London, ay, even to Hamburg and America.

The next day M. Rodenberg started for Llanberis, meeting the inevitable bagmen once more on the road. The most curious fact, however, was, that the whole boyhood of Wales appeared to indulge in amateur begging. As they trooped out of school, the boys rushed after the coach begging for a halfpenny; and, as they were plump as partridges, it was evident that they indulged in this generally painful process out of sheer fun. One of the bagmen regarded the matter from a philosophical stand-point, and ascribed the begging to the fertility of Welsh women. "If there were not so many children in each house," he said, "they would not want to beg. Why should so small a village be allowed to bring so many children into the world?" But all the troubles were over when the coach stopped at Llanberis.

The scene was delicious. Grey masses of rock surrounded us, sinking down gradually to the Llynbadarn, the first lake in these highlands, which stretched out, dark blue and motionless, into the distance. High on the right towered the mountains, and the glistening crest of Snowdon appeared in cloudless majesty and purity. The rocks refracted every tinge of grey; only sparsely did moss and heather grow on the mighty blocks. Where the village of Llanberis actually begins, pines and beeches close in the view, and I never saw any hotel more charmingly situated than the Victoria, perched on the side of a hill, with the ruins of Dolbadarn Castle frowning above it. To this must be added the peculiar life, half poetic, half humorous; pretty English women, with floating veils, galloping up from each ravine on daring ponies; gentlemen, young and old, coming down from Snowdon, with their sticks, their hats crushed, their tight clothes torn, and their hands bleeding; the guides and vagabond boys; the donkeys and ponies, all mingled with laughter, abuse, and every variety of sound; not to forget the eternal twanging of the harper, who sat at the entrance of the hotel; and, far above the busy scene, the fluttering of the English standard, which cast its shadow over the bright green turf and the tops of the pines that clothed the foot of the mountain. Such are the components of the pleasant scenery of the Victoria Hotel at Llanberis.

The only gloomy reminiscence connected with our author's otherwise pleasant stay at Llanberis was the ascent of Snowdon, which proved a decided failure. A mist set in to which a London fog would be mere child's play, and through this the party had to grope their way at the imminent risk of breaking their necks. The only satisfactory feature, in short, connected with the ascent, was the roaring fire in the little public at Gwrydd. But M. Rodenberg, at any rate, found that consolation

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which the Latin poet discovered in such situation, for the whole room was full of "socios malorum" of both sexes, indulging in a general growl at the weather. The return home was much safer, for the bells of hundreds of sheep, which clamber perpetually over the rocks, guided the traveller. But we are inclined to believe that in nine cases out of ten the ascent of Snowdon is accompanied by similar difficulties. Pleasanter was the trip to the Lakes, on which M. Rodenberg found a congenial companion in a young Englishman who had studied for a length of time at Munich, and disturbed his poetic musings by carolling the most audacious student songs. At Capel Curig our author came once again on the *spoor* of the Birmingham bagmen—not in person, but in the strangers' book. One of them had evinced his satifaction at the treatment they had met with, in rhyme, and certainly must have passed a night on the black stone of Arda, which possesses the quality of rendering the sleeper a poet or a madman. The valley of Nant Frankon—that is, the Beaver Valley—is so called because formerly it was filled with those interesting animals, but now-a-days the only trace of them to be found there is on the heads of the peasant girls. After a cursory visit to the Benglog Falls, spoiled by the prevailing mist, our tourists returned to Capel Curig. Here all was merriment. In the small lakes gentlemen and ladies stood on rocks, drawing; on the banks were tall, thin boys in red-plaid trousers and coats and tall green caps, busily engaged in fishing. But as there was no particular novelty in this, the party went on singing students' songs, in which an Englishman, who accompanied them, and spoke in English, was enabled to join, by their teaching him Longfellow's capital translation of "Was Kommt dort von der Höhe?" Thus cheered on their road, they soon reached the Rhaiadr y Wennol, or Swallow Fall, and discovered one of the plagues of Wales.

We had to descend through a beech wood, and at the entrance were accosted by a very respectably dressed woman, with a bonnet and green silk parasol. She made a curtsey, we replied by a bow. She pointed out a path with the politeness of a lady who was quite at home and doing the honours to her guests. We thanked her. She made another curtsey, we another bow. "What does she want—is she mad?" the two Englishmen asked, as they looked round after her. The waterfall was before us in all the brilliancy of the setting sun: as compared with the Benglog Falls, we fancied ourselves wandering in a park, for the rocks had disappeared, and the scenery is very attractive, in spite of its comparative tameness. The contrast of the dancing water, over which the setting sun threw a ruddy halo, with the dark masses collected in the pools beneath, was an agreeable surprise to the eye. On emerging from the wood again, the lady with the bonnet and green parasol was awaiting us. "Sir, you will remember me," she said; "you won't forget me." "No," I said, "I will not forget you. I will keep you in my memory." But that was not what the lady meant—she wanted money. "But why?" I naturally asked; a man likes to know why. "For showing you the waterfall, sir." "And who let it out to you, then?" But it was all of no use, and we had to give her money at last. "The mad woman!" said one Englishman. "The impudent creature!" said the other. But I did not regard the matter in that light: if the kings of the middle ages could enclose forests and dam up streams, why should not a poor Welshwoman hit on the idea of making the natural beauties of her country tributary?

After quitting the rocky pass of Snowdonia, the tourist finds the most surprising yet pleasing contrast in the Vale of Llangollen, which has justly

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been christened the "Happy Valley." But it is a scene for the artist and not for the poet. It satisfies and soothes, but does not in any way excite the mind. Long celebrated as the dwelling-place of sweet Jenny Jones, it eventually obtained increased renown by Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby selecting it as the scene of their hermitage. But it is really time for us to attend at Sarah's wedding, or the young lady will grow impatient at the delay. The day for the important ceremony had been made known to the guests by the agency of the village blacksmith, who, after a day of toiling, rejoicing, moiling, put on his Sunday suit, and performed his functions with due solemnity. The blacksmith of Aber is the best inviter far and near. He is a clever fellow, and can talk all day without growing tired. He knows the family history of all the farmers for miles round, and manages to pay them first-rate compliments. When he undertakes the duty the young couple may be quite certain that no invitation will be refused, and that presents will be given in profusion.

On the morning for the ceremony the farm was in utter confusion, and Sarah's body-guard were erecting artful barricades in all directions to prevent the entrance of the bridegroom and his friends. In the centre of the wicket gate a species of quintain was erected, also for the same purpose. Suddenly, a shrill whistle was heard, and the hostilities commenced. The enemy numbered about fifty, all mounted on small Welsh ponies; at the head rode the piper, his horse being almost hidden by trappings and feathers. On reaching the quintain, a halt was called. "Will you let us in or no?" asked the piper. "No; we will not let you in," six of Sarah's body-guard replied. The attack then commenced with great vigour, and although there were many hair-breadth escapes, the attacking party succeeded in effecting a lodgment, and marched on the stone barricades, which seemed to offer a more serious resistance; but the little ponies bounded over them, and the assailants drew up in front of the house, the door of which was securely fastened. Now it is the fashion in Wales that this last attack should be made—not with crowbars and hammers, as might be expected—but with verses. The two parties carry on a rhyming contest, until the besieged can no longer give a reply, and the fortress is compelled to yield. The party managed to get the door opened, and in a few minutes, Griffith, the leader of the assailants, came out of the house, bearing Sarah in one arm, and waving his hat triumphantly. Sarah shrieked, and defended herself with hands and feet, but the lucky bridegroom came to the rescue, took her in his arms, and, after placing her in the saddle before him, galloped off at break-neck speed. But the bridal-guard had soon mounted their ponies, and pursued the ravishers at full speed over hedges and ditches, along the Conway-road. Beneath the Penmaenmawr the robbers were caught up, and a regular battle ensued. Blows of the fist and stick were exchanged in the most admirable manner, but poor Sarah was most to be pitied. Her body-guard tried to drag her down by the legs and arms, and set to work with more freedom than a lady would endure, who might have less powerful muscles and more prudery than a Welsh girl. At length the bridegroom's party, with their numerical superiority, succeeded in disarming the others and gaining an entire victory. The horsemen then proceeded

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to a tent, which had been put up at Gorddunoc Farm, and were followed by a large number of marriage guests, who had collected on the high road to see the fun. The entire farm looked as if an auction were going to be held. The yard was crowded with marriage presents, furniture, kettles, baskets, pots, and pans. Now and then a rider came trooping in, bearing a chair or a clock on the saddle-bow. The procession then started for Llanfairfechan, where it arrived about noon. Owen and Sarah were soon made man and wife, and the day's sports began. At the entrance to the tent sat the blacksmith of Aber, and on a tub near him stood a box. Every person that entered threw in a trifle—"a shilling for the food, a shilling for the drink, sir, and anything more will be accepted. And when the christening comes, we shall have another day's jollity." At the other end of the tent sat the harper and piper on a slight elevation. There were, probably, some three hundred guests assembled, old and young, boys and girls. Immediately after dinner the tables were removed and the dancing began. The blacksmith of Aber was continually walking about among the couples, and carrying on the cigar trade with considerable profit. The Welsh are not passionately fond of dancing, but they make up for it by their love for singing. There is not a dance, or a merry-making, where they do not eventually congregate round the harp, and commence their pennillions to the variations of the harper. They sing on without interruption, one after the other, and each a different strophe from the preceding one. As a general rule, a merry contest is carried on; each singer tries to contradict his foreman through his pennill, in which process the cleverer persons often extemporise in the most astonishing way. The majority of them, however, have hundreds of pennillions in their heads, which they have ready for any occasion. The tune selected is usually the "Ar hyd y Nôs," better known to Saxon ears under the name of "Poor Mary Anne!"

With the marriage, M. Rodenberg concluded his pleasant stay in Wales; and when he reached London, and found himself surrounded by a suicidal fog, he could hardly believe that two such extremes of climate could exist in one country. He, therefore, made his way hurriedly across the Channel, and soon found himself once more snugly ensconced by the side of the huge *Kachelofen*, when he busied himself with arranging the rich experiences he had collected during his "Autumn in Wales." He promised Sarah, however, most faithfully, that he would return, and, as a gentleman, will doubtless keep his word. We may, therefore, have an opportunity hereafter of imparting some further details of the young lady's family history to our readers.

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Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

VII.—St. Evremond.

A long-lived author, of no great importance in himself, sometimes becomes important, simply on the score of his long life, as a connecting link, or corresponding medium, between two epochs in his country's literature. Mr. De Quincey has comically compared the two great systems or separate clusters of Greek literature to a dumb-bell: the two globes are the said systems or clusters, while the cylinder which connects them is the long man that ran into each system, binding the two together—that long man being Isocrates, the actual and original "old man eloquent" of Milton's sonnet, whom the battle of Chœronea, "fatal to liberty, killed with report." *Great* his critic declines in conscience to call him; and therefore, by way of compromise, he calls him *long*, for Isocrates went great lengths in the article of longevity, living through four-and-twenty Olympiads, of four solar years each. "He narrowly escaped being a hundred years old; and though that did not carry him from centre to centre, yet, as each system might be supposed to protend a radius each way of twenty years, he had, in fact, a full personal cognisance (and pretty equally) of the two systems, remote as they were, which composed the total world of Grecian genius." Had he been long, the opium-eater proceeds to remark,* in any other situation than just in that dreary desert between the oasis of Pericles and the oasis of Alexander, what good would that have done us? "A wounded snake," or an Alexandrine verse, would have been as useful. But he, feeling himself wanted, laid his length down like a railroad, exactly where he could be useful—with his positive pole towards Pericles, and his negative pole towards Alexander. Even Gibbon—even the frosty Gibbon—condescends to be pleased with this seasonable application of his two termini. "Our sense," says he, in his fortieth chapter, "of the dignity of human nature is exalted by the simple recollection, that Isocrates was the companion of Plato and Xenophon; that he assisted, perhaps with the historian Thucydides, at the first representation of the Œdipus of Sophocles and the Iphigenia of Euripides." So far in relation to the upper terminus of the long man; next, with reference to the lower terminus, Gibbon goes on: "And that his pupils Æschines and Demosthenes contended for the crown of patriotism in the presence of Aristotle, the master of Theophrastus, who taught at Athens with the founders of the Stoic and Epicurean sects."†

Some such longitude we may assign, without much latitude, to the once famous and highly fashionable Monsieur de St. Evremond. Not that he otherwise resembled Isocrates, any more than Monmouth did Macedon, in honest Fluellen's comparison; but he too numbered his

* See De Quincey's Essay on Style, Part III., Blackwood, 1840.
† Gibbon's Roman Empire, ch. xl.

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ninety years and a fraction over, and he too forms a chronological link between two ages of belles-lettres. When St. Evremond was born, Henry the Fourth had not been three years in his bloody grave; Richelieu, at eight-and-twenty, was as yet in the shade; even the Constable de Luynes had *his* future still before him; De Retz was not so much as an infant of days, muling and puking in his nurse's arms; Mazarin was but a whining schoolboy (if ever, which is probable, he *did* whine), with shining morning face (if ever, which is just possible, his face *did* shine); Voiture was only in his teens, but doubtless already played the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow, whoever was the dapper little gentleman's mistress at that time of day, when he was not yet free from the fumes of the wine-merchant's shop, and free *of* the circle at the Rambouillet Hotel. Agrippa d'Aubigné, the Maintenon's grandsire, might stand for the soldier, bearded like the pard, jealous of honour, sudden and quick of quarrel; and Pasquier for the justice, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut; but that both of them, the old soldier and the old judge, were rather in the advanced stage of the lean and slippered pantaloon, and indeed Pasquier (then fourscore and upwards) in the last stage of all, that ends this strange eventful history of Shakspeare's Seven Ages. Shakspeare himself, at this period, was in the second year of his retirement at Stratford. Cervantes, in his grand climacteric, was at length settled quietly in Madrid. Corneille was blundering heavily over his alphabet. Mademoiselle de Scudéry was a brisk little miss of six. Calprenède was in long-clothes. Balzac was a showy lad of nineteen, and Descartes two years younger. Mathurin Régnier was dying or dead, and Brantôme was to die next year. Patru was just beginning to speak plain, and so was that Little Pickle, Master Paul Scarron. Among the names of contemporary genius in England, of those who should be great hereafter, there were George Herbert and Izaak Walton, each in his twentieth year; Herrick in his twenty-second; Davenant and Waller and Browne in their eighth; Milton and Clarendon, and Suckling and Fuller, only in their fifth.

So much for the time when St. Evremond was born. That was in the year of grace 1613. When he died, in 1703, three successive generations had run out their course. The grandson of Henri Quatre was fretting in querulous old age over the straits and reverses his insatiate ambition had at last encountered. Twice had the Stuarts been ousted from the British throne; the house of Nassau had effected a temporary lodgment there; and now again a Stuart reigned alone—herself under petticoat government of a rather tight-laced sort. In that interval of thrice thirty years, Racine and Molière had found ample time to be born, compose their plays, die, get buried, and leave a good surplus margin of blank years at each end of their life-histories. Pascal's troubled spirit had been, these forty years past, where troubling has ceased and the weary are at rest. La Bruyère and La Fontaine had come and had gone, and so had La Rochefoucault and Bussy Rabutin, Quinault and Perrault, Louvois and Turenne. Come and gone were Fouquet and Colbert—out, quite out, the brief candle of their life—their labours long since ended, and other men, and still others, entered into their labours. Come and gone were La Grande Mademoiselle, and the amiable La Fayette, and the too fascinating Longueville, and the doting Sévigné,

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and the diary-keeping Motteville, and many another gentlewoman of note. Within the next few years would be born the leaders of France's eighteenth-century literature—Rousseau and Diderot, Vauvenargues and D'Alembert, Buffon and Helvetius. Already was the future dictator of their republic, Voltaire to wit, a brisk, inquisitive, keen-eyed, sharp-tongued, mischievous, meddling, mocking urchin, in the tenth year of his age, and a pronounced pet with St. Evremond's aged, *not* venerable correspondent, Ninon de l'Enclos. Between Voiture and Voltaire, between the epoch of Voiture and that of Voltaire, what a difference! Yet does one middle term suffice to connect them, widely sundered as they may seem; and that function St. Evremond discharges, in virtue of his position, his tastes, his authorship, and his fourscore years and ten.

With Sainte Beuve, we may divide the life of St. Evremond into two clearly distinct portions. Till he was forty-eight he lived in France, at the court, or with the army, a life of brilliancy and activity; high in favour with the great commanders of that period, he was fairly on the way to military fortune of no mean sort. The celebrated letter, however, which he wrote against Mazarin, on the subject of the treaty of the Pyrenees, so exasperated Louis XIV. that his majesty wrote a letter in *his* turn—a letter of introduction to the Bastille. He for whom this favour was intended, failed to appreciate the privilege of such an entrée, and managed to reach England viâ Holland, there to shelter himself until the tyranny was overpast, or the tyrant in a better temper. In England he also managed to add forty-two years to the existing stock of forty-eight—observing much, reading moderately, talking a great deal, and amusing himself with writing polite verses, and gallant epistles, and historical dissertations, and critical essays, as the fit took him, or his fair and fashionable friends required. Sainte-Beuve sees in him an "amiable sage," a mind of the first order as regards good sense, and conversant with the whole range of the graces. "His natural characteristic is easy superiority; he can hardly be better defined than as a kind of Montaigne *adouci.* His intellect is distinguished at once by firmness and finesse. The passions of our nature he has experienced, has given way to, has indeed, to a certain extent, cultivated within himself, but without blindly abandoning himself to their sway; for even when he yielded, he did so with discernment and moderation."*

More of a man of the world than a professed author, St. Evremond's writings were eagerly read in manuscript by the favoured *habitués* of the circle he frequented. As it was a favour to hear them read, it became a matter of amour-propre, as another historian of French literature observes, to praise them up to the skies; the vanity of the listeners swelled the renown of the author. It is La Bruyère's remark that a work thus made known, may be thoroughly common-place in itself, and yet, from these extrinsic accompaniments, be panegyrised as a miracle of genius. It is when the printer has set hands upon it, and the charm of coterie and clique has evanished, that the process of disenchantment rapidly sets in. But St. Evremond's repute survived even the trials of the printing-press. "Not that there is real power in his thought or any great brilliancy in his style; but we do find in him the finesse in observation of a man who

* Causeries du Lundi, t. iv.

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has lived much in the world, and the ingenious easy table-talk of the high society of that era." "The disciple of Voiture and the master of Voltaire, he has infinitely less of affectation than the former, and of wit and sagacity than the latter; still, he serves as a medium of transition between these two men." So writes M. Demogeot,* who, in effect, describes St. Evremond as a *spirituel* talker; an epicurean of good taste, an elegant and superficial moralist, who piqued himself rather on living than writing well, and fully conformed to his own maxim, that we are far more interested in enjoying the world than in understanding it.

Vinet commits one mistake in saying that "St. Evremond died in 1709, at nearly a hundred years of age;" and probably another when he declares him to "bear the exclusive impress of the eighteenth century."† More accurately Mr. Hallam characterises him as evidently belonging to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and speaks of his fame as a brilliant star in the polished aristocracy of France and England, giving for a time a considerable lustre to his writings, the greater part of which are such effusions as the daily intercourse of good company called forth. "In verse or in prose, he is the gallant friend, rather than lover, of ladies who, secure probably of love in some other quarter, were proud of the friendship of a wit. He never, to do him justice, mistakes his character, which, as his age was not a little advanced, might have incurred ridicule. Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, is his heroine; but we take little interest in compliments to a woman neither respected in her life, nor remembered since." Mr. Hallam judges that nothing can be more trifling than the general character of the writings of St. Evremond, who sometimes, however, rises to literary criticism, or even civil history; on which topics he is clear, unaffected, cold, without imagination or sensibility; a type of the frigid being, whom an aristocratic and highly polished society is apt to produce. The chief merit of St. Evremond, adds the same critic, is in his style and manner. He has less wit than Voiture, who contributed to form him, or than Voltaire, whom he contributed to form; but he shows neither the effort of the former, nor the restlessness of the latter—though Voltaire, when he is quiet, as in the earliest and best of his historical works, seems to bear a considerable resemblance to St. Evremond, and there can be no doubt that he was familiar with the latter's writings.‡

The said Voltaire traces St. Evremond's reputation as an author to the combined influences of a voluptuous *morale*, a knack at writing letters to people at court, at a time when the word court was uttered with servile emphasis,—a turn for composing *vers de société*, to hit the taste of fashion and frivolity,—and a good stock of *esprit* to animate his various effusions.§ "His exile, his philosophy, and his works are known to all." Especial interest the arch-scoffer of the eighteenth century takes in repeating the story, be it true or false (and either way it has a too *vraisemblable* look, on the face of it), of a death-bed *mot* ascribed to St. Evremond,—who, being asked, as he lay a dying, if he would "se réconcilier," answered (as anecdotage has it): "Je voudrais me récon-

* Hist. de la Lit. Fr., ch. xxxvi.
† Alex. Vinet: Hist. de la Lit. Fr., Introduction.
‡ Hallam's Lit. of Europe, vol. iii. part iv. ch. vii. s. 9.
§ Ecrivains du Siècle de Louis XIV.

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cilier avec l'appétit"—more solicitous, in his consistent and ever persistent epicureanism, to redeem his lost appetite, than to save his soul alive.

No longer are his works known to all; though most of us, who read anything, have some notion of his philosophy, and have heard of his exile. St. Evremond's exile was consequent upon the fall of Fouquet—the occasional cause being a satirical letter he had written on Mazarin's peace of the Pyrenees. According to Des Maiseaux, the affair happened in this manner: Louis XIV. set out for Brittany some days before Fouquet was arrested; and St. Evremond, being summoned to attend the royal cortége, left a strong-box, containing money and letters, in the hands of Madame du Plessis-Bellière, whose liaison with the surintendant is made so much of in one* of the longest and boldest of Alexandre Dumas's many long and daring romances. "As soon as M. Fouquet was arrested, they were not contented," says Des Maiseaux, "with seizing all his papers, but furthermore clapped a seal on what they found at the houses of all such as were thought to be his confidants; and did not fail making a visit to the Lady du Plessis-Bellière, who was too great a friend to the superintendent to be forgotten. There they seized M. de St. Evremond's strong-box, and the Letter relating to the Pyrenean treaty. . . . . MM. le Tellier and Colbert, who were the Cardinal's creatures, pretending a grateful veneration for the memory of their benefactor, read the Letter to the King, and left no stone unturned to exasperate him against M. de St. Evremond," whose invectives, they further complained, "reflected on the regency of the Queen-mother, and even on the King's reign, since his majesty had thought fit to pursue the Cardinal's scheme and maxims."† The result was, that the obnoxious Letter-writer was ordered to the Bastille. But news of the order reaching him in time, St. Evremond—whom the warning overtook in the forest of Orleans,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,—

betook himself with becoming speed to his native Normandy, preferring to be "cabin'd" and "crib'd" there, to being "confined" in the Bastille, notwithstanding all the ineffable advantages of that domicile, as regards proximity to peerless Paris, the Frenchman's paradise, and to Louis Quatorze, the Frenchman's magnus Apollo and Jupiter tonans in one. In Normandy he concealed himself a while, and thence made his way, when opportunity offered, to Holland; whence he departed, after no long stay, to that England which he had visited under far different auspices a year before, as *attaché* to the French embassy sent to congratulate Charles II. on his restoration, and in which, during the six months of his then agreeable sojourn, he had become acquainted with some of the leading note-worthies of the English court.

In London St. Evremond lived and died, in Voltaire's phrase, as a free man and philosopher. His friend, the Marquis de Miremont, assured Voltaire, during the visit of the latter to the banks of the Thames, that there was quite another efficient cause at work in the matter of St. Evremond's exile, which the refugee himself could never be induced to explain. Late in the century, Louis XIV. graciously gave leave for the banished man to return to France; but *ce philosophe* "disdained," as

* Le Vicomte de Bragelonne.

† Life of St. Evremond, by P. des Maiseaux.

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Voltaire words it,* to look upon this permission as a favour, and proved that a man's country is that where he can live happy, which St. Evremond could, and did, even in the capital of Cockaigne.

If Mazarin was the occasion of his disgrace, a niece of the Cardinal's, Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, was St. Evremond's chief consolation in exile. During the years that elapsed before her arrival, he counted among his intimates or his *privados* (to adopt a Spanish distinction) such persons of rank and renown as the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormond, the Earls of St. Albans and Arlington, the crotchety and chivalric Sir Kenelm Digby, the free-thinking Hobbes of Malmesbury, Mr. Abraham Cowley the poet, and Mr. Edmund Waller of the same guild, and parliament-man besides. With his Grace of Buckingham and my Lord d'Aubigny, our foreign guest concocted the comedy of "Sir Politic Would-be." In commemoration of the alleged miracles of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes—whose wonderful cures were attested by philosophers and prelates, by a Boyle and a Cudworth, a Whichcot and a Patrick—he wrote his novelet of "The Irish Prophet." With Madame de Queroualle he discussed the art of love, and the way to manage a Merry Monarch. There was an interruption to his sojourn in England a few years after its commencement, when our native fogs, or his own native vapours, seem to have brought the poor gentleman to a sorry pass, insomuch that medical advice hurried him (in default of Montpellier) to the Hague (save the mark!) for change of air. In Holland he consorted with literati of first-class dimensions; talked politics with Heinsius, ancient literature with Vossius, and metaphysics with Spinoza—the last of which triad he is pleased to commend for learning, modesty, and disinterestedness. Breda, Spa, and Brussels were visited by him in turn; and he was not without hopes of making a return to England unnecessary, by means of working on the clemency of the Grand Monarque to grant him a plenary forgiveness, and receive him back again, before age should render a recal indifferent, to a withered senior with

> neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
> To make the *summons* pleasant.

But though his friends at court duly ventilated the question, St. Evremond was not to be now recalled—not to be recalled at all until it was too late to answer his purpose. He came back to England, therefore, and little by little became increasingly settled, and even in his French way attached to us sad-hearted islanders. It was to the Frenchified section of our society, however, that his intercourse was almost exclusively confined. He did his endeavour, too, and by all accounts with tolerable success, to Frenchify us more extensively. If England was his adopted country, at any rate he would not turn Englishman. He would not even learn English—why should he? In that age the island-home of St. Evremond was odious to his countrymen as a hive of heretics and revolutionary rascals. The two courts, presided over by two cousins, might correspond and communicate between themselves, and no harm done. But as far as national influence was concerned, *that*, like the Irishman's reciprocity, must be all in one direction. France might,

* Siècle de Louis XIV., ch. xxv.

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could, and inevitably would influence England; poor barbarous England neither might, would, nor possibly could influence enlightened France. Villemain declares that notwithstanding the frequent *rapprochements* between the cabinets of London and Versailles, in the matter of political interests,—and notwithstanding the marriage of Charles's sister with Louis's brother, and again, at a later day, the prolonged exile of James II.,—all of which events must have tended to familiarise France with English ideas,—there is yet not a single trace of any such idea in French literature at large. "And this because what communication there was, took place between the two courts, not between the two countries. The *beaux esprits* of France seemed on their guard against England, as a land of savages. Antony Hamilton, an Englishman, wrote French in a style more sprightly, airy, and *française*, than perhaps any Frenchman. But St. Evremond, a refugee in England, for the space of twenty years, did not so much as learn to read the English language."* Philarète Chasles, again, says great things of what was going on in a little corner of London, where St. Evremond directed the reunions *chez* Madame de Mazarin; and there we are instructed to see the French centre whence were to radiate the new forces of English literature—there to recognise "the original source which shall one day feed the entire literature of Great Britain, and shall become more than half French in the reigns of Charles II., William, and Anne. The genius of Shakspeare then folds up its wings and withdraws its rays; the delicacy of St. Evremond and the severity of Boileau hover above English literature of the eighteenth century,"† while in due time Gassendi, and Fontenelle, and Molière are virtually reproduced, or at least represented, M. Chasles takes it, by Alexander Pope and Joseph Addison. Less exceptionable in the main is the observation of another critic,‡—viz., that St. Evremond's destiny would appear, when it fixed him in England, to have intended him for the precursor of that philosopher by whom Frenchmen were first made acquainted with this "noble country;" but that his thoroughly French prejudices debarred him from comprehending, much less sympathising with, the men and manners he met with when he crossed the Channel.

Like as St. Evremond was in several respects to another long-lived Frenchman, still longer-lived and far more important than himself—we mean Fontenelle, who saw out nearly half of the seventeenth century, and more than half of the eighteenth—he was, with all his epicurism and epicureanism (not a hendiadys, reader), considerably less of a cold-blooded animal than that accomplished centenarian. St. Evremond was capable of attachments, pretty strong and lasting. As Montaigne had his Etienne de la Boëtie, so St. Evremond had his D'Aubigny, whom he lost, however, before age had tested the quality of his regard, and whom he lamented with tears that did him credit, and gained him other friends. Lax as was his theory, and eke his practice, of morality, he was considered quite an exemplar by some in that debauched generation. He played the Mentor in his way, and was quizzed for it by the young

* Villemain: Cours de Littérature Française.
† Etudes sur l'Espagne.
‡ Demogeot: Hist. de la Lit. Fr., ch. xxxvi.

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bloods. Antony Hamilton, describing his intimacy with Count Grammont, says: "St. Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavoured to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future." One of these admonitory exhortations Antony reports, almost at length. It is characteristically interrupted by Grammont's exclamation: "Why, my little philosophical monitor, you talk here as if you were the Cato of Normandy."*

No Cato, however, was this Norman refugee: no disciple of the Porch; but an avowed, and systematic, and advanced disciple of the Garden. Horace Walpole calls St. Evremond "a favourite philosopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought."† Free living and free thinking, for this he lived, and thus he thought. A "philosophy" highly esteemed by those whose aspiration is like Mat Green's,

> To drink a joco-serious cup
> With souls who've took their freedom up;
> And let their mind, beguiled by talk,
> In Epicurus' garden walk,
> Who thought it heaven to be serene;
> Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen.‡

As regards epicurism, indeed, it is true, what Leigh Hunt says, that "St. Evremond, the French wit, an epicure professed, was too good an epicure not to be temperate and preserve his relish."§ As regards epicureanism, let us hear St. Evremond himself. "I am a philosopher, as far removed from superstition as from impiety; a voluptuary, who has not less abhorrence of debauchery than inclination for pleasure; a man who has never known want nor abundance. . . . Young, I hated dissipation, convinced that man must possess wealth to provide for the comforts of a long life. Old, I disliked economy; as I believe that we need not greatly dread want, when we have but a short time to be miserable. I am satisfied with what nature has done for me, nor do I repine at fortune. I do not seek in men what they have of evil, that I may censure; I only discover what they have ridiculous, that I may be amused. I feel a pleasure in detecting their follies; I should feel a greater in communicating my discoveries, did not my prudence restrain me. Life is too short, according to my ideas, to read all kinds of books, and to load our memories with an endless number of things at the cost of our judgment. . . . . Although I constantly read, I make it less my occupation than my pleasure. In religion and in friendship, I have only to paint myself such as I am; in friendship, more tender than a philosopher; and in religion, as constant and as sincere as a youth who has more simplicity than experience. My piety is composed more of justice and charity than of penitence. I rest my confidence on God, and hope everything from his benevolence. In the bosom of Providence I find my repose and my felicity." A passable representative, in the seven-

* Memoirs of Count Grammont, ch. vi.
† Walpole's Letters, Cunningham's ed. i. 370.
‡ The Spleen. § The Seer: Essay on Anacreon.

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teenth century of the Christian era, of that ante-Christian, and may we not say anti-Christian sect, who,

> ——among flowery gardens curtained round
> With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood
> Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
> The ends of being would secure, and win
> The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls
> To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
> Tranquillity to all things.*

In one of his epistles to the Comte d'Olonne, St. Evremond develops with some fulness his epicurean system; and amidst other pregnant passages occurs the following, eminently significant of the philosopher and his philosophy, whether truly or falsely so called: "If I am obliged to regret anything, my regrets are rather sentiments of tenderness than of grief: and if, in order to avoid evil, we must necessarily foresee it, my foresight never goes so far as fear. It is my aim, that the consciousness of feeling nothing that troubles me, and the consideration of seeing myself free, and master of myself, should give me the spiritual pleasure of good Epicurus. I mean that agreeable indolence, which is not a state without either grief or pleasure, but the nice sense of a pure joy, proceeding from a conscience at rest, and a mind serene." The same letter touches on the superior happiness of "true Christians" to the mere followers of Epicurus and Aristippus. But St. Evremond's ideal of true Christianity was the reverse of severe or sublime. Doctor Garth, who was himself censured for voluptuousness, and accused of infidelity—whence the point of Pope's epigrammatic verse,

> And Garth, the best good Christian he,
> Although he knows it not,—

is said by Atterbury to have written an epitaph on St. Evremond, intended for Westminster Abbey, in which the deceased was commended for his indifference to all religion. There are saving clauses in the French philosopher's writings, designed to establish the sincerity of his adherence to the Church of Rome. But the scope of those writings is hard to reconcile with any shade or section of that comprehensive community. He is too fond of Petronius, by far; has too lively a relish for that classical voluptuary, too absorbing an interest in his manner of life, and especially too pronounced an admiration for the manner of his death. The death of Petronius, in fact, he reckons the most glorious of antiquity, greater and nobler certainly than that either of Cato or Socrates. "Petronius leaves us nothing at his death but an image of life: no action, no word, no circumstance, shows the perplexity of a dying man; it is with him properly that to die is to cease to live." When *The Spectator* was in course of publication, St. Evremond's name was fresh in the minds of men, and his sentiments about Petronius, and the philosophy of Life, and the mystery of Death, and the grand perhaps of a Hereafter, were canvassed at the same polite breakfast-tables upon which, morning by morning, that charming periodical was duly laid. Not impertinent, therefore, nor unreasonable was it in Mr. Addison, to "animadvert," in one of his more serious

* Wordsworth: The Excursion, Book III.

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moods, on the philo-Petronianism* of Monsieur de St. Evremond. That gentleman, he remarks, "is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude." And then, after remarking that the resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives—the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity—Mr. Addison takes occasion to add, that if the "ingenious author above mentioned" was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.† But to indite an *Encomium* MORIÆ was less within the will or the power of St. Evremond than to elaborate an *Eloge de* PÉTRONE, that consummate ARBITER *elegantiarum*.

TOO MUCH TO WEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIDNIGHT DOINGS."

LONDON was in a commotion: nothing was talked of in its gay circles but the young and lovely bride, Mrs. Dalrymple. Peers were going mad for her smiles; peeresses condescended to court them: commoners and commonesses, who could not get near, affected to hold themselves indifferent; but they scarcely made concealment of the fact that the grapes were sour. Panics do sometimes come over the fashionable world of this great metropolis: now it is a rage for speculation, like that railway mania, which once turned people's sober senses upside down; now it is the new and very ugly signora, who is ruling the boards and the boxes at Her Majesty's Theatre; now it is an insane sympathy—insane in the working—with all the black Uncle and Aunt Toms in the other hemisphere; but at the time of which we are writing, it was the admiration of one of themselves, a woman, the beautiful Mrs. Dalrymple.

She was charming: not because fashion said it, but that she really was. Naturally fascinating in person, the homage she received in the gay world—a new world to her—rendered her manners irresistibly so.

* Boileau alludes to this predilection, in his eleventh Satire:

> "Quoi qu'en ses beaux discours Saint-Evremond nous prône,
> Aujourd'hui j'en croirai Sénèque avant Pétrone.

† Spectator, No. 349.

Some good wives, staid and plain, who had never been guilty of courting a look in their lives, and prided themselves on it, avowed privately to their lords that she laid herself out for admiration, and was a compound of vanity and danger; and the lords nodded a grave approval, and, the moment they could get out of sight, went tearing in the wake after Mrs. Dalrymple.

A stylish vehicle, something between a break and a dandy-horse, with two stylish men in it, especially in the extent of their moustaches, was driving down Regent-street. He who held the reins, Captain Stanley, was attending far more to some object at a distance than to his horse: his head was raised perpendicularly, as if an iron poker had been thrust down his throat, and his eyes were intently fixed far before him. A street cab whirled suddenly round the corner of Argyle-place; Captain Stanley was too absorbed to avoid it, and the two came in contact.

No damage was done. All that came of it was a wordy war; for the cabman's abuse was unlimited, and Captain Stanley given to angry explosions. He concluded by promising a summons for insolence, and then urged on his horse again.

"Is that the way you generally drive in London?" quietly asked his companion.

"An insolent reptile! He shall smart for it. I'll have him before the magistrate at Marlborough-street."

"Don't call me as a witness, then. It was your fault. You got into the fellow's way."

"I didn't get into his way."

"At any rate you didn't get out of it, which amounts to the same thing. I ask if that is your usual mode of driving?"

"What if it is?"

"It's a careless one. The next time you offer me a seat, Stanley, I shall propose to take the reins."

"I thought I saw her carriage before us," explained Captain Stanley, in a more conciliating tone, for he was beginning to recover his good-humour. "It made me oblivious of everything else, Winchester."

"Who is 'her'?" demanded Lord Winchester.

"The loveliest woman, Winchester! I can tell you you have got a treat in store: you'll say it when you get introduced to her. You have lost something by stopping abroad. I couldn't exist," added the captain, twirling his moustache, "without a daily sight of that angel."

The viscount yawned. He knew, of old, Captain Stanley's propensity to go into heroics over "angels:" he went into them himself upon occasion. "Mrs. Stanley to be?" asked he, indifferently, by way of saying something.

"No such luck. She's married."

"Oh."

"By Jove! here she comes! She has turned back again. The green carriage and dark livery. I knew I saw it. Isn't she——"

"Take care of your horse," interrupted Lord Winchester; "there's another cab."

"Shoot the horse! Look at her."

An open barouche was approaching. One lady sat inside it. Lord Winchester caught sight of an exquisite toilette, and then, the point-lace

parasol being removed, of an exquisite face. A young face, looking younger, perhaps, than it really was; clearly cut, delicate features; cheeks of a rich damask; brown, glossy hair; and soft dark eyes of exceeding brightness.

"There's a picture for you!" murmured the enamoured Captain Stanley, letting his horse go as it would—to a spill if it liked; "and the face is nothing to when you come to talk to her. She has sent half London wild."

Off went his hat, for the bright eyes were smiling, and the fair head bowing to him. But off went Lord Winchester's also, for a brighter smile and a more familiar recognition—which seemed to have in it somewhat of surprise—greeted him.

"Hallon, Winchester! I say, that's too bad!" cried Captain Stanley, when they had passed. "You know her!"

"Before I knew you. She's Selina Dalrymple."

"Selina: yes, that is her Christian name; I saw it one day on her handkerchief. Where was the pull of your making such a mystery over it? Why couldn't you say that you knew her?"

"I made no mystery, my good fellow. I did not know it was Selina Dalrymple you were speaking of. Who has she married? What's her name?"

"*Married*! her name! What d'ye mean?"

"I thought you said she was married."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Captain Stanley, looking at the viscount. "You call her Selina Dalrymple, and then ask who she has married, and what her name is. Do you suppose she bears one name, and her husband another? That's not English fashion."

"What is his name?" imperturbably continued the viscount.

"Dalrymple. What should it be?"

"She has never married Oscar Dalrymple!" exclaimed Lord Winchester, in a roused tone. "Has she?"

"Her husband is the only Dalrymple I know of in the land of the living. A cold, dry, wizen-faced man. You are given to mystifying to-day, Winchester."

"Not at all. She was Miss Dalrymple. How was I to know she bore the same name now?"

"Miss Dalrymple, was she! Some relation to him?"

"A cousin; three or four times removed. So ho, Oscar Dalrymple! It's better to be born lucky than rich. Moat-Grange and its fairest flower! You did not bargain for that, once upon a time."

"*How* did you know her?"

"Oh, I have often seen her. They are neighbours of my Uncle Cleveland's. Where are the Dalrymples living in town?"

"May Fair. Only part of a house. They are not rich."

Mrs. Dalrymple's carriage had continued its course. It was now on its way to her dressmaker's, Madame Damereau. An enormous custom—clientèle, she always said—had Madame Damereau. Thoroughly well established was madame. Her house was handsome: its rooms a mixture of Parisian taste and English comfort, with their velvet-pile carpets, rich crimson furniture, brilliant mirrors, and ornamental objects of porcelain, all delicate landscape painting and burnished gold. Surely

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rooms, so elaborate in their fitting-up, were not needful to the house of a milliner and dressmaker? Needful or not, they were there. There was a spacious show-room, and a lounging-room, and a trying-on room, and an ante-room, with a handsome hall and a staircase leading to them, whence the cus——clientèle—caught vague snatches, through a painted window, of a paved court, and shrubs and plants. Madame Damereau was as fascinating, in her line, as Mrs. Dalrymple in hers: ask the ladies who were for ever paying her visits, and they would tell you that, once within reach of the fascinations of herself and her show-rooms, there they were contentedly fixed: there was no getting away, and there was no trying to. Madame's expenses were great, and she had feathered her nest pretty well: somebody paid for it. When madame's nest should be sufficiently well feathered—or what she would consider so—it was her intention to return to la belle France—pays chéri!—and quit England and its natives—les barbares!—for ever. Every thought of madame had reference to this enchanting finale: not a dress did she make, a bonnet sell, a mantle improvise, but the "sticking-on" (very strong where she could) bore the desirable end in view. There had been a Monsieur Damereau, once upon a time. He had something to do with the theatres, though not in the way of acting. But he grew too fond of English porter and of fingering madame's profits. Madame inveigled him into a journey to Paris with her; let him have his fling a little while, and one fatal morning the poor deluded man awoke to find that he and his wife were two: she had obtained a separation from him "de corps et de biens." Madame returned to England the same day, and what became of him she neither knew nor cared.

We have mentioned a mania that was riding over the gay world at this period, chiefly over the male portion of it, the admiration of Oscar Dalrymple's wife: we must now confess to another, which exclusively touched the female. A love for dress. A wild, rampant, not-to-be-controlled-within-any-limit love for extravagant dress. No fever yet known was like unto it; and Madame Damereau blessed it heartily, and petted it, and nursed it, and prayed—good Catholic that she was!—that it would never abate. Few had fallen into this last mania as had Mrs. Dalrymple. Bred up in the country, in simplicity and comparative seclusion, London and its attractions had burst upon her with irresistible power, dazzling her judgment, and taking captive her senses. The passion for dress—example is so contagious, rivalry so rife in the human heart—seized firm hold upon her: something like another passion had formerly seized upon, and destroyed, her unfortunate brother. Everybody must have a pursuit, a daily passion—if it may be so expressed; and if they do not have it, they are vapid and indifferent, and protest that the world is not worth living in. The pursuit may be worthy, or it may be unworthy; we don't touch upon that now, but it must be something. Selina Dalrymple found hers in the new rush after dress: what else had she to find it in? Not caring particularly for her husband (but this is only between ourselves, mind), no loved and intimate friends around her, no children, no cherished home occupations; nothing but the world's homage, in the ball-room, in the park, in the home visits. That homage soon grew very dear, and dress, in her vain heart, became of it a part and parcel.

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Her carriage stopped at the door of Madame Damereau. Other carriages, also stopping there, drew aside for it, and Mrs. Dalrymple descended. Rather tall, very elegant, her dress of delicate lilac silk, flounced to the waist, became her well, and her rich white lace mantle became that. The Damereau footman threw open the door for her, and she went up to the show-room. A lady in plain attire, but than which nothing could be more rich than the silk material, with a small cap on her head of costly lace, and flying costly streamers of the same, disengaged herself from a group, to whom she was talking, and came forward, bowing; such bows that only a Frenchwoman can achieve. It was Madame Damereau. A clever-looking woman, with a fair skin and smooth forehead.

What could she have the honour of doing to-day for Madame Dalreemp?"

Mrs. Dalrymple scarcely knew. She would walk round first, and see. Was there anything fresh?

The Frenchwoman put the tip of one of her white fingers (very white they were, and bore some valuable rings) upon the glove of her visitor, and then passed carelessly through the door to the next room. Selina understood the movement, and, stopping to look at a displayed article or two, in her way, as carelessly followed her. That was madame's pet way when she was bent upon sticking it on. Don't object to that phrase, reader: it's not mine: it is the one in expressive use with all the Madame Damereaus.

"Tenez—pardon, madame," quoth she, as soon as Selina joined her, and speaking in scraps of French and English, as was her custom: though she spoke both languages equally well, barring her accent of ours; which was more than could be said for the clientèle, taking them collectively, and hence, perhaps, the origin of her having acquired the habit, "I have got the rarest caisse of articles arrived from Paris this morning. Ah! qu'ils sont ravissants!"

"What are they?" cried Selina, with breathless interest.

"I have not shown them to anybody: I have kept them en cachette. I said to my assistants, 'You put that up, and don't let it be seen till Madame Dalreemp comes. Il-y-a une robe dedans—une robe—une robe!" impressively repeated madame, turning up the whites of her eyes—"ma chère dame, it could only have been made for you! Je l'ai dit de suite."

Selina's eyes sparkled. She thought herself the especial protégée of the Damereau establishment—as many another had thought before, and would again.

"Is it silk?" she inquired.

"No. Dentelle. Mais, quelle dentelle! Elle——"

"Madame," said one of the assistants, putting in her head and speaking in a low tone, "the countess wishes to see you before she leaves."

"I am with her ladyship in the moment. Madame Dalreemp, if you are not too hurried, if you can wait till some of these are gone, the caisse shall be brought out. I will not show it while they are here; I want you to have first view."

"I am in no hurry," replied Mrs. Dalrymple. "I have not been here for two days, so shall give myself time to look round."

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As Mrs. Dalrymple did, and to gossip also. Several ladies were present, whom she knew, so they were at no loss for conversation. Madame Damereau's collection of things, all "superbes" and "ravissants," would, of itself, supply that. Amongst others who came in was Mrs. Cleveland, Selina's old neighbour in the country.

"How beautiful!" suddenly uttered Selina, as they were walking round, and looking at the stock of displayed wares, some on stands ranged round the room, some on a large table in the middle, caps, bonnets, dresses, bodies, petticoats, mantles, sleeves, collars, flounces, jackets, ribbons, and sundries. The ladies moved from one sight to another, somewhat after the manner that country milkmaids, admitted to the wonders of a waxwork caravan, travel slowly through the sawdust, and cast their enraptured gaze aloft.

"What is beautiful?" asked Mrs. Cleveland. "That mantle?"

"Which mantle? That old dowdy black silk thing! I meant these sleeves. See, there's a collar to match."

"Yes, ma'am," interrupted one of the assistants, "we never had anything more beautiful in the house."

"What are they?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple.

The young woman—dressed in thick black silk and a gold chain, her hair arranged in the newest fashion, carried the sleeves to Madame Damereau.

"What am I to ask?" she said, in a low tone.

"Twelve guineas."

"It is for Mrs. Dalrymple."

"Oh—I thought it was Madame Cliv-land. Fifteen guineas."

"They are fifteen guineas, ma'am," said the young person, returning. "And dirt cheap."

"I inquired what description of lace it was," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Not the price."

"It is Venice point, ma'am. Real Venice point."

"I think I must have them," cried Mrs. Dalrymple. "Are they not tempting?"

"Not to me," laughed Mrs. Cleveland. "I have too many little pairs of live arms to provide for, to give that price for a pair of sleeves."

"Only fifteen guineas," remonstrated Selina. "And that includes the collar. I will take these sleeves," she added to the young woman.

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Those are pretty, that muslin pair."

"Very pretty, ma'am, for morning. Will you allow me to put these up with the others?"

"I don't mind. Yes. I saw Lord Winchester just now," Selina resumed to Mrs. Cleveland. "I did not know he had returned."

"Only since a day or two, I believe. My husband does not——"

"Oh, what a love of a bonnet!" unceremoniously interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, as her eye fell on a gossamer article, all white lace and beauty, with something green sparkling and shining in it.

"Ah," said madame, coming forward, "ce chapeau me rend triste chaque fois que je le vois."

"Pourquoi?" demanded Selina, who was not quite sure of her French, but liked to plunge into a word of it now and then.

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"Parce que je ne suis pas dame, jeune et belle. Ainsi je ne peux que le regarder de loin. Mais madame est l'une et l'autre."

Selina blushed and smiled: and fixed her eyes on the bonnet.

"It is a charming bonnet," observed Mrs. Cleveland. "What is the price?"

"Thirteen guineas, ma'am."

Thirteen guineas! Mrs. Cleveland pursed up her mouth. Such bonnets were not for her.

"It is high," observed Selina.

"High! Mesdames have surely not regarded it closely," interposed Madame Damereau. "These are emeralds. Look well, ma chère Madame Dalreemp. Emeralds. It is the very cheapest bonnet—for its real value—that I have shown this season."

"I think I will try it on," cried Selina.

Madame was not backward to follow the thought. In a twinkling, the bonnet was on Mrs. Dalrymple's head, and herself at the glass. Twitching the border and the flowers, twitching her own hair, she at length turned round with a radiant face, blushing in its conscious beauty, as she spoke to Mrs. Cleveland.

"Is it not a sweet bonnet?"

"If you do not take it, it will be a sin against yourself," interposed the bonnet's present owner. "You never looked so well in all your life, Madame Dalreemp. Your face does set off that bonnet as nobody else's would. I said so."

"I will take it," decided Selina. "What did you say it was? Fifteen guineas?"

"Thirteen, madame, only thirteen. Ah! but it is cheap!"

Mrs. Cleveland bought the mantle Selina had designated as dowdy, and a bonnet equally so. Selina told her they were.

"My dear, they are quiet, and will wear. I expect you afford twenty to my one: so you can have them brilliant and fragile."

"Look at this handkerchief!" uttered Selina. "I really think it matches the sleeves and collar I have bought. Yes it does. I must have that."

"That's a dear handkerchief, I know," cried Mrs. Cleveland. "What is it, Madame Damereau?"

"That—oh, but that's recherché, that is," said madame, in a rapture. "Nine guineas. Ah!"

"Send it home with the collar and things," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I am going," resumed Mrs. Cleveland. "I have bought all I came to buy, and it is of no use staying here to be tempted, unless one has a long purse."

"The truth is, one forgets whether the purse is long or short, in the midst of these enchanting things," observed Selina.

"I fear it is sometimes the case," was Mrs. Cleveland's reply. "Are you coming, my dear?"

"Not yet," answered Selina.

When Mrs. Cleveland and some others had departed, madame had the "caisse" brought out: that is to say, its contents. The caisse was taken for granted; the articles only appeared. The chief one, the lace dress, new from Paris, and secluded till that moment from covetous eyes, was

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of a species of lace that madame called Point d'Angleterre. Madame Damereau shook it out of its folds with tender solicitude, and displayed its temptations before Mrs. Dalrymple's enthralled eyes. Madame did not speak: she let the dress do its own work: her face spoke eloquently enough. Selina was sitting on one of the low crimson velvet ottomans, her parasol tracing unconscious figures on the carpet, and her own elegant silk dress spread out around her.

"Oh dear!" she ejaculated, withdrawing her enraptured gaze. "But I fear it is very dear."

"Never let madame talk about that," said the Frenchwoman. "It *is* high; but—look at it. One could not pick up such a dress, as that, in the kennel."

"How I should like it!"

"The moment we took this dress out of the caisse, I said to Miss Atkinson, who was helping me, 'That must be for Madame Dalreemp: there is no other lady who can do it justice.' Madame," she quickly added, as if an idea had just occurred to her, "fancy this robe, fine et belle, over a delicate pink glacé or a maize!"

"Or over white," suggested Selina.

"Or over white: Madame Dalreemp's taste is always correct. It would be a dress fit for a duchess, too elegant for many of them. Ma bonne dame, ne la laissez pas vous échapper, je vous en prie."

Madame called for some silks of different colours, and the lace was displayed upon them successively. Selina went into a fit of ecstasy when the peach-blossom colour was underneath.

"I must have it! What is the price?"

"Just one hundred guineas, neither more nor less; and to anybody but Madame Dalreemp I should say a hundred and twenty. But I know, when once she appears in this before the world, I shall have order upon order. It will be, 'Where did you get that dress, ma chère Madame Dalreemp?' and madame will answer, 'I got it at Damereau's;' and then they will come flocking to me. I can afford to let Madame Dalreemp have her things cheap."

"I don't know what to say," hesitated Selina. "A hundred guineas! it is very high. That last lace one I bought, three weeks ago, was only sixty."

"What was that lace one compared with this?" was madame's indignant rejoinder. "That was nothing but common Guipure. Look at what the ef-fect of this will be! Ah, madame, if you do not take it I shall not sleep; I shall be vexed to my heart. Milady Grey did come to me yesterday for a lace dress: I told milady I should have one in a week's time: I did not care for her to see it first, for she is shorter, and she does not set off the things well. I know she would give me one hundred and twenty for this, and glad to get it."

This was the climax. Lady Grey, a young and pretty woman, dressed as extravagantly as did Mrs. Dalrymple, and there was a hidden rivalry between the two. Madame Damereau scented it, and was not backward in playing each off as a decoy-duck to the other.

"If I do take it," said Selina, "I must have a slip of that peach glacé to wear under it."

"And charming it will look," observed madame.

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"But could I have them home by to-morrow night for Lady Barnham's party?"

"Certainly madame can."

"Very well then," concluded Selina. "Or—stop: would white look better under it, after all? I have ever so many white glacé slips."

Madame's opinion was that no colour, ever seen in the earth or in the air, could, or would, look as well as the peach. Milady Grey could not wear peach; she was too dark.

"Yes, I'll decide upon the peach-blossom," concluded Selina. "But that's not a good silk, is it?"

"Si. Mais si. C'est de la soie cuite."

"And that is all, I think, for to-day."

"What head-dress will Madame Dalreemp wear with this to-morrow night?"

"Ah! that's well thought of. It must be either white or peach."

"Or mixed. Cherchez la boîte, numéro deux," quietly added madame to an attendant.

Box, number two, was brought. And madame disentangled from its contents of flowers a beautiful wreath of peach-blossom and white, with crystallised leaves. "They came in only to-day," she said. Which was true.

"The very thing," cried Selina, in admiration. "Send that with the bonnet and sleeves to-day."

"Madame must wear amethysts with this toilette," suggested Madame Damereau.

"Amethysts! I have none."

"It is a great pity, that. They would look superbe."

"I was admiring a set of amethysts the other day," thought Selina, as she went down to her carriage. "I wish I could have them. I wonder whether they were very out-of-the-way in point of cost? I'll drive there, and ascertain. I have had a good many things there that Oscar does not know of."

She entered her carriage, ordering it to the jeweller's: and with her pretty face reposing amidst its lace and its flowers, and her point-lace parasol shading it, Mrs. Dalrymple, satisfied and happy, bowed right and left to the numerous admiring faces who met and bowed to her.

That same evening Madame Damereau, having dined and taken her coffee, proceeded to her usual business with her cashier, Mrs. Cooper. A reduced gentlewoman, who had tried the trade of governess till she was heart-sick, and thankfully left it for her present situation, where she had less to do and fifty guineas a year. Miss Atkinson and Miss Wells, the two show-room assistants, came in. It was necessary to give Mrs. Cooper a summary of the day's sale, that she might enter the different articles. They arrived, in due course, at the account of Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Dress of Point d'Angleterre," cried Madame Damereau. "One hundred guineas."

"Which dress is it that she has bought?" inquired Mrs. Cooper, looking up from her writing. She had learnt to take an interest in the sales and the customers.

"The one the baroness ordered for her daughter, and then would not have it when it came," explained madame. "I sent it to the Countess

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of Oak-tonne last night, when the baroness refused it, but it seems she did not keep it. She was in, yesterday morning, asking about a lace dress, but she never knows her own mind two hours together, that Milady Oak-tonne."

"It is a very nice dress," remarked Mrs. Cooper.

"It is a beauty," added Miss Atkinson. "And Lady Oakton need not have cried it down."

"Did she cry it down?" quickly asked madame.

"She said it was as dear as fire's hot."

"Par exemple!" uttered madame, with a flashing face. "Did she say that?"

"Yes, ma'am. So Roberts told me when he brought it back."

"She's the most insolent customer we have, that femme Oak-tonne!" exploded madame. "And pays the worst. The robe would have been cheap at the price I asked her."

"What price was that?" inquired Mrs. Cooper.

"Eighty guineas."

"Mrs. Dalrymple, lace robe, one hundred guineas," read Mrs. Cooper. "What else?"

"Making."

"It's not made yet, is it?"

"Oh, put it down at a round sum," commanded madame. "Making, two guineas. Peach glacé slip comes next."

"Peach glacé slip," wrote Mrs. Cooper. "The price, if you please."

"Put it down in round figures too. Ten guineas. She did not ask."

"I sold her those morning sleeves, with the little dots," interposed Miss Wells. "There was no price mentioned, ma'am."

"What were they marked?" asked madame.

"Fourteen and sixpence."

"Put them down at a guinea, Mrs. Cooper. Making peach glacé slip—let's see, no lining or trimming—say fourteen shillings. White point-lace bonnet, thirteen guineas. Sleeves and collar—what did I say for that, Miss Wells?"

"Fifteen guineas, ma'am; and the handkerchief nine."

"Sleeves, collar, and handkerchief of Venice point, twenty-four guineas," read Mrs. Cooper. "She must be rich, this Mrs. Dalrymple."

"Comme ça, for that," quoth madame.

"She has had for more than a thousand pounds in the last six weeks. I suppose you are sure of her, Madame Damereau? She is a new customer this season."

"I wish I was as sure of getting to Paris next year," responded madame. "Her husband has not long come into the estate. Their money's all right. These young brides will dress and have their fling, and let them, say I. These Dalreemps are friends of the Cliv-lands, which is quite sufficient passe-port. You can go on now to Madame Cliv-land, Mrs. Cooper: one black mantle, silk and lace, three pounds ten shillings, and one fancy straw bonnet, blue trimmings, three guineas."

"Is that all for Mrs. Cleveland?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "That's all. I would not give

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thank you for the custom of Madame Cliv-land; but they are well connected."

"There was Mrs. Dalrymple's wreath," interrupted Miss Atkinson, referring to a pencil list in her hand.

"Yes, I forgot," answered madame. "What were those wreaths invoiced to us at, Miss Wells? This is the first sold."

"Twenty-nine and sixpence each, ma'am."

"Peach-and-white crystallised wreath, Mrs. Cooper, if you please. Forty-nine shillings."

"Forty-nine shillings," concluded Mrs. Cooper, making the entry. "Is that all, then, for Mrs. Dalrymple?"

That was all. And a pretty good "all" too.

But Selina Dalrymple did not seem to think so. I tell you the mania was upon her.

One bright morning, about a fortnight afterwards, when the sun was shining brilliantly and the skies were blue, and the streets warm and dusty, she sat in the breakfast-room with her husband. The late meal was over, and Selina was drumming her pretty feet on the floor, and not looking the essence of good-humour. She wore a richly embroidered white dress with pink ribbons. Her delicate features and her damask cheeks were softened by a white lace—something—it was certainly not a cap. Mr. Dalrymple's eyes had rarely rested on a fairer woman, and his heart knew it too well.

"Selina, I asked you last night whether you intended to go to Lady Burnham's breakfast, at that rural villa of theirs. Of course if you go I will accompany you, but otherwise I have some business I should like to attend to on Thursday."

"I can't go," answered Selina. "I have nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear!"

"Nothing on earth."

"How *can* you say so?"

"I did think of ordering a suitable toilette for it, and was at Dame-reau's about it yesterday. But after what you said last night——"

Selina stopped, pouted, and looked half inclined to cry.

"My dear, what do you mean? what did I say? Only that you seemed, to me, never to appear in the same dress, whether at home or out; and I begged you to remember that our income was limited. You know, though it is nominally two thousand a year, out of that——"

"You said I changed my dresses four times a day, Oscar," she interrupted, cutting short his argument.

"Well. Don't you?"

"But everybody else does. Some, five times. You would not like me to come down in the morning and go to bed at night in the same dress, would you?"

"I suppose not. It's of no use asking me about dress, Selina. I scarcely know one gown from another. But it does strike me that you have a most extraordinary number of new things. Go out or come in when I will, there's sure to be the milliner's porter and basket at the door."

"Would you have me look an object?"

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"You never do look an object."

"Of course I don't. I guard against it. I'd give the world to go to this fête at the Burnhams'. Every soul will be there, but me."

"And why not you, if your heart is so set upon it? I think all such affairs a stupid bore: but that's nothing."

"Would you wish me to go there in a petticoat?"

"No, I suppose not. I tell you I am no judge of ladies' dress. I don't think I should know a petticoat from a gown. Those are gowns, are they not, hanging in rows round the walls in the rooms above, and covered up with sheets and tablecloths."

"Sheets and tablecloths! Oscar!"

"My dear, they look like it."

"Well—if they are gowns—there's not one I can wear."

"They are all new recently," said Mr. Dalrymple. "What's the matter with them?"

"There's not one I can wear," persisted his wife.

"It can't be the colour. For I'm sure there's a gown of every shade of every colour under the sun. What is it?"

"What is it!" repeated Mrs. Dalrymple, in quite a contemptuous tone, for she had no patience with such ignorance. "You ought to know what it is."

"My dear, I really don't. If you wish me to know, you must tell me."

"*I have worn them once*," angrily answered Mrs. Dalrymple. "And some twice, and some three times. And one——Oscar," she broke off, "you remember that lovely one, a sky blue, shot with white, *à disposition?*"

"What is '*à disposition?*'" interrupted he.

"Oh—a silk, flounced, and the flounces have some design upon them, embossed, or raised, sometimes of a different colour. That one dress I have worn five times. I have, Oscar. Five times!"

"I wear my coats fifty times five," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"The idea of my being seen at Lady Burnham's in a dress I have worn before!" uttered Selina, passing by his remark with the scorn it deserved. "No! I'd rather go in a petticoat, of the two evils, and hide my head for ever afterwards."

Mr. Dalrymple was puzzled. "Why could you not be seen, there or anywhere else, in a dress you have worn before?"

"Why couldn't I!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalrymple, in a tone of suppressed exasperation.

"Selina, I only ask to know."

"Because nobody else ever does."

"Then what becomes of all the new gowns?" inquired the wondering man.

"For goodness' sake don't keep on calling them 'gowns.'"

"Dresses, then. What becomes of them?"

"Oh—they do for the country. And under-robes, glacé slips, and that, we can wear again here, ever so many times, because they are not seen, only the colour showing through; or the little piece in front, if the upper dress is left flying, and that can be altered to look different by means of trimming."

She might as well have talked to him in madame's French, which was

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a sealed language to Oscar Dalrymple, for all the sense he could make of the speech. He looked perplexed. And she cross.

"You do not understand me."

"That I do not, Selina."

"It is not to be expected. A husband who *can*, and pushes his nose into his wife's toilette, is only fit for a man-milliner. I am not saying this at you, Oscar; I am saying you don't. We never worry our heads to interfere between you and your tailors, and pry into the shape and make of your waistcoats and buttons and things, and we do not expect to have it done by us."

"Selina, let your grievance come to an end. I do not like to hear this tone: it smatters of reproach towards me."

"Then you must retract what you said last night."

"My dear, I said nothing to hurt you. I did not mean to do so."

"It was as if you wanted me never to have another new dress again."

"Nay, Selina, you must have what dresses you want: with a due regard to the smallness of our income. You must not overlook that."

"Don't be foolish, Oscar. Do you fear I am going to ruin you? What's the cost of a few dresses? I *must* have one for this morning fête."

"My dear, have what you like: you are the best judge. Only bearing in mind what I have said: of course I can trust you to do that."

It never entered the long head of Oscar Dalrymple that his wife could go beyond a little imprudence in the matter. He had as much idea of the expense attendant upon an extravagant toilette as the man in the moon, and he did not seek to inform himself. Long-headed, cold, and cautious was he: never but upon one subject had he been warm in his whole life: and that was his love for Selina, when she was Miss Dalrymple. To say that he had loved her passionately, all the more passionately because it had been hidden, would not be saying enough: upon that one point he was a simpleton: his love fooled him to it. Unexpectedly he succeeded to the family estate, and then he spoke; and Selina, after some vacillation, married him. He was not yet disenchanted; and he never glanced at the possibility that his wife could bring on real embarrassment through extravagance.

"My dear, have what you like: you are the best judge."

The words were as the sweetest music in her ears. She sprang up, humming a scrap of a song.

"You dear, good Oscar! I knew you were never going to be an old griffin. I think I must have that lovely green and white gauze. It was the most magnificent dress. I was divided between that and a lemon-coloured damask. I'll have the gauze. And gauze dresses cost nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Next to nothing. Oh, Oscar, there's another thing. My presentation. I have gone on, and on, waiting for Lady Dalrymple to come to town, and now there are only two drawing-rooms more. Mrs. Cleveland goes to the next, and will present me. Shall she?"

"If you must be presented at all. I don't see any good in it, for my part. Your mother never was presented: and you only occupy the place she did, Selina."

"You are a Goth!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalrymple. "I declare it is quite

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disrespectful to her Majesty, to say you see no good in a drawing-room! It's as bad as treason."

"Not quite," answered Oscar, in his dry way. "I have little doubt her Majesty is glad enough when a drawing-room day is over. She would not miss you."

"I shall tell Mrs. Cleveland I go with her to the next," said Selina, disposing of the matter. "And order my court-dress to-day."

She flew up-stairs. It was early yet to appear at Madame Damereau's; custom had regulated a later hour. What cared Mrs. Dalrymple for custom, just then? What does any lady, young and vain, care for it, when a fête-dress and a court-dress are waiting to be decided on? She would go and have madame's ear all to herself, before others came to share it.

She pulled aside the "sheets and tablecloths," and glanced underneath. It was a goodly stock of dresses; but yet not all the stock: for the lace, and muslin, and flimsy gauze, and delicate white, and delicate pearl, and delicate pink, and delicate other shades, were reposing in drawers, out of sight, between folds of tissue paper. Barège and balzarine; satin, plain and figured; velvet; silk, plain, damask, flowered, shot, corded, and glacé; robes à disposition, and robes not; two-flounced robes, and three-flounced, and four-flounced, and double-skirted, and open; so many that the eye looked to their colours for relief. Beautiful colours: green, blue, pink, lilac, purple, grey; pearl, stone, violet, brown, amber, lemon; not a dress of every colour, but a dress of every shade of every colour. And yet—new, and rich, and elegant as they were, Mrs. Dalrymple could not go to the fête without a new one!

"I want a thousand things," cried Selina, when she reached Madame Damereau's. "Have you sold the green-and-white gauze dress?"

No, was madame's answer, she had kept it on purpose for Madame Dalreemp. Milady Oak-tonne had come in yesterday afternoon late, and wanted it, but she had told milady it was sold.

Selina took it all in. The fact was, madame had tried to persuade Milady Oakton into it, but milady was proof against the price. It was only seventeen guineas, and that included the fringe and trimmings. Selina had told her husband that gauze dresses cost nothing! She was too eager to ask the price now.

"I shall go in it to the breakfast on Thursday. What mantle can I wear?"

A momentous question. Mrs. Dalrymple and Madame Damereau ran over the mantles, scarfs, shawls, &c., possessed by the former, as many as they could recollect, and came to the conclusion that there was not one that would "go with it."

"I have a lace mantle," said madame—"ah! but it is recherché!—a real Brussels. If there is one dress in my house that it ought to go with, it is that green-and-white."

She brought it forward and exhibited it upon the dress. Very beautiful; of that there was no doubt. It was probably a beautiful price also.

"Twenty-five guineas."

"Oh my goodness—twenty-five guineas!" cried Selina. "But I'll take it. A breakfast fête does not come every day."

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"For a wonder—*for* a wonder—Selina had exhibited her white lace bonnet with the emeralds but twice, and came to the conclusion that that "would do." Not that she hesitated at buying another, but that it was so suitable to the green-and-white dress.

"And now for my court——Oh, stop; I think I must have a new parasol. My point-lace one is soiled, and I caught it in my bracelet the other day, and tore it a little. You had a beautiful point-lace parasol here yesterday. Let me see it."

"The one you were looking at yesterday will not do," cried madame. "It is lined with blue: Madame Dalrcmp knows that blue can never go with the green dress. I have got one parasol—ah, but it is the beauty!—a point-lace, lined with white. I will get it. It does surpass the other."

It did surpass the other, and in price also. Selina chose it. It was twenty guineas.

"And now about my court-dress. I am going to the next drawing-room. It must be all white, of course."

"*Je crois bien que oui*," answered madame. "As if a bride, with taste, would be presented in anything else!"

At this juncture who should come in but Mrs. Cleveland. "Your court-dress need not cost you very much," she said to Selina, "and it is nearly the end of the season. White is less expensive than anything else. For about fifteen pounds you may have one of elegant simplicity: always best for a presentation."

Madame Damereau turned up her nose, and Selina turned hers down: both in contempt of the advice. White silk was fixed upon; not very expensive in itself: but before its appurtenances were completed, its train, and its trimmings, and its lace (real Mechlin), and its ribbons, and its fripperies, and its head-dress, and its flowers, and its feathers, it had amounted to——not pounds, but scores.

Mrs. Dalrymple went to the breakfast, and she and her attire were lovely amidst the lovely. She went to the drawing-room, presented by the Honourable Mrs. Cleveland, and the admiration and envy she excited were great. Very satisfactory to her, no doubt; very gratifying to her heart, which was just then topsy-turvy with vanity. And so it went on to the end of the season, and her pleasurable course was never checked; it was a dazzling career of dress, vanity, and admiration.

When they were preparing to return to the Grange, and her maid was driven wild with perplexity as to the stowing away of so extensive a wardrobe, and conjecturing that the carriage down of it would alone come to "something," it occurred to Selina, as she sat watching, that the original cost would also come to "something." Some hundreds, she feared, now she came to see the whole collection in a mass.

"Of course I shan't let *him* see it," she soliloquised, alluding to her husband. "I'll get the bill from madame before I leave: and then there'll be no fear of its coming in to him at the Grange."

Mrs. Dalrymple asked for the bill, and madame, under protest that there was no hurry in the world, promised to send it in.

Selina was sitting in the drawing-room by twilight when it was delivered to her, enclosed in a large thick envelope, with an imposing red seal. She opened it somewhat eagerly. "What makes it such a bulk?"

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she exclaimed to herself. "Oh, she has detailed the things. I did not care about that." It was written in a business-like, but elegant hand, that of Mrs. Cooper: dates, details, all were there. But Selina could not see clearly in the evening gloom, and she struck a match and lighted the wax taper on her writing-table, anxious to look at the sum total.

"94*l*." she soliloquised, glancing at the bottom of the first page. "It must be a deal more than that: what does madame mean? Psha!" She found she was only looking at one item: the Venice point-lace for the decoration of a dress.

She held the taper to the bottom of the second page. "'Moire antique robe, lace, trimmings, and sapphire buttons, 125*l*.' Psha!" again exclaimed Selina.

With a rapid movement she turned the account over to the end, and gazed at the sum total; gazed at it, stared at it, and recoiled from it. Three thousand and odd pounds, odd shillings, and no pence! What the odd pounds were, whether one, or whether nine hundred and ninety-nine, she did not catch, in that moment of terror; the first grand sum of three thousand absorbed her eyes and her faculties. And there floated over her a confused consciousness of other bills to come in: one from the jeweller's, one for shawls, one for expensively-trimmed linen. There was one shawl, real India—but she dared not think of that. "Have I been mad?" she groaned.

It would be thought so. For she knew that if her husband settled all these, he would be for years a beggar on the face of the earth.

At that moment she heard his step, coming in from the dining-room, and turned sick. She crushed the bill and the envelope, both of stiff satin paper, in her right hand, and thrust them, in her terror, down the neck of her dress. Then she blew out the taper, and turned, with a burning brow and fevered frame, to the window again, and stood there looking out, but seeing nothing.

Oscar came up and put his arm round her, asking whether it was not time to have lights.

"Yes. Presently."

"What in the world have you got here?" cried he. "A ball?"

She pushed the "ball" higher up, and, shaking, murmured something about "some paper."

"What is the matter with you, Selina? You are trembling."

"The night air, perhaps," she managed to answer, in a tone that strove for calmness. "I feel chilly."

Yet it was a hot night. Mr. Dalrymple immediately began to close the window. He was a minute or two over it, for one of the cords was rough and did not go well. When he turned round again, his wife was gone: she had glided silently from the room.

Up the stairs and into her own chamber she had flown, and there down upon the carpet, in her remorse and agony, her hot brow prostrate on the floor.

"Disgrace and ruin!" she wailed forth, "what will become of me? Ruin, ruin, inevitable ruin! nothing but disgrace and ruin!"

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LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

A LITERARY DINNER.

During my stay in London, while the "Palace of Architecture" was going through the press, Mr. Fraser gave a dinner to certain of his friends and contributors to his magazine. Among the company were the late John Murray, the famed publisher, Dr. Maginn, Jerdan (then of the *Literary Gazette*), and Power, the matchless Irish comedian. I dare not trust my memory as to the others, but I believe some were there whose names are now well known to fame. One of the latter, who sat next myself, gave occasion for the more particular circumstance connected with the feast, which, as a matter of amusement, may be worth mentioning. The condition of the party, some time after the cloth was removed, may perhaps be sufficiently inferred by the simple statement that Mr. Power had left, to act at the Haymarket; and that, of the remainder, Messrs. Fraser, Jerdan, and one more, were sober.

My neighbour, however, was not among the latter; and the first symptoms of his extra-condition of mental elevation were shown by "sawing the air with his hands," to a greater extent than is admitted by *Hamlet* as necessary to the gesture even of an emphatic declaimer, and by the somewhat singular action of placing his doily on his head whenever he made a reply or remark, and taking it off when he was a listener! Mr. —— was engaged with Dr. Maginn in a somewhat maudlin conversation about a lady of that extensive family which rejoices in the distinguishing name of Smith, when my eccentric friend, putting his doily on his head, and slapping it down as if he intended it to remain there, volunteered the gratuitous exclamation, that "Mrs. Smith was no better than she should be." Dr. Maginn suggested that this was "a challenge to the Smithery at large, which should only come from a man who had a head like an anvil;" and Mr. ——, looking defiance at the offender, remarked, "I don't know, sir, who *your* Mrs. Smith may be, but if your Mrs. Smith be *mine* also, we differ very materially in the estimate of our mutual acquaintance." The doily, having been removed during this mild reply, was replaced with a repetition of the unaltered opinion that "Mrs. Smith was no better than she should be." "Well ——," said Maginn to his angering companion, "don't be savage, man. After all, why should *any* woman—Mrs. Smith, or even Mrs. —— herself—be 'better than she should be?'" The offender, however, was not in a state to carry on the argument. His last glass of whisky-and-water was somewhat stronger, and quaffed more hastily "than should be;" and he was obliged suddenly to disappear. The conversation then took a general character, creditable to the wits of the company, though, at this distance of time, I remember nothing with sufficient distinctness for accurate record, beyond the repetition of a reply said by the speaker to have been uttered by Lady Morgan, and which certainly associated with the *matériel* of the moment. Some one having eulogised the "spirit" of Moore's poetry, her ladyship answered, "Yes, truly: it is intellectualised whisky."

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Mr. —— continued to harp on the apparently derogatory allusion by the departed guest to Mrs. Smith; and felt the more, because it had been made by one whom it had been his intention to have called upon and hospitably noticed as a friend of Mr. Fraser's. He became so additionally amusing as the effects of the bottle worked upon his fancy, that, when we broke up, I affected to be bound in the same direction as himself, merely for the purpose of seeing him home. Having walked along till we came into Conduit-street, he reverted to Mrs. Smith and her calumniator; then stopping, and holding me by the lapel of my coat, he began: "Now, sir, I want your opinion. I've a great respect for James Fraser, and would wish to show every attention to his friends; but —do you conceive—that is—is it your opinion that I am obliged—even in common courtesy—to ask to my table any man who abuses my friend Mrs. Smith—to say nothing of a fellow who puts a doily upon his head, and uses such extravagant gesticulations as that—that Mr.—what d'ye call him?" A policeman, seeing the state of things, and making, it appeared to me, the most of his authority, came, however, civilly forward, saying, "Gentlemen, I must beg you to walk on." "My good man," replied the other, leaving me, and taking the officer by the button, "I'm merely asking this gentleman—as I ask *you*—whether I am bound to ask to my table any man who puts a doily on his head and employs gesticulary extravagance in defaming my friend Mrs. Smith?" "I beg your pardon, sir," rejoined the other, "but my orders is to require gentlemen, as is going anywhere at this time of night, to go on." "Well, my good friend," continued my companion, "but, I put it to *you*, as a man of propriety by virtue of your office, whether," &c. I need follow the matter no further. The police-officer, at my suggestion, relieved the inquirer from any further sense of a compulsory and distasteful courtesy towards the man of the doily, and I saw him to his door in Albemarle-street.

MY FOURTH (SLOW) MOVE.

My fourth move was not only slow, but somewhat downward; though the non-clerical of my old friends remained true, and many new ones enabled me to continue my average of 900*l*. a year to the income-tax assessors; so that the prophecy of the Dean of ——, and prognostics of Mr. ——, of Oxford, with the anathemas of many of the clergy, who knew nothing of me personally, were not absolutely ruinous. But legitimate causes for declension in speed and emolument were found in the participative operations of increasing rivalry and in the effect of *competition*.

The latter was a change in the order of things, brought about more largely than was intended by its first promoters. It was natural my rivals, young in years or in their advent to the town, should demand their chance in correction of a too marked monopoly; but when they exclaimed, with magnanimous *local* patriotism, "Throw it open!" they seem to have underrated the influx of competitors from other quarters! The first "open" opportunity was a prison for the borough: the result was the selection of a plan from an architect of Somersetshire! The next was a town-hall for the adjoining town: the Somerset architect was again successful. A public cemetery was projected. For this I had made a design on such a moderate and economical scale, that it might

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have been at once completed in all its parts; but the cry was still "throw it open," and the premium was awarded to an architect of Gloucestershire, who, having expended all the means at hand in the essential parts of the design, left unfinished the more decorative portion, which I presume had constituted the main reason for its selection. Designs for a new church and market-place were called for: the premiums were obtained by architects of London. The only instance of *local* success—up to the time of which I speak—was one in which the award of the appointed judge was set aside to make way for the appointed party!

I candidly believe, that if every opportunity afforded me by trusting confidence had been open to competition, I should never have obtained a single premium. At the same time, the reasonable *sufficiency* of my adopted designs, in the very moderate artistic pretension opportunity allowed, and in the mere general convenience economy permitted, has been usually acknowledged. The truth is, when an architect is preparing for competition, he is thinking much of the *ad captandum* features of his *design*: when preparing plans under immediate commission, he gives his care and ingenuity more to the utilitarian requirements of the *building*, and makes the exhibitory pictorial no more than modestly accordant with the means of outlay and the essential service of the structure. This alludes, of course, to structures of the ordinary moderate scale and character. When an edifice of national importance, or of great scale and cost, is to be erected, the fame and remuneration attendant on success are well worth the hazard of time and industry. Even the exhibition of the rejected designs may greatly benefit the authors. They may fail with honour; and if only especially mentioned, the mention goes forth to the world. Unconstrained by economic necessity, their artistic conceptions may be indulged. The contest, in the first instance, may not immediately refer to the building which is to be erected, but to a design which may justly occasion a decision as to the architect who shall be employed. The aim of the competitors being higher than mere pecuniary gain, and their judges, in such a case, being at least the best that can be had, they are content to believe that he, who has obtained the first premium for his *trial* design, has exhibited an ability coincident with the magnitude of the occasion; and, whatever form the great structure, as erected, may finally assume, no question will arise on any wrong done to the other competitors by its variation from the probationary plan. But in respect to the ordinary building, public or private, in which is required a maximum of accommodation at a minimum cost, it were more fair and considerate to engage some one competent architect to make several designs, from which a final plan of compromising satisfaction may be formed, than to obtain a number of plans from as many architects, the selected one of whom (by incompetent judgment most likely) may be ultimately so called upon to reduce and vary his design, that it becomes no longer what it was, and perhaps not so good as others might have been if altered to the same amount.

At this time, some of the better of my poor works were executed, viz., the Post-office at Devonport, the Plymouth Cottonian Library, and the interior of the Plymouth Mechanics' Institute. In the two latter, I was obliged to interfere with previously existing buildings designed by my predecessor Foulston, and no one can regret more than I do the

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necessity which compelled even the substitution of the best of mine for anything of his. The construction of the Cottonian Library enforced the destruction of the front part of the Town Library, in which Foulston had shown his usual taste by a modified version of the monument of Thrasyllus at Athens; and I had only to hope the more ornate character of my building, as a piece of pictorial street architecture, would reconcile the general eye to the loss of its former object.

The peculiar form of the new Lecture-hall of the Mechanics' Institute would never have been allowed, had not the awkward shape of the ground compelled its adoption; and to this accident—noway affecting my own credit—the members are indebted for a room which, for hearing and seeing the lecturer, is admitted to be excellent. The room is two squares in length. From the points where they unite, the sides of one of the squares (instead of being parallel, or continuous with those of the other) converge towards the end, aud finish with an alcove. The lecturer, in this alcove, has his audience entirely *before* him, and his voice radiates only within the divergent confines of so much space as may be occupied without disadvantage to *any* of the sitters in front of him. He has no *lateral* sitters to strain their necks in looking *across*, instead of directly *at* him; and the great advantage of this, in all cases where drawings or diagrams are employed, must be obvious. While the Devonport Post-office and Plymouth Mechanics' Institute were erecting, two of my pupils (Mr. Arthur and Mr. Norman) were winning their laurels by respectively building the Post-office at Plymouth and Mechanics' Institute at Devonport. *Floreant!*

I now retained, very properly, but a small share in the miscellaneous works of the towns, and could have been content with less, had my peers and professional pupils been my only successful rivals; but, when ranges of street buildings and large shops were to be seen rising under the superintendence of carpenters and others, whose native powers had exempted them from all the cost and toiling study of professional apprenticeship,—when, in short, there were such marked evidences to the truth that "genius may be independent of all educational aid, and that it is, in fact, manifested by a contempt for any pretensions founded on a long course of study," it became evident that I was, from the first, innocent of all genius,—that I had been formerly imposed upon as a believing pupil,—that I had since imposed upon nine fathers and sons, as a professing teacher,—that my lectures were all a sham—my writings a flam—and that the only consolation attending this wholesome state of humiliation was the thought that, before my deficiency and deception were discovered, I had "feathered my nest."

They can but say, I *had* the crown:
They cannot call me *fool* as well as knave.

A reunion was at this time effected with one who had been my travelling companion in Italy some twenty-five years before, viz., Arthur Basset, Esq., of Watermouth, in North Devon. He told me, one sunny morning in the Coliseum, that if he outlived his father he should have some employment for me; and it so turned out that the job first promised was about the last work done. To balance, however, this re-

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vival of one friend, there was the loss of another, who had been kind in the extreme, and for whom I had professionally done much, with not less satisfaction to him than emolument to myself. He had consigned one more work to me. The design was highly approved, and the building completed. Some constructive defects in the joinery soon appeared. Other defects were suspected. A "report" was drawn up by a surveyor. It reflected on the builder's honesty and on my want of vigilance. My employer was gravely annoyed—his lady furious! The "report" was answered to the satisfaction of the steward of the gentleman, so far at least as to reduce the charge of dishonesty and neglect to a case of simple misfortune. Nevertheless, my old friends were friends no more; and had I been guilty to the full extent first supposed, I could not have suffered more severely than by the distress which the failure of explanation occasioned.

The vexations inseparable from my profession were now becoming too much for me, and ideas of retirement suggested themselves. Against the artistic pleasures of architectural practice there was such a set-off of large labour and troubles great and small, that I thought of acceding to a proposal more than once made, of taking a partner, and of shortly, for a "fair consideration," leaving him in sole possession. Some active and practically educated *new* man, with more nerve, enterprise, and enduring temperament than myself, would do well, where I (one of a former period) might, under the new order of things, do but indifferently. The total resignation of my business to such a man—not partaking of my "*ecclesio-phobia*"—might produce me from one to two thousand pounds. My pupils were fairly established, with connexions of their own. Some additional means were essential to my retirement, and I was now—"open to treat."

My old master in London, Mr. Lapidge, was one of the applicants on behalf of his son; but, it may well be asked, "What of my brother?" I have alluded to the impression I had that he would do better for himself than I could do for him. I believed he was steadily advancing as an engineer in London, and that he might be disinclined to resume the mere practice of a provincial architect; but at this very time intelligence reached me of certain severe trials of misfortune and sickness, which, with an honourable manliness, he had endeavoured to conceal! My resolve was instantly taken. Who, under these discovered circumstances, so fit as he to stand in my place? Architect and engineer, strong in mind, as evinced by his up-bearing under trial, and with none of my anti-diocesan antipathies, for we had often done brotherly battle on the subject. Down he came to Plymouth; and I need not say his old fellow-students gave him willing welcome. In truth, they were not more likely to be interfered with by him (perhaps less) than by such a new comer as might otherwise have been left in my position. The particular *one* of my pupils, whom I had more especially aided, might indeed regard him only as a rival *brother;* and I shall certainly never forget the way in which he received my first intimation of his old friend's arrival.

"Wightwick and Damant" was now the title of the firm. The junior took the labouring oar; and so we pulled along for some two years to

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the end of this chapter. He was engaged with me in the Cottonian Library and Mechanics' Institute.

And thus, my fourth "move" was drawing towards its close. A sense of having stayed out my time was strangely mingled with that of having only just reached the period when my stay were most desirable. But no: if I had obtained the experience that made me a "wiser," it had also made me a "sadder" man. I had lost my strength for doing, in learning to do. A vast amount of leisure had been expended in a vain endeavour to propound architectural principles to the elect of the Athenæum and the intelligent of the Mechanics' Institute; in a vain and fallacious effort to instil into the public generally a feeling for my art; and to win some recognition of the standing to which I had most presumptuously aspired, as the most industrious architectural teacher in my locality, and therefore as the most self-taught. I found that all my partial success was, as *Malvolio* says, "Fortune—nothing but fortune," and that my endeavours to deserve it had been failure—nothing but failure! To suppose otherwise would have been to accuse many of thoughtless neglect; and I chose rather to look the truth boldly in the face, and to impute the relaxation of their interest to that modified appreciation which left me to take my chance with others who were at least as good as I. They had, in short, "found me out," and it was time to decide on taking myself off.

Where should I go? Born in Wales (though not Welsh by blood), I thought of becoming a Welshman. The romantic scenery of Snowdonia had ever peculiar charms even to my Alpine experienced mind, so I conceived the felicity of living in a cottage at the foot of the sovereign Welsh mountain, and there continuing my existence till it might "fade in the music" of the Welsh harp. Away I sped on a reconnoitring expedition to Caernarvon; and a dispute, of about four pounds' value, with the landlord of a house that offered, with some rather unfavourable experiences of the feelings entertained by the Celt towards the Saxon, determined me to suspend my aspirations as a mountaineer.

I next treated for a house in Chester, on the old walls of which I had often trotted as a child, and on the level of whose famous race-course I had plucked daisies, with that innocent incipiency of radicalism which a Conservative might have sighed to behold; but stopping, on my travel homeward, with a friend at Clifton, my fickle heart became enamoured of the scenic beauties of that charming locality, and I returned to Plymouth with information for my wife that on the following Midsummer-day, quick approaching, I should become the occupant of No. 5, Seymour-place, Clifton, with a vote for the historically famed borough of the city of Bristol! Here, however, I was not destined to remain.

Some weeks were yet to intervene before the day of departure; and my Plymouth friends had therefore time to prepare themselves for the great *loss* they were about to experience. I could not, however, without emotions, which proved far more than I had anticipated, contemplate leaving the many whose regard I had secured by other than professional ties; and, on their part, more feeling than I had ventured to expect was evinced. A public *soirée* was given me by the Mechanics' Institute of Devonport; and a similar compliment would have been paid by that of Plymouth, had circumstances allowed it. Both of them presented me

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with farewell addresses, still more gratifying in their earnest cordiality than in the flattering terms wherein they were couched; and the Athenæum did not suffer its old servant to depart without a tribute more than worthy of him. Some thirty builders of the three towns subscribed to present me with the handsomest ornament of my drawing-room—a solid silver inkstand of much metal-value and exquisite design, bearing an inscription which I can, with delicacy, only simply refer to; while the resident chief engineer, the late A. H. Bampton, Esq., likewise gifted me with a present of similar material and beauty.

MY LAST MOVE, OR MOVE OFF.

MARVELLOUS are the advantages of the railroads! and, among them, is that afforded to the gigantic furniture van, which supersedes all the cost and trouble of wooden cases and private packing; enabling us to leave our old house, with all its contents, just as we have lived in it, and to have all things, in a few hours, or at most a day or two, redelivered to us in our new one.

On a fine summer's morning, a huge van was at the door of No. 3, Athenæum-terrace; and, before we had breakfasted, mirrors, pictures, prints, books, and bookshelves, had left the walls of our sitting-rooms bare of their furniture and ornaments, with nothing remaining but those melancholy dust-marks, sadly denoting the places which were to know their old *dependents* no more! Friends dropped in with their brief, but feeling, "farewells;" and, among them, were some of the truest: old servants, who had married from the house, and who now came, with their presents, and their tears more precious far. The wheeled chair arrived at the door, and its accustomed draughtsman (a veteran pensioner of the Marines) was ready to carry away for the last time a burden long and most willingly borne. My poor wife was in her seat, with a faithful maiden on one side and "master" on the other; and away we went, followed by my brother and his weeping wife, to the railroad station, departure side—to await only a few minutes the signal which was to "whistle us off." The unconcerned draught-demon, with its concentrated strength of many horses, was hoarsely uttering its boisterous impatience to be gone; and the last coming passengers were running through all sorts of wrong directions towards the right. "Now then!—any *more* passengers *going on?*" Some hand-shakes—some kisses—some broken words of farewell—some tearful looks of intense silence—a slamming of coach doors—a brief pause—the last ejaculation, "All right!"—one more door-slam—a *shrill blast!*—a move—slow—not so slow—quick—quicker—quicker *still*, and still quicker and more quick—till we are in speed—over the street bridge—between the banks of the cutting—over the road bridge—by the gaol—past the cemetery—through the tunnel—full speed! (without engine power, for it is down the incline)—Heavens, what a rate!—quicker yet!—the old abandoned station-house—estuary of the Plym—Saltram Woods—yes, Lord Morley's at home; flag flying—Plympton station—of which "Express" takes no more notice than an emperor of a toadstool—and Plymouth *was* a place, in which I had lived, loved, laboured, and flourished for near a quarter of a century!

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Here my life, as that of an architect, ends. It may hereafter appear what is to come of it, as that of gentleman, in Charles Lamb's condition of "retired leisure," when (to make one more use of an expression that ought hereafter to be *buried*) I am "dead and gone;" and when many experiences of a decidedly non-professional cast, and some singular *confessions*, may be left, to interest those who have been interested in me so far.

It was deemed something of a curiosity that a man should leave an established and remunerative professional position at an age something short of fifty; and it was, perhaps, thought a mark of no very grateful attachment to leave a place in which I had been befriended for so long a time; but I could not have lived composedly *retired* in the place wherein my passed striving activity was associated with every street, and where my architectural sensibilities must have been constantly excited without further opportunity for their expression. Several of my best and oldest friends were dead, or no longer living in the neighbourhood; and such a general change had come over the character of the place (I speak of *change*, not *deterioration*), that I felt myself becoming a stranger amid the new faces and things multiplying around me.

I am now in a kind of *Hades* state—an intermediate condition of being, between my architectural demise and my death in the grave. No longer am I subject to the mortification of finding all my *artistic* efforts forgotten in the failure of a chimney's draught, in the leakage of a leaded gutter, the offence of a sulky drain, or in the ever unconquerable difficulties of "warming and ventilation." I live now in a house wherein, sympathetically with its architect, and indulgently towards its builder, I patiently work out the purgatorial debt incurred by the misdeeds or short-comings of my professional days. I am constantly on the roof, puttying the slates or making good the plumbing; cleansing the drains of "the foul and perilous stuff" that impedes their free operation; shivering in cold corners, or smothering in hot ones; and working both at the bottom and the top of the chimney to induce the smoke to mingle with the clouds, instead of filling with its dun murkiness my living-rooms. Yet I take all this gladly and gratefully as a just retribution to all my offended patrons for my detected empyricism. The only architecture I now contemplate with self-satisfaction is that which hangs upon my walls. With picture my artistic desires began, with picture they conclude. He who leaves picture for palpable stone and mortar, is in the condition of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," who left contemplating the mere images of things for the things themselves. Her happiness was dependent on her remaining ever content to weave into her "magic web" the "shadows" of beauty which she saw reflected in a mirror; and "a curse was on her," should she turn from the mirror to grasp at the possession of the realities it imaged. But the romantic *semblance* of "bold Sir Launcelot" was too seducing. She left the loom to look upon the knight, in his *substance*;

> Out flew the web, and floated wide:
> The mirror crack'd from side to side;
> "The curse is come upon me," cried
> The Lady of Shalott!

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HOW IS INDIA TO BE GOVERNED?

BY HENRY TREMENHEERE, ESQ.

We had confidently believed, from certain semi-official announcements in the columns of the leading journal of the day, that the Queen's speech on the opening of the session would have announced, in clear and unequivocal language, the impending fall of the double government for India, and the consequent extinction of the East India Company. The document which is supposed to dimly reveal the ministerial future, and set forth the programme of the parliamentary year, disclosed, however, very little of the policy of the government on this vital and absorbing subject. It is now understood that considerable difference of opinion for some time existed in the cabinet on the form which was to be given to our future administration of India. A sufficient degree of unanimity appears to have been subsequently attained to enable the government to give formal notice to the Court of Directors of the intention of the ministry to bring in a bill for the extinction of their functions; but nothing more definite can be inferred from what has already been done, and it is questionable whether the administration is even yet agreed upon the principles of a measure which must, before long, excite very general discussion. The reconstruction of the Indian government will soon form the subject of earnest debate, and, doubtless, of practical legislation, and it is one that will tax to the utmost the patience and wisdom of parliament. Let it not, however, be forgotten, that while the British arms are employed in reasserting our supremacy in the plains and cities of Hindostan, a work of equal urgency and importance is to be done at home. We have to watch the development, sift the principles, and scrutinise the details of this forthcoming measure, which may be destined to work immense changes both in India and England—to prevent, by the exercise of free discussion, a scheme framed for the better government of our great dependency from becoming a mere bureaucratic institution, and to guard against such a deviation from a noble plan of political improvement as shall convert the intended erection into a colossal edifice of parliamentary jobbery and corruption. We propose, therefore, to consider the present position of the question; but we must, in the first place, briefly pass in review a few of the changes which the government of India has undergone, from our first connexion with it as simple traders until the final consolidation of its wide-spread and magnificent territories under the imperial sway or protection of Great Britain.

The East India Company is, or rather was, an anomaly without a parallel in the history of the world. It originated from subscriptions, trifling in amount, of a few private individuals. It gradually became a commercial body with gigantic resources, and by the force of unforeseen circumstances assumed the form of a sovereign power, while those by whom its affairs were directed continued, in their individual capacities, to be without power or political influence. This extraordinary commercial body was first formed in London in 1599. In the following year it

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obtained a charter from the Crown, and was formed into a corporation for fifteen years under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies." The clear profits of the trade were said to have reached, in a few years, from 100 to 200 per cent. In 1611 the Company obtained permission from the Mogul to establish factories on several parts of the coast of India, in consideration of a moderate export duty upon its shipments. The success of its commerce was so great, that its capital was from time to time augmented, and its exclusive privileges renewed, for which the state received due equivalents in the shape of large pecuniary payments and loans without interest, and many leading statesmen, it is believed, more direct advantages. A Duke of Leeds, who was charged in the reign of Charles II. with receiving five thousand pounds from the Company, was impeached by the House of Commons, and it is said that the prorogation of parliament, which occurred immediately afterwards, was caused by the tracing of the sum of ten thousand pounds to a much higher quarter.

In 1661 a new charter was granted to the Company, in which all its former privileges were confirmed, but with the portentous addition of a clause enabling it "to make peace or war with or against any prince and people not being Christian!" From that moment the East India Company was no longer merely a mercantile company, formed for the extension of British commerce; it more nearly resembled a delegation of the whole power and sovereignty of Great Britain sent into the East. It, in fact, ought from that time to be considered a subordinate sovereign power. The constitution of the Company thus began in commerce and ended in empire. "By possession of these great authorities," to quote the admirable summary of Burke, speaking in 1788, "the East India Company came to be what it is—a great empire carrying on subordinately a great commerce. It became that thing which was supposed by the Roman law irreconcilable to reason and propriety—*eundem negotiatorem et dominum:* the same power became the general trader; the same power became the supreme lord. In fact, the East India Company in Asia is a state in the disguise of a merchant."

Such was the Indian government for a long course of years, during which it carried on, simultaneously with its commerce, extensive wars, and subdued and annexed to its dominion some of the finest and most fertile provinces in Asia. These conquered territories, by a strange and indefensible policy, were long considered as a portion of the stock in trade of a commercial company, and were committed, with all their population and revenues, to the administration of a host of needy adventurers, who year after year left the shores of England, to return, after a short career of plunder, "laden with odium and riches," to enjoy the envied fruits of their oppression with very little disturbance from the governing classes of this country. At length, however, the notorious corruption of the Indian government, and the tyranny of its agents, aroused public attention, and towards the close of the last century the impeachment of Warren Hastings proved that the nation had been thoroughly awakened to a sense of its duties and responsibilities. Remedial measures were then first seriously thought of and discussed in parliament. The first great and comprehensive measure which resulted from this improved state of public feeling was the celebrated East India Bill of Mr. Fox. In 1783,

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that great statesman, burning with indignation at the unparalleled mass of iniquity which the investigations of a committee of the House of Commons had just brought to light, introduced, in a speech worthy of the subject and of himself, his plan for regulating the commercial concerns of the Company at home, and for the better government of their territories abroad. He proposed to supersede the two courts of proprietors and directors by vesting the whole of the territories, revenues, and commerce of India in seven commissioners, to be chosen by parliament, and they were to have the power of appointing and dismissing all persons in the service of the Company; nine assistant commissioners, being proprietors of India stock, were to be named by the legislature to assist in the details of commerce, and to be under the authority of the superior board. The soundness of the principle upon which Mr. Fox proceeded in bringing Indian affairs so directly under the control of parliament may well be questioned. The bill was vehemently opposed by the government of the day, and not receiving a very effectual support out of doors, was defeated in the House of Lords by a considerable majority, composed chiefly of peers who were personally subservient to the reigning monarch, to whom the great India Reform Bill was in the highest degree distasteful.

But public opinion was too powerful, even in those days, to be entirely disregarded, and Mr. Pitt having pledged himself to remedial measures, and having really at heart, we believe, the interest and happiness of India, brought forward, in the following year, his bill for the better administration of Indian affairs, and established the existing Board of Control. We conceive this measure, however objectionable Mr. Fox's may have been, to have been an unstatesmanlike effort to evade, rather than grapple with, the real difficulties of the question. The East India Company had been proved to be utterly corrupt and incorrigible; it had lost its capital over and over again. As a commercial body it was bankrupt, and on every principle of justice all political power should have been then taken from it, and its affairs "wound up." But Mr. Pitt, unprepared for the task of governing India from Downing-street, and bewildered by conflicting schemes and interests, found himself compelled to recommit the government of Hindostan to a company which had often managed with the grossest ignorance and ill-success even its own legitimate business. He continued the government of India in the Court of Directors, but he restrained their political action by a number of, as he thought, salutary regulations, and by a permanent Board of Control, composed chiefly of ministers high in the service of the Crown. The East India Company had, until then, been one of the most corrupt and destructive tyrannies that probably ever existed in the world. He allowed, however, to use Burke's figure, "the wolf to continue the guardian of the flock, but invented a curious sort of muzzle by which this protecting wolf should not be able to open his jaws above an inch or two at the utmost." This scheme of reconciling a direction nominally independent with an office substantially controlling was a machinery that could not of course work smoothly if both should affect activity and independence. One must of necessity become subordinate, and the Board of Control soon became supreme, and the direction sank into a merely subservient council; and thus, contrary to Mr. Pitt's wishes and anticipations, India was brought into immediate connexion with the Crown.

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In 1793 the British territories in India, together with the exclusive trade, were continued to the "Company" for twenty years. In 1814 the charter was again renewed for another twenty years; the trade was, however, opened, under certain restrictions, but the monopoly of the China trade and all the territorial revenues of India were continued until 1834. It was in this year that the East India Company, as a commercial body, may be said to have become, in fact, extinct, and from thenceforth it can only be said of it, "*stat magni nominis umbra.*" Its privileges were entirely abolished, but the government of India was continued in the Court of *Directors*—a practical anomaly of the most extraordinary kind, there being really no company to direct. The only reason that could be assigned for this arrangement was the difficulty of framing an entirely new government for India, and the supposed necessity of putting up with a temporary makeshift until greater attention could be bestowed on Indian affairs, or public opinion should demand a total change in the system. The capital of the defunct company was guaranteed a fixed rate of interest by the government, and a provision was made for paying it off at a stated period. It became, in short, virtually a government stock. The proprietors of this stock have therefore no more special interest in the affairs of India than in those of Canada or New Zealand, although the farce of a Court of Proprietors is still kept up, which is the ridicule of the well-informed, but the source of many absurd and mischievous delusions.

The elaborate parliamentary inquiries of 1852-3 resulted only in a trifling modification of the old system. After an investigation extending over two sessions and the examination of numberless witnesses, the united wisdom of the two Houses of Parliament was able to devise nothing more satisfactory than a trifling modification of the Board of Directors, by admitting the principle of government nomination to the extent of six members of that body, giving it thereby rather more the character of government council, and indicating, by an approach towards a correct system, the direction which future and more important changes would probably take.

Thus, by the last legislative arrangement for the government of India, the antiquated and obsolete system was almost entirely retained, a system not only theoretically absurd, but, we are convinced, practically mischievous, and such as no statesman would ever have originated, or could consistently retain one hour beyond the necessities which gave it existence. And one of the most censurable portions of the arrangement thus prolonged for another term of years, was that of retaining the fiction, or even assuming the reality, of an East India Company, by permitting periodical meetings of the proprietors of East India stock, and recognising their corporate action. The Court of Proprietors is even a greater fiction than the direction; nevertheless, a few pompous and insignificant individuals have been permitted to assemble half-yearly to propound their views and discuss the interests of an empire which they affect to take under *their* especial protection. This is, perhaps, the grossest error that has been committed. It has been the cause of those misconceptions which exist to a very great extent not only in this country but throughout Europe and Asia. Who does not frequently observe in the public prints of this country, as well as of France

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and Germany, allusions to "the Hon. the East India Company" as a still existing body, possessing territorial rights, and a political and commercial organisation? On the continent of Europe this misapprehension is very general, nor can we feel surprised at the mistake, when even public men of some repute in this country have been observed to labour under similar delusions. It was but the other day that a gentleman,* who' had for a considerable period a seat in the legislature, declared at a public meeting that it was unjust to permit the people of India to be ruled by a few commercial gentlemen, whose only object must necessarily be to obtain *the highest dividends* for their constituents! If a public man, living in the clear atmosphere of English political life, and with access to all the sources of correct information, can labour under such extraordinary misapprehensions, what sort of idea must be formed of the British government in the untutored mind of the Hindoo, or by the fierce and fanatical Mussulman? *They* never hear of any other power than that of the "*Company*." They regard it as the source of all authority. From it alone the governor-general receives, as they suppose, his commission, and to it he is responsible, and their highest conception of sovereign power must be a grasping and avaricious mercantile association draining India of its wealth to swell its enormous gains. What sort of allegiance could the people of India justly owe to such a government, and what attachment could a native soldiery entertain for a power supposed to maintain them out of the very spoils of their country? It is certainly not in human, far less in Indian, nature to venerate a power which it conceives as ruling not for the righteous purposes of protection and justice, but for its own selfish and mercenary ends.

Mr. Halliday, a gentleman who had filled very high offices in India, speaking in the presence of his employers, the Court of Directors, stated that the charter of 1833, giving a twenty years' lease to the East India Company, was considered by the natives of India as *farming them out*. "You used the expression," was one of the questions put to him by a director, "'farming the government;' do you believe the people of India think the government of India is farmed out to the Company in the same sense that the taxes were farmed at the period you allude to?" "They use precisely the same word in speaking of the renewal of the charter. They will talk with you as to the probability of the '*jarch*,' or farm, being renewed, and, as far as I know, they have no other term to express it."

Such is the conception very generally formed in the native mind of the nature of the English rule, and as long as such a misapprehension exists—and it cannot but exist while the phantom of the East India Company is permitted still to hover over the territories of India—so long will a spirit of hostility be engendered against England, and conspiracies organised to shake off the ignominious, although imaginary, yoke.†

"If," Mr. Halliday continued, "you were to change the system, and

* Mr. Miall.

† Even while we write, we observe in a respectable weekly journal (Jan. 9) the following extraordinary misstatement:—"To entrust the government of so vast an empire to a body of men *whose principal object is to increase their own gains*, certainly appears very unwise, unjust to the inhabitants of the country, and discreditable to a Christian nation."

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to govern India in the name of the Crown, you would enormously add to the reverence which the people of India would have for your government, and increase the stability of your empire."

It is impossible that this miserable political fiction, the source of so much misconception and, we doubt not, of such disastrous alienation of the native mind, can be permitted any longer to exist. The utter hollowness and rottenness of the whole system have been shown and recorded in our previous numbers. The time has arrived for it to be utterly condemned and cast aside as the relic of a past age and an exploded policy. The veil which has hitherto concealed the Crown from the eyes of the people of India must now be rent asunder, and the glorious symbol of British sovereignty revealed to the eyes of every inhabitant of our Indian dominions.

The precise form of administration must necessarily be a subject of great consideration. It is clearly essential that the functions of the Court of Directors should be utterly, and as speedily as possible, extinguished, and the Court of Proprietors abolished. We have no wish to deny the merits of some of the gentlemen now composing the direction, but their services may be secured to the government in a different form. The Board of Control must undergo the same dissolution as the little senate of Leadenhall-street.

A Council of State for Indian affairs, presided over by a cabinet minister, and composed of a limited number of persons most eminent for their Indian services, nominated by the Crown for a definite period, and their offices exempt from the fluctuations and uncertainty of political life, is, we conceive, the nearest approximation to a satisfactory government for India that we can hope to attain. India, to adopt Lord Macaulay's aphorism, "must be governed in India." A supreme council sitting in London could only define the general policy to be pursued in India, correct errors, reform abuses, and make satisfactory appointments. The proceedings of a council such as we have suggested would not be above the reach of public opinion, and all its measures would be subject to the free criticism of parliament. It might be a desirable arrangement to require the opinions of any members of the council who should dissent from the president to be recorded in the form of written protests or minutes, similar to the system adopted in the supreme council at Calcutta. The necessity of such formal and solemn assertions of opinion would check any tendency to minute and captious objection, and, in the event of any serious difficulty arising between the chief of the council and his subordinates, the detailed reasonings of all the members of the board would be preserved in a form easily presentable to parliament. We should desire to see this council elevated to the rank of a great, responsible, and dignified department. Let distinctions be conferred on its members corresponding to the importance of their functions. Let it be divided into committees for the more convenient transaction of business, and let each department be provided with its appropriate staff. On special occasions, or on stated days, the whole council would naturally assemble for deliberation, and the president would state the general views of the government, ask advice, and receive trustworthy and important information from those most competent to give it, and be prepared to advise his colleagues in the cabinet, and to either mature or modify his Indian policy in accordance with the judg-

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ment of able, disinterested, and enlightened men. The choice of the Crown should be strictly confined to those civil and military functionaries who have served a definite period in India, and the government may then be safely entrusted with their selection. Distinguished ability and success in Indian administration will establish irresistible claims to a seat at the India board. A considerable salary should be attached to the office, so as to make it an object of desire as well as of laudable ambition to eminent Indian statesmen. We anticipate the happiest effects from this future prospect upon the Anglo-Indian community, and public men, instead of looking forward to a degrading and often unsuccessful canvass for a seat in nominal direction, will carry with them throughout their Indian career the conviction that proved ability and distinguished services cannot fail to attract the notice of the home government, and to secure for them a reward of great dignity and importance. All parliamentary jobbing would necessarily be excluded by this arrangement, and the right men would be selected because no others would be eligible. Recommendations from the Governor-General or Viceroy of India, in whichever name the government may be carried on, should be allowed great weight. It might be expedient to give him the power of nominating one or more members of the board, and retired governors-general should be entitled, by virtue of their rank and services, to seats at the board.

It is a necessary condition of our parliamentary government that an Indian council should be presided over by a minister of the Crown, and be thus directly connected with the administration of the day. An elective or independent council for Indian affairs is an impossibility with our form of government. An *imperium in imperio* would be created of a most anomalous and dangerous description. The disadvantages of a frequent change in the presidentship of the council are obvious enough, but they are unavoidable. But the minister for Indian affairs would, we may assume, always be a statesman of the first rank, possessing the confidence of the cabinet, representing their views, and instructed to carry out their measures. For minute and accurate knowledge he must rely on his council, and to it may be safely entrusted the general administration of details. It may, however, be objected, that a council for Indian affairs would be found impracticable in its working, that its time would be occupied in constant discussion, to the obstruction of business and derangement of the machinery of government. We would give the President of the Indian Council a power of overruling the decisions of his colleagues in every instance, and he would, in the rare occurrence of a collision, be obliged to defend his policy in parliament. Nor do we discover any reason why an India board more than a cabinet, or any other council, should be exposed to the inconvenience of frequent differences of opinion; and we have never heard it objected to our government that a cabinet council is a focus of political dissension.

In framing a new government for India, any ministry must be prepared to encounter the old objection of a design to accumulate power in its own hands. The danger of vesting the patronage of India in the ministers of the Crown will of course be urged by political opponents, whether sitting on one side of the Speaker's chair or the other. Mr. Fox was assailed by a similar cry, although he proposed to rule India by a parliamentary commission. His reply was decisive. "If," he said, "the

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reform of the government of India is to be postponed until a scheme be devised against which ingenuity, ignorance, caprice, or faction shall not raise objections, the government will never be reformed at all." And a yet greater man* said, on the same occasion, "If we are not able to contrive some method of governing India *well* which will not of necessity become the means of governing Great Britain *ill*, a ground is laid for their eternal separation, but none for sacrificing the people of that country to our constitution." The system of open competition for civil and military appointments has already done much, and will do more, to check the abuses of patronage. Indian appointments may be largely distributed among our best public and private schools as prizes for merit; and the test of a rigid examination be in all cases enforced upon candidates nominated by the council, in the hands of which a large portion of the patronage may, we should hope, be safely lodged. An increase of the patronage of administration must, however, be accepted as one of the necessary conditions of parliamentary government. It is not an addition to the power of the Crown so much as an augmentation of the means of influence which must always be possessed by a minister. We must accept our free institutions with their necessary and inevitable drawbacks. The disadvantages of parliamentary government may be considerable; a certain amount of corruption must always be one of the greatest, but we look for its correction not to any impracticable abnegation of patronage, but to the increased and increasing power of public opinion, the free criticism of the press, and an improved tone of political morality among all orders and descriptions of public men.

It may be instructive, in the present transition state of our Indian government, to cast a retrospective glance upon the policy of other states, but more particularly that of Spain in the government of her distant dependencies. It may appear extraordinary to refer to that country in her state of decadence and degradation, but there was much in the colonial administration of Spain that is worthy of our attention. Making due allowance for the difference in the character of the two nations, they had much in common during certain periods of their history. The same spirit of enterprise, and the same indomitable perseverance, marked the Spanish as it did the English conquests. Both nations exhibited the same marked ascendancy over the subject races, and those races both possessed a very ancient civilisation. But it is to the policy of the Spanish government when it was under the necessity of constituting an administration for its colonial empire that we wish to direct attention. There is one peculiarity in the Spanish conception of government, as applied to its dependencies, that, in a most important particular, distinguishes it from our own. Zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith was with that country more than an ostensible motive for encouraging the spirit of enterprise and discovery in the New World. A missionary establishment was an institution of the state. The success in diffusing Christianity was great in proportion to the means employed, and if the benevolent intentions of the supreme government had not been counteracted by the iniquitous conduct of delegated power, the noble efforts of missionary enterprise would have been crowned with success, and a

* Mr. Burke.

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Pagan would perhaps have been converted into a Christian community. Widely different has been the policy of England towards her distant and idolatrous dependency. There the light of Christianity was for a long period studiously hidden from the native mind, or was seen, if at all, only as a thin veil thrown over the general profligacy. There never was even a pretence to any higher motive than mercantile gain in our original connexion with India, and a Christian missionary who had dared to set his foot in the land dedicated to the worship of Vishnu and Mammon was expelled with contumely from the soil. Here the policy of Spain stands out in bright contrast to that of England, for, however unsuccessful in results, and inapplicable as a precedent, her noble effort to christianise her subjects by imparting to them the light, such as it was, that she herself possessed, must for ever give her a claim to respect.

A fundamental maxim of the Spanish jurisprudence with respect to America was to consider whatever had been acquired there as vested in the Crown. That state never committed the preposterous mistake of perpetuating a gigantic monopoly, bartering its territorial rights for money to a company of merchants, and delegating to them the awful and almost incommunicable attributes of peace and war. The Spanish government became instantly, in fact as well as in theory, the absolute proprietors of whatever soil had been conquered by the arms of its adventurous subjects. The colonists who established infant settlements were entrusted with no privileges independent of their sovereign, or that could serve as a barrier against the power of the Crown.

When the conquests of Spain in America were completed, she divided her enormous territories into three distinct and independent viceroyalties, which may suggest a comparison with our three Indian presidencies. Each viceroy possessed almost regal prerogatives. The civil business of the various provinces and districts was committed to magistrates of various orders and denominations, and the administration of justice was entrusted to tribunals formed after the model of those of Spain and to judges of Spanish blood; and a power of appeal was given first to the viceroy, and in the last resort to the GREAT COUNCIL OF THE INDIES.

It is on the constitution and functions of this celebrated department of Spanish administration that we wish to briefly remark, as affording an example of the policy of a nation placed in circumstances somewhat analogous to our own. It was composed of the most eminent statesmen of the Spanish nation, well acquainted with the colonies, eminent for the purity of their characters, and illustrious for their public services. These men, celebrated even in the age of great characters, were selected by their sovereign to assist him in the arduous task of ruling his distant empire, and in them was vested the supreme government of all the Spanish dominions in America. The jurisdiction of the council extended to every department—ecclesiastical, civil, military, and commercial. All the laws and ordinances relative to the government and police of the colonies originated there, and required the approval of two-thirds of the members before they were issued in the name of the king. To it every person employed was made responsible, and every plan originated or suggested by the viceroys for improving the administration or police of their governments was submitted to its decision. "From the first institution of the Council of the Indies," says Robertson, "it has been the constant habit

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of the Catholic monarchs to maintain its authority and to make such additions from time to time, both to its power and splendour, as might render it formidable to all their subjects in the New World. Whatever degree of public order and virtue still remains in that country, where so many circumstances conspire to relax the former and to corrupt the latter, may be ascribed in a great measure to the wise regulations and vigilant inspection of this respectable tribunal."

A presiding and regulating council such as this, but constituted in the way that we have suggested, is, we conceive, the description of government adapted for our great East Indian dependency. The statesman to whom the great powers for ruling India are delegated must necessarily be supreme and irresponsible in India, his policy receiving only its general direction from the great council at Whitehall, and he should be aided by a local council appointed by the Crown. We believe it to be generally felt that the governor-general has been unduly restricted in his power of originating important measures for internal improvements. Much more, we know, would have been done for India but for the impolitic parsimony of the Court of Directors; and the governor-general, while he might enter into wars entailing the expenditure of millions, has been restricted from initiating any public improvements costing more than 5000*l.* a year. All works requiring a larger outlay have been referred to the home authorities. A governor-general and his council sitting at Calcutta must be far better judges of the immediate economical requirements of India than a body of gentlemen, however able, whether sitting in Leadenhall-street or Whitehall. An apprehension of future censure from the home council would, we doubt not, afford a sufficient guarantee against any reckless waste of the public money, or the origination of improvident undertakings. Any attempt to give a popular form or constitutional character to our government in India would, we need not add, be one of the worst of errors, and could result only in confusion.

Not the least remarkable of the many astonishing characteristics of the recent revolt has been the complete secrecy in which its origin and organisation are shrouded. The government, notwithstanding the tens of thousands of intelligent and educated natives in its pay and employment, and, without doubt, more or less cognisant of the gigantic conspiracy for the extinction of the British rule and race, never received from any official the slightest intimation of the approaching danger. The history of the world cannot furnish another instance of such complete and wide-spread treachery. A complete reorganisation of the police, revenue, and native judicial establishments would appear to be inevitable. No native can, we fear, for a long period, be trusted even in subordinate offices. Great reforms are called for in the general administration of justice throughout India. The multiplication of tedious written forms and the oppression of stamps are evils of great magnitude, and require speedy redress. A commission is now engaged in the labour of reforming the civil code, and much may be expected from it; therefore we entertain strong hopes of improvements in this direction. Brevity of process, rapidity of decision, and a restricted right of appeal, are the objects to be aimed at in this as in all other legal reforms.

Next in importance to the necessity of providing a competent council

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for the transaction of Indian business is the great question of the Indian debt. Now this debt represents the sums of money which have been spent for the two purposes of carrying on the Indian trade during the time that the Company was a commercial association, and of conquering the country. For the former of these objects we have spent a sum redeemable at twelve millions sterling, representing the capital of an extinct company, of which the imperial government has thought proper to guarantee the interest and provide for the repayment. The interest of this debt is charged upon the revenues and raised by the taxation of India. The people of India, therefore, are paying interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum upon a capital which the government has, with the grossest injustice, fixed as an incumbrance upon their country. The government of England has, moreover, charged upon the natives of India a debt of fifty millions sterling, incurred not in wars of defence but in wars of aggrandisement, and undertaken for carrying out its imperial policy. What can be said for the paternal character of the British government while such a blot as this remains conspicuous to the world? How do such acts differ in principle from the very worst proconsular exactions of the Roman Empire? We capitalise the money that we have spent in extending our empire, and to secure interest upon this we impose taxes upon India, which are remitted to England, and we send out collectors and an army to gather in these taxes for the relief of British finance. Until we have removed from ourselves the reproach of such injustice let us cease to proclaim our anxiety for the christianisation of India. Our hands are not clean; our conscience is not clear. Every rupee raised in India should, after providing the ordinary expenses of government, be expended for the benefit of India. We may then without hypocrisy, and in self-denying earnestness, address ourselves to the task of enlightening and converting the population which we rule.

When justice to India has been proclaimed and acted on as the basis of our future government, we may direct our thoughts to the relation in which we stand to our idolatrous fellow-subjects, and to the responsibilities of our position in reference to their religion. Our policy in this particular will probably, before long, undergo some modification. The task of governing India has hitherto been relegated to a clique of superannuated and often effete officials, with no views beyond the interests and exigencies of the hour. Nor has the legislature bestowed more than a passing thought on Indian affairs, because the public itself evinced a profound indifference to the subject. All this has now passed away, we believe, for ever, and the most fearful shock that the sensibilities of a nation ever received has recalled it to a sense of its duty. The religious question seems to have been more generally dwelt on than others, and the government will have at least to reconsider its policy on this momentous subject. A higher tone will be required to be taken both as regards Christianity and the popular superstitions. The degree of government interference will be a problem to solve of great difficulty and delicacy. It cannot, in this age, follow the example of Spain, and all modern theories of government are opposed to direct religious action by the state. It will be difficult to resist the popular demand for a government interposition, but it will be more perilous to yield to it. No government can, in the nineteenth century, undertake the propagation of

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religious truth without departing from its first principles; nor can the legislature, of this country at least, invest any religious body with an exclusive commission for the conversion of the heathen. A general support and encouragement of missionary enterprise appears to be all that can be reasonably expected from it. State assistance may, perhaps, be afforded to every religious denomination supporting a missionary establishment; more, we think, cannot be demanded. A strong sense of public duty and responsibility will probably show itself in a vast augmentation of the means of missionary labour, to bear, we trust, at no distant day, abundant fruit.

However great may have been the anomalies and shortcomings of the imperial government of India, the affairs of no country were ever administered by a more able class of public servants than those selected for ministerial offices in the East. The local administration of India has been distinguished by an amount of ability of which this nation may well be proud. Let us do justice, too, in the hour of its inevitable dissolution, to the merits and services even of the East India Company. If it perpetrated great crimes it performed great actions. It governed India with energy, and generally with success. It sent into the East, as the representatives of its power and the instruments of its will, some of the most extraordinary men that ever took upon themselves the direction of public affairs or wielded the terrible energies of war, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded often developed the characters of these men into heroic proportions. Whether their actions were always regulated by the principles of strict justice, may be unhappily questioned. The vigour of their policy, and possibly the necessities of their position, have undoubtedly, even of late years, tempted them to the commission or approval of acts both shocking to humanity and derogatory to a Christian people. We must here quote from a speech but recently delivered by Sir John Pakington at a provincial public meeting:

"After the victory should have been gained, let them bear in mind that their own hands were not clean; India had not been governed as it ought. It was only yesterday that he had submitted to the astonished eyes of a large party in a country house official proof that in collecting the revenues of India there had been practised in the name of England —he would not say by the authority, but, he feared, not without the knowledge of Englishmen—there had been practised tortures little less horrible than those which we now deplore."*

In conclusion, we have only to make a few remarks on the recent revolt in our great Indian Empire. It appears to be now accepted as a fact that it was the result of a vast Mahomedan conspiracy long organised, and having for its object the re-establishment of its ancient dominion. The Brahminical element in Indian society combined with the Mahomedan for one common purpose, namely, the extermination of the British race. The rapid progress which European civilisation has made of late has been viewed by the Brahmin, indeed, with more alarm than by the Mahomedan. The one may have been actuated by ambition, but the other was impelled by the instinct of self-preservation.

* Speech of Sir John Pakington at a meeting of the Worcestershire Agricultural Society, October 4, 1857.

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His traditional faith had received several severe shocks, some of its oldest customs had been authoritatively suppressed, and the diffusion of secular knowledge, an improved education, and an active press threatened to undermine the very basis of the religious edifice. Both races probably viewed the extension and consolidation of British power with dismay. The fears of both for the future must naturally have been great. The progress of railways and the mysterious electric wire aroused undefined apprehensions, and it must have appeared that the alien race had, indeed, resolved to establish itself permanently in the land. A conspiracy at such a crisis, among such a people, and for a common object, cannot be considered an unnatural, if it was an unexpected, event. Advantage was taken of a period of supposed weakness of the British government to bring it to maturity. The well-known spirit of insubordination existing in the Bengal army was an excellent instrument for revolt, and an unintentional shock given to its religious prejudices afforded the wished-for opportunity. Such we conceive to be the *rationale* of the Indian rebellion.

The great minister who personifies the good sense and practical earnestness, not less than the spirit, of the British people, will not, we are confident, neglect the great opportunity which now offers itself for remodelling the Indian government. He may accomplish that for which other statesmen, less favoured by circumstances, have toiled and striven in vain. Immortalised in European history, he may now earn an imperishable name in the future annals of India as the statesman who first conferred on that long-neglected country the blessing of a stable and uniform government. This great act of justice and policy will throw all his former services and diplomatic triumphs into the shade, and light up the evening of his life with all the "sunset glories" of a prolonged and brilliant career. His countrymen have unbounded confidence in his firmness and virtue, and he may rely upon their sympathy and support. He may rest assured that this great convulsion has been fraught with much instruction, and that it has taught many lessons which they are not likely to forget. It has taught us the folly of relying upon a native soldiery for the support of our dominion. It has taught us the necessity of a radical change in our whole system of government, and the propriety of an immediate assertion, throughout India, of the sovereignty of the British Crown. It has taught us the fatuity and wickedness of our former indifference to the interests of the vast territories committed to our care, and may it teach us, in the words of that great man to whose capacious mind the affairs of British India were almost as intimately present as those of his own country or parish, that "it is not a predilection for mean, sordid, home-bred cares that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the dilapidation into which a great empire must fall by mean reparations upon mighty ruins!"

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FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. SCROPE'S PLAN, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ON the skirts of a wide moor, far away in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was an estate which, from time immemorial, had formed part of the property of the Scrope family. During the first year of her marriage Mrs. Scrope had principally lived there, and it was at Scargill Hall—so the place was called—that Edith was born; but Mr. Scrope's health requiring a milder climate, he removed to the south of England, and after he died his widow seldom went to Yorkshire.

Except for the wild scenery in the midst of which it stood, Scargill Hall had little to recommend it as a place of residence. It was a gloomy, old-fashioned mansion, dating—at least a part of it which was turreted—from the period of the great contest between the houses of Scrope and Grosvenor for the right to bear the same arms. The chief scene of that famous feud was Cheshire, but wherever his property extended, the victor, Sir Richard Le Scrope, caused his triumph to be commemorated; and even at the time of Edith's birth, fragments of stained glass in the large staircase window still showed the blazon, "*Azure*, a bend *or*," which attested the defeat of Sir Richard's rival. Alterations, at long intervals, had been made in the original building, but no alteration had succeeded in converting the house into a comfortable dwelling. Mrs. Scrope's greatest objection to it, however, consisted in the extreme loneliness of the situation, the nearest town of any consequence being ten or twelve miles off, and nobody of her rank in life living within visiting distance. She soon, therefore, gave up the idea of living there at all, but as her pride would not suffer her to let her houses, Scargill Hall remained untenanted, a housekeeper and one or two inferior servants being its only occupants from one year's end to another. The estate was managed by an agent, who duly transmitted the rents, and there ended the interest which the owner took in the place.

But there is always a use for everything, and when the moment arrived, as she thought, for making it useful, Mrs. Scrope remembered Scargill Hall: in the solitude of that lonely abode Edith should learn what it was to oppose her mother's will.

Prompt in all her actions, Mrs. Scrope lost no time in carrying out her intentions, and as soon as she had ascertained that her instructions

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were understood, she bade Edith prepare to leave London. Two days were allowed for that purpose; on the third she was to set out. Edith offered no remonstrance, for she well knew how unavailing it would have proved, in the frame of mind in which her mother then was. The banishment which Mrs. Scrope considered as so severe a privation, would, of itself alone, have been a relief, for Edith felt that there can be no greater punishment than for those to meet who are estranged; but that banishment involved, if not an eternal separation from Walter Cobham, absence without the prospect of seeing him for many years to come. She feared even that it would be out of her power to redeem her promise of seeing him once more to say farewell, and with a sorrowful heart she wrote to tell him so. If they could not meet, she said, Walter must keep that letter as a token of her unalterable fidelity, but while she sent him her last adieu, she did not forget to name the route by which she was to travel, nor how she was to be accompanied.

With reference to the latter arrangement, Mrs. Scrope had decided on sending Edith to the north under the charge of Rachel Loring and Monsieur Perrotin. To make the poor teacher of languages wholly dependent, in the first instance, upon her bounty, Mrs. Scrope did not hurry herself to procure him pupils, assigning as her reason that scarcely any of her acquaintance were in town: in the mean time, she said, he might come to Grosvenor-street every day, an invitation which the simple-minded Frenchman accepted in the most thankful spirit, earnestly professing his desire to render his patroness any service she might require. His words were not thrown away upon Mrs. Scrope, and the first use she resolved to put him to was to act as her daughter's escort, since, trustworthiness apart, it was less in his power than in that of any other person to speak of her family affairs. Edith's health was made the pretext of the journey, and Mrs. Scrope arrogantly assumed that he would never think of inquiring if there were any other cause for it.

At a very early hour, then, on the morning appointed, with no leave-taking save a careless good-by from Agatha, who merely wished her a pleasant journey, Edith took her departure. At the last moment she turned to look for her mother, whom she had not yet seen. Mrs. Scrope was standing at her dressing-room window; her eyes were steadily directed to Edith, but no gleam of affection softened their expression, and with a full heart the desolate girl hastily stepped into the carriage, and, throwing herself back, gave way to her pent-up tears.

For the first half-hour the party travelled in complete silence, Edith absorbed in grief, and her companions too respectful to offer a syllable of remonstrance. Rachel Loring, who was of a very affectionate disposition, ventured, indeed, to take one of her young mistress's hands and hold it between her own, while Monsieur Perrotin, with a wistful look, and pondering over the cause of this more than common sorrow, sat watching for the opportunity of administering a few words of comfort.

By degrees Edith became more composed, and when they were fairly clear of the town, and the country opened out before them, the teacher gently addressed her, praising the freshness of the morning, admiring the beauty of the scenery, and cheerfully—though, perhaps, not very

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conscientiously—contrasting all he saw at the expense of all he had left behind, till he at length succeeded in distracting her attention from her own melancholy thoughts. Having achieved this object, the natural gaiety of his nation shone out, and as he conversed in English, out of compliment to Rachel Loring, a pretty, dark-eyed young woman, who understood no language but her own, his mistakes caused more than one smile as well on the part of Edith as on that of her maid, and then Monsieur Perrotin became "more happyful as nevare he had been before," and chattered away without intermission. Under this influence, and sustained, it might be, by some secret hope, Edith's spirits revived, and if she did not actually enjoy the journey, she bore it with apparent contentment.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty there were but one or two short lines of railway in all the kingdom, and the party travelled post in a private carriage, halting for the night at convenient distances. In this way four days were consumed in reaching York. After leaving that city, where they stayed rather longer than usual, Monsieur Perrotin, if he had been as suspicious as he was good-natured, might have observed a remarkable change in Edith. The calmness which had hitherto characterised her was now succeeded by extreme restlessness, her replies to Monsieur Perrotin's observations were wide of the mark, her colour went and came at the slightest sound of wheels or horses' feet, and, as if in spite of her endeavours to the contrary, she kept constantly looking out of the carriage window and then as quickly drawing back again. These were certainly tokens of expectation of one kind or other. Was it a nervous dread as she drew near her destination, or had Edith received some intelligence which affected the issue of her journey?

What was a secret to Monsieur Perrotin must be none to us. At York, Edith had found an answer at the post-office from Walter Cobham. It told her that his regiment was under orders for immediate embarkation; that within ten days from the time he wrote the transports were to sail, but that, having represented the most urgent private affairs, he had obtained leave of absence during the interval, and trusted to be able to overtake her within a few hours after the receipt of his letter and meet her at a given place. What else he said—what protestations of love, what joyous anticipations, what anxious doubts and fears—need not be repeated: Edith's throbbing heart responded to them all.

Unsuspicious as he was, and—up to that time—inexperienced in all that related to the tender passion, Monsieur Perrotin might yet have attributed something of Edith's preoccupation to the right cause, since he had been placed, to a certain extent, in the confidence of the lovers, only for one slight circumstance: a sensation, never felt by him before, had suddenly taken possession of his bosom. Politeness made him talk to Miss Scrope, but inclination fixed his eyes—and with his eyes, his thoughts—on Miss Scrope's pretty maid. Though Monsieur Perrotin had not the slightest pretension to good looks, no one would have called him a positively ugly man, the expression of his countenance being so amiable: but, even if ugliness had marked him for her own, it is a question whether that would have militated against his success. It is a mistake to suppose that women are always captivated—as men so generally are—by mere personal beauty. Attention to them, admiration of them

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—even though these demonstrations be only silently proffered—occupy the first place in their minds; if the lover is handsome into the bargain, so much the better, but when they have the man safe they easily dispense with personal attractions. On this account, Miss Rachel Loring did not look disdainfully—foreigner though he was—upon Monsieur Pascal Perrotin. He was a person of education; greatly superior to her in position; for aught she knew—indeed, as she supposed—he was a gentleman born; and in all these points of view was a conquest worth making. Added to which, he was extremely lively, good-tempered, and agreeable, and really—if he meant anything—a young woman, in service, might do worse. That he did mean something could hardly be doubted, or why did he look at her so constantly, why smile so tenderly whenever their glances met? This idea had found room to expand, for it was already three days old: it was conceived, if Rachel remembered rightly, on the morning after they left Grantham, when he helped her into the carriage, and had since grown till it reached its present conjectural shape. It was not long, however, before conjecture assumed the form of certainty.

According to the plan laid down by Mrs. Scrope, the journey was to have terminated on the fifth day after leaving London, but the detention at York—for which the Minster gave a fair pretext—made the accomplishment of this design impossible, and evening was beginning to close in when the travellers arrived at Catterick Bridge. Here Edith alleged personal fatigue and the lateness of the hour as a reason for going no further; and though Rachel Loring was well aware of what Mrs. Scrope's displeasure would have been had she known of any departure from her orders, she would not oppose her young mistress's wishes. After all, she thought, it could make no difference whether they got to Scargill that night or early on the following day: a letter to intimate their arrival would reach London no later.

Was Edith Scrope really fatigued? Did [illegible] apprehensive of travelling late, or was she influenced by any [illegible] other motive in choosing to rest at Catterick?

Had Monsieur Perrotin and Rachel [illegible] Loring been less occupied with each other, they might have more p[illegible] articularly noticed the Carlisle mail, as it passed them between York and [illegible] Boroughbridge; and in noticing the Carlisle mail their attention mig[illegible] ht have been attracted to one or two military-looking young men w[illegible] o sat outside. If Edith had quicker eyes than they on this occasion, it [illegible] must be ascribed to the fact that she had a greater interest in the m[illegible] tter than either Monsieur Perrotin or Rachel Loring.

At the period of whic[illegible] h this history treats, Catterick Bridge was celebrated for its inn—th[illegible] e prettiest and most comfortable, if not in all England, certainly o[illegible] n the great north road. But the charm of its situation, with its h[illegible] nging garden above the swift-dashing current of the romantic Swale—th[illegible] e comfort of its interior, so well provided against all a traveller's want[illegible] s—were nothing to Edith Scrope. The Catterick Bridge Inn had [illegible] been named by Walter Cobham as the place of rendezvous; it was [illegible] there that the lovers were to meet and part—perhaps for ever!

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The fatigue which Edith had already pleaded was her excuse for wishing to be left alone, and her maid was dismissed very soon to dine with Monsieur Perrotin. This arrangement was disagreeable to neither of the persons who were thus unreservedly brought into contact. "I shall see!" said Rachel to herself. "This shall be an opportunity," soliloquised the French teacher. And how did he improve that opportunity? Travel had only so far affected the appetites of both as to make them even sharper than usual; and Monsieur Perrotin, while he took very good care of himself, took still greater care of the charming *femme de chambre*. He pressed her with the choicest morsels, persuaded her to taste—yes, just to taste—a little more of the finest amber ale that ever was brewed—brighter far than the wine, which neither cared for; and, finally, when the repast was at an end, had no great difficulty in inducing the pretty Rachel to put on her bonnet and take a moonlight walk that quiet autumn evening.

There is no saying how far two persons may walk or how long they may linger beneath the moon's rays when their thoughts are in common; but certain it is that the walk taken by Monsieur Perrotin and Rachel Loring must either have led them very far, or have been very leisurely performed, for it was past ten o'clock when they returned to the inn. It is just possible that Rachel Loring may have felt a little confused at the significant smiles with which the landlord, landlady, chambermaid, barmaid, and boots, all greeted Monsieur Perrotin and herself on their entrance, and the awkward consciousness of having stayed out rather too late may have been the cause why she hurried off to bed without even wishing her companion good night. As for Monsieur Perrotin, he seemed to be still taking that moonlight walk, still dreaming of something excessively pleasant, for he neither exhibited confusion nor betrayed any out-of-the-way consciousness, but simply requested in his best English, which was all but Greek to the honest Yorkshire folks, that they would "knock him hard next day."

He was knocked harder than he desired, and in a fashion rather different from that which he had anticipated.

It was about six in the morning when a very agreeable dream which had visited Monsieur Perrotin was suddenly dissipated by the voice of her of whom he was dreaming.

"Musseer Pascal—Musseer Pascal—get up like a dear Musseer, and come and help me look! Whatever has happened to Miss Edith!"

"Comment donc!" cried the French teacher, springing up into that attitude which the Academicians of his country describe by the words "sur son séant"—"vot you say? Miss Edith! Is she indispose? Have she swallow de charcoal smoke?"

"Oh, charcoal nonsense! Do get up, Musseer, will you? I can't find Miss Edith nowhere! She hasn't"—here Rachel began to sob bitterly—"she hasn't been to her blessed bed all night! Oh, do make haste!"

And, in her despair, Rachel tried the handle of Monsieur Perrotin's door.

"Attendez, mon amie," he shouted—"attendez que je passe mon pantalon. Wait till I put my trouser upon me! Ah, ah—voilà!"

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At these words, half-dressed, but presentable, Monsieur Perrotin issued forth, eagerly demanding the meaning of all the outcry.

Rachel, as well as her sobs allowed her, explained that she had gone, according to custom, to call Miss Scrope, but receiving no answer after having knocked several times, she opened the door, which was neither locked nor bolted, and entered the room. To her surprise, she found it empty. At first she supposed her mistress might have got up early for a walk, but on looking closer she found the bed had not been slept in. Then her surprise became dismay, and how she got to Monsieur Perrotin's room she hardly knew.

The consternation of the French teacher at this intelligence equalled that of Rachel Loring. Had Miss Scrope been carried off by banditti? was the male suggestion. Had she made away with herself? was the feminine rejoinder. They both ran to the window which looked into the garden. There were no footmarks on the mould; no fluttering scarf or veil clung to the shrubs that overhung the river.

Unable to solve the mystery of Edith's disappearance, the only resource now left to her maid was to scream with all her might and endeavour to raise the house, for, singularly enough, none of the inmates had shown any signs of being disturbed at the noise already made.

Rachel's shrill summons, however, soon brought all the household upstairs.

"What was t' matter?" asked half a dozen voices, led off by the landlady.

"The matter!" cried Rachel; "matter enough! my young mistress has been spirited away in the night. Look here! She has never been to bed!"

And she tore aside the curtains as she spoke.

To her inexpressible astonishment, the landlady only smiled.

"Did you hear what I said?" screamed Rachel. "I tell you Miss Edith is gone. Where is she? Do any of you know?"

"Coom, coom," said the landlady, soothingly, "you munna tak' on so. I'll be bound for't t' young lady's safe."

"But where is she?" reiterated the disconsolate Rachel.

There was a pause of a few moments, during which everybody was silent. John Satterthwaite, the landlord, then stepped forward.

"No harm can coom on't now," he said; "thou mayst just as well know as not. T' young lady left while t' owd un and thee went to t' kirkyard last night. She was off a gay while afore thou coom back."

"Gone! Oh gracious! Where to?"

"Nobbut to t' blacksmith's, I think. There's a many travels along this road does t' same."

"The blacksmith's!" ejaculated Rachel; "what can you mean?"

"I mean," replied John Satterthwaite, "she's gone to t' Green to be married. They mun be there afore this!"

"And a bonnier lad for a husband," interposed Mrs. Satterthwaite, "no lass need wish for."

Rachel Loring was struck dumb with terror. The awful image of

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Mrs. Scrope rose at once before her. It was plain that Miss Edith had eloped.

While this brief colloquy was passing, Monsieur Perrotin had vainly strained his faculties to understand what was said, but the Yorkshire dialect proved a perfect stumbling-block. He was, moreover, sadly puzzled to account for the contrast between Rachel's anxiety and the cool indifference of the landlord and his wife, to whom Gretna Green marriages were things of almost daily experience. He turned to Rachel for an explanation.

She had, herself, to ask for more before she could reply.

At length she learnt all that was necessary for her to know. The Carlisle mail had changed horses at the inn about an hour before Miss Scrope's arrival. A handsome young man, who looked like an officer, had got down and ordered a bed, though, as John Satterthwaite said, with a grin, he did not sleep in it either. The handsome young man and the handsome young lady were afterwards seen walking in the garden, close to the river's edge. They were in conversation for upwards of an hour, and when they came back the officer ordered a pair of chaises—which, in Yorkshire vernacular, means four post-horses—and the postboys, Joe Murgatroyd and Geordy Tabentyre—the landlord knew *their* names—were told to take the road to Appleby, and where that led to nobody need be told.

For a few minutes Rachel Loring and Monsieur Perrotin—whom the same danger now united more firmly than before—held counsel together in private. The result of their deliberations was an order for horses to follow the fugitives—if not to prevent, at all events to learn, the worst.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE ADAGE WAS FIRST APPLIED.

It had cost Edith a hard struggle before she agreed to her lover's solicitation to fly with him and become his wife. She had even said farewell, and but for the adage which Walter's travelling friend, Captain Kilbryde, had more than once reminded him of during his journey on the top of the Carlisle mail, he might have turned away despairingly.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady'—remember that, my boy," were the captain's parting words as they separated at Catterick; and Walter did remember them at the critical moment, while still he lingered, clasping Edith's hand. His renewed entreaty was fatal to her resolve, and she yielded.

How they hurried away, while Monsieur Perrotin was explaining his own novel sensations to Rachel Loring, has already been told. Captain Kilbryde, their precursor by a few hours, had not been idle in the mean time, and when, early on the following morning, the lovers crossed the little river Sark, they found the Elliot of that ilk quite ready to perform his ministerial functions. The brief ceremony over, Walter and Edith returned to Carlisle, and there, at the altar of Saint Cuthbert, they were married according to the rites of the Church of England, the clergyman who united them being the Reverend Laurence Topcliffe, and the attest-

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ing witnesses Captain Hercules Kilbryde of the Rifles, and Peter Lightfoot, parish clerk.

Up to this point all had gone well, but what were their plans for the future?

To tell the truth, they had formed none. Walter Cobham, in urging Edith to marry, had only been guided by the impulses of his own heart and the advice of his regimental ally, a very warm-hearted but not very prudent counsellor.

Edith's first thought, after the marriage, was to write and tell her mother all the truth; but then came the recollection of Mrs. Scrope's fury at conduct that bore no comparison to the act which she had now committed. If Mrs. Scrope could drive her daughter from her sight for simply refusing to marry Lord Deepdale, what likelihood was there that she would be more placable when she found that future compliance was impossible? Edith had been courageous on one occasion, but it was under strong excitement: she had time now to reflect, and the more she reflected the more certain she felt that forgiveness would be sternly refused. Nor was this all: she feared lest her mother, whom she held in instinctive dread, should wreak her vengeance on her husband.

Here were reasons enough for pausing before Edith placed herself entirely in Mrs. Scrope's power, but there came others to support them.

It was chiefly to guard against the possibility of being forced into another marriage that Edith had consented to marry Walter at once. It had never been her intention to leave England precipitately, nor, however he might have wished it, had Walter made that a condition of their union. His present rank, the impossibility of taking her with him, or of providing for her suitably in his absence—all of which ought to have weighed with him before—were insuperable objections to such a scheme; and though hard to part, under any circumstances, it was wiser, they both believed, to separate for a time, in the hope of better days! Wiser! Ah, there is always great wisdom in the arrangements of lovers! Their foresight is, indeed, proverbial.

The conclusion, then, at which they mutually arrived, was to conceal their marriage. The actual fact was known only to those who were strangers to Edith's family. It was true that Edith's sudden disappearance must, in some way or other, be accounted for to Rachel Loring, and even to Monsieur Perrotin, but their fears, Walter suggested, would prove a safeguard in the first instance: they would soon discover which way Edith had gone; their first care would be to find her; and when found, Edith trusted that, at the very worst, she should be able to procure their secrecy. It was necessary, however, to ensure an early meeting with them, and the question arose how this was to be accomplished. They agreed to ask the opinion of Captain Kilbryde.

That gallant officer had already planned for the newly-married couple a nice little tour to the Lakes—the obvious accompaniment to a Gretna Marriage—the expense of which, with some other matters, it was his private purpose to defray; but when he heard that it was adviseable for them to remain in Carlisle, he at once undertook to watch for Rachel Loring and her companion. He made this offer—though he never said so—at some inconvenience to himself, having particular business of his

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own to transact in London, whither he meant to have returned when his duty, as "best man," was performed.

As soon, therefore, as breakfast was over, Captain Kilbryde left Edith and Walter to themselves, promising to give them the earliest information he should obtain. To serve his friends, the good-natured Irishman would have walked right on till he met the persons he sought, but having luckily ascertained before he set out that there were two roads into Carlisle from the south, by either of which a carriage might arrive, he established himself at the Green Dragon, a small inn, convenient—as he said—to the entrance to the town, where, between expectation and contemplation, he passed his time.

What his expectations were, Captain Kilbryde's presence at the Green Dragon sufficiently declared: his contemplations centred on the image of a very handsome girl whom he had danced with at the Tobercurry Hunt Ball about a twelvemonth before.

"Ah!" he soliloquised, with a melancholy shake of the head, "if we'd had such a place as this in Ireland, Honora O'Brien would this day have been Mrs. Captain Macbryde! Bad luck to the fellow that got her consent before I thought of asking it! Any how, Honora needn't have jumped at *him* for an offer! But to the devil with such thoughts! These people don't seem to be coming. If they were bound for Gretna on their own account they'd move a little faster!"

Captain Macbride was ignorant of the real state of the case. Those to whom he alluded moved as fast as they could, but destiny sometimes depends upon a linchpin.

We left Rachel Loring and Monsieur Perrotin in a state of the utmost anxiety posting towards Appleby, which, as all know who have travelled that way, lies on the high road to the spot sacred to love—and lucre. But within a few miles of Appleby a wheel came off, the carriage was upset, and the village blacksmith being absent at a "Russlin," the damage done was not repaired till very late, and Monsieur Perrotin being, besides, a good deal shaken, further progress was delayed till next morning.

Captain Kilbryde remained at his post all day; he did not even leave it when night came on, but having ordered such a dinner as the Green Dragon afforded—brought in, by the way, by an uncommonly pretty barmaid—he, in the most soldier-like manner, sacrificed himself to duty, and sent a note to Walter to tell him what had *not* happened. These dispositions made, and dinner over, the captain, who sat sipping his punch, indulged in a little more contemplation, the object of which—if we are absolutely compelled to mention it—was not Miss Honora O'Brien, but rather the rosy-cheeked Phillis—the pretty barmaid aforesaid—who, though she didn't understand his compliments—or said she didn't—had exhibited the greatest alacrity and good humour in waiting on him. If Captain Kilbryde heaved a sigh as he pulled on his nightcap when he betook himself to bed, it was not the forerunner of disagreeable dreams, but such as make sleep a delight and waking almost a regret. He got up, however, in excellent spirits, and finding that no "runaways" had entered the town during the night, planted himself at the door of the Green Dragon once more on the look-out.

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It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the self-appointed sentinel was beginning to feel hungry, when, with the Penrith road in full view, he espied a vehicle in the distance. There was a turnpike to get through—lovers had a good deal to pay in travelling north—and as it was close to the inn, Captain Kilbryde got there first. Walter Cobham had taken good care to point out Edith's carriage when the Carlisle mail passed it between York and Boroughbridge, and the captain saw it was the same. Monsieur Perrotin's remarkable features were also projected from the window, and they, with the sealskin *casquette* which surmounted them, were so unmistakably French, that to doubt that he beheld the Teacher of Languages was impossible. If any doubt had existed it was immediately removed by his address to the gatekeeper.

"Monsieur," he said, in his politest manner, "can you give to me the informations upon a très jolie demoiselle and some young man which I am searching?"

The man opened his eyes as wide as he could, but as he did not by that process arrive at the foreigner's meaning, he replied to the only fact which interested him.

"Yan and fourpence," he said, in a broad Cumbrian accent.

"The gentleman wants to know," said a female voice from the carriage, "if you have seen anything of my young mistress: oh, do tell."

"I see so mony yoong missuses," returned the gatekeeper with a grin, "I can't surely say which uv 'em be thine. What was she like?"

"Oh, very beautiful, with long brown hair in ringlets, dark blue eyes, and such a sweet smile——"

"All uv 'em smurks when they cums thro' my yat, there's nobbut a few that's swaymus; a lile few they! Maybe I have seen t' lass, maybe no. You mun ax dawnth' town." And he pointed towards Carlisle as he spoke.

"I think," said Captain Kilbryde, who had been listening to this colloquy—"I think I can relieve the lady's anxiety. You mane Miss Scrope and Mr. Cobham."

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed Rachel Loring, turning her face towards him.

"Mon Dieu!" murmured the amazed Monsieur Perrotin.

"Be kind enough to go at a walk, when you've paid the gate—quand vous avez payé la barrière, monsieur," explained the captain, proud of showing off his French, even in Cumberland—"allez doucement, and I'll tell you all you want to know. The fact is," he continued, addressing himself to Rachel, whose agreeable face—but no, the captain was not so inconstant as that, only, it was a way with him—"the fact is, Mr. and Mrs. Cobham are both here in Carlisle."

"Oh me! it *is* Mr. C. then!" cried Rachel—"I was sure of it all along. Mrs. C. too! Well, I never!"

"What you say, sare?" demanded Monsieur Perrotin. "Mon Dieu, comme ils vont vite ces jeunes gens! Are you sure they marry?"

"Bien sûr, monsieur. J'y étais comme témoin, moi qui vous parle! I was there myself—I, Captain Hercules Kilbryde."

This announcement was made with a sweeping flourish of the captain's hat, to which Monsieur Perrotin responded by doffing his sealskin.

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"But where are they, sir?" asked Rachel. "Pray take us to Miss Edith—Mrs. Cobham that is."

Captain Killwyde said he was on his way, now, to the hotel where she was staying; with permission he would get into the carriage and they could all drive up together.

From a whole day of utter forgetfulness to all that the world contained, except her husband, Edith was brought back by her faithful, affectionate Rachel, who with streaming eyes and broken voice rushed into her room, threw herself into her arms, and sobbed upon her shoulder.

"Oh, Miss Edith—Miss Edith—how could you!" said the girl, as soon as she could speak coherently. "If I'd walked after your coffin I couldn't have fretted worse than I've done ever since yesterday morning, when we first heard you was gone; and Musseer"—she added, with a slight hesitation—"Musseer Perrytin has been pretty nigh as bad as me. Oh, you don't mean to leave us again!"

"No," answered Edith, mournfully—"no, Rachel. I go with you to Scargill. But listen, Rachel. This paper is an extract from the register of the church of Saint Cuthbert, here in Carlisle. Read it; you will see that I am legally married. The time may come when your knowledge of the event may prove of importance. For the present, Walter and myself desire it to remain unknown. You must say so to Monsieur Perrotin. He will not betray us, Rachel?"

"Oh, no! that he won't, Miss Edith, I can answer for it. He——" Rachel stopped short in some confusion, but Edith did not notice it.

"We will all, then," said Edith, "throw a veil over what has happened till brighter days allow us to raise it. I have been happy, Rachel—oh, how happy! But all my happiness will soon be over, for Walter leaves me to-day to return to his regiment. There is no help for it. We have nothing left but hope!"

Rachel comforted her mistress as well as she could: all that a kind, warm heart could prompt her to say she uttered, and Edith felt she had a friend on whom she might depend.

And, indeed, she needed one, for what was the prospect before her? Separation from all she held dear—and a dark vista, with one figure threatening through the gloom: that figure her own mother!

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH HAS WON?

Autumn, with its bright but swiftly-fading beauty, had set in, and Edith was at Scargill Hall; Walter Cobham, with a heart as heavy as her own, was on the way to Canada; Monsieur Perrotin, charged with the weight of a perilous secret, had returned to London; and Rachel Loring, no less oppressed by the same knowledge, remained with her young mistress. No accident had revealed to Mrs. Scrope the delay which took place before the journey, as she designed it, was completed, and to all appearance her decree had been implicitly obeyed.

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Lord Deepdale's return from the Continent was not, however, so immediate as had been expected: he still lingered in Italy, assigning indisposition as the reason for his stay. At any other moment this delay would have chafed Mrs. Scrope, but under existing circumstances, she was well enough pleased at his continued absence, as it afforded more time for Edith's repentance.

"A winter at Scargill," she thought, "will bring her to her senses;" and—satisfied with this conclusion—Mrs. Scrope resumed her ambitious schemes, as if they ran no further risk of being thwarted, and, hasty in all things, began at the same time to occupy herself with a project of marriage for her youngest daughter. When she heard that Lord Deepdale was not likely to be in England just then, she went with Agatha to Brighton for the season, and from amongst the large circle of her wealthy and titled acquaintance soon fixed upon an eligible *parti*; but of this feature of Mrs. Scrope's domestic history we will speak presently.

Though not absolutely alone, Edith was left to many an hour of painful solitude. She had now full opportunity for considering the nature of the step which she had so rashly taken, but while haunted by an undefinable apprehension she saw not all its possible consequences. There must come a day, she feared, when she should have again to brave her mother's anger, for she knew how persistent she was in the prosecution of her plans, and of all the plans Mrs. Scrope had ever formed the marriage of Edith with Lord Deepdale was the one nearest her heart. Edith foresaw much misery to herself in the opposition which, henceforward, became an inevitable necessity no less than an act of inclination; but her foreboding went no further, and it was, perhaps, as well.

What, on the other hand, was Edith's consolation—for there is no sorrow without something to compensate? It was an object slight enough in itself—a mere sheet of paper—all of us have had such treasures, keeping them, sometimes, till they are out of date:—it was a letter from Walter, the only one she had received since her marriage. It was written when he was on the point of embarkation—indeed, there was a postscript added after he had gone on board the transport, the latest news being always the most precious in the eyes of lovers—and the pilot to whom it was entrusted conscientiously earned his guinea by posting it directly his boat retouched the shore. All that endearment could conceive or hope devise was contained in that letter, and not once, nor twice, nor twelve times a day, did Edith read it over: it was perpetually before her eyes, though not for the purpose of engrafting it on her memory: a single perusal had sufficed for that. But coming from him, and with no other memorial of her husband, Edith looked upon the letter as part of herself, and its resting-place was in her bosom, the bird of promise nestling in the ark.

Rather mistakenly, as it happened, Mrs. Scrope had placed Rachel Loring with her daughter more as a *surveillante* than an attendant, but at Scargill Hall she soon became her constant companion. The great secret of Edith's life was known to Rachel; to her she could unreservedly speak of Walter; with her picture a time of unexampled happiness. How that happiness was to be achieved was not very clearly laid down,

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but to cheat oneself thus is a delusion not altogether monopolised by the young and inexperienced.

On this speculative subject Rachel also had certain day-dreams, which, with the freedom inspired by kindness and confidence, she one day imparted to Edith. As may readily be supposed, they concerned Monsieur Perrotin, that moonlight walk at Catterick having borne fruit after its kind. When the Teacher of Languages should have realised enough by his profession to justify a double *ménage,* Rachel had agreed to assume his honoured name; but, she said, it must be a very long while yet before that could come to pass. Not so long, perhaps, Edith replied—for it should be her care, the moment she had it in her power, to reward Rachel's fidelity and affection. When Walter returned then both would be free!

If, then, Edith's present position were fairly weighed, she had sources of happiness, alike in hope and memory, which turned the scale in her favour. She was so newly a wife, and had seen so little of her husband, that separation from him was more a sentiment than a reality, and his absence—though it caused her deep sorrow—could not, of necessity, create that void which those experience, when parted, who have lived even for a few months together; it was a heavy grief to lose him, but Edith reckoned it a great gain to have him to lose; she was supported, moreover, by the earnest and oft-repeated assurance in his letter that he would return to claim her before a year was over. Her mother's unkindness was a constant pain, but what she had brought upon herself —deservedly or not—Edith believed she had strength to bear. She was not disquieted by the dark shadow that fell across her path at moments when her visions were brightest, but against this feeling she strove with all the energy of youthful hope, and not always without success.

With respect to her external life, she experienced none of the privations which Mrs. Scrope had anticipated. Solitude was no punishment to Edith at any time: it was less so now than ever, and the very loneliness of her place of abode had an inexpressible charm in her present state of mind. As no restriction had been placed on her personal movements, Edith was able to roam at will amid the wild but picturesque scenery by which she was surrounded; within doors there were books, and thus between exercise and reading her time was chiefly occupied, and the days went by—not cheerfully, for there were too many causes for regret, but less unhappily than might have been imagined.

Mrs. Scrope's communications with her daughter were very infrequent and always indirect, Rachel Loring being made the medium of them; but one day, towards the close of January, a letter arrived at Scargill Hall addressed to Edith.

It was in her mother's handwriting, and as she broke the seal the same old dread came over her with which she had been so often shadowed. Nor was she wrong in her presentiment of coming evil.

The letter, with no introductory word of endearment, ran as follows:

"I write to you sooner than I intended, circumstances having occurred the knowledge of which I prefer should be conveyed to you only by myself. Your sister Agatha, *who understands the duties of a daughter*

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towards her mother, has *freely and joyfully* accepted for her future husband *the person whom I have chosen.* I do not, however, intend that her marriage shall take place *before your own*, that is to say, until the middle or end of August; but *understand me*, Edith: I have not, in any way, delayed my purpose *on your account.* It has arisen *solely* from family considerations—partly owing to Agatha's age, partly because of the health of your cousin, Deepdale, which, he writes me word from Florence, where he now is, will not admit of his travelling earlier than the spring. You have by this time, I trust, repented of your *wicked and ungrateful conduct.* On receiving a *full and complete* avowal of contrition for the past, with *an unconditional promise of obedience in the matter of your marriage*, I may again receive you into the favour which you *so justly forfeited;* only *bear this in mind*—my forgiveness *depends entirely* on your *unqualified submission.* I expect an *immediate* reply. "M. S."

What sudden emotion was it that made Edith tremble so violently while these words were yet swimming before her eyes? Why did she rise so quickly and press her heart with convulsive effort? What was the meaning of the strange joy that gleamed for a moment in her eyes, to be instantly succeeded by a look of such blank despair? Why did she strive to hide her burning face? and why—when her hands dropped listlessly beside her—why was her face pale as the sculptor's marble?

That cold, unfeeling letter—every line of which she might have predicted—could scarcely have moved her so!

Neither had it: the cause was deeper far. The unknown fear was realised.

A new life, while she read, had stirred in Edith's bosom.

"Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed, God has decreed against my mother's will. Henceforth her desire is impossible."

But how was this startling truth to be revealed? Shut up by herself throughout that day, awake all night, Edith pondered over the words in which to tell her story. At length it shaped itself thus:

"I do ask your forgiveness," she wrote, "but I will not deceive you. Sooner than I supposed the hour has come for avowing all I have concealed. Mother, bear with me; be not merciless in your judgment, but listen to me. Had your severity been less on that fatal night of our dispute, all the consequences that followed might have been prevented. I now deplore the weakness which kept me from uttering the real motive of my refusal to marry my cousin. I was, even then, secretly engaged to another. You sent me from your presence without affording me a moment for confession. The step I afterwards took was not premeditated. Heaven is my witness that I had resolved to part with him of whom I have spoken. But it was otherwise ordained. What prayers I resisted you will not believe when I add that I resisted them in vain. Read on mother! Do not, in anger, destroy this witness to the truth! I am a wedded wife! Lawfully, honestly wedded! It is for this I ask your forgiveness: I ask it also for those who were about me, but who could not prevent the act, for it was accomplished without their know-

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ledge. Its subsequent concealment arose from the hope that it might remain a secret till your angry feeling had undergone a change. That hope was extinguished yesterday. For the sake of my own fair fame, for the sake of my unborn child, for the sake of my absent husband, I break the silence I should else have kept. Mother, mother, you will not turn away from your sorrowing Edith!

"One word more: this revelation would be incomplete if I left you in ignorance of my husband's name. It is Walter Cobham, a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, now in Canada: he is not unknown to you. He has only his profession to depend upon, but he is by *birth* and *education* a *gentleman*.

"E. C."

* * * * *

For ten days after this letter was sent Edith remained a prey to the most torturing suspense; no answer came from Mrs. Scrope, though even at that date, when the post was so much less rapid, there had been ample time for communicating twice over. On the eleventh morning, however, while Edith was at a window which commanded a very long avenue that led up to the Hall, she perceived a carriage approaching as fast as the horses could gallop. At once she guessed whom it brought, and again the instinctive terror returned, but with a great effort she overcame it, and steadily awaited the arrival of her mother. Mrs. Scrope was alone in the carriage, but two other persons, a man and a woman—strangers to Edith—sat outside, behind. The man was on foot to open the carriage directly it stopped, and Mrs. Scrope swiftly descended; so swiftly that in what seemed to Edith the same moment of time she heard her voice in the hall below.

"Which is my daughter's room?" she asked, and a gesture rather than speech must have replied, for her words had barely reached Edith's ear when her chamber-door was violently thrown open and her mother stood before her. An open letter was in her hand.

"Wretched girl!" she exclaimed, "is this a lie and a lure, or have you really dared to degrade yourself to the depths of infamy avowed in this precious scrawl?"

"Mother!" replied Edith, endeavouring to be calm, "infamy is a stranger to my name no less than to yours. Every syllable of that letter is true!"

"Enough!" said Mrs. Scrope, trembling with passion; "my course, then, is clear."

She turned towards the door, which was still open.

"Yates!" she called, "come here, with your wife!"

The man and woman whom Edith had noticed made their appearance immediately. Hard-featured, and of sullen aspect, the man square-built, the woman gaunt and strong, they might have passed for brother and sister.

"This," said Mrs. Scrope, pointing to her daughter—"this is the unfortunate person of whom you will have charge. She needs all your care She is as cunning as she is violent."

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"Who are these people?" cried Edith, rushing towards her mother.

Mrs. Scrope grasped her daughter's arm, and, leaning forward, hissed in her ear:

"YOUR KEEPERS!"

"My God!" exclaimed Edith, and fell senseless on the floor.

* * * * *

Five months went by—dark, cheerless, miserable. How Edith escaped the madness imputed to her is one of the inscrutabilities of human existence. Yates and his wife were skilled attendants, who knew how to better their instructions; their moral power was great, and so was their physical strength: each of these qualities was used in turn, and Edith became in their hands all that they chose to make her—except an absolute lunatic. Walter's letter was unaccountably lost: somebody must have taken it from her bosom! But Mrs. Yates had given her an admirable substitute—a newspaper. What is that paragraph which Edith has read till her eyes have become tearless—from which she rarely turns them?

"Total wreck of the transport *Fortune*, off the coast of Newfoundland—loss of a hundred and seventy officers and men of the Rifle Brigade."

Whether lost amid the besetting ice, or starved to death in the barren woods, the account did not say; but amongst the names of those who perished in the wreck was that of Lieutenant Walter Cobham!

* * * * *

Midsummer had come with all its leafy beauty, with all its joyous sunshine.

Mrs. Scrope was again on a solitary visit to Scargill Hall. She stood now, on the Baptist's night, beside her daughter's bed, watching eagerly. A low sigh might have been heard, and then—but not till then—a voice which said:

"*Take away that dead child!*"

The sigh was repeated, but so faintly, that she who listened for it was obliged to lay her face close to the sufferer's pillow.

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MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

In February, 1821, a poor Hebrew family, consisting of Samuel or Isaac Felix, the husband, Esther Haya, the wife, and a little girl of four years of age, called Sophia (which name she eventually changed for Sarah), were forced to delay their journey at a poor village in the canton of Argau, called Munf. Our readers need not look for it on the map or in the gazetteer; it is so small as to have been utterly neglected, and yet it was the birthplace of the greatest tragic actress France ever possessed. Here it was that the Felix family were delayed on their laborious progress from one fair to another, by an interesting event; and so soon as the young Elizabeth Rachel was born, she was added to the rest of the burden, the father growling at the additional weight, and little foreseeing the wondrous treasure he was taking his turn to carry. So they went on from fair to fair, from town to town, until they at last reached Lyons, where Madame Felix gained a step in the social hierarchy by being attached to the theatre as mender-in-chief of old dresses, while the father added to his scanty fortunes by giving lessons in German and elocution. In the mean time, a son had been added to the family, and the children were compelled, by the harsh law of poverty, to seek their own livelihood. Sophie, the future Sarah, visited the cafés, singing (malice adds, very much out of tune), while Eliza, the future Rachel, went round to collect the centimes, which were grudgingly bestowed. Still Papa Felix possessed all the pertinacity of his race, and obeyed a secret impulse which told him to seek his fortune in Paris. This he decided on doing in 1830; and so scanty were the family circumstances, that they were compelled to travel on foot, meeting their expenses by singing at the public-houses along the road. At Paris, however, it was much the same as at Lyons; the mother set up an establishment for second-hand clothes, while the children went about singing as before; whether the sun scorched or the rain drenched them, they were to one thing constant ever—they must take money home with them at night.

Although not generally admirers of the Hebrews, we are bound to give them credit for the admirable manner in which they assist their poorer brethren. Such was the case with Felix père; some of his co-religionists took compassion on the poor girls, and exerted their influence to procure them admission to the school of singing and declamation kept by a M. Choron, formerly director of the Opera. The old gentleman was an enthusiast, and welcomed recruits, no matter their social position. So long as he saw in them germs of talent, he devoted his own powers to the good cause, and was indefatigable in his researches after fine voices. A curious letter is quoted by H. Jules Lecomte in *Figaro*, the first portion being written by Choron, and suggesting to the parents that the two children should remain a little longer at his school before Felix père began to make a market of them. In his verdict on the two girls, Choron says, "Eliza (Rachel) will require a little more time, for she has a worse memory and works less than her sister, who is considerably more thoughtful, and understands with greater facility." The second portion of the letter, dated 30th of November, 1832, is probably the earliest autograph

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existing of the great tragédienne; we quote it in its entirety, preserving the peculiar orthography:

CHERS, CHERS PARENTS,—Il m'est *imposible* de vous exprimer toute la joie que j'ai *resentés* en recevant de vos nouvelles. Je commençais à craindre qu'il *arivé* quelque chose, car voilà longtemps que vous m'avez écrit; je me réjouis à l'idée que j'aurai bientôt le *bonheure* de vous voir et *montres* les progrès que j'ai *fait*. M. Choron est assez content de moi et a pour nous mille bontés. Je ne puis prouver toute ma reconnaissance qu'en cherchant à m'*apliquer* afin de toujours contenter M. Choron autant que je désire. Adieu, mes bons parents, recevez l'assurance de tout mon *resepect*. Votre fille soumise vous embrasse sans oublier mon petit frère Raphaël et ma sœur Rebec.

"ELISA."

But M. Choron soon detected that Eliza's nature was not adapted for the trammels of song, while he foresaw a great future for her as a tragedian. Hence he mentioned her to his friend Pagnon, who kept a school of declamation with a small theatre annexed, called the Théâtre Molière, in the Rue St. Martin. He soon discovered the latent talent in Rachel, and from M. J. de Lasalle we may be allowed to quote the following paragraph relating to her: "St. Aulaire entered my room one morning and spoke with extreme animation about a poor Jewish girl, whom he described to me as the essence of tragedy, and the only person capable of recalling the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our tragic repertory. It was Rachel for whom the professor demanded an audience, which I granted on the spot. Mademoiselle Mars, Samson, Desmousseaux, were the only persons present. Saint-Aulaire replied to the *débutante*, who was then very small; she had selected *Hermione* in 'Andromaque,' and *Marinette* in the 'Dépit Amoureux.' She commenced with the latter, in which she displayed no remarkable talent; but she had hardly finished in 'Andromaque' the ironical passage, the 'Adieu to Orestes,' than we uttered exclamations of surprise. For a very long period we had not heard the verses declaimed with so much precision or such energy. The audience over, Mademoiselle Mars embraced the young girl, who was quite moved by the success she had just achieved, and evinced great interest in her. Upon the remark that she was very short for the part of queens and great heroines, the characters she had decided on playing, Mars reminded us that Mademoiselle Maillard, the great tragic actress, was still shorter. 'Besides,' she added, 'it is a good fault; Rachel will grow.'"

M. Thiers granted the young *débutante* a gratification of 1200 francs, while Samson, the celebrated professor, undertook her tragic education. It was with great difficulty that Rachel could be induced to give up her predilection for comedy; but at length she was pronounced fit for managerial inspection, and her parents pressing to make money out of her, M. St. Aulaire invited Delestre-Poirson, director of the Gymnase, to come and hear the little Jewess. He was satisfied with her performance in "Eriphile," and engaged her at 3000 francs a year. His first care was to change her name of Eliza into Rachel, the learned Dr. Véron describing the circumstance thus: "M. Poirson said to her, 'That name of Eliza will not suit the bill at all. Have you no other?' 'My name is Elizabeth-Rachel.' 'Come, that is better. Rachel! that is a name which will be remembered, and which is not borne by everybody. Call yourself, in future, Rachel. The selection of a name is of more conse-

quence than you may imagine.'" But the *père aux écus* has forgotten that another circumstance decided Poirson on calling the young actress Rachel; Halévy's opera had brought the name into great vogue, and no manager would neglect such an opportunity of attracting popular attention. A wretched play, called "La Vendéenne," was written expressly for the young actress, and she made her first appearance in it on the 25th of April, 1837. But few of the critics recognised her marvellous power; in fact, the only favourable exception was Jules Janin, and he has not forgotten to plume himself on his discovery ever since. Here is his critique, taken from the *Journal des Débats*, May 1:

In this "Vendéenne," the authors not only desired to make a drama, but to produce at the same time a new-born child of the drama, a little girl, scarce fifteen years of age, named Rachel. This child, thank Heaven! is not a phenomenon, and she will never cause the world to consider her a prodigy. Rachel plays with a good deal of soul, heart, talent, and very little skill: she feels naturally the sentiment of the drama entrusted to her, and her intelligence suffices for her to understand it; she requires no advice or lessons. There is no effort, no exaggeration, no cries, or gestures; a great soberness in all the movements of her body and her face; nothing that resembles coquetry; but, on the contrary, something brusque, bold, even fierce in her gestures, carriage, and look. Such is Rachel. This child, who has the conscience of truth in the art, dresses herself with a scrupulous fidelity of costume: her voice is hoarse and veiled, like the voice of a child; her hands are red, like the hands of a child; her foot is like her hand, still slightly formed; she is not pretty, but she pleases. In a word, there is a great future in this young talent, and already there is a goodly crop of tears, of interest, and of emotion.

We dare say this is very fine criticism, but, in all humility, we venture to suggest it would have been more intelligible if less ornate. Still, we suppose that Janin is justly entitled to the merit of being the great Rachel discoverer. Unfortunately, the people could not be induced to look on the young actress with the same eye of enthusiasm: the piece was bad, the applause lukewarm, and Rachel was allowed gently to sink into oblivion, although we believe her salary continued to be paid. For a whole year she was not heard of in public; but during that period she was diligently studying her art under the tuition of Samson. A powerful Israelite interposed in her behalf; she was again heard at the Théâtre Français. M. Vedel cancelled her engagement with the Gymnase, and took her on to the establishment as *pensionnaire*, with a salary of 4000 francs a year. Her foot was now firmly planted on the ladder, and she never ceased her exertions till she had reached the summit. The company being aware that Mademoiselle Mars took considerable interest in the young actress, attended the rehearsals, a thing they were not in the habit of doing usually; and they had the sense to recognise her wondrous talent. Hence, before the young girl made her first public appearance, she had attained a certain degree of celebrity. On the 12th of June, 1838, the bills announced "Les Horaces," with Mademoiselle Rachel. And here we must make room for the second Christopher Columbus, Dr. Véron:

On a lovely summer evening, seeking shade and solitude (by looking carefully, everything may be found at Paris, even shade and solitude), I entered the Théâtre Français between eight and nine o'clock. There were four spectators

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in the stalls, I being the fifth. My eyes were attracted to the stage by a strange face, full of expression, with a prominent brow, a dark eye, full of fire; all this planted on a thin body, but possessing a certain elegance of posture, movement, and attitude. A sympathetic voice, of the most delightful diapason, and before all very intelligent, drew the attention of my distracted mind, which was more disposed for sloth than for admiration. This strange physiognomy, this eye full of fire, this thin body, this so intelligent voice—it was Mademoiselle Rachel; she was making her first appearance in *Camille* in "Les Horaces." The lively and profound impression made on me at the first glance by this young actress aroused in me confused reminiscences. By dint of interrogating my memory, I called to mind a singular young girl, playing the *Vendéenne* at the Gymnase. I also remembered a poor young girl, poorly clad, with clumsy shoes, who, on being asked in my presence, in the corridor of a theatre, what she was doing, replied, to my great amazement, in a high tragedy voice and most serious tone, "I am pursuing my studies." I found again in Mademoiselle Rachel the singular physiognomy of the Gymnase and the poor girl poorly clad. The young Rachel had astonished me; her talent impassioned me; I was obliged to lay hands as speedily as possible on my friend Merle, whose tastes and literary fancies I shared, to compel him to follow the *débuts* of her whom I already called my little prodigy. "This child," I said to him, "when the twelve or fifteen hundred men of talent who form public opinion in Paris have seen and heard her, will be the glory and fortune of the Comédie Française." In 1838 I had left the Opera; the talent and success of my actress became for me a fixed idea and business. Before bidding people good day, I asked them, "Have you seen her in 'Les Horaces,' in 'Andromaque?'" The greater number did not know of whom I was talking: I grew angry with them, and reproached their ignorance in strong language. The pleasures and joys of my summer were ensured; my emotions as *habitué* of the Théâtre Français were to take the place of the pleasures of the fields, the incidents and surprises of travels. During the whole month of June, during the whole month of July, but few people seemed to be converted to my new religion: whether Mademoiselle Rachel performed *Camille*, *Emilie*, or *Hermione*, the apostles of this new creed, of this new divinity, preached in the desert. From the month of August, despite the canicular heat, Rachel's performances were more closely followed. When the theatre appeared to me nearly filled, I wiped my brow, and, like the fly on the coach-wheel, I said to myself, with a satisfaction pushed almost to pride, "Mademoiselle Rachel and I will gain our cause with the public. Here are people possessed of common sense." At last, during the whole of October, the young actress played nine times, and the smallest receipt (*Monime*, in "Mithridate") amounted to 3669 fr. 90 c. The receipts exceeded 6000 fr. when she played *Hermione*; it was a complete victory and deafening triumph; Racine and Corneille lived again among us, as in the great age of Louis XIV.; a feverish popularity surrounded the young *tragédienne* and the old tragedy.

So great was the success attained by the young actress, that the sociétaires spontaneously decided on raising her salary from 4000 to 20,000 francs, or 8000 francs more than Ligier, Samson, or Monrose were receiving. A short time afterwards, though still so young and inexperienced, she was summoned to take her seat in their committee of administration, so utterly had Rachel subverted all the old prejudices connected with the principal French theatre, in which, hitherto, everything had been forced to give way to precedents and tradition. One of the earliest acts of revenge Rachel took on those who had contemned her talent, was so graceful that we cannot omit it here, although it is probably well known. M. Provost, of the Théâtre Français, to whom

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she had applied for dramatic instruction, had somewhat brutally repulsed her by telling her to go and sell bouquets. One evening, when the theatre was crowded to see *Hermione*, and bouquets were thrown by thousands to the actress, she amused herself, so soon as the curtain fell, by filling her Greek tunic with flowers; then, going to the actor who had given her such bad advice, and kneeling with admirable grace, she said, "I have followed your counsel, M. Provost: I am selling bouquets. Will you buy some from me?" We must make room here for an anecdote not so well known, serving to display the appreciation Mademoiselle Mars felt for the young actress. We quote from M. de Varenne, who had the story at first hand from an intimate friend of the great actress:

It was the day of Rachel's *début*, and she was about to perform *Camille*, in "Les Horaces." I met at the theatre Mademoiselle Mars, who said to me, "You are aware that there is a *début* to-day?" "Ah!" I remarked, "it seems there is nothing extraordinary about her." "On the contrary, according to competent judges, great things may be expected from her. At any rate, come with me and hear her." I accompanied her to her box. We were alone with a young man who stood behind her, and during the whole performance criticised the young actress in the hope, of course, of gratifying the elder one. When *Camille* appeared on the stage, Mademoiselle Mars followed her attentively; then, turning to me, she said, with a half nod and a sigh of hearty satisfaction, "She walks well!" Those acquainted with the theatre well know what praise was contained in these simple words, especially from the lips of Mars. *Sabine* addresses a few words to *Camille* at the moment when the latter appears on the stage. Mademoiselle Rachel had not yet opened her lips, when Mars turned to me again, and, regarding me with an air of personal triumph, said, "And she listens well!" Listening well is the height of art which few actors possess—an art as difficult, more difficult, perhaps, than that of speaking well. Mademoiselle Mars was too profoundly, too delicately artistic, not to seize with delight the slightest *nuances*. *Camille* spoke in her turn. She had scarcely uttered half a dozen lines when Mars exclaimed, with a satisfaction I shall never forget, and an indescribable feeling of relief, "Ah! she does not declaim: she speaks!" When the famous imprecation came—

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment . . . .
Rome, enfin, que je hais, parce qu'elle t'honore"—

instead of the classic elevation of voice, and those noisy outbursts of grief which carry away the audience and force applause, Mademoiselle Rachel, either through fatigue, calculation, or disdain of received traditions, uttered these words hoarsely, and with a concentrated feeling; so that the public, which expected something very different, did not applaud this consecrated passage. "Ah!" the young gentleman remarked, "she lacks strength." "But, sir," Mademoiselle Mars exclaimed, turning sharply to him, and as if stung to the quick, "surely you will allow her to recruit her strength. Are you fearful she will not grow older? She grows while performing, this young girl!" For my own part, though far from being ill-disposed to the young actress, I could not summon up such an amount of admiration, and was struck by Mademoiselle Mars's heat in this scene.

As Dr. Véron justly tells us, great names and great fortunes are often pleased to play the part of Mecænas to rising celebrity. Hence it grew the fashion to have the wild *Hermione* in company. She soon counted among her friends the greatest personages of Spain then residing in Paris, the Duchess of Berwick and Alba being the chief among them. The Countess Duchâtel insisted on Rachel dining with her constantly, while her husband the minister presented her with a rich library, con-

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taining the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature. In public places her presence was an event. When she appeared at the Chamber of Deputies she attracted all the assembly of sages, and even caused a species of distraction to the illustrious orators whom she came to study. The following passage contains more truth and feeling than we are wont to expect from the doctor:

What sense and good taste she must have required to support decently this abrupt transition from the most obscure misery to all the intoxications of success, to that happy character of the spoiled child of fortune, the great world, and the public. This society, which at a later date was destined to exaggerate her weaknesses and accuse her, without chariness, of unpardonable disorders, could find in her, at the dawn of her celebrity, virtues, a pure heart, a heart virgin to all evil sentiments, to all the violent passions, which she knew so well how to depict without experiencing them. The success which Mademoiselle Rachel obtained in the salons, the favour, full of tenderness, which she knew how to conquer among distinguished women, from people of talent and knowledge, can only be explained by the rare qualities—I do not say of the actress, but of a young girl who was spirituelle, amiable, and always mistress of herself.

By degrees Rachel extended her repertory. She played thus *Phèdre*, a character she comprehended admirably, after the fashion of Euripides and not of Racine, regarding herself rather as a victim to the vengeance of the gods than as a loving and culpable woman'; *Marie Stuart*, whom she succeeded in rendering touching and proud, melancholy and implacable, at once resigned and haughty, suppliant and superb, but always courageous, patient, and worthy. The pecuniary result of her extraordinary success was, however, as surprising as her great talent. It was estimated that she made an income of 400,000 francs, including her lucrative engagements at home and abroad. Her first appearance in England was in 1840, when she played her limited round of characters from Corneille and Racine. While in London she received several visits from the Duke of Wellington. Once, when complaining of her nerves, the illustrious veteran recommended her to employ some baths of *eau sale*. On Rachel naturally inquiring what degree of *saleté* would be necessary, the Duke condescended to an explanation, and Rachel then discovered that the Duke meant salt, not dirty, water. Many letters are extant from the great political actor to the great tragic queen. The most interesting we quote in the original:

Londres, ce 9 *Juliet*, 1842.

Le Maréchal Duc de Wellington présente ses hommages à Mademoiselle Rachel. Il a fait prévenir au théâtre qu'il désirait y retenir sa loge, *enfin* de pourvoir y assister à la réprésentation pour le *benfice* de Mademoiselle Rachel.

Il y assistera certainement, *si il* devient possible de s'absenter ce jour-là de l'assemblée du parlement *dont il est membre*.

Il regrettera beaucoup *si il* se trouve impossible ainsi d'avoir la satisfaction de la voir et l'entendre encore une fois avant son départ de Londres.

In 1844, Rachel returned for an instant to her first love: she performed the part of *Marinette* in the "Dépit Amoureux," on the occasion of her sister's benefit. On another occasion she played the part of *Célimène*, but with equal want of success, for in Rachel's hands a fan became a dagger. The first modern character she played was the *Catherine II.* of Hippolyte Romand. She was as charming in the

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train of green velvet as in the antique peplum; but the dress fitting tightly to her body made her look smaller, and spite of her queen-like gestures, she had not the amplitude of stature suited for a *Catherine*. In 1845 she performed the *Virginie* of M. Latour de St. Ybars, of which she made a delightful creation. In 1846 she performed in "Jeanne d'Arc," imitated from Scheller's "Maid of Orleans," but the attempt was not successful, although Rachel spoke of herself in that character as a Geneviève attired in the armour of Bradamante. A French critic accounts for her failure by stating that the unbending armour deprived her of her irresistible *serpentine* charm. In 1847 she performed *Agrippine* in "Britannicus." We believe she only assumed this character once, and in spite of her juvenile air, she performed it with considerable force. In the same year she represented *Athalie*, and was perfectly successful. In March, 1848, she played in the "Lucrèce" of Ponsard; but even her inimitable acting was not so much admired as her singing of the *Marseillaise*. The circumstance which led to her singing it is thus described by M. Lockroy:

One evening I was in Rachel's box, when she suddenly said: "I have dreamed of something extraordinary, which will draw all Paris. I will sing the *Marseillaise*." "But I did not know you could sing." "No matter, I will make a *mélopée* of it. You shall come and hear it to-night; there will be only three or four of you present." "Then I am to announce that Mademoiselle Rachel will sing the *Marseillaise* at the Théâtre Français?" "Certainly; don't you think it will bring in money at a period when the theatres are deserted?" "That depends; I must hear it first." In short, when the performance was over we assembled in the green-room. With her family collected around her, and the tricolor flag in her hand, she attacked the celebrated song which she had stealthily studied, verse by verse, note by note. All the world knows what she made of it! It was not singing, properly so called, but a recitation, in which the strength of accentuation and the power of expression supplied the want of melody. It made the hearers tremble and shudder. The success was as great as the conception was daring. The *Marseillaise* brought in as much money as an entire tragedy.

Soon after, Rachel peformed the two characters *Tullia* and *Lucrèce*, in Ponsard's tragedy, and her success suggested "Valeria," in which Rachel played the characters of *Valeria* and *Lysisca*, to the great scandal of those who deplored that her talents should be wasted on such unworthy subjects. But her greatest triumph in her modern repertory was *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which she performed with evident sympathy, the circumstances were so typical of her own life. It is unnecessary, however, to delay on all the characters Rachel created, as she progressed from one triumph to another. Let us hasten to the close of her career. The last European performance she gave was, curiously enough, on the boards of old Drury, on the 9th of August, 1855, on the occasion of a benefit performance on behalf of the Société Française de Secours. The next day she quitted Liverpool for New York, where she laid the foundation of that illness which led to her premature decease. She caught cold at an evening party given by M. Trévriand, editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*. She was lightly clad; the mistress of the house lent her a pelisse, but Mademoiselle Rachel returned to her lodgings hoarse, and from that moment never ceased to cough. At Charleston she played for the last time in her life, and her last part was that of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

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She then spent some weeks in Havannah, hoping that the climate would cause some improvement in her health, and returned to Paris in February, 1856, in a very serious condition. In October, after selling her hotel in the Rue Trudon and her furniture, she proceeded to Egypt, but her health was for ever lost. In May, 1857, she returned to Marseilles, and her doctors advised her to pass the summer in a country house near Montpellier. After a short stay in Paris, whither she went to take leave of her son, she finally returned to Le Cannet on the 15th of last September, and never rose from her bed again. No words can furnish an idea of the fearful sufferings she endured with the most unalterable serenity, to quote the words of the *Constitutionnel:* "As often happens in such cases, either by the illusion of the sufferer or the provision of Providence, as her end approached she ceased to anticipate it, and some days previous to her death she suffered pain no longer. She became resigned and docile as a child, and wrote a letter to her father full of tenderness on the occasion of the new year. She expired tranquilly without a single murmur or a sigh, and repeating aloud the prayers of the dying. . . . . Her countenance was so beautiful at the transformation, that some one hastened to a photographist to preserve the features, so pure and calm, that they will pass to posterity without being distorted by a single pang." It has been affirmed that some few hours before death actually ensued, Rachel fell into a swoon, which was mistaken for death. The poor sufferer lived—if such a condition can be called life—nearly two hours after the telegraph had announced her decease in Paris. But we may believe that Rachel was prepared for an early death; like many other great artists, she was very superstitious, and we may quote a curious anecdote on this subject from *Le Monde Illustré.* She had the usual horror of dining thirteen at table, and a dinner given on the success of Victor Hugo's "Angelo" was liable to this objection. "What has become of the thirteen? Hugo and his wife at Jersey; Girardin and his wife—she is dead; Pradier is gone; Alfred de Musset, gone; Gérard de Nerval, suicide; Count d'Orsay, dead; my sister Rebecca, dead. I alone survive."

On Monday, the 11th of January, all that was left of Rachel was consigned to the grave in the Jewish burial-ground. All the celebrities of letters and art were present, and several speeches were, after the Gallic fashion, held. That of M. Janin was peculiarly effective; he alluded to the loss, within so short a period, of all that was renowned, glorious, and free; and he uttered his regret that the deceased was not eulogised by a man who was alone competent to do so, but who was now in exile—M. Victor Hugo. Thus passed away the greatest tragic actress France ever possessed; we say advisedly the greatest, for she was more than a mere actress; she succeeded in exciting the hearers' interest in the play itself; and when we bear in mind the general character of French tragedies, and the inflated sentiments for which they are made a medium, we cannot sufficiently admire the skill with which Rachel rendered even such verses entrancing.

Through the whole of our sketch we have purposely referred to the actress, and left the woman at peace; we have no desire to cast a stone upon her grave, and much may be forgiven in remembrance of the exceptional temptations to which she was exposed. But we are sorry to

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say that the French, who are ever ready to sacrifice a friend for a jest, have not been so generous, and multitudinous anecdotes have been raked up about her, which do no credit either to the actress or the narrator. Some of these, which tend to throw a light on her character, we will proceed to select, avoiding, as far as possible, all personality.

A young author, very poor, and yet enjoying a certain degree of poetical reputation, had completed a three-act comedy in verse. He presented it to the Théâtre Français, and it was rejected. The poet was in despair, when Rachel took him on one side. "I know an Englishman who has a mania for unpublished MSS.," she said to him; "will you let him have yours for 1000 fr.?" The poet gladly consented; the actress gave him the money and kept him to dinner. A week later the MS. was magnificently bound and placed in her private library.

On one occasion Rachel had to write a letter of thanks to the home minister, M. Baroche. Before sending it she showed it to Arsène Houssaye, who advised her to recopy it, and correct some orthographical errors. "Ah, bah!" she replied, "let them stand; in that way my letter will appear all the more sincere."

One day Rachel had a grand dinner party, and determined to do things in style. She called on a critic of her acquaintance to aid her in choosing her dessert. They went to Chevet's, where Rachel demanded all the finest fruit in and out of season. Just as she was going away, Chevet suggested that madame should have a pine-apple for the centre, but the price was too high; she agreed to hire it. The dinner was superb; for she did things right royally. Still, in a corner of her heart there was always a trace of that parsimony peculiar to her race. When the dessert was put on the table the pine-apple looked magnificent, and the critic maliciously suggested to the Duc de St. Teodoro that he should cut it. The duc leaned over the table and thrust a sharp knife into the forbidden fruit, which he bore off in triumph. Mademoiselle Rachel saw the deed. She was struck by it as if a tragedy dagger had been suddenly thrust into her heart. She uttered a dolorous cry, and cast a fifth-act glance on the duc. "Mademoiselle Rachel has, then, a pine-apple for a heart," said Ponsard. Nothing could restore her good-humour that evening. It could not be avarice, for the dinner had cost 1200 fr. It was rather an attack of the nerves. It was misunderstood, however, and the story of the 70-franc pine-apple made the round of the *salons*.

During the *coup d'état*, a critic, who had not always been kind to her, was gravely compromised. She heard of it, and never rested for two whole days, until she had restored him to liberty—and to write against her still.

Rachel received 500 fr. premium for each occasion she thought proper to play more than twice a week. When the "Malade Imaginaire" was given, with the procession in which all the company defiles before the audience, she walked at the head to receive the applause of the public—and the 500 fr. The amount being at last disputed, she never appeared in the procession again; not even on the night of Molière's *fête*.

One of her companions at the Théâtre Français, a blonde with an angelic face, but terminating deplorably in enormous hands and feet, said one day before her in the green-room, "I adore Meudon—I have

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there a little *pied-à-terre.*" "You!" Rachel exclaimed, with an indescribable air of mockery, which gained her three rounds of applause.

A good deal has been said about Rachel's avarice, and many of her admirers have been turned away from her by this charge. But there appears to be but little truth in it. She has left behind 1,500,000 fr. it is said; but, on the other hand, she gained more than four millions, and if she had spent but 50,000 fr. a year since 1838, she would have had three millions to leave behind her. Not only was she not avaricious, but she actually devoted herself to her friends with a degree of prodigality. On the day after M. Michel Lévy lost his first action against Dumas, she sent to tell him that she had 200,000 fr. at his service.

The truth appears to be that Rachel was full of contradictions and failings. As she loved gambling, she took every opportunity to organise among her family a game of cards or a loto. If she lost twenty or thirty sous she would become furious, and rage against the whole world. Then her brother would ask her for two thousand francs, of which he stood in pressing need, and she would give them without a word.

Among the letters of Mademoiselle Rachel which have been preserved, we find one admirable specimen, addressed to a well-known Hebrew banker:

MONSIEUR,—My friend M. asserts that I need only write *one word* to you to obtain for him fifty shares in the Austrian railways. If you will be kind enough to add fifty more for each extra word, the surplus will be for your ever devoted RACHEL.

Among the curious letters which Rachel had received in the course of her theatrical career, was one she was fond of showing. She had reason to complain of the chief of the claque, and he expostulated as follows:

MADEMOISELLE,—I cannot remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what occurred: at the first representation I led the attack in person not less than thirty-three times. We had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause, that the occupants of the stalls were scandalised, and cried out, "Turn them out!" My men were positively exhausted with fatigue, and even intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. Seeing such was the case, I applied for the MS., and after having profoundly studied the piece, I was obliged to make up my mind to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I, however, only applied them to MM. ——, and, if the *ad interim* office I hold afford me the opportunity, I will make them ample amends. In such a situation as I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal; and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties that environ me.

In the course of our reading we have naturally met with many appreciators of Rachel's acting, but none of them appear to us so truthful as that published by Mr. Charles Harvey, in his "Theatres of Paris," to the following effect:

Nature has endowed Mademoiselle Rachel with a face and form modelled after the statues of ancient Greece; her figure, though slight, is at once graceful and

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commanding; her eyes are small but expressive; and there is a simple majesty in her look, walk, and manner, which art alone could never give. Her great triumphs have been in parts in which hatred, contempt, or irony forms a principal feature. Thus, nothing can be finer than her *Camille* in "Les Horaces." While she spoke, every eye was fixed upon her, in order that not a sound, not a gesture might be lost; her voice, though at times subdued almost to a whisper, came distinct to every ear, so deep, so unbroken was the silence; until at last, when, overcome by her own energy, and concentrating all her strength into one final effort, she, as it were, hissed out the "Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!" the whole house burst into one simultaneous roar of applause, and re-echoed long and loudly as well behind as before the curtain. When tenderness or grief unmixed with the sterner passions are required, Rachel is comparatively ineffective; even *Virginie*, one of her finest creations, though a consummate piece of acting, has not that influence on the spectator which is produced by her performance of *Camille* or *Hermione*. But whatever be the character sustained by her, she is always great, always admirable.

It is now clearly established that Rachel did not quit the religion of her family for that of Catholicism. Even royal influence was attempted in vain, of which a curious instance is quoted in the *Figaro*. After the death of Louis Philippe, the Prince de Joinville designed a drawing, which was sent to Paris to be lithographed. Rachel hearing of it, wrote to General Rumigny for a copy, and the Queen Amélie sent her word: "Mademoiselle Rachel will be presented with my son's drawing when she is converted to Catholicism." But Rachel always had a friendly feeling towards the family of the King of the French; for did not Louis Philippe present her with a thousand francs? and the rarity of the gift greatly enhanced its value. It appears, too, that Rachel had intended a conversion, but her desire remained unaccomplished. During the latter years of her life she devoted considerable attention and thought to the subject of religion. She read Bossuet and Fénélon with deep interest and sustained attention. It is to be presumed, therefore, that if she did not embrace Catholicism, it was because she did not find in it better claims to belief than the religion in which she had been brought up.

"One word," writes M. Jules Janin, "may serve to explain Mademoiselle Rachel entirely, and it is the remark of a dying hero. When the Maréchal de Saxe succumbed, exhausted by glory and overcome by passions, surrounded by so many pleasures, and yet wearied of so many pleasures, he said to his physician, who was weeping, 'Monsieur de Senac, do not lament: I have enjoyed a glorious dream—a dream beyond the infinite!'"

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QUEEN STORK.

BY HENRY SPICER, ESQ.

Many curious things happened in the four years I passed at old Styles's (said Master Balfour, thoughtfully); but perhaps the rummest go of all, was that business of the girl with the yellow-black eyes! Yes, Miss Houlton, you'll open your blue ones a good deal wider yet. What do you think of a whole school—seventy-three fellows—nine day-pupils, and two G. P. B.'s——

"What are G. P. B.'s?"

Gentlemen-Parlour-Boarders. We gave them the name just to take down their conceit. What do you think of all these being left to the entire control of a girl of nineteen—managed by her single hand? And a precious tight one it proved. You just wait.

Styles, as I told you, was often ill, and quite incapable at these times of taking any part, however trifling, in the management of the school. It was some—what do you call it?—cerebral affection, originally induced by over-study at college; and it recurred, at intervals, throughout his life. Nothing but complete repose availed him during the continuance of these attacks, which sometimes lasted only for a day or two, when again he was as well as ever. This state of things was, of course, well known to the fellows' governors and friends; but such was Styles's reputation as a scholar, and maker of scholars, that it did no damage to the school, which was always chock-full, and chaps waiting to get in.

When Styles was laid up, business was hustled on, somehow, in a muddled way, by two resident under-masters, a daily French one, and Queen Mob.

Queen Mob was an elderly relation of Styles's, who looked after the house matters, counted the linen, did the bills, and a lot of other things Styles would not condescend to; told tales of the boys, and always sported a mob-cap—whence her name. She was a stern old lady, with an intense hatred and distrust of all schoolboys, dealing with them as with a race of young lunatics, every one of whose actions and words was a natural subject of suspicion, and to be received with rebuke and control. She had—apart from this weakness—lots of sense, but no grammar to speak of; had early in life discarded the *h* as an absurd encumbrance, and always, after grace, directed the servant to take off the "kivers." She had come, originally, on a visit for three days, and had, at the time I speak of, stopped seventeen years longer.

Other visitors, for shorter periods, not unfrequently appeared at Styles's. He was, we heard, a capital host; and the G. P. B.'s, who were sometimes honoured with invitations to the nine o'clock suppers, came away highly pleased with their entertainment.

Styles always gave his visitors the choice of dining in the school or the study, and we generally found, especially when they happened to be of the more curious sex, that they preferred the former, in which case they sat at the top of the table, with Styles, Queen Mob, and the senior master, and had all sorts of jolly little things, that made our boiled

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mutton, and rice-pudding with a dab of salt butter upon it, look rather queer. Our banquets were of Queen Mob's invention (anything was good enough for a schoolboy!), and Styles never interposed in any domestic details, being, to do him justice, utterly indifferent as to what was provided for himself.

It's my belief some of us would have been starved in Queen Mob's time, if it hadn't been for "Will's basket."

Will was a superannuated servitor of the establishment, who was permitted to retain—in private life—the privilege of purchasing stale cakes and mouldyish fruit-pies at a shop in the town, and retailing them in the school, at the cost to the buyer of two hundred and fifty per cent., and a stomach-ache.

Now, let me see. I think it was in the third or fourth half of my stay at the school, that there arrived a very mysterious visitor—a lady. She came, intending to pass a considerable time; that we knew, for she brought with her a whole lot of boxes, a large case of books, a harp, and a Newfoundland dog, which faithful and ferocious animal informed us, through the medium of his collar, that his mistress was Mary Percival.

"Mary Percival!" Delicious name! She *must* be young and beautiful. We saw her clogs. They were about the length of one's middle finger! Out of these articles alone we conjured up a glorious ideal. About two-and-twenty (boys' loves are always advanced in years), with small, chiselled features, like a Grecian goddess, waves of silken hair, and so forth. It was a singular circumstance (as some one afterwards remarked) that we could arrive at no definite understanding with regard to her eyes. Everybody was positive, would have staked his existence, as to what they were *not*. They were neither black, blue, hazel, pink, green, nor grey; not large, nor small, nor long, nor round, nor anything that imagination could devise. We settled every other feature. The eyes beat us. What then *were* they? *Had* she eyes? Of course. There were her books, and her harp, to prove it. We had to leave the point unsettled.

Lots were solemnly drawn, in order to decide who should be in love with Mary Percival, and the two longest happening (as Mickey Creagh, who held them, announced) to be of the same length, this lucky circumstance became the parent of one of the prettiest fights of the half, the result being that the unconscious damsel fell to the lot of Boss Twigge, the son of a London alderman, a big hulking fellow of the upper school, who immediately cut the initials "M. P." inside the lid of his desk, and became hopelessly enslaved.

Eagerly was the next dinner-hour anticipated, for not a doubt visited the mind of anybody that the mysterious beauty would show. We were disappointed. Styles and Queen Mob appeared as usual; not so Mary Percival. She never *did* come; and but for having noticed the arrival of her luggage, and occasionally seeing a minute portion of dinner, such as you might offer to a pining dicky-bird, sent carefully up, before anybody else was helped, we mightn't have known that she was in the house.

Soon, however, strange, sometimes contradictory, rumours crept into circulation, having reference alike to the person, character, and general habits of the beautiful recluse. Nobody had actually set eyes upon her.

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It was thought that Queen Mob, and a stolid maid from Northumberland, who could speak nothing but her natural burr, and was forbidden to discourse in *that*, were the only parties admitted to her presence.

The barriers opposed to our curiosity had the accustomed effect of quickening the same, and already the matter became tinged with the delightful hue of romance. Mary Percival was forthwith promoted to the position of an enchanted princess, held in thrall by a wicked old fairy (Queen Mob), who was aunt to a weak, but well-meaning monarch (Styles), who, engaged in occult studies, had, with inconceivable stupidity for so gifted a man, left the affairs of his house and kingdom entirely to the control of the aged and malevolent relative in question. Plots were laid for the emancipation of the distressed princess, and we even went the length of taunting Boss Twigge for not attempting something on behalf of his lady. Boss, however, peremptorily declined.

This mode of treating the matter, though it amused, did not satisfy us; and some of the more practical individuals among us resolved to trace out the mystery. Charley Lysons, of the lower school—who was rather a pet of Queen Mob's—took courage to question that lady on the subject of the strange inmate, but encountered such a rebuff as effectually stopped any further investigations in *that* quarter.

Better success attended a combined assault upon the fidelity of a small kitchen-maid, with whom we sometimes exchanged gestures of passionate attachment, as she passed to and fro across an area commanded by the playground. From her we learnt by degrees that Mary Percival was a reality, a living creature, a woman, a lady—and a young one. One by one, the mysterious attributes with which we had invested her were, by Hester Mogge, quietly stripped away. Her beauty, however, remained. Fact, or fiction, could not injure that. Hester Mogge's utmost eloquence could not vulgarise the little perfect mouth, the even, glistening teeth, the dimpled chin.

"But the eyes, Hester—how about the eyes?"

Hester assumed a look of horror, and sniffed.

"Now, don't be silly, child"—the speaker was twelve, and Hester five-and-twenty—"tell us about the eyes—the eyes! Oh, Hester, don't go, darling Hester—here's a ribb——"

Hang the girl! she was always hearing missis!

So, gradually, the secret narrowed itself to one feature. About this there could be no longer any question—

There was something odd about Mary Percival's eyes!

This conclusion arrived at, curiosity rose to fever pitch. We put in practice every possible means to gratify it, taking infinitely more pains than you would believe possible, if you have never observed how a mystery grows by discussion into something grand and marvellous. We cultivated the G. P. B.'s, who were, or pretended to be, as ignorant as ourselves—we made deputations to Styles, asking for impossible holidays—we watched the window of the mysterious princess, visible from one side of the playground, every day for hours, relieving guard like sentinels, and reporting such faint indications of a living occupancy as had been observed during the expiring watch. These, to be sure, were meagre enough. There were, however, two little rose-trees, in pots, placed upon the window-sill. The "princess" (as we got to call her) tended these

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herself; and, on more than one occasion, a hand so small, so white, so graceful, as almost to drive the more susceptible of her admirers frantic, glistened out from behind the window-curtains, plucked a decayed leaf, or clipped a flower, and shot back like a frightened dove.

At last, after five weeks' expectation and conjecture, our impatience was partially rewarded.

One beautiful evening in the middle of August, it happened that the whole school went out for a walk. Even the G. P. B.'s honoured the procession, walking, however, a little aloof—as became them—from the jacketed throng, their long-tailed coats and high-heeled Bluchers (constructed to look like Wellingtons) forming objects of overt ridicule and secret envy to those who followed.

One lucky chap was left at home. Me. I had got into a row for pitching into Bartle Goldsmidt—an impudent young Hebrew, who shot a pellet into my eye in school. The smart threw me off my guard, and bang went my Gradus at Bartle's head! Styles didn't much mind fighting at proper times, but he objected to it in school hours, as interfering with study, so we were both caned, Bartle was sent to bed, and I was detained from the evening walk, and consoled myself with the "Castle of Otranto."

There were some tamarisk-bushes at the end of the playground, just enough to make a comfortable arbour for any fellow who didn't mind crouching on the ground at their roots; and under one of these I was lying, reading, when the odd thing happened that I'm going to tell you. I had just got to—

"'Alas! thou mistakest,' said Matilda, sighing; 'I am Manfred's daughter; but no dangers await me.'

"'Amazement!' said Theodore; 'but last night, I blessed myself for yielding thee the service thy gracious compassion so charitably returns me now.'

"'Still thou art in an error,' said the princess; 'but this is no time for explanation. Fly, virtuous youth.'"

Suddenly, the distant voice of Styles interrupted the passionate dialogue. My heart stood still. The "Castle of Otranto" was a proscribed work. Silence, however, succeeded, and I eagerly resumed:

"A deep and hollow groan startled the princess and Theodore.

"'Confusion! we are overheard!' said the princess.

"They listened, but perceiving no further noise, they both concluded it the effect of pent-up vapours; and the princess carried Theodore"—(how, I thought, *could* he permit it?)—"to her father's armoury, where, equipping him with a complete suit, he was conducted by Matilda to the postern-gate.

"'Avoid the town,' said the princess.

"Theodore flung himself at her feet, and, seizing her lily hand, which with struggles she suffered him to kiss, he vowed on the earliest opportunity to——get himself knighted!"

I had just reached this amazing climax, when again the voice of Styles came upon the breeze. Carefully putting aside the sprays of my tamarisk, I peeped through. What do you think I saw?

Styles—and Mary Percival!

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Yes, the beautiful princess, wearied at last of her bower, was coolly walking down the playground by the master's side—not leaning on his arm, though—no! I saw directly *she* wasn't of the leaning sort. I hate describing people, especially women, more particularly *pretty* women, and I can't *this*. I can better tell you what she was not. She wasn't tall, that is, not above the middle height; she wasn't a bit like Queen Mob; she had nothing angular about her; every line was sweeping, rounded, and graceful; she had the daintiest little foot, and this she set upon the ground with what some of you poet chaps would call an "expression." It said just as plainly as you can speak, "Here I choose to step, let the whole world oppose me."

She had splendid dark hair, arranged in a deep band upon her white neck. The face, as far as it could be seen, exceeded our most romantic dreams; chin, mouth, and half the cheek and nose were visible enough, but, round the brow, she wore a curious broad fillet, made like the half-mask worn by harlequins. She wasn't blindfolded, you understand. There were large circular holes cut for the eyes, and round these were, first a crimson, then a yellow, rim, imparting a ghastly and horrible expression, such as it is impossible to describe.

She walked with her little head inclined forward, and her white hands clasped tight together—something in the attitude of the adoring saints in a picture.

Not having seen me go down the playground, they no doubt believed it wholly deserted, and came slowly on, turning mechanically when they reached the tamarisks, instead of coming round, yet passing so close that the princess's light dress brushed the sprays. Styles was reading to her in a low, earnest voice. And what do you think it was? A Greek play! It's as true as I sit here. The "Alcestis" of Euripides.

I was rather forward in Greek, and I knew what he was saying. I won't bother you with the Greek, but my crib gives it thus:

> *Herc.* Surely thy wife Alcestis is not dead?
> *Admet.* There is a twofold tale to tell of her.
> *Herc.* But do you speak of her as dead or living?
> *Admet. She is—and she is not—and I am wretched.*

The princess clasped her hands to her masked face, like one in agony, though I imagined she was only bored, for how should she know anything of Euripides?—and they passed out of hearing.

The mysteries of Otranto were fading into nothing. It was, after all, only the ghost of a romance. Here was the real thing. Was the fillet a disguise? But how strange! how incomplete! how likely to attract the very notice and inquiry she desired to shun!—or was it to conceal some defect too horrible—— Here they approached again. Styles had ceased reading, and both moved sadly and silently onward, buried in thought. To my immense consternation they did not turn off as before, but, pursuing the path, came round my ambush, and were upon me!

The princess started and stopped. Styles caught me by the collar. I didn't care. I was only in the playground, where I had a right to be; and Styles himself was out of bounds, if anybody was.

The jolly old chap knew *that* as well as I did; so he didn't box my ears, but his eye fell upon the corner of the book I had tried to hide under

my jacket. He made a spiteful snatch at it, looked at it with an intense disgust, far from complimentary to the distinguished author, and put it in his pocket. Then he seized me by the arm.

"Now, pledge me your word, sir," he began——

But the princess quietly interposed:

"It is useless, my good friend; let him go."

Styles obeyed; and wasn't I off like a shot? And wasn't it jolly that I had had to make no promises, and might relate my adventure the moment the fellows returned?—which I did.

As though the princess knew that her remarkable appearance would be no longer a secret, or else because she was weary of her solitary room, or the society of Queen Mob, the very next day, and every succeeding one, she came down and dined with the school, still wearing her hideous mask, and regarded with mingled feelings of awe, suspicion, and admiration. The idea that such a creature was really hiding from justice, met with little credence; and the general, and certainly the most reasonable, impression was, that the hateful black fillet concealed some deformity even more repulsive than itself. She appeared, however, on all occasions perfectly at her ease, and used to gaze down the long table in a cool, superior way, as though taking in the characters of the chaps; sometimes allowing her look to rest upon particular individuals long enough to make the said parties wince and shuffle uncomfortably, as if they were pricked.

In this silent manner, we felt sure, she made the acquaintance of at least *four* fellows, namely, Harry Maitland, Charley Lysons, Looby Weekes, and Philip Balfour—(*me*).

Harry Maitland was, at that time, senior cock, and very nearly at the top of the school. The best fellow in it, full of life and frolic, and a great favourite of Styles's; short silky hair, curling naturally, clear brown eyes—it's just one of those few faces one can recal at any distance of time—poor old Harry!

Charley Lysons was a mischievous little imp of the lower school—up to anything, and always in a row.

Looby Weekes—I forget his Christian name—I don't think he knew it himself; having been told, on his first appearance at Styles's, that he would be licked if he ever called himself anything but "Looby," he had got the habit of it, and even signed his exercises "L. Weekes." He was one of the biggest boys (and asses) in the school; I know you won't believe it, but that fellow was still in Corderius and Whitaker; nothing inspired him or quickened his apprehension; you might as well have caned the stump of a tree. Styles gave it up, after a few months, and, finding it useless to instruct him, made him a kind of bridge for others. Looby was thenceforth charged with the duty of bringing up fellows for punishment, and holding them, if necessary, during its infliction. This was not of frequent occurrence. Styles hated punishment, regarding it as an unseemly interruption to the pursuit of the learning he delighted in. But when he *was* provoked, you didn't forget it in a hurry! Thus the call of "Mr. Weekes," echoing through the vaulted room, has made many a chap's heart give a quicker jump; for no one was ever guilty of the absurdity of believing that Mr. Weekes was needed for any purpose of instruction!

I myself was the last of the four that seemed to attract the especial

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notice of the mysterious princess, and that was probably because she had seen me before, or was it that she had a spite against me for telling of her? At all events, I didn't feel happy under her gaze. Happy!—I would positively have dived under the table to escape it! I'm sure she saw this, and visited me with those fearful eyes twice as much as anybody else. Just like women, bother them!

About this period of the half there was a good deal of agitation in the school, originating in another matter, of a less mysterious kind—I refer to the dinners. Queen Mob had taken it into her head that bullocks' hearts were civilised food—cheap, at all events—and as Styles ate anything that was offered him, this objectionable dish was served up twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—and when cold (as it always was) tasted and felt like greasy india-rubber.

As if this wasn't enough, Queen Mob established a most oppressive institution, viz., having the pudding *first*, by which the fine edge of appetite was supposed to be considerably dulled, and no small amount of animal food preserved to the domestic economy. Who could turn from Norfolk dumplings with sweet sauce to cold bullock's heart?

We tried a deputation to Styles. It failed, though headed by Harry Maitland. Styles would hear of no objections to Queen Mob's arrangements. He himself fared like his boys, and he dismissed the deputation with a half-holiday.

Such was our respect for the jolly old fellow himself, that it is possible we might have given in, starving, or sickening, over Queen Mob's dietary, till our stomachs got accustomed to the worse than Spartan fare, but for the unlooked-for event upon which my story turns.

One morning the master did not appear. The senior usher passed in and out of the room with an unusually anxious face, and, returning after a longer absence than common, addressed the school to the effect that Styles had been seized in the night with severe illness, which was momently increasing, and that he was now delirious. Feeling the approach of the attack, he had, with his usual presence of mind, prescribed some regulations for the conduct of the school, earnestly requesting that the boys should not be dismissed, and dictating a pressing message to a neighbouring clergyman—a fellow-collegian—begging him to undertake for a few days the superintendence. The messenger, however, had just returned with the intelligence that Mr. Ringrose was in Wales, and would not be back for three days.

I don't now, much as we liked old Styles, pretend that some of the idler spirits among us did not find comfort in the relaxation of discipline that inevitably followed; still, I do believe everything would have gone on smoothly enough had it not been for those confounded hearts! The second day of Styles's illness, Mary Percival did not appear. The hearts *did*. This was bad enough, but who can picture the rage and consternation of the hungry crowd, when, on the following day, the abominable dish appeared again? It was a direct and positive insult—an actual challenge to disaffection and mutiny. Boys couldn't stand it. We didn't; but on this occasion, with the exception of a few deep, significant murmurs, there was no row. The fellows simply pushed away their plates in disgust, and refused to eat.

Though we observed Queen Mob glare round with a malignant smile,

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we were scarcely prepared for the determined purpose of her soul. It isn't pretty to talk Latin before ladies, but there's a well-known proverb that means, literally, when the gods take a spite against any chap, they begin by circumfoozling his comprehensive faculties, and making a muff of him. So they did with Queen Mob. She had sense enough of her own, and can you conceive her being guilty of the absurdity of supposing she could starve us into eating any stuff she chose? By Jove! sir, the hearts came up the third day, with an intimation that, until they were eaten, no other dinners would be served!

Then the shell exploded!

With a shout of execration, the school rose, pushed over the forms with a crash, and rushed out, the two masters (themselves disgusted) feebly striving to arrest the rout, and insisting upon saying grace! "*Grace!*" Arrived in the playground, consultations were held, and plans hastily agreed upon. "No food—no lessons!" was the unanimous resolve. The rebellion had in fact begun. Yells of defiance resounded on all sides. Seditious sentiments appeared in chalky characters upon the walls, and even the black board, which hung above the master's chair, for the purpose of illustrating problems, &c., was made the medium of public opinion.

"No viscera!" "Hearts be hanged!" "No Mob law!" &c. &c., were among the expressions heard. One youth, inspired by an agency which has made greater poets—an empty stomach—improvised the following revolutionary stanza, which being sung in chorus to a popular tune, produced a fine effect:

> Hard hearts, tough hearts, greasy and cold,
> Roasted cricket-balls nine days old,
> At jolly old Styles's school!
> Rancid butter and mouldy cheese,
> *That* you may have, whenever you please,
> So long as Queen Mob doth rule!—*Hooray!*

Poor Styles's illness, even the mysterious princess, were, in the excitement of the moment, utterly forgotten. We all did exactly as we liked. As for the masters, they wandered wildly about, bullying the smaller and appealing to the older fellows, equally in vain. The former process we stopped in a summary manner.

Our second master was a fellow of the name of Hornidge—Gilbert Hornidge. He'd been a master's mate before he was a master, and had brought with him into his new sphere all the roughness of his former profession, without its heartiness. He was a confounded bully, and never lost an opportunity of pitching into one of us juniors. Seeing him boxing the ears of a little chap who had been executing a war-dance round him, but had miscalculated his distance, Harry Maitland, accompanied by four of the biggest fellows, walked quietly up to him, and apologising politely for the odds it was necessary to bring against a gentleman of such proportions, informed him that the next overt act of violence on his part would be visited with condign punishment. Whereupon Mr. Hornidge retired into his private den.

It was about two o'clock, when the school bell (which might be sounded either from the house or the schoolroom) gave out a sudden

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summons. This we thought proper to obey; not, however, with the slightest intention of resuming study, but rather of bullying the bewildered masters in the very seat of authority.

This pleasant game had scarcely begun, when the door opened, and Mr. Ringrose made his appearance. He was a quiet, amiable man, somewhat older than Styles, and was personally acquainted with two or three of the upper school. To these he addressed himself in the tone of quiet surprise that sometimes pays better than direct reproof, or doubtful threatenings, demanding the reason of their selecting the moment of our respected master's illness for so disgraceful a demonstration.

Shouts of "No hearts!" "Give us Christian food!" &c. &c., replied.

Now it happened that worthy Mr. Ringrose, kind and gentle as he was by nature, had an immense idea of the rights and powers of all constituted authorities, and would have risked anything rather than yield to intimidation, no matter how just the complaint. According to him, submission must precede concession.

This sentiment he at once avowed, in the very teeth of the enraged and hungry boys; and then proceeded to inform us that it was impossible for him to assume the superintendence of the school, his presence being urgently required elsewhere; that a fitting substitute having been vainly sought, it had been at first determined to dismiss the boys to their homes; but, in deference to the earnest charge of our poor master, and at the pressing solicitation of a *lady*, now resident in the house, this resolution had been rescinded.

"On appealing," concluded Mr. Ringrose, with a half smile, "to the young lady in question *how* it was possible to carry on the school in the absence of a proper classical teacher, Miss Percival replied that *she*——"

Roars of laughter, and shouts of "The princess!" "The princess!" "Hooray for the princess!" drowned the remainder of the speech. The seniors, however, already anticipating some fun, rather bestirred themselves to quiet the demonstration, lest, perhaps, our too ready enthusiasm should awaken in the breast of the worthy Ringrose any misgiving as to its sincerity.

That gentleman—though not a little puzzled as to what was meant by the term "Princess"—accepted the shout as a proof of our satisfaction, and, observing that he would allow us ten minutes to decide whether we were prepared to recognise the proposed authority, and yield to it that implicit deference without which no study could be carried on, quitted the room, it being arranged that the sounding of the school bell should signify our consent. An eager consultation followed among the seniors, uninterrupted by any disorder, the smaller chaps feeling that they had no alternative but to follow the seniors' lead, and the latter foreseeing no end of fun in the plan proposed.

Within the given period, therefore, the resolution was carried, the signal given, and Mr. Ringrose re-entered the schoolroom, with the slight, graceful figure of our masked princess on his arm. He led her to the master's seat, which was in a corner of the room, upon a portion of the floor a little elevated above the rest. It was fronted, moreover, with a sort of office-screen, glazed and curtained at the top, so that the teacher might observe his charge at pleasure, without being himself

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much seen. On the left, against the wall, was a small bookcase. Above the chair hung the great black board before referred to; and at the back of the dais appeared an ominous-looking fixture, like the stump of a tree cut off two feet from the ground. This was the block, at which chaps knelt to receive punishment, in view of the school.

Mr. Ringrose then came forward, and received from Harry Maitland, Ambrose Hall, Tom Bush, and other seniors, a solemn assurance, by which they pledged themselves, on behalf of the school generally, to yield respectful obedience to the authority of Miss Percival, who remained seated the while, looking (except as to her baleful eyes) the very incarnation of womanly gentleness.

When Maitland had spoken, and the other fellows murmured their assent, she bowed slightly—*very* slightly—and smiled—a strange, ironical smile, as was remarked at the time by some close observer, and extended her beautiful white hand to Mr. Ringrose, as though in token that she needed his countenance and support no longer.

Then Mr. Ringrose quitted the room, and we were alone with our queen.

For a good minute we gazed at her, and she at us, in silence. The strangeness of the situation kept *us* quiet. How it affected *her* I can't say. To all appearance, she never changed a muscle. Suddenly she rose:

"The school will assemble at three."

Low murmurs followed, for it was Wednesday, a half-holiday.

"The school will assemble at three, and at the same hour on succeeding Wednesdays until further notice, as a penalty for this disorder."

You might have distinctly heard a fly caressing his nose during this speech, so completely stupified were we at this first exercise of power. Before we had recovered, our Queen Stork had glided from the room.

The playground was a curious scene that morning. Cricket wasn't dreamed of. Chaps walked gravely about in pairs, or gathered in clusters round some detached senior—listening to his maturer views—while, squatting under the tamarisks, like Indian chiefs at a palaver, Harry Maitland and his particular friends, with knitted brows reviewed the course they had so hastily adopted—not without some little misgiving that, if sticking to one's word was to be the order of the day—they had somewhat imperilled the general liberties.

Upon the whole, however, livelier views prevailed. Discipline must be relaxed—*that* was inevitable. Lessons will be short and easy, for no young lady can have ventured much beyond Cæsar and Cornelius Nepos—and it will be, no doubt, a jolly lark to see her boggling at Homer! Our spirits rose rapidly, and thus it happened that even before the accustomed hour the schoolroom was well filled by fellows waiting eagerly the commencement of the fun.

Jokes at the expense of the new directress went smartly round, and various ingenious little plots for rendering her position as awkward and embarrassing as possible were hastily concocted. To these the big fellows made but faint opposition, satisfying their consciences by refraining from any open share, and perhaps seeing no reason for taking upon them the "police" of the school, which properly belonged to the masters.

Among other things, it came into the head of Charley Lysons, the

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mischievous, who had a turn for the fine arts, to sketch upon the black board above the master's chair a pre-Raphaelite cartoon. This design represented a rustic dame, with nose and chin amicably kissing each other, and (to avoid any misapprehension) with a bandage over her eyes. She was armed with an immense rod, and was engaged in dispensing justice and orthography to a circle of sturdy louts, with countenances expressive of intense alarm.

Upon this happy inspiration the youthful artist was yet receiving our congratulations when the three o'clock bell rang.

A few moments elapsed, the door quietly opened, and Mary Percival, cool and unembarrassed as though entering a friend's boudoir, glided in and took her place. Not alone, however; Queen Mob immediately followed her, carrying a basket piled up with disabled socks and handkerchiefs to a height that convinced us we were destined to enjoy her society for the rest of the afternoon, as duenna to the young directress.

The latter threw a calm and comprehensive glance round the apartment, taking in but not dwelling upon Charley Lysons's performance, arranged some books on the desk before her, and spoke:

"Mr. Weekes."

The voice, sweet, clear, and liquid as a harp-string, sounded oddly in that rough assemblage; the more so, as the name she uttered was, as I have before observed, never heard from that chair save in the association of impending punishment.

"Mr. Weekes" arose, shambled up the school, and stationed himself—mechanically, as it were—in the spot he usually occupied when engaged in his official duties—*i.e.*, close by the block, awaiting, with his hands in his trousers-pockets, and his mouth and round eyes wide open, the next order.

"I am informed by Mr. Styles and Mr. Ringrose," said the musical voice of our directress, "that this has always hitherto been a school of gentlemen. Gentlemen may regret but never disavow their deeds. The author of this folly" (she tossed her little head back as though disdaining to look at the board) "will step forward and efface it."

"Don't peach, you fellows," said Charley Lysons, putting down his head and speaking along the desk. Something made Charley regret that he had been the *first* to offend.

"Am I understood?" inquired the princess, sweetly.

"Don't stand it, Charley," said one chap, who was a bit of a sneak.

"*Go*, Charley," suggested another, who wasn't.

"Blest if I do!" said Charley himself.

"You go, young Lysons," said Harry Maitland, in a low, fierce tone (he wanted to humour the princess a little), "or look out, after five."

The dark suggestion of something disagreeable when the school rose determined Charley. He got up, sulkily, and, mounting the platform, tore down the board; then, kneeling, proceeded to rub out with his cuffs and handkerchief the efforts of his genius; indemnifying himself, however, as he did so, by a pantomimic gesture, concealed, as he not unnaturally imagined, by the board.

Unlucky Charley! His thumb had not fairly quitted his nose before vengeance was upon him! With one step, like the glide of a panther, the princess was at his side; there was the flash of a white hand, and a

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box on the ear such as, with the combination of pain and surprise, sent the boy fairly rolling from the platform upon the schoolroom floor.

"For the *second* insult, not the first," remarked the princess, gently, and resumed her seat.

"Who'd have thought those gimlet-eyes of hers could see through a board?" muttered Charley.

Business now proceeded with tolerable tranquillity for some half-hour or so, during which many curious glances were directed towards our mysterious mistress, who was dimly seen through the glazed screen immersed in thought or study.

"She's getting up the Latin," suggested somebody.

"*Corderius*," said the musical voice, as though in answer.

(The Corderius class was usually taken by one of the under-masters.)

"I thought so; she'll take the easy ones," said Charley Lysons, spitefully.

Up went the class, and formed its usual half-circle round the chair, the leader politely presenting his book to the lady, who flung it carelessly on the desk. She heard the lesson, with the same cool, quiet air; detecting, however, the slightest inaccuracy, and correcting it with a sort of hasty, careless disdain, not easy to describe, often accompanied by that peculiar smile we had already noticed. It was a smile that did not cheer, but chill; I suppose it was like that of Henry the Cruel, as the books tell us, whose "sweet friend" meant, *literally*, "go and be hanged!" We learned to dread it even more afterwards, as we knew her better.

The lesson drew to an end, and but three or four lines remained; these, according to custom, should have fallen to the lot of the last boy in the class. Something induced the mistress to transfer them to the boy immediately above him, who had executed his own portion with remarkable glibness and accuracy. Nevertheless, he was the greatest blockhead in the school. Learn he wouldn't or couldn't, but it was his habit to get up at least a minute portion of every lesson, and by carefully calculating where his turn would come, usually managed to cut in, and make a very respectable display, being in reality totally ignorant of about eleven-twelfths of what he had to study.

Of course, in the present case, poor Brome Debary was at once floored. Queen Stork, with ominous patience (and her terrible smile), put him through the entire lesson, word by word. Not one could he manage! Then she gave him his own portion. Here Brome's tongue was loosed, and he gabbled over it with an alacrity which, alas! only helped to convict him of the fraud. It was evident, however, that Queen Stork had long since detected it, and the interest that now began to attach to the scene induced a profound silence. Would she venture to punish him—and how?

Curiosity was quickly satisfied. She dismissed the class.

"Remain, sir," she added to Brome.

She then turned to her desk, and, taking something from it, handed to Looby Weekes, who still retained his position, a stick, or rather whip, of three fibres closely plaited together, altogether not thicker than an ordinary cane, perfectly black, and looking fearfully hard and pliant. It had a leathern handle, like a coach-whip, which offered a beautiful grip. Poor Brome had visited that block too often to miss his way, or, indeed,

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to feel greatly dismayed at what was impending; so, yielding to destiny and Queen Stork, he knelt patiently down, and received on his hardened shoulders six sharp strokes. But he had miscalculated the amount of pain. No cane ever cut like *that!* Two strokes he endured with surprise, but fortitude. At the third—

"It's not *fair*," bellowed Brome.

The fifth elicited a terrific howl, and the last dismissed the luckless Brome from the block, if not a better at least a wiser boy, for he never tried *that* artifice again.

"For idleness and deception," said the princess, in her sweetest tone, as Brome, writhing with rage and pain, staggered away.

At all this, Queen Mob had looked on with undisguised delight, never interfering in the remotest manner, and resuming her darning with a chuckle and a goggle of approval.

Although by this time it was abundantly clear that we, the juniors, had caught a Tartar, the *real* trial was still to come. Gradually it approached.

"Virgil," said the directress.

A class of fifteen fellows, about the age of twelve or thirteen, now stood up, prepared to construe the poet in question, the head boy, as usual, offering his book. As before, the lady declined this aid, and, with consummate coolness, nodded to the class to proceed, appearing, to our extreme astonishment, as well "up" in the most difficult passages of the Æneid as in the dissyllabic fragments of Corderius! Not an error escaped her, and the occasional substitution of some searching phrase for the conventional renderings to which schoolboys are addicted, showed her completely mistress of the subject.

The lesson was passing off very smoothly, each boy taking up the author where the last left off, at the pleasure of the teacher, when, about the middle of the class, Fred Prowett, who was construing, came to a sudden stand.

"Well, sir?" said the princess, interrogatively.

"Please 'm, that's all."

"All! In the middle of a sentence? What is your lesson?"

"Fifty lines, 'm, and on to the next full stop."

"Proceed, then."

"Please 'm, full stop."

"Virgil, sir, is believed to have understood his own language. Give me your book."

She took it, examined, and returned it, took the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class. As she was about to give back the last, an idea seemed to strike her; she held up the leaf between her eyes and the light; the terrible smile gathered on her lip. The trick was discovered!

You must know that an ingenious chap of our class had found out that by dipping the point of a pin in ink and striking it into the page, a mark was produced almost exactly resembling a printed period. If, therefore, at the end of the allotted fifty lines, the want of a full stop added materially to the length of the lesson, we sometimes took the liberty of introducing one. Oddly enough, though the eccentricities of Virgil's punctuation had not a little puzzled the worthy Styles, it had never occurred

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to him that there was any trick. In the present case, however, less care than usual having been observed, so inhuman a divorce had been brought about between a verb and the substantive it governed, that a less penetrating eye than Queen Stork's must have detected the fraud.

She laid down the book and paused, regarding us contemptuously. Her eye glanced from us to Looby Weekes, who still stood, grasping the black cane, aghast at the idea of having perhaps to flog fifteen boys! But it was a different decree:

"The lesson will henceforth be one hundred lines," said the princess, calmly. "You may go, *gentlemen!*"

We slunk away, some of us a *leetle* ashamed, and began to compare notes. Opinions were a good deal divided. The junior boys certainly regretted the change.

Brome Debary shrugged his still smarting shoulders, and grumbled mutiny.

Charley Lysons suggested plans of insidious revenge.

Some older chaps hinted at the pledge we had given.

"Give her rope," said Harry Maitland, darkly. And—

"Greek play," said the musical voice, as calmly as though it had called for Goody Two-Shoes in the original.

Disdainful smiles were exchanged among the members of this, the first class, as they rose, in a rather dignified manner, and strolled up to the platform.

"*Now* for a lark!" whispered a junior next me.

This time Queen Stork accepted the book tendered by the leader; but nevertheless held it in her hand with a provoking carelessness that did not promise well for any especial *fun*.

It happened, moreover, to be the same play I had heard Styles reading to her—viz., the "Alcestis" of Euripides.

In the course of the lesson occurred the Queen's dying speech:

> Ἅλιε, και φάος ἁμέρας
> Ουρανιαι τε διναι, &c. &c.

Admetus rejoins:

> Ὁρα σε καμε, &c.

"Stop," said the princess. "What is the nominative to ορα?"

"Ουρανιαι," replied Maitland, carelessly.

"Because," said the princess, "it happens to lie conveniently near. An excellent reason. Common sense, however, puts in a claim on behalf of Ἥλιος, the substantive *first* mentioned by Alcestis. Go on."

With one or two such hints the lesson proceeded to a satisfactory conclusion, the princess showing herself to be on the best possible terms with Euripides, and (though with scarcely a glance at the book) not permitting the slightest deviation from his text, except when, in one instance, she herself altered a disputed reading.

Five o'clock struck, and, without word or sign, Queen Stork glided from the room as quietly as she came. Queen Mob, on her part, gathered up her work, grinned horribly at the school, as much as to say, "How do you like it *now?*" and followed.

Some of us, I've no doubt, looked foolish enough. The seniors were

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divided. The princess's talents commanded their respect and admiration, and there was, besides, the novelty of the situation to excite their interest. Some, however, and among them, Harry Maitland, were considerably mortified by the bearing she assumed. They had expected that, since it was evident the masters possessed little influence, she would have established a friendly understanding with the older boys, and relied upon their authority and example for the preservation of order; whereas she appeared determined to make not the slightest distinction! Now the question was, was this to be borne?

After much discussion, it was decided to try the event of another day.

"Give her every chance," said Harry, indulgently.

School, on the morrow, proceeded quietly enough; but, at dinner-time, a new test had to be endured. Up came, as usual, the abominable hearts; this time, however, hot and nicely dressed, with stuffing, and an alluring gravy. The princess sat on the right of Queen Mob; was, of course, helped first, and seemed to swallow her portion with considerable relish. So did the G. P. B.'s. Ashamed to refuse, we followed the example of our betters, and were in some sort rewarded by the appearance of two magnificent plum-puddings, such as had never, in the memory of the oldest boy, graced those boards.

All this increased the good humour of the general body; and not only for that, but the succeeding day, business was allowed to proceed without disorder.

On the fourth morning, however, the impatience of some of the older fellows under Queen Stork's lofty bearing and exacting rule began by degrees to evince itself. Maitland openly declared *he* would stand it no longer—threw off the mask of obedience, and assumed an entirely new demeanour. He strolled into school ten minutes after time. He conversed aloud. He flung a book across the room to Boss Twigge, and committed other indiscretions too numerous to mention. Sometimes these demonstrations evoked corresponding ones from other seniors, always a titter from the juniors. Now and then a fellow of gentler mood would put in:

"Quiet, Harry. Don't, old boy. Bother! It's a shame."

But this style of opposition only irritated Maitland more. He could not bring himself to believe that the school generally were such spoons as to yield placid obedience to a girl of twenty—though she did know something of Greek.

Strange was it that Queen Stork never took open notice of the growing disaffection, though only the previous day she had delivered over a chap to the tender attentions of her gentleman usher of the black rod for a mere act of carelessness—dropping an inkstand. That she observed what passed, nobody could doubt; for we saw her strange, terrible eyes steadily fixed upon Maitland—never upon any other offender—as though she at once recognised in *him* the core of the rebellion. We knew that Harry's shots were telling. She called up a junior class, and, after looking at them for more than a minute with an air of the most profound depression, dismissed them unheard, and resumed her former attitude, gazing, as though fascinated, at the destroyer of her peace, and of the power she had so nearly established.

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Some fellows—Hall and Lindsay among them—were rather touched by the strange princess's evident distress, and begged Harry to desist. But he angrily bade them mind their own business; and the day concluded in a very uncomfortable manner—no lessons heard, and the princess retiring, on Queen Mob's arm, her head stooped, and she herself with all the appearance of a person suffering both mental and physical pain.

Sunday intervened; and, on Monday, the struggle, if it might be called so, recommenced. Maitland, backed by one or two other malcontents, especially Boss Twigge, his great admirer, renewed his annoyances—the declared object being to compel the princess to what they termed a "capitulation."

"Let her," said Harry, "make friends of us, or see if we don't lead her a dance!"

"She's ill," said good-natured Ambo Hall. "Look, she's leaning her face on her hands."

"Sulking, sir," rejoined Harry. "A little more, and we'll bring her regularly to. Hi, you Pounsett, lend us that."

He snatched a small popgun from the boy's hand, and took aim at the princess's screen. I don't think he intended at first to shoot, but, excited by the laugh around him, he *did*. The pellet struck the glazed portion directly in front of the princess's face.

She started to her feet, her eyes literally flashing through the mask, and the terrible smile plainly visible.

"I thank you," she said. "A direct insult is all I needed. Mr. Weekes."

Looby shuffled up to his post. She threw him the whip.

"Henry Maitland."

Harry laughed scornfully.

"Flog *me!*" he exclaimed, and looked round the school as though for support. But, to his astonishment, the popular voice was mute.

Boss Twigge did indeed mutter his persuasion that if a senior cock were punished, the lord mayor himself might be the next victim.

With this exception, an almost profound silence succeeded.

"I waste no words upon you," said the princess. "Either submit to your punishment, less degrading than the cowardice that has provoked it, or rid my benefactor's house of your evil presence. Choose!"

She moved to the door, and threw it open.

Maitland's eye once more glanced over the expectant crowd. He had gone just a step too far—that one step which has ruined so many clever conceptions. There was a littleness in the insult he had offered, that awoke the better feelings of the boys. Opinion was against him. Not a voice, not a look, encouraged him. But—the humiliation! His heart swelled—he moved towards the door.

What sound is that at the lower desks? A murmur—a hiss—increasing with every step he takes. *They* deem him coward, too—the boys—the little boys! Harry stopped short, and threw up his head. The hiss stopped, then a low example of applause from the upper school was re-echoed heartily below. In that second, Harry's resolution was taken.

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He walked calmly up to the platform, and knelt. The princess closed the door.

Poor Harry could not refrain from bestowing a warning glance on Looby, which said distinctly:

"Strike gingerly, old fellow, or look out for your own skin!"

This, and the unexampled duty of whopping a senior cock, had their natural effect upon Looby, who consequently delivered the first stroke with a tenderness approaching the ludicrous. But the princess was not to be trifled with. With her graceful panther step she was at his side, caught the whip from his hand, and, with a force in which all the resentment of her proud nature seemed concentred, administered one of those short, sharp cuts that hurt worse than a sweeping stroke.

We saw the blood rush to Harry's forehead; but, though the whip must have cut like a knife, he gave no other sign of pain, and even bent forward, as though courting a repetition from the menacing white hand, already lifted for the purpose. She changed her mind, however, flung the rod disdainfully back to Looby, and signed to him to continue the punishment.

Harry took it like a hero, prolonged as it was, until another sign from the victorious princess bade the executioner desist. Then, with a dignity scarcely less than her own, he rose and retired to his place.

After twelve o'clock, just as we were assembling in the playground, a message summoned Harry to the study. He went. Queen Stork was there, alone. She was pacing the room in her favourite attitude, with her hands clasped, and her head bent down.

"I sent for you, sir," she began, calmly, "to—to——" (Here her voice faltered, and she broke into a sudden passion that made Harry start.) "Boy, or man, whichever you pretend to be, what had I done to you, that you should have forced me to this? *What* was your hostility? If you knew nothing of the deep debt of gratitude I owe my generous friend, some portion of which I sought to repay by taking upon me this unfitting charge, at least you might have honoured the apparent motive, and recognised, in my dismissal of all other support, an appeal to your forbearance few English natures, of any age, would have resisted."

Harry made an involuntary step forward.

"Be silent, sir," she continued. "Never presume to address me but in your class—a need I cannot escape. But go, rather. Oh! do as I proposed to you. Leave us. Let me work out my task in peace. It is to restore the school to my protector's hands *better* than I found it. The power, the gift, the opportunity—all are mine. Nothing but your childish malice could have obstructed me, and your own act has made that harmless. Yet go, if you desire it; if not, I thank you for your open enmity. I can deal with such opponents. I sent for you to say so, and to add one word—Beware!"

She made one step towards him, and the strange meaning in her eyes almost made Harry recoil.

The boy came back from that interview looking as though he had seen a ghost. We did not for a long time afterwards learn what had passed. Harry was mysterious. We did, however, find out that an utter change had taken place in the feelings of our schoolfellow, and that all rebellion, on *his* part, was at an end.

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HAVELOCK.

A DIRGE.

'Twas not ours thy life to save,
Soldier-Christian, upright, brave;
Thine must be the lowly grave,
Where the broad-leaved palm-trees wave,
Havelock!

Ere the well-earned honours came,
Which should deck thy household name,
While still rang the blast of Fame,
Thou hadst pass'd from this world's game,
Havelock!

In the days which have gone by,
Came there one with eagle eye
From Spain's fields, midst welc'ming cry,
Honour'd here to live and die,
Havelock!

We had hoped that thou, like he,
Through our streets, triumphantly,
Might'st ride, all tongues cheering thee—
But God will'd it should not be,
Havelock!

By His order wise, profound,
Death his arms around thee wound,
Ere scarce thou hadst heard the sound
Which proclaim'd thy chains unbound,
Havelock!

"Lucknow's saved, and Campbell's come!
Swell the pibroch—strike the drum!"
But, alas! for ever dumb
Are thy lips—thy brave heart numb—
Havelock!

Hist'ry, on her glowing page
Chronicling from age to age,
Tells us of the sanguine rage
Actors show'd on war's red stage—
Havelock!

She must choose a fresh, pure pen,
Write on spotless paper, then,
"He who storm'd the tiger's den,
Was the best, the first of men—
Havelock!"

And when *she* hath run her course,
When the might of human force,
Rage and murder, hate, remorse,
Die—with Him of the White Horse—
Havelock!

Angels, reading o'er the roll
Writ on th' eternal hist'ry scroll
Of the worthy from each pole,
In first line shall name thy soul,
Havelock!

C. O.

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THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XI.

BROODING OVER DEATH:—AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "ASPEN COURT"—EXCERPTS TO THE PURPOSE (MORE OR LESS) FROM BACON, VAUVENARGUES, FR. SCHLEGEL, THOMAS HOOD—SHAKSPEARE CRITICISED BY MASSON—SWIFT'S WAKING THOUGHTS—YOUNG'S DARKENED STUDY—DONNE'S MEMENTO MORI PORTRAIT—AN AVOWAL FROM MONTAIGNE—A PENSÉE FROM CHARLES NODIER—EPISTOLARY COMMUNICATIONS FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE, DEAN SWIFT, AND DR. SOUTHEY.

> If I must die, I'll snatch at everything
> That may remind me of my latest breath;
> Death's-heads, graves, knells, blacks, tombs, all these shall bring
> Into my soul such useful thoughts of death,
> That this sable king of fears
> Shall not catch me unawares.
>
> QUARLES: *Midnight Meditations.*

FROM those who systematically avoid the contemplation of death, in any of its forms, indeed in all its associations, turn we to another and opposed class,—to those, namely, who, from whatever motive or impulse (morbid or otherwise), habitually cherish the thought of the inevitable hour, brood over it with a sort of fascinated constancy, or seek with methodical determination to familiarise themselves with its possibilities and its certainty.

A striking picture of one over whom his sense of mortality broods like the night, is to be found in the character of Eustace Trevelyan, in "Aspen Court." A sudden and violent death has bereaved him of the lady of his love. Ever since that shock, the fear of Death has literally *overcome* him. To this terror, we read, he yielded himself with a species of involuntary readiness. "He spoke of it, he read of it, he surrounded himself with all that might remind him of it, and yet it would throw him into paroxysms like those which shake the frame of the victim to hydrophobia when the plash of water is heard, or its surging seen. It was the fear of the death itself, and not of what might be beyond, that tortured him. He would sit for hours, reciting passages with which his religious avocation had stored his memory, and in which the tomb is spoken of as a prison-house, as a pit, as a place of darkness and forgetfulness. And these he would vary with verses, sung in a moaning key, and culled from all those grim hymns with which unauthorised expounders have, through years, terrified young and sensitive minds, by a cruel mingling of the material and the spiritual; those lyrics, too coarse for the Greek mythology, too grovelling for the worshipper of Odin, but accepted as Christian interpretations of the most refined and the most exalted mysteries."

"It seemeth to me," writes Bacon, in the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, "that most of the doctrines of the philosophers are more fearful and cautionary than the nature of things requireth. So have they increased the fear of death in offering to cure it: for when they would have a man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy, against whom there is no

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end of preparing." Vauvenargues objects to the habit of brooding on death, that it involves neglect of the purposes of life. *La pensée de la mort nous trompe*, he says, *car elle nous fait oublier de vivre*. (In the same spirit is that other maxim of his: "Pour exécuter de grandes choses il faut vivre comme si on ne devait jamais mourir.") Frederick Schlegel, discussing the vexed question of innate ideas, paradoxically enough rejects all but one—that of death. "I am disposed, and not, I think, without reason,"—thus he discourses in his *Philosophy of Life*,—"to assume that man, as at present constituted, does possess one, though only one, species of inborn ideas: viz., an innate idea of death. This, as a false root of life, and a true mental contagion, produces a dead cogitation, and is the origin of all dead and dead-born notions. For this idea of death, whether hereditary or inoculated in the soul, is, as its peculiar but fundamental error, transferred by the mind of man to every object with which it comes in contact." This snatch of transcendental philosophy, whatever its original scope, is practically applicable to the habit of brooding on death, and so transforming life itself into its image and likeness, and making the grave the stand-point for universal observation. Sometimes this may be from the fascination of terror—and then, to apply a sentence from Thomas Hood, "the modern treadmill seems a physical type of that condition of mental torture, where the compelled thought strives vainly to overcome one perpetually revolving misery, without respite, and without progress." Sometimes it may be from that constitutional tendency to melancholy which leads those who have been once and powerfully attracted to the subject by some affecting experience, henceforth to revolve it, ruminate upon it, give themselves up to a cherished contemplation of it, till it colours and informs not only their dreams by night but their day-dreams and waking thoughts. Thus with the poet, who, since ever he looked on the corpse of her that bare him, finds that death and its associations will never from his thoughts:

> I saw my mother in her shroud,
> Her cheek was cold and very pale;
> And ever since I've looked on all
> As creatures doom'd to fail!

Henceforth *pallida Mors* hath "paled" for him the once ruddy face of nature, and he views all things in the same light, or twilight rather, of the grave:

> Why do buds ope, except to die?
> Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
> And think of our loves' cheeks;
> And oh, how quickly time doth fly
> To bring death's winter hither!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ay, let us think of him awhile,
> That, with a coffin for a boat,
> Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
> And for our table choose a tomb:
> There's dark enough in any skull
> To charge with black a raven plume;
> And for the saddest funeral thoughts
> A winding-sheet hath ample room,
> Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
> Hath writ the common doom.

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Let any competent person whatever, it has been remarked, read the Sonnets of Shakspeare, and then, with the impression of them fresh upon him, pass to the plays, and he will inevitably become aware of Shakspeare's personal fondness for themes or trains of thought in this direction. "Death, vicissitude, the march and tramp of generations across life's stage, the rotting of human bodies in the earth—these and all the other forms of the same thought were familiar to Shakspeare to a degree beyond what is to be seen in the case of any other poet." So alleges David Masson, who accounts it to have been a habit of Shakspeare's mind, when left to its own tendency, ever to indulge by preference in that oldest form of human meditations, which is not yet trite—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble; he cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." Indeed it may be said, this critic affirms, that wherever Shakspeare pronounces the words time, age, death, &c., it is with a deep and cutting personal emphasis, quite different from the usual manner of poets in their stereotyped allusions to mortality; "Death had become to him a kind of actual being or fury, morally unamiable, and deserving of reproach,—'that churl Death.'

"If we turn to the plays of Shakspeare, we shall find that in them, too, the same morbid sensitiveness to all associations with mortality is continually breaking out. The vividness, for example, with which Juliet describes the interior of a charnel-house, partakes of a spirit of revenge, as if Shakspeare were retaliating, through her, upon an object horrible to himself.

> Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
> O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
> With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls.

More distinctly revengeful is Romeo's ejaculation at the tomb:

> Thou detestable maw, thou womb of Death,
> Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
> Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to ope.

So, again, the famous dialogue between brother and sister in "Measure for Measure," and the churchyard scene in "Hamlet," where the Prince of Denmark suggests a train of fancy which shall trace the noble dust of Alexander till it be found stopping a bung-hole,—a passage which we are called upon to observe, as showing how Shakspeare defends, through Hamlet, his own tendency "too curiously" to consider death.

The same tendency—same in kind, however varying in degree—is observable in many another dramatist and poet, from John Webster down to Thomas Lovell Beddoes. A contemplative commerce with death—cherished or reluctant—is common to so many natures, and so different. A Swift, for instance, upon whom, in Dr. Johnson's words, "the thoughts of death rushed," at one time, "with such incessant importunity, that they took possession of his mind, when he first waked, for many years together." A Young,—who, as the elder Disraeli phrases it, "raised about him an artificial emotion of death;" darkening his sepulchral study, and placing a skull on his table by lamplight. (So when Dr. Donne had his portrait taken, he first wound a sheet over his head and closed his eyes—"keeping this melancholy picture by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind

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him of his mortality.") It was perhaps in imitation of Young, that Byron, just of age, placed a number of skulls, "highly polished," and "on light stands," around his sitting-room at Newstead Abbey. "No doubt it is impossible," writes old Montaigne, "but we must feel a sting in such imaginations as these at first; but with often revolving them in a man's mind, and having them frequent in our thoughts, they at last become so familiar as to be no trouble at all." In such a case a man may come, like Charles Nodier, to disconcert his friends in his last days by an unwelcome obtrusion upon *them*, of what is now an absorbing topic with himself: "aux bonjours affectueux," says Sainte-Beuve, "aux questions empressées, il [Nodier] ne répondait d'abord que par une plainte, *une pensée de mort* qu'on avait hâte d'étouffer." Needless panic, as far as *he* was concerned; though on their part, and for their sakes, natural enough, as human nature goes (French nature especially).

In a letter to Swift, five years his senior, Lord Bolingbroke says (and why should not an infidel Bolingbroke have a voice in this "Medley," which fuses together confusedly voices of every compass, and which, need it once more be premised? eschews altogether the religious aspects of the theme it affects, and confines itself to the human and psychological?): "I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backward, little apprehension when I look forward." Swift had not long before broached the subject to Bolingbroke in these words: "When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits." And in his reply to the same Noble Lord he repeats the intimation: "I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep."

Southey, in his forty-first year, writes to Walter Savage Landor: "My disposition is invincibly cheerful, and this alone would make me a happy man, if I were not so from the tenor of my life; yet I doubt whether the strictest Carthusian has the thought of death more habitually in his mind." Thrice five years later he writes to Neville White: "I thank God for many things, and for nothing more than that he has enabled me to look onward to death with desire rather than with dread." To his old friend, Grosvenor Bedford, he once wrote, too,—but this passage will better serve to open a chapter on the Calm Anticipation of death, than to close one on morbid or exceptional habits of brooding upon it.

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XII.

DEATH CALMLY ANTICIPATED:—SOUTHEY AGAIN—SOCRATES BEFORE HIS JUDGES—SIR WALTER RALEIGH—EARL OF CARLISLE—ABBÉ DE ST. PIERRE—THOMAS GRAY—SOPHIA JOHNSTON — BERTHOLLET — BERZELIUS — LOUIS XVIII.—GEORGE CRABBE—WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT—GOETHE—"In Memoriam."

The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done, may be done again: nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons.—CARLYLE: *Essay on Burns.*

> . . . . And then, for our immortal part, we want
> No symbols, sir, to tell us that plain tale:
> The thought of death sits easy on the man
> Who has been born and dies among the mountains.
>
> WORDSWORTH: *The Brothers.*

WHEN Southey received intelligence from Grosvenor Bedford of the dangerous illness of their common friend, Peter Elmsley—a name familiar to all familiar with scholarship and the *Quarterly Review*—his acknowledgment of the heavy news began as follows: "There are many things worse than death. Indeed, I should think any reasonable person would prefer it to old age, if he did not feel that the prolongation of his life was desirable for the sake of others. If the event be dreaded, the sooner it is over the better; if it be desired, the sooner it comes; and desired or dreaded it must be. If there were a balloon-diligence to the other world, I think it would always be filled with passengers. You will not suppose from this that I am weary of life, blest with enjoyments as I am, and full of employment. But if it were possible for me (which it is not) to regard myself alone, I would rather begin my travels in eternity than abide longer in a world in which I have much to do and little to hope."

The tone adopted by Socrates in his defence before the Athenian Dikastery, proves, in the opinion of Grote, his indifference as to an acquittal, or rather his belief that there were good reasons why, at his age and in his circumstances, he should prefer a sentence of condemnation as best for himself. He was constitutionally, we know, of a fearless temperament, and conscience and reflection were sufficiently ascendant within him to silence what Plato calls "the child within us, who trembles before death." No man, he reminded his judges, knows what death is, yet men fear it as if they knew well that it was the greatest of all evils. For his part, he would never embrace evil certain, in order to escape evil which might for aught he knew be a good. Either death was tantamount to a sound, perpetual, and dreamless sleep—which in his judgment would be no loss, but rather a gain, compared with the present life—or else, if the common myths were true, death would transfer him to a second life in Hades, where he would find all the heroes of the Trojan war, and of the past generally—so as to pursue in conjunction with them the business of mutual cross-examination and debate on ethical progress and perfection.*

The picture which is presented by the Platonic dialogue called

* Plato, Apol. Socr., c. 32 (See Grote's Hist. of Gr. Part II. ch. 68).

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"Phædon," of the temper and state of mind of Socrates, during the last hours of his life, may well be called one of immortal beauty and interest, exhibiting his serene and even playful equanimity, amidst the uncontrollable emotions of his surrounding friends—the genuine unforced persuasion, governing both his words and his acts, of what he had pronounced before the Dikasts, that the sentence of death was no calamity to him.

The night before his death, Sir Walter Raleigh observed the candle in his cell to burn dimly, and wrote the distich which says that

> Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
> Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

His cheerfulness, we are told, was so remarkable, and the calmness with which he confronted the imminent presence of death so assured, that the Dean of Westminster reproved him for seeming levity at such a juncture; but "Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he would rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joy within."

Our illustrations are designedly taken from all sorts and conditions of men. Be our next summons then to the exit of Clarendon's Lord Carlisle, "surely a man of the greatest expense in his own person, of any in the age he lived,"—the observed of all observers in court circularities and high life, the very glass of fashion if not the model mould of form—the exemplar (in principle and practice too) of men of pleasure, and the pattern of free fine gentlemen. And what was the manner of his exit? How did this well-graced actor leave the stage? "And when he had in his prospect," says Clarendon "(for he was very sharp-sighted, and saw as far before him as most men), the gathering together of that cloud in Scotland, which shortly after covered both kingdoms, he died with as much tranquillity of mind to all appearance, as used to attend a man of more severe exercise of virtue, and as little apprehensive of death, which he expected many days."

An Abbé de St. Pierre, dying at eighty-six, is asked by Voltaire, a few days before his death, how he regarded *ce passage*. He answers: "Comme un voyage à la campagne." A Christina of Sweden avows her "extreme aversion to old age," but death, which, she says, "I see approaching step by step, does not alarm me. I await it without a wish and without a fear." A poet Gray—nervous and sensitive to a degree—while succumbing under his last short illness, "told Miss Antrobus he should die; and now and then some short expressions of this kind came from him, but he expressed not the least uneasiness at the thoughts of leaving this world." Natures the hardiest, the most robust and enjoying, supply equivalent examples. Describing a set of strong-headed, stout-hearted, eccentric Scotch ladies, of a generation bygone, of the old Lady Arniston type, Lord Cockburn, in his "Memorials," says: "Though enjoying life, neither she [*Suphy* Johnston] nor any of those stout-hearted women had any horror of death. When Suphy's day was visibly approaching, Dr. Gregory prescribed abstinence from animal food, and recommended 'spoon-meat,' unless she wished to die. 'Dee, doctor! odd—I'm thinking they've forgotten an auld wife like me up yonder!' However, when he came back next day, the doctor found her at the spoon-meat—supping a haggis. She was remembered." Trust the Pale

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Messenger for *that*. Again: a Berthollet suffers from a gangrenous ulcer, for several months, "with surprising fortitude. He himself, as a physician, knew the extent of his danger, felt the inevitable progress of the malady, and calmly regarded the slow approach of death." A Berzelius is struck with paralysis, but retains the serenity of his mind while he counts the steps of death approaching slowly, "as a messenger who regretted his errand." Whatever the weakness of character of Louis XVIII. may have been, he was, in the words of Marshal Marmont, "great and strong in those circumstances where so many men are weak: he saw his end approach with a calmness and resignation which inspired me at the time with profound admiration. At the moment of this great trial he displayed the stoicism of an ancient philosopher." Of the state of Crabbe's mind, during his last hours on earth, his son bears witness, that "it was more firm than I ever remembered under any circumstances. He knew there was no chance of his recovery, and yet he talked at intervals of his death, and of certain consequent arrangements, with a strong, complacent voice, and bid us all adieu without the least faltering of the tongue, or moisture of the eye."

"Hitherto," writes Wilhelm Humboldt, in 1826, "I have always thought of death as a friendly visitant,—one that would be welcome to me at any time, because, however contentedly and happily I may live, this life has always something limited and enigmatical, and the tearing asunder of the earthly veil must bring to us at once more enlarged views and the solution of the previous mystery." The calm meditative old man's Letters to a Female Friend are rich in passages of a similar tone, and to the same effect.

In one of Eckermann's evening walks with Goethe, they had gone round the thicket, and had turned by Tiefurt into the Weimar-road, where they had a view of the setting sun. Goethe, his companion tells us, was for a while lost in thought: "he then said to me, in the words of one of the ancients,

'Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne.'

(Still it continues the self-same sun, even while it is sinking.)

"'At the age of seventy-five,' he continued, with much cheerfulness, 'one must, of course, think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets, but shines on unceasingly.'"—What different suggestions, by the way, the same cause, a setting sun, may excite in different minds, and under different states of feeling. Thus, at one stage of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* tribute to Arthur Hallam, we meet with the lines—

For though my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death;
Nor shudders at the gulf beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor,
An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more.

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COUNT HORACE'S SPORTING EXPLOITS.

Count Horace, the hero of Alexandre Dumas's romance "Pauline," called one day upon the author.

The representative of Pauline's husband was a spare, thin man, of some thirty years of age, sensual as an Oriental, and voluptuous as a Sybarite. He would sit smoking his nargileh on the softest of cushions, or be buried for days in the phantasms and illusions of opium and hemp, or he would rush from pole to equator, and back again from heat to cold, as if utterly indifferent to either.

The great Alexandre welcomed the arrival of his eccentric friend as the commencement of a *causerie*.

"I came to see you yesterday," said the count. "Where were you?"

"Shooting at Villers-Cotterets."

"Your birthplace, is it not?"

"Yes; all my oldest friends are there."

"Had you good sport?"

"Pretty fair. Tambeau got up two deer, and I killed them in two shots."

"I have done as much with two elephants," remarked Horace, in a careless manner, exhaling at the same time a great puff of smoke.

"Ah!" said Alexandre, "where was that? Have you any objection to relate some of your sporting exploits?"

"None whatever. Which will you have? I have shot elephants in Ceylon, lions in Africa, tigers in India, hippopotamuses at the Cape, reindeer in Norway, black bears in Russia. I have only one thing left to accomplish, and that is to kill white bears at Spitzbergen."

"Ah! that you won't do. There are no more white bears at Spitzbergen. Travellers have eaten them all up. But suppose you begin with the elephant hunt at Ceylon."

Well, I had been three months in Ceylon, lodged in the Mansion House. I was reclining one morning in my bed, contemplating that splendid sea into which the Ganges pours it waters, when a friend of mine—a nephew or pupil, I am not quite sure which, of Sir Robert Peel —came into my room.

"What good wind brings you here this morning, Sir William?" I asked.

"You are a sportsman. Will you join us to-morrow in an elephant hunt?"

"An elephant hunt! How long would it last?"

"Seven or eight days. Have you any arms?"

"Oh yes; I have my rifle."

"That won't do. You must have three double-barrelled rifles, or I won't answer for your life."

"But, my dear friend, what shall I do with such an arsenal?"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that. The attendants will see to your arms. I will provide what is necessary for you."

The sun, I must tell you, is awfully punctual in Ceylon. It always gets up at six and goes to bed at six the whole year round. It comes and

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goes out like a flash of lightning. I was ready and mounted whilst it was still dark. At Sir William's I found four or five of the party already assembled; others were to join us on the way.

Our route lay along the banks of a splendid river, wide as the Seine at Rouen. The road was shaded with the most varied and magnificent vegetation. Crossing a bridge, we were joined by four more sportsmen. We were thus eleven in all, and, as each had three or four attendants, the whole party amounted to some fifty persons.

One attendant walked at the head of each horse, another in the rear. The first was to hold the horse, the latter to keep off the flies. They did not use the fan for themselves; the natives are never hot.

Our first station was a temple of Buddha—a very holy spot, as it contained one of the tusks of the sacred elephant. This relic is so much the more precious, as the Ceylonese elephants have no tusks. The tooth of the same animal was buried ten leagues deep in the ground beneath a neighbouring cupola, which exactly resembled half an egg.

The further off we left the town the less populated was the country; at the same time living things became more numerous. Every now and then gigantic lizards were seen by the roadside lifting up their flat heads or fore feet, and pushing forth a tongue six inches in length. Snakes were also seen gliding in the grass.

On the same afternoon we arrived at Postaye, where we dined and slept, starting early next morning on the road to Neura-Ellia. The road had now become so narrow through plantations, that only one horseman could proceed at a time, and beyond the plantations we came to jungle interspersed with rocks. Here we first met with monkeys. I shot one, and never did I regret a thing more. I have killed two or three adversaries in duels, but I never felt what I did in contemplating the agony of that caricature of a man called a monkey.

Shortly afterwards we arrived at a coffee plantation, in the centre of which was a habitation. Sir William clapped his hands, and an attendant made his appearance.

"Whose house is this?" inquired Sir William.

"Sir Andrew's," was the reply.

"Is he at home?"

In answer to the announcement that the host was absent, Sir William contented himself with ordering a repast for fifty, and we took up our quarters there till the next day. In this way hospitality is practised in Ceylon.

The next day we breakfasted at Nuera-Ellia, and, ascending amidst rock and jungle, reached Elephant's Plain the same evening. Unluckily a storm came on, and we had to take refuge in a wayside hut, with nothing but a few biscuits for supper.

This time Count Horace regretted he had not kept the monkey. It was young, and might have been tender. Jupiter Tonans kept walking about all night at about twenty feet distance over their heads, and no one got even a wink of sleep.

The next morning it was resolved to commence sport in earnest. It was no longer a matter of amusement, it was a question of absolute necessity. The dogs were let loose, the attendants dispersed over the jungle, and the gunners followed close upon their tracks.

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Scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere the dogs gave tongue, but without stirring from the spot. Whatever it was, it did not care to leave its lair.

I hastened to the spot where the dogs were congregated, making a fearful noise.

"Take care," shouted Sir William, "it is a tiger!"

I must acknowledge that the information nailed me to the spot. I had often heard tigers talked about, and always in the most unfavourable manner. But I heard at the same time my companions advancing on all sides and cutting their way through the jungle with their hunting-knives. I knew that I was the nearest to the animal, and I did not like being superseded.

A heavy perspiration bedewed my forehead, so I repeated the words of Henri IV.:

"Ah, carcase, you tremble! Well, I will give you something to tremble for."

So saying, I rushed forwards, and in a step or two stood face to face with the wild beast. The tiger made a movement as if to receive me after his own fashion. Luckily two great dogs held it back, one by the throat, the other by the ear; three or four more dogs had hold of it behind. Others kept barking at the distance of a few paces.

The head of the animal, drawn on one side by the dogs, still sought to turn towards me, as if instinct told its owner that the greatest danger lay in that quarter. The tiger's yellow eyes shone with the lustre of carbuncles, and a furious foam bathed its open mouth, exposing in the rear two rows of formidable-looking white and sharp teeth.

I began by fixing the animal. I knew that so long as a man has the courage to meet the eyes, be it of lion, tiger, or panther, he influences it. But let the look waver, and he is lost.

The voices of my companions were getting nearer and nearer. There was no time for hesitation, unless I chose to be last. So taking my hunting-knife in hand, I went straight up to the tiger, without ever quitting its eye, and then with the tranquillity which characterises me when I have once made up my mind, I plunged my knife up to the hilt immediately behind the shoulder-blade.

The animal made such a violent plunge that it drew the weapon out of my hand.

I leaped aside.

Once more the tiger made an effort to bound, but the dogs still held it fast. It then rolled over, and in a moment was covered by the dogs, who, at this signal of its agony, simultaneously rushed in on all sides.

At this crisis, Sir William came up. Lashing away at what appeared to be a pyramid of dogs' tails, he soon cleared a way to the tiger.

"Whose is the knife?" he exclaimed, dragging it forth from the wound.

"Mine," I answered.

"Bravo, for a beginning."

"Excuse the faults of the author," I ventured to remark, as I wiped my knife with my pocket-handkerchief and replaced it in its scabbard.

All this was done with a simplicity which earned for me the unanimous praises of all present.

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I am an excellent actor, fully as skilled in performance as you are in putting a thing on the stage.

"Tiger hunting seems to be a sport capable of awakening high emotions," the great Alexandre observed.

"Just so; especially at first, but after you get accustomed to it the excitement wears off. I have since killed ten, twelve, or fifteen tigers a day in Bengal, and thought nothing of it."

"You must tell me how that came about."

"Not now. You must ask your friend Méry. He has monopolised the hunting-grounds of India just as Bertrand has those of Rambouillet. If he knew that I had killed one of his tigers, he would bring an action against me."

"I will not ask Méry, then."

"Yes, do; he will relate the events much better than I who enact them. It will be the same as with yourself when you make the Pasha of Egypt say, in reference to your 'Voyage du Sinai,' that of all travellers you are the one who has seen Egypt to the greatest advantage—you, who have never put a foot on Egyptian soil."

"True; but I had Dauzat, an artist and a wit, who had been there, to supply me with materials."

"That accounts for it. Give me a cup of tea."

"On condition that you give me the conclusion of your sport."

"Don't be alarmed, I won't wrong you out of a wild cat. Hungry as we were, we could not eat a tiger, so barely five minutes had elapsed after its death when we were once more in the jungle. Another five minutes and the dogs gave tongue again; but this time the noise moved away rapidly.

"A stag, gentlemen!" exclaimed Sir William; "our dogs have found us a breakfast. Get ready the jacks and the gridirons: there will be enough for everybody."

Suddenly the noise ceased.

"Good," continued Sir William; "the animal is run down. Ah! they are splendid dogs, my dear Horace; I believe that they would fetch up a hippopotamus from the bottom of the Ganges. Let us to the beast, gentlemen—to the game!"

This time Sir William arrived first, and when we got up he was wiping his hunting-knife. A gigantic stag lay at his feet, breathing its last. Sportsmen and attendants alike shouted with joy. There was truly, as he said, enough for everybody. The attendants set to work at once digging holes, lighting fires, and extemporising spits of iron-wood. These were placed on poles stuck crosswise in the ground, and two attendants turned them round, one at each end. Notwithstanding their indifference to heat, they had to be changed every five minutes. As to the offal, it was put into another hole and covered with live embers, and these again with dry wood.

In less than an hour we were at work, and wine, rice, and biscuits, made the complement of one of the most delicious meals I ever partook of.

Our repast finished, we mounted our horses and took the direction of Bintenne. It is between Bintenne and Badula that most elephants are met with.

At less than a mile distance from where we had lunched, the road makes

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a bend. At this turning our horses began to exhibit symptoms of anxiety. As to the one I rode, it got obstinate, and neither spur nor whip could get it to take a step further.

"It scents an elephant," said my horsekeeper, taking it by the bridle, while I jumped down, and, rifle in hand, turned the corner. My keeper was in the right, for not a hundred paces off I saw an elephant. It was attached to a great iron roller, which it was dragging after it in order to level the road. At a little distance there was another, with its keeper, employed in piling stones for a parapet. It is needless to say that, although such mistakes have occurred, roadster elephants and mason elephants were not considered to be legitimate game, so we continued our way to Bintenne.

Arrived at Bintenne, we had to leave our horses and cut our way through the jungle. This was in pursuit of elephants whose traces had been discovered by the natives some days previously. Progress was very laborious: there were nearly two leagues of jungle to cut one's way through. At length we arrived almost breathless at a small round space, about twice as large as the corn-hall in Paris, which had only been recently left by the elephants. Everything was trodden down by the bulky weight of the animals, who had made litter of the trunks of trees!

There were two wide pathways in the jungle; the herd, separated into two bands, had gone off in different directions.

We stopped short; we had arrived.

Sir William, who was more familiar with elephant hunting than any of us, imparted his final instructions. These instructions were more particularly addressed to me, as a novice in the art. I listened to him with a pulsation in my ears, which told me very plainly that my blood was not in its ordinary condition.

I must acknowledge that I had been terrified on contemplating the evidences of destruction around me, and I could not help asking myself why a man—a mere pigmy, whose footstep only bends the grass, which raises itself up again when he has passed by—should come and attack monsters that crush forests under their feet, and tread down trees never to rise again.

Sir William had slain six or seven hundred elephants. He had kept a record up to five hundred. Beyond that he had given up enumerating his victims. He had never met with but one accident, when, having fired at a young one, the mother had rushed at him before he could get another rifle from a runaway attendant, and had taken him up in its trunk, only throwing him away to resist the accumulated aid that had come up. He had been a month laid up, and was upwards of two before he could take a full breath.

Well, Sir William's instructions were, that we were not to shoot at elephants with tusks*—they are kings; nor at white elephants—they are holy. Nor was it safe to shoot young elephants, as the mother would charge the party. As to shooting the remainder, there was only one vulnerable point, and that was in the centre of the forehead, where there is a depression in the skull about the diameter of a man's hat. If fairly hit, the animal would be killed at once; if not, it would single out its assailant from a hundred, and charge him. The point was, then, to

* We have been before told that there are no elephants with tusks in Ceylon.

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await the animal till it was within a few paces, then step hastily on one side, and give it another ball in the ear.

According to Sir William, this was all the most common-place proceeding imaginable. I inwardly resolved to surprise my companions by doing some feat that went beyond the instructions.

It was time to make up my mind, for the attendants were shouting out that the elephants were coming back to us. Soon we heard what appeared to be the sound of a hurricane, and we felt the earth quake under our feet.

About twenty elephants were coming along one of the tunnels; only three, a male, a female, and a young one.

"Sir William," I shouted out in English, "I leave the troop to you and your friends. All I ask is, that I shall have these three!"

Then calling to my attendants to come along with the spare rifles, I rushed before the elephants. I could have sought shelter behind a tree, but I disdained to avail myself of such aid, and took up my place in the middle of the path.

As to my attendants, they changed colour like cameleons. From black they gradually became grey. Only one seemed resolute.

"Let those who are frightened go away," I said. And I told the more courageous one to take a rifle in each hand and to stand by me. The others disappeared in the jungle.

I had my eyes fixed upon the three colossuses; they appeared to me to be real mastodons. When they were no more than thirty paces from us, I took aim at the young one. It was trotting along between its mammy and its dad.

I pulled the trigger, and the pet staggered as if drunk, and then fell like a heavy inert mass. The mother uttered a fearful cry—a parent's cry—at once grievous and threatening, and then stopped to lift up her offspring.

The father rushed at me at once.

When he was within six paces I planted a ball in his forehead.

Carried away by his impetuosity, he went on beyond me.

I had stepped on one side, and while doing so had got another rifle. The colossus attempted to return upon his steps, but in doing so he stumbled. I saw by his eyes that he would never get up again. Soon his hind legs followed the example of his fore limbs. He uttered a deep moan that faded off into a sigh, and fell dead!

At this cry of agony the female, abandoning her young one, turned towards me.

It occurred to me not even to take advantage of having her head in front as she came down upon me. I waited till the animal was only two paces off, then jumping a little on one side, I placed my rifle close to her ear and fired off both barrels at once.

Half of the beast's head went in by the same hole as the discharge. Powder, balls, and paper showed the way!

"Well!" I exclaimed, "let every one do as much: three elephants in four shots. C'est joli!"

And taking my seat on the young one, which was about the size of a horse, I took out my *tinder-box* and lighted a cigar.

Such is the history you asked me for. It is not very interesting, but it is very veracious!

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BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.

PROTESTERS WHO WERE NEVER "PROTESTANTS."

Among those results of civil strife, whether political or religious, which, though seldom noticed, are not the less important, is the cruel necessity imposed on moderate men of taking a side whether they will or no. If this necessity reached only to those who have been well called "times' observers" (abbreviated into "time-servers"), men who stand by and watch their occasion to declare for the winning side, we should cordially concur in the old Athenian law, which declared neutrality in civil conflict to be treason; but in all ages, there have been men of calm minds and indisposed to violent action of any kind, who as reluctantly as inevitably have been drawn into the vortex of public affairs, and sometimes, by the fatality of overruling circumstances, have found themselves attached to the party and associates to which natural bias or acquired principle would least have inclined them. In our great English seventeenth century convulsion, many a thorough friend to liberty was ranged, by ancestral and hereditary obligation, under the standard of prerogative, while many a loyalist, who by all his secret sympathies should have been banded with "the gallants who fought for the crown," drifted on the flood of popular enthusiasm into the levies of "the Commons of England," each and all held* by a kind of necessity in the ranks in which they were first arrayed, until the great questions of the age had been brought to issue.

The same remark applies to the great religious revolt of the preceding century. Had Luther never replied to the incremation of his writings by burning the Pope's bull at Wittemburg,† and in thus solemnly repudiating the papacy, raised the standard of Protest, we should now have been hearing of many, known for his opponents, as strenuous Reformers. No candid or thoughtful Romanist ever denies that a reform in his Church was loudly called for, though of course every Romanist—*as such*—must deny that revolt or protest against papal usurpation was the mode for effecting that reform. In discipline, morals, practice, all confess that things had come to a very bad pass in the days of the Tenth Leo, but no

* Some individuals on each side "cross over" in the course of all conflicts, but scarce any with a good grace or a good result. The *Hothams*, father and son, who, by shutting the gates of Hull in the king's face, may be said to have fired the match which set the nation in flames, tried soon after to retrieve their *first* disobedience by an ill-concocted treachery, and were hanged for their pains. Not even *Mirabeau*, much less *Egalité*, in France, found themselves "at home" when they left their "order" for the "tiers-état." To all probability, had not a "kind fever" cut him off, Mirabeau might have lived to find himself execrated by the idolising populace of Paris; and the result to which the first Prince of the blood brought his fraternising with the canaille, is known of all men. Nor do popular leaders, when they leave the popular cause for the court, fare better; they are received into court ranks rather as forgiven culprits than as equal associates. Lord Brougham, in some pointed remarks on the gyrations of politicians, has happily said, that the "*when* to turn," and the "*where* to turn," are equally serious questions with the wheeling statesman.

† December 10, 1520. This may be called the date of the Reformation era.

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thorough adherent of the papacy can admit that the root of vicious practice lay deep in corrupted doctrine, whereas the shape and justification of the Reformation is found in a recognition of the truth asserted in our Article (XIX.), which declares that "the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in living, and manner of ceremonies, but also *in matters of Faith*." Until this conclusion had been arrived at, many a clear-headed and satiric papist was as willing to have a gird at papal abuses, as the most thorough-going of those who were "first called Protestants at Augsburg."

Of those men who would have been known as strenuous Protesters, if there had never been "Protestants," we may reckon Sir Thomas More, the witty and well-living Chancellor of England, who attested at the block his adhesion to a Church, of whose abuses and maladministration he had a keen and satirical perception. More is a rare and remarkable specimen* of a man writing mocking epigrams against priestly corruption and episcopal ignorance, and then giving martyr proof on the scaffold of adherence to the system which could foster and promote such ignorance. We find him classed with the pasquil writers of his day, and the following, inserted in a collection of these "paper pellets," may show with what a free pen he could once condemn the loud and ignorant zealots of that same Church, for which he afterwards showed himself as "zealous unto slaying" as he was ultimately steadfast in suffering:

In Episcopum Illiteratum.—Th. Mori.

Magne pater clamas, "*occidit littera*" in ore
Hoc unum "*occidit littera,*" semper habes—
Cavisti bene-tu—nec te ulla occidere possit
Littera, non est littera nota tibi.
Nec frustra metuis, ne occidat littera, scis, non
Vivificet qui te spiritus esse tibi.

On an Illiterate Bishop.

"*The letter kills!*"—like 'larum bell
"*The letter kills!*" is still your cry—
You're safe—a man who cannot spell,
No letter'd death will ever die.
To the "life-giving spirit"† stranger,
You wisely shun all letter'd danger.

The admixture of reverence and ridicule in the mind of Sir Thomas More, is not often found in Romanists, least of all is it to be found in our days. Rome has discovered the danger to her authority arising from allowing her children to disport themselves with her infirmities, to make merry

* Though More and Fisher (Bishop of Rochester) suffered for the same statute-made crime, their motives were, probably, somewhat distinguishable. More died rather than take an oath which would burden his conscience individually. *Fisher* died "for his Church," to which he was ever an undeviating and devoted son; doubting nothing, questioning nothing. He has left little, and that scarce note-worthy, in the way of composition, but "anti-Lutheran" is the distinguishing character of all his literary remains.

† The letter killeth, but
The spirit giveth life.

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in her short-comings, or point a finger at the rents, darns, and spots, in the flaunting robe of her infallibility. She has, no doubt, still many within her pale, who define their own *status* thus, "*mauvais Catholique, bon Chrétien*"—but the papacy is now careful to point out all such to her docile children as "ne'er-do-weels" with a warning—"*hunc tu* ROMANE *caveto!*"—against such witticisms as Sir Thomas More's every "*good* Catholic" now makes common cause all over the world, and according to a proverb derived from experience,

> Touch but one shaveling's frock at home,
> Cowls emit howls as far as Rome.

The sarcastic freedom with which More lashed the vices and ignorance of the clergy, did not prevent him from taking his side "*ex animo*" with his Church, when once open religious conflict began. No sooner had "Luther against Leo" become a war-cry, than More entered on that course of acrimonious controversy against the Reformers, in which he aimed at deserving his own "ambitious" epitaph, "*hæreticis Molestum*;"* and the free spirit which could once delight itself in the converse of the amiable Colet, and disport itself in ridiculing the ignorance and assumption of zealot seculars and regulars, became so wholly changed, as at intervals of his later career in life, to throw out against "*the blessed brethren*" (so he jeeringly termed the Reformers) what a learned prelate has called "the greatest heap of nasty language perhaps ever put together," being a compound of downright ribaldry, without one grain of the reason of a learned man to support it, or one flash of the author's "wonted wit" to enliven it, so that it could no otherwise add to his reputation, except as proving him to have "the best knack of any man in Europe at calling bad names in good Latin."† Thus, in this case, is our original position made good, that a special misery of civil contention, whether political or religious, lies in its power to transport men of composed and regulated tempers into all the zealot extravagance of party, very often with a fury and vehemence intensified in proportion to the depths of the calm mind which civil strife has troubled; we may well mourn over the power of such influences over Sir Thomas More, when we find him punishing as an "ungracious heresie" in a poor boy named "Dick Pinser, for that he had learned his '*Pater noster*,' '*Ave*,' and '*Credo*,' ye Englyshe, from Mister George Joye," a confession of which he is charged with having "souked out of the boyes botickes, when he whipped him naked, tay'd unto the tree of his trowthe!"‡ His strength and resolve of mind led

* Quod in Epitaphio profiteor me "*hæreticis Molestum*, hoc ambitiose feci."—MORI: *Ep. ad Eras.*

† This is Bishop Atterbury's censure upon Sir Thomas More's book against Luther, and the same condemnation attaches to his English works directed against *Tindal* and others. The extent to which More was transported beyond all reason or judgment in his zeal against Protestants, may be judged by the fact that he laid at their door the capture and sack of Rome, by the Constable of Bourbon! a work, as is well known, achieved by the troops and general of Charles V., that "Catholic" "*pur et simple*."

‡ Sir Thomas More had a whipping-post in his garden at Chelsea, which he called his "*tree of truth*,"—being his instrument for extracting from persons accused of heresy either confession or renunciation of their opinions. Mr. Froude, in his admirable *livraison* of "A History of England," which we hope to see completed, mourns over Sir Thomas More, the philosopher of Utopia, the friend of

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More, *living*, into the midst of the conflict, and, *dying*, into the ranks of martyrdom for his convictions, while a friend of his, of easier disposition, more patient of difference of opinion, neither contended as earnestly in life, nor sealed his adhesion in death with such a bloody testimony for Rome—Erasmus, expressed the constitutional differences between himself and More, when, stating that More *hated* with positive hatred the seditious tenets disturbing the world, he expressed his own state of feeling, *negatively*, in the acknowledgment that he "*did not love seditious verity*"—he had not energy to hate or love either party, to the point of active engagement for either.

The case of this Sir Thomas More's chosen friend and congenial companion is more peculiar than his own, and marks him more especially for one of those who continued to hold their Catholicity "with a difference," and without wholly prostrating mind and intellect in *ultramontane* submission to the papacy—*Desiderius Erasmus* stands out in history, arrayed against Martin Luther, as his most able and acute opponent; their duel upon the thesis "De Servo Arbitrio" is recorded as one of the best contested and most memorable of the theological conflicts of the day; the great parties at either side looked on with deep interest, as each champion,

> With that stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel,

dealt his argumentative. blow or vituperative retort, his "*diatribe*" or "*hyperaspistes*," to his opponent.

There is no doubt that in classing the celebrities of the Reformation age polemically, we must set Erasmus down on the muster-roll of the papal forces, yet is it by no means so certain to which party his secret and personal fealty was given, or to which cause he rendered most effective service. It seems more than doubtful whether his metaphysic duel with Luther, on the subject of "Free Will," afforded the papacy any support *at all commensurate* to the damaging effect of his more popular and satiric exposures of patent Church abuses—the very choice of subject on which, when urged, entreated, flattered to the conflict by all the influence of the papacy, Erasmus decided to join issue with the Reformer, did not show any great desire to render effective aid; inasmuch as it lay far above and removed from that region of debate in which his Church felt weak and required support; "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,"—are topics on which Milton represents the fallen angels as debating after they had lost heaven, and in the mazes of which the human intellect may wander to the point of losing itself to the end of time, but *these* matters are not of the *essence* of the quarrel between Rome and Reformed Christendom, nor has infallibility ever yet been able to propound its own views upon them with such dogmatic certainty as that its champions can venture to belabour opponents as with inexpugnable propositions; hence the polemic service of Erasmus was coldly received, and as coldly acknowledged at Rome; the papacy cannot afford to repudiate or censure even the half-hearted service of a champion so world-famed as the ex-monk of

Erasmus, whose life was of blameless beauty, as standing forth to illustrate the *necessary tendencies* of Romanism in an honest mind convinced of its truth, to combine a spirit of fell persecution with the fairest graces of the human character.

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Rotterdam, yet the "faint praise"* with which it damns his exertions in the cause, and the significant silence observed respecting the better known productions of his witty pen, prove very plainly that in papal estimation he ranks below champions every way and immeasurably his inferiors.

No fact is better ascertained, than that Erasmus always felt, and freely avowed himself to have been the victim of circumstances, in the fixing of his destination in life. It is rumoured that even pre-natal evils might have warranted a question concerning him similar to that put to our Lord, "Which did this man sin or his parents, that he was doomed to be a monk?" It is said that he came into life as one of those "children of shame" destined to be "put away" in that living death of the cloister, to which, as he himself elegantly says, "driven rather than drawn" (*adactum magis quam inductum*), he was consigned at the age of seventeen years. True it is that, in after life, Erasmus to some extent freed himself from a yoke peculiarly galling to a mind and spirit like his, yet the trammels of the convent ever hung about him, impeded his free mental action, and, as he himself ingenuously owns, "kept him from changing either his religion or vocation, *not because he approved either*, but that he should not cause scandal." How many a mind like his

* Upon reflection, it appears to me that neither the terms "faint praise," or "suspicious silence," fully describe the low estimate in which the Church of Rome holds the writings of Erasmus. Occasionally we come upon proofs of that stealthy and sly hostility, which, "*willing* to wound," is yet "*afraid* to strike." It would not answer the purpose of the papacy to reckon this celebrated man among *Protestants*, and yet in their charity papists assign him no better place, character, or fate. In a rare and curious work, entitled "EPIGRAMMATA IN HÆRETICOS," the work of "*Frusius*, a *Jesuit*," "*Louvain*, A.D. 1596," we find Luther and Erasmus thus classed and characterised:

"DE LUTHERI ET ERASMI DIFFERENTIA.

"Parum Lutherus et Erasmus, differunt
Serpens uterque est plenus atro toxico,
Sed ille mordet ut cerastes in via
Hic fraudulentus mordet in silentio."

'Twixt Luther and Erasmus, say
What difference can "the Faithful" see,
As rattlesnake *that* bars the way,
Asp-like *this* poisons silently.—R.

The point of this epigram seems derived from the "Aspistes" and "Hyperaspistes" of their celebrated controversy. One still more severe, on Erasmus alone, is recorded in the following:

"Ut Rhadamantheum stetit ante tribunal Erasmus,
Ante jocos scribens serio damnor ait?—
Cui judex:—Libri dant seria damna jocosi
Si tibi culpa jocus—sit tibi pœna jocus."

Erasmus thus to hell's chief judge did say,
"Must I for drolling with damnation pay?"
To him hell's judge, "Light books do serious ill,
Thy sin was scoffing—scoff in suffering still."—R.

Straws show the direction of a deep current, these light epigrams indicate the deep but suppressed feeling of Rome as to the *real* effect of the productions of Erasmus on her cause. I find, in the *Menagiana*, another epigram on Erasmus, which Ménage quotes in his loose way, and at the same time, with a strange want

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lingers on, and endures party fetters less from conviction than "a kind of shamefacedness"* ("*pudore quodam*").

We find these candid avowals of Erasmus in a remarkable letter (not found, as I learn, in his collected works), which he addressed to the supe-

of perception of its pointlessness, censures only for its bad prosody! The epigram, as he gives it, is as follows:

"Hic jacet Erasmus, qui quondam bonus erat mus,
Rodere qui solitus, roditur a vermibus."

"Il y a (dit Ménage), comme vous voyez, deux grosses fautes de quantité, qu'il semble que l'auteur ait bien reconnues, et quand on lui demandoit pourquoi il avait fait la première syllabe de '*vermibus*' brève? C'est, répondit-il, que dans le premier vers j'ai fait la première syllabe de '*bonus*' longue."

This anecdote has all the appearance of falsifying the epigram, or epitaph, in order to give Ménage occasion for "telling a good story." By calling Erasmus "*bonus*," the whole point of the epigram is blunted, and I am inclined to think that a *play on his name* may have been lost by misquotation—at all events, without the gross and double violation of prosody. I think a good and pointed epigram may be made of the idea, which I venture thus:

Hic jacet Erasmus—vivens tu durus eras mus,
Rodere qui solitus—rosus et ipse jaces.

Here lies Erasmus, once of biting wit,
Now food for worms, he lies a biter bit.—R.

* The bat in the fable is but the type of the buffetings and repudiation which Erasmus has endured from both sides. The Romanist gives him scant thanks for his half-hearted aid; the Protestant reproaches as pusillanimous his hesitation to stand to his convictions when the call was "Who is on the Lord's side—*who?*" Neither party seems to take into account that mental conformation which disqualified the man from going all lengths with either. The following neutralising extracts from his opinions perhaps best express the suspended, undecided state of his convictions:

"Si Lutherus omnia bene scripsisset mihi tamen magnopere displiceret *seditiosa libertas*."

And again:

"Si inclinat factio Lutheriana, exoriretur *intolerabilis pseudomonachorum tyrannis*."

The truth is, that though his pen was sharp and polished, he wanted the nerve and energy with which Luther, according to Beza's elegant epigram, made his grey-goose quill "do more execution than the club of Hercules." Bayle has said this, perhaps the bitterest because truest thing concerning him: "He seems to me one of those who wished for reformation, but he had too narrow an idea of the Divine Providence, not considering that it leads to the same end, sometimes by one way sometimes by another, so that with his '*non amo seditiosam veritatem*' —*he rested in the mire!!*"

Beza's well-known epigram has had many *traditors*, all falling short of the concise elegance of the original. I could never resist a temptation to translate an epigram even with the warning of previous failures before me:

"ROMA orbem domuit, Romam sibi PAPA subegit
Viribus illa suis, fraudibus iste suis.
Quanto isto major *Lutherus* major et illâ,
Istum illamque uno qui domuit calamo,
I nunc Alciden memorato Græcia mendax,
Lutheri ad calamum ferrea clava nihil."

ROME ruled the world, POPES the world's ruler ruled,
That swayed by arms, these by arts befooled;
Behold an humble monk surpassing either,
Who, conquering both, wields but a grey-goose feather.
Let boasting Greece proclaim *Alcides*' praise,
But LUTHER's pen his iron club outweighs.—R.

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rior of his convent in answer to a requisition that he should resume his conventual habits and duties; most affecting it is to hear this clear-headed and intellectual being, who had been delivered over to the dreary bondage of the monastic system at the unreflecting age already mentioned, expressing his sorrowful conviction that "if he had happened on some liberal profession he might have been reckoned not only among happy but *good* men." The whole letter is a testimony so clear and yet unimpassioned against monachism and its ensnaring and embondaging vows, that I think a version of it may be interesting, giving as it does a kind of *résumé* of the career of Erasmus, and probably an exposition of the principles of those men scattered here and there through the realms of the papacy to a larger amount than will ever be known before the "day of the revelation of all things," who were and are "*Protesters*" though not "*Protestants.*"

Some of the elegances of the concise and classic Latin of Erasmus are not transferable to another tongue, but I can offer the rendering as generally faithful throughout:

TO THE REVEREND FATHER SERVATIUS, ERASMUS SENDS GREETING.*

HONOURED FATHER, — Your letters, sent through many hands, reached me about to go into England, and afforded me infinite pleasure, as evincing your ancient kindness towards me. I reply briefly, as writing on a journey and chiefly in reference to the subject of your letter. Every man has his own opinion as every bird his own note, and it is impossible to please every one. God is my witness that my purpose is to act for the best; as for my early notions, age and experience have corrected them. I never intended to change either my calling or religion, not because I approved them, but that I should not cause any scandal, for you are aware that I was rather driven than drawn to that calling by the importunity of my guardian and other evil advices, and that when I found that this vocation by no means suited me, I was kept in the same by a kind of shamefacedness and the reproaches of Cornelius Uverden. All things do not suit all: from a peculiar habit of body, I never could endure to fast; once roused from sleep, I cannot rest again for many hours. My mind is so disposed to literature (not to be found in a convent†), that I feel sure if I had happened on some liberal profession I might have been reckoned not only among happy but good men. Therefore, when I found that course of life unsuited to me, adopted as it was under compulsion and not willingly, yet, once adopted, since (according to public opinion) it is sacrilegious to forsake it, I determined to endure my misfortune. You know my varied unhappiness, but this I esteem the chief, that I was driven on a course of life to which I was as indisposed mentally as corporeally. Mentally, in that I abhor ceremonial

* I find this letter in a biographic sketch of Erasmus in a collection "Vita Virorum Selectorum," published, strangely enough, without any title-page or date, but ascertained to have been the compilation of Dr. William Bates, a nonconformist, published A.D. 1681. He speaks of it as a letter which "*in epistolarum volumine nusquam compareat,*" but it has probably been introduced into the edition of his works subsequently edited at Leyden in 1703 by Monsieur Le Clerc, which I have not seen.

† "Quarum istic *nullus usus.*"

and delight in liberty; corporeally, in that even though I liked that mode of life, my constitution could not endure its austerities. But it may be said, "You were of full age to choose, and had your year of probation" (as it is called). Absurd! as if any one could expect that a boy of seventeen, a mere student, could have that self-knowledge which is a great attainment even for the aged, or could in one year learn what many come to grey hairs do not yet understand. Unproved and inexperienced, I was snared by the artifices I have mentioned. Still, I own that a good man can live well in any calling; I don't pretend to be faultless, nor yet so vicious but that if I had had a truly Christian director and not a superstitious bigot* I might have come to good. Meanwhile, having looked to what course of life would be least evil, I think I have followed it; I have lived with respectable people, and in studies which have restrained me from many vices; I have enjoyed the society of men truly Christian, by whose converse I have been benefited. Of my works—which, perhaps, you despise—I say nothing, though many acknowledge to have become wiser and better in the reading of them. Love of money I know not; fame attracts me little; though sometimes vicious, I never was the slave of vice; gluttony or ebriety I always abhorred and shunned. Whenever I contemplated the idea of returning to your society there rose before me the envy of many, the contempt of all; the cold and vapid converse, *savouring nothing of Christ!* the worldly entertainments; in fine, a mode of life altogether from which, if you "subtract the ceremonial, I don't see what that you can call desirable is left." And finally came the consideration of bodily infirmity, now aggravated by age, illness, and labours, to that extent that, without satisfying my brethren, I should destroy myself. For some years past I suffer from the stone, a cruel and fatal disorder; for some years past illness obliges me to drink a particular kind of wine; I cannot endure all kinds of diet or of climate, for this disorder often returns, and requires strict regimen, and I know too well your Dutch climate and mode of living, to say nothing of your morals,† so that to return would serve no end but to bring you trouble and me death. But possibly you think it a great blessing to die among your confraternity: this is a fallacy which imposes on all as well as yourself. Shall we confine piety and Christianity to a certain place, kind of worship, or of habit, or to some trifling ceremonials (*ceremonialis*)? Shall we think it all over with him who changes a white dress for a black one, a cowl for a cloak, and then travels? I venture to affirm that the greatest damage to Christian piety proceeds from those they call "the religious," though possibly, at first, drawn thereto by pious zeal; then by degrees they grew to about six thousand different kinds of monachism; the authority of pontiffs, too facile and indulgent in many things, increased the evil. What can be more polluted or impious than the laxer orders, or, if you turn to those of highest esteem, except some austerities and Jewish "*will*-worship," I don't know what conformity to Christ you will find. On these things it is that they pride themselves and judge and contemn others. How much more according to the mind of Christ would it be to consider the whole Christian world as one great monastery; all Christians as co-

* "Gubernator vere Christianus, non Judaicè superstitiosus."
† "Novi victus vestri rationem ut *de moribus nihil dicam*."

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religionists and brethren; to esteem the sacramental obligation the highest bond, and to regard not where but how well you live as the important matter. You wish me to fix myself in one place—old age gives the same counsel—yet the journeyings of Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato are commended; the apostles themselves, in chief St. Paul, were wanderers; Jerome himself, though a monk, was now at Rome, again in Syria, in Africa, here, there, everywhere, and even in his old age he studied sacred literature. I own I am not to be compared to him, yet I have never wandered about unless driven by the plague, or for health or study's sake, and wherever I have abode (I may speak of myself proudly yet truly) I had the approval of the approved, the praise of the applauded; and all countries, Spain, Italy, England, Scotland, have offered me their hospitality. I may not meet the approval of all men (nor do I care to do so), yet I have certainly pleased the most distinguished. Every cardinal at Rome received me as a brother, though by no means seeking such distinction, especially Cardinal St. George, the Cardinal of Bologna, Cardinal Grymanus, the Cardinal of Nevi, and the present pontiff, Leo X., not to speak of bishops, archdeacons, and learned men; and I owed this distinction not to wealth, which I neither had, nor have, nor desire, nor to ambition, which I never entertained, but to those literary attainments which, though our people deride, the Italians adore. There is not a bishop in England who would not delight in my acquaintance, desire me for a guest, or accept me as a resident in his family. The King himself, shortly before his father's decease, wrote to me in Italy with his own hand most affectionate letters, and now speaks frequently of me as of one whom he most honours and loves; and whenever I pay my respects he receives and regards me so kindly that it is clear as he speaks, so he feels towards me. The queen, too, has sought me for an instructor, and every one knows that by spending a few months in the royal household I could obtain what amount of Church preferment I pleased, but I prefer before them all my own liberty, studies, and labours. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate and Chancellor of England, a man of learning and probity, could not be more affectionate if I were his father or brother. In proof of his disposition, he bestowed on me a noble preferment of 100*l.* This, on my resignation at my own request, he exchanged into a pension of 100 crowns, to which he added a donation of 400 nobles within these few years; without the least solicitation he gave me one day 150 nobles, and from other bishops I have had 100 nobles given kindly and unasked for. Lord Mountjoy, my former pupil, has given me an annual pension of 100 crowns; the King and Bishop of Lincoln, now all-powerful in the kingdom, have both made me magnificent promises. Here are two Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, both desirous to have me. At Cambridge I gave lectures in Greek and sacred literature for several months—and this gratuitously, as it is my intention always to do. Here are some colleges, evincing so much piety and purity of life, that if you saw it you must ever after respect religion the more. At London there is Doctor John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, a man combining true doctrine with admirable piety, and of great and general influence, and, as is well known, there is none whom he so loves or lives so intimately with as myself. I forbear to enumerate others lest I should annoy you by being boastful or verbose. But now let me speak

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a little of my works. You have read, I believe, my "Enchiridion," acknowledged by many to have excited them to piety. I take no merit to myself for this work, but give glory to Christ if, by his grace, I have been the means of good to any. I don't know whether you have seen my "Adagia," printed by Aldus. It is not a theological work, but of general utility, and has cost me a world of labour.

I published a small work dedicated to my Dean Colet, calculated to be most useful to preachers, but *those who despise all useful literature* contemn it. In addition to other works, within these two years I have corrected the Epistles of Jerome, marked the corrupted and forged parts with asterisks, and illustrated obscure passages with *scholia;* from old Greek MSS. I have corrected the New Testament, and annotated above a thousand passages, not uselessly, as theologians acknowledge. I have commenced Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, which I mean to complete as soon as I have published those former, for it is my purpose to die engaged in sacred literature.

It is thus I employ my time and studies. Good judges tell me that I am competent in these matters to which others are incompetent; for your mode of life I am useless. Among all the grave and learned men I have associated with here, in Italy, or in France, I never found one who counselled me to return to monastic life, or advised it as preferable. Nay, even your predecessor, Nicholas Uvercerus, of happy memory, always dissuaded me from it, advised me to attach myself to some bishop's family, adding that he understood both my mind and the ways of "his little brotherlings"—I use his very words;* and, indeed, in my present mode of life, while I see some things to be avoided, I don't see how I can do better.

It now remains that I give you some explanation as to my monastic habit. Heretofore I always adopted the dress of the regulars; when at Louvain, the Bishop of Trajectinum gave me leave to use without scruple a short cloak instead of a long one, and a black collar instead of a monk's frock, after the fashion of Paris. As I travelled towards Italy, however, along the road, perceiving that the regulars all used a large cloak along with the scapular, not to give offence by singularity of dress, I, too, began to use it. Subsequently, when the plague broke out at Bologna, those who attended the plague-struck were distinguished by a white linen cloth hung from the shoulder, whom all men shunned carefully. It happened that I, paying a visit to a learned friend, some of the mob were about to assault me with their weapons, and had done so if a woman had not explained to them that my white linen was the scapular of an ecclesiastic. On another day, going near two boys, the sons of the city treasurer, these attacked me with sticks and abuse, so that by the advice of prudent friends I hid my scapular, and obtained permission from Julius II. to use the monastic habit or not as I pleased, provided I retained the garb of a priest, and all former irregularity, if any, he pardoned, by special written grant.

In Italy, therefore, I retained the sacerdotal habit, not to cause any scandal. Returning into England, I determined again to use my ordinary monastic dress; and, seeking the advice of a friend of the highest repute, both for life and doctrine, I showed him the dress I determined to wear, and asked him if it were suitable for England; he quite approved it,

* "Addens se nosse, et animum meum, et *fraterculorum suorum mores.*"

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and so I appeared in it publicly; but I was at once advised by other friends that I should hide it, for that such a dress would not be tolerated in England. I covered it accordingly, but since I could not wear it, and so conceal it as not to occasion some scandal, I replaced it in my trunk, and ever since have availed myself of the old license given me by the pontiff. The papal decrees excommunicate a religious who puts off his habit in order to mix more freely with the laity. I laid it aside in Italy in peril of life, I also laid it aside in England as not tolerated there, when I should have preferred using it; and, in fine, to resume it now would produce more scandal than did the laying it by originally.

You have now before you my whole mode of life—you have my own opinions. I would willingly change this mode of life did I see any better; but I do not see what I could do in Holland. I know well that neither the climate nor diet would agree with me, and I should excite universal notoriety. Shall I, who was left a youth, return old and grey? Shall I, held in honour by the magnates of other states, return an invalid, despicable in the eyes even of the feeble? Shall I go and interchange study and sottishness?* For as to your promise to exert yourself to find for me some position where, as you say, I might live in the greatest comfort (*emolumento*), I cannot conceive what it could be, except that you would locate me in some monastery, where I who declined to serve kings or prelates, should busy myself with some old women. On wealth I dwell not for a moment, for I seek not to grow rich, if I have what will enable me to have health and literary leisure, without being burdensome to any. I wish I might communicate personally on these matters, for I cannot do so by letter, either safely or conveniently, for your letters, though sent by a safe hand, had gone so astray, that, if chance had not brought me hither, I had never seen them: and they have reached me after having been in many hands previous. Wherefore, write no secret, unless you know precisely where I am and can find a trusty messenger.

I am now on my way into Germany—that is, to Basle, to edit some of my works. Probably this winter I shall pass at Rome. On my return I shall endeavour to confer with you somewhere, but summer is now nigh past and the journey a long one. I heard of the death of our friends, William, Francis, and Andrew, from Rasbondus and his wife. Salute our Lord Henry and all those others with you towards whom I entertain due regard, for I impute former mischances to mistakes, or, if you will, to my evil destiny. Your letters after Easter reached me in the end of July. Fail not, I pray you, to commend me to Christ in your prayers; me who, if I thought I should decide better in returning to your establishment, would set out this very day.

Farewell, my once most agreeable companion, now my most respected father.

Dated from Hanse Town, by Cales, the day after the Nones of July, —.

This characteristic and interesting letter is marked in the original with some peculiarities worth noticing. Though Erasmus speaks in it of having given lectures at Cambridge in Greek, yet I find that doubts have been expressed as to the depth and reality of his knowledge of that

* "*Studia mea, compotationibus permutabo?*"

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tongue, which, it seems, he first learned after he came to England. Mr. Hales, in particular, while praising his exactness, fluency, and facility as a Latin critic, says, "He had not the same with respect to the Greek writers." Without investigating these doubts, it may fairly be said that, in an age when that thick darkness, which Erasmus calls "*crassa Barbaries*,"* covered the people, and when monkish ignorance actually preached against Greek as "flat heresy" and a "Lutheran invention!" —when the *learned* Bishop Fisher attempted to learn it in his old age as a perfectly new branch of knowledge—in such a time as this, a proficiency, moderate when compared to the erudition of a Bentley or a Porson, might be something to boast of, and might even warrant a man in standing up to lecture. In the letter before us, Erasmus, possibly in a little parade of extra learning, here and there introduces a Greek sentence, much as an Englishman now-a-days enlivens, or gives point to a letter, with an appropriate Gallicism or scrap of Italian; but it is remarkable, also, that Erasmus seems to use his Greek as a kind of cypher† in which to convey any opinion bearing peculiarly hard upon conventual life or its usages: thus, when he says, "*If you take from the monastic life what is called its ceremonial* (ὡσ καλôυσι καιρεμονιασ), *I don't see anything desirable left*"—or, again, when he ventures to affirm "*that the greatest destruction of Christian godliness proceeds from those called the religious*"—he throws over these and other strong sentiments the veil of *Greek* characters; and there seems every reason to suppose that this was done to render them unintelligible to any chance reader, into whose hands the letter might fall, through that unsecurity of conveyance of which he complains.

The reference in this letter to that "dear Colet," with whom Erasmus lived in such intimate love, and to whom he had dedicated a work, "contemned only by those who despise all useful literature" (the *Scotists* and *Thomists* to wit), suggests to me to make up this triumvirate of "Protesters" with a few notes of that precursor of Protestantism, the good Dean of St. Paul's, the record of whose Christian munificence stands still discernible in the goodly pile of "Powles School" without, though the "lyttel monument he had made for himself nyghe to the image of Seint Wylgefort," in the church within, was long ago swept away in the conflagration of London."

That Colet (whose acts as a Churchman might well make a corrupt church wonder "whereunto these things would grow") was one of those men before his age, there are abundant evidences, in addition to his "heretic love to heathen Greek." Erasmus, in his light, easy way, would often accuse his friend of many symptoms of "heresy," from which he himself was free; and his repudiation of the authority of *Scotists* and *Thomists* alike, and his adoption of that plain, rebuking, reforming style of preaching, in which, in his celebrated convocation sermon, he called on prelates and priests to "let those lawes be rehearsed," which in their

* .... "Me adoloscente in nostrâ Germaniâ regnabat impune crassa Barbaries, litteras *Græcas* attigisse *hæresis* erat."—*Erasm. adv. Cursium.*

† I found lately in the State Paper Office traces of this application of the Greek language. Anne Cooke, the mother of Lord Bacon, a learned lady of her day, when writing to her sons Anthony and Francis, usually put proper names into Greek characters, especially when writing anything derogatory or mysterious.

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bare recital convicted the hearers of *omniferous* corruption; these things all marked him out for one of those "pestilent fellows," who, "after the manner his Church called heresy, worshipped God." There seems, also, to have been more earnestness and decision in his mental protest against superstition and folly than "his Erasmus" could attain to; of this the latter gives a remarkable exemplification in an account of the effect which an exhibition of some of the relics of St. Thomas A'Becket produced on each of them respectively: while Colet's spirit burned within him at the absurdities thus pressed on the reverence of the devout, Erasmus, with an easy tolerance, while he ridiculed the credulity which invested them with sanctity, felt no pressure of spirit to raise his voice against the abuse.* The hour when the world needs reformation is ever present, but it is only when "the Hour and Man" coincide, that reformation of abuses takes a form and practical consistence.

DANNEKER TO ARIADNE.

BY W. CHARLES KENT,

AUTHOR OF "ALETHEIA."

[It is related of the celebrated sculptor Danneker that towards the close of his career, when lapsing into dotage, he used to send his love to Ariadne—his masterpiece.]

My love to her—my love to her—
The dreaming sculptor sighed,
While life's autumnal leaf grew sere:
And still that word he bade them bear
The eve before he died.
My love to her—my love to her—
My passion and my pride!

My life's devotion thither bear—
Ay, take it all, said he:
No sweeter thought can ever stir
These lips, whose lightest tones aver
She's all in all to me:
My love to her—my love to her—
My soul's idolatry!

* "In England," writes Erasmus in his Treatise on Prayer, "they offer you to be kissed the slipper of St. Thomas, formerly Bishop of Canterbury—the same being possibly the slipper of some scurril buffoon; in any case can there be a greater folly than to adore a man's slipper? I myself saw, that when they exhibited an old torn napkin, with which St. Thomas is said to have wiped his nose! forthwith the abbot and the rest of them who stood about the coffer, fell at once on their knees, and, with lifted hands, expressed their adoration. To *Colet* (who was with me) these proceedings seemed intolerable. I, on the other hand, thought they might be endured, until an opportunity might offer for correcting them without disorder."—*Erasmi Modus Orandi*, Op. tom. v. p. 933.

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Methinks I see her standing here—
  The creature of my hand,
Whose grace a glory will confer
On me through earth's remotest year,
  While burns the Day-God's brand:
My love to her—my love to her—
  Till Time runs out his sand!

She smiles, she smiles, 'mid all my care—
  Whose beauty like the flame
Of mind through marble shining clear,
Revealed the golden harbinger
  That lit my lowly name:
My love to her—my love to her—
  The mistress of my fame!

Bright issues from the monster's lair
  That virgin blithe and coy,
Whose limbs symmetrical appear,
Though alien to the thrills of fear,
  Yet warm with throbs of joy:
My love to her—my love to her—
  A love without alloy!

A vital lustre gilds the air
  Where tenderly she leans,
Along yon grizzly form whose glare
Shot gleams of horror far and near
  Around the Grecian scenes:
My love to her—my love to her—
  Mine own bright Queen of Queens!

No flaw is hers, no faintest blur
  Who 'neath the forming blows
The mallet like a dulcimer
Struck down the chisel's iron spur
  In Art's parturient throes:
My love to her—my love to her—
  Who like some nymph arose—

Arose with that angelic air
  Which time and death defied:
The alms, at once, and almoner
Of Beauty to the realms that bear
  A heart to truth allied:
My love to her—my love to her—
  My soul's affianced bride!

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SEASON THE SECOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO MUCH TO WEAR."

I.

There is no misfortune on earth like a troubled conscience: there is nothing that will wear the spirits and the frame like a burdensome secret that may not be told. It will blanch the cheek and sicken the heart; it will render the day a terror and the bed weary: so that the unhappy victim will be tempted to say with Job, When shall I arise and the night be gone, and he is full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day: his sleep is scared with dreams and terrified with visions.

Strange that it should be thus with a young and lovely woman, one not yet two years married. The previous season Mrs. Oscar Dalrymple had been the gayest of the gay in the London world, and now she had come to town again, but much changed. Could it be illness which had changed her? Scarcely. For although she had passed through a fever in the winter, the traces of it were gone now, and she was entirely recovered from it.

The season was at its height, and Mrs. Dalrymple was plunging into its vanities headlong, when Mr. Dalrymple, in quitting the house one afternoon, encountered a young lady who walked lame.

"Ah, Alice!" said he. "Have you come to London?"

"We arrived yesterday," replied the young lady, who was the sister of Mrs. Dalrymple and the cousin of her husband. "Is Selina at home?"

"Yes she is, for a wonder. Waiting for somebody she intends to go out with."

"How is she?"

"I cannot tell you how she is. Very strange, it seems to me."

"I have been anxious about her," replied Miss Dalrymple, "for in a letter I received a few weeks ago from Mrs. Cleveland, she said she thought Selina anything but well."

"Take my arm, Alice, and walk with me a few paces," said Mr. Dalrymple. "There's something the matter with Selina, and I cannot make it out," he continued. "She acts, for all the world, as if she had committed murder. I told her so the other day."

"Committed murder!" echoed the astonished Alice Dalrymple.

"She's frightened at her own shadow. When the post used to come in at the Grange she would watch for the boy, dart down and seize the letters, as if she feared I might read the directions of hers. When she was recovering that fever, and I would take her letters in to her, she became blanched and scared. Often I ask her questions, or address remarks to her, and she is buried in her own thoughts and cannot hear me. She starts and moans in her sleep; and more than once I have awoke in the middle of the night and found her gone from the bed and pacing the dressing-room."

"You alarm me," exclaimed Alice. "What can it be?"

"I have thought that she was pining after London fooleries, but——"

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"Oh no," interrupted Alice, "that could not cause her to start from her bed at night."

"I was going to say so. And now that she is in the midst of them again, she is no better. Alice, she is mad after these gaieties and follies, worse than she was last year; and that need not be. I wished not to come this season, and told Selina the expense, last, had been such that I could not afford it, but she would. She *would*, Alice. I wonder what it is that chains her mind to this Babel of a city. I hate it."

Mrs. Dalrymple was in her bedroom when Alice entered, dressed, and waiting to go out: dressed with expensive elegance. When the first moments of meeting had passed, Alice sat down and looked at her: her cheek was thin, and its brilliant bloom told more of hectic than of health.

"Selina!" exclaimed Alice, "what is the matter? You are much altered."

"Am I? People do alter. You are altered. You look ill."

"Not more so than usual," replied Alice. "I get weaker with time. But you are ill: I can see it. You look as if you had something preying on your mind."

"Nonsense," said Selina, starting from her sister. "You are fanciful."

"What is it?" persisted Alice.

"If I have, your knowing it would do me no good, and would worry you. And yet," added Mrs. Dalrymple, "I think I will tell you. I have felt lately, Alice, that if I did not tell somebody I should go mad."

Alice rose, and laid gentle hold of her. "Let us sit down on the sofa as we used to sit together at the Grange, when we were really sisters. But, Selina, if you have wanted a confidant in any grief, who so fit as your husband?"

"He!" shrieked Selina—"*he!* It is the dread of his knowing it, the anxiety I am at, daily and hourly, to keep it from him, that is wearing me out. Sometimes I think I can no longer wage the war," she added, in a dread whisper, "but must put an end to it all, as Charles did."

Alice Dalrymple's blood seemed to curdle as she listened to the last words, and her face turned of a ghastly whiteness. She could not answer them, she did not dare to answer, or to remonstrate.

"What have you done?" she shivered.

"Ruined him, and ruined myself," was Mrs. Dalrymple's reply, untying her bonnet and jerking it from her head on to her lap. "You think I have a happy home: if you could only see what that home has been to me of late!"

"Selina!" exclaimed her sister, faintly, "you are trying me beyond my strength. Why keep me in suspense? Of what nature is your fault?"

"Debt," was Mrs. Dalrymple's curt response. "I have contracted debts that neither he nor I can pay, thousands upon thousands; and they are rendering my life a—I will not *say* what—upon earth."

"Debts! thousands upon thousands!" confusedly uttered Alice Dalrymple.

"It is so."

"How did you contract them? Not as—as—Charles did? Surely you have not that infatuation upon you?"

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"No," answered Selina, gloomily, "not that. As bad a one though. I owe it all for dress."

"I do not understand," repeated Alice, after a pause of astonishment.

"I do. Damereau's bill for last season was between three and four thousand pounds. It is over four thousand now."

Alice Dalrymple felt bewildered. She did not quite understand, even yet.

"It is not possible for one person to owe all that in a year," she said.

"Not possible?" repeated Mrs. Dalrymple. "Some ladies—and I could tell you their names—spent double; treble; four times what I did."

"And so they led you on!"

"Something led me on. If one is in the world, one must dress."

"No, Selina: not as you have done. Not to ruin. The generality of people, even those with a small income, as yours is, do not dress beyond their means."

"And make sights of themselves. I don't choose to."

"Better that, and have peace of mind," remarked Alice.

"Peace of mind! peace of mind!" returned Mrs. Dalrymple; "do not mention it to me. I shall never know it again."

"Oh, Selina, I hope you will. I hope some remedy may be found. How much do you say you owe?"

"There's four thousand to Damereau, and——"

"Who is Damereau?"

"Goodness, Alice, if you never did come to town till this season, you ought to know who she is, without asking. Madame Damereau's the great milliner and dressmaker; everybody goes to her. You are as ignorant as a child. Then I owe for India shawls, and lace, and jewels; and furs and things. I owe six thousand pounds if I owe a farthing."

"What a sum!" echoed Alice, aghast. "Six thousand pounds!"

"Ay, you may well repeat it! Which of the queens was it who said that when she died the name of Calais would be found engraven on her heart? Mary, I think. Were I to die, those two words, 'six thousand,' would be found engraven on mine. They are never absent from me. I see them written up in figures in my dreams; I see them as I walk; in the ball-room, in the theatre, in the park, they are buzzing in my ears; when I wake from my troubled sleep they come rushing over me, and I start from my bed, sick and terrified, and cannot escape them."

"You must have dressed in silver and gold," uttered poor Alice.

"No: only in what cost it: in such things as these," said Mrs. Dalrymple, pulling at her bonnet with both hands, in irritation so passionate, that it was torn in two.

"Oh, pray! pray!" Alice interposed, but too late to prevent the catastrophe. "Your beautiful bonnet! Selina, it must have cost three or four guineas. What a waste!"

"Tush!" peevishly replied Mrs. Dalrymple, flinging the wrecks to the middle of the room. "A bonnet more or less—what does it matter?"

Alice sat, in thought; looking very grave, very pained, very perplexed. "It appears to me that you are on a wrong course altogether, Selina. The imprudence already committed cannot be helped, but you might strive to redeem it."

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"Strive against a whirlpool," sarcastically responded Mrs. Dalrymple. "You are getting deeper into it: by your own admission, you are having new things every day. It is adding fuel to fire."

"I can't go naked."

"But you must have a large stock of dress by you."

"Do you think I would appear in last year's things? I can't and I won't. You do not understand these matters, Alice, and cannot be expected to know better."

"Then you ought not to go out: you ought to have stopped at the Grange."

"I could not stop there. I was eating away my heartstrings. Excitement is necessary to me to drown care."

"You can only do one thing," observed Alice, after a pause of reflection: "confess all to your husband. If things are so bad, they must be kept from getting worse."

"Be quiet, Alice. Do not mention his name. *That* is adding fuel to fire, if you like."

"It is cruel to suffer him to incur the expense attendant on another London season. If you object to tell him the truth yourself, shall I do it? I should not like the task, but for your sake——"

"Hold your tongue, I say, Alice," was the excited interruption. "How dare you offer to interfere between me and my husband?"

"Selina, do be calm. If you take it in this light, of course I must be silent. There is no cause for your agitation; I should not speak to Oscar without your full permission. How strangely you are altered!"

"I have had enough to alter me."

"What is to be the end of all this?" resumed Alice, speaking the words in a musing tone, rather than as a question.

"Ah, that's it! The End. But *you* need not hasten it. And, as if the thought of that were not enough, I have another worry on me now."

"What else?" sighed Miss Dalrymple.

"Damereau is pressing for her money," replied Selina. "She has hinted that she cannot give me further credit."

"The very best thing that could happen," thought her sister.

"What a shame it is that there should be so much worry in the world!" fretfully exclaimed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Three parts of the worry we create ourselves," replied Alice; "we bring it on by our own acts. And no worry ought to have the power very seriously to disturb our peace," she continued, in a whisper.

"Now, Alice, I know what you are hinting at: you are going to bring up some of those religious notions of yours. They will be worse than lost upon me. One cannot live with one's body in this world, and one's heart in the next."

"Oh yes we can," said Alice, earnestly. "We——"

"Well, I don't suppose I am going into the next, yet; unless I torment myself out of this one; so don't go on about it," was the graceless reply of Mrs. Dalrymple. But as Alice rose to leave, her mood changed.

"Forgive my fractiousness, Alice; indeed you would excuse it if you only knew how truly miserable I am. It makes me savage with myself and with everybody else."

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"Ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple's maid, entering the room, "Lady Burnham is at the door, waiting for you."

"I am not going out to-day," answered her mistress, rising. "I have changed my mind."

"Oh my patience!" uttered the maid, "what's this? Why, ma'am, it's never your bonnet!"

She stooped over the two pieces in astonishment: then she went to pick them up, but her mistress was too quick for her.

No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre: I fear the same may be said of woman. "Bother the bonnet," was the undignified reply of Mrs. Dalrymple, as she kicked the pieces further away. Ann humbly followed them to the far-off corner, and there took them into her hands. "Reach me another bonnet," said Mrs. Dalrymple; "I think I will go, after all. What's the use of staying brooding in-doors?"

"Which one, ma'am?"

"Oh, I don't know. Bring some out."

Alice took her departure, as an array of bonnets, new and costly, were being displayed for her sister's difficult choice.

Mrs. Dalrymple went down, and took her seat in Lady Burnham's carriage. The latter was full of pleasurable excitement, and imparted to Selina some particulars she had learnt of the marriage festivities about to be held in a family of their acquaintance, to which they were both invited. Lady Burnham was then on her road to Madame Damereau's, to order a suitable toilette for it, one that would eclipse everybody's but the bride's. Mrs. Dalrymple, in listening, momentarily forgot her cares: when carried out of herself by the preparations for these pomps and vanities, she occasionally did so. Do not let the reader demur to the sense implied by "the preparations." It was only when carried away by the excitement of the preparations that she did so forget: in the enacting of the pomps and vanities themselves, when they were before her in all their glory, and she made one of the bedizened crowd, her nightmare was then sure to be upon her; the skeleton in the closet would, at those festive times, be exceeding prominent and bare. The reader may be a philosopher, a grave old F.R.S., very learned in searching out cause and effect: I am not: so he will account for this much better than I shall, if he wants it accounted for.

From the discussion of the wedding programme, the breakfast in the morning and the ball in the evening, Lady Burnham proceeded to the attire: what she meant to wear herself, and what she recommended to Selina. Selina's mouth watered; and the carriage stopped at Madame Damereau's. Mrs. Dalrymple's orders there amounted to 90*l*.

That same evening Mrs. Dalrymple was dressing for what Sam Weller's friend called a swarry, when her husband entered the room.

"Selina, here's somebody down stairs, asking to see you."

"Who?" rejoined Mrs. Dalrymple, her pulses quickening; which they were apt to do now, at any similar vague announcement.

"A lady. Mrs. Cooper, I think James said when he showed her in. I came away, not knowing her."

Selina knew that there was a Mrs. Cooper in the establishment of Madame Damereau, a partner, she fancied, or book-keeper, something of that. She had seen her once or twice; a ladylike woman who had been reduced.

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"Let Mrs. Cooper come up here," she said to the maid. "Oscar, we don't want you."

"Thank you for telling me, Selina. I was not thinking to remain."

He passed into his dressing-room as he spoke, closing the door, and Mrs. Cooper entered.

"I come from Madame Damereau," she began, taking the chair that Selina pointed to. "She hopes——"

"For goodness' sake speak low!" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in ill-concealed terror. "Mr. Dalrymple is only in the next room, and I do not wish him to hear all my private affairs. These London walls are thin. She wants money, I suppose."

"She hopes, madam, that you will make it convenient to let her have some," said Mrs. Cooper, sinking her voice to a whisper. "A small portion of the bill."

"I expect I shall soon be able to do so," replied Mrs. Dalrymple. "Just now I cannot."

"Only a few hundred pounds," she said. "That is but trifling, compared with the whole sum, which amounts now to——"

"Oh, I know what it amounts to, I can guess it, near enough," hastily interposed Mrs. Dalrymple. "In the course of a week or two I will see what I can do."

Poor Selina, at her wits' end for excuses, had said "in the course of a week or two" so many times now, that Madame Damereau had got tired of hearing the phrase.

Mrs. Cooper hesitated, not much liking her errand. "She bade me say, madam, that she was extremely sorry to cause inconvenience, but that she cannot execute the order you gave to-day, unless she previously receives some money."

"Not execute it!" uttered Selina, with flashing eyes. "What do you mean by saying such a thing to me?"

"Madam, I am but the agent of Madame Damereau. I can only speak as she requires me."

"True," answered Selina, softening; "it is not your fault. But I must have the things. You will get them for me, will you not?" she said, in an accent of entreaty, feeling that she was speaking to a gentlewoman, although one who but held a situation at a milliner's. "Oh, pray use your influence! get her to let me have them."

Mrs. Cooper stood in distress, for she was one of those refined spirits who cannot bear to cause, or to witness, pain. "If it depended upon me, indeed you should have them," she answered, "but I have no influence of that nature with Madame Damereau. She is not one to allow the slightest interference, on my part, between her and her ladies: were I to attempt it, I might lose my place in her house, and be turned out again to struggle with the world."

"Has it been a harsh world to you?" inquired Selina, pityingly.

"Oh yes," was Mrs. Cooper's answer, "or I should not be where I am now. And I am thankful to be there," she hastily added: "I would not seem ungrateful for the mercy that has followed me in my misfortunes."

"I think misfortunes are the lot of all," spoke Selina. "What can I do to induce Madame Damereau to furnish me these things?"

"Perhaps you had better call and see her yourself, madam," replied

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Mrs. Cooper, relapsing into her ostensible position. "I will try and say a word to her to-night that may prepare her."

"I will see her to-morrow. Thank you," replied Mrs. Dalrymple, ringing for Mrs. Cooper to be shown out.

Mrs. Dalrymple finished dressing and went forth to the evening's gaiety with what spirits she might. On the following day she proceeded to Madame Damereau's, but the interview, although Mrs. Cooper had said as much as she dared, was not productive of good. Madame was obstinate and obdurate. Not exactly insolent: she was never that, to her customers' faces: but she and Mrs. Dalrymple both lost their temper, and the latter was impolitic enough to say some cutting things, not only in disparagement of Madame's goods, but about the "cheating prices" she had been charged. Madame Damereau's face turned sea-green, and the interview ended by her stating that if some money was not immediately furnished her, she should sue Mr. Dalrymple for the whole. Selina went away sick at heart; for she read determination on the incensed lips of the Frenchwoman.

Proceeding home and entering her own room, she threw off her things and sat down to think. She did not sit long: her mind was in a state that forbade it—a chaos, driving to desperate action.

"How is this woman to be pacified?" she uttered. "What a fool I was to provoke her! Two or three hundred pounds might do it. Where am I to get them? If she carries out this dreadful threat and appeals to Oscar! Oh!" she shivered, "I must stop that. *I* must get some from him: I will try at once. Ugh! what a curse the want of money is!"

She descended the stairs and entered the dining-room, where her husband was sitting. He was at the table, writing letters, and seemed to be in the midst of business and accounts.

"Oscar."

He looked up. "What is it?"

"Oscar," she said, advancing and standing close to him, "can you let me have a little money?"

"No, that I can't, Selina. I am settling up some payments now, and can only do it by halves. Others I am writing to put off entirely for the present."

He had bent over his writing again, as if the question, being answered, was done with.

"Oscar, I must have it."

"What money do you mean? Some for housekeeping? I can let you have that."

"No, no: for myself. I want—I want—two hundred pounds," she said, jerking it out. She did not dare to say three.

He put down the pen and turned towards her in displeasure. "Selina, I told you before we came to town that I could not have these calls upon me, as I had last year. You know how very small our income is, and you know that your extravagance has already crippled it. The allowance I make you is greater than I can afford: I cannot give you more."

"Oh, Oscar, I must have it," she exclaimed, in excitement, terrified at the aspect her situation presented to her. "Indeed I must—even at an inconvenience."

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"To squander away in folly!"

"No. If it were only to squander away, I might do without it, and I cannot do without this."

Mr. Dalrymple looked keenly at her, and she shrank from his gaze. "Let me know what you want it for; that I may judge of the necessity you speak of. If this is inconvenient to you, Selina, you must be satisfied with my refusal."

"Well, then," she said, goaded into the avowal, "I owe it."

"Owe it! Owe two hundred pounds! *You!*"

So utter was his astonishment, so blank his dismay, that Selina shuddered inwardly. If her owing two hundred thus impressed him, what would become of her if ever he learnt the whole truth!

"And I am pressed for it," she faintly added. "Pray let me have it, Oscar."

"What have you gone in debt for?"

"Various things," she answered, not caring to avow particulars. But he looked steadfastly at her, waiting for the truth. "Dress."

"The compact between us was that you should not go in debt," he said, in a severe tone. "You have behaved ill to me, Selina."

She bent her head, feeling that she had: oh, feeling it terribly, just then.

"Is this all you owe? All?"

"Y—es." But the falsehood, as falsehoods ought, trembled on her lips.

Without speaking another word, he unsealed a paper in which were enclosed some bank-notes, and handed several to her, to the amount of two hundred pounds. "Understand me well, Selina, this must never occur again. These notes had a different and urgent destination."

"What an idiot I was, not to ask for the other hundred!" was her mental comment, as she escaped from the room. "I wonder whether Alice could lend it me?"

She next applied to her sister, but Alice could not assist her. And night came on, and she went to rest, no further advanced than before.

To rest! It was a mockery of the word. Mrs. Dalrymple passed it, partly in tossing and turning from side to side, partly in pacing another room—as her husband had told Alice he had known her to do; and when morning came and she arose, it was with trembling limbs, a parched throat, and a fevered brain.

Her whole anxiety was to make up this money, three hundred pounds; hoping that it would prove a stop-gap for the milliner, and persuaded that it would be useless to offer less. What was to come, afterwards, and how further stop-gaps would be supplied, she did not now glance at. That evil seemed a hundred and fifty miles off, compared with this.

A faint idea had been looming through her mind. At the commencement, it had neither shape nor form, but by mid-day it had acquired one, and was entertained. She had heard of such things as pledging jewels: she was sure she had heard that even noble ladies, driven to a pinch, so disposed of them. Mrs. Dalrymple locked her bedroom door and reached out hers, and laid them in a heap on the bed.

She began to estimate their value: she reckoned up what they had cost to buy: as nearly as she could remember and judge, it amounted to

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full five hundred pounds. She supposed she might be able to borrow four hundred upon them: and she decided to do it. Then, if that harpy of a French marchande de modes was not pacified with a small sum, she should have a larger to offer her. Yes, and get the things for the wedding breakfast besides.

The relief this determination brought to the mind of Selina Dalrymple, few, never reduced to a similar strait, can picture. It almost took away her weight of care. The job of pledging them would not be a pleasant one, but she must go through with it herself, she had no one to trust. The glittering ornaments were still displayed upon the bed when she heard footsteps approaching the room, and some one knocked and called to her. She grew scared and terrified; for a troubled conscience sees shadows where no shadows are, and hers whispered that curious eyes, looking on those ornaments, must divine what she meant to do with them —whether the eyes were those of husband, maid, or sister; and she thought it was her sister's voice who now asked for admittance. With a hasty hand she threw a dress upon the bed, and then another upon the first, and then a heavy one over all. The shining stones were hidden now.

II.

Oscar Dalrymple was sitting over his after-dinner wine, and the street lamps were lighted, when a figure, looking as little like Mrs. Dalrymple as possible, stole out of the house; stole stealthily, and closed the door stealthily behind her, so that neither master nor servant should hear her. She had ransacked her wardrobe for a plain gown and a dark shawl, and her straw bonnet might have served as a model for a Quaker's. She had been out in the afternoon, and marked the shop she meant to go to. A renowned shop in its line, and very respectable, even Selina knew that. She hurried along the streets, not unlike a criminal: had she been going to rob the warerooms of their jewels, instead of offering some to add to their hidden stock, she could not have felt more guilty. When she reached it she hesitated, and could not make up her mind to enter: she took a turn or two before its front, she glanced in at its door, and its window, crowded with goods. She had never been in a pawnbroker's shop in her life, and her ideas of its customers were vague: comprising gentlewomen in distress, gliding in as she did, tipsy men carrying their watches in their hand, poor objects out of work, in dilapidated shirt-sleeves, and half-starved women with pillows and flat irons. It looked quiet, inside; so far as she could see, there did not appear to be a soul. With a desperate effort of resolution she went in.

She stood at the counter, the chief part of the shop being hidden from her. A dark, vulgar-looking man came forward.

"What can we do for you, ma'am?"

"Are you the master?" inquired Selina.

"No."

"I wish to see him."

Another presently appeared, and Mrs. Dalrymple was surprised. She had expected to see a common tradesman, of manners like the first, and he who now accosted her had the appearance and address of a gentleman; and of a sensible one, too.

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"I am in temporary need of a little money, and wish to borrow some upon my jewels," began Mrs. Dalrymple, in a hoarse whisper; and she was really so agitated as scarcely to know what she said.

"Are they of value?" he inquired.

"Some hundreds of pounds. I have them with me."

He requested her to walk into a private room, and placed a chair. She sat down and laid the jewels on the table. He examined them in silence, one after another, not speaking till he had gone through the whole.

"What did you wish to borrow on them?"

"As much as I can," replied Mrs. Dalrymple. "I thought about four hundred pounds."

"Four hundred pounds!" echoed the pawnbroker. "Ma'am, they are not worth, for this purpose, more than a quarter of the money."

She stared at him in astonishment. "They are real."

"Oh yes. Otherwise they would not be worth so many pence."

"Many of them are new within twelve months," urged Mrs. Dalrymple. "Altogether they cost more than five hundred pounds."

"To buy. But they are not worth much to pledge. The fashion of these ornaments is changing with every season: and that, for one thing, diminishes their value."

"What could you lend me on them?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Absurd!" returned Mrs. Dalrymple, her cheeks flushing. "Why, that one set of amethysts alone cost more. I could not let them go at that. It would be of no use to me."

"Ma'am, it is entirely at your own option, and I assure you I do not press it," he answered, with courteous respect. "We care little about taking these things in, for so many are brought to us now, that our sales are glutted with them."

"You will not be called upon to sell these. I shall redeem them."

The jeweller did not answer. He could have answered that never an article, from a service of gold plate to a pair of boy's boots, was pledged to him yet, but it was quite sure to be redeemed—in intention.

"Are you aware that a great many ladies, even of high degree, now wear false jewellery?" he resumed.

"No, indeed," returned Mrs. Dalrymple. "Neither should I believe it."

"Nevertheless it is so. And the chief reason is the one I have just mentioned: that in the present day the rage for ornaments is so great, and the fashion of them so continually changing, that to be *in* the fashion, a lady must spend a fortune in ornaments alone. I give you my word, ma'am, that in the fashionable world a great deal of the jewellery now worn is false; though it may pass, there, unsuspected. And this fact deteriorates from the value of real, especially for the purpose of pledging."

He began, as he spoke, to put the articles into their boxes again, as if the negotiation were at an end.

"Can you lend me two hundred upon them?" asked Mrs. Dalrymple, after a blank pause.

He shook his head. "I can advance you what I have stated if you

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please; not a pound more. And I am quite sure you will be able to obtain no more on them anywhere, ma'am, take them where you will."

"But what am I to do?" returned Mrs. Dalrymple, betraying some excitement. Very uselessly: but that room was no stranger to it.

The jeweller was firm, and Mrs. Dalrymple gathered up her ornaments, her first feeling of despair merging into anger. She was leaving the room with her parcel, when it occurred to her to ask herself WHAT she was to do—how she was to procure the remainder of the sum necessary for Madame Damereau. She turned back, and finally left the shop without her jewels but with a hundred pounds in her pocket, and her understanding considerably enlightened as to the relative value of a jewel to buy and a jewel to pledge.

Now it happened that if Mrs. Dalrymple had repented of showing her temper to Madame Damereau, that renowned artiste had equally repented of showing hers to Mrs. Dalrymple. She feared it might tell against her with her customers, if it came to be known: for she knew how popular Selina had been. She came to the determination of paying Mrs. Dalrymple a visit, not exactly to apologise, but to soothe her down. And to qualify the pressing for some money, which she meant to do (whether she got it or not), she intended to announce that the articles ordered for the wedding festivities would be supplied. "It's only ninety pounds more or less," thought madame, "and I suppose I shall get the money some time."

She reached Mrs. Dalrymple's soon after that lady had departed on her secret expedition. Their London lodgings were confined. The dining-room had Mr. Dalrymple in it, so Madame Damereau was shown to the drawing-room, and the maid went hunting about the house for her mistress.

Whilst she was on her useless search, Mr. Dalrymple entered the drawing-room, expecting to find it tenanted by his wife. Instead of which, some strange lady sat there, who rose at his entrance, made him a swimming curtsey, the like of which he had never seen in a ball-room, and threw off some rapid sentences in an unknown tongue.

His perplexed look stopped her. "Ah," she said, changing her language, "Monsieur, I fear, does not speak the French. I have the honour, I believe, of addressing Mr. Dalreemp. I am covered with contrition at intruding at this evening hour, but I know that Mrs. Dalreemp is much out in the day."

"Do you wish to see her? Have you seen her?" asked he.

"I wait now to see her," replied madame.

"Another of these milliner people, I suppose," thought Mr. Dalrymple to himself, with not at all a polite word in connexion with the supposition. "Selina's mad, to have the house beset with them like a swarm of flies. If she comes to town next year may I be——" He did not say what, but went to the door and raised his voice.

"Ann! tell your mistress she is wanted."

"I can't find my mistress, sir," said the servant, coming down stairs. "I thought she must be in her room, but she is not. I am sure she is not gone out, because she said she meant to have a quiet evening at home to-night, and she is not dressed."

"She is somewhere about," said Mr. Dalrymple. "Go and look for her."

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Madame Damereau had been coming to the rapid conclusion that this was an opportunity she should do injustice to herself to omit using. And as Mr. Dalrymple was about to leave her to herself, she stopped him.

"Sir—pardon me—but now that I have the happiness to see you, I may ask if you will not use your influence with Mrs. Dalreemp to think of my account. She does promise so often, and I get nothing. I have my heavy payments to make, and sometimes I do not know where to find the money: though, if you saw my books, your head would bristle, sir, at the sums owing to me."

"You are—— ?"

"I am Madame Damereau. If Mrs. Dalreemp would but give me a few hundreds off her bill, it would be something."

A few hundreds! Oscar Dalrymple wondered what she meant. He looked at her for some moments before he spoke.

"What is the amount of my wife's debt to you?"

"Ah, it is——But I cannot tell it you quite exactly. The last bill that went in to her was four thousand and twenty-two pounds."

He had an impassible face, rarely showing emotion. It had probably not been moved to it half a dozen times in the course of his life. But now his lips gradually drew away from his teeth, leaving the gums exposed, and a red spot appeared upon each cheek.

"WHAT did you say? How much?"

"Four thousand and twenty-two pounds," equably answered madame, who was not familiar with his countenance. "And there have been a few trifles since, and her last order this week will come to ninety pounds. If you wish for it exactly, sir," added madame, catching at an idea of hope, "I will have it sent in to you when I go home. Mrs. Dalreemp has the details up to very recently."

"Four thousand pounds!" uttered Mr. Dalrymple, in a sort of paralysed manner. "When could she have contracted it?"

"Last season, sir. A little in the winter, she had, and a little this spring: not much."

He did not say more, save a mutter which madame could not catch. She understood it to be that he would speak to Mrs. Dalrymple. The maid returned, protesting that her mistress was not in the house, and must have changed her mind and gone out: and Madame Damereau, thinking she might be gone out for the evening, and that it was of no use waiting, made her adieu to Mr. Dalrymple with the remarkable curtsey several times repeated.

He was sitting there still, in the same position, when his wife appeared. She had entered the house stealthily, as she had left it, had taken off her things, and now came into the room ready for tea, as if she had only been up-stairs to wash her hands. Scarcely had she reached the middle of the room, when he rose and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. His face, as she turned to him in alarm, with its drawn aspect, its glistening eyes, its mingled pallor and hectic, was so changed that she could hardly recognise it for his. A fear crossed her that he had gone mad. "Oscar, you terrify me!" she shrieked out.

"What debts are these that you owe?" he hissed, from between his parted lips.

Was the dreaded moment come, then! She shook in his grasp, and a low moan escaped her.

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"Four thousand pounds to Damereau the milliner! How much more to others?"

"Oh, Oscar, if you look and speak like that, you will kill me," she uttered. "Forgive me this, and my life's repentance shall atone for it."

"I ask how much more," he repeated, passing by her entreaty as the idle wind. "Tell me the truth, or I will thrust you from my home and advertise you."

She strove to sink down to hide her face on the ground; she would certainly have sunk there but for his powerful grasp. He shook her roughly by the arm, and repeated the question, "How much?"

"Six thousand pounds—in all—about that. Not more, I think."

He flung her arm from him with a jerk, and she sank down on the carpet with her face on the sofa, and sobbed and moaned.

"Are you prepared to go out and work for your living, as I must do?" he panted. "I have nothing to keep you on, and shall not have for years. If they throw me into a debtors' prison to-morrow, to languish there, I cannot help it."

"Do not reproach me," she moaned, "I have suffered much. You have told me I was restless, as one who had committed a crime: you know now what the crime has been."

"*You* suffer!" he scornfully ejaculated. "When, up to this time, this very week, you have been augmenting your debt recklessly! Stop your display of tears: crocodiles can shed them."

She only sobbed the more.

"I was a fool to marry into your branch of the family," he went on, stamping his foot, "for a mania attends it. Your uncle gambled his means away and then took his own life; your father hampered himself with his debts and remained poor; your brother followed in his uncle's wake; and now, madam, the mania is upon you!"

Mr. Dalrymple stopped, for the servant appeared at the door with the tea-urn. Mr. Dalrymple motioned him away. "No tea to-night," he authoritatively exclaimed; we do not require it." And he flung the door to, after the man.

Mrs. Dalrymple did not move. But every now and then she sobbed out entreaties to her husband for forgiveness. It was just as though he heard her not. His first explosion of passion over, he smothered it in silence and never spoke, but he paced the room with angry strides.

After a while Mrs. Dalrymple gathered herself up, and left it. Some time after, she heard the drawing-room bell ring, and then hermaid came up to her, tossing and indignant.

"Ma'am! I must say this is very sudden."

Mrs. Dalrymple bent her face over a drawer, which she pretended to be looking in, and strove to command her voice to indifference.

"What is sudden?"

"Master has ordered me to come and pack up. He says you must be off to the Grange with morning light. I asked him how I was to pack up to-night, with you and him in the room asleep, and he said I might settle that with you, but that he should not be in it."

Mrs. Dalrymple, conscience-stricken, had nothing to answer.

"He says, too, you will not want me beyond the month, ma'am.

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And that if I like to leave at once, and stop in town and look out for a place, he'll give me a month's board wages. It's the first time as I ever was dismissed in a summonary way, like this," added the damsel, shaking with her wrongs.

"I am very sorry, Ann. Circumstances oblige us to make this sudden change. It shall not affect your testimonials for any fresh place."

"No, I should hope it wouldn't, ma'am. I've always served gentlefolks as didn't make sudden changes. What's to be done about this packing up? Am I to be kept out of my bed to do it? And is it to be done by candlelight?"

"Yes, if Mr. Dalrymple said so. I did not know," she added, recollecting herself, "that he meant to go so early."

"The boxes will get full of candle-grease, and consequently the dresses, even should no sparks get in and burn 'em up, if that will be any consolation to him," said the indignant Abigail, in a tone which implied that it would be a very great consolation to her.

Mr. Dalrymple did not go to rest that night. When the servants at length went to bed they left him in the dining-room, writing, and surrounded with papers. In the morning he and his wife started for their home, the Grange, there to live in obscurity, upon a small pittance, and struggle with their debts; perhaps to live a life of miserable estrangement, of bickering, one with the other.

Thus, as a wreathing cloud suddenly appears in the sky and as suddenly fades away, had Mrs. Dalrymple, like a bright vision, appeared to the admiring eyes of the London world; and she might have continued to enjoy its smiles and its sunshine, but for the insane rage for dress which attacked her in its worst features and lured her on to her ruin. It is luring many now.

New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BÉRANGER.*

To the letters of Béranger it is that we are, it seems, to be referred, after all, for a complete picture of his life. His Autobiography closes with the date, Tours, January, 1840. But 1830 is the real date at which its narrative comes to an end. At that period, cordially attached to the men of different parties who came into collision after the establishment of the Orleans dynasty, grieved by the multiplied errors of them all, and weary of preaching a truce such as the country so greatly needed, Béranger, at fifty years of age, describes himself as withdrawing in distress from the sight of this sad party strife. "Passy, Fontainebleau, Tours, have seen me in quest of seclusion and silence, and it is from this last town that I write this notice, to be perhaps completed elsewhere."

* Ma Biographie. Ouvrage posthume. Par P. J. de Béranger. Avec un Appendice, &c. Paris: Perrotin. 1857.

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The prospective "perhaps" of an autobiographer of fifty, even though he live to be seventy-seven, belongs to that class of contingent remainders against which the chances run very strong.

These fifty years, however, comprise pretty nearly all that was eventful objectively, if not subjectively influential, in the life of Béranger. His story of its earlier stages is opened out in his best manner. His good old grandfather the tailor, in whose house he was born—in one of the dirtiest, noisiest streets of Paris—his gay, good-looking, wasteful father—his apparently reserved and somewhat cross-grained mother, who, after separating from her husband, anon separated from her family too—his innkeeping aunt at Péronne, who took up the boy when father and mother had as good as cast him off—and other kinsfolk and friends with whom he was brought in contact, are livingly portrayed. The kind-hearted aunt in particular challenges the interest of his readers. "Poor outcast," she exclaimed, when he arrived, in his tenth year, at the little *auberge* in Picardy, "*I* will be to you in the stead of a mother!" And she kept her word. Fourscore and six were the years of the days of her pilgrimage here on earth; and before she died, she dictated her own epitaph to this effect: Never was I a mother, yet have I left behind me children who grieve for my loss. Her nephew the poet declares that he could not have invented a better one; but he appends to it his *éloge* of her who was his "veritable mother." He describes her as one who, naturally gifted, had done much to compensate for want of education by serious and select reading; enthusiastic, observant, and inquiring; an ardent votary of the Revolution, so far, at least, as her warm-blooded humanity would suffer her fervid republicanism to carry her; and one whose patriotism was never exclusive of "the religious feelings which a tender soul owes more frequently to its own nature than to early education." Such was the poor innkeeper who undertook the care of Béranger while yet a child. She tried to teach him to read out of "Telemachus," and the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire—for of these classics was her library composed; and the task involved some labour, inasmuch as the boy, though he nearly had by heart two epic poems, could only read by sight, and was unable to put two syllables together aloud, having never been taught the value of consonants in the composition of speech. An old schoolmaster instructed him in writing and arithmetic; and here his studies ended; for his aunt was without the means of putting him to a more dashing curriculum, and the college of Péronne was then shut up.

His moral education, he rejoices to tell, was not of so limited a character, thanks to the lessons on all subjects which she knew how to adapt to his age and intelligence, the development of which was rapid up to his twelfth year. Previous to his removal into Picardy, Béranger had enjoyed at school a "good-child" sort of reputation, whereby hangs a tale. Among his schoolfellows in 1789 at the pension au faubourg Saint-Antoine, were several children of Grammont, tragedian at the Théâtre-Français, the youngest of whom wore a red riding-coat, made out of a used-up theatrical robe, whose way of reciting the part of *Joas* sent Béranger into raptures, and to whom he became closely attached, won by the sweet tranquil disposition which agreed so well with his own dreamy nonchalance. But the eldest of the Grammont boys was a fellow of at least fifteen, and the terror of little Béranger's life. Fortunately it was

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not very often they came together. But when they did, woe to the little one. Grammont appears to have spited him because of the favouritism it was Béranger's good or bad luck to enjoy at the hands of the master. A relation of his grandfather's, being on a friendly footing of long standing with the maître de la pension, had put in a good word for the child, and among other indulgences frequent absence from class was allowed him, for which the headaches he was subject to were a periodical excuse. Favours of this kind made him an object of envy. Grammont's hatred broke out on a certain day appointed for the distribution of prizes. Béranger had no pretensions to a prize, and professes to have seen his juniors come in for them, without any discontent or regret on his part. But he had the signal misfortune (*malheur insigne*) to be "gratified" with the *croix de sagesse*, that everlasting perquisite of college sawneys. "Not but that, to speak plainly, I had some right to it, for I was neither a gambler, nor obstreperous, nor indocile. But the pupils failed not to cry *haro sur le baudet*. This, however, did not prevent my being decorated with the confounded cross. If it made me at all proud, my pride very soon came to an end. That very day, the pensionnaires of all ages who were not fetched home for the holidays being together in the playground, I was there looking through the window-grate into the street, and ogling the cake and fruit vendors who came to tempt the boys' slender purses. The so-called weekly allowances of parents to children used to be rapidly exchanged for such sweet dainties. Alas! I was doomed to no pleasure beyond that of passing them in review, for, as regards myself, I *had* no weekly allowance. There was one enormous apple, red-cheeked enough to make the mouth water, that I more especially coveted. With childish eyes I was devouring it, when all at once a rude voice cried in my ear: 'Grab that apple! grab it, I say! or a pretty licking I'll give you!' It was not the serpent that tempted Eve to which I listened, but that dreadful Grammont. His iron fist pressed me against the window-grate. What, meanwhile, was going on in my ingenuous soul? Courage was wanting; but then fright, coming to the aid of appetite, was so successful, that, yielding to the injunctions of my enemy, and regardless of my newly-donned decoration, I stretch out my trembling hand, and furtively seize the fatal apple. Scarcely is the crime consummated when Grammont grasps me by the neck, shouts Thieves! thieves! and displays the *corps du délit* to the assembled pupils. What a disgrace! the prize-bearing pattern boy fallen into a scrape like this! I was haled before the professors; but so great was my trouble, that I could not understand the nature of my sentence. No doubt the bad repute of the accuser, detested by boys and masters alike, together with some benevolent testimonies in my favour, enlightened the conscience of my judges. One thing at any rate is certain, that they let me have the cross back again, which Grammont had in the first instance snatched from me." Béranger adds his conjecture that to this scene, to him fruitful of tears and trouble, may have been owing his subsequent dislike for apples, and his very faint liking for crosses.

Many a time, however, in after life, this adventure of his childhood made him laugh loud and long. Happy had it been for Grammont had he gone no further in mischief-making. But four years later Béranger heard of him as having become, like his father the actor, one of the re-

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volutionary leaders who inundated the departments of the West with blood and ruins: in fact, father and son together had committed so many atrocities, that, for an example's sake, the Committee of Public Safety handed them over to the guillotine which themselves carried about with them, as part of the baggage of their army.

The school-bully's quondam victim was shocked to hear of this death. Already had he experienced what sort of effect the sight of blood would have upon him—of blood shed in murder. "In October, 1789, it being a holiday at school, as I was walking in the street with one of my aunts, we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of men and women of a frightful aspect. At the end of long pikes they were carrying the heads of the guards just massacred at Versailles. Such was the horror I felt at this spectacle, that, as I think of it, I still see one of those bleeding heads which passed close by me. Accordingly, I have thanked God for having been far removed from Paris during the Reign of Terror."

It happened, during that disastrous Reign, while Béranger was nestled safely in Picardy, that several of his aunt's friends, living in a neighbouring village, were seized and brought to Péronne, in the dead of night, to be incarcerated there. As they passed in front of her auberge, leave was granted them to have a word with the hostess. Béranger was not awakened by the noise, but next morning, without having told him of the arrest, she took him with her into the town, and, to his surprise, made her way, kind soul, towards the prison. Just as she was about to tap at the wicket, she said to him: "My child, we are going to see some worthy people, good citizens whom calumny has deprived of their freedom: it is my wish that you should learn how many are the persecutions to which virtue is exposed in seasons of political trouble." Lessons of such a kind, and imparted in such a manner, might well make, as they did, a deep and lasting impression on her nephew's mind.

But if the excesses of the Terror dismayed him, none the less did the progress of the Revolution enlist his sympathies. Aunt and nephew shared a painful solicitude when the invasion of the allied armies took place. They used to sit together of an evening at the inn door, listening for the cannon of the English and Austrians who were besieging Valenciennes, sixteen leagues from Péronne. Day by day the boy's horror of a foreign invader grew deeper and stronger. Overjoyed he was whenever a victory of the Republic was proclaimed. He was sitting on the ramparts when the firing of guns announced that Toulon was retaken, and at each discharge, his heart beat with such violence, that he was obliged, he says, to recline on the grass to recover his breath.

These emotions of a mere child must seem strange, he supposes, in these days when patriotism is out of date. "Not less surprising will it be thought that at sixty years of age I still retain this patriotic exaltation, and that there is need of all my love of humanity, and my reason enlightened by experience, to prevent my hurling against rival nations the same maledictions my youth lavished on them of old." Patriotism he declares to have been the great, the single passion of his entire existence. Here he was all his aunt's heart could wish. Hardly so as regards the religious sentiment. It was in the month of May, 1792, that he was sitting at the threshold of the door, watching the conclusion of a storm,

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when he was struck to the earth by the electric fluid. The house was filled with smoke, and some damage was done both inside and out. But the good hostess was intent only on restoring her nephew to life. She seized him as he lay there for dead, carried him in her arms, and exposed him to the fresh air and falling rain. A crowd gathered round them, and gazed on her distress as she successively felt his pulse, put her hand to his heart, and, after seeking in vain for some sign of life, gave vent to the despairing cry, "He is dead!" "I could hear her," he writes, "long before I was able to make any movement or say a word to reassure her. At last, unconsciously recovering, after having returned her joyous caresses, I allowed a reflection to escape me, of a child's reasoning, with which she has often and often upbraided me, always with the prevision, 'I see plainly that thou wilt never be *dévot*.' I have said that she was sincerely religious. When a storm threatened, she would sprinkle the house with holy water. 'It is to preserve us from the thunder,' she told me. So, when I came to life again, while still lying on a neighbour's bed, and making them tell me all that had happened, '*Eh bien*,' I exclaimed, 'what's the good of your holy water?'"

It was a long time before Béranger got the better of the terrible shock he had received. His sight, which up to that time had been very good, was considerably impaired; insomuch that he had to give up the trade on which his taste had fixed, and for which his extreme manual dexterity appeared to fit him, that of watch-making. His first actual employment in the way of business was at goldsmith's work. But his employer was poor, and always talking about his amours, and taught the boy next to nothing. A kind-hearted notary was his next master—a M. de Bellenglise, who adored Rousseau, and exulted and assisted in the Revolution. This gentleman got him a place at a printing-office, where he spent two years.

Meanwhile his anti-republican father was in Brittany, acting as steward to the Comtesse de Bourmont. "When he came to see us in 1795, he was not a little scandalised at my opinions, so opposed to his own, for he had a craze for royalism. He therefore set about converting me, which he supposed my youth would make easy enough; but he soon became aware that he had to do with a little caviller, who would no more give way to lecturing than to caresses. He was irritated at this, and, in my presence, had a conversation with my aunt which I never can forget, for she has many a time since laughed as she reminded me of it: 'My sister,' he said to her, 'this child is *gangrené* with Jacobinism.'

"'Say rather nurtured on republicanism, my brother. In this country, Jacobinism has been nothing beyond a mere word.'

"'Jacobin or republican, it's all the same to me, and this brat has been sucking in the milk of the most pernicious doctrines.'

"'They are my doctrines, and those of the best citizens.'

"'How could you possibly, as a religious woman, hurry him on to be admitted to his first communion by a priest who has sworn to the constitution?'

"'Was it better then to wait till there should be neither priests nor churches, which *was* the case not long afterwards?'

"'Unquestionably, in the interest of religion, which shall rise again with royalty.'

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" 'I love dearly, my brother, to hear you talk about religion, you who have not even the shadow of faith!'

" 'My sister, it is the duty of us aristocrats to defend the throne and the altar. It is for having served in this cause that I have been dragged from prison to prison for a twelvemonth and more, and indeed, but for the mercy of Heaven, was on the point of mounting the scaffold.'

" 'Say rather 'tis your vanity that has made you associate with people who made none the more of you on that account. But let us give over talking about opinions, which I would fain see left free, and let us come back to your boy.'

" 'Well, what would you have me make of him now?'

" 'The same that you have made of him up to this time. Yesterday, as I saw him preside at his club with *aplomb*, and heard him speak of his native land in warm and touching terms,—when they applauded him as he spoke, the tears came into my eyes.'

" 'I am not denying his intelligence, my sister; but must I not, as a devoted royalist, be affrighted at the use he may make of it?'

" 'He will use it in the service of the Republic.'

" '*Mon Dieu!* you *will* not listen to reason then. Your "Republic" has only six months to live; I have already told you, our legitimate rulers are coming back again. . . . In six months, I tell you, it will be in our power to cast ourselves at the feet of Louis XVIII.'

" 'Louis XVIII.!—and pray who is *he*?'

" 'He is your sovereign, my sister, and mine, and France's and Navarre's, ever since the decease of Louis XVII. Are you not aware that that young and unhappy prince has just died in the Temple, a victim of the most odious ill-treatment?'

" 'Oh, don't talk about it; many a groan the fate of the poor little thing has cost me. But of what avail is his death to his uncles, and above all to your son?'

" 'Because it is my hope, on the return of the Bourbons, to get my son made one of his Majesty's pages.'

" 'The fact is, Béranger, you are cracked! Supposing even that you were so unfortunate as to see again this royal family by whom all Europe has been roused to arms against France, do you imagine you would get a look from the meanest of them?'

" 'Certes, I will bring proofs of my nobility.'

" 'Get along with you! you're at your stuff and nonsense again. Don't forget that you were born in a village alehouse, and that our good mother had been a servant-girl, and had none the less good sense for that, either. The worthy woman, it is true, used to confess with a laugh that you and your father must needs have some noble blood in your veins. My husband, she would say, never set his ten fingers to any kind of work, but got drunk on the wine of his cabaret, like a real country gentleman. As for my son, he can no more live without being in debt than a grand seigneur.'

" 'My sister, all your quolibets shall not hinder my son, who after me is head of the family, from becoming one of his Majesty's pages.'

" 'Your son will never consent to turn lacquey.'

" 'What do you call lacquey! a page of the king's! why, it's an honour envied by the very greatest houses.'

" 'That sets me at ease about him.'

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"'My sister, when the Bourbons come back, I swear to you that I will present my son to our excellent princes.'

"'Take care that he don't sing them the *Marseillaise.*'"

Béranger protests against being supposed to have invented this dialogue. A hundred times it was recalled to him, even to its minutest expressions, by subsequent conversations with his father.*

* The elder Béranger made a point, after these family jars, of begging every one he saw to take Master Peter John in hand, and lecture him roundly and soundly on his republicanism. He had reposed particular confidence, in this respect, in a certain Chevalier de la Carterie, an elderly man, who had a liking for he young fellow's *babillage*. Now it came to pass, one day, that the Chevalier and our Pierre Jean were in full tilt on the subject of "legitimate rulers." Béranger got tired of this ever-recurring phrase, and at last exclaimed:

"Well but, sir, let me learn what these folks are, after all, about whose cause their very partisans are at loggerheads."

"Of whom are you speaking to me, my son?" the old Chevalier replied, with a serious air.

"Why, of that Louis XVIII. of yours, and of the Comte d'Artois and his sons."

"Pooh, pooh! much the case has to do with those said personages, forsooth. *They* are only a family of usurpers."

"You astound me! What, sir, these rulers for whom so many nobles, so many Vendéens, devote their lives, are merely usurpers?"

"Real usurpers, my friend, and they know it too."

"Explain, I beg of you; I understand nothing of what you mean."

"So I should suppose. Listen then, and you'll see the mistake into which your royalists have led you. Previous to the births of Louis XIV. and his brother the Duke of Orleans, Anne of Austria had a son, who is no other than the Iron Mask. *His* rights it is that have been fallaciously transferred to the Queen's illegitimate children."

"But, sir, was the Iron Mask any more legitimate than they?"

"Certainly he was—the own son of Louis XIII. But Anne of Austria, always an object of suspicion to her husband, thought it likely that the king, incited by Richelieu, might show himself incredulous as to a paternity so slightly established by conjugal intimacy, and she therefore consented to sanction the disappearance of her first-born, on condition of so ordering for the future their conjugal relations as to justify the legitimacy of any future offspring. Richelieu, who had pretended to be in love with Anne, to answer his ministerial ends, was not slow to gain information of her secret amours. Once that the first-born had disappeared, it was no longer in the Queen's power to rectify her error, which made her absolutely dependent on a favourite. This, my young friend, is how the throne of Henri IV. has become the inheritance of bastards."

Béranger here remarks, that, although at the time of this dialogue, he was but slenderly acquainted with history, he could unquestionably have opposed a few objections to this romantic statement; instead of doing so, however, he confined himself to the observation, that, in order to make out the Chevalier's case, the Man in the Iron Mask ought to have left heirs.

"And so he did, thank God," answered M. de la Carterie. "You must know that he was at first brought up in Normandy, where the surveillance kept over him was far from strict. Before he was twenty, he contracted a secret marriage with a young person of noble family, by whom he had a son, whom the ill-fated man was never to know, for it is from the epoch of this marriage that we have to date the rigorous imprisonment which has made him so celebrated. Then it was that his wife knew of what blood he was, and felt the necessity of concealing the child she had had by him from every eye, for fear of that child's being treated as ill as his father, and worse still. This child, brought up with the most scrupulous care, was only made acquainted with his rights when he was old enough to keep the secret of them, which was transmitted to him with all the *actes* establishing the facts I have just told you. This inheritance has come down to the eldest branch of his descendants, to this very day."

"And who, at the present time, is the happy mortal who enjoys such an honour?"

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Before long the latter sent for him to Paris, to engage in "opérations de Bourse," and both of them became clever financiers. The boy learned to reckon by his head alone, with wonderful readiness. The future poet

"It is a man of nearly thirty years of age, who goes by the name of Vernon, and lives in a château in Brittany, where not a few of his loyal subjects make it their duty to visit him. There he enjoys the respect of those even who are ignorant of his royal descent—such is the advantage his mind, his education, and his majestic appearance give him over the common run of men. During the Terror, he was protected by the revolutionists, and he has *laissé passer* a tempest which was to deliver him from his most cruel enemies."

"When does he reckon on gaining his rights?"

"Wait, wait. A man has already appeared who seems predestined to restore the throne to him."

"Is that Buonaparte?"

"Exactly; he is not what men take him to be, and you will know more anon."

The story of the Iron Mask had often occupied the thoughts of Béranger, too often indeed, and too seriously, to allow of his laughing at the good faith with which the old Chevalier explained that inexplicable history. "But what pleased me beyond all," he says, "was the use I would now make of it in my eternal discussions with my father. In fact, at the very first sermon in behalf of our *maîtres légitimes*, I detail this marvellous narrative to my father and several royalists, for whose presence I had made an express point of waiting."

"What rubbish!" cried Béranger *père;* "who can possibly have been telling you such a tale as that?"

"M. de la Carterie."

At this name, the poor man was stunned.

"What!" he exclaimed, "he who promised me to cure you of your republicomania!"

Even so. The cure was as bad as the disease. And thus the Chevalier came to be treated as a madman by his friends, the *il*-legitimate royalists. But he was not mad, Béranger affirms, while admitting, however, that he belonged to the Illuminati of Swedenborg's sect, as represented in France by Saint-Martin, and of which Cazotte, the author of the "Diable Amoureux," is said to have been one of the most fervent adepts. "Many French Illuminati had the same political ideas as my Chevalier, and one of them prophesied to me, in 1806, the fall of Napoleon for not having fulfilled the mission which God had imposed upon him, to restore the throne of France to the descendants of the Iron Mask."

It was not unnatural that Béranger should, for many years, be curious about M. de Vernon, and in what light to regard that mysterious recluse. All clue to him was long wanting; but at length a creditable reporter was met with in one who had known, or rather seen, him in Brittany. According to this reporter, M. de Vernon's exterior answered to the Chevalier's description. "This M. de Vernon, who inhabited a modest château, appeared to live with a certain degree of comfort, at the expense of his credulous partisans; and stories were whispered in the country about his origin and his rights. It seems that, under the Empire, he was an object of surveillance; at least, according to my authority, the préfets repeatedly desired a meeting with him. Without revolting against these polite injunctions, he only submitted to them at the last extremity, and like a man compelled to bend before his inferiors. Full of the ideas transmitted to him, he, no doubt, had faith in himself, nor does he seem to me less respect-worthy than other Pretenders. If he is no longer alive, doubtless he has left an heir to the crown, as fully convinced as himself of the rights of the Iron Mask and of his own."

At a later stage in the Biography, when narrating the circumstances of the Bourbon Restoration, Béranger does not forget "M. de Vernon, the supposed offspring of Louis XIII., of whom," he says, "I have already spoken. In 1814, it would have been amusing to see him claim his rights, and make a show of devoting himself to the salvation of France. I do verily believe, that if the people had been consulted, the descendant of the Iron Mask would have had, next to Napoleon and his son, a great chance of obtaining the majority of votes."

It may not yet be too late, as far as the Breton Vernon Gallery is concerned. Possibly, like Henri V., a living member of that long line of family portraits only bides his time, to walk out of his frame, and, like *our* Vernon Gallery, make himself over to the nation.

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was at this period a walking Ready Reckoner. His sire dabbled in this speculation and that, in too venturesome a spirit, and was the dupe of any one who would take advantage of his weak points. In 1798 the Béranger house fell to pieces; Béranger père had to flee from his creditors, who managed, however, to clap him into prison; and Béranger fils had to begin the world again, and face it, and squeeze his daily bread out of it, as best he might. His father had lived recklessly, being naturally and habitually a spendthrift. But the son was of economical habits, and at this very time was living in an attic, without a fire, though the rain and snow often flooded his coarse bed.

His *Attic* experiences we all know something of, unless absolutely unread in the most popular of his songs. And in prose as in verse, in his Biography as in his Chansons, he dwells on the pleasant associations he could connect with this and that *mansarde*, and the poverty for which they were a local habitation and a name. Thus, describing his position during the Consulate, he says: "There was, nevertheless, some sweetness in my poverty. I lived in an attic, on the sixth floor, on the boulevard Saint-Martin. What a beautiful view I had up there! How I loved to hover, of an evening, over the immense city, when with its ceaseless noises there was mingled the noise of some grand storm! I had installed myself in this garret with unspeakable satisfaction, moneyless, uncertain of the future, but happy in being at length delivered from such numbers of *mauvaises affaires* as had never ceased, from the time of my returning to Paris, to clash with my feelings and tastes. To live alone, to write verses at my pleasure, seemed happiness to me." We may take pretty literally, then, the celebrated *grenier* stanzas, as a transcript of actual experience, and no mere fancy-piece, or record of second-hand observation. But we are warned, in this biography, against assuming as a general rule that Béranger meant himself, and described his own life, in its lights and shades, or referred to his own relations and friends, whenever the substance of the song might seem to warrant this construction. Was his grandmother, for example, so doubtful a character as that corrupt old creature in the chansons? Was her practice when she was young, were her precepts after she became old, of the same loose sort? Hear Béranger himself, in a foot-note annexed to his incidental mention of "ma bonne vieille grand'mère Champy," the tailor's wife: "I think it expedient to accompany the name of my grandmother with a note, to inform critics that my song entitled *Ma Grand'Mère* is in no possible respect the portrait of either of my grandmothers, who were women of equal respectability. The tailor's wife, she who had the charge of my earliest years, was a hard-working woman, whose only amusement was reading; and my father's mother, a woman of no less spirit, was equally a model of virtue." He adds that he supposed it easy to distinguish, among an author's various productions, between those which are the creations of fancy and those which imply self-portraiture by design. But as others found it less easy, he indited for their use, and in his own defence, this precautionary note against a literal interpretation. And he continues: "As my sister is *religieuse*, I consider myself bound to mention that the song of the 'Voisin,' in which I say,

J'ai pour sœur une béguine,

was composed long before my sister thought of taking the veil.

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"I would not have the application of that *moi* in one of my prefaces, 'Mes chansons, c'est moi,' pushed too far. True, they are myself; but there are many others as well, and I feel obliged to the critic who, in speaking of my collected pieces, made use of this expression, the *comédie des chansons*."

Besides the occupations in which we have already seen him engaged, Béranger at one time assisted his father in keeping a cabinet de lecture in the rue Saint-Nicaise; and at another, was in the employment of Landon the painter, with a salary of eighteen hundred francs—a sum which, together with a thousand francs he now received from the Institute (thanks to the good-will of Lucien Buonaparte), seemed to secure to him, at five-and-twenty, the sweets of wealth itself. He had won the favour of Lucien by an appeal to him for assistance, during a season of severe personal straits in 1804. At this crisis his wardrobe consisted of three worn-out shirts, a thin and many-patched overcoat, pantaloons out at the knees, and a pair of boots that wrung his heart every morning, as every morning in cleaning them he found some new hole, or rent, or rupture. At no time was Béranger a rich man, or anything like it. But in after days, when he was welcomed into the wealthiest society—when he was the visitor and, more or less, the confidant of rulers and millionnaires—the companion and guest of such men as Lafitte, and Manuel, and Sebastiani, and Casimir Périer—he was never ashamed, quite the contrary, of being thought or of calling himself poor. Surrounded by rich men, "my indigence," he says, "occasioned me no sort of embarrassment, for it cost me nothing to say, 'I am poor.' This word, which too many people hesitate to utter, almost stands in the stead of fortune, for it secures your license to practise every kind of economy, and it procures for you the interest of many a woman, and consequently that of the salons, which in this respect have been calumniated. Beware of turning your poverty to the annoyance of others; learn to laugh over it at the proper season, and men will feel for you without wounding your pride. What I now say, I have often repeated to our young people, who, too much captivated by aristocratic luxury, blush to be without it. If they would compromise neither their honour nor their independence, let them learn to say, 'I am poor.'"

He moralises and egotises in a similar way, when describing his prison experiences at Sainte-Pélagie, where he occupied the room just vacated by Paul Louis Courier. "I have known persons whom a prison terrified: me it never could alarm. At Sainte-Pélagie I had a warm room, healthy, and sufficiently furnished, whereas I had come there out of a lodging stripped of its furniture, exposed to all the inconveniences of cold and thaw, without either stove or chimney, and where I had nothing but cold water in winter for uses of all kinds, and an old blanket in which I used to wrap myself up when, in the long nights, the fancy took me to scribble a few rhymes. Certes, I could not but find myself better off at Sainte-Pélagie. Accordingly I sometimes wrote to my friends that prison was spoiling me. To those who, remembering my official salary of two thousand francs, may be astonished at the poverty of my lodging in town, I will answer in the words of my favourite axiom: 'Quand on n'est pas égoïste, il faut être économe.'" How open-handed Béranger was, all that knew him knew well, and the wide world knows too.

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It was some time before he settled down to his true vocation, that of a song-writer. He was feeling his way for long years first. M. Perrotin is in possession of a manuscript of not less than 100 pages folio, dated 1809, which appears to form the introduction to an intended historical work on the heroes of Grecian antiquity—probably a bookseller's bespeak. It comprises what M. Perrotin calls "véritables articles d'érudition" upon Achilles, Diomed, Theseus, Hercules, and other mythological grandees. Then again we find him composing and completing two dithyrambic poems, styled the *Rétablissement du Culte* and the *Déluge*, which he made bold to forward to his future patron, Lucien Buonaparte. When they became acquainted, Lucien induced him to undertake a poem on the Death of Nero; but he soon found himself out of his element, and broke off, or broke down. He meditated a poem on Clovis, intending to show how the Gaulish bishops assisted that sovereign in founding the French empire. He almost finished a pastoral poem, of Joan of Arc's time, to say nothing of numerous idyls of modern life. He also tried his hand at several comedies, two of them in five acts—one of which was a hit at the savants, never a favourite set with Béranger, despite his respect for science—and the other a piece called "The Hermaphrodites," under which whimsical title he introduced some effeminate male characters, reliques of the ancien régime, and some women who affect the habits of the ruder sex. Nor was tragedy overlooked, though longer deferred. Béranger all at once took to talking about tragedy with Talma, whom he counselled to study Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as superior in poetic truth not only to Lope de Vega and Calderon, to Shakspeare and Massinger, and to Goethe and Schiller, but even to Corneille and Racine—both of whom he deems inferior to the Greek tragedians in a naïve intelligence of art. His own design was to supply that which he accounts the one thing wanting in the French tragic theatre—the familiar. He would endeavour to ally the familiar with the heroic, and so avoid that stilted uniformity of tone which he found far more "shocking" than the unities of time and place. To reduce his system to practice he set about a "Count Julian," a "Death of Alexander the Great," a "Charles VI.," a "Spartacus," and other tragical themes; but he could not please himself, and would not give a malicious public the chance of being publicly displeased, and so of acquiring the right to express its displeasure in its own privileged way.

There was, in fact, a fund of good sense in Béranger which ensured him against any palpable absurdity. He took a correct estimate of his powers, and limited his pretensions accordingly. He somewhere congratulates himself on having never succeeded, in spite of repeated attempts (constrained by hunger rather than request of friends), in getting any drama of his performed on the stage, nor indeed so much as the honour of a reading. To the obstacles, conflicting interests, petty rivalries, and sensitive vanities of the green-room, he would never have become reconciled. Even had I the genius of Molière, he exclaims, my temper would have been the ruin of me in the coulisses. In the same spirit he declined all proffers of ministerial place and power. His friends urged him, but he knew too well, he says, how unfit the weakness of his character and his imperfect education rendered him for any such post. Ardent young republicans would come to him with pressing solicitations to stretch out

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his hand for this or that portfolio. "Which department do you want them to give me?" was his question. "That of public instruction," was the reply. "Very well," he rejoined, "once there, I shall cause my chansons to be adopted as a text-book in the seminaries for young ladies." At which rejoinder, the importunate young democrats would laugh at their own silly notion.—So with those who urged him to go to court, and make his way with a Citizen King. "You can go *sans façon;* people go there in boots." "Well, well—in boots to-day, and within a fortnight in silk stockings."

It was at the close of the year 1815 that Béranger "hazarded" the publication of his first volume of songs. He was then thirty-five, and pressed for means. The volume was well received, and Louis XVIII. himself is alleged to have said, "We must forgive many a fault in the author of the King of Yvetot"—the said Louis being further alleged, by-the-by, to have departed this life with a copy of the chansons on his night-table. In his account of the publication of this volume, and the character of its contents, we could have wished to find Béranger uttering a frank, unreserved, and serious *peccavi*—in repentant remembrance of its licentious freedom. All that he says on the subject, however, is, that this first volume contains the largest number of verses which recal "the somewhat cynical *licenses* of our olden literature. There can be no better proof that I did not suppose they must incur severe reproaches. When I was told that our old writers of the school of Rabelais were not models for imitation, even in songs, it was too late to cancel verses which, as I have elsewhere said, contributed to my reputation. From that moment they were the property of the public; to omit them in new editions would have been useless; besides, the booksellers would not have consented to this, and I own there are some among them which I should have strongly regretted. And, after all, is it becoming in the age I live in to be severe against productions the excuse for which is their gaiety, if, indeed, it be not their antidote (*contre-poison*), when the portrayal of the most brutal passions has been pushed even to obscenity by drama and romance? Has not high-art poetry itself something to be reproached with, as regards faults of this kind?

"Let those who are for insisting on the reproaches cast on me by so many persons, examine the poetical works of Goethe; they will see that this great genius was not so severe as they are on the subject of my youthful songs."

The autobiographer's apology—if it be one—hath this extent, no more. It is his—if it be one—not ours. *Valeat quantum.* And should the English reader think it meet and right to cut down that *quantum* to a *minimum*, nothing remains for us (time being up, and space out) but to cut down the *valeat* into a *vale*—and so an end.

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LORD PALMERSTON.

A PIECE OF POLITICAL PATCHWORK,

By Pêle-Mêle.

Had that distinguished prognosticator, England's half-crown Raphael, or that far-seeing star-gazer, her sixpenny Zadkiel, ventured to prophesy, *more suo*, within the hearing (suppose) of the late Sir Robert Peel, that some day in the paulo-post-future tense, more or less distant, the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston should take the place of First Lord of the Treasury, we can very well fancy Sir Robert expressing nothing like utter incredulity, and indeed telling that precious pair that they had made a no very hazardous guess, and one in which the noble Viscount, only give him time enough (for his years were a little against him), might justify them to the letter. But had Zadkiel of the sixpenny almanack, and Raphael of the two-and-sixpenny, thereupon waxed bold in their previsions, and gone so far as to predict, that, once in office, this Adonis of threescore and upwards, this mature Cupid of the *Globe*, this jaunty old gentleman of fashion, this model man of the world, worldly (as the world reckoned) from the core of his heart outwards, and ever primed with a jest at the expense of unworldliness of every kind, and other-worldliness of every degree,—had the astrological gemini gone the length of predicting that this predestined Premier would become, *as* Premier, the pet of the *Record* newspaper, and a special favourite at Exeter Hall,—that he who had lectured Scottish Presbyterians for talking of Providence when they should be nosing their sewers, and who was popularly supposed to be one of those who "thank God they are no saints," should exercise his ministerial patronage by seating on the episcopal bench now a Villiers, now a Bickersteth, and now a Pelham—and make over the Deanery of Carlisle to a Close of Cheltenham—and, in short, divide honours with the Earl of Shaftesbury himself, in the reconsidered estimate of the "religious world,"—had the audacious seers into futurity ventured on foreseeing all *this* as looming in the distance, we cannot but feel persuaded Sir Robert would have pronounced the thing overdone this time, the joke run to seed, the notion too far-fetched; and that his advice to the rash prophets would have been to "shut up" at once, and say no more about it; or, in his peculiar manner, to suggest to them three courses as possible under the circumstances—either that they, or that he, or that all three together, should leave the room.

Not but what there was a day, "long long ago, long ago," when Evangelical leaders augured hopefully of the young Viscount, then just of age. The Rev. Francis Close, of carpet-slipper and anti-macassar celebrity, is not the first Evangelical Dean of Carlisle. Fifty years ago the Dean was that Isaac Milner whose share in the well-known Ecclesiastical History won him as much renown among Low Churchmen, as his mathematical genius, conversational talent, and jovial presidency of Queen's,

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secured for him at his beloved Cambridge: Dean Milner, indeed, belonged to the same theological party as Dean Close does, though, if invidious comparisons be allowed, he was, physically and intellectually, a man of quite another girth and dimensions. Well; in Isaac Milner's Correspondence occurs the following passage, in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, dated Queen's College, Feb. 7, 1806, during a contested election for the University: "By-and-by, in came Lord Palmerston. We conversed a full hour on the subject of the slave trade, and I can assure you a more ingenuous appearance I never saw. The young man's conscience seemed hard at work, for fear, not of saying too little, but of saying too much; viz., of saying more than he could justify to his own mind, from the little consideration which he had given to the subject. He is but a lad, but I could not discover the most latent hostility, or ground for suspecting hostility; and he must be a deceiver indeed, of a very deep cast, if he deceives at all, in this instance." Lord Palmerston in the rôle of *ingenui vultus puer* almost appears something new under the sun; leaving, like the poet's Lucy, a

—— memory of what has been
And never more will be.

One of his many portrait-painters—for in newspaper and review, in magazine and pamphlet, caricaturists included, their name is Legion—compares the perplexity of a biographer in attempting a sketch of his lordship's career, to the difficulty of daguerreotyping that slippery customer, Proteus, himself. "Proteus, the Politician," is indeed the title of one of *Ebony's* squibs let off against this noble-"man so various:"—in which squib (not itself to be followed too literally, however) he is tracked through his political harlequinade, as first of all playing the Tory, "for Pitt was up, and Fox was down"—then, on the demise of *cet autre grand Williams,*

——since stocks were up with Fox
(As honest as his sire, sir),
I saw new light, found black was white,
And follow'd him thro' the mire, sir.

Then foggy Grenville, for a week
Took up old Charley's dice, sir;
I got my livery and my steak,
A patriot's honest price, sir.
But Perceval took up the box,
And threw the lucky main, sir:
I ratted back, found white was black,
And Tory turn'd again, sir.

And so on, through the ringing of the changes—the adjutant of Liverpool, and one of the Co-efficients of the Whig and Tory firm of Canning and Co., until

Out went Canning's sparkling lamp,
And Goderich came, the placid;
The first a meteor of the swamp,
The next a neutral-acid—

and so on again, and again—all to the tune, and in the tone, of him who

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vowed "and would maintain, until his dying day, sir, that whatsoever king should reign, *he* would be vicar of Bray, sir."

Dr. Maginn (possibly himself the author of the foregoing pasquinade) once said, in referring to that Oldest Inhabitant of our Parnassus, the late Mr. Rogers, that "after passing the first eighty or ninety years of his age in the usual dissipations of youth, he began to bethink him of a profession." In the same way the biographer of Lord Palmerston, as Mr. Whitty says, has to mention, that the illustrious career commenced when his lordship was attaining half a hundred years. "In fact, he was only politically of age when, repudiating his guardians, the Tories, he discovered (in 1830) that 'life' was only to be seen with the Whigs. . . He selected silence as his talent when other men are most talkative, and was for twenty years (from 1809 to 1828) a mere official subordinate." Many were of opinion he would never be anything else. But when the split occurred between the Canningites and Wellington, new hopes and new fears were raised, by the tactics of some of the former: "Ah!" cries Kit North, at the fifty-first of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (Aug., 1830), when the company are discussing the defection of Charles Grant, Huskisson, "and, above all, Palmerston," from the Duke's disorderly camp,—"Ah! had some of these lads exerted themselves when in place as they have done out of it, we should have seen different doings in more cases than one. Why, Lord Palmerston was considered as a mere out-worn fashionable voluptuary, cold, careless, *blasé* all over—behold the spur is clapt to him, and he turns out both a declaimer and a debater of the most laudable acerbity—a very thorn in poor Peel's withers." A more recent, and more admiring critic, has said, that, like the blossoming of the aloe, the parliamentary fruition of his genius, though long delayed, is quite marvellous. Another observes, that, as the review of the "Hours of Idleness" stung Lord Byron into poetical activity, so the cavalier manner in which the Duke of Wellington treated the Canningites probably aroused the self-asserting qualities of Lord Palmerston. Scarcely had he touched the soil of opposition ere he rose with Antæan energy; and the sudden vigour that appeared in his politics drew the remark from a shrewd humorist at the time, that it was "like a Beau Brummell suddenly becoming a Boanerges."

For at that time of day, his life's mid-day, however, and something over, his lordship "enjoyed" the reputation of being constitutionally, and habitually, if not inveterately, an indolent, lounging man about town, whose politics, or political business-habits, never would nor could rise superior to the system of *dolce far niente*, and *laissez-faire*, or rather *laissez-aller*, combined. Sam Slick's friend, Dr. Spun, who is so satirical about the Colonial Office, and its succession of Secretaries, after describing the sleepy reign of Lord Glenelg, goes on to say: "Lord Palmerstaff [for the Doctor shirks actual names in full] imagined himself the admiration of all the women in town, he called himself Cupid, spent half the day in bed, and the other half at his toilet; wrote all night about Syria, Boundary line, and such matters; or else walked up and down the room, conning over a speech for Parliament, which he said was to be delivered at the end of the session." All the allusions of that bygone time are to a similar effect—not without certain

——recognitions dim and faint

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of a latent power in this slumbering Cupid, and "somewhat of a queer perplexity" as to its demi-semi-developed character, destiny, and extent. We find Christopher North, in 1831, ironically congratulating himself and his Ambrosial-Night fellows on having the happiness to belong to a generation "one of whose most precious luminaries is, I understand, the Viscount Palmerston." "Undoubtedly," responds Tickler—"and a very handsome luminary too, I assure you"—declaring, in fact, that he has not often met with a dandy of fifty worthy of holding the candle to him. Physically? inquires North, or Intellectually? or both? And long Timothy answers, that his lordship's physique, taking into account the *lustra* of the *chandelle* (*qui vaut bien son jeu*), appears blameless; that the Viscount is a well-made, light-limbed, middle-sized man, with the spring of thirty in him, and a headpiece which, but for some considerable thinning of locks, and a certain frostification in progress [1831, remember] among most elaborately tended whiskers of almost Berghamesque dimensions, might still, being copper-plated, wake soft sighs in the fair reader of the *Forget-me-not*, "when the days of the years of her virginity are expired." Whereupon North remarks: "I remember the last time I met with poor Canning, where he and I have spent so many happy days together, on the Queen of the Lakes, he spoke of Lord Palmerston in terms of considerable warmth. I think the expression was, 'If I could only shake this puppy's luxurious habits, he might make a fair second-rater'" —one of those nautical allusions which Mr. Canning is said to have gustfully affected, as though he had spent his prime like Mr. Croker in the Admiralty itself.

Under the thinly disguised name of Viscount Pallarston, his lordship was described by the author of "Wynville," some half-dozen years ago, as in certain respects the most remarkable amongst those pupils of Mr. Canning who were inclined to support reform—there being in his character a combination of many qualities not often found together. In the early part of his career, it is remarked, his public reputation was by no means high, for he sacrificed too much to social enjoyment, being proficient in those graceful pursuits which impart more polish to the person than power to the will. "But his nature was too masculine to sink beneath the flowery bondage of fashionable life, and applying to affairs he took them for his pastime. Popular with both sides of the House of Commons, bold without bitterness, at once affable and vaunting in his post, he could alternately conciliate or command as exigency required. With the advantages of official experience, he had also some of the main qualities requisite for power." For instance, like more than one of his contemporaries, he had acquired from Dugald Stewart, we are reminded, a certain largeness of thought, enabling him to look beyond precedents on the official file, and making him understand and sometimes sympathise with those broad social impulses which burst beyond traditional routine.

"As fluent in the cant of diplomacy as if he had lisped it from his cradle, he could as a debater sail near the wind without committing himself to any *tack*, like one bred in the old Pittite school. His secretarial aptitude was undoubted, for he had been connected all his life with office —having served under Portland, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, and Wellington,—all being ministers of transitional Toryism. He had as much liveliness of fancy as is requisite for decorating a parliamentary

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harangue. He could sparkle with vivacity in a style that scintillated, but never flashed with the fire of genius, and was conversant with all the arts of compilation and selection necessary for parliamentary speaking. Then, his fine presence, his buoyant animal spirits, with his undoubted manliness, excellently sustained him before a popular assembly like the Commons. The wear and tear of public life, the pangs of ambition, the toil of competitorship, never soured him into moroseness, or parched him into a mere thing of formula, like a hardened hunter after power." And then, with perfect correctness, it is added, that, though his thinking was never original or profound, he could spice his common-places with so much piquancy, and dress up parliamentary platitudes with so much sounding rhetoric, and then rattle off his concerted pieces with such swashing spirit, that he could deceive political novices into the idea that he was a genius.

Shoals of political novices,—nor novices only,—are to this hour of opinion, no doubt, that his lordship *is* a genius. They hold him to be the all-accomplished statesman, the Pilot to weather the storm, as well as to guide the good ship in tranquil times, when wind and weather and tide are in her favour. They would not object to apply to him, in all its amplitude, Ben Jonson's Ciceronian ideal of the true Statesman at the helm:

> Each petty hand
> Can steer a ship becalmed; but he that will
> Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
> His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
> What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
> Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop 'em;
> What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
> The forces and the natures of all winds,
> Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell,
> And deck knocks heaven; then to manage her
> Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

Milder enthusiasts will be satisfied with attributing to Viscount Palmerston though in an exceptional degree, that parliamentary tact in the management of parliamentary men—that knowledge of where to have them, how to tickle them, and how far to cross them, for which public men of talent have sometimes been as conspicuous as public men of genius have been fatally deficient in it. Clarendon's account of Hampden, as a debater, is, that it was his wont, after a full debate, when he saw how the House was like to be inclined, to take up the argument—"and shortly, and clearly, and craftily, so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he never was without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future." Of Lord Southampton, again, the same noble historian—long-time his trusty colleague—also tells us, that "he was a man of a great sharpness of judgment, a very quick apprehension, and that readiness of expression upon any sudden debate, that no man delivered himself more advantageously and more efficaciously with the hearers; so that no man gave them more trouble, in his opposition, or drew so many to a concurrence with him in opinion." Little as Viscount Palmerston may have in common with John Hampden, or with the Lord Treasurer

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Southampton, he is confessedly famous for parliamentary qualities of the kind characterised in these extracts. Thus, too, he has his resemblance, so far as it goes, to the same historian's portraiture of that old Irish agitator, Daniel O'Neile, who "had a natural insinuation and address that made him acceptable in the best company," and "was a great observer and discerner of men's natures and humours, and very dexterous in compliance where he found it useful." The last trait suits Pam to a *t*. Or to take examples from a later generation of our public men—look at Sir Robert Walpole, as depicted by Earl Stanhope. Walpole's talents, as his lordship says, were eminently practical. Even the most trying circumstances could very seldom ruffle his good humour; and calm himself, he worked upon the passions of others. So closely had he studied all the weak points of human nature—so skilfully were his address and management adapted to them, that he scarcely ever failed, either in public or in private, to gain upon his hearers. "There have certainly been many more eloquent orators, but never, I believe, a more dexterous debater. . . Always catching and always following the disposition of the House—knowing exactly when to press, and when to recede—able at pleasure to unfold the most intricate details, or to involve in specious reasoning the grossest fallacies—he, in the long run, prevailed over spirits far more lofty and soaring." The applicability of much of this description to the present Head of the Government, will be obvious enough both to friend and foe. So with the "eloquence" of Pulteney, which, we are told, was of that kind most valued in English parliaments—ready, clear, and pointed, and always adapted to the temper of the moment. Not that Palmerston will go down to posterity with Pulteney, as one of the first-class orators of St. Stephen's; but his mastery of the style of speech-craft just defined is what "nobody can deny." And after all, look at a debate on any great question, as the author of "Granby" says, and see how very little attention is given to a discussion of its principles, and when given, to how little purpose! What an absence of comprehensiveness in the view of it—what an eager nibbling at its outworks—what a frequent departure from the real merits of the question—what a waste of ingenuity on irrelevant attacks! A man, who has grappled, however eloquently, with the real substantial merits of a question, who has viewed it comprehensively, and probed it deeply, will be said to have uttered a good essay, or a clever treatise, but not an effective parliamentary speech. No—the palm of sincere applause, Mr. Lister with truth asserts, "will be given to the dexterous skirmishing debater, who knows how to avoid the depths of his subject, and sports amusingly in the glittering shallows; who makes no hard demands upon the reasoning faculties of his auditors, but appeals to their memories rather than to their judgment, and undermines a motion which he cannot condemn, by an ingenious charge of inconsistency in the mover." A Burke becomes the House's dinner-bell; a Sheridan fills the benches, and keeps them filled. A Mackintosh addresses perhaps an average of forty save one, and a Molesworth is voted tedious to the last degree; while a Bernal Osborne keeps honourable gentlemen awake by his smart fire of paper pellets, hit or miss, and a Henry Drummond amuses either side by belabouring them both in turn, or both at once, as the case may be.

The charm of Lord Palmerston's ministerial manner, however, must

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be allowed to have had its drawback, of late, in the curt sort of replies he sometimes vouchsafes to eager appellants. Even he has found it expedient to adopt the snubbing process, and to stretch it occasionally almost beyond its legitimate tension.

Sæpe roges aliquid, sæpe repulsus eas.

It might seem that First Lords of the Treasury had laid to heart an apophthegm in Mr. Carlyle's Miscellanies: "A prime minister's words are not as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered; but rather as heavenly manna, which is treasured up and eaten, not without a religious sentiment"—so careful a premier is apt to be not to drop a syllable too much, unless he wants to talk over the House, when his tendency is to run into the contrary extreme, and deluge the assembly with words, words, words. Addison devotes the fag-end of a *Spectator* to the style proper of a minister, and gives hints for a proposed college of statesmen to practise it in their common conversation, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a louis-d'or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be inquired of him whether the king is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the last gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

Viscount Palmerston is as suly a great proficient in the results of such a collegiate training, as his whilom sub, or super, the present Sir Robert Peel, is *not*. One is reminded by Pam's sleight of hand and shoulder and leg work, in this line of things, of that couplet in the *Dunciad:*

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

One of the most graphic, and not the least accurate as well as appreciative of his critics—Mr. Francis, in his "Orators of the Age"—presents this parliamentary tact of the Premier's in the fairest light. The dexterity with which his lordship fences at the case before him—as this writer expresses it—touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home-thrust, is only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. "He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purposes of party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practised debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score, but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out." Mr. Francis also comments on his considerable power of ridicule, and his knack, where he finds the argument of an opponent either unanswerable, or only to be answered by

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alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion.

What M. Villemain says of another Prime Minister of ours, of a past generation, is for the most part applicable to Lord Palmerston: "Demandez-vous s'il était dénué de talent? Non certes; il est un des premiers modèles, non de l'éloquence, *mais de la tactique parlementaire*. . . Vous le voyez attentif à ne rien laisser sans réponse [here possibly the analogy leaks somewhat], ferme, railleur. Les sentiments élevés ne sont guère à son usage; mais il parle le language de l'intérêt avec habileté, avec instinct; il est infatigable, et toujours prêt à donner hardiment, au moins, une mauvaise raison."

The Premier's wide-spread popularity, within these islands, is largely due to the reputation he can boast as a thoroughly *practical* man. The charm of that word, to a practical age, to a people who exult in the term and the thing as their own distinctive characteristic, national and exclusive,—is something supreme. His early and late and almost unbroken experience of office has confirmed his bias in this direction. The author of "Friends of Bohemia," who defines Lord Palmerston's "genius" to be simply "the genius of common sense," has sagaciously remarked of him, that, never left sufficiently long in Opposition to study into crotchetiness, he was from the first imbued with a reverence for the practical and a partiality for the possible; and that never having acquired a prejudice, he, like all men to that extent wise, was never hampered with a principle. "I wonder," Mr. Landor makes King Carlo-Alberto say, in an Imaginary Dialogue with the Princess Belgioioso, "I wonder what could have induced his lordship to abandon his policy and principles?" "Sir," the Princess replies, "he abandoned no policy, no principles; his lordship is a Whig; these Whigs have neither; protestations serve instead."

At a later stage in the same dialogue the King warns the Princess, "You must be less inflammatory than Lord Palmerston." Her answer is: "I could neither be more hasty nor more inefficient. Touchwood makes but an indifferent torch." As Foreign Secretary it was, however, that his lordship won the name and fame that made him famous at home, and a name of fear abroad. Pope celebrates, in the "Rape of the Lock,"

> Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew:

and *our* Pam has somehow contrived to achieve in continental esteem something of the same awful prestige. Mr. Disraeli hardly exaggerated current opinion, in the East for instance, when in the conference (in "Tancred") between Pasqualigo and Barizy of the Tower, the following notions are interchanged: "This will never satisfy Palmerston," objects Barizy to a certain hypothesis—when Pasqualigo breaks in with a scream that "Palmerston has nothing to do with it, he is no longer Reis Effendi; he is in exile; he is governor of the Isle of Wight." "Do you think I do not know that?" rejoins Barizy of the Tower; "but he will be recalled for this purpose. The English will not go to war in Syria without Palmerston. Palmerston will have the command of the fleet as well as of the army, that no one shall say 'No' when he says 'Yes.'" Of his lordship's Syrian policy (in 1840—41), Mr. Disraeli, in the same

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work, writes in very flattering terms—affirming, that when we consider the position of the minister at home, not only deserted by parliament, but abandoned by his party and even forsaken by his colleagues; the military occupation of Syria by the Egyptians; the rabid demonstration of France; that an accident of time or space, the delay of a month or the gathering of a storm, might alone have baffled all his combinations; it is difficult to fix upon a page in the history of this country which records a superior instance of moral intrepidity. "The bold conception and the brilliant performance were worthy of Chatham; but the domestic difficulties with which Lord Palmerston had to struggle place the exploit beyond the happiest achievement of the elder Pitt." But we are reminded that throughout this memorable conjuncture, Lord Palmerston had one great advantage, which was invisible to the millions—that of being served by a most vigilant and able diplomacy: and that, in fact, the superiority of his information concerning the state of Syria to that furnished to the French minister was the real means by which he baffled the menaced legions of our neighbours. "A timid Secretary of State, in the position of Lord Palmerston, even with such advantages, might have faltered; but the weapon was placed in the hands of one who did not shrink from its exercise, and the expulsion of the Egyptians from Turkey remains a great historic monument alike of diplomatic skill and administrative energy." How little scrupulous the Foreign Secretary could be, as such, in case of an emergency, was awkwardly manifest in the Affghanistan affair—when he asserted in the House of Commons (23rd June, 1842), upon Mr. Baillie's motion, that Lord Auckland had adopted, and could not have done otherwise than adopt, the views of Alexander Burnes: to support which theory, as the late Samuel Phillips severely observes, and throw the blame on the memory of a dead man, who was not then known to have left behind him duplicates, and even triplicates, of all his official letters, a blue-book was presented to parliament in which every portion of every document was diligently cut out which could implicate the really responsible persons. "Even the first few lines of one letter were expunged, leaving just enough of the commencing clause to convey the impression that Burnes was speaking of his own opinions, when he was in reality replying to ideas thrown out by Lord Auckland. Lord Palmerston, at the moment when he received from Nesselrode a complete disclaimer of Russian interference in Central Asia, had in his possession the instructions with which Vilkievich went to Affghanistan. To maintain a good understanding with the Court of St. Petersburg, the British Government consented to overlook this discrepancy, and bartering lie for lie cemented the bond of union by disowning the proceedings and blackening the character of its own subordinate agents."—The radical author of "The Governing Classes" contends that there are, unquestionably, some grounds for the Gallic belief in the perfidy of Albion: for there is an enduring English, as there is an enduring Russian, policy—the secret policy of Britain always having reference to the commerce of Britain; "and certainly Lord Palmerston would not be so popular as he is on the 'Changes of England, if it were not that he, more than all his contemporary competitors, understands the sanctity of British trade. That general traditional policy of the Foreign Office he has followed with victorious fidelity." Mr. Landor has a

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fabular portrayal of one whom "the squires and the rural population familiarly call Pam, as in the game of cards they call the Knave of Clubs. I know not whether the idea of clubs was suggested by his pugnacity in former days, or the idea of knave by some odd resemblance to the court card. He still is mettlesome, and, when the market folks press him, he knows how to strike." The pressure of the market folks is generally enough—nor is high pressure needed to keep him moving, when once fairly off, like the *fast* old stager he is. Setting aside, however, this one principle of action, the rest of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy is not unreasonably called "vagary." As a journalist already quoted, says, he has two classes of assailants: those who believe he is in the interest of despotism, and those who are convinced he is an agent of democratic revolution: and the explanation suggested is, that, in point of fact, he is sometimes one thing, and sometimes the other. "The Germans sang, in 1848 and 1849:

——Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
So ist er, sicher, Palmerston:

men like Blum, and men like Schwarzenberg, entertaining, upon exactly opposite grounds, precisely the same aversion. Those kings, and ministers, and bureaucrats, who were submerged in the storm of 1848, traced the European catastrophe to the design of Lord Palmerston, Minto being universally regarded on the Continent as the dyspeptic Æolus; and again, when reaction set in, the patriots everywhere recognised as the original reason, the duplicity of Lord Palmerston." Possibly his lordship loves to have it so—to be thought to belong to all parties, as occasion may require—to be all things to all men, in a not at all apostolic sense: at any rate he has more than once, but once in particular, found the advantage of such a reputation—witness the way in which journals of all parties claimed him for their own, when he was called to the head of affairs, as the only possible master of the situation—wafted on the wings of the wind of popularity, a covert Conservative in the eyes of credulous Conservatives, a staunch overt old Whig by the verdict of Whig authorities, an all but prononcé Radical, and perhaps something more, on the affidavit of a few sanguine ultrà-liberals, who have been miraculously living upon hopes deferred, and awaiting a Reform Bill that, to the confusion of *finality* Jack, is to be "no end of" a measure, going all lengths, and *plus ultra* besides.

That self-reliance is invaluable to a public man—aided by a liberal allowance of self-assertion—the career of the noble Viscount since his elevation to Premier's post, has made evident enough. That he is a host in himself, must be a practical axiom with him—else how could he think to impose upon the country a Government composed of such materials, Vernon Smiths and Laboucheres in foremost places,—"strengthened," when a vacancy occurs, by a Clanricarde, perhaps with a view to gratify the *ir*-religious world, after such a broadcast of sops to an opposite section, in a series of *nolentes* (*volentes*) *episcopari* thick and threefold, of the Simeonite school.

Well; time tries all. And the whirligig of time brings round its revenges. Whether a Nemesis is pretty close or not on the heels of Lord Palmerston—hitherto so nimble, so prosperous, so light-of-heart and

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light-of-tongue as well as light-of-heels,—que scay-je? Personally, time that tries all has touched him *very* lightly, as though, like old Izaak with his bait, it loved him, or, like Zanoni or Joseph Balsamo, it had forgotten him. As you watch that care-beset yet seemingly careless septuagenarian, tripping up the Treasury stairs two at a time, or with elastic tread and jaunty mien making his way to the Treasury bench, you recognise a veteran who, more accurately than the original, might claim a proprietorship in Chaucer's lines:

> Though I be hoor, I fare as doth a tree
> That blossemith er that the fruit i-waxe be,
> A blossemy tre is neither drye ne deed;
> I fele me no wher hoor but on myn heed.
> Myn herte and al my lymes ben as greene
> As laurer thurgh the yeer is for to seene.

*** Since the *que scay-je?* in the top line was printed, Mr. Milner Gibson's amendment has divided the House, and spoilt that note of interrogation.

HEIRESSES.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

"If I only knew how much the girl has," soliloquised Philip Sutton, as he lay back in an arm-chair in his chambers one hot day of August, 1854, "I should know if it is worth while going down to Stamford House or no; if it's to be another case of merely ten or fifteen thousand pounds, why I needn't waste any time, and may as well go down and shoot Lester's moor in Scotland or walk through Germany. What a strange thing it is that in this enlightened century there should still exist that absurd prejudice against letting one know what a young lady's fortune is or will be! Ignorance entirely on our side. A *man's* fortune is always pretty well ascertained before your excellent chaperones permit an acquaintance to be furthered, though, by the way, there has been some strange mistake or remissness in this instance, or why should Mrs. Stamford have been so pressing in asking me down? The fact of my being a 'rising barrister' isn't a sufficient investment for one's daughter's affections; and if she had inquired properly, she might have discovered that not my 'face,' but my wig and gown, are all the fortune I can boast of. Possibly she imagines I have expectations, and thinks my old Aunt Pennington intends to make me her heir? Poor Mrs. Stamford! However that may be, she *has* repeatedly asked me to Stamford, and I think I should rather like to see what her daughter really is; at present, I only know that she's a distinguished-looking girl, with more to say for herself than the generality of her species, that she usually considers me worth saying it to, and that she is a reputed heiress. It may be amusing

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to go and spy out the land; it can do no harm, and I'm not young enough to singe my wings in a hurry. . . . Yes, I'll go down to Stamford House on Tuesday. Now to work." And taking his feet down from the chair on which they had been resting, Philip Sutton turned to a writing-table covered with papers, and was immediately immersed in the deep waters of a case in Chancery.

The truth was, Mr. Sutton wanted very much to be married, for, having arrived at the age of two-and-thirty, and gone through the usual amount of flirtation, while undergoing ten London seasons, without ever having seen a woman whom he could marry, thoroughly for love's sake, he began to think that, if ever, his bachelorhood should now cease, and that he must be content to do without a *grande passion*. There were several young ladies among whom he thought he could have selected one to love quite sufficiently to be happy with, but unfortunately there was another matter besides his choice to be thought of. Philip Sutton was, as he just now soliloquised, "a rising barrister," and getting on far better in his up-hill profession than most of his compeers. Philip was very clever; but full as was his brain, so in proportion were his pockets void, and the proceeds of his law-work sufficed only for his own maintenance. Ergo, Philip Sutton could not support a wife, and therefore the wife must bring wherewith to support herself, for Sutton could not bear the idea of entailing poverty upon any one of the above-mentioned young ladies, to whom he might, otherwise, Ahasuerus-like, have held out his sceptre. He did not like the idea of rosy cheeks fading, bright eyes growing dim, and smooth brows wrinkling with the cares of such a household as his poor one would be. He did not like to think of small Philips or Philipesses not having bread-and-butter enough to eat, and appearing in dirty pinafores and little worn frocks, and making an unchecked racket through a small ill-deafened house, where he, the rather *recherché* Philip Sutton, had come to seek repose after a tiring day in gloomy chambers. Very young men might do such things, might marry, ignoring the prospect before them; but what was the use of his having reached the mature age of two-and-thirty if he were not to know the folly and selfishness of such a proceeding?

It was a great pity young ladies did not wear the amount of their fortunes on a ticket round their neck, that a man might know whether he could safely bestow his affections; but that pitch of civilisation had not yet been reached, and as Miss Stamford was reputed an heiress, there could be no harm in endeavouring to find out more about her. And the more Philip thought it over, the more he concurred in his recent determination to go down to Stamford House. Therefore, when the following Tuesday arrived, and with it the commencement of the long vacation, and a gracious acceptance by Mrs. Stamford of his proposed visit, Mr. Sutton stepped into a cab, drove to the —— station, took a ticket for Wyefield, and very soon found himself hurrying on the wings of the express towards the spot where dwelt the lady of his thoughts, or, more correctly, the lady of his very mature deliberations.

Stamford House was situated on the English border of Wales, and both the situation and place pleased Philip's eye as he drove through the beech avenue and well-kept park, till he came in front of the house, a very handsome modern building, with a gentlemanlike, well-cared-for

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look about it that made up for its lack of antiquity. Mr. Stamford had built it when he came into possession of a large fortune left him by a distant relation; he, a younger son, being now three times as rich as his elder brother, the representative of an ancient but somewhat declining family.

On the strength of his inheritance he had married a poor peer's daughter, to whom he had been long attached, and by her had two children—a son, and the Miss Stamford who formed the subject of Philip's soliloquy.

"Mrs. and Miss Stamford are out driving, sir," said the servant who answered Philip's summons, "but they'll be home very soon now. Please to step into the morning-room;" and, leading the way across the hall, ushered Sutton into a very pretty bay-windowed room, bright with chintz, and flowers, and afternoon sunshine, where, in the window recess, a young lady sat writing. She bowed as he entered, repeated the servant's intelligence with regard to his mistress, and quietly went on with her letter, after having informed Philip that he would "find the *Times* on that table"—that table being well covered besides with magazines and new books. Philip took the hint and an arm-chair, felt rather relieved that the young lady did not think it necessary to entertain him, and proceeded to read a leading article on Crimean affairs. (The fall of Sebastopol was then pending.)

Thus half an hour elapsed, and our hero had taken out his watch to see if Stamford and London time agreed, when the door opened, and "How *do* you do, Mr. Sutton?" a lady's voice exclaimed, and Mrs. Stamford entered. She was so glad to see him, and had the train kept time? and did he think the country pretty? and how tired of town he must be after that *horrid* season! and "Emily, my dear, do you know Mr. Sutton?—Miss Hope"—and Philip bowed again, and the young lady did the same. And another half-hour slipped away, till Mrs. Stamford, in her turn, had recourse to her watch, and said it was positively six, and they dined at seven; and so they all went away to dress.

Miss Stamford was sitting in the drawing-room when Philip came down again—seemed very glad to see him, he thought, and introduced him to her brother, whom he had never met. The brother and sister were very unlike. Though not beautiful, Helen Stamford was a very striking-looking girl, and, as Philip said, very "distinguished." A tall, lithe figure; rather large, but well-shaped head, and very dark hair; a pale complexion (ill-natured people called it sallow, but it was quite a *clear* pale); straight nose; and large, grey eyes, with black lashes curling backward from them—very true, honest eyes, that looked full at you, with a curious mixture of solemnity and inquiry in them.

Jack Stamford, as he was familiarly called, was unmistakably plain, and there was even something grotesque in his plainness. But it was a clever face and good-tempered withal, and you ended by forgetting that he *had* a face, though you were often forcibly reminded of it when he spoke. Poor Jack Stamford had a terrible stammer, and an unmanageable word caused him to make contortions in trying to force it out that were at first horrible to behold, and seriously alarmed Philip Sutton the first time Jack underwent an attack of talkativeness. The only consolation was that he never seemed to mind it at all himself, and, from not

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being the least shy in speaking, he prevented his hearers feeling shy for him.

"Any news in town from the Crimea?" he asked, after the preliminaries had been exchanged—"later, at least, than yesterday's *Times* gives?"

"None," answered Philip, in the off-hand way in which people got to talk of the war news the year after the Alma. "The trench work still going on, and knocking over a great many of our fellows—Cranston, of the —th, by-the-by; did you know him?—and they still expect the place to fall daily. Have you many friends out there, Miss Stamford?"

"Two or three cousins," Miss Stamford replied, as if she were not paying particular attention to the conversation. "My brother and I have just been settling a riding and driving party for to-morrow, Mr. Sutton. You have never seen Tintern Abbey, and you know we are within a few miles of it."

"Not at all a patriotic young lady," thought Philip Sutton. "She won't be flying off to the Scutari Hospital, at any rate!" And just as he was going to express his willingness to go anywhere and do anything, Mrs. Stamford rustled into the room in a Quaker-coloured silk gown that made her look like a middle-aged dove, and with a black lace scarf over her shoulders. The scarf was merely necessary as a concession to other ladies who were still on the right side of forty, for Mrs. Stamford's fair neck and arms were yet unwrinkled, and she was certainly a very well-preserved woman (as old Lady Bundledum always added, after talking of "women of Mrs. Stamford's and my time of life," her ladyship being very nearly old enough to be Mrs. Stamford's mother). Mrs. Stamford had been a blonde beauty, and but slight resemblance was to be traced between her and her daughter.

Miss Hope entered with her, and presently Mr. Stamford, whom Philip knew only slightly, appeared, and dinner was announced.

Our hero sat between Helen and her mother, and found his position by no means disagreeable, for the former was undoubtedly cleverer than most of the girls he was in the habit of meeting; and Mrs. Stamford, though not clever, had acquired a certain talent of conversation, which, with an easy and graceful manner, concealed her lack of originality.

Miss Hope sat between Mr. Stamford and Jack, and seemed to act more the part of listener to the latter than to share in the conversation, which was, however, for the most part general. Mr. Stamford the elder, be it known, was a profound metaphysician, and often deviated from the path of ordinary conversation to follow the by-ways of his own lucubrations, which made the task of entertaining him comparatively easy. He rarely interfered with his family in any wise, except on important occasions, when he usually showed that he was by no means the cypher in the establishment that he might have been taken for.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Stamford, in the drawing-room after dinner, "did you write to ask Sir Harry Clayton down, as I asked you? and are you going to ride over to the Amhersts to-morrow?"

"I wrote to Clayton, and he is to be here in time for the ball. But for your second question, mother, Helen wants to take Mr. Sutton to Tintern to-morrow, and I believe I'm to be of the party."

"Oh, certainly," Mrs. Stamford resumed, giving a pleased look at her

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daughter—"a capital arrangement, especially as you go to Southwold on Saturday, don't you, Jack?"

"Do you give your lecture that evening?" his father asked, suddenly, and coming down from the clouds.

Philip Sutton didn't dare to look up for fear of laughing when Jack Stamford answered in the affirmative, but he thought a great deal.

"What do you lecture upon?" asked his host again.

"The c-c-cure of stammering, sir!" replied his son, with an amused twinkle of the eye, as he glanced askance at Philip.

"Eh?" said Mr. Stamford, who didn't in the least understand a joke.

"Turnips, and the agricultural interest, I mean, sir," Jack resumed, gravely. "I have been getting up that last pamphlet of Mr. Ho-o-o——" And here the unfortunate speaker was indefinitely detained, the word proving a very stiff fence indeed; so, without taking any notice, his mother went on.

"I have got an invitation for you, Mr. Sutton, for this ball at my cousin Lady Delamayne's, on Thursday night. Charming people the Delamaynes; and she," continued Mrs. Stamford, benignantly, "was a first cousin of my mother's. My mother, you know, was one of the——"

"*Hoggs!*" gasped Jack Stamford, at last, "first-rate farmer."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Stamford, rather startled, though she was well accustomed to such interruptions—"one of the St. Aubyns, Mr. Sutton; distant connexions of yours, I believe?"

"Ah!" said Philip, vaguely, for his knowledge of his cousinship *was* very vague. And then Mrs. Stamford told her daughter to sing, and Helen, without a moment's hesitation, sat down at the piano and sang in a rich contralto a wild Irish lament, full of such despairing pathos that Philip was startled, and a general silence ensued through the room.

"Rather lugubrious, dear child," said her mother; "Mr. Sutton looks quite solemn after it! Emily, sing us one of your lively little German songs?"

"I think I'm rather frightened," suggested Miss Hope, as she went to the piano, "but I'll try."

And as she sat down, it occurred to Philip that Miss Hope was extremely pretty. Though a year older than Helen (who was just twenty), she looked a great deal younger, and the joyous expression of her face at times—the sort of expression you see in a careless, happy child—accounted for this. We always—ourself—wish to know what the heroines of a story are like; therefore, taking it for granted that you, reader, do the same, we beg to inform you that Miss Hope had a very prettily-shaped oval face, large dark-blue eyes, sunny-looking brown hair, and a sufficiently small but firmly cut mouth, that denoted a great deal more determination of character than at the first glance you would have given her credit for. Her nose?—oh! we beg your pardon for having omitted a description of that important feature—it was a very good nose, but as we have not studied nasology we cannot tell you to what particular order it belonged. And it also occurred to Philip Sutton, as Miss Hope put her hands down on the piano, that they were the very prettiest little hands imaginable. She sang two or three songs in a very nice voice—not a voice like Helen's though—and with some originality of expression, and

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then Jack Stamford went up and talked to her, while Philip, in speaking to his hostess, asked casually if Miss Hope was one of their neighbours.

"No," said Mrs. Stamford, "she is only staying with us. She generally lives in Cornwall, but Helen is very fond of her, and often has her here. She is a very nice little thing," added Mrs. Stamford, carelessly, "but has the misfortune, poor child, besides being an orphan, to be——"

But here Mrs. Stamford was interrupted by a sudden pause in the room, and Philip finished the sentence for himself with the word "dependent." It was evident from his hostess's manner. And the idea was confirmed when, after the ladies had gone to bed, and Jack and he were smoking at the front door, and the former had been stammering a panegyric on her, he added,

"But she's desperately *p-p-poor*, you know, and my father and mother are frightened to death for fear I should f-f-fall in love with Emily Hope, you know!" And he thereupon chuckled with the most cruel satisfaction.

"It is as well to know, you know," thought Philip, "though of course the only person I have anything to do with here at present is Miss Stamford. What a very agreeable girl she is, and cleverer than I fancied, even. Yes, if I only knew what fortune she really has (it came from an aunt, I believe), I certainly would make the most of my time here. What a mercenary wretch I should be called if people could only *read* my thoughts! And yet unjustly so. For Heaven knows, if I had only fortune on my own side, King Cophetua himself should not surpass me, and the less my wife had the better I should be pleased. But if I am to marry, I *must* marry a woman with money. Either thus, or not at all, and I don't think I should make an agreeable old bachelor. I am not a mere fortune-hunter. I will never marry any woman without really liking her for herself, and doing my best to make her happy. As to falling in love with her, that's out of the question, and she must take a sincere friendship and affection instead. Thus much I am sure, if she prove worthy of it, I could give her in time, and no reasonable woman could expect a man who has passed two-and-thirty without ever having felt the 'belle passion' to do more."

Here Jack Stamford, who began to find his companion's long silence both dull and uncivil, suggested they should go to bed, and wished him good night. Philip continued the meditation in his room.

"This is the third matrimonial speculation I have been engaged in within the last two years, and it may fail as the others did. Miss O'Brien, whose fox-hunting disposition and Paddyisms I had got over for the sake of her good-nature and her five thousand a year, might as well have had her castle in Spain as in Ireland. The five thousand a year *ought* to have been paid by her tenants, but they didn't seem to think so, and Kate had little more than enough to pay her milliner's bills with. (I wonder if she ever did?) Poor Kate! she was very handsome. But there was no help for it, and she would have been wretched if she had married me. Luckily, I never proposed. There certainly was no mistake about Susan Langdale, but that old dragon of a mother took very good care that should not affect me in any way, and the girl ran away with the fifth son of an Irish viscount! Well, if the bar were not so

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terribly up-hill, I'd work like a slave and earn my own right of choosing a wife yet. But ten years since I began reading, and am only now getting into practice!

II.

As far as we know, there are not many more lovely scenes in our dear mother England than that presented by the valley of the Wye in Monmouthshire on a bright August day, when the summer foliage is in all the beauty of its maturity, and the hush of contentment and plenty lies over the golden fields. The "Wyndcliff" road, cut in the side of a high cliff rising sheer and abrupt from the hollow, and covered with vegetation, commands a beautiful view of the many turnings and twistings of the river Wye, and, as a background and more on a level with itself, of the broad silvery sheet of water formed by the mouth of the Severn. Like a shining snake the Wye winds along, no sluggish English river, but rapid and clear as a Scotch stream, and bearing gaily along the small craft that trust themselves to its current. But what gives its peculiarity to the scene is the quaintness of the rocks that form the river's bank, and which, broken here and there into fantastic shapes, give the effect of a succession of ruined castles, picturesque in their grey antiquity.

"That's the Horseshoe, Mr. Sutton," said Helen Stamford, pointing with her whip to a curious tongue of land round which the stream gave an eccentric curve, "but whether there were giants on the earth in those days to bestride monsters who could leave such an impression, our chronicles say not."

Philip and Helen were riding along Wyndcliff, side by side, the day after the arrival of the former at Stamford House, Miss Hope and Jack Stamford following them, and Mrs. Stamford and a Mrs. Lloyd, a *ci-devant* governess of Helen's, closing the cavalcade in an open carriage.

"There should be legends attached to all those fairy castles," said Philip, "as in the Rheinland; but I fear we poor pilgrims of the Wye have a less romantic fatherland."

"Nay," Helen answered, "we have traditions enough, I think; and more than that, our history can give us life-stories that may indeed in their grand chivalry sound fabulous."

"Your patriotism then lives more in the past than the present, Miss Stamford," said Philip, smiling; "you take more interest in the heroes of Acre and Poitiers and Agincourt, than in those of Alma and Balaklava? And yet I doubt whether English hearts beat more bravely then than now."

"What do you mean?" asked Helen, suddenly drawing rein, and looking full at him with her earnest grey eyes.

"Only that I was struck last night with your apparent absence of interest in the present war, and that you seemed to have escaped being Crimea-bitten, as many romantic young ladies are just now. I mean when your brother and I were speaking of it yesterday evening."

"*I* not take interest in the present war!" Miss Stamford exclaimed, indignantly. "What do you think I am made of? Do you think I don't feel for my countrymen, triumph when they triumph, mourn when they fall—merely, forsooth, because I don't carry my heart in my hand for every passer-by to read, and jeer perhaps at what they term romance?

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Do you think that because I am a woman I don't love my country, and that I wouldn't die in her cause, and while I live honour her sons for their mother's sake, and for their own hero-hearts?" She turned her eloquent face towards Philip as she spoke, the face usually so pale glowing with resentful excitement; then suddenly recovering herself, she said, in an apologetic tone, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Sutton, I oughtn't to get so excited. How *could* you know the one point on which I am easiest wounded! Pray forgive me." And she looked so repentant and earnest about it, that Philip, though a little taken aback at the outburst, felt very much inclined to laugh.

"It is I who require forgiveness, Miss Stamford, for forgetting that you were an *Englishwoman*, to whom her country in all ages of its greatness or its sorrow must be England still. But one is so accustomed to hear the subject of this Russian war entered into immediately, that——"

"And yet you will think me inconsistent, Mr. Sutton, when I say that I cannot bear to hear it so little talked of in comparison with what it was last year. People take it as a matter of course now, and as if its only object was to afford a change of conversation from the ordinary topic of the weather. And yet death is still the same—a soldier's life is worth this year what it was last, and every month that passes by is marked in the calendar by a deeper stain of blood. Every day, instead of diminishing, makes the awe of this war become greater to me."

"I fear you call in question more than 'people,' Miss Stamford," said Sutton, shrugging his shoulders; "you upbraid human nature at large. What will it not get accustomed to?—especially where the suffering is merely reflected on it from others? But in some cases this is mercifully ordained. Take, for instance, the hospitals, at present, in the East. Had Miss Nightingale, and her merciful sisters in devotion, not 'accustomed' themselves to the horrors they have had to witness, could they have performed the great work which has shown our age

How noble a thing a woman may become?

Not—understand me—that I would detract one iota from the self-devotion and sacrifice which must have been required of them ere they acquired this 'custom'—they must have striven hard for the mastery first, and to some the effort may have been too much—but to have continued their work at all they must have become to a certain extent used to it."

Helen did not answer, but the steadfast glance she gave upward to the summer sky would have told Philip Sutton, had he looked round, how *she* thought they had got accustomed to it.

"Did you, with your strong interest in the subject, never think of joining the sisterhood, Miss Stamford?" asked Sutton.

Helen shook her head. "*My* duty did not lie there," she said, rather sadly; "perhaps the sacrifice with me lay in remaining passively at home 'in that state of life'—and all the rest of it, Mr. Sutton, you know." Helen abruptly ended, for she became shy all of a sudden at finding herself talking thus to a mere acquaintance. But seeing that Philip still listened, she went on. "What do you think Emily did, though?—Miss Hope, I mean—she had no particular tie in the world, poor child, and wished with all her heart to be of use; but she knew how absurd it was for delicate girls to offer themselves, as she had heard of their doing—girls

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who were next thing to useless at home—for work of this severe kind. So she resolved to go into training for a time, got into one of the hospitals, worked hard and patiently—though less hard than that Eastern work must be—worked zealously for a fortnight, and—had to give it up. Though not at all delicate, she found it was above her strength, and that she should only end by increasing the hospital list, and so, as I say, she gave it up. It was a great disappointment, and it was a brave thing to do, for so many people were ill-natured enough to sneer about it and throw out inuendoes that required courage to face. And——" But here the conversation was cut short, for the subject of it, looking as unlike a person who had ever received a disappointment of any sort, galloped past them in a race with Jack Stamford, and beckoning them with a smile that was quite irresistible to join, off they both set along this shady bit of the road, utterly forgetting, in their mad canter, war, hospitals, each other, and, above all, the scenery they had ostensibly come to admire.

"Oh, the Moss Cottage," said Emily, checking her horse, and hardly able to speak; "and that particular turn of the road Mrs. Stamford said we were to look at. And what a very undignified approach to Tintern, for there it is, Mr. Sutton."

And Philip looked down upon the beautiful old abbey on which, even at a sober pace, you come so unexpectedly by a sudden turn of the road, and as he looked was fain to confess, that much as he had heard it praised, the ruin itself surpassed his expectations. It was, as Mrs. Stamford now informed him, said to have been built by William le Clerc, brother to the first Earl of Pembroke, for a fraternity of Cistercian monks, and is still in such perfect preservation, that you need not draw upon imagination to form an idea of its magnificence as you look along the lofty but roofless arches of its aisles—arches still unbroken, though the ivy hangs from them in thick festoons, the growth of long-past years. Athwart these arches the sun now glinted, chequering the grass-grown aisles with shadows of the hanging foliage; scarce a bird or mouse stirred from its haunts in the old walls, and a strange hush rested over the ruin, typical, as it seemed, of the eternal stillness resting on bygone ages, of the solemn silence reigning on those monastic graves below.

This influence was felt by the merry group who had just entered the abbey, and for a few moments no one spoke; but we regret to say that it was a prolonged stammer from Jack Stamford which broke the spell, and after this inharmonious interruption a regular exploration of the abbey commenced. Up the narrow stairs one by one they all went (with the exception of Mrs. Stamford and Mrs. Lloyd, who stayed to superintend the luncheon arrangements), and presently emerged at a giddy height at the top of the walls, where, however, a wide enough path did away with the apparent danger. And then Philip and Stamford being first in the descent, Helen and Emily gave them the slip; and when Philip turned from below to look for them, he saw as pretty a picture as you could desire to look upon. Leaning forward with careless grace, Helen looked down at them from a high-arched window, her pale, earnest face with its braided hair, scarcely shadowed by the drooping plume of the black riding-hat she wore, and contrasting well with the joyous face, rose-tinted with excitement, that leaned against her shoulder, as Emily, her hair half-loosened and her hat hanging round her neck,

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held a profusion of wild roses gathered up in the skirt of her grey riding-habit, the ivied stone arch forming a fitting frame to the whole.

"The holy monks here must have been a strict order," Jack observed, as they all sat down to luncheon on the mossy turf of what had been the refectory—and as he spoke he rubbed off some dust which had stuck to his sleeve—"and not nearly so jolly as the monks of old were in the habit of being. They couldn't have got up and down those narrow stairs if they had, for I'm not a very b-burly man, and look—*I* wouldn't have been a monk here!"

"Or anywhere, Jack?" said Miss Stamford, smiling.

"No.—Sutton, some chick-chick-chick——"

"I shouldn't have been a monk either," said Emily, gravely. "I would have been a Crusader, and won my——"

"'Icken and salad?" concluded Jack Stamford, much after the fashion of the Protestant raven in Barnaby Rudge.

"But, Miss Hope," said Philip, "crusaders often ended in becoming monks. When, for instance, they came home and found their ladye-loves had married some one else in the interval, what was there left for romance-knights to do? What should you have done, Miss Stamford?" And Philip fixed a scrutinising glance on her as he spoke.

"I think I should have died," Helen answered, slowly, but with such suppressed vehemence that she rather startled her questioner, and Mrs. Stamford said, in a slightly annoyed tone,

"How seriously you take things, my dear child! People don't die quite so easily; as my aunt, Lady Coldstone, used to say, it takes a great many such blows to chip even a corner off one's heart."

"I should marry a w-w-widow!" said Jack; "we should be on nearly equal terms, and so console one another. What would *you* do if you were a knight in such distressed circumstances, Miss Hope? A *knight*, mind, I say."

"Well," said Emily, with a puzzled look, and her blue eyes showing indications of mischief, "if I were a knight—I—suppose—I should—get over it in time, as I *believe* most people do."

Everybody laughed excepting Helen, who seemed at that moment to have taken farewell in spirit of her companions, and to have set off on a voyage somewhere else. And Mrs. Stamford, thinking the conversation was taking a peculiar turn, gave it a different direction, and entertained Philip with the various degrees of kindred which united her family to the Beauforts. It was very odd, her listener reflected, how a woman so really well-born and highly connected as Mrs. Stamford could be guilty of the vulgarity of bringing it perpetually before you, almost as if you had doubted it. "If her aunts and cousins were Smiths and Snookses, she wouldn't always be quoting them," Philip sapiently observed to himself, "though I dare say their remarks would be as well worthy of record as when Mrs. Stamford's sister's brother-in-law, Lord Noodleton, said that Monmouthshire was generally damp in wet weather."

But we ourselves, Mr. Sutton, have met with this phase of snobbishness in people who ought to have been equally free from it with Mrs. Stamford, and indeed with many other and individual snobbishnesses in people who might deem the very word breathed in their presence almost an insult. Small weaknesses—oftener small un-christianities.

"I must make friends with Miss Hope," Philip thought to himself, as

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he watched the two girls talking together; "perhaps by-and-by a confidante. It would be very good policy, for she is evidently very intimate with Helen Stamford, and looks as if she would be good-natured. That girl interests me very much; she is quite a study. I really think I am beginning to care for her?" And so, on the ride home, he and Emily were companions, and got on very well indeed. At first Philip thought she was quite a child, and studied nothing but the natural history of a perfect menagerie of pets she had during her life possessed, for she would talk of nothing else. What a flock of pigeons she had, and how a white fantail always perched on her great dog Pilot's back, and how Pilot submitted to peas being strewed all over his shaggy black coat; and how her parrot had learned to stammer from being for some time in the society of a—gentleman—who—stammered *very* badly, and how afraid she was this—gentleman—would think she had taught it on purpose, till Philip, becoming rather tired of zoology, thought he would rejoin Miss Stamford. But from parrots Miss Hope diverged to South America and its forests primeval, sketched scenes of tropical life quickly and vividly, rambled from America to Europe, from South to North—from the luxuriant southern vegetation to the pine forests of Norway and the lava plains of Iceland—with such a graphic power of description, that Philip, though he knew she could not have seen *all* these pictures, said, in some surprise, that he supposed she had been a great traveller already?

"I have never been out of my own country yet," she answered, "but I intend to, soon—at least when I can find somebody to go with." And she gave a half-sigh.

"Poor child," Philip thought, "I hope she isn't going to be a governess, or anything of that sort! Perhaps," he said aloud, "the Stamfords may be your escort some day."

"Yes," Emily answered; "I shouldn't mind travelling with Helen."

"You are great friends?" Philip suggested.

"Friends!" Thereupon ensued an outburst of praise the most enthusiastic, and to which her companion, as may be imagined, lent a most willing ear. Few people thoroughly understood Helen, but there was nobody in the world like Helen—such a loyal, constant friend, such a noble, truthful soul!

And yet, with all her enthusiasm, Miss Hope was also to a certain extent guarded on the subject, and Philip, had he sought to gain more particular information about her, would have found his curiosity baffled. But he was quite satisfied with hearing her praised, and thought how pleasant it must be to have such a warm advocate enlisted in your behalf as this pretty Emily Hope.

Sir Henry Clayton arrived in time for dinner; a fair, pale-complexioned man of about eight-and-twenty, not handsome, but with that peculiar air of high breeding which women prefer in a man to mere good looks. And Sir Henry Clayton's manner betrayed to a certain extent that he was accustomed in society to carry all before him, and without being actually conceited, seemed to intimate that he received every attention as his due, and thus compelled most people to pay the tax. Representative of one of the oldest baronetcies in England (his father had refused a peerage on this account), talented much above the average, and possessing great charm of manner, Sir Henry Clayton had generally found himself

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successful with very little trouble in anything he had considered it worth while to undertake. He had "un talent pour le succès," and was perfectly well aware of it.

But from some unaccountable impulse, Philip took a dislike to him long before dinner was over, which was unfortunate, as Sir Henry was so popular with all the Stamford family, and would probably remain in the house as long as Philip.

One comfort was, he did not interfere with Miss Stamford, but devoted himself during the evening to Emily Hope (after having had various members of his aristocratical connexions inquired after by Mrs. Stamford), sat by the piano while she sang, and made her sing all his favourite songs; talked to her in his easy, quiet way, which, however, was far more amusing than many a more vivacious one, and in short seemed very good friends indeed with Miss Hope.

So Philip had plenty of opportunity for furthering his acquaintance with Helen, and made good use of it. But in a pause of the conversation, as he looked up and saw Emily very decidedly, as *he* considered, flirting with Sir Henry Clayton, he could not help remarking to himself how odd it was women could care about such a prig as that, without a trace of good looks to recommend him, and such an insufferably conceited manner! But what wouldn't a woman do for position? He had known women marry—oh, infinitely worse men than that!—and this poor dependent girl of course would not be so difficile, though it was very unlikely Clayton would commit such an imprudence. But he hoped she was not the kind of girl to marry without love: he should be sorry to think Helen's friend could. It really was a horrible idea a *woman* having interested motives in marriage—and——" Though why poor Sir Henry Clayton should not have been married for love it would have puzzled any one but Mr. Sutton to say. And why motives to a certain degree interested in Emily should be so very much worse than in Mr. Sutton himself, seemed equally unintelligible.

"Who is going to Southwold with me to-morrow?" Jack Stamford asked of the company in general. "Sir Henry has only just arrived, so I won't carry him off. Sutton, I think you would be-nefit much by my lecture, and I know you take an interest in agriculture, so I shall enlist you as my supporter."

Now if Philip had known how very entertaining Stamford's lectures were, and with what admirable ingenuity he invariably divagued from whatever the subject might be to talk about everything *un*-connected with it, his distinguished self in particular, he would probably not have looked so blank at the proposal as he now did. As it was, he looked so disinclined to agree to it, that Helen hastened to say,

"That will never do, Jack! Mr. Sutton is engaged to lunch at Silvermere with us, and we can't let him off. You must bear your honours alone—and mind you're back in time for the ball on Friday."

Mrs. Stamford smiled at her daughter, and approved graciously of the veto that had been put on Philip's departure even for a day.

Philip smiled mentally. "Soh! she cares already about my staying," he thought. "Vogue la galère!"

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THE LORD PROTECTOR'S GHOST.

A BALLAD.

By W. Charles Kent.

[Immediately after the Restoration the dead body of Cromwell was removed from its place of solemn sepulture at Westminster, and having been drawn upon a common hurdle to Tyburn, was there dragged out of its coffin and suspended, with fiendish exultation, upon the gallows by the hands of the public executioner.]

Sauntering o'er the moorland lonely—
Darkness dappling into day—
Lo! one courtly gallant only,
Humming a blithe roundelay.

Ringlets trailing on his shoulders;
Tufted lip and tufted chin;
Eyes that seem to seek beholders—
Love for handsome looks to win.

Less than love were niggard payment,
Music as each footfall stirs,
Rustling in that broidered raiment,
Jingling in those burnished spurs.

'Tis a thing of silken splendour,
Perfumed lace and velvet gear,
Flourished with the gauds that render
Gay the roystering Cavalier.

'Tis a pampered lord of revels
Loitering from a banquet home,
Fearing neither God nor devils
Where his wayward pathway roam.

Drinking deep from flagons brimming,
Wine has flushed his cheek and brain;
Yet with heated senses swimming,
Calm he lounges o'er the plain.

Whim-inspired, his sleek roan scorning,
And his gaily liveried groom,
Quaffs he here afoot the morning,
Brushing through the flowery broom—

Brushing through the dewy brambles
Leisurely as o'er a lawn,
Not yon dismal scene of rambles
Darkling at the glint of dawn.

Sudden sounds of doleful anguish,
Ghastly gleams of lurid light—
Gleams that, fitful, rise and languish—
Glimmer through the gloom of night.

Startled, pale, aghast, affrighted,
Lo! the gallant plain doth see,
By the ghostlike radiance lighted,
Grim and gaunt—the Tyburn tree.

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And beneath the gibbet standing—
  Horror in its lifeless eyes—
On each lineament the branding
  Token of a form that dies—

Rotting, mouldered, blue, abhorréd,
  Yet with aspect calm and grand,
He who though uncrowned his forehead
  Reigned—the Ruler of the land.

Hark! the Awful Phantom uttering
  Woeful words and dire to hear,
Words that breathed through black lips muttering,
  Chill the Reveller's bones with fear.

"Minion!" cries the dreadful Spectre,
  "I am he who once did wield
Mighty England's glorious sceptre;
  Led her armies to the field;

"Scattered all her ills and terrors
  As the winnow drives the chaff;
And for all her tyrant's errors
  Gave her right with scorn to laugh.

"Traitorous knaves with plots designing
  Trembled at my sheathless sword,
Knowing that its splendrous shining
  Was—the glory of the Lord!

"Nations awed before my power,
  Monarchs shrinking from my blow,
At my coming, cursed the hour
  Britain first became their foe.

"Arbitrer of peace and battle,
  In my grasp the bolts of war
Routed warrior-hosts like cattle,
  Hurled the victor from his car.

"Holland, with her navies scattered,
  Saw our banners sweep the main,
Saw them flout where low lay shattered
  In the dust the pride of Spain.

"Scotland's ancient brand fell broken
  When it crossed my iron rod;
Erin knew her doom was spoken
  When my foot was on her sod.

"Distance, impotent to sever
  Britons from my sheltering fame,
Found them guarded, wheresoever,
  By the terror of my name.

"We were scathless, free, defiant—
  Bent to none but God the knee,
On His holy aid reliant,
  Perilous though the path might be.

"Now! with tarnished standards lowered,
  Draggling at the heels of France:
Fallen—not with fate untoward,
  Cloven helm and splintered lance:

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"Shameless—stripped of pride and splendour,
Like a craven knight who yields—
England to chicane doth render
Glory won on foughten fields.

"Harlots throng the Cæsars' palace;
Bastards drain the realm of gold;
Panders drug the royal chalice;
Rank and place are bought and sold.

"Puniest state of meanest power
Britain's stingless wrath contemns,
Now when by old Julius' Tower
Dutch ships ride upon the Thames.

"Yet with dastard shields scarce dinted,
Plumes uncropped though blurred and torn,
Ye, whose recreant brows were printed
With a villain brand of scorn—

"Palterers with kingly vigour,
Lords in form, at heart but slaves,
Human ghouls, with coward rigour
Dragging dead men from their graves:

"Ye, who while this shape was breathing
Trembled at my glance away,
When my soul had left its sheathing
Basely spurned the crumbling clay:

"One whose guards were freemen serried,
One before whom millions bowed—
Spurned me powerless, lifeless, buried,
Haled me from my mouldering shroud:

"On a murderous hurdle drew me—
Lord of earth from sea to sea!—
Through my corpse in mockery slew me,
Hung me on the felon's tree.

"Viler vengeance never mortal
Dreamt of out of Hell's black womb,
Bursting ev'n Death's sacred portal,
Rifling ev'n the awful tomb.

"Hence, the princely race ye cherish—
Tawdry trifle of a day—
Quickly from the throne shall perish,
Swiftly from the world decay!"

Dismal sounds, the soul appalling,
Ring the gallant's brain around,
Horrid gleams about him falling,
Swooned upon the dewy ground.

Grimly looms the gallows o'er him:
Not a living thing doth stir,
Where no longer frowns before him
Ghost of kingly Oliver.

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FRENCH FINANCIAL OPERATIONS.*

The great feature in the history of modern financial operations in France has been the extension of public credit. It seems almost astounding to an Englishman—with whom public and mercantile credit have become national traditions, and with whom the use of credit, as an agent in the production of wealth and the circulation of capital, is as much an admitted thing as the existence of capital itself—that France never rose beyond the primitive idea of taxation, till forced to extraordinary measures by the necessity of liquidating the national debt, and effecting an indemnification for the wars of the Empire, and when failing so to do the country would have remained in the hands of a hostile army of occupation.

From the year 1818 to 1854, an epoch when prodigious loans were negotiated, M. Capefigue tells us, many minds have busied themselves with inquiring how it was that, in 1815, the first loan of the city of Paris was only negotiated with the greatest difficulty, and how it was that the whole resources of the Bank would not enable it to raise six millions of stock at 5 per cent., and at 60 for the 100, and that the money had to be negotiated upon the Exchange at Amsterdam, Frankfort, and London.

The answer of an English political economist would be very simple. There can be no system of credit until there has been a considerable accumulation of capital; for when capital first begins to be accumulated, those who possess it apply it directly in aid of their own labour. Again, supposing a sufficient capital exists, under which circumstances a system of credit has a natural tendency to arise, and will continue to grow with the increase of capital, such credit will be at once checked by the slightest distrust in the soundness or permanency of the existing laws, government, or social state of a country, involving, as such changes do, a general sense of the insecurity of property.

The *amour propre* of a Frenchman, much less limited than the territory of France itself, as we have seen so lately exemplified in M. Granier de Cassagnac's ideas of the relation of the government, not only to a national but to a general literature, stoops not to such elementary considerations. "Justice must be done," is all M. Capefigue vouchsafes in explanation, "to some practical men of the epoch, who laboured with perseverance at the great work of the constitution of credit, without ever despairing of the fortune of the country, and who openly proclaimed that a soil such as that of France, a people so intelligent and so wealthy, protected by a serious and national government, could not fail to find immense resources in the confidence of all."

There is no doubt that these patriotic aspirations have a real and sound basis to go upon, but, with the exception of "soil" and "intelligence," it may be fairly questioned if the other elements of public credit, individual or national wealth, and a "serious and national"—by

* Histoire des Grandes Opérations Financières : Banques, Bourses, Emprunts, Compagnies Industrielles, &c. Vol. III. Emprunts, Bourses, Crédit Public, Grands Capitalistes de l'Europe, 1814—1852. Par M. Capefigue.

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which popular government is really meant—were unanimously believed in in 1815.

Some of the liabilities of France at the conclusion of the war and the restoration of the Bourbons, were curious enough. There were the "forced loans," exacted by Marshal Davoust from the bank of Hamburg, and by General Rapp from Denmark. There were no end of contracts for supplies from the time of Robespierre to those of Daru, which no one had ever dreamt of paying. There was the indemnification of the English imprisoned during the Revolution and the Empire, and for the moneys transmitted to them, and which had never reached their destination. As to Germany, the whole country was covered with the promissory notes of generals and commissaries for supplies, which had, till the Restoration, been looked upon as so much waste paper. But it is with nations as with men, the day of reckoning must come. And when the imperial system of conquest and extortion had been put down by the strong arm of European intervention, France was called upon to pay its debts, the cost of its ambition.

At this crisis there arrived for the first time in Paris, to negotiate directly for particular interests, and representing the credit of the establishments or banks of Hanover and of Hesse, a young Israelite, descended from a respectable and even then powerful family; born at Frankfort, in the midst of vast operations, he might have been about twenty-eight years of age in 1814; his aspect was peculiarly that of the type of the German Jew, without admixture; his hair was red, his eyes round, with the indelible blot, the colour heightened on his cheeks, his mouth large, his lips thick, his address so blandly civil, that it almost seemed to have been toned down by persecution, or derived from the position in which the German Jews were placed at Frankfort. In other respects, with a willing and kindly-intentioned disposition, a probity that was indisputable, great skill in stock exchange, and expert as the father of the family in the alloy of metals, James Rothschild, the third son, who was afterwards destined to carry out such extensive negotiations with government, entered upon his career at the bottom of a yard in the Rue Lepelletier, from whence he studied, with aptitude and perseverance, the financial position of Paris, and the monetary operations that were about to be effected. Such small commencements of a great existence are always honourable. They are not a reproach; on the contrary, they are grounds for eulogium.

There was another personage, however, who played an important part in the great financial operations necessitated by the embarrassments of France at the end of the wars of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbons. This was Talleyrand, who had never ceased to dabble in the funds whether under a republic or an empire, whether it was in France, England, Hamburg, or the United States. Talleyrand lost and re-made several fortunes during his lifetime. When President of the Provisional Government, he speculated with the security of regulating events, and he had associated with him other gambling abbés—notoriously the Abbé Louis, who had been grand vicar to the revolutionary president, and of whom the prince of abbés made a minister of finances at the Restoration. The French bankers, it is but proper to acknowledge, gave in their adhesion generally to the new state of things; Lafitte was one of the first to hoist the white cockade, and all felt that peace, by bringing back liberty of action, was also going to extend the action and the power of the great financiers. The Restoration, on its side, was grateful to the bankers; it

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confirmed the titles of baron given to Messrs. Delessert, Hottinguer, Mallet, and Florentin Seillière, and it elevated Messrs. Perrégaux and Greffulhe to the peerage as counts. On the other hand, the Restoration made some mistakes in its generous haste. A million of money was paid over to Madame de Staël, in liquidation of a loan made by M. Necker, at a time when poor emigrants were begging at the gates of the château, and a few months after Madame de Staël, wedded to the Duc de Broglie, opened those political salons where everything was done to undermine the influence of the king. Capefigue insists that the Restoration was guilty of the capital fault of doing much for its enemies and nothing for its friends. Above all, there was no restitution made of the property confiscated by the Revolution and the Empire—a sore point with the royalists:

And what was the result of such concessions? Did the concessions made to those who had obtained possession of the national domains prevent M. Béranger penning his sarcastically puerile song of the "Marquis of Carabas" against those who had been plundered for the benefit of the spoliators? Virgil wept for the proprietors who had been victims of the civil wars; M. Béranger insulted their misfortunes, and his vulgar pipe was tuned to the bad passions of the people against emigrants, because their bodies were wasted, their horses were lean and lank, and their swords were inscribed "Fontenoy!"

There were other grounds of opposition to the monarchy in the new interests that had sprung up from prolonged warfare; such, more especially, were the systems of internal communication which had attained development from the maritime blockade; chemical works had arisen in every direction to supersede colonial products; even smuggling had become general and lucrative. Add to this, the very bankers who had welcomed the monarchy were jealous of the aristocracy; and Capefigue would have us believe that the revolution of the Hundred Days can only be explained by this hostility of interests and of associations which arose upon a first Restoration.

The charter had sought to conciliate things that were irreconcilable from mutual jealousy: the ancient with the new nobility; confiscated property with spoliations; emigrants with republicans; the regicides made counts, as MM. Thibaudeau, Berlier, and Boulay de la Meurthe, with the gentlemen of ancient families, the Blacas, the D'Havres, and the Grammonts; the dukes, whose titles were acquired at the National Convention, such as Messrs. Fouché and Cambacérès, with the faithful royalists, the D'Escars, the D'Avarays, and the Lavals. This struggle of origins, vanities, misplaced hopes, and of threatened interests, could only end in a prompt and terrible solution; nor was it long in coming.

In a financial point of view, the return from Elba had only one result, that of lowering the funds. The pound sterling, which had lowered in value under the first Restoration to 24fr. 90c., fetched 25fr. 70c. The Five per Cents. fell to 56f. 30c.; yet the government of the Hundred Days raised no new taxes, it depended for its marvellous reorganisation of the army upon some forty millions found in the royal treasury and upon patriotic gifts. M. Delorme, for example, proprietor of the well-known arcade which bears his name, contributed 100,000fr., and M. Gevaudan, of the Messageries, handed over all his available means.

Still, this not sufficing to meet the expenses of the campaign of Waterloo, M. Ouvrard was called in, and this financier, in connexion with

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whom, M. Capefigue says, "there are always side by side with skill some things less pure and less elevated which confound themselves the one with the other, and there often exist great harmonies between fortune and crimes that are punishable by law," succeeded in effecting a loan, but by the side of which Capefigue also remarks, "What a magnificent spectacle did not England present at this moment as contrasted with such a pitiful operation!" Lord Castlereagh signed subsidies with the great powers: with Russia, 2,500,000*l.*; with Austria, 3,000,000*l.*; with Prussia, 2,000,000*l.*; and with the other states, 1,500,000*l.*; total, 9,000,000*l.* A fearful burden left to future generations from a mistaken policy. By our islanded position and maritime superiority, we had, in reality, less to fear from the supremacy of Napoleon than the continental states; and, under any circumstances, if Russia, Austria, and Prussia did not feel their interests and safety involved in putting down the empire of invasion, it never could have been the duty of Great Britain to pay them for fighting their own battles. Capefigue tells us elsewhere that the subsidy to the allies was framed upon the extravagant estimate of 20*l.* for every foot soldier brought into the field by the allies, and 25*l.* for every horseman. Well might Napoleon say that wars end favourably for those who have most gold.

As to the Chambers, that were convoked, they spent their whole time in political bluster, and they did not even condescend to trouble themselves with financial matters. So, when the time came for the capitulation of Paris, M. Lafitte had to advance a million of money. The indignation experienced in France at the circumstance that the funds fell with the triumph of the French arms at Sebastopol has been immortalised in Ponsard's drama; but it was not greater than what was experienced when it was found that the disasters of Waterloo had the effect of raising the same funds. The fact is, that while France saw something deplorable in that catastrophe to their national glory, financiers contemplated in the same event a return of peace and the restoration of confidence: hence the rise in the funds. The fall of Sebastopol, on the contrary, prognosticated the carrying on of war with greater vigour than ever—an anticipation only frustrated by the sanitary condition of the French army and the financial necessities of the new Empire.

France had really adequate cause for gloomy apprehensions when the country was occupied by some 700,000 men, and the continental generals began to hint at reprisals for what the republicans had done in Italy, Daru at Berlin, and Spandau and Davoust and Vandamme in Germany. It required the tact of Talleyrand to argue that recriminations were of no use, and if a contribution must be paid, the governing powers must be left the means of providing the same. In this contribution of war, Austria, Prussia, and Russia received nearly double what England obtained, a country that subsidised the other three. That is to say, England received only 25,000,000 francs, Russia received 40,000,000, Prussia 47,200,000, and Austria 48,400,000.

To meet this indemnification of the powers, a general loan was effected by the Abbé Louis, Talleyrand's financial minister, and it was at the same epoch that a first loan was effected of nine millions for the city of Paris, and which was raised with great difficulty, for France was not at that time initiated into the mysteries of public credit. Louis XVIII. had

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no idea of taxing meat and provisions of all kinds as is done in our own times, and the consequences of which may one day be disastrous to the government that imposes them.

Besides the contributions which France was called upon to pay at the second Restoration, the financial resources of the country were also burdened with demands for other indemnities to a fearful extent, and they had to support an army of occupation, among whose commanders, we are told,

The Duke of Wellington was especially merciless towards the commissaries charged with the supplies for the English troops, who are so fond of making themselves comfortable. The foreign officer often exchanged his rations for silver in enchanting Paris, that garden of Armida, where the victors were subdued by the enervation of the habits and the gaiety of manners, the conquered still preserving their power of seductive civilisation.

A theme so flattering to national vanity, even when brought about by national humiliation, is dwelt upon at length by M. Capefigue. The financial condition of the country not only received, we are told, an impetus from the extravagance of the allies, but "English families, birds of passage, hastened to make up for the time lost from pleasure during twenty years of warfare!" Extortion was practised in every direction; "it was a kind of reprisals," and the exchange upon London rose in accordance. But it was not only the English: all the allies gambled. The Grand Duke Constantine was so extravagant that the emperor, his brother, was obliged to order a change of quarters, and as to Blücher, Louis XVIII. said of him, "Ce Blücher a pris notre habit mais il a laissé sa culotte." No wonder, when the Cercle des Etrangers—a magnificent gambling-house, where nothing was omitted to excite the visitor—the most delicate viands, a profusion of wines, and refined manners—was conducted by an ex-grand fermier. Even beauty was enlisted to add to the seductions of the gambling-table. The *bourgeois* class dates from the commencement of a new era of prosperity inaugurated at this epoch. James Rothschild, to whom most of the German letters of credit were made payable, had to remove his offices into the Rue de Provence. He was to be seen everywhere—in the ministerial offices, in the ante-chambers of generals, or at the Bourse—with that persevering suavity and that tone which the Israelites from the banks of the Maine never get rid of, accommodating all parties, and doing business with a liberality which was utterly unknown to the great Genevese banking-house of Paris, which, "with a heart hard as Calvin, was a perpetual psalm of penitence to all borrowers who applied to her in their distress."

The great financiers enjoyed another important advantage under the Restoration; they were no longer under the surveillance of a dictatorial police, or liable to be treated as conspirators, as Mr. Hope of Amsterdam and Mr. Labouchere had been, for negotiating with Mr. Baring of London. A few were, however, distrusted, and among them M. Lafitte, whom we have seen abetting the Waterloo campaigner with pecuniary means, and M. Ouvrard, who had advanced money to the same cause solely in the hopes of being repaid previous loans, amounting to some twelve millions, and all of which were now alike jeopardised by the Restoration. The Abbé Louis was no longer minister of finance. At the second Restoration, the Duc de Richelieu had advanced M. Corvetto

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to that position, and open financial war was declared against the great contractor for the Empire. A new system of things was introduced at the same time into financial affairs; all the great bankers were seduced by a title or a bit of ribbon to play at soldiers; most of the bankers grouped around *Monsieur* Comte d'Artois, at the Pavillon Marsan, were chiefs of the National Guard, at that time so devoted to the Bourbons; the legions reckoned six financial colonels; the staff was almost solely composed of bankers and stockbrokers; the white cockade was exhibited with pride; and while Monsieur was the popular prince at the Bourse, the Comte de Bruges and the Duc d'Osmond were among the speculators who were in constant relations with the capitalists. The Liberal party, the offspring of the Calvinistic spirit in banking, had not then united itself into a consistent opposition.

All the powers of Europe began, on the restoration of peace, to examine seriously into their financial position. Capefigue gives credit to England for having met difficulties, which would have been overwhelming to any other country, with characteristic coolness and audacity. Count Stadion, in Austria, aware that the current coin was in the hands of the Jews, attempted to substitute a portion for the paper money of the country by inviting the Israelites from Frankfort and other German cities, where they still existed under the ban of the middle ages. M. de Metternich was thus first brought into relation with the Rothschilds. Prussia and the smaller German states were obliged also to have recourse to the Jews, and they even raised money in advance upon their portions of the general indemnification. Russia alone, of the continental states, was, thanks to its rich mines, independent of paper money. The Steiglitzes at St. Petersburg were as active and more felicitous than the Sinas of Vienna in converting paper into silver roubles. The French elections of 1816 returned a majority of landowners and royalists, who would have restored the property of the emigrants and made the turbulent pay, but Louis XVIII. held by the charter, and deeming that "accomplished facts" should be considered as such, he relied upon loans and taxes to meet the national liabilities. The new minister, Corvetto, even brought over those who were interested in the past, as Collot, Roy, Sequin, Ouvrard, and Lafitte, by holding out hopes of liquidation of their claims if they would only abet the raising of new loans.

The majority of the Chambers were opposed to this proceeding. The commission appointed by the representatives announced a new budget, one of the chief items of which was the sale of the forests belonging to the state and in part to the clergy. M. de Villèle, deputy for Toulouse, took the lead in this discussion. With a frail body and short stature, and not even the graces of eloquence, he was so lucid in his logic that he gained at once a great moral ascendancy over his contemporaries. There were not wanting other persons who individually supported other systems, chiefly by means of pamphlets. Such were M. Bricogne, afterwards receiver-general; M. Gaudin, minister of finance under the Empire; M. Garnier, and M. Lafitte; but almost all these systems pointed to a loan, forced or otherwise.

Mere theory and discussion did not, however, contribute a halfpenny to the treasury, which was upon the verge of bankruptcy. Lafitte and Saulot-Baguenault in Paris, were, with some houses in Amsterdam,

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the only ones that would purchase government paper, and that at 57. The fact is, that they found a better investment in buying up domains, forests, and palaces. M. Ouvrard has boasted that the solution of the great difficulty had its origin with him; but Capefigue denies this, and says it came from the Duke of Wellington and from Count Pozzo di Borgo, especially from the former, to whom the Duc de Richelieu first addressed himself. It is strange to contemplate the man of the sword, the victor at Waterloo, in time of peace solving the great financial difficulty of France; yet it was through his recommendations and intercessions that the great loan of 1817 was negotiated with the Hopes of Amsterdam and the Barings of London. This negotiation gives to the Legitimist Capefigue an opportunity for a little criticism upon the British peerage. The Thellussons, raised to the peerage by Pitt under the title of Barons of Rendlesham, were, he says, neither descended from the Fleschelles, nor were any of their ancestors ambassadors from Geneva to the court of Louis XV. The Barings, who succeeded to the title of Barons of Ashburnham, were descended from one John Baring, of Philadelphia, who wedded another American, Louisa Bingham, and they had neither Saxon nor Norman blood in their veins. Capefigue, however, forgets that they must have been English before becoming Americans. He is most probably no less wide of the mark when he attributes to the Hopes and the Barings the introduction of boiled fish and roast beef into Paris, and the supplanting of intellectual conversation by cold, practical facts. With all these drawbacks—fish, beef, and matters of fact—the Barings and the Hopes saved financial France, and in Capefigue's own words, "Capital abounded under the guarantee of the two houses Hope and Baring; scarcely a year had elapsed since no one would purchase French stock, now every one asked for it after the negotiation had been concluded with Baring. By means of weighty sacrifices, France at length witnessed the foundation of its credit: credit, the power of modern nations!"

Such a result naturally created no small jealousy among the bankers of Paris. The funds rose to 61 and even 63, and they complained that foreign houses alone profited by the rise. Among the most violent of the discontented was M. Casimir Périer, whom Capefigue describes as "a dictatorial, angry spirit," who had founded a banking establishment, "harsh and haughty towards its clients." This is somewhat of a traditional characteristic among the bankers of France, and is not unknown elsewhere. M. Casimir Périer also sent forth a pamphlet against the Hope and Baring loan, from his hotel near the old convent of the Capuchins, which first opened to him the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, where he soon became to the left that which Lafitte was to the right side of the House. Capefigue says they were "the respective chiefs of the political bank, a strange anomaly which only a weak government could be subjected to." The example opened the way to Lefebvre, Odier, André, Ganneron, and Delessert, who all left their banks to swell the numbers of the liberal opposition. Even M. Ternaux, who owed everything to the Restoration, left his factory to join in the outcry. The public were delighted with this change of things; they had got weary of the age of long moustaches, great swords, and soldier-labourers, *gémissements en gravure*, Capefigue calls them, and they were now frenzied

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after banking and industrial celebrities; every shopkeeper became a hero, and "the puerile and seditious songs of M. Béranger, insulting alike to religion and to morality, exalted this new worship."

A "salon de finance" was a rarity: at M. Lafitte's, nothing was talked of but politics; the master was civil, but he assumed such airs of superiority, he had so good an opinion of himself, that there was no room for any one else. At M. C. Périer's, the supreme master, haughty as Jupiter Tonans, had a smile only for electors, and his colour never changed except under the excitement of the House; at MM. Mallet's, propagandism was carried on amid white dresses and flowers in the hair; at M. Delessert's, in the midst of objects of art and luxury, the conversation took the colour of Geneva and Neufchâtel. There was rude bourgeoisie to be seen at MM. Odier's and Ganneron's, and even in their parties there was to be witnessed a certain heaviness of forms that arose from an admixture of the reminiscences and the traditions of the shop. At M. Hottinguer's, the master threw his stiffness into the dances, and seemed to muffle the very instruments. There were no "salons de finance" that had any pretensions to manners save those of MM. Greffulhe, Rougemont de Lowenberg, and Saulot-Baguenault. M. Greffulhe's salons were attended by the court, the Comte d'Artois, and the Duc de Berry; MM. Rougemont and Saulot did not mix themselves up with political matters, and hence they also enjoyed the countenance of the Restoration.

The new state of things would not, naturally, in M. Capefigue's eyes, bear comparison with the palmy days of the fermiers-généraux, who protected alike letters and arts. These men held out the hand to no one unless they had something to gain by it. They had no time for the arts of life or the graces of good taste.

The new financiers established themselves in the old hotels of the fermiers-généraux in the Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue d'Artois; their apartments had the bad taste of the schools of David and Proudhon; furniture with columns, with arm-chairs and sofas à la Corinne de Gérard; harps, troubadours, and scarfs à la Jean de Paris; and all this mixed up with engravings of soldiers of the Loire, with faces and moustaches to frighten one, in order to take away from the popularity of the government of Louis XVIII., who restored to the labour of the fields a generation decimated by war!

No elegance in life; heavy dinners. The restaurant common to all, a vast *pêle-mêle*, was bringing about the destruction of refined tables. Was it possible to preserve in these refectories, or *phalanstères*, the jack or the gridiron, the two essential conditions of all cookery? And what could be expected of sauces, used for everything alike, no matter whether it was meat or game? The art of the cook of the eighteenth century consisted in the appreciation of stock and in the precise knowledge of the time required for a thing to be done; all things were not then cooked for the same period, nor were indigestible and repulsive sauces used indifferently for all kinds of viands. Good traditions were upheld to a certain extent at the court of Louis XVIII. by the Duc d'Escars, and among the magistracy by M. Brillat Savarin, an imperfect but well-intentioned intellect; but the Spartan times had arrived when the liberal bank used to dine *au Veau qui tète*, and when Béranger denounced in bad verse the pot-bellied ministers and the dinners which they gave. Poor dinners at so much a head, with the same invariable *carte*, without genius or invention. Prince Talleyrand and the diplomatic body alone held by a few good principles, and if Count Pozzo di Borgo had not eaten so much he might have passed off for a *gourmand sérieux*.

Curious all this *à propos* of great financial operations, but such is the way in which the most serious matters are treated by our lively allies, and such is the colouring which a pertinacious adhesion to the traditions of the past gives to the jaundiced eyes of old age in all countries.

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It is, however, pleasant to see all things, if possible, under different aspects; not only does the truth often exist between the two, but how often have we to settle between the extremes of an age of heroism or folly into that of a common-place yet practical intelligence. If the restaurants had continued to be what they once were, they would enjoy the same reputation which they did in the palmy days of Brillat Savarin; but, alas! the Café de Paris is succeeded by the Dîners de Paris, and what a change! With the present tax upon provisions in Paris, the diner out must expect changes to be rung upon his dishes which will at all times put to the rout his genius or invention in striking out a creditable *carte*.

England, in the mean time, had lost the monopoly of European markets by the return of peace, and, in 1818, she suffered from a manufacturing crisis, which Canning sought to relieve by the emancipation of the Spanish colonies. Symptoms of insurrection began at the same time to manifest themselves on the Continent. The sovereigns united in congress at Troppau and Laybach, and Prince Metternich invited one of the Rothschild family to take up his residence at Vienna, to negotiate the loans necessary for the three cabinets engaged in a repressive struggle. England had already its Nathan, whom the Goldschmidts in vain attempted to rival.

The Rothschilds had, indeed, attained the zenith of their glory; the four brothers, a thing almost unknown in the history of German Jews, were created barons by imperial patent-letters, and James Rothschild received the appointment of Austrian consul-general at Paris. Upon this he quitted his modest offices to take up his residence in the hotel of the late minister Fouché, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and from that time forward he remained at the head of financial operations. As a reward for the first loans negotiated, the brothers were also decorated with the civil orders of Austria, Prussia, and Russia.

It must be acknowledged (says Capefigue) that, although the Rothschilds did not found credit, they imparted a prodigious activity to speculation, that is to say, to gambling upon certificates of loans, reports, and deposits of titles, which multiplied the power of money. It is only the Jews who understand the fruitful activity of capital, which they bring into play for the smallest as well as the most important affairs; a golden ducat fills the imagination of a Jew as much as a million of florins; the Israelite is thirsty for business: he has no other distraction, no pleasure, but in speculation; it is a talisman placed upon his coat, like the sacred thaled on the breast of the rabbi, and he prepares and follows out an affair with the same felicity that an artist conceives and sculptures out a statue. M. de Gentz said of the Rothschilds, that they were the Phidiases and Praxiteles of loans: they negotiated them with so much art, and calculated the proportions with such an eye to a given end! The pale-red and penetrating eye of the Israelite knows and guesses all the weaknesses and passions of our nature, in order to derive advantage from them and to assist him in his speculations, his sole and adored mistress!

By the side of men with practical minds there have been from all times dreamy speculators, ever suggesting yet never accomplishing anything. Thus it was that in the eighteenth century the economists paved the way for a fatal revolution all the time that they were proclaiming public felicity and the amelioration of the world. Such also was Saint-Simon, the greedy associate of Count Rœdern in the acquisition of

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national property, and who, having gambled away his ill-gotten wealth and been held in abeyance by the strong hand of power, was glad to be clerk in a pawnbroker's, till, with the Restoration, he associated with himself two coarse and common-place writers, MM. Comte and Desnoyers, in the publication of a revolutionary paper called *L'Industriel*. Strange to say, Augustin Thierry, at that time a pupil in the Ecole Normale, began his literary career in the same paper, and continued it in the *Producteur*. The eminent writer even called himself the adopted son of Saint-Simon, and he advocated, as a principle, that emperors, kings, princes, priests, and landowners might disappear from the face of the earth without society feeling the loss, but the death of a working man would be a public calamity because he was a capacity.

M. J. B. Say, who with Benjamin Constant, Chénier, and others had been kept in the background by the Emperor, who greatly disliked all visionary, impracticable writers, as they only disturbed without benefiting the public mind, also reappeared in the field under the Restoration. M. Say's chief claims to attention lay in his introducing some of the axioms of English political economists to the notice of his countrymen.

One of the worst demonstrations that arose from the supplanting of an old order of ideas by purely industrial notions was that made by the so-called *Bande Noire*, whose aim it was to destroy all the old châteaux for the sake of the stones. This miscreant horde did more mischief between the years 1817 and 1821 than had even been accomplished by the Revolution. Sceaux des Penthièvre, Choisy le Roi, and Maisons were devastated, and the Baron Seillière with difficulty saved the Château de Mello as a valuable relic. Saint-Simon even advocated the destruction of Notre-Dame.

On the other hand, the bankers and wealthy factors of the day were all seeking alliances with the nobility. Mademoiselle Desteyères became Duchess of Ormond; the Miss Roys became, the one Marchioness de Talhouet, the other Countess Lariboissière. Miss Ouvrard wedded the Count de Rochechouart, and all alike aspired to the peerage. Under the old régime the landed gentry would have spoken of such alliances as *pour fumer leurs terres*. They were perhaps contracted for somewhat the same purpose then, but in a different sense. Not to dung, but to manure and enrich their lands; and when there were no lands, their titles.

The elections of 1821 brought M. de Villèle into power. He had for allies M. Rothschild, M. de Lapanouse, M. Saulot, and M. Bricogne, all experienced financiers. The first great features of De Villèle's financial career were the negotiations entered into with Spain. The English had set the example by granting (to their subsequent grief) the loan asked for by the Cortes upon the faith of a successful revolution; the French royalists hastened to give their support through M. Ouvrard to the Regency of Urgel, and Aguado, till then a small wine merchant, came forward, and negotiated a Spanish loan so successfully as to become, in a brief time, Ferdinand's banker at Paris. Aguado was the first who enlisted the press in the service of financial operations, and he obtained for that purpose the assistance of the *Quotidienne* and the *Drapeau Blanc*. This at the very time when the great financier Ouvrard was consigned to Sainte-Pélagie by his failure at Urgel.

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The second great financial act of the same ministry was the conversion of the funds, which placed all the bankers and the commerce of Paris in hostility with the ministry, and aroused even the indignation of poets, who, through M. Méry, said of De Villèle,

> Il coterait encor la rente
> Sur les débris de l'univers.

Hatred of an hereditary propriety and nobility began at this time to be publicly avowed, absolute equality advocated, and the government of Charles X., according to Capefigue, "so favourable to the development of interests and to respect for rights," grew daily in disfavour. M. Lafitte's salon took the lead as a meeting which was now becoming "une opposition subversive." M. C. Périer was more cautious; he favoured an extreme opposition, but he did not conspire, and he continued true to the sole object of acquiring riches, till one fine morning, according to a tradition universally received in Paris, death came to him in the shape of a garçon de recette with his bag unusually full, grimacing away with as much energy as Holbein had already pictured forth in his "Danse Macabre."

M. Ternaux, a mild, inoffensive financier, had joined the lists of the opposition, M. Capefigue would have us believe, purely out of jealousy of the superiority of the gentry.

> Noble and pure gentlemen (exclaims our legitimist author), what had they done to bring upon them these reproaches? Was it their fault if they had illustrious names and if historical prestiges were attached to them? Was it their fault if the exceeding politeness of their manners and their graceful appearance distinguished them from the industrial world? Was it their fault if the new proprietors of their paternal châteaux had acquired matter without ideas, or that the paper horns of the grocer, the yard measure of the draper, and the bushel of the corn merchant were less poetic than the eaglets, the marlets and torteaux, the armlets and vambraces of the middle ages? New possessors of these ancient domains, did any one trouble them as they played the part of châtelains, vain of their luxury, their cabinet pictures, their pretty china? Did they apprehend that the aged phantom of an ancestor, sculptured on a tomb, should one day rise up, and with a blow from his gauntlet destroy all this glitter of a museum ticketed at its true value in the annual inventory?

The remainder of the opposition was made up of the Protestant party, whose vocation it was, we are told, to be always grumbling. This party comprised the Delesserts, Jacques Lefebvre, Odier, André Cottier, and others. They believed, and probably justly so, however ridiculous M. Capefigue may consider such a belief to have been, that the "Congrégation" sought to deprive them of liberty of conscience.

There were also the industrial demagogues—a very powerful party—represented by M. Audry de Puyraveau, and Kœchlin of Mulhausen, who influenced even M. Humann, the associate of M. de Villèle, himself. Such were the elements of discord and obstructions to progress that sprang into existence in France at the very time that in England Huskisson was paving the way for free trade, and Canning was labouring at the emancipation of the Spanish colonies. Unfortunately, the crisis of 1825 compromised the credit of many of the provincial banks in England, and the rebound was felt even in America.

"In the United States," says Capefigue, "nothing became more com-

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seen than the suspension of payments, and even the bankruptcy of provincial banks. If the existence of credit was not permanently affected thereby, it is that the spirit of adventure is characteristic of the Yankee; he takes a delight in fortunes that are made quickly and are as quickly lost: a febrile circulation of this kind constitutes the life of credit in America: people rise there like the eagle of the States towards the starry sky, or they are tumbled down from ruin to ruin like the falls of Niagara."

The latter would probably, from increased experience, constitute a more appropriate device for the States' financial banner than the former; but we are quite in as bad a condition in many respects as America or France. Passing over the last financial operations of the Restoration, M. de Martignac's last and futile attempt to get justice done to the emigrants dispossessed of their patrimonies; the struggles made against the *morcellement de la terre*—the infinite subdivision of soil—produced by doing away with the rights of the eldest of the family, and the loans necessitated by the wars in Greece and the East; the Restoration finally broke down in the midst of services rendered to the country and the glories of the conquest of Algiers. The addition of a province, legacied to France by Charles X., could not appease the seditious hostility of the political and financial opposition. It was not the ordonnances of July, Capefigue propounds, that caused the fall of the monarchy: the Restoration, with its charter and its civil code, its opposed interests and struggling ambitions, was like "an ancient legend narrated to a nation that had no longer any belief."

Passing over also the financial disorders produced by the revolution of July, 1830, the presidency of M. Lafitte and the crisis at his bank, the position of Rothschild and other financial celebrities on the very brink of a terrible precipice which threatened to engulph the whole system, the temporary triumph over the Saint Simonians and the imprisonment of the leaders Enfantin and Michel Chevalier, the restoration of credit with the advent of Louis Philippe, the rise of stock-jobbing under the citizen king, the impulse given by the progress of railways, and industrial schemes and associations culminating in a national "Crédit Mobilier"—a company undertaking to invest everybody's money in any and every possible scheme and adventure—we come to M. Capefigue's résumé of our actual position. It is worthy of attentive perusal, for it would be difficult for any man to say how far the system of credit may go ere a great catastrophe shall ensue. This country has received many warnings in the defalcation of individuals and the still more serious breaking down of provincial banks. The interest given till lately upon deposits by joint-stock banks was felt by every prudent man to be inconsistent with safety, and it has been even proposed to make accommodation-bills criminal acts.

The moral question as to credit (says M. Capefigue) is immense. It would be alike useless and ill-timed to declaim against one's own times. By the side of good stands evil. If credit has its excesses it has also its marvels! Our civilisation, dead to all forms of belief, as it has been left by the philosophy of the eighteenth century, requires these excitements in order to pass through a factitious, agitated, feverish existence, yet that in its results is replete with prodigies!

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Wherefore should we deny it? We are at the very height of a Saint Simonian and Jewish social supremacy. Such a result has in vain been sought to be avoided. When the magistracy, with that noble and holy dignity which characterises it, had condemned in 1832 the chiefs of Saint Simonism (now rich and raised to the highest dignities) to imprisonment, it foresaw the effect which these doctrines would have upon the world: domestic ties are going, property crumbles to pieces, cities are overpeopled at the expense of the country, great towns take away the inhabitants of smaller towns, machines are introducing a uniform state of gloomy slavery, railroads are bringing about a monotonous stupidity, and, as a final result, we have a Babylonian existence which has no other distraction than the narcotic smoke of a new opium.

And then, after a sentence or two, M. Capefigue proceeds to say:

It is the fashion in the present day to assail bankers and to declaim against stock-jobbing. Books, dramas, comedies, are written upon a subject which in reality has little that is novel in it; for all ages past and all the monuments of antiquity attest to its popularity in olden times. The golden calf has been worshipped before, and the false god has been denounced in books, in psalms, and in prophecies.

It is not the banking system, then, that ought to be assailed: banks are order, the protection of interests, probity, and exactness; that which should be denounced and condemned is the spirit of Judaism, that is to say, the absorption of all the powers of the intellect and of the mind in acquiring money; it is that which is prostrating the intellectual faculties, the taste for arts, and the noblest instincts to sterile and unproductive figures; it is an ignoble life of forced labour betwixt a ledger and a strong-box, between a money-bag and a system of double entry—a synagogue, a ghetto, breathless in its stupid, repulsive haste to get rich, hitting, offending, provoking every one, and yet scarcely perceived, so effectually is the pack launched upon its prey.

The picture given by the veteran legitimist of the present state of society is certainly not flattering, yet few will not acknowledge but that, with some little exaggeration, it is also partially true, even in regard to our own country. Has there, for example, been no struggle to bring Judaism into power in this country? How many lives are absorbed solely in the acquisition of wealth? How many secretly worship the Golden Calf? Do railways, while facilitating locomotion and exchange, enlarge or narrow the sphere of human observation? Do they tend to diffuse or concentrate society? Is the system of credit, financially speaking, not as applied to mere transactions of retail, restrained to its legitimate applications? Is it a sound political economy, when the system is about to explode from too great tension, to uphold it a little longer by the legislative sanction of a greater issue of notes than there is moneyed capital? Does such a currency of notes represent property that is not easily convertible, or does it represent the bubbles of the day, the great phantoms that haunt the imagination of all—Unlimited Credit and Quick Fortunes? These and many other questions force themselves upon the mind while comparing our condition with that brought about by modern financial operations in France: the answer is still in the womb of time.

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New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

FERRARI'S GUELFS AND GHIBELINS.*

Coleridge somewhere describes Italy, in the time of Dante, as an after-birth of eldest Greece, a renewal or a reflex of the old Italy under its kings and first Roman consuls, a network of free little republics, with the same domestic feuds, civil wars, and party spirit—the same vices and virtues produced on a similarly narrow theatre. The intensest patriotism, he adds, reigned in these communities, but confined and attached exclusively to the small locality of the patriot's birth and residence; whereas in the true Gothic feudalism, country was nothing but the preservation of personal independence.

In the person of *Contarini Fleming*, travelling in Italy, and pronouncing "all the Italian cities delightful," Mr. Disraeli utters this aspiration: "I wish that the world consisted of a cluster of small states. There would be much more genius, and, what is of more importance, much more felicity. Federal unions would preserve us from the evil consequences of local jealousy, and might combine in some general legislation of universal benefit. Italy might then revive, and even England may regret that she has lost her Heptarchy."

How far a study of the Revolutions of Italy may tend to provoke, in other minds, this ideal aspiration, admits a doubt. The study itself is singularly complicated and laborious. Confusion obscures the stage almost with the rising of the curtain; and as the plot thickens, as underplots open, and counterplots multiply, confusion becomes worse confounded, and we find no end, in wandering mazes lost.

M. Joseph Ferrari is fully aware of the perplexity of this imbroglio. The events of Italian history, he says, sombre and splendid in turn, succeed one another like countless episodes, the offspring of the soil's exhaustless vitality, in a labyrinth of fantastic scenes, in the contemplation of which we seem to lose our reason, and all the laws of the human mind become suspended. Varied beauties, poetic impulses, appalling horrors everywhere replace those characters of unity, uniformity, and continuity, which we are wont to look for in national histories, and which present the appearance of a seriously instructive lesson.

On the watch for such instruction, we find the narrative, in this instance, rudely interrupted by invading Goths, Lombards, Franks, Germans, who arrive by turns, and by turns thrust each other out; then come Normans, Angevins, Aragonese, and French, to perpetuate these irruptions—which are transformed into periodical disasters by pontifical interventions and imperial descents. Accordingly, the several peoples are every moment forced to begin their career over again; their towns are made the theatre of foreigners' exploits; their tradition serves as canvas for enterprises conceived under Scandinavian, and German, and French, and Spanish skies.

Futile is the wish to naturalise these foreigners, to ignore the distinctions between Lombards and Franks, or Franks and Germans, who would

* Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie; ou, Guelfes et Gibelins. Par J. Ferrari. Tomes I., II. Paris: Didier. 1858.

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be prevented, moreover, by the diversity of governments and the multitude of political forms, from following the *indigenous* movement. Here communal, there feudal, Norman in Sicily, Byzantine in Venice, theocratic at Rome, royal at Pavia, it engenders kingdoms, republics, seigneuries, free towns, independent villages, great fiefs of the Church or the Empire, whimsical phenomena, continual contrasts, an uncontrollable phantasmagoria.

Thus, at least, M. Ferrari states the case in his Preface. To this blinding confusion, he further reminds us, we have to add the perplexities of interior wars and conquests; for it is not friendship, but enmity, discord, and wrath that preside over the arrangement of all the States. Upper Italy is in conflict with Lower Italy, Venice with Ferrara, Genoa with Piedmont, Milan with Florence, Ravenna with Rome. On the same soil, Milan fights with Como, Como with Comacina; Trevisa struggles against Ceneda, which again is the implacable foe of imperceptible Caneva. Enmity deepens in inverse proportion to distance; wars last for centuries; a special arithmetic is wanting to deal with their innumerable *éclats;* and while they split up the soil into as many fractions as there are towns, villages, or hovels, home-grown conquerors and vagrant condottieri create States in the air to which the soil refuses a place.

"Then come revolutions: in every land parties are re-formed; sects are divided and subdivided, and create dictators, tyrants, seigneurs; every *commune* has its vicissitudes, its catastrophes, its days of distress, its flourishing epoch; every State forms a little nation, a world apart; so that not only are the several capitals in possession of archives superior to those of the first kingdoms of Europe, but Simifonti, Capriata, or Saint-Marin, require a special history, just as Venice, Naples, or Florence."

As with places, so with persons. The multiplication table is at fault. *Dis*order is the order of the day. We are at a loss how to distinguish, how to make each man bear his own burden, and answer to his own name, and for his own sins, and not another's. Sometimes A. appears a servile copy of B., if not identical with him. Sometimes the actors display themselves chained together, two and two, by the magical enmity that unites the Uberti to the Buodelmonti, the Visconti to the Torriani. Sometimes an indefatigable discord makes several contradictory heroes of one and the same man, showing us Frederic Barbarossa all goodness at Pavia and all destructiveness at Milan, and chieftains by the thousand such as Maghinardo de Susinana, in Tuscany a Guelf, and a Ghibelin in Romagna.

Where then, asks M. Ferrari, is Italy? In what does Italy consist? What tie unites her republics; seigneurs, popes, emperors, invaders? What relation exists between the sects and the wars, between the wars and the revolutions?

Erudition, he finds, is unable to solve the problem. Far from guiding us, it is *l'érudition* which bears witness to the chaos, which reckons up the invasions, wars, revolutions, catastrophes, all these dualised leaders, all these contradictory heroes.

Consulting the chroniclers, we find them concerned only with their own particular province, remaining within their native town, cleaving to their native dust. If they are Sicilians, they know nothing of Lombardy. If Lombards, they ignore Florence and the South. All of them stop short at facts; their only business is with events; they have no notion

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of mounting upwards to principles, nor so much as suspect the possibility of principles being in request. Ask Manente or J. Villani about the causes of the revolutions of which they are witnesses, and they tell you that Orvieto was in insurrection from sheer excess of well-being, *per lo troppo ben stare;* that the divisions at Florence were the result of excessive embonpoint, *per lo soperchio di grasezza;* that the Romans fought against the Pope out of pure wickedness. If they occasionally issue from their native town to subdue the collective body of States, then every man of them becomes a combatant on behalf of his domestic lares, placed by him above God himself. The strife of municipalities, sects, and revolutions, the chroniclers reproduce in narratives that change from town to town and from age to age; outbursts of joy, cries of distress, and mutual imprecations, replace or rather stifle every kind of judgment: in short, there is no finding one's way among the chroniclers' cross-roads.

If from chronicles, however, we turn to histories, what do we gain? The historians, M. Ferrari with too much reason complains, are destitute of the merit of the chronicler, who at any rate is faithful to his one city, republic, or what not: instead of following a single people, on a single territory, in a definite series of evolutions, they wander from fact to fact, from town to town, dissembling the want of connexion under flowers of rhetoric, and filling up the innumerable interstices which separate the events related, with factitious transitions of phraseology. Empty metaphors are employed to connect the victories of Ladislaus with the defeats of the Visconti, the malice of the Florentines, and the calculations of the Venetians; the seditions of Genoa, of Bologna, and a host of republics, compose a sort of poetic garland, which is made to expand or contract in obedience to the harmonies of prose. Pope and Emperor, by dint of their interventions, continually facilitate this literary journey from one end of the Peninsula to the other, insomuch that *l'irruption* becomes the sole guide of the narrative. Negation of all continuity is by little and little transformed into a system; the history of the foreign invasions effaces that of the indigenous States; exception takes precedence of rule, anomaly of order, and the whole moves on without a law of movement, at the mere will of the historian's fancy. Pretty details are thrown in, interesting scenes are composed, ingenious reflections are interwoven with the narrative. What can surpass the political finesse of Guicciardini, or the majestic periods of Botta? whose histories, however, confirm this charge of the absence of all laws. Again and again has a principle been sought for, whereby to subordinate so immense a disorder of things and words. Dante, Mussato, Muratori, and others at different epochs, hailed the Empire, were it only that they might regard their national history as a continuation of the history of the Cæsars, whose successors always received the crown in the Eternal City. But then how forget the fall of the Roman Empire, the invasion of the barbarians, the kingdom of the Lombards, and that of the Normans? The Emperor is not recognised by Venice. The free towns reject him. The Pope deprives him of Rome, the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, and Corsica. The Ghibelins themselves end by rising against this time-honoured Cæsar, and the Italian renaissance is developed outside of his empire, which only regains the ascendancy in the saddest stages of the strife. To adopt the principle of Imperial unity, is to overlook revolutions the most

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important, and glories the most splendid, for the sake of subjection to Frederic Barbarossa, to Charles V., to the treaties of Vienna.—Nor are matters mended by taking Papal supremacy as the clue to the labyrinth. Italy is neither a church nor a convent; but a something greater than the Pope, stronger than the Consistory, more independent and terrible than the Conclave. "Exiled in turn from Milan, from Venice, from Palermo, banned by republics and seigneurs, assailed by the Guelfs when the Ghibelins resist the Empire, in so disarmed a condition during the Emperor's absence, at the mercy of Roman émeutes and vast agitations, the Church loses her donation, and seems to disdain it herself at the very moment of her reigning over the Christian world. Look for Italy in Baronius, in Raynal, in Henry, in the Church historians, and she takes up no more room there than Spain, France, or Germany; she disappears at one time under the sacerdotal pride that conceals its deceptions, at another under the theology which prefers a map to a kingdom; now disowned by a dynasty of priests spread through all the States, now denied by pontiffs or cardinals who make copies of their countless revolutions, and produce them translated into legends as the work of God." And though M. Ferrari finds it possible and pleasant to take breath, when from writers Papal and Imperial he passes to the "Italian Republics" of Sismondi, he is yet dissatisfied with the views and method of the Genevese citizen, "originaire de Pise et ami de la France," who transported into the past the *commissaires* of the French Republic, the liberty they granted to Milan, Ferrara, Bologna, Rome, and the heroes he would fain have seen spring up in his time. Whereas, in point of fact, the past failed to answer his appeal, and accepted neither modern ideas of independence, nor the fictitious uniformity of the Directory, nor the pastoral *analogie* of the Swiss cantons. Haughty and solitary, the Italian republics have never formed a federation; no diet, no Amphyctionic union is allowed to encompass their movements; what relation is there, as regards date or civilisation, between Amalfi and Florence, Pisa and Gaeta, Genoa and Venice?

It would be easier, M. Ferrari admits, to submit Italy to the principle of *la seigneurie;* for Milan's development is due to the Visconti, Florence follows the lead of the Medici, Ferrara the D'Este family, Padua the Carrare, Verona the Scala. If we do away with the houses of the Malatesti, Pollenta, Ordelaffi, Manfredi, Varrano, Trinci, we put an end to the history of Rimini, Ravenna, Fosli, Faenza, Camerino, and Foligno. The republics themselves assume the titles of *seigneurie;* the great age of Leo X., what is it, in effect, but the age of seigneurs, celebrated by poets, painters, sculptors, and philosophers, almost all of them opposed to republican memories? And yet neither will the seigneuries serve as the guiding principle to Italian history. "Ephemeral creations, they form no confederation, are engaged in perpetual hostilities, and only in 1484 do they get up a momentary league, wherein are included Naples, which is a monarchy, Milan, which is a duchy, Venice, which is a kingdom, and Rome, which obeys a theocracy. Where then is the *seigneurie?* What is it in itself? Here, a Church *comité*, there an Imperial marquisate, elsewhere a republican dictatorship; sometimes Guelf, sometimes Ghibelin, we only know it through the anger of Machiavel, who upbraids it with being weak, irresolute, disarmed, open to every kind of attack. A revolution on the frontier agitates it, the march of a distant army is a trouble

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to it, it sees a menace in every election of the Conclave or the German Diet, it is convulsed by the most trivial occurrence: neither realm, nor monarchy, nor fief, nor free state, it remains at the mercy of those French and Spanish conquests which are propagated over the face of the peninsula with the rapidity of a hurricane."

For many a year, M. Ferrari then tells us, had considerations of the foregoing kind been working in his brain, their effect being to make him regard as enigmatical and impenetrable all these tumultuous details—the vicissitudes of Milan, Florence, Genoa, Venice, and so many other towns united as to territory, but sundered by the violence of hatred. He found that whatever might be the outward brilliancy of the deeds he studied, the case was for ever one of purposeless victories, causeless defeats, revolutions without ideas, wars without results. The chronicles of the "Scriptores Rerum Italicarum" appeared to him like overturned statues, reversed pictures, scattered medals from a museum devastated by Vandal ignorance. Some unknown hand seemed to have thrown order into disorder, symmetry into shapelessness; one might say that Ariosto alone, with that nonchalant irony of his, had the right to muse at leisure over these imposing *guenilles*. "Nevertheless, if the luxuriant fecundity of events was opposed to all unity imperial or pontifical; if it made game of republics, and seigneuries, and the naïveté of chroniclers, and the artifices of rhetoricians; if it took pleasure in putting in the wrong all sentiments and analogies, I yet saw so much that was grand in the subject at large, and such force in its tiniest fragment, that I could noway abandon myself to the thought that the country of Gregory VII. and of the *Divine Comedy* would delude expectations awakened by a sense of the beautiful; and thus, as I everywhere discovered anomalies, I resolved to study at any rate the features which utterly distinguish the Peninsula from other nations." With this view, M. Ferrari proceeds to tell us the pains he took to sum up the divisions, hatreds, battles, and seditions of Italy; how he classified her leading actors, her sudden turns of fortune, her glories, and her shames; imitating the reckonings by which the births and deaths of a population are counted up, he computed the births and deaths of governments, the origin and decay of parties, the number and diversity of each period's struggles; and when he had taken account of all these mysteries, what was the result? "I was struck with the discovery that they all were Guelfs or Ghibelins, neo-Guelfs or neo-Ghibelins, quasi-Guelfs or quasi-Ghibelins; insomuch that the Italian revolutions, following one another to the number of seven thousand between the year one thousand and the coming out of Luther, are just one long *déduction* of the two parties, ever outdoing each other and being renewed afresh." Here, then, is the supreme law of Italian history, as M. Ferrari reads it; the law of her past and her present,—for *elle est aujourd'hui ce qu'elle a toujours été*. The Pope and the Emperor, considered not as governments, but as principles,—*voilà ses chefs*. Whether Italy, therefore, is fighting the Lombards, or calling in the Germans—insurgent against the foreigner, or the terror of native tyrants—*féérique* under Leo X., or degraded under the House of Hapsburg,—*these* she never forgets, the least of their exploits affects her, her life ceases not to be Guelf and Ghibelin. Cæsar still reigns under Zeno and Justinian; Charlemagne continues him, Otho I. recals him; in Frederic Barbarossa he renews his youth at Rome and Palermo, Charles V. translates him into modern forms, and

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the Emperor of the treaties of Vienna restores to the Pope the donation of which Napoleon had deprived him.

Accordingly, the history of Italy, as M. Ferrari thus expounds it, is organic—as constitutional, and more so, he contends, than that of the German Diet, or the French monarchy, or the English parliament; and if it allows consuls, podestas, sectaries, tyrants, and condottieri, all of them by the thousand, to multiply rebellions and reactions, it is because Italy, in her greatness, sanctions a résumé of their labours in the two heads of Christendom.

To the genius of Vico it is that M. Ferrari attributes "la pensée qui triomphe de l'anarchie italienne." Vico he designates a posthumous philosopher of the renaissance, whose "New Science"—that precursor of modern Positivism—issues from the "great revolution always pontifical and imperial," and whose ideal history forms a substitute to Pope and Emperor, for the government, in a cosmopolitan manner, of all peoples and tongues.

M. Ferrari writes, therefore, as a philosophical historian, and of the neo-Vico school of philosophy. Whether his philosophy satisfies all the demands of the question at issue, or whether it is sound, so far as it goes, is a point that would take extra space, patience, hard study, and clear brains, even superficially to discuss. We shall not venture to debate the nature of this "ideal history," or the laws of its application to any particular people. In the first chapter of his third division, entitled "Méthode à suivre," M. Ferrari explains the rationale of his system. We confine ourselves to a few hints as to its leading characteristics, and their operation.

Ideal history, then, "détermine elle-même ses procédés." It starts from an idea. Vico fixes his *point de départ* in the midst of the earth as a vast forest, just as the first thunder-clap awakens in man the idea of God. M. Ferrari fixes *his* in the *commune* surrounded by the great forest of feudalism; his gods are Pope and Emperor, by whose thunderbolts the King is scathed; his first heroes are Citizens, aroused by the catastrophe that has befallen King-dom; his cultivated field is the *commune* itself, engaged in industry, while in the country (*contado*) the peasants (*contadini*) remain under the sway of regal feudalism. With Vico there is nothing, outside of the cultivated field, but monsters, giants, men without laws, doomed to be sacrificed by the growing family within. For Ferrari there is nothing, outside of the growing city, but the monsters of feudalism, castle giants, men without humanity, minotaurs of chivalry, predestined to fall beneath the clubs of his citizens within.

It is by the movement of the ideas that this "ideal history" itself moves. It is self-acting, and is not the result of a generalisation of municipal histories. Nor is it inspired by erudition; on the contrary, *c'est l'histoire idéale qui éclaire l'érudition*. Vico, finding it impossible to ascend to first sources by the guidance of history, invoked the laws of the human mind; as he could not accept mythical traditions, the fabulous stories of Livy, he invented (*forgeait*) a law of ideal interpretation for himself, making of Juno the goddess of marriage, and the tale of Romulus the first story of all barbarous races. "We take refuge in the province of thought (*dans la pensée*) in the necessity of explaining a contradictory history, in which the more that facts multiply, the more they exclude one another. Out of the movement of ideas there is no

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safety (*salut*) either for erudition or philosophy." The phases of ideal history inevitably involve abstract persons: the Numas and Theseuses of the Italian middle ages are repeated as often as there are towns to treat of. Dukes, counts, bishops, consuls, are so many abstract beings, whose titles, transformed into algebraic signs, will give the solution of every problem before us. Then, again, ideal history admits only of an ideal chronology, and is satisfied with an ideal geography. Seizing upon that great fact, the *pacte de Charlemagne*, it interprets it and transforms it in all sorts of ways—both Pope and Emperor being avowedly conservative in their politics as regards that *pacte*, so that their work is for ever a "restauration impériale et pontificale." And what though both Pope and Emperor have the foreigner in their pay? what though they employ sometimes the soldiers of Germany, sometimes the arms of France or Spain? Ideal history is not affected. The idea, which constitutes the principle of the Peninsula, employs in the work of revolution the very strangers who come to oppose it; they may possibly win political victories, but assuredly they will, all of them, suffer social defeats. Italy is not in confusion, but in revolution; Europe is no longer a mass of inorganic States, but a system of nations strategically arranged. Everything must submit to laws, everything give way to the force of progress, everything yield to that exceptional nation which is continually creating anew Pope and Emperor, those two divinities of the West.

Hence, if there be an inroad, say, of Vandals, who rase towns and villages, the devastation is simply to be regarded as we regard the ruin of Heracleum, submerged by the sea. "The wind which uproots the oak does not change the law of vegetation, which remains the same for all the oaks that are left standing. Italy is not centralised; it has no capital; federation protects it, without ceasing to multiply centres. There is no disaster which can arrest ideal history, realising itself as many times as there are towns in Italy."

The reader can now form some idea of M. Ferrari's idea, but must be referred to the original for anything beyond a crude notion of its bearings. The *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie* is to be complete in four volumes, two of which are before us. These are divided into six parts, in which the author successively treats of the transition of the Roman Empire to the Empire of the Franks (A.D. 476—800); the pontifical and imperial *pacte*, from Charlemagne to Otho (A.D. 800—962); the Bishops' Revolution (962—1122); the Consuls (1122—1184); the Citizens (1184—1250); and the Guelfs and Ghibelins (1250—1280). His chapter on the origin of the two last "sects" is full of generally-interesting details, such as the many will welcome who find "ideal history," whether in theory or practice, too high and too hard for them. His second volume closes with an exposition of the way in which, by degrees, the antagonism of the two sects came to create two contradictory traditions. That of the Ghibelins espouses the ancient cause of the Lombards against the Roman pontiff, the struggle of the counts against episcopal demagoguy, the quarrel of châtelains who perpetuated the souvenirs of chivalry, and of the military liberators who saved Pavia, and a hundred towns such as Lodi, Como, or Fiesole, when attacked by boors; it seeks for truth, without counting voices; it protects conscience in asserting law, and creates a free and legal Cæsar who allows neither of dispensa-

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tions for oaths, nor purposeless revolutions, nor disarmed republics, nor abortive sovereignties. In recalling the past, the Ghibelins skim lightly over what is evil, and lay stress on what is good; the house of Veibelingen, the poetry of distance lending enchantment to the view, looms grandly like some form of mythological chivalry, as a power that stood out against the pontiffs of the Church, the fanatics of the free towns, and the ignorance of the multitude, for the intellectual affranchisement of individuals whom destiny called to govern, and perchance to dupe the unteachableness and meanness of mankind. The Emperor has transformed the crusade into a promenade; he has preferred *la Terre de Labour* to *la terre promise*, the religion of the stars to that of Christ; he has replaced monks by savants, bishops by astrologers, prelates by physical philosophers, the Gospel according to Averroës and the old empire of châtelains by a civilised, republican, poetical empire like Sienna, Pisa, Genoa, or Lucca. But the Guelf party claims to be just as imperial as the Ghibelin; it too, in its turn, awaits its Emperor, its chief of the dynasty of the Velfes, the veritable Emperor acknowledged by the Pope, endeared to the Church, consecrated like Charlemagne, popular like Otho I. Whence, for the Guelfs, came Italian progress? From the Romans of Rome and Italy, ever in conflict with royalty in every form; from their revolutions, fatal successively to Gothic kings and Lombard kings, to the chieftains of Spoleti, Verona, or Provence; from their combats with royalists in towns, and forests, and mountains. Judge, therefore, of the hatred felt by the Guelfs for these Ghibelins, "dernière poussière du royaume qui les empoisonne!" They advance in the name of the demi-god of the Roman townships, against the false liberty of feudalism, against the imposture that seeks a refuge in the intricacies of a lying *légalité*, against the skulking infamy of "State reasons," employed in mockery of human fate. And thus the Pope is exalted above law, freedom, oaths, honour; as the "continuateur du Christ" his province is to crush every feudal mystery, science, and black art, that every single people may triumph in the immense variety of their industrial prosperity.

"With such ideas it was, that to Ghibelin empire was opposed a papacy not of Rome, and men lived in an ideal church in which the democratic spirit comprehended the boldness of the tribunes, the dreams of the monks, the speculations of the mercantile class, and the thoughts of all that were adverse to the Ghibelin aristocracy. By slow degrees the two sectarian systems effected a passage beyond the confines of Italy, to become cosmopolite and enlist under their hostile banners all the nations of Europe; for, since the reaction wrought by Charles [of Anjou], every European nation was either Guelf or Ghibelin, like an Italian town, according as its government was in alliance with Charles or with *Mainfroy*, with Pope or Emperor, Guelfs or Ghibelins. Thus it is that, in the Italian question, France becomes Guelf, together with Hungary, Poland, Denmark, Scotland, and Portugal; while Germany passes to the opposite side, in common with England, Sweden, Spain, and all those States which hold the laws in respect. Yet a little while, and the two Italian systems will renovate Europe throughout its length and breadth."—For a broad and minute survey of this renovation, we must await the remaining moiety of M. Ferrari's certainly remarkable and boldly-written work.

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FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW MONSIEUR PERROTIN TAUGHT FRENCH IN ENGLAND.

Ten years have gone by since Monsieur Perrotin landed at Portsmouth, and he is still in England, "making his fortune." He has worked hard enough, during those twelve years, to have made a fortune five times over, but as the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, so neither is wealth the necessary concomitant of labour.

Monsieur Perrotin, however, sees fortune from his own point of view, and finds a competence in what most of us would think the next kin to starvation. A little while longer, he says, and he shall be able to return to France and "enjoy of his rents;" by which phrase you must not suppose that he is in possession of houses and lands, but simply that he has managed, year by year, to put by a modicum, which he periodically invests in the French Five per Cents.

What he has gone through to accomplish this, nobody knows but himself.

How early he rises, how far he walks, how little he cares to eat or drink—all this he tells without reserve, because such things are good for his health, and can safely be represented as matters of choice. But the hard crust that suffices for hunger, the saved sixpence that rewards fatigue, the secret shift that keeps up appearances, are never mentioned to any. Perhaps people call him miser—perhaps he knows what they say: it makes no difference to Monsieur Perrotin—his good-will to the world remains unchanged.

When Mrs. Scrope discovered that the fact of Edith's marriage was known to Monsieur Perrotin, she summoned him before her, and after harshly upbraiding him for conniving against the honour of her family, cast him adrift at once. The wholesome dread of her power with which she had inspired the poor Teacher of Languages was, she felt assured, security enough against any indiscreet revelation on his part; wherever he starved was all the same to Mrs. Scrope, but without an occupation, or the chance—as she imagined—of obtaining it unsupported by her, nothing was left for him but to return to France.

Conscious of having in some degree merited her reproaches, and scared by the authority of one so rich and so absolute as Mrs. Scrope, with a sigh and a shrug—the resources of his nation—the Frenchman submitted to his fate, and turned away from her door to seek a world elsewhere. That world was not, as she had hoped, to be sought in France—at all events for the present. Monsieur Perrotin had cast his lot in England, and though timorous to an extent that might pass with many for total want of courage, his *amour propre* would not allow him to forego his original design. Sensitive and easily depressed, he was apt to give way to acci-

dental ill; but this yielding nature was elastic, and his buoyancy returned almost as quickly as it disappeared, so that he was generally ready for every new phase of circumstances.

To be utterly friendless in a foreign country is, however, a state of affairs which the most adventurous can scarcely bring themselves to look upon with equanimity, and Monsieur Perrotin may be pardoned if the future, as he surveyed it, did not appear all *couleur de rose*. Walter Cobham, the only person whom he could call a friend, was gone; Edith, whom he deeply reverenced, was in no position to render him assistance; and the kind-hearted Rachel, for whom he had formed a real attachment, which she returned, was shut out from him as completely as if she had never existed. It is true that, with respect to money, he was better off than on his arrival in England, for he had spent very little of the sum which Mrs. Scrope gave him; but, after his summary dismissal, that gift had become a burden. His programme, then, was "Work," but the question was, where to find it?

In choosing a lodging, when first he came to town, Monsieur Perrotin had been assisted by a good-natured waiter at the hotel where he originally put up, and it now occurred to him that the same individual might have it in his power to recommend him as a teacher of languages. He accordingly went to the White Bear and asked for Mr. Williamms—by which emphatic mode of pronunciation he designated his friend, who simply answered—and very often answered—to the name of "William."

"Well, musseer," said he of the napkin, after a little consideration, "I really don't know of anybody at this moment. You see the people I wait on are mostly folks as comes and goes, one may say almost without my seeing of them. Sometimes it's only a bed and a glass of brandy-and-water, and off the first thing in the morning; sometimes it's a chop or a steak, or a basin of gravy or mock-turtle; and that's done with pretty nigh afore you can look round you; if it's dinners, why I'm worked off my legs a goin' from one box to another; oysters and stout's the same; and when they stays in the house for more than a day at a time it's always to see their lawyers and get through their own businesses, so I leave to you to fancy, musseer, what time there is for me to arst any of 'em if they wants to learn French. But," continued William, noticing the blank look of Monsieur Perrotin—who was ready to give up the venture as soon as he had proposed it—"I'll tell you what I'll do, if it's agreeable. I can generally manage an outing of half an hour or so, of an evening, between the last as goes to the play and the first as comes in to marrow-bones and briled kidneys—and if you wouldn't mind condescending, I've long had a wish—that's to say a desire—to—to *parleyvoo* a little myself—it's useful with the number of forriners as drops in here—if, as I was observin' of, you didn't think it a bemeanin' of you, I should be extremely happy to take a few lessons—say a dozen or so till I was pretty perfect—and I'd pay for 'em down!"

It was something more than the volubility with which this proposition was made that took away Monsieur Perrotin's breath and prevented him from making an immediate reply. He fixed his eyes on the waiter's honest face and squeezed his hand. At last he said: "You are a good fellow, Williamms—but I tell you some thing. Nevare I teach you for

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money! Comm to me when you like. Always I am at your dispose. But money; not so!"

"Oh, that's all nons'nse," said William. "I can afford it—'pon my word, I can. Do you know, musseer, I shouldn't take no pleasure in learning of the language if I didn't pay for it. It would seem to me, somehow, as if I stole it. I couldn't get it down—nor bring it up again, neither. Now, when shall I have the first lesson? This evening? I long to begin."

It was of no use offering to resist any further, and William of the White Bear, Piccadilly, became Monsieur Perrotin's first pupil.

Nor was it by any means an unprofitable arrangement, for though the Teacher of Languages fixed his remuneration at an excessively low figure, the fact of his having William for a pupil proved a better advertisement than if the *Times* had opened its columns free to Monsieur Perrotin.

It might be true enough that the frequenters of the White Bear were, generally speaking, more intent on "replenishing the void" in their stomachs than in their heads; but when they heard the glib waiter interlarding his vernacular with scraps of French, and asked him where that came from; and when William burst forth—as he never failed to do—into a panegyric on his instructor, vowing that he had learnt it all in—as it were—the laying of a tablecloth—Monsieur Perrotin's name went up in the market, and the evening knocks for admission to his class increased prodigiously, and he soon got, not only all the custom of the White Bear, but a good deal besides that never went near it.

Amongst the latter was a gentleman who lived at Richmond, with a numerous family, for whom he was desirous of finding a casual French preceptor. On the recommendation of a friend, who had been indoctrinated in Piccadilly, he saw Monsieur Perrotin, was pleased with him, and suggested that the place where he lived should come within the field of his daily operations. This beginning turned out so well, that from an occasional visit it grew to be a permanent settlement, and with a very fair share of the Richmond teaching, Monsieur Perrotin established himself in Kew Foot-lane, with the word "Professor" before his name on a large broad plate.

It was a great thing to have achieved a position which promised independence, but was Monsieur Perrotin happy? Which of us have not somebody or something to regret the loss of? The blank in Monsieur Perrotin's existence was the loss of Rachel Loring. During the first few months of her residence with Edith at Scargill Hall, he had heard from her several times, but suddenly there came—not merely an interruption, but a total cessation of correspondence. In an indirect manner Monsieur Perrotin had made inquiries at Mrs. Scrope's house in town, but no information respecting Rachel could be elicited: London footmen are much too magnificent to include country servants in their retentive memories. Back to his books, then, returned Monsieur Perrotin, and hushed, if he could not altogether subdue, the recollections of the past.

But chance very often helps us more than our own intentions.

The beech-walk just within the gate of Richmond Park was a favourite haunt of Monsieur Perrotin, and there, seated on the turf, with his back against a tree, he often spent an hour, trying to fancy that the

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shining river of which he caught an occasional glimpse was his own native Loire.

One bright day in October, as he sat meditating on many a thing that had happened years before, a footstep drew near which, if the crackling beech-nuts had not spoken, might have gone past without notice, but at their complaining voice Monsieur Perrotin raised his eyes, and, to his infinite wonder, beheld a face which, though changed a little since last he saw it, he remembered only too well. It was the face of Rachel Loring. The recognition was mutual. Monsieur Perrotin rose hastily, with outstretched hands:

"Mon Dieu, mademoiselle! it is then you I see at last!"

"Gracious, Musseer Perrytin, whoever would have thought it!" was the equally astonished reply.

The Teacher of Languages led Rachel to a seat and took his place beside her. She had a long story to tell. It may be given in her own words.

"Yes, musseer, you may well say so—it's not to be denied. Unhappy is the life I've led ever since the day when mistress came down to the Hall and put Miss Edith in confinement. Oh, you don't know what mistress is! It's more than anybody can tell, let them try ever so! I'm almost afraid, even out here, to name her name. My father, Musseer, was one of her own tenants, and so was his father before him, and being took into the family when I was quite a girl, to attend upon the young ladies, I've all my life stood in fear of her, so it's not to be wondered at. *You'd* be afraid too if you'd seen and heard what I have! She has such a way when she threatens you, it comes over you so awful like, that obey you must, and glad you are to say or do anything she orders."

Monsieur Perrotin gave one of the national shrugs in acknowledgment of the fidelity of Rachel's portraiture.

"Well, musseer, it won't surprise you then, when I say that I took a oath never to reveal a certain something which you and me knows of, and another certain something which you've never heard about, but which I won't say that you mayn't give a guess at without my telling. Mistress laid hands at once on every paper she could find; *his* letters, and the newspaper that had the account of his death, and the copy of the marriage register; there wasn't a thing that reminded Miss Edith of poor Mr. Walter that she didn't get possession of. But the worst of all was when the baby was born—mind, I don't say whose. Poor thing! She was made to suppose it died, and after that she became anything that mistress chose to make her. She no more resisted than a lamb—she hadn't the spirit to! How she used to sit silent for hours and hours, with now and then a tear dropping slowly down! It made my heart bleed to see her."

Monsieur Perrotin turned away his head and furtively wiped his own eyes.

"Yes, musseer, as any one must that *had* a heart! I should mention that as soon as Miss Edith got well enough in body to move, mistress took her to the sea-side, leaving me *and another* behind with Mrs. Walker—that's she that was the housekeeper at Scargill; them two that was brought down—I won't say what *they* were—she sent back to the place they came from, well paid for, you may be sure, for all they did by her orders. It was a long, long while before I ever saw Miss Edith again,

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and a good many things happened in the mean while. First there was Miss Agatha's marriage with Sir James Tunstall, and then Lady Mary was born, and after that Lord Tunstall, who only lived three weeks, and they've never had another child since, much as they want one, which my lady and mistress both desires a boy. Then Lord Deepdale, Miss Edith's own cousin (it was all along of him that dreadful business began), he came home, and more in love with Miss Edith, I've been told, he couldn't have been; and at last, what with his begging and praying, what with her being more like a wax doll in mistress's hands than a person that could think and do for herself, she consented to have him. When they married they went abroad, and there they've mostly lived ever since, going to this place and that on account of her health, but no family, Musseer Perrytin: that's been denied them, and if you agree with me you'll say it's a judgment on mistress, only the innocent suffers as well as the guilty. You ask me what I was doing all this while, and if—— Yes, musseer, many and many's the time I've thought about you, though mistress told me you had gone back to France and was settled there. It would have been a dreary life at Scargill with Mrs. Walker—she was quite one of mistress's own sort—if I hadn't had a little playmate, and you may suppose I wanted one, for Mrs. Walker never left me, and outside the park paling I never went for six long years. When Mrs. Walker died, mistress made up her mind for a change, and came to the Hall—as she often had done after Miss Edith left, and—not to keep you too long, musseer—the boy was took to a clergyman's down there, and I was parted from him."

Here Rachel could not restrain her tears, but, covering her face, sobbed audibly.

"Nevare mine, my dear!" said Monsieur Perrotin, pressing her hand.

"It *is* foolish," she resumed, "to take on so about what's not one's own, but he was just the same to me as if he *had* been mine! That's three years ago, Musseer Perrytin, and I feel it only as if it was yesterday. That same night we set out for London, and a few months after mistress took me to Italy with her. I did hope to have seen something of you as we passed through France, musseer, but it wasn't to be: that was a trial, and so was knowing what I knew and never daring to breathe a word of comfort to Miss Edith—Lady Deepdale, I should say—who was staying with my lord at Nice, before they went on to Malta, where they now are. I needn't name all the places we were at, but at Rome we lived in the same palace as Sir James and Lady Tunstall; Miss Mary, their little girl, is the sweetest child—except one poor thing—that ever was seen! It's only a month since mistress came back; we've come down to the hotel here on the hill for a few days, and what mistress is going to do next—with her restlessness—is a good deal more, Musseer Perrytin, than I'm able to tell you."

What Rachel Loring was going to do next, was, however, the question. Time had wrought no change in Monsieur Perrotin's feelings for Rachel, and hers had been half avowed. The interview was long, and it ended in a promise on her part to marry the Teacher of Languages. Mrs. Scrope had given her leave to go and see her family in Lincolnshire. She would find an excuse for not returning. To a continental life Rachel was now familiarised, and she readily agreed to accompany Monsieur Perrotin to his own country.

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CHAPTER X.

A HOME.

About five or six miles from Scargill Hall, in the small village of Moorside, in the heart of the West Gill, there lived a clergyman of the Established Church, who superadded to his clerical duties the occupation of an extensive farmer.

The name of this clergyman was Matthew Binks, and, besides the household and farm servants, his establishment consisted of a widowed daughter, a married son, a grandson of thirteen, and a boy some four years younger, who was no relation to the rest. He had himself nearly reached his seventieth year, but age, though it had grizzled and somewhat thinned his hair, had wrought little change in his personal appearance since he was forty, when he was counted one of the strongest men in the North Riding. Accident had made him a clergyman, but he seemed fitter to have been a trooper, and—if religion had had any part in him—he might, in Cromwell's time, have shown conspicuously among the "Ironsides." Stephen, his son, who for special reasons lived chiefly in his father's house, was a rough, illiterate man, headstrong, passionate, and violent. Mrs. Chaytor, the widowed daughter, resembled her brother in nothing but his temper; in form she was slight, in health feeble, in disposition tender and compassionate, and from her language and manner no one would have thought she had kept her father's house nearly all her life; but her intellect was quick, and she had profited by early opportunities. The grandson, Oliver, was the eldest-born of Stephen Binks—a mean, malicious, creeping coward. There remains only to speak of the relationless boy. He was called "Wat," with no further addition, and if he had a surname, nobody ever mentioned it. How he belonged to the family of Matthew Binks happened in this wise.

About six years before the boy became an inmate at Moorside, a rumour spread of some misadventure that had befallen a great family in that part of the Riding, but the story, whatever it was, died away with the absence of the principal persons concerned. If Tibbie Walker, the old housekeeper at Scargill Hall, had chosen to say all she knew on the subject, the scandal might have endured longer, and assumed a more consistent shape; but she was a grim old woman, whom nobody cared to question too often, and the cause for her taciturnity while she lived was, no doubt, a good one. The rumour, then, ceased to circulate, till at last it was, as we have said, well-nigh forgotten, when a circumstance occurred which revived it in the minds of a few.

At a late hour one fine summer's evening, the large, gateless court-yard of Moorside House witnessed the unusual apparition of a well-appointed private carriage, which, however, did not seem to be unexpected by the Reverend Matthew Binks, for, contrary to his custom, he was standing at his open door as if on the look-out. What favoured this supposition was the fact that, without waiting for the postilion to dismount, Mr. Binks himself opened the carriage-door, and let out a lady, a little boy, and a female attendant, whom he followed into the common room: his daughter was there, and rose as the party entered.

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The stranger lady, after acknowledging Mrs. Chaytor's presence by a haughty bow, looked round the room imperiously, and then said:

"Have you no more private place than this?"

Mrs. Chaytor answered in the affirmative, and conducted her visitor along a dark, narrow passage, terminating in an apartment that might, for courtesy's sake, be called "the library," as it was the only room in the house in which there were any books, and these were ranged in the window settles. Mr. Binks proposed a light, but this was declined by her on whose account it was offered, and the study door closed upon a conference which lasted about twenty minutes, during which the servant and the child remained in the hall. At the expiration of that time the three persons who had been closeted returned, and the stranger lady told her attendant to give the child to Mrs. Chaytor.

"I hope, ma'am, I may bid him good-by," said a trembling voice.

"Say it and have done!" was the cold, brief answer.

The servant took the boy in her arms and clasped him closely, vainly striving to repress a flood of tears.

The boy cried too. "Rachel, dear," he said, "don't go away—don't leave me alone with——" he whispered the rest.

"Hush! hush! Watty!" was the subdued reply—"this kind lady will take care of you;" and turning to Mrs. Chaytor, the speaker added, earnestly, "You will, ma'am, I am sure!"

"Come to me, pretty little fellow," said Mrs. Chaytor, holding out her hand; "I will be your mamma now."

But the boy still cried and clung to her who appeared to be his nurse, and it was only with a little gentle violence that he could be removed.

The stranger lady, who had beheld this scene with impatience, now formally saluted Mrs. Chaytor, and moved to the door, where her carriage was waiting, and the Reverend Mr. Binks, with an obsequiousness very foreign to his general habits, attended to wish her a pleasant journey. His civility was barely noticed by the object of it, but if he could have seen the imploring look of her companion, something in his nature might, perhaps, have been stirred in favour of the child that was left behind. Mr. Binks, however, had eyes only for the great personage with whom he had that night entered into a compact most advantageous to himself, and whatever good was in store for the boy must be looked for at other hands than his.

It was fortunate that Mrs. Chaytor had a strong will as well as a feeling heart, or it would have gone much harder with little Wat in the household of which he had so abruptly been made a part. Asserting her claim to him at once, on account of his tender age, she took him under her immediate care, and as well as her health permitted gave him all the nurture of which she was capable. He was docile and clever, and benefited, to its full extent, by his desultory education. The elder Mr. Binks, a sordid man, who cared for nothing but gain, took little heed of what was done with the boy while he was still so young, but Stephen Binks very soon became jealous of the interest which his sister manifested—to the detriment, as he conceived, of his own son, a lout too stupid and obstinate to profit by any teaching—and in proportion to her affection grew his dislike. He never by any chance gave Wat a kind word, but sneered at and slighted him whenever he had an opportunity, and example was

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scarcely necessary to make Oliver Binks—or Loll, as he was commonly called—imitate his father. What was this somebody's by-blow, Stephen Binks wished to know, that he should be more looked after than an honest man's lawful child? If his sister Chaytor wanted to show off her fine feelings, there were her own blood relations who had a right to them, and not a mongrel bastard smuggled into the house God only knew how! If the cub lived long enough, however, and was ever able to carry a pitchfork, he'd work him, would Stephen Binks, and that he swore with many a boisterous oath. Of this threat little Wat was not suffered to remain in ignorance, for it was Loll's chiefest pleasure, when the boys were alone together, to dwell on it with dull malignity; and if the fellow had dared he would have given his young companion a foretaste of the threatened violence, but a certain steady resolution in the face of little Wat warned Loll that any attempt of that sort had better be left alone.

In this manner, caressed on one side and an object of envy and hatred on the other, the days went by till Edith's child—whose death Mrs. Scrope had alleged to serve her ulterior purpose—had reached his ninth year. An event then occurred which materially influenced his destiny.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST TASTE OF SORROW.

The day was breaking, one drizzly autumn morning, when Wat, whose slumbers were never heavy, was awakened by the noise of a footfall in the room where he slept, and presently a dark figure stood between him and such light as, at that hour, struggled through the dim, uncurtained window-panes. He knew it was morning, and therefore none of the fear beset him which often overcomes the most courageous in the solemn darkness of night, but he sat up, rather anxiously, in bed, as the unwonted visitor drew near.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"It's nobbut me," returned a voice, which Wat immediately recognised.

"Well, what do you want, Loll?" he demanded.

"You must get up. You're to go to coals!"

"Who says so?" inquired Wat.

"Never you mind who says so," retorted the other, "you get up."

"Mrs. Chaytor said last night she wanted me after breakfast in the library, to help her to sort some books."

"The libery! you'll be far enough off by the time she wants you. You're to go to coals. Father says so. Come, get up!" And as he spoke, Loll shook the young boy roughly.

Unusual though the summons, and unaccustomed as he was to be so abruptly ordered, the name of Loll's father was a word of fear, and any mandate of his must not be lightly disobeyed. Wat rose, therefore, and followed his awakener. Descending to the court-yard, he saw the men busily harnessing the horses to the waggon, and Stephen Binks, with a coarse red worsted comforter round his bull-neck, standing by superintending, and balancing a heavy cart-whip over his shoulder. He turned round sharply as the boys drew near, and Wat saw by his countenance,

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even in that imperfect light, that it would have been dangerous to have shown any symptoms of want of alacrity.

"Coom, lads!" said Stephen, gruffly; "what's mad'ye loiter? Joomp into t' waggon!"

Wat silently did as he was bid, and under these inauspicious circumstances the journey began.

The place whither they were bound was a small town near the county border. It was distant about twenty miles, and the time spent in getting there, at the slow pace at which the team went, afforded Wat plenty of leisure for reflection. But it was in vain that he tried to account for his present employment; nothing had ever been said to him on the subject, and unless it were connected with an occurrence of the night before, which grated unpleasantly on his memory, he felt quite at a loss for the cause. As his perceptions became more distinct, a vague sense of fear arose that he was in some way or other concerned in a violent quarrel which had taken place in the house after he had gone to bed. He remembered to have heard voices high in contention—sometimes shrill, then loud, then deep; occasionally the sounds would subside into low murmuring, and break forth again with renewed fury, and more than once he thought he heard his own name mentioned; but he had tried to shut his ears against the noise, for he knew by experience that such quarrels boded good to none, and covering himself under the clothes, he had fallen asleep before the storm lulled.

Fear is often a faithful interpreter, and in coming to the conclusion that he was associated with the wordy strife of the previous night, the boy was not wrong.

Stephen Binks, in a half-drunken mood, which always made him quarrelsome, had begun by sneering at his sister's favourite, vowing that Wat was good for nothing but to be tied to her apron-string, that he should like to take him in hand, and—as the excitement increased—that before long he would do so, whether his sister liked it or not. Mrs. Chaytor replied angrily; Stephen retorted with brutality; and from this beginning a personal quarrel arose, in which, as is usually the case in such matters, the original cause of dissension was soon lost sight of. Stephen ripped up grievances, real or imaginary, which had slumbered from infancy, and Mrs. Chaytor poured on his head the accumulated wrath of years, by no means forgetting to cast into his teeth the shame he had brought on his family and himself by his degrading marriage. It ended in a fit of hysterics on her part, and a sworn declaration on his, that, "whether she lived or died, he'd have that whelp out to coals t'morn!"

We have seen how he kept his word.

Dark and sullen as the day appeared, it was not, to Wat's thinking, half so gloomy as the black, scowling expression of the countenance of Stephen Binks. His victim was in his power, but he could not overmaster a sense of wrong committed, which weighed upon his mind in spite of all his efforts to shake it off; he tried to forget the provocation he had given, and irritated himself anew by recalling the contemptuous and bitter words which his sister had used towards him, and those which his galled vanity considered insults to his wife. By this process he contrived to set himself right with his own conscience, but it was at the expense of every one around him.

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"It's all along o' thee, thou curst mongrel!" he muttered, as he eyed poor Wat, who was sheltering himself from the rain beneath some empty sacks in the corner of the waggon; "but I'se pay thee for 't, I reckon. Come out o' that, thou Wat!" he bawled; "dost hear? Art made o' sugar or saut that thou's afeard o' t' wet? Lope then!"

He accompanied these words with a heavy stroke of his whip, which caught Wat on the back and made him quiver with pain, but he set his teeth firmly and shed no tears. He did not, however, wait for a repetition of the blow, but got down as quickly as he could, his descent into the road being accelerated by the rough hand of Stephen Binks, who seized his collar and gave him a cuff as he fell, and a kick, when on the ground, to make him get up again. The brute then strode to the front, and was soon involved in a snarling dialogue with one of the men belonging to the team, while Wat followed the waggon on foot, and the hulk, Loll, who had been grinning at the punishment just inflicted, made himself comfortable under the coal-sacks, and, taking out a huge piece of bread and some cold meat, prepared in solitary gluttony for his breakfast. Poor Wat had nothing to eat, nor did any one appear to give a thought as to whether he had broken his fast or not, so he trudged on in the mud, his mind too much absorbed in painful thoughts to heed this neglect, or to notice his covetous companion.

In this order the party advanced till they reached a village about half way, where a short halt was made on account of the horses, and the men took a hasty meal, while Wat remained outside, sitting on one of the shafts of the waggon. Before mid-day they reached the pits, and here, for about four hours, they worked incessantly loading the coals, Wat toiling till he was ready to sink with fatigue and exhaustion. The day before he was a cheerful, smiling boy, neatly dressed, and with the hue of health on his comely face; as he stood at the mouth of the coal-pit, no one could have recognised him for the same child: his clothes were soaked with wet and splashed with mud, the collier's labour had grimed his face and blackened his hands, and the tears which, in spite of his efforts, would fall, had marked pale furrows on his hollow cheeks.

Ah, if at that moment Edith had seen her boy, that might have been

Her life, her joy, her food, her all-the-world,

she would not have wearied Heaven with prayers for the continuance of his life, but rather have blessed the hour in which her mother's wicked words had come to be true.

They took their way home again, the same cheerless weather still prevailing, but Wat was no longer able to walk, and not out of compassion, but from the fear of leaving him behind and having to account for him, Stephen Binks suffered the boy to mount the waggon, where, cold and miserable, with none to console him, and having eaten nothing the livelong day save a crust which one of the men thrust into his hand while they were baiting, he sat silently wrapped up in grief, and wondering whether Mrs. Chaytor, like all the rest of the world, had suddenly turned against him.

Night had fallen when the party returned to Moorside, and, as it was too late to unload the waggon, the horses were taken out, the men went with them to the stable, and Stephen Binks, followed by Loll, entered

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the house, leaving Wat, who was half dead with cold, hunger, and fatigue, to get down from the height where he had been perched as best he might.

A scene awaited Stephen Binks, which, in spite of his hardihood and his knowledge of his sister's character, he was little prepared for; though, as far as drink could fortify resolution, he had taken enough on the road, scarcely a single alehouse having been passed unvisited.

When Mrs. Chaytor rose, at a late hour that day, after passing a perfectly wretched night, her first inquiry was for little Wat. None of the in-door servants had seen him, and, though they suspected what had happened, they kept on the safe side by professing ignorance of his movements; and it was not till all about the place had been questioned, that Rafe, the cowboy, admitted that he had seen Wat in the waggon.

Mrs. Chaytor's worst fear was confirmed, and she brooded over it all day—not nursing her wrath to keep it warm, but striving rather to keep down the passion which was climbing to her heart.

Her recent illness had made her very weak, and it was only by a great effort that she was able to keep her place on the settee, where—with her back resting against a pillow, which kept her figure in an upright posture—she sat, her large black hollow eyes steadfastly fixed on the door opposite, and her wan, meagre hands resting without motion on her knees. She was so "still and pale" that it needed no poetical suggestion to liken her to a sculptured image rather than to a breathing woman.

She had watched long and patiently alone, the female servants being at their spinning in an outer kitchen, when a well-known sound aroused her: it was the harsh voice of her brother, as he entered the court-yard with the waggon. She started, clenched her hands convulsively, and moved her lips for an instant, but without giving utterance to a word. This involuntary emotion past, she resumed her former calm attitude. In a few minutes the door was thrown open, and Stephen Binks and his hopeful son, Loll, entered the room.

He was evidently taken by surprise, for, knowing the state in which he had left his sister the night before, aware of the severe nature of her attacks, and relying on the lateness of the hour, he had fully expected to find no one up, except, perhaps, his father, who had been absent from home but might have returned; and for a meeting with him he was fully prepared, knowing that little would be said on account of exceeding his authority in so small a matter as the treatment of a boy whom Mr. Matthew Binks had reasons of his own for not caring to see nurtured too tenderly.

But here was no indifferent father to silence with a few easily-spoken words; on the contrary, he had to encounter a quick-witted, passionate woman, having authority over him no less by being several years his senior, than by the comparative sharpness of her intellect; she had been grossly outraged by him when last he saw her, and—in addition—she had now the wrongs of helpless childhood to avenge. He had no resource but bravado.

"What thou here!" he said; "I thowt thee'd been in bed, after all thy tantrums last night."

"Stephen Binks," replied his sister, in a smothered voice, and with-

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out rising from the settee, "had I sat here till midnight—ay, till to-morrow midnight—I would not have quitted this room before I saw you enter it."

"What then?" he answered. "What dost thou want wi' me, now I am here? I thowt we'd had pretty nigh enough of each other's company!"

"Your company was the last thing I wished for," retorted Mrs. Chaytor, with a bitterness of expression which she did not attempt to conceal. "I desire to know what you have been doing with little Wat!"

"He's been to coals," said Stephen, doggedly, foreseeing the storm that was brewing.

"To coals!" she exclaimed. "And are you not ashamed to own that you have taken a boy like that, unused to work of any kind, to go a distance of more than forty miles, on a day like this, with such work to do as I know you give! To take a poor delicate child out of his warm bed at daylight, and slave him about the country till nightfall! You are a greater brute, Stephen Binks, than even I ever gave you credit for being!"

"Hang the boy!" returned her brother; "thou couldsn't mak' more noise about him if he had been thine own, though that," he added, with a sneer, "is a chance thou never'st had. Delicate is he? The more reason, then, for making him hardy, like my Loll."

"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Chaytor, taking no notice of his brutal allusion to her feeble health.

"Curse me if I know or car'," answered Stephen; "thou'lt find him on top of t' coals if thou gangs and looks—if he han't had t' luck to brack his neck in getting doon. Coom! I want my supper, and so does Loll—and what's more, we don't mean to wait for 't."

"Not a bit or sup, Stephen Binks, shall you have from me till I see that boy. You, Loll, take that lantern! Go across the yard, and at your peril, sir, come back without him!"

The lubber, trembling at her voice, lifted the lantern and left the room, while his father surlily threw himself into a chair, and drummed on the floor with his foot.

There was a pause, which was broken by the reappearance of Loll, holding by the arm—for he could hardly stand—a miserable, shivering creature, drenched with rain, covered with dirt from head to foot, and altogether in so sorry a plight that, for some moments, Mrs. Chaytor could not believe it was he whom she had sent for.

"Gracious God!" she shrieked, rather than cried, as soon as recognition came, "is it possible! Have you had the heart—have you had the brutality—have you been inhuman enough to act in so barbarous a manner! Come, Wat—come to my breast—here—here—come to these arms that shall protect you as long as I breathe the breath of life!"

The boy, who had stood aghast on entering, not knowing how to interpret her passion, now flew towards her. Regardless of the dirt which disfigured him, intent on nothing but how to cherish and comfort one so forlorn, she pressed him again and again to her bosom, kissed his damp forehead, chafed his cold hands, drew him closer and closer to the fire, summoned all the servants—some to bring water, some dry clothes, some

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food—nor did she cease from her cares till warmth was renewed in his limbs, a faint colour was restored to his cheeks, and he had swallowed some hot drink which she forced upon him.

There needed no prolonged narrative to tell the tale of that day's misery! It was written in every lineament of the boy's features, and was better described by his torn and sullied garments than by all the words he could have uttered.

Mrs. Chaytor could not trust herself to look at her brother, who still sat sullenly beating the devil's tattoo on the floor.

At last he started up, and demanded with an oath what he was to have for his supper?

This was the signal for the bursting forth of that torrent which had so long been pent up, and with a vehemence that was fearful to behold in one so frail of form and so attenuated by sickness, Mrs. Chaytor opened the floodgates of her passion.

What she said in the whirlwind of her fury she never paused to consider, neither did her brother wait to measure its effect, but summoning up every coarse invective that lay hidden in the foul depths of his soul, he heaped them upon her with a violence fully equal to her own.

But he did not stop there, for, rage having now the mastery over him, he strode forward to wreak personal vengeance—not, indeed, on his sister—but on the unoffending boy, the innocent cause of this unhappy quarrel.

In vain, however, he strove to seize him. Mrs. Chaytor threw herself before her charge, and with outstretched arms kept her brother for a time at bay.

Maddened at length by this opposition, and uttering desperate threats, Stephen Binks grasped her in his strong embrace.

She writhed—she struggled—she defied his utmost strength—and then, with a violent effort, cast herself loose, and once more menaced with her clenched hands.

But it was only for a moment.

She *had* exhausted every energy that nature gave, and suddenly she fell, a stream of blood gushing from her mouth.

CHAPTER XII.

HELP.

In the scene of excitement just described, the fatal blow was struck. The hemorrhage was of so fearful a kind that it wrought consternation even in the callous breast of Stephen Binks, whose remorse became now as great as his rage had been fierce. Mrs. Chaytor was carried to bed, and the best medical assistance was sent for, but when the doctor came he at once declared the case hopeless. The utmost quiet was all he could recommend in the hope of prolonging his patient's existence, and during the few days she lingered, little Wat, at his own request, was constantly by her bedside. She died at last, without a struggle, the poor boy being the only witness of her dissolution.

The Reverend Matthew Binks bore the loss of his daughter with a philosophy which he had, on many occasions, failed to exhibit when it had been his lot to hear of a cow dying suddenly or of a sheep having

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been cast. He grumbled sorely at the expense of the funeral, and what sorrow he felt took the shape of increased ill-humour, of which everybody about him came in for a share.

Stephen Binks was, at first, loud in his grief, but its violence was soon exhausted, and before a fortnight had passed his sister was clean forgotten; so far, at least, as regard for her memory went: for his wife—"Black Nan," as she was called, from her swarthy complexion—now installed in the place of Mrs. Chaytor, was for ever harping on her faults, and did so unchecked by him.

Little Wat was the only real mourner, but he soon discovered that he must mourn in silence, and the memory of his benefactress remained, therefore, a thing for him to cherish, as he cherished that of his nurse Rachel.

If the ill-will of Stephen Binks towards him in some degree abated—the jealousy which had prompted it being at rest in his sister's grave—it was speedily reproduced in another quarter: Black Nan had resentments to gratify which death had not effaced. She was by nature envious, uncharitable, and implacable. From an ugly child she had grown into a still uglier woman, who, in spite of a face toad-speckled rather than freckled, lips like those of an African, hard black eyes with a sinister cast in them, short woolly hair and a bony, shapeless figure, had still the vanity to believe that she was not without pretensions to beauty. Female frailty is generally accompanied by good looks, and perhaps it was because her virtue had not been beyond suspicion, when she lived as a servant with Mrs. Chaytor, that she imagined she must needs be the owner of personal charms. Her dead sister-in-law, and former mistress, had been handsome, a sufficient reason with Black Nan for envy; but that passion deepened into hatred when she found, as she very soon did, what slight estimation her character was held in by Mrs. Chaytor, who, to perfect purity of conduct, added a large share of family pride, and looked upon her brother's marriage as an utter degradation. There was cause enough, then, why the wife of Stephen Binks should hate her sister-in-law in her lifetime; and the narrowness of her soul, and her innate vindictiveness, combined to perpetuate her rancour after death. Mrs. Chaytor was gone, but the boy she had loved remained, and to him was transferred all the enmity of Black Nan. And with a heavy hand she dealt it out, the malicious cub, her son, eagerly enforcing her tyranny. While Mrs. Chaytor lived, Wat's occupation had been light, but now there was no kind of work from which Black Nan exempted him, whether he had strength to perform it or not. The habits of his task-mistress were, moreover, as stingy as her nature was cruel, and hunger was not the least amongst the pains which Edith's child endured.

Winter was fast approaching; it comes early enough on the northern wolds, and it happened on one cold, dreary November day, that Black Nan having bread to make, found she was short of meal. Some corn had been sent to be ground a day or two before, but it was still at the mill, and, after storming for an hour at all the servants, Black Nan resolved to send for it. Her fittest messenger would have been Loll, but while the lazy fellow sat burning his shins before the fire, his mother fixed upon Wat, as he came in from the wood-stack with a bundle of fuel for the oven, and told him to go.

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"Thou, Wat!" she said, "tak' thy hat and gang to t' miller's at Lune Beck and bring a bag o' meal, as mickle as thou canst carry; and see thou be'st quick, or thou'lt smart for 't."

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and dinner was getting ready; but scanty as his portion might be, there was no dinner for Wat till he returned. The distance was several miles, and he could hardly get back much before dark; but to object to go would only have made matters worse: he would have been beaten and sent all the same. The errand had, too, its pleasant side: he should be nearly a whole day out of the clutches of Loll and Black Nan.

There were two ways to Lune Beck, the most direct across the moor, the easiest by the high road. Being unencumbered as yet, and caring little for the roughness of the path, Wat chose the first, and in less than a couple of hours he reached his destination. The miller had forgotten his promise to grind the corn, so there was some delay before enough meal could be got ready. The miller's wife was a good-natured woman, and turned the interval to Wat's profit by giving him something to eat while he waited, and she would fain have sent the flour by one of her own men, but there was nobody to spare. Against her will, then, she loaded Wat, and with a bushel of meal at his back the little fellow started for Moorside.

"Keep to t' road, lad," she said, after "setting" him a short way; "when thou comes to t' neukin o' t' lonnin' maybe thou'lt meet wi' a cart or summot to pick thee up. I'd like to twist the neck o' that Black Nan for sending thee on sic an errand!"

No such luck befel as the kind woman wished, and when Wat had accomplished half his journey he was obliged to stop and rest. It was at the foot of a steep hill, where the Lune, a moorland stream, after escaping from the miller's beck, came brawling down a dark ravine, and crossed the road beneath a bridge of one high, single arch. It was later in the afternoon than Wat had expected, and distant objects were growing indistinct, when he heard the sound of wheels on the road he had left behind. He was glad to think he should perhaps get the lift he wanted, and turned to see what was coming. It was a gig, in which were two persons, a man and a woman, and within a few paces of the bridge the driver, who did not seem to be the very best whip in the world, suddenly pulled up.

"My pretty littel boy," he said, in a foreign accent, "are we rightly going to a place called Moorside?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Wat, "you're quite right so far; but after you get over the hill about a quarter of a mile, there's a cross road, and you must keep to the left. If you like I'll show you the turning."

He made an effort and shouldered his bag as he spoke.

"You carry some thing too heavy," said the person who had already spoken; "what you carry?"

"Meal, sir. I've been to the mill. I'm afraid I'm late."

"Where you go, then? Is it so long a way?"

"Three miles and more. I belong to Moorside. I live at the House."

"Your parents live there too?"

"I have no parents. They say I'm nobody's son."

"Try and lift up your bag, my pretty boy; we have room for it here, and for you. Not so, Rachel?"

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At this last word Wat raised his head quickly and met the full, eager gaze of the speaker's companion.

"Watty! Watty!" she cried, "it must be you! Oh, my dear, my darling child!"

In the same moment she jumped from the gig and threw her arms round the boy's neck, smothering him with kisses. He knew her too. It was his own nurse, Rachel.

"And is this the way," she said, when her first emotion had subsided—is this the way they treat you, Watty? I thought that lady promised to be kind!"

"She is dead!" returned the boy, sobbing—"I can show you her grave in Moorside kirkyard. I saw her put into it."

"Are you often made to carry loads like this?" asked Rachel, unable to get the better of this evidence of ill-usage. "Tell me all they do to you."

The barrier to his speech, so long interposed, was removed at once: with all a child's rapidity of utterance he poured forth the history of his wrongs—unintelligible in its details, but sadly clear in its general character. How Rachel wept—how she hugged him to her heart—how she covered him with her pity! And all the time they both stood in the road, the driver of the gig looking wistfully on.

"Pascal," exclaimed Rachel, while her boy was still speaking, "what is to be done?"

"I tell you, my dear wife," replied Monsieur Perrotin—for the awkward driver was no less a personage—"I tell you. You comm to see this pretty boy another time before you go from England. By chance you meet him. Not as you hope and expect, with good, kind people, but in a shocking manner, behaving like the beasts. It should be wicked, quite wicked, Rachel, to let him stay with them. He shall be our own littel shild;—nevare again those beasts shall have him. My dear young fellow, you comm with us?"

Rachel turned pale: for an instant the image of Mrs. Scrope hovered before her eyes; but a glance at the child reassured her.

"You are right, Pascal," she said, "come of it what will, we cannot leave him here. You are not afraid, Watty, to go with us?"

"Rachel! Rachel! dear, dear Rachel!" cried the boy, as he flung himself into her arms.

When he disengaged himself he danced about the road with glee. "Good-by, Loll — good-by, Stevy Binks — good-by, Black Nan! I wonder when you'll get your meal. Here, help me, Rachel, to throw this into the beck. There!" he cried, as the bag was pushed from the parapet of the bridge and fell heavily into the swift current—"there, Black Nan; if I've had no dinner, you'll get no breakfast. Now let us be off before they catch us!"

The gig was turned round, Rachel lifted Wat in, and quickly regained her seat. Monsieur Perrotin cracked his whip, and though he faced the hill he had so lately descended, the horse set off at a sharp trot, for he knew he was going back to his stable.

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THE "SALONS" OF PARIS.*

THOSE who, living in the time of the Restoration, were enabled to contemplate and to understand what was going forward, and who now witness that which is taking place in 1858, have lived in three different ages, in as far as Parisian society is concerned.

Changes have been wrought at each successive revolution which in peaceful times would have required a century to bring about. It is not only that those who were in power have changed, those who came in only upset those who preceded them in the name of new, or at least of different, ideas, and as these infallibly influence manners, customs, and even fashions, so have they had still greater influence in those *réunions* comprehensively designated as "salons," and where the principles, ideas, interests, and even passions of individuals used to find expression.

A "salon," in the accepted sense of the word, has no reference to those crowded *soirées*, or assemblies, to which people who are unknown to one another are invited, who, consequently, have no tastes, no ideas, or interests in common; and hence, in consequence, no common basis for conversation. A salon is an intimate *réunion* where individuals are known to one another, sympathise with one another, and are happy to meet one another. Hence it is, also, that most salons of any reputation lasted for years. Such, at the epoch of the Restoration, were the salons of the Count de Chabrol, frequented by all who were eminent in literature, art, and science; the salons of the Duchess of Duras, most favoured by the aristocracy; the salons of the Countess Baraguay d'Hilliers, where the soldiers of the Empire sought consolation in the reminiscences of olden times; the salons of the painter Gérard, chiefly attended by artists; and the salons of Madame Lebrun, who was not only a distinguished artist, but also remarkable for the combined charms of her mind and person. Her salons were of exceedingly long standing: Madame Lebrun was in all the pride of her youth and renown in the time of Louis XVI. Her portraits of Marie Antoinette, and of the other members of the royal family, are among those that are most in repute in the present day. Her success, as usual, created many enemies, but she was so fair and so amiable that her triumph was easy; and her little apartment in the Rue de Cléry was frequented by the court and town alike. The crowd is said to have been such, that marshals of France have had to sit on the ground; and Marshal de Noailles, being a very fat man, experienced on such an occasion the greatest difficulty in regaining his feet. When the revolution broke out, Madame Lebrun emigrated at first to Italy, and thence to Russia, where her talent acquired for her both a kindly reception and rich rewards. Princess Dolgorouki paid her for her portrait with a carriage and a bracelet of her hair, on which diamonds were so disposed as to say, "Adorn her who adorns the age." Returning to Paris for a short time during the Consulship, Madame Lebrun resided afterwards for some time in London. She was not happy without finding herself among the remnants of those who once gathered around her. This she

* Les Salons de Paris. Foyers éteints. Par Madame Ancelot.

was enabled to do still more effectually at the Restoration, when her salons were once more opened. She was at that time seventy years of age, and yet as gay, as lively, and as animated as ever. She had not even ceased to occupy herself with art at that period of her life. Her *réunions* took place on the Saturday evenings, and her salon presented a peculiarity that was remarked in no other. There alone were the relics of an old state of things, of an extinct *régime*, and of a long-exiled nobility to be met with.

But the thing did not succeed. There were still nobles of distinguished manners, there were still artists and writers, there was a Bourbon on the throne; but a new spirit had arisen which was opposed to union, and, above all, youth was wanting. The Marquis de Boufflers, once a graceful, charming young man, had become old and fat, and was badly dressed; the Marquis de Sabran was in the same predicament. The Counts de Langeron and De Saint-Priest had become aged and scared in the service of Russia. Those who had been admitted since the storm had blown over could not sympathise with those who had had to bear up against all its exigencies. The old people talked of the past, the young ones hoped for the future.

Then came a new hurricane—that of 1830—and such of the old nobility as had not fallen under the scythe of time once more followed the Bourbons into exile. Madame Lebrun remained in Paris, and she still gathered together a few friends in an apartment she occupied in the Rue Saint-Lazare. The house had been constructed on the site of the Château du Coq, in which Henry IV. slept on the evening previous to his entrance into Paris. It is now a concert-room. An old friend—as old as herself—the Count de Vaudreuil, never abandoned her. She had also her portraits around her to keep up the illusions of bygone days. There was Lady Hamilton painted as a Bacchante, the Minister Calonne, the inspired Paësiello, the haughty Catherine II., the handsome Poniatowski, and the rich financiers Boutin and Beaujon. The first had given dinners every Thursday in his house, then situated in a beautiful garden, now the Rues de Clichy and Saint-Lazare, but he was exterminated by the revolution; the other founded the Elysée Bourbon, and the fame of his magnificence was such that an Englishman, jealous of his reputation, was determined to satisfy himself of the fact.

He was shown into the dining-room: the table was covered with tempting dishes.

"Your master lives well, at all events," said the sceptical son of Albion.

"Alas! sir," the attendant replied, "my master never sits down to table, he partakes of only one dish of vegetables."

"Well! he has wherewithal to gratify his eyes," continued the visitor, as he looked up at the pictures.

"Alas! sir, my master is nearly blind."

"I suppose," muttered the astounded Englishman, as he passed into another room, "he comforts himself by listening to beautiful music."

"Alas! sir, my master has never heard that which is played here, he goes to bed early in the hopes of getting a few moments' repose."

"Well! but your master at all events enjoys the pleasure of a walk."

"Alas! sir, he can no longer walk."

So from question to question, and alas to alas, the Englishman found that the millionnaire Beaujon was the most miserable of men.

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This type of unhappy wealth founded, however, the hospital that bears his name. Madame Lebrun herself expired of old age, without any illness. She had reached the end of her ninetieth year, still holding her "petits salons." She was one of the many instances of how favourable to a prolonged life are the use of the intellectual faculties and the cultivation of an amiable and pleasant disposition. The salon of Baron Gérard dates from after the Restoration. The baron was not only an artist, he was a man of the world, a clever man, and, moreover, a proud man. He never wore the numerous orders which had been conferred upon him by foreign potentates and others, except when obliged to do so on days of court attendance; it was not that he did not value at their true price that which came from others, but it was that he valued his art still more. In appearance, Gérard was very like the Emperor Napoleon. There was the same type, the fine and delicate features, yet strongly marked, and the eyes that lit up his countenance with an expression of sagacity and penetration. He was born in Italy in 1770, of a French father and an Italian mother. His disposition seemed to partake of his twofold origin, for it was very uncertain. At times he would yield himself up to confidence and delightful intimacy, and then he would as suddenly retrench himself behind ridiculous susceptibilities and absurd pretensions and exactions.

Gérard lived in a house which he had built himself in the Rue Bonaparte, nearly opposite to the church of Saint Germain des Prés. Four little rooms, so arranged that the visitor could pass round from one to another, and a small ante-chamber, constituted what our neighbours designated as "l'appartement de réception." Mademoiselle Godefroy, a pupil of Gérard's, made tea at midnight; an old valet handed round precisely the same cakes. Gérard talked, his wife played at whist; she troubled herself with nobody; cards were with her all and everything. Gérard was, as we have observed, a proud man; he was of humble birth, and he had in the early days of his marriage known the exigencies of extreme poverty; he had even occupied a seat as a juryman at the revolutionary tribunals. When he had become a baron, was covered with honours, and held his salons, he was still subjected to the greatest of all annoyances to the pride of a parvenu—he was persecuted by certain unwelcome acquaintances of olden times, who, as is generally the case, pushed themselves forward with the more pertinacity as their presence was the less desired. As an artist, Gérard made his *début* with his "Belisarius" and "Cupid and Psyche." It was only with the assistance of the miniature painter Isabey that he was enabled to accomplish those works. He then became a portrait painter, and between 1800 and 1810 he realised a large fortune, having been sought after by all the kings and princes of the day, till he became known as "the painter of kings, and the king of painters."

The incidents characteristic of salon life must, to judge of an example given by Madame Ancelot, have been sometimes strange enough. The Abbé de Pradt came one evening to Baron Gérard's, where he was introduced to M. de Humboldt, whom he had not met before.

Both had a great deal to say, for both thought a great deal, and had ideas upon all matters. The abbé began the conversation, and kept it up till he had the misfortune to cough a little, when his auditor took the place of orator. He

did not lose a moment; words hurried one after the other, ideas floated to the surface, and sparkles of intelligence flew from the contact. All those who were in the salon listened religiously; it was thought that Prussia would carry the day by the ingenious sagacity of his perceptions and the length of his arguments; but he had to use his handkerchief, and the Abbé de Pradt seized the opportunity. His eloquence was most seductive, and he made the reasons for his opinions appear so conclusive, that as long as he spoke every one thought with him and like him. M. de Humboldt made ineffectual attempts to resume the thread of his discourse, but the abbé had not finished, and would not give him a chance. At length a real duo ensued; both began to speak at the same time, without apparently being sensible of the fact. Each got then his auditors, who listened exclusively to the one in whose favour he was biassed. On their part, the two disputants mutually understood one another. M. de Humboldt since said, laughingly, that he did not lose one of the abbé's words, and to prove the fact, he repeated all that he had said, imitating, at the same time, his voice and gestures, so that they could not be misunderstood.

Madame Ancelot speaks in terms of almost uniform praise of the gentlemen. Mérimée was clear in his expressions and sound in judgment; Eugène Delacroix as graceful and reserved in his conversation as he was impetuous as an artist; Beyle (Stendahl) excelled in vivacity, but Madame Gay, who used to come to Gérard's with her daughter, Delphine (since Madame Emile de Girardin), "spoke in a loud and disagreeable manner, uttering a great deal in praise of herself, and still more in dispraise of others."

The revolution of July, 1830, materially affected the aspect of M. Gérard's salons. Madame Ancelot insists that a Frenchman, notwithstanding his marked instinct for opposition and a permanent criticism of power, possesses to a still higher degree the passion for imitating the manners of the very power that he finds fault with, and that the veriest levelling bourgeois apes and exaggerates all the peculiarities of the reigning sovereign. The fashion of wearing the hair since the accession of Napoleon III. would seem to bear out the lady's views. Now, when Louis Philippe deemed it necessary, as a citizen-king, to introduce "des habitudes communes," everything in France, we are told, at once assumed a vulgar aspect, and mercantile ideas prevailed over literature and art alike. The salons partook of the same character, and nobles and gentlemen of graceful manners were, to a great extent, superseded by bearded *rapins* (artists) and unfledged poets. M. de Mazères, the clever author of the "Trois Quartiers," had married a niece of Gérard's. A prefecture took him away from the pursuit of letters, a revolution restored him to them. Thus has it been constantly in France in modern times. Revolutions also brought a number of distinguished refugees to Paris. Such were the Princess Belgiojoso, the learned Orioli, the amiable Count Pepoli, the good Marquis Ricci, and the chivalrous Count Mamiani della Rovère.

Gérard, whose salons were open for thirty long years, with, in summer time, alternate Monday receptions at his mansion at Auteuil, did not live to an old age; he died suddenly in his sixty-seventh year, yet was he unfortunate enough to survive not only his salons but his reputation. In his latter years the romantic school—*faux romantisme*, Madame Ancelot calls it—triumphed in public favour over the classical school in art and in literature, and the great painter lived to hear the "Plague

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at Marseilles," the "Consecration of Charles X.," and "Louis XIV. naming his grandson King of Spain," spoken of as things of a bygone age. Gérard had lived indifferent to religious subjects, but he died aroused to a sense of a future state by the poet Céconi, a zealous Roman. He spoke at his last moments of a heaven peopled with graceful angels, and which appeared to him in his agony as filled with a celestial harmony. "His imagination," says Madame Ancelot, "which, as an artist, had never had aught but noble aspirations, reflected in his last hour nothing but a heaven full of poetry, of marvels, and of splendours."

The evening of the first representation of Madame Ancelot's "Marie, ou Trois Epoques," that lady was at her house, Rue de Joubert, waiting for news, when she heard a carriage drive up. She guessed her success; it is only such that begets friends. The Duchesse d'Abrantès and the Princess Lucien Bonaparte were announced. They were soon followed by others. Gratitude for so many demonstrations of sympathy demanded a supper, although the small hours were creeping on. The duchess enjoyed it all the more. "How pleasant," she exclaimed, "it is to talk by night; one has no dread of stupid people or of creditors!" It was the secret of her life, that she revealed in her playfulness. Grandeur and misery were at the bottom of everything in the latter years of that marvellous relic of the Empire. Her son, the Duc d'Abrantès of the time, was brought up in the same school. He would hold out a bill-receipt, and say: "You see this bit of white paper, it is now worth twenty-five centimes; when I shall have affixed my name to it, it will be then worthless."

The Duchesse d'Abrantès held her salons on the ground-floor, opening upon a garden, in the Rue Rochechouart. In summer the company dispersed over the greensward: "c'etait charmant." Charming in the midst of debts and creditors! Even strange persons, whom no one knew, and who caused surprise at their presence, were sometimes to be met in the salons of the Duchesse d'Abrantès. Yet was the wife of the ci-devant King of Portugal—Junot—of excellent and most amiable disposition; she was neither haughty nor vain, she was only thoughtless. Madame Ancelot relates one day entering a hackney-carriage in which she found a letter, directed to the duchess, full of harsh and vindictive threats on the part of a creditor. Tea was usually served up at her salons at eleven o'clock. One evening it was past midnight and there was no tea. The plate had gone to the Lombards, and it had been necessary to send to borrow teaspoons. Balzac was especially partial to the Duchesse d'Abrantès, from the passionate love he bore to Napoleon. This love was, however, in no small degree mixed up, as is not uncommonly the case, with personal vanity. Balzac actually raised up an altar at his house, Rue de Cassini, which was surmounted by a statue of Napoleon, and beneath was the following modest inscription:

What he began with the sword, I will finish with the pen.

Balzac is said to have been of very uncertain temper—uncertain in all things—in politics, in literature, and even to himself. He would sometimes exaggerate his talent; at others, doubt its existence altogether. He was skilled in exposing the secrets of human nature, but he was without principle to guide him; he had not an idea of morality, religion,

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philosophy, or even patriotism. He had faith in nothing, not even in human nature, still less in a superior nature. He was in appearance what he was in mind; one day dressed in the extreme of fashion, another scarcely clean. In his prosperity he bought a walking-stick, that won renown as "Balzac's cane." He undertook to have a new waistcoat for every day of the year, but stopped short at the thirty-first. Madame Ancelot avers that "in common with most of the writers of our epoch," Balzac was utterly ignorant of the art of conversation. The millions which his pen were to win for him and the pressure of his existing debts, were his constant theme. Another of the frequenters of the Duchesse d'Abrantès's salons was the Marquis d'Aligre, one of the wealthiest men in Paris. Half of his income would have placed the duchess beyond the reach of her creditors, and made Balzac an independent man. One evening the marquis came in with an unusually joyous expression of countenance. The duchess asked him what was the matter.

"Oh!" he replied, "I have just been condemning a fellow to death."

It is true that this "fellow" was Fieschi, for whom there could be no sympathy, and who had been tried before the Chamber of Peers; but still, as Madame Ancelot justly remarks, it was not quite the kind of subject to excite hilarity.

Another personage of the day was Count Jules de Castellane, who used to give private theatricals. Being a bachelor, there was a constant struggle among the ladies as to who should have power at his hotel. First it was the duchess, then Madame Gay, next Madame Ancelot. The latter, however, got piqued, and revenged herself by giving a one-act comedy, "Le Château de ma Nièce," she had written for the Hôtel Castellane, to the Théâtre-Français, where it was played by Mademoiselle Mars with the greatest success. Count Jules was somewhat like the rest of the party, rather thoughtless in worldly matters. There had one day been a rehearsal at his hotel that lasted five hours. Some of the amateurs announced that they were hungry. There was not a loaf in the hotel, but provisions were sent for to the neighbouring pâtissiers and charcutiers, and a repast extemporised that delighted all parties.

M. Bouilly, the author of several successful pieces, notoriously the "Abbé de l'Épée," the "Deux Journées," and "Fanchon la Vielleuse," was precisely the opposite to the Marquis d'Aligre. He was in a perpetual state of sentimental sympathy, delighting only in misfortunes, and finding something afflicting in the most ordinary occurrences of life. He was most at home in the public cemeteries, where he was so much in the habit of pronouncing eulogiums upon the defunct, that the undertakers and gravediggers looked upon him as one of themselves. The chef des Pompes Funèbres said one day, after the formulated orations had been made over a distinguished person, in a tone loud enough to be heard by everybody,

"Is it possible that we are to have nothing from you to-day, M. Bouilly?"

Another time he had to attend two funerals, one at Montmartre, the other at Père la Chaise. Arriving late at the second, he hurried up to where he saw a crowd, and at once broke forth in eloquent lamentations upon the virtues of the deceased father of a family and worthy citizen. When he had finished he looked round for applause, but saw nothing but

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strange faces. He had mistaken the *convoi*, and pronounced his discourse over the body of a bachelor of little repute.

Englishmen, although rarely seen in the salons of Paris, were by no means excluded. A young Northumberland lord, we are told, fell in love with Mademoiselle Plessy, when she was a beautiful girl of fifteen, playing charades at the Marquise de Malarets. He proposed to marry her on condition that she should reside in the country till she was thirty, when he would introduce her to the fashionable world. The young lady preferred an earlier triumph on the boards of the Théâtre-Français. Another young lord—they are all lords—introduced by the Marquis de Custine at a soirée at Princess Czartoriska's, suddenly disappeared. When sought after, he was making preparations for his immediate departure from Paris. He could not remain there, he said, after having so far forgotten himself as to go to the princess's in his red morocco slippers, a circumstance which nobody seems to have remarked but himself. Had he not have perceived the error, red slippers might have passed into fashion as the last exportation from England.

The end of Madame d'Abrantès was sad. She had to give up her pleasant house in the Rue Rochechouart for a less commodious residence in the Rue de Navarin. She borrowed from her friends till they became scarce. Finally she was forced to take refuge in a maison de santé, in the environs of Paris, where she died on a mattress. Her funeral was paid for by a commiserating royalty, and her remains were followed to the grave by Chateaubriand, "cette gloire de nos gloires littéraires," says the legitimist Madame Ancelot, and by a host of celebrities.

Charles Nodier held salons at the Arsenal frequented by both classicists and romancists, at the time when the war between the two was at its height. The fact was, he used to laugh at both; all he cared for was to enjoy life and receive distinguished personages. He was also devoted to the card-table, and used to play whilst his literary guests were extolling one another in a slang (*argot*) only understood by themselves.

When Hugo, with head bent forward, and gloomy, thoughtful aspect, used to repeat, with a voice powerful in its monotony, an ode just penned, could those words "Admirable!" "Superb!" "Prodigious!" that were used in his presence, be applied to anything mediocre?

Impossible!

Then there would be a deep silence that would last a few moments; till some one present would get up, approach the poet with visible emotion, take his hand, and raise up his eyes to heaven.

The crowd listened.

Only one word then made itself heard, to the great surprise of the uninitiated, and that word resounded in all the corners of the salon; it was:

"Cathedral!"

Then the orator returned to his seat. Another rose up and exclaimed:

"Ogive!"

A third, after having looked around him, hazarded:

"Pyramid of Egypt!"

And then the assembly applauded and repeated altogether the sacramental words.

Charles Nodier has earned an unenviable celebrity for "mistakes" in his writings. The word is a mild one. Thus he relates in one of his

works a conversation which took place between himself and the chiefs of the revolutionary party in '93, when he could only have been five years of age. He fancied that, under the Restoration, he had spent several years in Vendée, and earned distinction among the *Chouans*. He also took great pride in having escaped from a hundred imaginary persecutions, which led his successor at the Academy to say of him, "He thought that he was wandering in the mountains to escape from the pursuit of the gendarmerie, when in reality he was only hunting butterflies!"

Nodier's salon was the first in which eccentricity superseded conversation. There were grave men—Saint Simonians and Fourierists—among the number; but everything that was serious was laughed at; nothing that was natural, simple, or sensible was permitted, every one aimed at effect; and this state of things, repeated at Pradier's, had become general before Nodier's death, which occurred in 1844, and put an end to the *réunions* at the Arsenal.

The library called that of Sainte-Geneviève used to be preserved in the old buildings, formerly the convent of the Génovéfins, near the Pantheon. Many a pleasant hour have we spent among its dusty tomes. After the library in the Garden of Plants, it was the most quiet and the least numerously attended in Paris. Here, not many years ago, the amiable M. de Lancy used to hold his salons. He was not, like his *confrère* at the Garden of Plants, an animal magnetiser; M. de Lancy was a man of the world, had served under the Consulate at St. Domingo, and had long enjoyed different posts under the ministry of Talleyrand, before he retired to the apartment which was reached by an old stone staircase, with a ponderous iron railing, and then a long stone passage, like a cloister, reminding one of a world gone by.

M. de Lancy lived to remove with his library into the new building that was erected for its reception, but he never felt so much at home as he had done in the gloomy walls of the old monastery; and the new salon, with its bright furniture, never appeared to him so comfortable as the antique apartment in which he had spent so many years. The same friends assembled there around him; among them the learned M. Ferdinand Denis, Dr. Saint-Germain, M. Avenel, General de la Rue, M. X. Marmier, Charles Lafont, M. Porchat, Alfred des Essarts, M. de la Ville, Nibelle, Eugène Loudon, and others, all men of talent and ability, who contributed their quota of familiar and ingenious conversation; but still the old librarian missed his customary chair, his Gothic corner, which reminded one of the abbés of old, and he pined away till death relieved him in 1856.

Sterne tells a story of a beggar who never failed to raise contributions from passers-by, by appealing to their vanity; if we are to believe Madame Ancelot, it was by the same means that Madame Récamier filled her salons. Her stereotyped address to all new comers was:

"The emotion I experience at the sight of so superior an individual does not permit me to express as I would wish it the admiration I entertain—the sympathy I feel. But you guess it, you understand me. My emotion says enough."

But Madame Ancelot herself held salons, and we must be so ungallant as to accept this version of Madame Récamier's success with a little—a very little—reserve. Vanity was no doubt at the bottom of all "succès de salon," be it in the receiver or the visitor. Madame Récamier was mani-

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festly a rival of Madame Ancelot's in the art of bringing remarkable men to her *réunions*. Madame Récamier cast her nets from the Abbaye aux Bois, but she did not disdain, in pursuit of her game, hiring "a small and ugly house" at Auteuil, next door to a minister. Madame Récamier was old, and her charms had withered; Madame Ancelot had the taste, the passion, the genius of literature and art, Madame Récamier had only the vanity! Madame Ancelot, herself belonging to the Legitimist party, could not forgive Madame Récamier another thing: Chateaubriand was not only the hero, he was the *deity* of Madame Récamier's salon. The word is almost as strong as cathedral, *ogive!* Nay, Madame Récamier monopolised the literary colossus of Legitimists; she insisted that he should not show himself anywhere else, not even at Madame Ancelot's. Such was the rivalry of the Parisian salons. To see Chateaubriand, people had perforce to go to Madame Récamier's. Madame Ancelot went there, she takes care to tell us, to see the champion of her party, not the faded beauty, now supplanted by the arts and coquetry of Madame Récamier. This lady held her *réunions* daily from four to six. The rooms were so darkened that Madame Ancelot says she has seen the philosopher Ballanche mistaken for the lady of the house. Madame Récamier's salons were also frequented by all the great critics of the day, Jules Janin, Théophile Gauthier, Édouard Thierry, Fiorentino, Francis Wey, Léon Gozlan, &c. Conversation was carried on *sotto voce*, quite the reverse to the fashion in vogue at Nodier's and Pradier's. The Legitimists deemed themselves personages of a superior order, and if any one spoke loud he was held to be unworthy of the company. Chateaubriand spoke seldom, but he sometimes listened when anything was said to interest him, if not, he would caress a cat from the gutters, "un chat de gouttière," that was for some unknown reason admitted into the salon. Chateaubriand was "vieilli, ennuyé, découragé, yet Beyle (Stendahl) said of him that he was the great Lama of Madame Récamier's salon. He was in the habit of going to bed every evening at nine o'clock, and he did so even the night when his tragedy of "Moïse" was produced at the Odéon. He took care, however, to send his old valet to report progress, and on his return, needless to say, the author had not gone to sleep.

"Well!" he inquired, affecting indifference at the same time, "how did it go off?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Vicomte; the company never ceased to laugh from the beginning to the end, and I assure you I laughed heartily too!"

Chateaubriand turned on his pillow and went to sleep as best he could. With Chateaubriand's death, Madame Récamier's salon became one more of the "foyers éteints," as Madame Ancelot calls them. Ballanche was also dead, and M. Ampère had gone on his travels in the East and in the New World. A gloomy sadness took possession of the Abbaye aux Bois. Chateaubriand's arm-chair had been made a kind of altar. At length, the fatal epidemic of 1850 carried off one who had spent a whole life in entertaining "ce qu'il y a de plus gracieux au monde;" and Madame Ancelot—a true woman—will not allow to this great rival leader in the sway of salons even a quiet death. Her last days, she asserts, were embittered by disappointment, and her last moments were pained by the sense of the perishability of human vanities!

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The Vicomte d'Arlincourt, author of the "Solitaire," and some twenty other novels, used also to hold his salons. His father, a fermier-général, made over his fortune to Monsieur in distress. When Monsieur became Louis XVIII., the moneys were repaid, and one-half was made over by the viscount to his brother, the general. The "vieil enfant," as Madame Ancelot calls the novelist, somehow or other expended all his resources, when he was luckily once more reinstated by the generosity of an old lady. It was then that he set up his carriage and opened his salons in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. Chateaubriand never wore more than a little bit of red ribbon. D'Arlincourt used to receive his friends with three diamond stars, two great crosses, and seventeen smaller decorations on his breast. He was aristocratic ostentation personified. The arms on his carriage were upon a gigantic scale. His equipage and servants rivalled those of a sheriff of London. Madame Ancelot calls his salons "soirées de vanité." His devotion to the cause of Legitimacy led him to pay a visit to the exiles of Frosdorff. When about to quit them, he could not help sighing how dull they would be. When questioned as to his meaning, he said, "Why, have I not been reading my works to them every evening for a fortnight." He used to say that Paris was solely occupied with its two viscounts (Chateaubriand and himself)—the two great writers of the nineteenth century!

D'Arlincourt wrote a tragedy called "Le Siége de Paris." One of the characters had to say:

J'habite à la montagne, et j'aime à la vallée.

"A l'avaler!" exclaimed some one, loud enough to be heard all over the house. A little further on occurred the following line:

Mon vieux père, en ce lieu, seul à manger m'apporte.

"Seul a mangé ma porte!" repeated the same voice.

"What an appetite!" echoed others, "to swallow a mountain and eat a door!" And the whole house was confused with laughter. D'Arlincourt rubbed his hands and said, "It is like Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo." After all, it is conceded that D'Arlincourt was a good man, vain and frivolous to a degree, but he never said or did a thing to hurt or injure a fellow-creature. Yet was the decline of the old man's life embittered by a long prosecution for a sad attempt he made to pen some pages of contemporaneous history. He was a sheep among the wolves!

The Marquis de Custine, best known in this country for his "Revelations of Russian Society," is described as a "vrai gentilhomme." He belonged to the old nobility, was allied to the first French families, and was, moreover, one of the last representatives of that intellectual sharpness of which the Prince de Ligne had been the embodiment, Montesquieu the interpreter, and Voltaire the expression. M. de Custine satirised England quite as much as he did Russia; but while Russia resented the onslaught, England never noticed it.

"C'est qu'elle est trop fière," says Madame Ancelot, "cette belle dame sûre de sa force, et qu'elle dit comme le Scythe devant Alexandre: 'Nous ne craignons que Dieu, et nous ne comptoms qu'avec lui.' "

England was, however, revenged. M. de Custine wrote a tragedy, and paid—ay, paid over and over again, in the current coin of the

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realm—to have it produced at the Porte Saint-Martin, where it was hissed off the stage. So thoroughly had the marquis been fleeced, that a celebrated actor said to the director, perceiving that he was going away,

"What! are you going to let him off? He has got his watch yet!"

M. de Custine's salons would have been the best in Paris, but they failed in the one great essential to success—continuity. He was never quiet—always away in one direction or another—till it was said of him that he knew London, Petersburg, and Madrid better than Paris.

The salons of olden times, Madame Ancelot tells us, are now gone by. They are so many *foyers éteints*—hearths that are dead, homes that are dispersed, domestic fires for ever extinguished! There are still soirées, where people are seated and crowded so that they cannot speak to one another; there are parties, where people are supposed to dance; and there are *réunions*, in which stockbrokers and bankers take the place of the gentlemen of former times, and of a nobility with historic names; but there is no longer the bond of union that existed of old—a complete equality. The only real equality that ever existed is that of intelligence, of education, of manners: never can a coarse and ignorant man be the equal of a well-informed, well-educated man. Nothing, concludes Madame Ancelot, can be more absurd than to introduce equality into the law without making education general. Admit this, would every person be alike intelligent, refined, high principled? There may and ought to be equality before the law; there never can be equality between all natures; nor is it likely that our amiable authoress's dream will ever be accomplished, or that France shall only be one vast "salon," filled with coequals in intelligence and education, holding out to one another the hand of friendship!

THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XIII.

THE CONCOMITANTS OF DEATH:—ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MILTON, GRAY, "TRISTRAM SHANDY," JEREMY TAYLOR, MONTAIGNE, YOUNG, GOLDSMITH, ISAAC DISRAELI, &c.—SICK-ROOMS AND CEMETERIES: THE "PRETTY PAGANISM" OF LEIGH HUNT, DOUGLAS JERROLD, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AND G. W. CURTIS.

And death is not so terrible in itself as the *concomitants* of it, a loathsome disease, pain, horror, &c.—BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, II. 3, § 5.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodièd, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, Canto VII.

THE above portraiture of Death, by gentle Edmund Spenser, as neither more nor less than, so to speak, a mere negation, is of a kind greatly affected by many who seek to divest the king of terrors of his

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terrors, the last enemy of his enmity and power to hurt. Not Death, they say, but the forerunners, associations, and accompaniments of Death, are really the occasion of apprehension and alarm. Not the mysterious Visitor himself, but his suite, his train of poursuivants, or rather the heralds he sends to prepare his way before him.

What says Michael the Archangel, in answer to Adam's piteous exclamation, after his dreadful *pre*-vision of Cain killing his brother Abel, "But have I now seen Death? Is this the way I must return to native dust? O sight of terror, foul and ugly to behold, horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"—

> To whom thus Michael: "Death thou hast seen
> In his first shape on man; but many shapes
> Of death, and many are the ways that lead
> To his grim cave, all dismal: yet to sense
> *More terrible at the outset, than within.*"

It is but the same thing we read in that familiar stanza of Gray's:

> Lo! in the vale of years beneath
> A grisly troop are seen,
> The painful family of Death,
> *More hideous than their Queen.*

Gray's private correspondence so far carries out this view, that we find him writing to Mason, when the latter had just lost his father: "It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea beforehand; and that your father suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible."

(Lest it should not already have been said often enough, let us here say once again, that our design in this Medley excludes the theological or religious aspect—so far at least as the religious element, in its more latent and indirect influences, *can* be excluded. Hence we quote only, not comment on, or question, Gray's mention of physical pain, as the only thing that makes death terrible. We see his drift, and the reader is by this time aware of ours.)

One of the most note-worthy portrayals of death as a mere negation, in the view thus taken of it, is perhaps to be found in one of Mr. Shandy's monologues for the behoof of his dear brother Toby. "There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room. Strip it of these,—What is it?

("'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby.)

"Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mournings, its plumes, escutcheons, and other mechanic aids—What is it?—*Better in battle!* (continued my father) . . . it is terrible no way—for consider, brother Toby, when we *are*, death is *not*;—and when death *is*, we are *not*." Whereupon, Uncle Toby lays down his pipe, to consider.

But let us have a safer authority in philosophic divinity than Tristram's too crotchety sire. The passage to be quoted bears internal evidence throughout of the "golden mouth" that uttered it, our English Chrysostom, Bishop Jeremy Taylor: "Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-

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makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchers; and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die."

To the same effect, however, and almost in the same terms, had Montaigne written, nearly a century before (indeed, when the reader has read our next excerpt, he will be sure that Jeremy Taylor must have read it too). Often had he asked himself why death appeared less frightful in battle than in bed, and to hinds and paupers than to sybarites and peers. "And I do verily believe," he concludes, "that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out that more terrify us than the thing itself. An entirely new way of living, the cries of mothers, wives, and children, the visits of astonished and afflicted friends, the attendance of pale and blubbering servants, a dark room set round with burning tapers, our beds environed with physicians and divines; in short, nothing but ghostliness and horror round about us, render it so formidable that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already. Children are afraid even of those they love best, and are best acquainted with, when disguised in a visor, and so are we: the visor must be removed as well from things as persons; which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same death that a mean servant or a poor chamber-maid died a day or two ago, without any manner of apprehension or concern." Happy therefore, Michael (*not* the Archangel) consistently infers, is the death that deprives us of the leisure for (what he calls) such grand preparations.

Young argues in the same strain, in his own sonorous (some think soporific) verse:

> Why start at death? Where is he? Death arrived,
> Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here.

(That is Walter Shandy's logic. And what follows is Mr. Shandy's, and Montaigne's, and Bp. Taylor's, all in one):

> Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
> Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
> The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
> The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,
> These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
> The terrors of the living, not the dead.
> Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
> Man makes a death, which nature never made;
> Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
> And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

When that shrewd observer, the travelled Lien Chi Altangi, Citizen of the World, was engaged upon his Chinese Letters, he did not forget to acquaint his Pekin correspondent with the curiosities, as he thought them, of an Englishman's death-bed. After enumerating various seeming anomalies, "Besides all this," he continues, "the chamber is darkened,

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the whole house echoes to the cries of the wife, the lamentations of the children, the grief of the servants, and the sighs of friends. The bed is surrounded with priests and doctors in black, and only flambeaux emit a yellow gloom. Where is the man, how intrepid soever, that would not shrink at such a hideous solemnity?" Had Goldsmith's Chinaman too read Montaigne?

But why ask? The theme is a common-place. If Goldsmith had not read Montaigne, he *had* read Bacon; and Bacon had thus paraphrased Seneca's *Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa:* "Groans, and convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible." Or, had he forgotten Bacon and Seneca both, the subject itself was too prominent, in its everywhere and every-day manifestations, to be overlooked.

Disraeli the elder commends the ancients for not polluting their imagination with the contents of a charnel-house, and for their manner of veiling the painful recollections of death by symbols of indirect allusion to it—a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, &c. And he deprecates the introduction of "that stalking skeleton, suggesting so many false and sepulchral ideas, and which for us has so long served as the image of death." Which introduction is traced to that period of Europe's general gloom, when the end of the world was regarded as imminent: then first they "beheld the grave yawn, and Death, in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy, parading through the universe." The people were frightened, as they viewed everywhere hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their "pale cloisters," the most revolting emblems of death. They startled the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table and chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rings, while the illuminators shaded the bony phantom in the margin of their *horæ*, their primers, and their breviaries.—The "pretty paganism" of Isaac Disraeli has found various sympathisers in these latter times. Jews, infidels, and heretics, of one sort or another, are not wanting—whether veritable Christians be so or not—to cry down the habit we have of investing the death-bed with gloomy associations. Leigh Hunt's well-known essay "On Death and Burial" deprecates the sombre accompaniments of drawn curtains, and obtrusive vials, and nurses, and terrible whispers, "and perhaps the continual application of handkerchiefs to weeping eyes." "But having lost our friend, we must still continue to add to our own misery at the circumstance. We must heap about the recollection of our loss all the most gloomy and distasteful circumstances we can contrive, and thus, perhaps, absolutely incline ourselves to think as little of him as possible. We wrap the body in ghastly habiliments, put it in as tasteless a piece of furniture as we can invent, dress ourselves in the gloomiest of colours, awake the barbarous monotony of the church bell (to frighten every sick person in the neighbourhood), call about us a set of officious mechanics, of all sorts, who are counting their shillings, as it were, by the tears that we shed, and watching with jealousy every candle's end of their 'perquisites.' . . . . . Lastly, come tasteless tombstones and ridiculous epitaphs, with perhaps a skull and cross-bones at

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top." Whereas the ancients did not render the idea of death thus harshly distinct from that of life: they "did not extinguish all light and cheerfulness in their minds, and in things about them, as it were, on the instant; neither did they keep before one's eyes, with hypochondriacal pertinacity, the idea of death's-heads and skeletons, which, as representations of humanity, are something more absurd than the brick which the pedant carried about as the specimen of his house."

To this last thought a parallel passage occurs in the "Fragments" of the Hermit of Coney-hatch, who contends that death has been unfairly condemned by hearsay, and is, in fact, not so bad as he seems. "All the foul paraphernalia—the shroud, the winding-sheet—the wet heavy clay, the worm and corruption .... have no more to do with you than with the hare that may nibble the grass above what once was yours: no more touch you than they touch the red-faced urchins making chains of buttercups and daisies on a falsifying tombstone. .... It is the vile literalness of people's brains that gives an unhandsomeness to the dead bones of men; that makes them in the grave a part and parcel of the sentient thing.... We libel the sanctity of death when we dress it in artificial terrors. We profane it, when, applying a moral galvanism to its lineaments, we make it mope and mow at the weak and credulous. ..... To make a death's-head horrible—to preach from its pretended loathsomeness a lesson to the pride of humanity—to extract from it terrors to the spirit of man, whilst yet consorted with flesh and blood,—the churchyard moralist should prove that the skull remains the ghastly, comfortless prison of the soul,—that, for a certain period, it is ordained its blank and hideous dungeon. Then, indeed, would a death's-head be horrible; then would it appal a heart of stone and ribs of steel. But, good sexton-preacher, when now you show me a skull, what do I look upon? The empty shell, through which the bird has risen to the day."

Another Hermit, of the same order, he of Clovernook, asks his visitor, "What think you of our churchyard? You see there are no cypresses; no weeping willows; no undertakers' yews; but sweet, odorous shrubs and orange-trees, with bud, blossom, and the ripe fruit; types of those who lie below.... No epitaphs, nor naked skulls, nor cross-bones carved in stone; nor cherub cheeks, with marble tears; nor aught of the gimcrackery of woe that libels death, making the deliverer horrible. Beneficent death! In the churchyards of your outside world he sits like a blood-smeared Indian, counting his scalps. And then your tombstones! ... Are these the looks, the voices, the words of hope—the words of the faith the men professed to die in? It would be more than curious," the Hermit added, in a solemn voice, "if the spirits of the dead might write their own epitaphs."

Something of the kind had, indeed, been essayed by the author of "Rimini," in his very characteristic "Reflections of a dead body," where the freed spirit hovers over and addresses its recent tabernacle:

———And must love
Think of thee painfully? of stifling boards
'Gainst the free face, and of the irreverent worm?
To dust with thee, poor corpse! to dust and grass,
And the glad innocent worm, that does its duty
As thou dost thine in changing.

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Miles Coverdale, in Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance, when the talk is of fixing on a spot for a cemetery, is for choosing the rudest, roughest, most uncultivable spot, for Death's garden-ground; but only that Death may teach them to beautify it, grave by grave. "By our sweet, calm way of dying, and the airy elegance out of which we will shape our funeral rites, and the cheerful allegories which we will model into tombstones, the final scene shall lose its terrors; so that hereafter it may be happiness to live, and bliss to die. None of us must die young. Yet, should Providence ordain it so, the event shall not be sorrowful, but affect us with a tender, delicious, only half melancholy, and almost smiling pathos!"

That is to say—is *Hollingsworth's* comment—"you will die like a heathen, as you certainly live like one."

Let us hear, nevertheless, another American, of the same "heathen" school, on this vexed question. "Have you mastered the mystery of death?" asks the Howadji, of "Nile Notes" celebrity—"have you ever guessed its meaning? Are Mount Auburn and Greenwood [American cemeteries] truer teachers than the Theban tombs? Nature adorns death—even sets in smiles the face that shall smile no more. But you group round it hideous associations, and of the pale phantom make an appalling apparition. Broken columns, inverted torches, weeping angels and willows, are within the gates upon which you write, 'Whoso believeth in me shall never die.' Blackness and knolling bells, weepers and hopeless scraps of Scripture, these are the heavy stones that we roll against the sepulchres in which those lie whom you have baptised in His name, who came to abolish death.

"Why should not you conspire with nature to keep death beautiful, nor dare, when the soul has soared, to dishonour by the emblems of decay the temple it has consecrated and honoured? Lay it reverently, and pleasantly accompanied, in the earth, and there leave it for ever, nor know of skulls or cross-bones. Nor shall willows weep for a tree that is greener—nor a broken column symbolise work completed—nor inverted flame a pure fire ascending." But what this New World Howadji would like better than all—herein taking the same view as Leigh Hunt and other Old World-lings—is Urn Burial; first consuming the forsaken tenement "with incense at morning," and then, forgetting graveyards and cemeteries, how silent and solemn soever, treasuring the "dearest dust in sacred urns, so holding in your homes for ever those who have not forfeited, by death, the rights of home."

How far all this "pretty paganism" is consonant with a just estimate of Death, of the burden of its mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all its unintelligible world—it will be better, and easier, for the reader to consider, than for us to undertake to decide.

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AN ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA.

M. DUMAS FILS is evidently drifting into a tendency for putting things down, to which he devotes himself with an energy surpassing that of Sir Peter Laurie against the organ-grinders. Unfortunately, his efforts have not hitherto met with any success, save that of enriching the talented author. The *demi-monde* still flourishes, and speculators still flock to the Bourse despite the sad warnings the "Question d'Argent" held up to them. But M. Dumas was not to be daunted, and he has therefore selected another subject for popular representation, also touching on the evils of the day, and which has been received with immense applause,—so the French authorities on such matters tell us. As it is very unlikely that our readers will have an opportunity to estimate its value by a representation on an English stage, we purpose giving them a slight analysis of the story, and leave them to hold up their hands in pious horror that such things can form the subject of popular delectation across the Channel. The hero, ladies and gentlemen, is a natural son, and after that revelation, if you have the courage, you can follow us through the mazes of his career as described by M. Dumas fils.

The subject must necessarily be one of intense interest to the author, for it is notorious that he stands in the same position as the hero of his drama. Indeed, his father has confessed so much in his own Memoirs: "On the 29th of July, 1824, while the Duc de Montpensier was coming into the world, a Duc de Chartres was born to me, at No. 1, Place des Italiens." Now we know from the same source that the father was not married till some fifteen years later. However, Dumas père always behaved with great kindness to the lad, paying his school expenses, and magnanimously allowing him to take his name when his success at college showed the stuff that was in him. Papa fell into the habit of calling his son *son meilleur ouvrage*, and many people think him perfectly correct. Since then they have lived on terms of amity, only interrupted occasionally by the indiscreet revelations Dumas père would persist in making about family affairs through the columns of the *Mousquetaire*.

But while internally satisfied with his position, and appearing to take the goods the gods provided in a tranquil temper, the son does not seem internally satisfied with the false position into which his father's levity has thrust him. The wrong done him in his birthright must have been long gnawing at his heartstrings, and has at length found an issue in the indignant protest which we have now under consideration. As a psychological study, then, "Le Fils Naturel" is one of the most curious revelations recently laid before us, and every line exhales that bitterness which the author has so long pent up. Of its merits as an acting drama we are unable to speak. In reading it does not appear so sparkling as its predecessors, but there is a degree of earnestness—we might almost call it solemnity—which possesses a certain charm. Of course, being the expression of French sentiments, it cannot but be exaggerated; but, take it all in all, it will not injure its author's well-merited reputation.

In the first act, which should be regarded as the prologue, we are introduced to *Clara*, daughter of poor country people, who has yielded to

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the dictates of her heart, and believed the glozing tales whispered in her ear by the young squire of the village. She is residing in Paris in a state of semi-matrimony, visited at rare intervals by her quasi-husband, and still happy in believing his promises and tending her boy, now three years of age. But a young woman residing in this fashion in Paris is regarded as fair game by the gallants, and among other aspirants her young landlord takes the field. He is very rich, and might be happy, were it not that he is certain of death within a short period; so he adheres to the axiom of a short life and a merry one, and spends his time in dissipation. In a conversation he holds with *Clara's* aunt, he makes various allusions to the state of his mind, and offers to employ *Clara* as embroideress. For, be it remembered, *Clara* is too proud to take money from the man who is not her husband, and prefers seeking her livelihood by honest industry. The following little bit is very sparkling:

Lucien. I suppose that embroidering does not bring in much?

Madame Gervais. If persons like yourself, who give money so readily to women who do nothing, were to know what labour a woman who works has to go through before she can earn twenty francs, they would feel some remorse, by my faith! Their only excuse is that they do not know it.

Lucien. Sell me some embroidery: I should like nothing better than to buy some.

Madame Gervais. What use can you make of it?

Lucien. For those ladies who do nothing. I would pay them in goods instead of money: they would be furious.

While *Clara* is making her simple preparations for the dinner, which her husband will eat with her that day, an old provincial friend, *Aristide*, makes his appearance. He is in high spirits, for he is about to marry his master's daughter, and take to the notarial business. His description of the courtship is capital:

Clara. As far as I can remember, she was pretty.

Aristide. She is so still; prettier than ever. She has a *nez retroussé*, and I don't dislike those little noses that move when the mouth is speaking, they animate a face; and she is in good health—perfect country health—and is somewhat stout. But, when you love a woman, the more there is of her——And she is kind-hearted, and I mustn't joke with her about love, or she would cry. If she were to hear me now!

Clara. You love her?

Aristide. Oh! I adore her. She'll bring me a lot of plump children, round as apples—she'll suckle them herself—and she'll look after the house—and there'll be plenty of linen in the presses—and she'll make preserves for the winter. Oh! she's just the girl I had dreamed of.

Clara. And the father made no difficulties?

Aristide. On the contrary, he offered her to me. He saw that we were in love. It was plain enough: we composed heavy poetry at night—Lord Byron by the *kilo*—we uttered sighs to rust the hinges. She said to her father: "I love him—I want to marry him." The father answered: "Very good, marry him." He took me on one side and said: "My boy, I give you my daughter, and will sell you my office at half its value; you can pay me when it is in your power." I ran to tell my father how matters stood, and he said, "Aha! they want to humiliate me, do they?—wait a while!" and he settled forty thousand francs on me. But who'd believe that paper-hanging was so good a business?

After this outbreak of personal satisfaction, *Aristide* proceeds to cross-question *Clara* as to her position, for he knows all the facts. As a

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lawyer and man of the world, he does not like *M. Sternay's* conduct, and believes that his repeated excuses to defer the marriage are evidences of a heartless design on his part. *Clara* defends her husband, but is soon to have the truth of *Aristide's* remarks proved. *Sternay* arrives and employs the old pretext, that family matters compel him to undertake a lengthened journey to America. He offers her a settlement of two thousand francs a year, and *Clara*, woman-like, believes all he says. So soon as he is gone, however, *Lucien* comes in and tells *Clara* that *M. Sternay* is about to be married: she rushes off the stage in despair, and the curtain falls on the first act. When it rises again, an interval of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed, and we are brought into contact with the natural son. Things appear, however, to have gone more prosperously with him than with the majority of gentlemen in his situation, for he is in possession of a noble name and an ample fortune, being the while in blissful ignorance of his real position. Better than all, he is happy in the love of *Hermine*, niece of *M. Sternay*, to whom he has offered his hand with the assent of *Madame Sternay*. The following passage from a love-scene is charmingly and gracefully written:

Hermine. My mother often sang me that song, and "Fleuve du Tage."

Jacques. That is an air reminding me of my childhood.

Hermine. It is true, there are certain airs which appear like the ladder of remembrance, by means of which we descend into the most distant past. There is a tune which I can never recal without true emotion, "Ma bonne tante Marguerite." When I hear it by chance, it summons up quite a picture before my eyes. It was the favourite song of my grandmamma, not the marchioness—the one who is to arrive to-day, she never sang in her life—but of my maternal grandmother, who died ten years ago. I fancy I can still see her by the side of the fire, with her beautiful white hair, which she formed coquettishly into two rolls under her bright-ribboned cap. She was all gaiety. I would sit on a cushion at her feet; I rested my head on her knees, and fell asleep, lulled by that gently-sung melody. For a while, the conversation of grown-up persons—my father, mother, and friends—buzzed in my ear; then my mother would take me up in her arms, and I felt her lay me on my bed. She kissed me, and I returned it half asleep, then stammered my prayer, and fell off in sleep. Do you remember the same?

Jacques. Yes; except that, so long as I can remember, my mother was always alone. She worked by my bedside; she lulled me to sleep with a gentle, melancholy tune, for she was often sad; and, like you, I passed from waking to sleep between two kisses.

Hermine. How strange that men and women should all have the same recollections of childhood.

Jacques. It is because childhood was the same for every being that has loved his mother, and has been loved by her.

Hermine. Tell me, do you regret that such a time has passed away?

Jacques. No. I like better my present age, when I feel, I see. I understand when my chagrin has a cause, and my joy a reason. When a man arrives at the height of his powers, and the maturity of his reason, and makes an accurate investigation of the great sensations of his mind and heart, why should he regret a period of ignorance and weakness, when nothing affected him, either joy or sorrow? Thus, I was quite a child when I lost my father; I cannot even call him to mind; my mother told me so. Why, at an age when the sight of you causes me such intense joy, should I regret the age when I did not notice my father's death? No! believe me, man does not begin to live till he begins to comprehend.

Hermine. And yet I, who lost my parents at an age when I had begun to

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comprehend what an intense loss I was undergoing, have continued to live, and have ended, if not by forgetting that double death, at least by familiarising myself with this mournful reminiscence. Is not that ingratitude?

Jacques. You have followed the law of nature, which forbids eternal regrets. Men and women have a multitude of duties to fulfil, which force them to look ever before them, and accustom themselves to the loss of their dearest affections. The world would have come to an end prematurely had the first child been unable to survive the first mother.

Hermine. To me life is terrifying with the certainty that you cannot rest on anything. It is enough to make one despair of everything.

Jacques. Why not profit by the day, because we know that night will arrive? why doubt of the spring, because we foresee a winter? why deny life on behalf of death? You are eighteen, I am twenty-three; I love you, you love me a little; the world is ours. Then, the years will bring with them the disenchantment of certain things, and, at the same time, the revelation of certain others; let the years do their part. We shall grow old, we shall lull our children with songs they will recal some day, as we recalled so recently those of our parents; and full of youth, of strength, of love, as we are now, a day will come when we shall only be useful to play the part of grandpapa and grandmamma, loved for the sugar-plums in our pockets, until there will only be left of us two motionless portraits hanging on the wall of our grandchildren's room, who will become in their turn what we have been, and so in succession. Such is life in its most simple and regular expression. It appears gloomy when we bring the glowing enthusiasm of the present side by side with the cold habits of a future age; but when time, by the assistance of the gradations of which nature has imparted to it the secret, has quietly led us, resting on each other, to that other horizon, we shall be glad to rest ourselves; and if the offer were made us to recommence the journey, we should refuse.

Hermine. It may be so; but I would sooner talk of the present or the past than of that great but gloomy future.

But the young lovers' hopes are destined to be nipped by the arrival of the old marchioness, *Sternay's* mother, who, as her brother the marquis says, looks like Louis XIV. in his gardens of Versailles, and seems to be presenting arms to herself. Even the name of the aspirant to *Hermine's* hand appears to her suspicious: she never heard of a *M. de Boisceny*, although there was formerly a Boisrémy, first groom to Charles X. However, she presumes that the title came from the Empire, and that his father gained some great battle.* An admirable sparring match then ensues between the marquis and his sister, in which the former reminds her that no great honour ought to be attached to their origin.

The Marquis. Come, my dear sister, we must have an explanation, once for all. You are a demoiselle D'Orgebac; we are both descended from the D'Orgebacs, and we boast, at least you do, about having royal blood in our veins, the great King Henri IV. having evinced his kindness, as they say, to one of our female ancestors. It is curious, by the way, that a woman's fault in a family should be a patent of nobility for her descendants. But things were arranged so, and personally I have no objection. With a little good-will we might, perhaps, have claims to the crown of France, but I believe it would be useless to put them in.

The Marchioness. Go on—go on, pray; don't feel embarrassed.

* What an admirable touch is this! The affectations of the old *régime*, which could not be expected to know the name of the Napoleonic triumphs, have never been so cauterised before. Such passages as these reveal the talent of the author more, even, than his most elaborate plots.

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The Marquis. I would say, then, that during the revolution, the period of exile and misery, you made a present of your nobility and your hand to M. Sternay, contractor.

The Marchioness. Architect.

The Marquis. Architect, if you like it, who is the father of your two sons, of whom one is a ship-builder, and the other died a general of division, which is highly honourable. The latter was the father of Hermine; and I am bound to say that, when you know her, you will find her father's firmness of character in the daughter.

The Marchioness. And a pretty present he made her.

The Marquis. When the Empire came, you put on your visiting cards, "Madame Sternay, née D'Orgebac;" when your husband died, you only signed "Marchioness d'Orgebac," and ended by believing that your children were of the first nobility in France. It is an error, my poor sister—it is even more, it is an absurdity—which is forgiven you because you are an old woman, and in France we are apt to forgive all sorts of absurdity; but when we are *en famille*, and a question arises as to the nobility of a claimant to Hermine's hand, you cannot demand too much, because you are a bourgeoise, and your children are bourgeois, and are not ashamed of it. It is I who am noble; only I have the right to bear the title and name of the D'Orgebacs, which would not be of the slightest use to me had I not had the excellent idea of making my fortune in India; and as I have no children, the great name of the D'Orgebacs, rendered so illustrious by the freaks of our ancestress Christine Angélique, Countess d'Orgebac, Lady of Parvilliers, and of other places, will become extinct on the day when I consent to die, nobles like myself only dying on the day when they think proper. Believe me, my sister, let us prove our nobility by our qualities, and not by exaggerating our nobility; do not be angry with your son for having attached his name to an honest trade—there are other defects to criticise; and let us not examine M. de Boisceny too closely about the antiquity of his name. The important point is, whether he is an honest man, loves Hermine, and is loved by her in turn. It is the man that makes the title, and not the title the man. And with that I sit down, for I never spoke so much before, not even in the House of Peers, to which I belong, and to which you do not, my sister. What a disgrace!

The marchioness's predictions are wonderfully fulfilled by the appearance of *Aristide*, who, in his official capacity of notary, tells her who *Jacques* really is, and tries in vain to persuade her into expiating the sin her son had committed by giving *Jacques* the hand of her niece, and thus tacitly receiving him into the family. *Jacques*, outraged by the secret now confided to him for the first time, learns from his mother that their money was left them by *Lucien*, with whom she lived as nurse, after indignantly rejecting the money *Sternay* had wished to settle on her. A stormy interview ensues with the father, who parades all the platitudes usually employed, and ends by declining to recognise his son legally. *Jacques*, crushed by the sudden weight of grief, assents to the justice of his remarks, and gives up all claim to *Hermine's* hand.

At the commencement of the third act we find *M. Sternay* retired from business, and ambitioning a political career. To aid his progress, however, he wishes to induce the old marquis to adopt him as his heir. Unaccountably, however, the marquis declines, and tells his nephew point-blank that he does not approve of his conduct to his son. On *Sternay* naturally expressing his surprise that the old bachelor should entertain such moral views, the marquis replies firmly:

My dear fellow, I cannot reproach myself with ever having compromised a

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wife or dishonoured a daughter. Fortunately, I have always met with persons who had taken their precautions beforehand. I have only had table d'hôte amours. I eat of the dish handed to me by my neighbour on the right, passed it on to my neighbour on the left, and went my way.

The family assembles, and, to their surprise, in walks *Jacques*, to take his leave of the marquis, prior to going abroad. To the horror of the marchioness, *Hermine* assures *Jacques* of her firm love to him, and quietly states that she shall await her majority, when she will marry him, if her relations do not give their consent before. She is haled off to her convent again *instanter*, leaving the stage to *Jacques* and his father. In the course of the conversation, *Jacques* surprises him by the information that he is secretary of a minister, and on the eve of starting for the East, whither an important mission has been entrusted to him. To add to *Sternay's* perplexities, the old marquis tells the circumstances of the case to his wife, who upbraids him for his reserve, and terrifies him by the statement that the marquis is strenuously inclined to adopt the natural son as his heir. A very amusing scene occurs, in which *Aristide* proves logically that *Sternay* has no legal right to his son, and that the marquis can adopt him at once. *Sternay* then offers a compromise. If the marquis will adopt him, he is prepared to recognise *Jacques*, or, as *Aristide* tersely puts it, "Passez-moi le séné, je prendrai la rhubarbe." To this the marquis assents, and nothing is left but to find *Jacques* and inform him of his good fortune. But where is he? That, the fourth act will tell us.

On the curtain drawing up, we find the marchioness busily engaged in cajoling *Clara*, and offering her polite attentions, which *Aristide* regards with an air of suspicion, exposing his views as thus:

I have my own notions: I do not believe that at the age the marchioness has reached, old habits, and associations, and prejudices can be put aside, except from interested motives. She is flattering you—nothing else. She is not the woman to become good-hearted in a moment. A person who has not a heart when young, will never have one. The heart is not a winter fruit; it does not grow in the snow. Ah! if I were Jacques——"

Clara. Oh, pray, do not give him bad advice.

Aristide. You can be calm; it would be the first time. I promised to say nothing, and will not; but you cannot prevent me from seeing and judging facts. M. Sternay did not recognise his son for twenty-five years. At the end of that time, he consents to recognise him. Why? Because his son is in a position to do him honour, and because he gains his uncle's title. The marchioness, his mother, wished to have you turned out of her house when you came to protest against the abandonment of your child, and to-day she recognises Jacques as her grandson. And why? Because her brother consents to give M. Sternay his title, and consequently his fortune, which amounts to six or seven hundred thousand francs. She has paid you four visits in the same number of days. Why did she not come sooner? Because she did not know, four days ago, what she has learned since, namely, that Jacques has fulfilled an important mission; that all the papers are talking of him; that he can cast renown upon the family; that he is well respected at court; and that by his influence anything required may be obtained. The marchioness, perhaps, loves her son—M. Sternay, perhaps, loves his mother—but that she loves you, or M. Sternay loves Jacques, no, no, a thousand times no! it is pride, calculation, ambition, anything you please, but not paternal love. I am a connoisseur in that. I know what it is to be a father. I am so often enough—you cannot tell me anything about it. I have spoken.

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The couple are soon interrupted by the arrival of the marquis and *Sternay*, for the latter is most impatient to recognise his son. During *Jacques's* absence he has been telling all the world who he is, and feeling intense pride in his son. In reply to his exaggerated eulogium on *Jacques*, the marquis says:

I know not if your son, madame, has absolutely effected all that M. Sternay says, but he has certainly rendered a great service to his country. Everything may be expected from a man of heart, whom misfortune has gifted with courage and ambition. It is a further proof that we ought to estimate a man by his works alone, no matter what his origin may be. Who knows if this child of the people, now running barefoot through the street with young scamps of his own age, will not add some day a discovery to the catalogue of humanity, or this poor little being, whom its mother carefully enters among the nameless children, may not bear in its brain the destiny of the world! God is everywhere; suffer Him to act, and let us not judge until He has terminated. The other evening the name of Jacques was mentioned at a party, and some one said, musingly, "It seems that he is a natural son, whom his father would never acknowledge." "All the worse for his father," said the English ambassador, who was present. When man is the son of his own deeds, he belongs to the best family in the world, and the name a man makes is frequently worth more than that handed down to him.

Much finessing takes place between *Clara* and *Sternay*, to induce the former to retire into obscurity for fear of compromising the interests of her son. She gladly consents to anything, so proud is she of her son being acknowledged by his father, but will make no response till she has consulted *Jacques*. Soon after, the son enters, and hears from his mother all the events that have occurred during his absence. He tells her that he has selected a distant consulate as the reward of his services, and asks her if she be ready to accompany him. We need not say how gladly she consents. But there is a hitch: can she allow her son to give up his brilliant prospects merely for the sake of her selfish gratification? The doubt is resolved by *Jacques* himself, in a scene he has with the family. He appears sufficiently ungrateful not to appreciate the distinguished honour done him by his male parent. He leaves it to *Hermine* to decide for him whether he shall take the name offered him, or be satisfied with the one he had made for himself.

Jacques. Since the day when I was emboldened to tell you that I loved you, Hermine, many unexpected events have crossed my track. At the period when I first knew you, I fancied I had nothing in the world to do but love you.

Hermine. Do you no longer love me?

Jacques. On the contrary, I love you more. But I have grown ten years older during the last eighteen months. I am no longer a man of the world: I am no longer a young man, despite my age. I am a labourer, perhaps a struggler. I no longer belong to my feelings alone, I belong to my country, which rewards, in an exaggerated manner, the services I have been so fortunate as to render her. I must live far from France, from the associations and affections of your youth. Is not this too much to ask of you?

Hermine. Have I not lived in a convent for eighteen months, awaiting the day when I could become your wife? and, between ourselves, the convent was not particularly amusing. Do you believe that during that period I have not reflected nor guessed that there was a grief to console in your heart, a mystery to respect in your life, and that I must love you—not more, for that was impossible—but better—you understand me, do you not?—and that I must be

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more than your wife—must be your friend. I have thought deeply, Jacques, I repeat it, and I believe I am the companion you need.

Jacques. Now it is my duty to tell you of the misfortune you have foreboded. The man you love, Hermine, is a natural child. My mother was never married, my father never acknowledged me as his son. That is the reason why the marchioness opposed our marriage. She reproached me with my birth, and found it unpardonable. Do you now consent that my mother should call you her daughter?

Hermine. She is your mother, Jacques—I require to know no more.

Jacques. And now give me your advice. My father still lives. He forgot me for more than twenty years; he offers me his name to-day. Ought I to accept that name, and the title that accompanies it, or retain my mother's name?

Hermine. You must pardon your father, Jacques, because it is our duty to forgive everybody; but you must keep the name which you have already rendered distinguished, and which you will make more so. This name, when borne by you, is your mother's absolution, and the reward for what she has done for her son. For my part I require no other, so proud am I of it.

Poor *M. Sternay* is humiliously defeated; all his plans appear blown to the winds by this breach of the agreement he had proposed to make. But *Jacques* was a generous enemy. Knowing how much his father desired a patent of nobility, he had accepted that distinction for him from the minister. Such is the revenge he takes for twenty-five years of neglect; and the curtain, we may assume, falls on a very graceful tableau, such as French stage-managers produce with much artistic skill and taste.

There can be no doubt that the plot of this singular play is very admirably worked out, and though it may be alleged that the author has an easy fight of it, being able to turn the arguments *pro* and *con* at his good pleasure, still we cannot gainsay the remarkable talent displayed. We regard it as the most thoughtful and finished of M. Dumas fils's productions; and though it is possible it may not meet with all the success that accompanied its predecessors, this will result not from any defect on the part of the author, but rather from the limited field in which the interest is concentrated. At any rate, the diction is far more chaste than that prevalent in the former plays, and leads us to indulge in the hope that when M. Dumas fils has safely emerged from the boisterous pleasures of youth, he will live to become one of the greatest writers his country, so fertile in great writers, has hitherto produced.

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QUEEN STORK.

BY HENRY SPICER, ESQ.

II.

QUEEN STORK's power was now completely established. The school submitted at discretion. Often and often since I have wondered at the completeness of our subjection. Positively, we were more like the slaves of some Eastern despot than pupils at an English school. There was, to be sure, an odd sort of pleasure in submitting to the rule of the heroine of so many romantic dreams. Then there was a self-complacent feeling that we were yielding rather to a principle than to outward compulsion. Perhaps, too, one cause of the princess's extraordinary influence lay in the utter absence of the slightest familiarity of intercourse; not a word of civility, far less of praise or approval, ever passed her lips. Rewards were out of the question. Those who did well were simply not punished. On the other hand, in correction, she was sternness itself. She rarely, indeed, resorted to the rod—never again in the case of a senior. It had become a fashion to obey her least command, and she would have been at a loss for any serious provocation. But impositions, confinement to school, bread-and-water diet, badges of disgrace, were dispensed with a merciless hand.

In addition, she doubled all the regular tasks, and managed, in various ways, so to stimulate the energies of the school, that I am sure, in the five weeks of her iron rule, our education was advanced by at least as many months. I'm bound to admit that, while she furnished our heads, she did not neglect our stomachs. A remarkable change came over the housekeeping department, such as could not possibly be owing to Queen Mob. The dinners were beautifully cooked, plentiful and excellent, hearts being altogether omitted. Coffee and chocolate were provided for those who preferred them. Even "Will's basket" underwent an enforced improvement, and that most fraudulent purveyor found himself, to his extreme disgust, compelled to provide new and wholesome cakes, at a reduced profit of only fifty per cent.

I must go back a little.

Though the princess had, one might imagine, enjoyed a sufficient revenge, it was evident she could not forgive Harry Maitland. Not in the least was she mollified by his subsequent submission. In vain the poor fellow laboured to regain her good opinion. Perfectly just in everything else, with *him* she seemed to go out of her way to seek causes of irritation. Sometimes she would treat him with contemptuous neglect, passing him over in the class as though he were invisible; at other times my lady would pounce upon him with a difficult passage—nay, with the entire lesson, and woe to him if he made a single error!

Once she compelled him to repeat three times over a particular passage, on the pretence that he did not read distinctly; and for a slight impatience in his tone on the third attempt to please her, gave him a thousand lines of Homer to write out and learn by heart! It cost him five days' confinement, and was exacted to the last letter!

But the most trying thing of all was this. There was a chap in one

of the junior classes who happened to be a favourite of Harry's. He was a clever boy, but had a singular defect of memory, arising from nervous sensibility, which caused him frequently to break down in class, though a moment before completely master of the lesson. He went up one morning, a little beaten by the double task, and as he passed his friend Harry, who sat within speaking distance of the platform, cast an appealing look at him, which Harry could not fail to understand. Whether the princess's eagle eye discerned it also, I can't say; at all events, she, on the instant, singled out poor little Freddy as her victim, and with the first sharp question knocked all that remained of the lesson out of his head. Freddy fidgeted, coloured, began to cry—when Harry ventured a slight prompt. Carefully as it was managed, the princess's ear caught the sound. The boding smile appeared. Presently the class was dismissed, Freddy ordered to remain, and "Mr. Weekes" summoned to a conference.

Poor Freddy, who had never been punished before, and had an especial dread of pain, displayed such an agony of terror that Maitland determined to intercede. He respectfully approached the princess, and, with manly deference, apologised for the interference, pointing out that the fault was his, and offering to submit to any fitting penalty in place of the frightened Freddy.

The princess smiled haughtily, but gave no other answer, and poor Fred's shoulders had to bear their own burden, and, perhaps, thanks to Harry, a little more!

Now I dare say you wonder why, in the name of goodness, Harry bore all this so patiently.

It's not odd at all. Here's the secret. Now don't laugh. *Harry Maitland was in love!*

Upon my word of honour it's true. It was written, I suppose, in the book of his destiny that he *should* be spooney on the princess. For, without any kicking or splashing on Harry's part, that lady had quietly popped him into her net. He was gone, helpless, fettered—a captive and a slave. We couldn't chaff him much on the subject. It was no joke to Harry, and he cut up so fierce, that we were obliged to contemplate the rise and progress of his curious attachment in silent surprise. He was, we could perceive, not a little disgusted and annoyed with himself, and, I dare say, could not help feeling that there was something absurd in the grim satisfaction with which he found himself yielding to the caprices of his young tyrant. I believe that he was rather disappointed than otherwise that she never flogged him again; but she had better instruments of torture than the black rod, and reserved the operation of the latter chiefly for the benefit of Brome Debary and Charley Lysons, in whose breasts certainly no sentiment found room save those of intense hatred and burning vengeance.

One morning, a rumour prevailed that Styles's illness had taken one of its sudden turns; that he was, in fact, convalescent, and anxious to resume the duties of direction. It was perfectly true. Moreover, his medical advisers having recommended compliance with his wishes, it was announced that on the Tuesday following he would resume his place in school; the preceding day, Monday, being given up to a school *fête*, to be held in some woodlands in the vicinity, in honour of his recovery.

To say that we were not glad of the approaching change would be hardly true. *I* was, for one, for I was an idle young scamp, and, as

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snash, had no chance with the princess. Nevertheless, we had shaken into the new harness, and had, upon the whole, jogged on comfortably enough.

Poor Harry, however, was heart-sick at the idea of being delivered from his task-mistress. Unforgiven, too! After all his sufferings, and patience, and endeavours to conciliate, would she withdraw from the superintendence without one word, one look, to show that she was conscious of his repentance? It seemed too cruel. It was too true.

The last day of Queen Stork's authority arrived. During the concluding hours of business, she, for the first time, relaxed her haughty bearing. She complimented several boys on their improvement and diligence, making the silly chaps colour with pleasure. She shook hands with the leaders of the several classes—(Harry was second in *his*, and it went to his soul to see the little white hand conceal itself within the brown, cricket-hardened fist of old Bill Stumps); she actually thanked one big fellow, whom she had rather bullied, for the good feeling which had prompted his submission to her "needful severity;" she called up Brome Debary (whom she had flogged by the hand of Looby thirteen times), and, presenting him with a beautiful book, and a kind exhortation to peruse the same, sent him away in a passion of forgiving tears. To Looby Weekes she presented the black rod itself, not without a gentle intimation that, had he made its acquaintance earlier in his career, it was possible he might not still have been engaged in mortal strife with Corderius.

That remarkable relic remains still among the archives of the school, and a very pretty instrument it is. That *I* can tell you!

Five o'clock struck.

Jump! went Harry's heart, as if he had not expected it. What, not one word? Unjust to the last.

The princess rose, and locked her desk. The school rose also, and remained respectfully standing. Harry Maitland was so placed that she must approach him closely in order to leave the room. She bowed to the masters, then to the boys, turned, her eyes swept over Harry's speaking face, but there was no answer—none. The door opened—closed—she was gone!

Queen Stork had fulfilled her mission. She took the school in idleness, confusion, rebellion. She restored it in the most complete and healthy order, improved in manner, in feeling, in study. She took with her the unfeigned respect of seventy-three boys, and the heart of *one*.

The *fête* came off, as proposed. A glorious day, warm, with a soft, fresh breeze, that gives animation to everything, and calls out the light and colour from Nature's cheeks and eyes. (That's not *my* idea; it's from a fellow's theme, who had rather a flowery style.) The fun began with a splendid cricket-match, in which a neighbouring school were our antagonists, and got a jolly licking; Styles, who was always greatly interested in our successes, giving *5l.* among the winners. Then we had football, hare and hounds, and lots of other games, for which the playground at home was too confined.

At three o'clock we sat down on the grass, under some splendid sycamores, to a regular feast, and such a revel you never saw. Styles, though still weak, was in high spirits, and did his best to make everybody comfortable.

So did the princess.

She still wore her mask, of course, but she had also a round hat with a

fall of black lace that lessened the ugliness. Still, she looked strange enough; and the boys of the other school could not make her out at all, especially as we mystified them to the utmost. But, on this happy day, Queen Stork's grace and kindness, not to mention her beauty—for, whatever was the matter with her eyes, *we* knew well enough by this time that all the rest was beautiful—won everybody's heart.

And poor Harry! I forgot him; so, indeed, did many of us, for he disappeared early in the day. Once he threw himself into the path of his inexorable mistress, and she turned proudly away. Deeply wounded, the poor boy hurried from the scene of festivity, plunged into the thickest part of the woodland, and, after rambling about alone for some time, threw himself on the ground at the foot of an old oak. Here he lay, as he afterwards told us, listening to the just-distinguishable shouts of the merry-makers. It was now about four o'clock, the feast must be over, and they are no doubt drinking healths—Styles's, the princess's, even Queen Mob's. *He* lay there alone, as much forgotten as though he had never breathed. One only gleam of comfort visited his soul. Seeing how *she* hated him, she would rejoice in his absence (if, indeed, she noticed it), and *might*, he thought, give him credit for purposely removing an unwelcome object from her sight. But it was a mingled feeling; and, as it passed through his mind, caused his heart to swell, and certain unmanly drops to make the boughs he gazed on grow suddenly indistinct. I asked you not to laugh at him. However he came by it, it was his first great grief, his first great love; and I dare say he was, for the time, as unhappy as any of that disconsolate lot—the rejected lovers.

It's a very uncomfortable feeling that, of thinking everything in nature jollier than oneself. It doesn't seem fair, you see, that the very ants—(Harry might have crushed a score or so of them with a turn of his foot)—should be so happy and busy, nor did it seem altogether the thing, that a little flower close beside him should be turning a confident blue eye upward, as though it had never known an uncomfortable moment, while immortal man lay tossing, writhing, weeping, in helpless sorrow! (These observations, you must understand, are Harry's own—when he afterwards told us all about it.)

Harry thought he never could be happy again, and that he would rather die at once. But he was only fifteen, and even that effectual remedy seemed rather a shame. Then came into his mind, with a new pang, two lines of Homer, which occurred in his last imposition, where discontented Thetis is pitching into the Thunderer about her son:

So short a space the light of heav'n to view—
So short a space—and filled with sorrow too.

He almost felt it prophetic.

Exactly at this moment a sound, scarcely louder than a dropping leaf, caused him to look round. He leaped to his feet.

The princess!——

"What are you doing here, away from your companions?" she asked him, coldly.

"Nothing, as you see, Miss Percival," said Harry, with a dismal effort at a smile.

"They have nearly finished their repast. Why did you not join them?"

"I was not hungry."

"Give me the true reason."

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"I will," said Harry, colouring. "I left, Miss Percival, that—that there might be nothing to offend your sight, on a day which owes so much of its happiness to *you.*"

"On the contrary, you seem resolved to displease me, to the last. How should the absence of one of my—of Mr. Styles's—best scholars, gratify me?"

"Your manner assured me of it," said Harry.

"You might have had patience."

"Patience! Oh!" sighed poor Harry, and stopped.

The princess smiled involuntarily. Harry's heart revived and expanded like a frozen butterfly.

"Oh, Miss Percival," he began.

"What is the matter?"

"You have forgiven me?"

"I have, long since; but I had reasons for concealing it. To-day I meant to have told you; and to have thanked you, publicly, for the advantage derived from your good example. It is now your turn to pardon, if I have used too great severity. Do so, and forget both it and *me.* I leave this house to-morrow, and in this world we shall never meet again."

"Oh, do not say so!" cried Harry, in an agony. "Do you forgive me, Miss Percival, and make me happy with your generous praise, only to condemn me to a worse punishment than ever?"

"Singular boy! What do you mean?"

"I scarcely know, myself," said Harry, rather wildly. "Perhaps I am mad. Am I? Oh, then, pardon my disordered words, and believe that I would rather die than offend you. Miss Percival, you think that these five weeks have been a time of penance to me. They have been the most blessed of my life! I did, indeed, my utmost to avert your displeasure; but, when I *could* not, then the penalties with which you visited my unwilling offences were pleasant to me, since they were assigned by you; and now you leave us, suddenly—oh, how suddenly! And there is no longer peace, or hope, or happiness in the world! Oh, that I were that flower you are crushing with your foot. One moment, *then,* and I should never more be conscious of your absence, nor your scorn!"

Harry had sunk upon his knees at her feet.

The princess was strangely moved. You observe, Harry had said nothing about *love.* But he was talking to a woman. Bless you! *they* know, directly, when a fellow's in earnest and when he isn't, and often save you a deal of trouble! She laid her hand on the young bowed head:

"My bad, *poor* boy," she began——Then, with an effort, she regained her usual self-command. "Know you what it *is* you think you love? You have never seen my face."

A sudden thought rose in Harry's mind.

"Oh, *let* me see it. All."

"You seriously desire it?"

"With all my soul."

The princess hesitated.

"Have you courage?"

"For anything."

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"Reflect," she said, earnestly. "You know not what you ask. You may repent it. You *will*. Be satisfied."

"Be merciful," said Harry, eagerly. "Show me your face."

"Prepare, then."

She put her hand to the fillet. A moment's irresolution—then she tore it off.

Harry, nerved as he was, started back as though some one had thrust a candle in his face! Well he might. They were not eyes that beamed upon him, but a pair of sister-stars (so Harry, in his poetic fervour, described them), so bright that one wonders from whence eyes, set in the accustomed manner, in flesh and blood, derive such unfathomable depth and lustre. They were fringed, moreover, with silken guards, that must, when closed in sleep, have trespassed considerably upon the delicate cheek beneath.

Poor Harry almost felt inclined to shade his own, as he looked at these long-concealed glories, and wondered how even that artfully-hideous mask could have so effectually misrepresented them!

After a minute's pause the princess spoke:

"Now for the moral of the mystery," she said, with a sad smile. And, without replacing the mask, she sat down beneath the tree, and signed to Harry to do the like.

"About three years since, at little more than sixteen, I was engaged to be married to my cousin, Gordon Huntley."

"Gordon Huntley!" exclaimed Harry, involuntarily. "He whose extraordinary——"

"Let me speak without interruption," said his companion, almost fiercely, "or you will know no more. My story shall not try your patience.

"Our parents, almost from the cradle, projected our union, and, what seems marvellous enough, our early acquaintance with this fact led to no quarrels with our fate, or with each other! It would have been next to impossible to quarrel with Gordon. His nature was, in truth, almost too gentle and placable. I tried, more than once, to ruffle his complacent mood, for no better reason than to gratify myself with the novel employment of pouring oil upon the troubled waves. I looked on every side for a cause of dissension. Perseverance in that amiable pursuit is seldom unrewarded. My cousin had one singular fancy. His admiration of what he called my beauty, centred principally in my eyes! He would lie at my feet in perfect contentment, gazing upward at those organs, declaring that he knew their language as intimately as his mother tongue—could plead, jest, argue with them—and needed no other channel whatever for the interchange of ideas.

"At first this fancy amused me, then perplexed, and ended by positively irritating me. I felt as if the spell which seemed to fascinate *him* began to exercise some influence upon myself! My eyes began to talk at random. At all events, I would submit them no longer to his interpretation. Here, too, was the opportunity I needed, of testing his placability.

"One morning, when I had promised to walk with him, I made my appearance wearing one of the thickest veils I could find. It was closely wrought, and covered with black stars, which effectually concealed my eyes.

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"Gordon laughingly remonstrated, and begged leave to disencumber my bonnet of that disfigurement. I replied by securing it with a riband under my chin, and then quietly informed him that, until he gave me his promise to refrain from that gazing pastime which had ceased to be agreeable to me, I should not lay aside this shield. My cousin said little in reply; but either piqued by my tone, or imagining it a mere caprice, refused to make the promise I required.

"When, however, on the succeeding day, and the next, and next, I appeared similarly veiled, poor Gordon's patience gave way. Promise he would not, but he exhausted every argument and entreaty in his endeavour to make me rescind my determination. I remained firm: it was a fair trial of temper, one I had myself provoked; and, though fifty times on the eve of tearing off the object of contention and scattering it to the winds, I kept that better impulse under stern control.

"At the end of a week the crisis came. We were walking in a little wood near my mother's house. Gordon tried one last argument—speaking with a gentle but anxious persuasiveness that went to my heart. Conscience whispered it was no longer the question of a fragment of lace, but of gentleness, docility, obedience, promising wifely love thereafter. My fingers grew restless, were actually stealing towards the detested veil when my cousin, suddenly changing his tone, added,

"'But if you will not——'

"In a second, pride was in a blaze. I did not wait for the conclusion of what portended a threat.

"'Never, never,' I said, 'until you not only give me the promise I require, but apologise for this strange and unwarrantable persecution.'

"'Are you serious?' he said. 'Cousin'—his voice faltered—'for mercy's sake beware what you do. Do not jest with me. That is past. All is bitter earnest now. Decide, but not hastily. Take one minute——'

"'*One minute?*' Without a pulse's pause, I turned and walked away—away from love, from peace, from hope, from pardon, for ever, ever, in this weary world.

"I never saw him again; nor *I*, nor any that knew or loved him. He never returned to his home, nor bade farewell to any, by letter or by word. His wealth—for he was rich—remained without a master, as his fate without a clue.

"I, too, formed my resolution. The eyes I had refused to his loving gaze should never be looked upon by others—should do penance until his return, or until all rational hope of it was gone. I have worn this mask three years—three years. *These* are the eyes, boy; gaze on them, abhor them. Oh!" she continued, starting up with a burst of eager passion, "how long, how long must I endure this misery? Alas! my cousin, my friend, my love, my husband, whither did you turn?—what was your fate? Living you cannot be, too generous so to visit a miserable caprice. No; dead, *dead* in some cavern of the dumb, dark sea—slain in foreign battle—starved in the pathless wilderness! Oh! earth, earth, where did you hide my dead? Soul, speak *thou*—rebuke, condemn me; break but this fearful silence with one answering word. *Where, where,* oh WHERE?"

The last words echoed up the woodland with a wild, despairing sound. She threw up her head, and wrung her little hands in the bitterest anguish.

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Harry bowed his face. In the presence of that great sorrow, his own new-born sentiment dwindled into insignificance. At that instant there was a crashing through the boughs, and Fred Prowett, bursting into the open, rushed up out of breath.

"I thought I heard your voices. Please 'm, make haste, Mr. Styles wants you instantly—instantly."

"Not ill again, I trust?" cried the princess.

"Jolly as possible," said the excited youth. "He's in an arbour we have built for him, and he's got something to show you, a great curiosity. Nobody's to see it before *you*. So come, please, come."

She assented, and the lad was bounding away, when he halted suddenly:

"Hollo! I'd nearly forgotten half the message—it's Greek. I was to ask you—stop—yes—if you remember where *this* occurs in Euripides?

Εχεις γαρ παν, οσονπερ—

What's the matter?"

The princess had gone deadly white.

She made no attempt to answer—perhaps she couldn't—but she leaned on Harry's ready arm, and signed faintly her wish to move in the direction indicated.

It was in a pretty glade, where the boys (as Freddy had said) had constructed a bower of green boughs for their master, who was standing outside awaiting the return of his messenger.

As the princess drew near, Queen Mob hobbled from a side-walk, and was making the best of her way to accost her, when Styles interposed.

"Mabel!" he shouted, "at your peril!" (And he shook his fist half playfully at the old hag.) "That's *my* duty."

Then approaching the princess, he took her hand.

"My sweet cousin and fellow-student," he said, cheerfully, "with the greater portion of your sex I should stand on greater ceremony. I told you once you were no common woman, and as you are aware that I always test my theories by experiment, I now proceed to prove it."

She clasped her hands tightly together, and we saw her lips move. You could hardly hear what she murmured:

"Is Heaven so merciful?"

"'Abide in hope,'" said Styles, inclining his head. "And now, my cousin, since I see the brave heart already in battle order, constant for good and evil, look at me. Come hither, Freddy." He leaned his form, somewhat weakened by his recent illness, on the boy's shoulder, and continued:

"Though not an absolute Hercules, my cousin, I flatter myself I can yet execute some faint and feeble imitation of *one* of that hero's exploits. He, as you are aware, brought back a departed wife, what if *I* produce something which shall, I trust, shortly prove a living husband?"

He pulled out a branch from the arbour. Down went the entire front like a screen. There stood a noble soldier figure, the cheek a little thin and deeply browned with many a tropic sun.

"Gordon!"

With no shriek, but that blessed sigh that says so plainly, "Peace at last!" she fell forward into his arms.

That's all.

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THE GREEK BRIDE TO HER DEAD LOVER.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

I KNEW it when no joyful voice with triumph linked thy name,
When silently, with downcast eyes, the victors homeward came;
I felt it when the measured tread paused as they reached thy door—
It needed not that I should see the ghastly corse they bore;
Yet as thy bride *should* stand I stood beside thy bloody bier,
And if my heart felt like to burst, mine eye disdained a tear.

Ion! my cheek might change and pale, my lips gave forth no cry;
Why should I weep? Hast thou not died as thou hadst prayed to die?
But oh! a thousand wives were there—a thousand happy maids—
I saw them greet their heroes back, and kiss their sullied blades;
And I, my husband of a day—my first love and my last—
I felt that with *thy* proud young life *mine* had for ever past.

They told me of thy matchless deeds, I heard, or seemed to hear,
And I was calm in outward guise, for joyous crowds were near.
They said I should be glad and proud that *so* thy life had sped;
But, Ion, I could only feel that thou wert cold and dead;
And when they raised the thrilling hymns of victory and pride,
I strove in vain to join my voice to that exulting tide.

But now they hold their glad carouse, and we are left alone,
And I may give my grief its way—wilt thou not hear, mine own?
And I may kiss those lifeless lips, and smoothe thy sunny hair,
And gaze upon thy broad white brow, so stern and yet so fair.
Oh, Ion! Ion! shall my heart awake no warmth in thine?
Can Death himself so close thine ear to agony of mine?

The sun has risen from the sea, the waves are dyed with gold,
Like fiery banners on the sky her clouds hath Morn unrolled;
The bees are in the dewy flow'rs, the birds are singing loud—
What means this long and death-like sleep? why have they brought this shroud?
All bright and proud and glorious things their quiet slumbers break,
And Ion! Ion! my beloved! oh wilt *thou* not awake?

How shall I bear the load of life, and know that thine is o'er?
How shall I look upon our home, and feel 'tis *ours* no more?
I think how I shall sit alone beneath the sad white moon,
Recalling with an aching heart the dreams that passed too soon,
And through the long, long summer day, unbroken by thy tread,
My thoughts shall leave the things of life, and sorrow for the dead.

They come, they come—*they* must not see the icy veil of pride
From the death-chamber of my heart one moment drawn aside;
They shall not deem thy chosen wife a mate unmeet for thee—
No eye shall see, no ear shall hear, my hopeless misery—
A grief that knows nor hope nor fear, speaks not in plaint or sigh,
But, Ion! Ion! thou art gone, and I have but to die.

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A NIGHT OF TUMULT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO MUCH TO WEAR."

I.

THINGS were almost coming to a revolt: never were poor tenant-farmers so ground down and oppressed as those on the estate of Moat-Grange. Rents were raised, fines imposed, expenses, properly falling on landlords, refused to be paid or allowed for. Mr. Dalrymple, the present owner, was ruling with a hand of iron, hard and cruel.

As to the Grange itself, the dwelling mansion, it was the dreariest of the dreary. When Oscar Dalrymple, through the extravagance of his wife, had been rendered liable for heavy debts, he had sold off the better portion of the furniture, retained two or three of the rooms as habitable for himself, wife, and one servant, and closed the shutters of the rest. There they lived, a life of penuriousness; and Selina, Mrs. Dalrymple, would sometimes unlock the doors of the once familiar rooms, and pace alone about their dusty floors, in anger and remorse almost uncontrollable. Anger against her husband, who need not have proceeded to this extreme pass, and remorse for her own folly, which had led to it.

Three years went by, and things grew worse: more wretched in-doors, more oppression out. One day Mr. Lee came up to the Grange, a respectable farmer, who had rented all his life, and his father before him, under the Dalrymples.

"Sir," began Farmer Lee, without any circumlocution, when he was admitted to the presence of his landlord, "I am come up about that paper which has been sent to me from Jones, your lawyer. It's a notice that next Michaelmas, when my lease will expire, the rent is to be raised."

"Well?" said Mr. Dalrymple.

"A pound an acre."

"Well?"

"*A pound an acre*," repeated Farmer Lee, with increased emphasis, as if he thought he was not heard. "Jones must have made a mistake: you never could have told him that, sir. My daughters think he wrote it when he was drunk; for everybody knows that he has fits of drinking."

"They are the instructions I gave him, Mr. Lee."

"To raise my rent a pound a acre!" echoed the farmer, forgetting his grammar in his excitement.

"Exactly. The farm will bear it."

"No it won't bear it, sir, and I won't pay it."

"I am sorry for that, Mr. Lee, because it leaves only one alternative."

"And what's that?" asked Mr. Lee.

"To substitute in its place a notice to quit."

"To quit! to quit the farm! for me to quit my farm!" reiterated Mr. Lee, in his astonishment. "Why, it has been my home all my life, sir, and it was my father's afore me. I was born in that farm, Mr. Dal-

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rymple, years and years before you ever came into the world, and I mean to die in it."

Mr. Dalrymple did not acquiesce or object in words. He only looked at him with his impassive face, and cold, colourless eye.

"It's my labour, sir, that has made it what it is," continued the farmer. "When my poor old father died, it was not half the farm it is now. Early and late have I been at my post, working, myself, and seeing that my men worked. I have spared neither labour nor money to bring it to its present fine condition: you can't deny, Mr. Dalrymple, that it's the best worked and most flourishing land on the estate."

"My good sir, I do not deny it. I say as you do: that it is too flourishing to remain at its present low rent."

"The rent is not low, sir; the rent's a fair rent, fair for master and fair for tenant. Ask any impartial person, ask Mr. Cleveland, or ask Jones, and they'll say as I do. You don't seem to take into account, sir, that my money has brought it to what it is, and that I have not yet had a return for my money spent. If you raise the rent twenty shillings an acre, the money may just as well have been chucked into the dirt."

"I can make no alteration in my decision," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I have these complaints from day to day; nothing else but complaint. The land on my estate has considerably increased in value, yet those who reap the benefit object to pay a higher rent. I had two of you here yesterday, Watkins and Bumford."

"They have spent money upon their farms too, they have, and the land hasn't answered to it bad. Good farmers are Watkins and Bumford," nodded the speaker, approvingly, "but they have not spent half what I have. You see, sir, we never looked for Mr. Dalrymple's dying young, and——"

"Are you speaking of Charles Dalrymple?" interrupted the owner of Moat-Grange.

"No, poor fellow, I don't mean Mr. Charles, I mean his father. Squire Dalrymple did die young, sir, so to say; you can't call a man under fifty old. Well, he was a good landlord, and we were not afraid to lavish money on our farms, because we knew we should be allowed to reap its fruits ourselves. That's how it was, sir."

"Mr. Dalrymple's rule is past and gone: he was always indifferent to his own interests. Had he been more alive to them, his death would not have left his family in the helpless condition that it did."

"You mean Mr. Charles's death and your succession, sir," boldly returned the farmer, though his tone lost none of its respect. "When Squire Dalrymple died and Mr. Charles succeeded, the family still lived on in comfort at the Grange here, as they had done before. And as they would have done after, had he lived, generous young fellow."

"A squandering young profligate!" scornfully retorted Oscar Dalrymple.

"Well, he's gone, poor soul, and it will answer no end to speak for or against him, but he was a favourite on every road throughout the estate. And his death brought you to rule over us, and I am sorry to have to say, sir, that your rule's a very hard one."

"It will not be made easier," curtly rejoined Mr. Dalrymple. "I

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told Bumford and Watkins so yesterday. The terms proposed to you by Jones you must accept, or leave the farm."

The farmer took out his pocket-book: a huge leather affair which could never be got in or got out without damage to the pocket's entrance.

"Then I have got a bit of a document here, sir, which I needn't have shown, if you would have listened to reason without it. Somewhat better than six years ago, sir," he proceeded to explain, "when I was hesitating about laying out so much money upon the farm, knowing that my lease had entered on its last seven years, I put the question, right off-hand, to the squire: If I continued to lay out money on my land, and to build stables and else, as I wished to do, should I have the lease renewed on the same terms? And that's what he wrote me in reply. His end followed soon upon it."

Oscar Dalrymple took the note, yellow with lying by, from the farmer, and cast his eyes over it:

"DEAR LEE,—Put what money you like upon the farm, for I hereby pass you my word that at the expiration of the present lease, a fresh one shall be granted you on the same terms.

"Truly yours,

"R. DALRYMPLE."

"He thought of me and of this promise on his death-bed, the squire did," resumed the farmer, "and charged his son to fulfil it. Mr. Charles told me so himself, and that it should be all right."

"Charles and his father are gone," repeated Oscar Dalrymple, tossing back the letter with a gesture of contempt at Farmer Lee's simplicity. "That paper is not worth a farthing."

"Not in law; I am aware of that, sir: but I thought you'd need only look at it to act upon it. The squire was almost like a father to you, Mr. Dalrymple, and I never supposed but you would wish to carry out his wishes. I have felt as secure, having that document by me, as if it was a fresh lease."

Mr. Dalrymple rose. "I will not detain you longer, Mr. Lee, your time is valuable."

"And what's my answer, sir?"

"That you pay the additional rent demanded, or give up the farm."

Farmer Lee was a quiet man, little given to bursts of anger, but he could not control some harsh epithets, directed to Oscar Dalrymple, as he walked towards his own land. In turning sharply out of a field, he came upon two ladies, one young and very nice-looking, the other getting in years, of thin, white features and grey hair.

"Law, ma'am," cried he, touching his hat to the elder, "I'm glad to see you out again."

"Ay," she said, "I have had a long bout of it, the longest illness I ever had in my life. I am getting better, but slowly; and this fine spring day tempted me forth."

"And what is it that has been the matter?" asked the farmer. "We never could learn the rights of it. Old Reuben told my daughter Judith that it was as much weakness as anything."

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"Reuben was right," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "Weakness and grief, that has been chiefly the matter with me. Try as I will, Mr. Lee, I cannot overget my poor son's dreadful death. I have been ailing ever since, though it never told seriously upon my health till this last winter. And I have a great deal of trouble in many ways."

"Trouble, ma'am, there's nothing but trouble for all of us," spoke the farmer.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Lee," cried the young lady.

"Well, yes I do, miss: I remember your face. I think I had used to see you with poor Master Charles and the young ladies."

"I am Isabel Lynn; you remember now," she said, holding out her hand.

"Ay, I do," answered he, heartily shaking it. "And if what we used to think was true, we should have had you amongst us for good, had Master Charles lived."

She turned away her face, blushing deeply, almost to tears, with her unhappy remembrances.

"And a lucky thing if it had been you and Master Charles to reign at the Grange, instead of what is now. I don't mean any disrespect to Miss Selina, ma'am," he added to Mrs. Dalrymple, "you are not afraid I do; but her husband is a hard master."

"You need not tell me he is," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, her eye kindling. "I know it too well."

"A good many of our leases are out this year, and he is raising us all—raising us shamefully. Mine a pound an acre."

"A pound an acre!" echoed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Not a shilling less, ma'am. Jones sent me the notice yesterday, so I just put on my Sunday coat this morning and have been up to the Grange, and all the answer I have got is, that I may pay it or leave the farm. I showed him that letter of your husband's, ma'am, promising to renew the lease to me on the same terms to justify my laying out money on the land and homesteads. It was just as if I had shown him a bit of waste paper."

"Unjust!" murmured Mrs. Dalrymple.

"It's worse than unjust, ma'am, it's robbery. I laid out my hard savings under that specific promise, and I might just as well have chucked the money naked into the earth. There's nothing but oppression going on from one end of the farm to the other."

"And I fear that nothing else must be looked for from him," sighed Mrs. Dalrymple. "I wish he had never become my son-in-law. Selina is his wife, and the disgrace of these doings seems to reflect on us."

"It was a hard day that took Mr. Charles from us. Miss Lynn, I hope you won't forget to come and see us, while you are here; my daughters would feel hurt."

"Oh, I shall often come," she replied. "I am going to stay all the summer with Mrs. Dalrymple, if she will have me. Remember me to them."

They parted. At a distance, having stopped when his mistress stopped, whom he had been following, stood old Reuben, a most attached servant, who had served three generations of the family. When Charles Dalrymple died—or, to designate events correctly, when Charles Dal-

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rymple committed suicide—Reuben had returned to the service of his mother, Mrs. Dalrymple. But, with her son, Mrs. Dalrymple had lost her means, and she told Reuben that she could not afford to keep a man-servant, hardly a maid, but Reuben replied that he had saved more than enough money to keep himself, and should live with Mrs. Dalrymple without pay, and wait upon her—*he* shouldn't leave her to the mercies of a dirty maid-of-all-work. And so he had done.

The farmer stopped to greet Reuben, and the two expatiated for some minutes, to their hearts' content, *not* in favour of Oscar Dalrymple.

"Would you believe that he wanted to charge Mrs. Dalrymple rent for that poor house we are in? It's a fact: but don't you mention it again."

"Impossible," said the farmer. "On her own estate—at least, what was hers for years!"

"He did, and he gets it. Others manage it for her, for she couldn't afford to pay it. He is a bad man. Ah! if my poor young master had not been so rash! He would have come into the Dalrymple estates, Mr. Lee."

"What, Mr. Charles would?"

"As true as we are here," said Reuben. "The heir, Sir Charles's only son, is dead, and my poor Mr. Charles was the next heir. Though I dare say he never gave it a thought, in life, that the title and estates would ever drop to him."

"Why, he'd have come to be a baronet then, if he had lived!"

"A baronet with a large rent-roll. Sir Charles Dalrymple is in very bad health, and cannot last long."

"Does it come to that grasp-all?" breathlessly uttered the farmer, jerking his head in the direction of the Grange.

"No; more's the blessing," returned Reuben. "Moat-Grange was entailed on him, but Dalrymple's not. At Sir Charles's death the title lapses now: and I'm sure I don't know who'll get the money, except that it won't be Oscar Dalrymple; he's no favourite there. I hope Sir Charles will remember my poor mistress."

"If folks tell true," said the farmer, "it is Sir Charles who has helped her ever since our Master Charles died."

Reuben made no reply. He did not choose to assist the gossip of the neighbourhood.

"And to think that Master Charles should have made away with himself, through a bit of temporary embarrassment, when if he had stood it out and battled with the storm, he would have succeeded to Dalrymple!" uttered the amazed farmer, as he said good day to Reuben.

II.

POSITIVE rebellion came: open warfare between Oscar Dalrymple and his tenants. The notice of rent-raising, served upon several, had been withdrawn, and notice to quit substituted. To Farmer Lee amongst others. The farms were let over their heads, and it was known that the next thing would be ejectment. The whole neighbourhood, formerly so peaceable, was in excitement.

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Michaelmas-day was very near, and a meeting was held one night at Farmer Lee's. It could not be called a secret meeting, for the farmer would have disdained the name, but several stole to it with caution, conscious that their hearts were ready to speak treason against their landlord.

"Have ye heard the fresh movement?" asked Farmer Watkins, when he entered.

"I've heard it," responded an eager voice. "Thoms is out."

"How did they get him out at last?"

"Unroofed him."

"No!"

"They did. As they did last week by the huts on the common. It's shameful."

"The next ejectment will be me," said Farmer Lee. "They won't have to unroof this, though, for I shall go out quiet, when the time comes."

"You will?" echoed a neighbour, in surprise.

"What's the good of holding out? It would only draw down expense and trouble upon us. They have got the law on their side. We'll talk it over presently when all have come in, but I think we must decide to give up, and what one does, all had better do."

"Give in to the hardship?" roared a farmer.

"The thing's this," said Mr. Lee, who was the largest holder on the estate, "won't it make the hardship worse, to defy them?"

"Well, let Dalrymple look to himself," significantly observed Farmer Bumford. "He'll get served out, maybe."

"How can he? We have no power to serve him out."

"We haven't; and should be afraid to use it, perhaps, if we had. But that unfortunate lot he ejected from the common, they arn't afraid. They are all collecting there now, as I came by, and if there ain't mischief brewing, my name's not Dick Bumford."

"What do you think they will do?" asked Miss Judith Lee, who had entered to bring a large silver tankard of ale, and heard the last sentence with awe.

"Why, they'll duck Dalrymple in the nearest horse-pond, the first time they catch him abroad, that's my opinion," answered jolly Mr. Bumford.

"Is that all," said Miss Judith; "I feared you meant worse, for they are a lawless lot, if provoked. A ducking would do him good. Poor things," she added, "it's enough to make them lawless: the roofs torn off their heads and they forced out. I thought till now that such practices were confined to Ireland. What is he razing the cottages to the ground for?"

"To build up houses in their stead: which is what he means to do by Thoms's cottage. No danger that Oscar Dalrymple will go and unroof houses, unless they are to come down: he won't cost himself a useless penny."

The unfortunate lot, spoken of by Mr. Bumford, were collecting on the outskirts of the common, in view of their late homes, and had Mr. Dalrymple appeared then, he might have been thankful to escape with only a ducking, for anger and revenge were at work within them. The

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group were in harsh converse, when footsteps were heard advancing, and they turned their sullen faces towards the sound.

Who should it be but Mrs. Dalrymple of the Grange, Oscar's wife. She had been spending the day with her mother, and was now going home escorted by Reuben. She affected to look another way, perhaps afraid to look towards them. One of the body advanced and stood in her way.

"You'd hurry by, would you?" said he, in a tone that spoke more of plaint than threat. "Won't you turn your eyes once, to the ruin your husband has wrought? Look at the mud and mortar! If the walls warn't of warm brick or costly stone, they was good enough for us. Look at the spot! Them was our homes."

Selina trembled visibly. She was aware of the awful feeling abroad against her husband, and a dread rushed into her heart that they might be going to visit it on her. Would they ill-use her?—kill her?

Reuben spoke up: but he was old and weak, and powerless against so many, and he knew it; therefore his tone was more conciliating than it would otherwise have been.

"What do you mean by molesting Mrs. Dalrymple? Stand away, Dyke, and let her pass. You wouldn't hurt her: if she is Mr. Dalrymple's wife she was the squire's daughter, and *he* was always good to you."

"Stand away yourself, old man. Who said we was a going to hurt her?" roughly retorted Dyke. "'Taint likely, and you've said the reason why. Ma'am, do you see them ruins? Does they make you blush?"

"I am very sorry to see them, Dyke," answered Mrs. Dalrymple. "It is no fault of mine."

"Is it hard upon us, or not, that we should be turned out of the poor roofs that sheltered us? We paid our bit of rent, all on us, not one was a defaulter. How would you like to be turned out of your home, and told the poorhouse was afore you and a order for it, if you liked to go there?"

"I can only say how very sorry I am," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, much distressed, as well as terrified. "I wish I could help you. I wish I could put you into better cottages to-morrow, but I am as powerless as you are."

"Will you tell him to do it? We are a coming up to ask him. Will you tell him to come out and face us and look at them ruins, and then go and see our wives and babbies a huddling in barns, lent us out o' charity? Tell him, ma'am, please."

Dyke moved away, and Mrs. Dalrymple lost no time in speeding on to the Grange. Reuben, when he had seen her safe in, returned home.

Mr. Dalrymple was in the oak parlour, comfortless and cold-looking at that season without fire, when his wife entered. She threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

"I have been so terrified. As I came by the common, with Reuben, the men were there, and——"

"What men?" interrupted Mr. Dalrymple.

"Those you ejected from the cottages. They were not insolent to me, but they stopped me, and began to speak about their wrongs."

"Their—*wrongs*—did you say?"

"Yes, and I must say it," she firmly answered, goaded by fright and

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excitement to remonstrate against the injustice she had hitherto not dared to interfere with. "Cruel wrongs. Oscar, if you go on like this, oppressing all on the estate, you will be murdered as sure as you live. They will not bear it."

"Who will not bear it?"

"Any of them. I hear that there is a meeting at Lee's to-night."

"Their chance of meeting on my estate will soon be ended," calmly responded Oscar Dalrymple. "They are a set of wretches, all; all in league against me, and that determined me to get rid of them."

"It is your own fault that they are against you. They never were against papa."

He did not think it worth while to reply.

"It is cruel to the farmers, to turn them away, but it is doubly cruel to these men to have forced them from their cottages," continued Selina. "They paid their rent. Their wives and children, poor creatures, are in refuge in barns. The men said would I tell you to go out and look at them, huddling there. I would not have acted so, if I had not a shilling in the world, for I should expect a judgment to overtake me for my cruelty."

Mr. Dalrymple wheeled round his chair, and fixed his eyes on his wife.

"Whose cruel conduct has been the cause of it?" he asked, in his cold voice, ten times worse than another's anger. "Who got into secret debt, to the tune of some six or seven thousand pounds, and let the bills come in to me?"

She dropped her eyes then, for his reproach was true.

"And forced me to retrench, almost to starvation, and grind down the tenants, to keep me from a prison? Was it you or I, Mrs. Dalrymple?"

"But things need not have proceeded to these extremes," she replied, her courage returning. "I am sure the debts must be nearly liquidated by now, and we ought not to have lived in this niggardly way, and made the Grange a byword in the county. The management of the estate might have gone on as it did in papa's lifetime, and no oppression or cruelty been exercised. It would only have taken a little longer period to clear us. No, Oscar, though I have never liked to say so much, it is your own mean, grasping spirit which has prompted to this, not the debts. I foresee that when you are clear and in the enjoyment of your full income, you will still be a cruel landlord. It is your nature."

"If by exacting the last farthing from all who rent under me, means cruelty, yes," he replied, "and I shall never live otherwise than we are living now, so don't let your hopes involve you in disappointment. The world's against me, and I'll be against the world. I'll snap my fingers at it, and show that I despise it."

He took up a book, and set himself down to read, as he spoke. Mrs. Dalrymple fell into silence. She leaned her head upon her hand, and thought what a lamentable thing it was that he should be at the head of a fine estate. What a life's prospect was before her! And yet, perhaps, few would be inclined to pity her, for her own reckless extravagance, her deceit towards her husband, had led to it. But for that, he might never have become what he was.

Suddenly an even tramp of feet was heard outside the house, and before

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it had struck Selina what it might be, and given time to bolt and bar the doors, the malcontents of the common were in the hall, their numbers considerably swelled. It looked a formidable invasion—was it murder they intended, or was it arson, or what was it not? Selina, in her terror, flew to the top of the house, three stairs at a time, and the servant maid flew screeching after her: they both, with one accord, seized upon a rope, and the great alarm-bell boomed out from the Grange.

Up came the people from far and near; up came the fire-engines, the latter feeling exceedingly aggrieved at finding no fire: the farmers, disturbed in the midst of their pipes and ale, rushed up from Mr. Lee's; Mrs. Dalrymple and Miss Lynn, followed by Reuben, also went; and, in short, everybody went.

The hall was a scene of contention. Oscar Dalrymple stood in the midst of his undesirable visitors: he could not get rid of them, and they would insist upon being heard.

Poor old Reuben, grieved to the heart at the aspect of affairs altogether, went outside the house, and paced about in the moonlight, for it was a fine light night. He had strolled near the stables, when he was accosted by some one who stood aloof, under the shade of their side wall.

"What's the matter here, that people should be running, in this way, into the Grange?"

"It's something like a rise, I should call it," answered Reuben. "The whole estate has been put upon awfully."

"Who lives at the Grange? Mrs. Dalrymple?"

"Are you a stranger, then," asked Reuben, "that you don't know?"

"I am a stranger. Until this night I have not been in the neighbourhood for many years. But I formerly was on intimate terms with the Dalrymple family, and have stayed here with them for weeks together."

"Have you now, though!" cried Reuben. "In the squire's time, sir?"

"In the squire's time. I remember you, I think. Reuben."

"Ay, I am, sir. Sad changes have taken place since then. My old master's gone, and Mr. Charles is gone, and the Grange is now Oscar Dalrymple's."

"I knew of Mr. Dalrymple's death. What became of his son?"

"He soon followed his father. It will not do to talk of, sir."

"What was the cause of his death?" returned the stranger.

Before Reuben could answer, Mr. Lee came up, and commenced a warm comment on the night's work. "I hope there'll be no bloodshed," said he, "but Mr. Dalrymple has sent off a private messenger to the police station."

"This gentleman used to know the family," interposed Reuben, "and has come to the place to-night for the first time for many years. It's a fine welcome for him, this riot."

"I was asking some particulars of what has transpired since my absence," explained the stranger. "I have been out of England, and now thought to renew my acquaintance with the family. What did Charles Dalrymple die of? I knew him well."

"He fell into trouble, sir," answered Reuben. "A nasty, random,

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wicked London set got hold of him, and fleeced and ruined him, and he could not bear up against it."

"Died of it?" questioned the stranger.

"He killed himself," interrupted Farmer Lee, in a low tone. "He threw himself off one of the London bridges one night. Westminster, wasn't it, Reuben?"

"How deplorable!" said the stranger, after a pause. "Was he buried here? Can you show me his grave?"

"He was never found, sir," answered Reuben. "His hat was, but his body was not. The tide carried it away."

"And so the Grange passed to Oscar Dalrymple?"

"Yes," said Farmer Lee. "He married the eldest daughter, Selina, Mr. Charles's sister. And something not pleasant was up about them. They went to London, and Mrs. Oscar got into debt, and her husband brought her back here: and since then he has been an awful landlord, grinding us all down to powder. I rent under him."

"Oscar Dalrymple was always a grasping man."

"Ah, sir, but you have no conception what he is now," returned Mr. Lee; "there's not a more cruel tyrant going. We are most of us to be turned out next week from the farms that have sheltered us all our lives; that we have spent our savings upon and improved to what they are. And—as you know the place, sir, you must remember some poor cottages on the common."

"Very well."

"He has taken it in his head to build finer in their places, but the poor labourers would not go out, for there was no other low-rented hovels for them to turn to. So he pulled the roofs off, and forced them out, and they are living in barns, without any better shelter. These are the men that are making the disturbance in-doors now. Then Thoms—— but it's of no use troubling a stranger with these details. He's playing Old Nick over us, sir, and nothing less. It was a fatal night for us that took Mr. Charles."

"You would have been better off under him, you think?"

"Think!" indignantly cried the farmer. "I'd give the half of what I have saved, for the sake of myself and those around me, if Mr. Charles was squire now," he added, in a burst of generosity. "We have never called this one squire; not a man on the estate."

"Did Mr. Charles owe much in this neighbourhood when he died?"

"Nothing at all."

"Does he owe *you* nothing?"

"Me!" echoed Farmer Lee. "Not he. I had sent some money to him just before it happened, and I did fear there was something wrong about that: in short, I thought it was lost; but it was returned to me afterwards, all safe."

"Do you know," cried the stranger, after a pause of consideration, "it appears to me that you assume too easily the fact of Charles Dalrymple's death. He may be alive. His body was never found, you say."

This hypothesis was instantly attacked by Farmer Lee and Reuben. If Mr. Charles was alive, where could he be? where could he have dis-

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appeared to, and where could he have stopped? No, no; he was dead, beyond all doubt.

"I must still maintain my opinion—that there is no certainty about it. Indeed, I think the chances are that he is alive."

"Then perhaps you'll enjoy your opinion in private," cried Farmer Lee. "For to talk in that senseless manner only makes us feel the fact of his death more sharply."

"What if I tell you I met him abroad, since the period you mention as having been that of his death?" continued the stranger.

There was a dead pause. Reuben breathed heavily. "Oh, don't tamper with us!" he cried out; "if my dear young master's alive, let me know it. Perhaps he *is* alive: perhaps he's near us: perhaps he came down with you to-night!"

The stranger unwound a shawl-handkerchief, in which his voice and chin had been muffled, raised his hat from his brows, and advanced from under the shade cast by the stable wall, into the moonlight.

"Reuben! John Lee! do I look anything like him?"

Farmer Lee and Charles Dalrymple had to support the old man. His knees bent, his strength went from him, and they thought he would have fainted: the joy of recognising his young master, raised—as it indeed seemed—from a six years grave, was too much for him. Tears partially relieved him, and he sobbed like a child.

"But it's magic," uttered the farmer, when he had wrung Charles's hand as if he would wring it off, "it's nothing less. Dead, yet alive!"

"I never was dead," smiled Charles. "The night when I found myself irretrievably ruined, a rogue as well as a madman——"

"Hold there, sir," sobbed Reuben: "a rogue you never were."

"I was, Reuben. Lee, ruined myself, I staked that night at the gaming-table the money I held of yours: staked it and lost it. When I wandered down to Westminster-bridge afterwards, and hung over it, the thought was in my heart to take the leap into the river, and into futurity, as my uncle had done before me. A young man, who came past, pulled me back, and indignantly asked what I meant by hanging there. To that circumstance I believe I owe my preservation."

"Your hat was found in the Thames and brought back to me next day," interrupted poor, bewildered, happy Reuben.

"It blew off into the river; it was one of the windiest nights I ever was out in, save at sea," answered Charles. "In the morning I pledged my watch and ring, both valuable, disguised myself in rough clothes, and went to Liverpool, and on board a packet bound for America. There I have been working honestly for my bread, as a clerk; and my cousin's death, which I saw in the papers, has brought me back."

"Ay, you are the heir to Dalrymple now, Mr. Charles; and poor Sir Charles is on his last legs, we hear," cried Mr. Lee. "Did you know it, sir?"

"I know, perhaps, more than you do," returned Charles. "I come from Dalrymple now: I went straight there on my arrival."

"But how could you be alive all this while, and never tell us, Mr. Charles?" pleaded Reuben. "It was cruel, sir."

"Reuben, I literally dared not. I dreaded the consequences of my fraud—the money I had used of yours, Lee. The fear of being prose-

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cuted as a criminal was always upon me. I had just saved up enough to replace that, when I learnt my cousin's death, and that I was consequently the heir to Dalrymple. I knew that fact would enable me to make arrangements for my other debts, and I came to England."

"Mr. Lee! Mr. Lee!" suddenly cried the excited Reuben, "he is your landlord now, not that screw that has been acting it, and you won't get turned out. I never thought of that."

"I have been thinking of nothing else," said the farmer, ingenuously. "You'll not turn me out, Mr. Charles?"

"No, that I will not," laughed Charles, "and those who are already out shall go back again. But I fear I shall be obliged to turn somebody out of the Grange."

How was the news to be conveyed to Mrs. Dalrymple? Reuben said he should break down if he attempted it, and do more harm than good. Farmer Lee hit upon the brightest scheme: that Isabel Lynn should be taken into their confidence, and that she should break it to Mrs. Dalrymple.

So they fetched out Isabel, and certainly managed to startle and confuse her. Farmer Lee opened the conference by telling her, with an uncomfortably mysterious air, that a dead man was come to life again, who was asking to see her, and Isabel's thoughts flew to a poor labourer, who had died, really died, that morning in the neighbourhood. When she was hopelessly and thoroughly mystified, Charles emerged from his hiding-place behind the stables, and they introduced him as Mr. Charles Dalrymple, just returned from abroad, which did not tend to mend matters; at least, until her shock of startled surprise was over.

She undertook the difficult task of preparing his mother and sister, and Charles gave her his arm to accompany her by a circuitous path to the front entrance. Never had she accepted any arm with feelings so strange: one moment in a whirlpool of happiness, the next believing she must be walking familiarly with a resuscitated ghost.

"Isabel," he said, "this is more than I deserve."

"Your coming back?"

"Not that. My coming back to find *you*."

"Did you think I should be dead, as you were?"

"Something worse than dead. Married. I have found you, have I not," he murmured—"found you for my own?"

"Charles! When you know you formally gave me up, as soon as you came into the Grange!"

"Ay, in one of my hot-headed impulses: because I had vowed a vow to my father that my mother should remain mistress of the Grange, and I could not see my way clear to keep her there and marry you. It was that, the losing you, which drove me to recklessness. Oh, Isabel, I have bought experience dearly! To find you Isabel *Lynn* is indeed more than I deserve. I have never forgotten you; I have loved you dearly up to this, my return; let it be again with us, as of old: you promised then to be my wife; promise it now."

She burst into tears: her feelings were too highly strung, her joy too great, to retain composure longer; and she turned and leaned her head upon him for support, he bending fondly over her to catch her whisper:

"Yes, Charles, if you so will it."

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They were in danger of forgetting Isabel's task, but she soon quitted him and entered the house. Mrs. Dalrymple and Selina were alone in the oak parlour, frightened and trembling, whilst the master of the Grange, the ostensible master, stood cold and unbending in the great hall, his refractory dependents hemming him in and setting forth their wrongs, to which he turned worse than a deaf ear.

Not very long did Charles Dalrymple wait. He saw his mother and sister emerge from the house, Isabel urging them on and talking eagerly, probably assuring them that her marvellous news was no fable. Next Charles was clasped in his mother's arms, and in a few minutes Mr. Lee and Reuben came up: a happier group has rarely assembled under the night stars.

"Ho there! make way!" And they drew aside as six mounted police dashed up the avenue, who, quitting their horses, entered the house.

"What will be the end of this riot!" uttered Selina Dalrymple, clasping her hands.

"Perhaps the better way to end it will be for me to show myself," said Charles.

"Yes, yes," eagerly acquiesced Farmer Lee; "let us go in, all in a body. Mr. Charles, I wish we had a good painter here to take down the looks when you discover yourself."

"Selina," whispered her brother, "I cannot help displacing Oscar from the Grange. I am sorry, for your sake, but——"

"I am glad," interrupted Selina—"so glad! If you knew, Charles, how miserable and ashamed Oscar's rule has made me, you would know that I speak truth in saying I shall rejoice to see him supplanted at the Grange."

"But I was going to say, my dear, that a good income shall be secured to *you*, under your control, so that there shall be no more pinching in your household."

"How have you heard about the pinching?"

"I have heard many things at Dalrymple. I went there first."

The constables were standing in the hall, ready to act, whilst the men urged that they had done nothing to be took up for; they had only come to speak to Mr. Dalrymple, and they didn't know as there was no law again that.

"You break the law when you use threats to a man in his own house."

"We haven't used no threats: we want a answer from Mr. Dalrymple; whether he's a going to force us to lodge under the wind and rain, or whether he'll find us roofs to put our bodies in, in place o' them he have destroyed. He told us to go to the workus; but he knows that if we go there we lose all chance o' getting our living, and shall never have a home for our families again."

"I can no longer make room for you on my ground, either as tenants or labourers," haughtily spoke up Oscar. "You may take yourselves entirely away, if you don't like the workhouse."

"We won't say nothing about marcy," savagely cried Dyke, "but is there justice? Hands off, Mr. Constable, I'm a doing nothing yet."

"Yes there is justice," interrupted a voice, which thrilled through the very marrow of Oscar Dalrymple, as Charles advanced, and took his place

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by the side of the Honourable Mr. Cleveland, who started back in positive fright. "Oscar, you know me, I see; gentlemen, some of you know me: I am Charles Dalrymple, and have returned to claim my own."

Was it a spectre from the grave? Many of them looked as if they feared so: and Oscar Dalrymple's impassible face was moved now to a face of rage and horror, as he gradually backed against the wall behind him.

"I find you have all thought me dead," proceeded Charles, whilst Mr. Cleveland seized upon him, and signs of awaking recognition and delight arose on various countenances, "but I am not dead, and I never have been; I have simply been abroad. I got into debt and difficulties, my friends, and was afraid to stay in my own country, but now that the difficulties are over, I have come amongst you again."

The faces would have been a group for a David Wilkie: pity, as Farmer Lee said, that one was not there.

"Of course the Grange has been mine throughout," went on Charles, "and my brother-in-law has not been the legal owner: consequently, whatever acts he may have ordered, performed, or sanctioned, relating to the estate, are NULL and VOID."

"He's the squire!" burst forth the room; "our own young squire's come home again, and our troubles are over! Good luck to the ship that brought him!"

Charles laughed and turned to his poorer dependents. "Yes, your troubles shall be over. I hear that there has been dissatisfaction; and, perhaps, oppression. I can only say that I will set everything to rights: those tenants who have received a notice to quit may burn it, and those who have been actually driven forth shall be reinstalled."

"But, dear good young master," called out Dyke, in a desponding voice, "the roofs be all off ourn, and the walls pretty well levelled with the ground."

"I will build them up again for you, Dyke, stronger than ever," said Charles, heartily; "here's my hand upon it. Constables, I think you will not be wanted here."

Not only Dyke, but the whole multitude, *en masse*, pressed forward to clasp Charles Dalrymple's hands; and so hard and earnest were the pressures, that Charles was almost tempted to cry for quarter.

"I do not believe it is Charles Dalrymple," burst forth Oscar, in his mortification and rage. "Who is to convince me that it is not an impostor?"

"I can certify that it is really Charles Dalrymple," said Mr. Cleveland, with a suppressed smile: "he is not so changed as to render recognition uncertain. There's no mistaking his handsome face."

"I can certify that it is my dear lost son," added Mrs. Dalrymple, through her tears.

"And I and Mr. Lee can swear to it," cried Reuben. "I wish we were all as sure of heaven."

"Oscar, you know me well enough," said Charles. "Let us be friends. I have not come home to sow discord, but peace and good-will. I cannot permit you to continue here at the Grange, for my mother must come back again and be mistress in her old home. Unless she would like you and Selina to remain with her, her guests: but whether so or not, an

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income shall be secured to Selina, sufficient to assure you, and her, a better home than you have kept up lately."

Clouds came over the sea of faces. "Was their young squire not a going to live at the Grange himself? Was he about to leave them again? Was he not a going to be their landlord?"

"Oh yes," he answered, "I am your landlord, now and from henceforth. And I hope to be very often at the Grange: I dare say my mother will tell me and you, the more often the better. But my chief residence it cannot be. On my landing in England, I hastened to Dalrymple: and arrived but in time to be recognised and legally acknowledged, before its master's eyes were closed on this world. I am Sir Charles Dalrymple."

Some drew back in humility, some rushed forward to renew the handshaking, but it ended with a shout, that made the old hall ring, of Long life to Sir Charles Dalrymple.

"I ran over here between the death and the burial," continued Sir Charles, "and I must return to Dalrymple to-morrow for the funeral. But I trust this short visit has been productive of some good—that it has served to give happiness to hearts where anger and despair were rife. Oscar, once more I say, let us be friends: you shall always find me one."

Oscar Dalrymple could not refuse to take the hand held out to him: but his face was sullen still.

"And now I think that is all for to-night," said Sir Charles, turning his radiant smile on the motley company. "When I return from Dalrymple, the old Grange shall hold a good jollification, and I hope you will all come to it."

They filed out, conscious that the family must want to be alone. "Miss Isabel," whispered Farmer Lee, with a great broad smile on his face, as he was retreating in his turn, "you must not be too proud to come to our house now, though I can see who will soon be my Lady Dalrymple." And Isabel Lynn pushed him away, with a laugh and a blush.

But Reuben had stolen up to his master with an anxious, troubled face. "Mr. Charles," he breathed, forgetting the new title, "have you quite left off the—the—PLAY? You will not take to it again?"

"Never, Reuben," was the grave, hushed answer. "That night, which you all thought fatal to me, and which was so near being so, as I stood on the bridge, looking down on the dark water, I took a solemn oath that I would never again touch a card, or any other incentive to gambling. I never shall."

"God be praised for that!" uttered Reuben.

"For that, and for all," reverently answered Charles. "If I have not cause to praise Him, who can have?"

Thus the Grange passed away from one who had shown himself so unfitted to hold it; and sunshine was restored under the genial reign of Sir Charles Dalrymple.

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THE DERBY MINISTRY.

ALTHOUGH it might have been foreseen that the course pursued by Lord Palmerston, and the recklessness he evinced for popular opinion, must eventually lead to his discomfiture, still the suddenness with which he was hurled from power at a moment when everything appeared so favourable to him, could not have been predicted even by the most cautious watcher of the political horizon. All seemed so fair weather: scarce a cloud arose to veil the dazzling *nimbus* with which Lord Palmerston had invested himself, when the *aura popularis* was heard soughing in the distance, and, like a hurricane, attained such gigantic force, that the ministry were powerless, and could only vacantly gaze on the dire havoc produced by the storm they had themselves conjured up.

The fall was a rude one, we are ready to allow, but it was merited: the engineer was hoist with his own petard. By the voice of the people Lord Palmerston was raised to his exalted post; by the same voice he has been irrevocably condemned. He has no reason to move for a new trial—indeed, it would not be granted him in the present exasperated temper of the nation—for he affected popularity, and by the verdict of the English people he was compelled to stand or fall. But a year ago, when the nation was dazzled by the Chinese fireworks offered for its special amusement, and brought in Lord Palmerston by a triumphant majority, he little expected that power would so soon slip from his grasp, and he be so impotent to retain it. No menaces were heard from the ministerial benches on that memorable evening when the House so nobly asserted its prerogative; there were no allusions to an unscrupulous coalition, words that tripped off so glibly on the previous occasion. The great minister gave up the seals of office unresistingly, and, for his own sake, we wish he could say, like Pitt on an equally remarkable occasion,

> Virtute me involvo, probamque
> Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

There is one excuse, however, for the hallucination under which Lord Palmerston suffered. It had been the fashion, during the past war, to speak of him as a dictator, and the sweet sound had buzzed so constantly in the prime minister's ears, that he ended by believing the delicious delusion. That his merits were, by comparison, great during our extrication from the blunders of the previous administration, we are ready to allow, although we never felt inclined to regard him as the saviour of his country. Many difficulties had been already removed; numerous errors were in process of rectification at the period when Lord Palmerston assumed power; and, with his usual acuteness, he claimed the entire credit. The war was brought to a termination, satisfactory or otherwise, but certainly honourable to the nation, and Lord Palmerston having

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proved his greatness in war, all that was left him was to show himself equally great in peace. And here his first difficulties beset him: during the feverish excitement of the contest the people did not regard the cost, but, peace once secured, that *mauvais quart d'heure* ensued in which the items began to be grumbled over. However, by a process in which a liberal government always evinces great tact, the balance-sheet was prepared so that it should pass muster, and Lord Palmerston escaped *quitte pour la peur*. Unfortunately for himself, however, the prime minister had found it remarkably agreeable to have money always at his command without going through the tedious process of asking the consent of the House; and, being still under the dictatorial delusion, he applied various sums of public money to purposes for which they had not been originally voted. The House, naturally and wisely jealous of its prerogative, fired up at this unconstitutional proceeding, and several sharp skirmishes took place, one of them terminating in a government withdrawal. The temper of the House had, however, been tried, and it determined to watch the prime minister, and if it found him tripping again in spite of the repeated warnings, the *ultima ratio* would be applied. But the premier rushed doggedly on his destruction; and in a most delicate matter, which required very cautious handling, and, above all, the utmost straightforwardness, to prevent most unpleasant complications, he chose to affect a mystery, which could only lead to the crisis he desired to deprecate, and, in defiance of our great representative assembly, the proper arbiter of the national honour, he attempted to play the dictator over again—with what result is now a matter of history. Such, we believe, is the *rationale* of Lord Palmerston's downfal, and although he had taxed the patience of the people by glaring sins of omission and commission, still his overthrow was precipitated by the studied insult he offered the nation, which had once hailed him as its deliverer, through its representatives.

This explanation will at once dispose of the charge of inconsistency which has been brought against the Conservative party, because it voted in favour of the Alien Bill, and yet gave a helping hand to overthrow the premier, under whose auspices the bill was introduced. The question which caused the majority was in no way connected with the bill: but it was necessary to establish the fact, whether Lord Palmerston or the House of Commons should hold the upper hand. The bill in itself was good and proper; perhaps it erred on the side of leniency; for although it is our boast that a man, once setting his foot on British soil, is free, still the doctrine must not be carried to exaggeration. We offer a home to refugees of every country; they are at liberty to set up their household gods among us; the only stipulation we make, being that they should conform to the laws of that country which affords them shelter. But toleration should have its limits; and it would be unendurable if assassins and scoundrels of every degree should be allowed to shelter themselves under our ægis, and plot safely against the lives of sovereigns and the tranquillity of the Continent. Just as the Romans had no law for the punishment of parricides, in their belief that such a crime was impossible, so we, hitherto, have taken no precautions against the dangerous and desperate assassins who have plotted their iniquitous designs against our

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Imperial ally. But in what light these felons themselves regard the shelter we afford them, may be seen from the infamous pamphlet which has recently emanated from their officina in the purlieus of Leicester-square. So long as such publications are suffered among us, we should not bear too harshly on our allies for the misconception they seem to entertain of the British character.

So far, then, as the House of Commons was concerned, it was evidently *d'accord* that some restrictions should be placed upon the refugees; but, out of doors, the feeling was very different. The French papers had teemed with loyal addresses, in which the colonels of line regiments let off their superabundant energy, and displayed the feeling still influencing the Gallic soldier when England is concerned. At such a moment, and remembering that these addresses appeared with an official stamp, Lord Palmerston should have firmly pressed for an equally official disavowal, and so soon as the Imperial irritation had subsided, no doubt matters would have been rectified. In theory, it may be very true that an emperor should always be master of himself, and give way to no vulgar irritation, but a shower of bullets must upset any mortal nerves, and the knowledge that England was the only country where such plots could be concocted and successfully carried out, necessarily evoked a manifestation of the Imperial wrath. Count Walewski's letter was probably of too decided a tone, and the irritation produced by the publication of the Gallic fanfaronades was admirably employed by those persons who would willingly overthrow the universe to gain their own selfish ends. Lord Palmerston played into the hands of these men by his reticence, and paved the way for another outbreak of those deplorable excesses which are beginning to render Hyde Park a byword and a reproach among us.

Even the most uncompromising liberal must allow that Lord Derby behaved in a manner as patriotic as it was self-sacrificing when he reluctantly consented to accept the seals of office. The House of Commons, as at present constituted, offers no bed of roses for a Conservative premier, and, had Lord Derby selfishly consulted his own comfort, he would have gladly escaped from the perilous ordeal. But, although he had forgiven the ungenerous manner in which he was treated by the nation on the last occasion of his being summoned to assume the premiership, he would have been more than mortal if he had forgotten it. All honour, then, to such a man for merging private feelings when he felt it his duty, as an Englishman, to do his utmost in rescuing us from the dangerous position into which Lord Palmerston was, we believe unconsciously, drawing us. On the Anglo-French alliance the peace of Europe depends, and it will be Lord Derby's first care to place that alliance on the same firm footing as when the two armies fought and bled together in pursuance of the same great object. And this can be effected without any difficulty, by a straightforward course of action: the emperor has a moral right on his side, and so soon as the requisite explanations have been accepted with the same willingness which will doubtlessly attend their offer, Englishmen will be enabled to enjoy their *sole à la Normande* or their *riz de veau à l'oseille* at Philippe's, without any preliminary and most unpleasant interview with his worship of Bow-

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street or the Mansion House. The quarrels of lovers (of Chambertin) are a renewal of love.

Turning from this question of the hour to the other topics which will prominently require the attention of the new government, we find many grave subjects waiting at the door. The House of Commons has, by a judicial act, decreed the overthrow of the East India Company: even the *nominis umbra* must disappear. The Conservative party has rightly considered that a period of insurrection, unexampled in the history of the world, and when the public mind is too excited to act justly, was not the best in which to introduce a change, which in calmer moments may possibly require great modifications, but the country having decided otherwise, it can but acquiesce in that decision. But we fortunately now can boast of the right man in the right place: Lord Ellenborough, with his large experience and perfect knowledge of India, will devote himself and all his energies to the elucidation of the difficult task before him, and we have no fear but that he will introduce a bill admirably adapted to tone down the asperities of Englishmen, and at the same time offer the native a reasonable guarantee of protection. Great ought to be the nation's gratitude to the Conservative party, when it has given them a Lord Ellenborough in the place of a Vernon Smith—a mountain of light in lieu of a Bristol diamond.

Again, the Conservatives have been placed in a most anomalous situation by the promise of reform given in the royal speech at the opening of parliament. They are too chivalrous to place her Majesty in a false position by ignoring the pledge their predecessors had so boldly given, after hope deferred had begun to make the nation's heart sick, but, at the same time, they are too conscientious to pander to that vulgar desire for reform, which, properly translated, only means dangerous innovation. One of the brightest gems in the British constitution is that wise tendency for progress, in which all parties join, although with very different ideas as to the interpretation of the word. With the so-called liberals, progress typifies votes and the manufacture of boroughs, securing the Whig administration another unscrupulous partisan. With the Conservatives, on the other hand, progress represents a truly liberal increase of the suffrage, in which one section of the community is not augmented at the expense of the other. During the Whig administration, many abortive attempts at reform have been made, but they all aimed at the same result: they desired, by increasing the number of votes, to give a preponderating influence to the towns. The cry was raised, and repeated by liberal organs, that the countrymen were brought up to the poll, like a set of sheep, to vote as their landlords dictated, but they omitted to tell us what influence the great manufacturers exercised over their servants. In the large towns the workmen are the prey of unscrupulous partisans, who lecture on all the exploded theories of the radical party, and delude the populace with an exaggerated idea of their importance, by which process votes are brought by hundreds to the poll, in happy unconsciousness of the purpose they are serving. Granting, then, merely for the sake of argument, that the agricultural mind is under the landlord influence, in what degree are they worse than the noisy patriots that follow the first Chartist agitator, who leads them

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blindly to the poll? The Conservative party, then, are prepared to accept a reform measure as a legacy left them by their predecessors, but they may be allowed to modify it largely. They believe that the intelligence of the country should be represented, and are willing to prepare a bill to bring about such a desirable consummation, but they are justly unwilling to pass any measure which would throw the suffrage into the hands of the masses, for by such a course, unfortunately for us, the parliamentary representation of the country would degenerate into a question of the longest purse. The ballot is un-English: the character of the nation is open and manly, and it cannot be induced to consent to a measure which, if passed, would place the honest man on the same level with the rogue.

England has lately gone through a dangerous period of its existence: the mercantile world has been agitated by storms, which, although, perhaps, reducible to the theory of winds as regards their periodical reappearance, scatter terror and dismay during their recurring progress. The nation requires a period of tranquillity to recover from the nervous irritation produced by crash after crash, and the present is certainly not the moment to introduce fresh perturbation by ventilating the question of reform. The losses entailed by extreme speculation have not yet been recovered, and although our manufacturers are gradually making up for lost time, and hands are returning to their labour, still they should not be fostered in the idea that parliamentary reform is a panacea for an empty stomach. Most patiently have the working classes endured the privations entailed upon them by undue speculation; they have gone through a fearful ordeal, which would have driven continental nations into a state of menacing insanity; but, like Englishmen, they have remained true to themselves. Now that they are recovering from the pressure and enjoying the sweet satisfaction of earning a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work," it would be cruel to lead them away from their honest labour by any exaggerated ideas of their political importance, and, by bringing up the reform question, imbue them with the dangerous doctrine that their votes are of vital importance for the welfare of the nation. Hence, the present ministry have acted wisely in deferring the reform question until the reaction has taken place, and the workmen are in such a pecuniary position that they can argue on the question without detriment to their more immediate interests.

There are, however, topics on which the new ministry can exercise its talent without risking its independence. Recent revelations have shown that our bankruptcy law is in a most unhealthy condition. The system pursued by the mercantile world, if allowed to continue, must destroy the national prestige. Here, then, is a field in which the Attorney-General can display his undoubted ability, without touching on any vital point. Nothing is so stinging to an Englishman as the idea that the national honour is assailed, and in nothing would he more gladly offer a helping hand than in the rectification of any abuses which, even by implication, appear to lower him in the eyes of our neighbours. It is an old, but very true, remark, that if the French would exchange their commercial for our criminal code, the legislature of the two countries would be established on a perfect basis. Without going so far, we believe that our

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mercantile system could be placed on a much more satisfactory footing if our legislators would deign to accept a notion from their legal brethren across the Channel.

In the present state of parties, when a coalition can overthrow any ministry, no matter whether it be honestly furthering the interests of the country, it is impossible to predict the duration of a Conservative government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has scouted the notion that the Tories have accepted office on sufferance; in fact, the character of the members of the administration is sufficient to explode any such idea, however much the liberal organs may desire to insinuate it. But we do not think that the present government would be justified in laying down the power merely because influences are brought to bear on the House which must necessarily lead to a defeat. If such a combination take place, and should the Conservative party be left in a minority, the government will be authorised in making a solemn appeal to the verdict of the nation. Englishmen are just; their only fault in political matters is, that a popular cry will lead them away, and Lord Palmerston was well aware of this, or he would have tried their temper once again, as he did after the Chinese defeat. If, then, the Tory government should by any accident be left in a minority during the present session, we are inclined to believe that an appeal to the people would produce a very different result. Still, we should much prefer to avoid such a dead-lock of public business as must ensue from a dissolution, and we trust that the House, duly regarding the situation of matters at present, will evince that disinterestedness which is so requisite to place us again on a satisfactory footing with our neighbours, and to ensure our rule in India.

Regarding the constitution of the present ministry, we are bound to confess our admiration of the skilful manner in which Lord Derby has executed his very difficult task. The names of the ministers are a guarantee of honesty of purpose, and though we may regret the absence of Sir Bulwer Lytton from the list, his fervid eloquence will be at the disposal of the government in the House. The greatest loss we have experienced, however, is in the retirement of Lord Stratford from the embassy at Constantinople. Such a loss is irreparable, and may lead to very serious consequences to our influence in the East. His unswerving policy set at defiance all the intrigues of our rivals, and his innate rectitude secured him the respect, if not the love, of his opponents. Once convinced of the justice of the course he was pursuing, no persuasion could make Lord Stratford swerve from it: he was inexorable where right was concerned, and gained his object by his uncompromising adherence to the policy he had selected. In him England loses one of the greatest diplomatists she has ever had, and the world a bright example that unflinching rectitude is the best weapon with which to foil the tortuous finessing of that school in which Nesselrode and Metternich were the archididasculi.

On the whole, then, we see no reason to despair of the immediate stability of the government, and if they are permitted to prove to the nation the undoubted capabilities they possess, the game will be more than half won. The opening of the session has been characterised by a display of generosity, in which the whole House, with a few invidious

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exceptions, appears to share, and we believe the members are honestly disposed to give the ministry a fair hearing. Very striking was that revelation of the Cobdenite views lately made on the hustings, in which it was shown that the great leader of the Manchester party regretted his participation in the overthrow of the last Derby ministry, and we believe that such a feeling is very prevalent through the country. The Whig ministries that have assumed office in succession have all had the same taint: while serving the country they have served themselves and their relatives. To such a degree had this spread, that the ministerial nepotism has been made the subject of public comment and jest. Certain noble families have become pensioners of the nation, and, so soon as one of them has obtained the reins of power, so surely are the family interests regarded as the primary consideration. There will certainly be something refreshing in a government which enters on office with perfectly clean hands, and such is most assuredly the case with the present ministry.

We are sorry to find, however, that the conduct of the House is not taken as an example by the public organs of the liberal party, for no opportunity appears to be neglected by which discredit may be cast upon the Conservatives. This is a feeling which we deprecate: we do not ask for assistance or even silence from them, but we think they go beyond the bounds of courtesy in the misrepresentations which they so studiously bring before the public. At the present moment, above all, the necessity of a strong government is felt, and all parties ought to combine, in order that they may save the imperilled honour and dignity of England. The Conservatives desire to be judged by their measures, and by them are prepared to stand or fall; but they have an equal right to demand that these measures should not be prejudged or condemned without investigation. And we feel sure that such an appeal to a generous nation will not be made in vain; and that Englishmen will not suffer themselves to be led astray, but patiently wait and see what measures are proposed by the Conservative party ere they proceed to decide on them. If so much be conceded, we have no fear of the result; and that it will be conceded, as an act of common justice, the character of the British nation is a sufficient guarantee.

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RUSHING HEADLONG INTO MARRIAGE.

I.

A DAZZLING gleam of white favours flashed into the admiring eyes of numerous spectators, as a string of carriages and horses turned prancing away from the church of a noted suburb of the metropolis. The gay and handsome Augusta Marsh had just become Mrs. Courtenay, and the bridal party were now returning home to partake of the wedding breakfast.

Dr. Marsh, a physician, was popular in his small locality, and his five daughters were attractive girls, fully expecting to make good marriages, although it was understood that they would have no fortune, for the doctor lived up to his income, if not beyond it. The first to carry out the expectation was Augusta, who married Captain Courtenay.

The captain was only a captain by courtesy. He had sold out of the army and lived upon his property, five hundred a year. Quite sufficient to marry upon, thought Augusta; but the captain, what with his club, and his tailor, and his opera, and his other bachelor expenses, had found it little enough for himself. He met Augusta Marsh, fell in love with her, and determined to renounce folly and settle down into a married man. Dr. Marsh had no objection, Augusta had less; so a home was set up at Brompton, and this was the wedding-day.

It need not be described: they are all alike: if the reader has passed his, he knows what it is; if not, he can live in expectation. Captain and Mrs. Courtenay departed at two o'clock on their wedding tour, the guests followed, and the family were left alone, to themselves and to Aunt Clem. Aunt Clem, a sister of Dr. Marsh's, rejoiced in the baptismal name of Clementina, which had been long since shortened by her nieces into Clem. She was a woman of some judgment, shrewd and penetrating, especially with regard to her nieces' faults, and whenever Aunt Clem wrote word from the country that she was coming on a visit, they called it a black-letter day.

"I am so upset!" uttered Mrs. Marsh, sitting down with a half-groan.

"That's through eating custard in a morning," said Aunt Clem.

"Eating nonsense," returned Mrs. Marsh. "Did you see that young man who sat next to—which of the girls was it?—to you, Annis, I think: did you notice him, Clementina?"

"Yes. A nice-looking man."

"Nice-looking! Why, he has not got a handsome feature in his face!"

"A nice countenance, for all that," persisted Aunt Clem. "One you may confide in at the first glance. What of him?"

"I am horribly afraid he is going to propose for one of the girls. He dropped some words to me; and now, instead of leaving the house, he is down stairs, closeted with the doctor. Which of you girls is it that has

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been setting him on to do this?" cried Mrs. Marsh, abruptly turning to her daughters. "Annis, what are you looking so red for?"

Annis Marsh did look red, and very conscious. An attachment, hidden hitherto from all but themselves, existed between her and Geoffry Lance, and they had come to the resolution to make it known. Mrs. Marsh's surmise that he was now speaking to the doctor was correct; and the doctor came up with the news.

"What answer did you give him?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"Told him that if he and Annis had made up their minds to try it, I should not say nay," replied the doctor. "And asked him to come in to spend the evening."

Mrs. Marsh looked daggers; three of the young ladies looked the same. "Let them marry, Dr. Marsh! let them marry upon nothing!"

"Oh, come, it's not so bad as that," said the doctor. "He has three hundred a year. What did you and I begin life upon, old lady, eh? Annis, ask your mamma if it was not considerably less than that."

"Nonsense!" crossly responded Mrs. Marsh, as the doctor went out, laughing. "The cases are not at all alike, Annis; you must see that they are not. Your papa's was a rising profession; and Lance will stick at his three hundred a year all his life."

"What is this Mr. Lance?" inquired Aunt Clem. "A gentleman?"

"Oh, of course a gentleman. He was bringing up for the Bar, but his father died, and there was a hitch about money. I believe he did eat his terms and get called, but he had nothing left to live upon while practice came, and was glad to accept the secretaryship of a public institution. He gets 300*l.* a year, and he'll never get more, for it is a fixed salary, not a rising one. Don't be led into absurdity, Annis."

"Mamma," said Annis, going up to her and speaking in a low tone, full of emotion, "I will never marry contrary to your approbation, neither would Geoffry take me on such terms. But I hope you will not hold out against us. I have heard you say how much you liked him."

"So I do, Annis," answered Mrs. Marsh, somewhat appeased by the words and tone, "but you never heard me say that I liked his income, or thought him a desirable match for one of my daughters. Three hundred a year! It's quite ridiculous, child."

"We have considered it in all points, dearest mamma, and talked it over a great deal," resumed Annis, timidly, "and we feel sure that we shall do very well upon it, and live comfortably. You know I have had some experience in keeping house on small means, at Aunt Ruttley's."

"For goodness' sake, Annis, don't bring up Aunt Ruttley," interrupted Sophy Marsh. "The poor curate's stipend is but a hundred a year, with the parsonage to live in and a flock of children to fill it. You are head cook and bottle-washer when you are staying there, I expect. They must live upon bread and cheese half their time, and pinch and contrive from year's end to year's end."

"But do you not see that my insight into how they manage their pinching and contriving will be of great service to me?" returned Annis, in a patient tone. "Mamma, I know I could manage well on three hundred a year, and have everything comfortable. You should detect no pinching in my house, come as often as you would."

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"If Lance had a prospect of an increase—of rising to five or six hundred in the course of a few years—I would let you promise to marry him then, with all my heart, Annis."

"But the very fact of his not having it, of his income being a fixed one, has induced us to wish to risk it, mamma. If we wait, it will be no better; and—oh, mamma! pray don't say that we must separate!"

"Annis, child," interrupted Aunt Clem, "if you spend three hundred the first year, you'll want four the second, and five the third."

"But we do not intend to spend three the first year," said Annis, quickly. "Our old nurse had a favourite saying, which she always impressed upon us when we saw the sugar cup full and asked for more sugar. I repeated it one day to Geoffry, and made him laugh. 'Spare at the sack's mouth.' It is what we mean to do with our income."

"No unmarried girl can form an idea how expenses increase after the first few months," continued Aunt Clem.

"I suppose they do," assented Annis. "The wear and tear of furniture, which must be replaced, and the breakages, and the buying new clothes, when those laid in at the wedding are worn out. All that comes."

"Ah," said Aunt Clem, "there's something worse comes. Babies."

"Oh—babies," said Annis, in a dubious tone, "I have heard they bring love with them."

"It is to be hoped they do, poor things," sharply rejoined Aunt Clem, "or I don't know what would become of them. But they don't bring money."

"Well," said Annis, with a glowing cheek, "we have determined to try it, with all its hazards, if only papa and mamma will approve."

"And suppose your papa and mamma do not approve?"

"Then we must wait patiently for better days," sighed Annis.

"And live upon hope," said Aunt Clem, "which is about as satisfactory as living upon air. Well, Annis, I side with you. You shall have my helping word for it."

"You are not serious, Clementina!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh.

"Indeed I am. I should not counsel every girl to marry upon three hundred a year, but Annis and Mr. Lance seem to have well considered what they are about, and are prepared to make the best of its difficulties."

II.

In a neighbourhood where house-rent was cheaper than at Brompton, but within a walk of it, did Mr. and Mrs. Lance settle down. For the full consent of Mrs. Marsh was won over, the wedding took place, and they were fairly launched in life, for better or for worse, upon their three hundred a year. Their rent was thirty-five pounds, and for its size the house was really a handsome-looking house, which a gentleman need not be ashamed to acknowledge as his residence. Income and other taxes amounted to about fifteen, and the fifty pounds was a large item out of their income: there was also the fire and life insurance. Annis seemed fully determined to carry out her scheme of economy: though, in doing this, she gave great umbrage, in one or two points, to some of her family.

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Upon the return of Mrs. Marsh and her daughters from their two months' annual sojourn at the sea-side, the young ladies hastened to call upon Annis, who had then been married about five months. It should be observed that Annis, being of a quiet, patient, useful disposition, had always been considerably dictated to and snubbed by her sisters; and now that she was married they forgot to discontinue the habit.

"Such bad management, Annis!" began Sophy at once. "Three o'clock in the day, and your cook answered the door to us. Where was Rebecca?"

"Rebecca is gone," replied Mrs. Lance. "I have only Mary."

"Only Mary!" uttered Miss Sophy, aghast. "Emily, did you hear that? Whatever can you mean, Annis?"

"Well—it happened in this way," said Annis. "Rebecca did not suit: she was careless, insolent to Mary, and caused much trouble. So I gave her warning. It then occurred to me that as my wedding visits had been all paid to me, and we were not likely to see much ceremonious company, I might as well, for a time, keep only Mary. So I spoke to Geoffry, and he told me to try it if I liked, and Mary said she would rather be alone than have the annoyance of a servant like Rebecca. You cannot think how well it answers. Mary is a most superior servant, knows her work, and does it thoroughly; and she is always tidy. You know her to be the cook, but you could not have told it from her appearance. She is not fine, it is true, but more respectable-looking than many of the house and parlour maids."

"But such a degrading thing to keep only one servant!" remonstrated Miss Marsh. "Like the common people!"

"Ours is only a common income," answered Annis. "I told papa what I had done, one day that he drove here to see me, and he praised me for it."

"Oh, papa has such old-fashioned notions; something like your own, Annis. Wait till you hear what mamma says to it. One servant! it must tell against you with all your friends."

"No," replied Mrs. Lance, warmly; "or, if it could, they would be friends not worth retaining. If they came here and found my house full of confusion, of discomfort, my servant dirty, myself unrepresentable, they might have cause; but, excepting that they do not *see* two servants, everything is as orderly and nice as when Rebecca was here. I and my husband are not the less gentlepeople, and I am sure that they rather respect us the more for sacrificing custom to right. If we happen to have any one to dine with us, or two or three friends for the evening, Mary sends round for her sister, who waits nicely."

"But how on earth do you manage with one servant? Augusta, with her three, complains bitterly that the work is not half done."

"There is an impression with many experienced people that the larger your number of servants, the less is your work done," smiled Mrs. Lance. "There is really not so much to do in this house, and plenty of time to do it in. We breakfast at eight, which gives Geoffry——"

"My gracious! Eight! Do you contrive to get up?"

"Yes," said Annis, "and like it much better than our lazy hours at home. By nine, or soon after, Geoffry leaves: which gives him time to walk in comfortably to the office by a quarter to ten."

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"You don't mean to say he walks?"

"Yes, and walks home, except in very bad weather. He says were it not for this walk, night and morning, he should not have sufficient exercise to keep him in health: and of course it is so much omnibus money saved. He laughs at those gentlemen who ride into town, and sit stewing in their chambers, or in an office or counting-house all day, especially those who have need to be frugal, as we have, and then ride home again: no exercise, no saving, and in time it will be no health. Well—Geoffry goes at nine, then Mary takes away the breakfast-things, washes them up, puts her kitchen straight, and goes to her up-stairs work, which in our house is not much. By eleven o'clock she has frequently changed her gown and cap, and has no more to do till time to prepare for dinner at five. One day she asked me if I could not give her some socks of master's to darn, as she did not like sitting with her hands before her."

"Your house is quite a prodigy-house," cried Sophy, in a tone bordering on sarcasm. "It seems there's never any cleaning going on."

"I did not say so," retorted Annis. "In a small house—small compared to ours at home—with only three people in it, and the paint, and carpets, and furniture all new, there is not a great deal of cleaning required, but what there is, is punctually done. Mary has her days for it, and on those days I help."

"With the scrubbing?" asked Miss Marsh, with an impervious face.

"No," laughed Annis. "While she does that, I go into the kitchen, wash up the breakfast-things, and, should it be required, set forward with the dinner."

"Set forward for a five o'clock dinner at nine in the morning?"

"Yes, all that can be done of it. I make the pudding or the pie, should we be going to have one that day; or, if there is any meat to be hashed, I cut it up: those sort of things. Then I dust the drawing-room—and indeed I generally do that, for its ornaments take so long, and on these busy days I dust my own bedroom; and, in short, do many little odds and ends of work, so that Mary gets over her cleaning and is dressed almost as soon as on other days."

"It is a fortunate thing Mr. Lance's choice fell upon you, Annis. We should not like to be degraded to do the business of a servant-of-all-work."

"There is no degradation in it," cried Annis, with spirit; "what degradation can there be? Were I a nobleman's daughter or a millionnaire's, my condescending to know practically anything about it would be beneath me, quite out of place: but in our class of life—yes, Emily, I speak of ours, mine and yours—it is anything but derogatory to help in these domestic trifles. If it takes me an hour a day—and it does not take me more on an average, I don't know what it may do in time—what then? It is an hour well spent; an hour that I might fritter away, if I did not have it to do. It does not make my hands coarse, less fit for my drawing afterwards or my embroidery, and it does not soil my nice morning-dress, for I have made a large brown holland apron to go nearly all round me, and I turn up my sleeves; in short, it does not render me one whit less the lady, when I sit in my drawing-room and receive any friend who may call upon me. Do I look less like one to you?"

"Psha, Annis! You picked up these notions of kitchen management

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at poor Aunt Ruttley's, but you ought not to be forming your ideas upon them."

"And very glad I am that I did pick them up. But if I had not, if I had had as little experience in domestic usefulness as you, I believe they would have come to me with the necessity."

"Oh, no doubt," said Sophy, scornfully; "you were inclined by nature to these low-lived notions, Annis."

"There are notions abroad," gravely responded Mrs. Lance, "that for people in our pretentious class of society (I cannot help calling it so, for we ape the ideas and manners only suited to those far above us), all participation in, all acquaintance even, with domestic duties is a thing to be ashamed of, never to be owned to, but contemptuously denied. They are wrong notions, wicked notions; false and hollow: for they lead to embarrassment, to unpaid debts, to the wronging of our neighbours; and the sooner the fashion goes out, the more sensible society will prove itself. I don't know which is the worst: a woman who entirely neglects to look after her household, where her station and circumstances demand it, or one who makes herself a domestic drudge. Both extremes are bad, and both should be avoided."

"Do you mean that as a cut at Augusta?" asked Miss Marsh—"the neglecting of her household?"

"No, Emily, I was speaking generally," replied Mrs. Lance; "though I wish Augusta did look a little more to hers. It would have been well for us, I think, had mamma brought us up in a more domestic manner. There is another fallacy of the present day: the bringing up young ladies to play and dance, but utterly incapable as to the ruling of a household."

"Speak for yourself, if you please, Annis. We would rather be excused kitchen rule."

"Why, look at Augusta," returned Mrs. Lance; "would it be well for her, or not, to check and direct her household? Their expenditure must be very large: too large, I fear, for the captain's income."

"At any rate, you seem determined not to err on the same side. Take care you do not degenerate into the other, the domestic drudge, Annis."

"I shall never do that—at least, if I know myself," quickly replied Mrs. Lance. "I have too much regard for my husband, am too solicitous to retain his respect and affection: a domestic drudge cannot remain a refined, well-informed woman, an enlightened companion. We keep up our literary tastes, our reading; and our evenings are delightful. No, I shall escape that, I hope, Emily; though I am learning to iron."

"I wonder you don't learn to wash," indignantly retorted Miss Marsh.

"I did wash a pair of lace sleeves the other morning," laughed Mrs. Lance, "but they turned out so yellow that Mary had to submit them to some whitening process of her own, and I do not think I shall try again. She washes all my lace things and Geoffry's collars, and she is teaching me to iron them. Ironing was an accomplishment I did not see much of, at the parsonage, for I believe everything in the whole weekly wash

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was mangled, except my uncle's shirts and bands. His surplice always was: aunt used to say he would know no better. I am trying to be very useful, I assure you. I go to market."

"Go to where?"

"To market. To the butcher's and the greengrocer's, and to the other tradespeople. Not every day, but on a Saturday always, and perhaps once in the week besides."

"To save the legs of the boys who come round for orders?" asked Miss Jemima Marsh, who was a very silent girl, and rarely spoke.

"No. To save Geoffry's pocket," replied Mrs. Lance. "For the first two or three months we ordered everything that way, but I found it would not do. With meat, especially. We had unprofitable pieces, without knowing the weight, without knowing the price: for in delivering the orders to the boy, the butcher of course sends what he likes, and charges what he likes. Now that I go myself to the butcher's I choose my meat, and see it weighed, and know the price of everything before I buy it. It is a very great saving."

"I don't think Annis is wrong there," decided Sophy, "for many very good families go to market themselves."

"And I wish more did," added Mrs. Lance. "I wish you could persuade Augusta into doing so. *I* spoke to her about it, and she asked me whether I was out of my mind."

"There is less occasion for Mrs. Courtenay to trouble herself," said Miss Marsh, loftily; "she did not marry upon three hundred a year."

"Well, I am very happy," said Annis, brightly, "although we have but three hundred a year."

"And one servant," interposed Miss Marsh.

"And one servant," laughed Annis. "But I do assure you, we manage better without Rebecca than with her: and as we shall be obliged in a few months' time to take a second servant, I thought we ought to do with one until then."

"There!" uttered Sophy. "That's just what Aunt Clem said. I know it is, and you need not prepare to deny it, Annie. You mean that the babies will be beginning!"

III.

The babies did begin. "Tiresome little crying creatures," was Aunt Clem's comment; "they are sure to come whether they are wanted or not, and the worst of it is, there's no end to them, no knowing where they'll stop."

And the time went on, and they still came; went on till Mrs. Courtenay had three and Mrs. Lance two, the former to her unspeakable dismay.

For she could not afford it. No; Captain and Mrs. Courtenay had afforded themselves too many luxuries, to leave room for that of babies. They had committed a terrible mistake in marrying upon their five hundred a year, and that not an increasing income. It was not only that they had set up their household and begun housekeeping upon a scale that would absorb every shilling of it, but the ex-captain, accustomed to his clubs and their expensive society, was not a man who could

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practise economy out of doors, any more than his wife understood it in. The captain could not put on a soiled pair of gloves, he could not give up his social habits, he never dreamt of such a thing as not going to the opera several times in the season, and to the theatres *ad libitum*, his wife being often with him, it never occurred to him to give up his daily bottle of expensive wine, and he rarely scrupled to take a cab, when an omnibus, or his own legs, would have served as well. They began housekeeping upon three servants; two maids, and a tiger, who eat as much as the whole house put together. The house was larger than that of Mrs. Lance, and they kept more company, but two efficient servants, with proper management, might have done the work well; only it was necessary, for appearance' sake, so both Captain and Mrs. Courtenay deemed, to take (not being able to afford a footman) a third maid or a tiger: and they took the last-named article. Next came the babies, and with the advent of the first, the tiger was discharged and a third maid taken in his place: and now that there were three children there were four maids.

Captain and Mrs. Courtenay also liked to go out of town in autumn, and they were fond of gaiety, went to parties and gave them. Their housekeeping was on an extensive scale compared with their income: Mrs. Courtenay was no manager, she knew literally nothing of practical domestic details when she married, and she did not seek to acquire them; her servants were improvident and wasteful, she could not shut her eyes to that; but her attempts at remedying the evil only amounted to an occasional storm of scolding, and to the sending off cook after cook. They got into debt, they grew deeper into it with every month and year, and Captain Courtenay, besieged out of his seven senses, was fain to patch up matters by borrowing money of a gentleman named Ishmael Levi. Of course he fleeced him wholesale.

Their real troubles of life were looming ominously near, the fruits of their short-sighted union, of their improvident course. Captain Courtenay and his wife, with their five hundred a year, had launched into marriage, their friends crowing over their sure prospects: Mr. Lance and Annis, and their despised three hundred, had been browbeat in society for daring to risk it: but the despised ones were conquerors, and the lauded ones had failed. How was it? The one party had looked their future full in the face, and deliberately resolved to confine their simple desires within less than their income, arming themselves against temptation; the other had not so looked at it, but had got themselves into embarrassment, through what they would have called sheer inability to keep out of it. They had not calculated; they had begun life too expensively; had not controlled their self-indulgences; everything was on too large a scale: and now neither knew how to go back to a smaller.

They were sitting together one dull winter's day, very dull themselves, and talking over the aspect of affairs in a dull strain. The aspect was worse than either thought: Mrs. Courtenay really did not know its extent, and the captain was careless and blind. The captain had received his quarterly income, and had immediately parted with most of it, for sundry demands were pressing. How they were to go on to the next quarter, and how the Christmas bills were to be paid, was hidden in the womb of the future.

"They are so much larger than usual," murmured Captain Courtenay

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drawing a china basket towards him, the bills' receptacle, and leisurely proceeding to unfold some of them.

"Each year brings additional expense," remarked Mrs. Courtenay. "Four servants cost more than three: not to speak of the children; though they are but little expense yet."

Captain Courtenay had the contents of one of the bills under his eye at the time his wife spoke. "Little expense, you say, Augusta! I suppose this is for them, and it's pretty near 20*l*. It's headed 'Clark's Baby-linen Warehouse.'"

"I meant in the matter of food. Of course they have to be clothed: and I don't know anything more costly than infants' dress. Cambric, and lace, and bassinettes, and all the rest of it."

"So I should think," quoth the captain; "here's thirty shillings for six shirts. Do you put babies into shirts?"

"What else should we put them into?"

"How long are they—a foot? Five shillings a shirt! Why, it's nearly as much as I give for mine."

"Delicate French cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes," explained Mrs. Courtenay. "We can't dress a baby in hopsacking."

"Lace is the largest item in the bill. Here's three pounds eighteen shillings for lace, Augusta."

"Oh, they are dreadful little things to destroy their cap borders. When they get three or four months old, up go their hands and away they pull, and the lace is soon in tatters. This last darling baby has already destroyed two."

"Throw off their caps and let them pull at their own heads, if they want to pull," cried the captain. "That's how I should cure them, Augusta."

"Would you," retorted Mrs. Courtenay. "A baby without a cap is frightful. Except for its long white robes, nobody could tell whether it was a monkey or a child."

"Some of this lace is charged half-a-crown a yard, and some three and sixpence."

"The three and sixpenny was for the christening. Of course *that* had to be good."

"I saw some lace marked up at twopence a yard, yesterday, in Oxford-street, quite as pretty as any the baby wears, for all I can see. That would be good enough to tear, Augusta."

"My dear, as you don't understand babies' things, the remark may be excused," said Mrs. Courtenay. "Common rubbish of cotton lace is not fit——"

"Hallo!" shouted the captain, with an emphasis that startled his wife, as he opened another of the bills, "here's 94*l*. for meat this year!"

"So I saw," mournfully replied Mrs. Courtenay.

"How can we have eaten meat to that amount? We can't have eaten it."

"I suppose *we* have not eaten it, you and I; but it has been consumed in the house," was the testy rejoinder of Mrs. Courtenay, whose conscience secretly accused her of something being radically wrong in the housekeeping department, and which she, its head, did not know how to set to rights.

"Besides the fish and poultry bills, and lots of game we had sent us, and I sometimes dining at the club! How is it, Augusta?"

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"I wish I could tell how it is," she answered: "that is, I wish I could tell how to lessen it. The bills come in weekly, and I look them over, and there's not a single joint that seems to have been had in unnecessarily. They do eat enormously in the kitchen, but how is it to be prevented? We cannot lock up the food."

"The servants must be outrageously extravagant."

"I often tell you so, but you don't listen, and I am at continual warfare with the cook. As to the butter that goes, it must melt, for it never can be used. She makes out that you and I and the children eat four pounds of fresh every week. And they are so exacting about their own dinner. They are not satisfied with what remains of meat may be in the house, and making it do, meat that I know would be amply sufficient, but must have something in addition—pork chops, or sausages, or something of the sort. And thus the meat bill runs up."

Captain Courtenay answered only by a gesture of annoyance. Perhaps his wife took it to reflect upon herself.

"But what am I to do, Robert? I cannot go and preside at their dinner, and portion it out; and I cannot say so-and-so is enough and you shall have no more, when cook declares it is not. I tell them they are not to eat meat at supper, but I may as well tell the sun not to shine, for I know they do. I would turn them off to-morrow, all the lot, if I thought I could change for the better, but I might only get worse, for they would be sure to go and give the place a bad name, out of revenge."

"Can't you change the cook?"

"I have changed her three times in the last year, and each one seems to have less notion of economy than the last. They are fair-spoken before my face and second all I say, but the extravagance is not diminished."

Captain Courtenay opened the bills, bill by bill, and laid them in a stack on the table. "Augusta," said he, in a gravely serious tone, "we must retrench, or we shall soon be in a hobble."

"I am willing," answered his wife; "but where can we begin?"

"Let us consider," resumed the captain, thoughtfully; "where can it be? It cannot be in the rent and taxes, of course they must go on just the same, and the insurance, and I must pay the interest of the money we owe, and we must have our meals as usual. We must dismiss one of the servants."

"*That's* equally impossible," returned Mrs. Courtenay. "Which would you dismiss? Three children, two of them in arms, as one may say, require two nurses, and cannot be attended to without. Then there must be two for the house: one could not wait, and cook, and clean, and answer the door—oh, impossible."

Captain Courtenay leaned his head upon his hand: it did indeed seem as if there was not the slightest loophole in the domestic department which afforded a chance of retrenchment.

"Miss Marsh," said the housemaid, ushering in a lady.

Mrs. Courtenay looked round for her sister Emily, but it was Aunt Clem.

"Well," said she, as the captain, with whom she was a favourite, ensconced her into the warmest seat, "and how are you getting on?"

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"Middling," laughed the captain. "Looking blue over the Christmas bills."

"Ah," said Aunt Clem, as she took off her bonnet, "they are often written on blue paper. You should settle your bills weekly; it is the safest and most economical plan: if you let them run on, you pay for it through the nose."

"I wish these accounts could be paid, even through the nose," cried the captain. "Our expenses are getting the mastery, Aunt Clem, and we cannot see where to retrench. We were talking about it now."

"Is that heap all bills? Let me look at them. You need have no secrets from an old woman like me."

The captain tossed them into her lap, and the first she looked at happened to be the one for the baby linen. Aunt Clem studied it through her spectacles, and then studied Augusta's face.

"Never saw anything so extravagant in my life. Who did you think you were buying for? One of the little princesses?"

Augusta was too nettled to reply.

"I don't see that a baby ought to cost as much as a man," put in the captain; "but Augusta tells me I know nothing about it. I could get half a dozen shirts for thirty shillings."

"Of course you could. And these ought to have cost six."

"Now, aunt!" resentfully ejaculated Augusta. "How, pray?"

"Six shillings at the very outside. You should have bought the lawn and made them yourself."

"Babies' shirts at a shilling apiece!" said Augusta, scornfully. "These are richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, Aunt Clem."

"Trim my old bedgown with Valenciennes!" irreverently snapped Aunt Clem. "It would be just as sensible a trick. Who sees the shirt when the baby has got it on? Nonsense, Augusta! Valenciennes lace may be very well in its proper place, but not for those who can't pay their Christmas bills."

Augusta was indignant. The captain only smiled.

"What's this last?" continued Aunt Clem. "Lace?—four pounds, less two shillings, for lace? Here, take your bill; I have seen enough of it. No wonder you find your accounts heavy, if they are all on this scale."

"It is not dear," fired Augusta. "Half-a-crown a yard—the other was for the christening—is cheap for babies' lace."

"I told Augusta I saw some yesterday in a shop window at twopence a yard, and it looked as well," observed the captain.

"I don't quite say that," said Aunt Clem; "twopenny lace would neither look nor wear well. But there's another sort of lace, of medium quality, used almost exclusively for infants' caps: this man, Clark, sells quantities of it——"

"Trumpery cotton trash!" interrupted Mrs. Courtenay.

"It is a very pretty lace, rich-looking and durable," went on Aunt Clem, disdaining the interruption, "and if not thread, it looks like it, but I believe it to be thread. It will last for two children, and it costs about ninepence a yard. Annis has never bought any other."

"How can you say so, aunt? I'm sure her children's caps always look nice."

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"I know they do. You don't believe in this lace, because you have not looked out for it," observed Aunt Clem. "You go to Clark's—stepping out of a cab, I dare say, at the door—and ask to look at some good nursery lace. Of course they show you the good, the real, they don't attempt to show you anything inferior. But Annis, when she was buying these things, went to Clark's—and I happened to be with her: she did not ask, off-hand, for rich lace, or real lace, she said, 'Have you a cheaper description of lace that will wear and answer the purpose?' and they showed her what I tell you of. She bought no other, and very well it has worn and looks; it lasted her first baby, and it is lasting this one. I was so pleased with her method of going to work—not in the way of caps alone, mind you, but of everything—that I sent her four yards of pillow lace from the country for a best cap for her child. At the time you were married," added Aunt Clem, looking at them both over her spectacles, "I said you would not do half as well as Lance and Annis, though you had nearly double their income. You are the wrong sort of folks."

"At any rate, I cannot be expected to understand lace," said the captain.

"But you might understand other things, and give them up," returned Aunt Clem. "You might give up your West-end society, and your gaieties, and your extravagant mode of dressing——"

"I'm sure I don't dress extravagantly," interrupted the captain.

"I'm sure you do," said Aunt Clem: "in that way you are worse than Augusta, and she's fine enough. It may not be extravagant in the abstract, but it is extravagant in proportion to your income. You might also give up having parties at home, and going out to them, and your wine at your club, and your theatres. Unless a man, who has only a limited income, can resign these amusements, he has no right to marry. But in saying this, I wish to cast no reflection on those who cannot: all men are not calculated by nature to economise in domestic privacy: only, let such keep single."

"I suppose you think I was not," laughed Captain Courtenay.

"I am positive you were not. Nor Augusta either. And you'll have a hard fight and tussle before you can submit to its hardships. They will be sore hardships to you; to Lance and his wife they are pleasures: yet he is just as much of a gentleman as you are, and was brought up as expensively. But you are of totally different dispositions."

"What a pity we were not differently paired, since they are the two clever ones, and we the incapables; I with Lance, and Annis with Robert!" exclaimed Augusta, sarcastically.

"Then there would be four incapables instead of two—or what would amount to the same," unceremoniously observed Aunt Clem. "You would have spent poor Lance out of house and home; and Annis would have led a weary and wretched life of it, for the captain's expenses out of doors would have rendered futile her economy at home. No, you have been rightly paired. You have not half the comfort with your five hundred a year, that they have upon three."

"Go on, go on, Aunt Clem," cried Augusta; "why don't you magnify them into angels? More comfort than we have! Look at our superior home, our mode of life, and compare it with theirs; their paltry two servants and their shabby living. I don't suppose they taste wine once in a month."

"And *not* tasting it, do not feel the want of it. But when you say

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shabby living, you are prejudiced, Augusta. Though their dinners are plain, though they may consist generally but of one dish of roast meat, or steaks, or cutlets, besides the vegetables, there is always plenty, and what more can people want than their—stomachs—full. It used to be belly in my days, but I suppose the present age would be shocked out of its refinement to hear that word now."

The captain laughed, for Aunt Clem had talked herself into a heat. "As to wine, Lance might surely manage to allow himself half a pint every day," said he.

"If Lance were intent on his own gratification, I dare say he would," answered Aunt Clem.

"He and Annis might be comfortable in housekeeping matters on three hundred a year.

"Remarkably so," was Aunt Clem's response. "But the worst of it is, there are other expenses, and plenty of them. Rent, taxes, insurance, clothes, wages, doctors, omnibuses, books, newspapers, and wear and tear of linen and furniture, besides church and charity, for Lance and his wife have nothing of the heathen about them. None of these items come under the head of eatables and drinkables, but all have to be provided for out of the three hundred a year. What's your butcher's bill annually?" abruptly asked Aunt Clem.

"Ninety-four pounds this year," said the captain.

Aunt Clem groaned. "That comes of having two dinners."

"How do you mean? We only eat one dinner a day."

"Two dinners," repeated Aunt Clem; "one for you, and another for the servants. They ought to dine after you."

"But the servants must dine," said Mrs. Courtenay. "It cannot signify, as to cost, whether they dine early or late."

"It signifies everything, and by having two dinners the meat bill gets almost doubled. What are your servants having for dinner to-day?"

"To-day—oh, they have a shoulder of mutton."

"And what shall you have?"

"We are going to have some minced veal and a fowl."

"Minced veal! the most unprofitable dish anybody can put upon their table. You may eat an unlimited quantity. Three pounds, solid weight, would be nothing to a man, and he'd be hungry after it. But that's not my present argument. If you had but one dinner, the shoulder of mutton would have served you all; your table first and theirs afterwards, and there'd be one expense. And the servants cannot have their fling over the meat so uncontrolled; less comes into the house; less remains cold: and cold meat does not go so far as hot, and when hashed and minced it gets half wasted."

"Our servants won't dine on cold meat above twice a week, I know that," said Mrs. Courtenay. "But as to their dining after us, they would say they could not wait: they would leave first."

"Then they should leave—and with great pleasure, I should say," cried Aunt Clem. "It is of no consequence what time people dine, provided they have the regular hour; their appetite soon accustoms itself to it. You might dine at five, instead of your fashionable hour of six, and they after you. Annis's servants do, and she gets no grumbling."

"Well," said the captain, carelessly, "we have rubbed on somehow, with all our mismanagement, and we must contrive to rub on still. Per-

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haps we shall give up our summer excursion this year, and that will be a saving. I am going down to the club for an hour. I shall find you here on my return, Aunt Clem: you'll stop and help us out with the minced veal."

"What a barbarous picture you do draw of domestic economy, Aunt Clem!" exclaimed Augusta, as her husband quitted the room. "Ninepenny lace, and common home-made lawn shirts for babies, and all the house dining off one joint, and calling minced veal unprofitable! Your notions are not suitable to us; to the captain."

"Child," answered Aunt Clem, "I am only thinking what is suitable to your pockets. With five hundred a year, you ought to be able to afford liberal housekeeping and expenditure; but it appears you have so many large expenses, that the house must, or ought, of necessity, to suffer. Your husband hinted at debt: and indeed I don't see how he can have kept out of it."

"We are very much in debt; though how much he will not tell me: he says it is enough for him to be worried over it, without my being so."

"Then why don't you curtail your expenditure, Augusta?"

"Curtail where? There is not one of the servants we could possibly do without: and I'm sure I try all I can to impress saving in the kitchen."

"There has been one fault throughout, Augusta. You began on the wrong scale: it is very easy to increase a scale of expenditure, but remarkably difficult to lessen it. The common mistake in marrying is, that people begin by living up to their income."

"After all, aunt, if I could curtail in petty domestic trifles, it would be of little service. It is the large outlays that have hurt us: our going out of town, and our visiting, and my husband's private expenses. He cannot give up these expenses, unless he gives up his friends. Fancy Captain Courtenay being obliged to relinquish his club! It's not to be thought of. We must rub on, as he says, somehow or other."

"He does not seem to be rubbing on to his club now," said Aunt Clem, who was at the window. "He is standing to talk."

"And what queer-looking men he has got hold of!" uttered Augusta, following her. "Shabby coats and greasy hats. He is coming back, and they with him. What can they want?"

Aunt Clem drew in her lips ominously, but she said nothing. Mrs. Courtenay was only surprised, for the men had entered with her husband. She opened the room-door, and saw the captain advancing to her with a white face.

"My dear Augusta—don't be alarmed, or—or—put out: Aunt Clem can tell you there's no occasion, for these trifles happen every day: but—I—am—arrested."

"Arrested!" shrieked Augusta, flying to cling to his arm. "Will they drag you off to prison?"

"For to-day I fear they must, but——"

"Ain't no fear about it, sir," interposed one of the men, "it's certain. As well out with the truth, sir, to the lady, it answers best with 'em."

"You'll stop here, and take care of her, Aunt Clem," said the crestfallen captain, as Augusta burst into sobs; "don't let her grieve. I dare say I shall get it all settled and be at home to-morrow."

"This comes of such folks as you rushing headlong into marriage!" tartly exclaimed Aunt Clem.

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Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWALS:

VIII.—Horace Walpole Again.

Horace Walpole's Entire Correspondence* is fast nearing completion. Complete, it will form an incomparable record of the eighteenth century—invaluable to every student of English politics, indispensable to every reader of English history.

It is a perfect panorama of Vanity Fair, in an age—and more than one age—when the booths were of the fullest, and the crowds of the merriest, and the confusion of the noisiest; when jack-puddings were in high feather, and very amply supplied; when tumblers of extreme agility attracted a deal of company; when the demand for gilded gingerbread wares was at its height, and supply quite kept pace with demand; when the pig-faced lady might be seen in the person of a king's mistress, and Clive did very well as the Bengal tiger, and Newcastle was perfection as the gibbering ape; when a giant or two were visible, of Chatham's inches, or Edmund Burke's—and dwarfs by the dozen, of the dimensions of Bubb Dodington or Welbore Ellis;—in short, and to use the appropriate idiom, all the fun of the fair.

This Entire Correspondence is the completest, out-and-out the fullest, richest, minutest account we possess of the period it describes. It is an Annual Register. It is a Parliamentary Reporter. It is a Political Dictionary. It is a Naval and Military Gazette. It is a Theatrical Journal. It is a Fashionable Intelligencer, Court Circular, and Magasin de Modes. It is a Scandalous Chronicle. It is, in fact, *the* Encyclopædia of our eighteenth century.

One of Walpole's letters to Lord Hertford, then in Paris, ends with these words: "Adieu! pray tell Mr. Hume that I am ashamed to be thus writing the history of England, when he is with you." Horace knew what he was writing, and guessed the price it would be rated at a hundred years after date. To Sir David Dalrymple he writes, in 1761: "Nothing gives so just an idea of an age as genuine letters; nay, history waits for its last seal for them." To Sir Horace Mann he says, at the opening of the year 1771: "Well, as we have closed a long period, pray send me my letters to the end of last year. I believe I have mentioned it once or twice. I should like to have them all together, for they are a kind of history—only think of eight-and-twenty years!" They *are* a kind of history—and now only think of nine goodly octavos, each averaging five hundred printed pages and more!

In the summer of the same year he assures Sir Horace, "I do not believe that Orestes and Pylades were half so punctual correspondents for thirty years together. But do not let us be content and stop here; thirty years more will finish the century; I have no objection to living

* The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. Vols. I.—VIII. London: Bentley. 1858.

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so long: I hope you have none." And Walpole did live out the thirty, within two or three years; and only now are we becoming acquainted with the Last Journals of the Earl of Orford.

It is amusing to note from time to time the sort of estimate he set on his correspondence. One day he is scolding Mann for hyper-panegyrics: "You say such extravagant things of my letters, which are nothing but gossiping gazettes, that I cannot bear it." Another: "If you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities." "You will think my letters are absolute jest and story-books, unless you will be so good as to dignify them with the title of Walpoliana." Another time he fumes at George Montague's writing to ask for gossip: "Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer; nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day-labourer in scandal." But anon he closes a letter to Richard Bentley with this résumé: "Castles, Chinese houses, tombs, negroes, Jews, Irishmen, princesses, and Mohocks—what a farrago do I send you!" He tells Conway, "I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill-will on the subjects I mention." "What a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; I am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me." "Good night!" he bids Montague, during the Seven Years' War, "mine is a life of letter-writing; I pray for a peace, that I may sheathe my pen." "I am very glad," he tells Lord Hertford, while on foreign service, "to be your gazetteer, provided you do not rank my letters upon any higher foot. I should be ashamed of such gossiping, if I did not consider it as chatting with you *en famille*, as we used to do at supper in Grosvenor-street." "Two nights ago," he tells Mann, "I was looking over some part of our correspondence, and I find that for seven-and-twenty years I have been sending you the annals of Bedlam." Putting this and that together, it is plain that Horace appraised his miscellaneous epistles at a fair valuation, and was quite alive to their intrinsic worth, as a repertory of information on contemporary topics, personal, social, and political.

As regards politics, what was the letter-writer himself? Professedly, his father's son. A staunch Walpolian Whig, of the Sir Robert school. The pride he always took in his father's name is one of the best traits about him. Lord Dover thinks Sir Robert was rather a harsh father to him, and that Horace nobly revenged himself, by his earnest solicitude through life for the honour of his parent's memory. Again and again he is uttering the exclamation, when things are at a sorry pass, "Were my father still Minister, we should not make the figure we do,"—or some equivalent assurance. He visits Houghton, and is pensive about him who lies there, to contribute to whose fall Europe (he says) was embroiled, and who has been sleeping there for years in quiet and dignity, "while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets." When upwards of fifty he thus writes to Monsieur de Voltaire: "The plain name of that father, and the pride of having had so excellent a father, to whose virtues truth at last does justice, is all I have to boast." An extra degree of parliamentary confusion, or public disorder, provokes him to the note of interrogation, "Oh! Sir Robert, my father, would this have happened in your days?"—But whereas Sir

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Robert was a statesman, a well-seasoned one, prudent and politic, thoroughly practical, business-like, and methodical,—his youngest son was whimsical, a partisan of whom party could make little or nothing, impracticable and wayward, with no taste but an utter aversion, perhaps incapacity, for business,—born to be a caustic spectator, not a chief actor on the scene—with a keen relish for seeing, and an extraordinary gift for reporting what he saw—but, to all practical purposes, no politician at all, and out of his element as soon as ever he entered the arena of action. Good, steady Whig as—perhaps for his father's sake—he called himself, he yet affected an exaggerated republicanism when the humour took him. His letters then overflow with the gall of bitterness against crowned heads all and sundry. In his fortieth year he hangs Magna Charta on one side of his bed, and, on the other, the Warrant for King Charles's execution, on which he has written Major Charta—as he is convinced that, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. In 1757 he is shocked at the "torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King." In 1759 he discusses history with Doctor Robertson, and pronounces Antoninus Pius "as good as human nature royalised can be." In 1760 he declares his special liking for his man Harry: and why? "For my part, my man Harry will always be a favourite; he tells me all the amusing news; he first told me of the late Prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the King's." From Paris he writes to Lady Hervey in 1765: "The Dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, lest the theatres should be shut up. Your ladyship knows I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my own interest. In truth, the way that princes affect my interest is not the common way." He expounds his philosophy, to Sir H. Mann, in bitter earnest. The world talks of serving kings *faithfully*—for what or why? "What do I owe to any human creature more than he owes to me? What entitles him to my *fidelity*? Can those foolish words *king* and *subject* make him better than me, or me worse than him? . . . . And can the frowns of such a strutting phantom mortify one? . . . . A King is established for my convenience, that is for the convenience of everybody; his power and his riches are his wages. . . . . . Laugh at them, my dear sir, or pity them, if they try to do as much as they can; but as that is seldom the case, never be mortified if they disappoint you." In 1771, again, he wants Sir Horace to tell him why the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, is putting her troops in motion: "The poor people are everywhere but fish and counters. To what end do modern philosophers write against all this? Kings and Queens never read essays of morality. They only read books of devotion, which are too civil to meddle with crimes of State. Parsons are like the law, and seem to think a King can do no wrong. How their Majesties will stare in the next world, when they come to plead that their ministers are answerable for all they did in this, and find their plea overruled!"

Towards foreign potentates, simply *as* foreign, Horace loved to affect the strain of a John Bullish arrogance, or uncompromising insular contempt. He begs Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, to be, on every occasion, as haughty as possible—as the representative not of King George but of Mr. Pitt: "Pray keep up all the dignity of his crown. It will be your

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own fault if you don't huff yourself into a Red Riband. This is my serious advice as well as temper. You know I love to have the majesty of the people of England dictate to all Europe. Nothing would have diverted me more than to have been at Paris at this moment [July, 1766]. Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop, as by chance, that he would be Minister in a few days, and it never failed to occasion a dead silence." Next year, again, he approves of bearding all other courts, and especially an Austrian one, for their ingratitude. "I am sure Lord Chatham's spirit will approve your showing any: we shall bow nowhere while he is Minister." When the east winds of 1768 make terrible havoc among certain evergreens at Strawberry Hill, he tells Parson Cole, "I am Goth enough to choose now and then to believe in prognostics; and I hope this destruction imports, that, though foreigners should take root here, they cannot last in this climate. I would fain persuade myself, that we are to be our own empire to eternity." Self-love, he tells Mann, makes one love the nation one belongs to, and vanity makes one wish to have that nation glorious. When the Duc de Choiseul desired to get him appointed Ambassador to the Court of France, Horace, protesting that no man on earth was less a Frenchman than himself, sent the Duc word in plain terms that he could not have desired a more unsuitable person; that whatever private connexions or friendships he, Horace, might have in France, however grateful for the kindness he had met with there, yet, the moment he should be Ambassador, he would be found more haughty and inflexible than all the English put together; and that though he wished for peace between the two countries, he should be more likely to embroil them than preserve union, for that nothing on earth could make him depart from the smallest punctilio, in which the honour of his country might be concerned. The figure England makes in 1770, he says, "goes to my heart, who, you know [to Mann], wish to dictate to all the world, and to sit, a private citizen, in the Capitol, with more haughtiness than an Asiatic monarch. All public ambition is lost in personal. It would soothe my pride a thousand times more to be great *by* my country than in it. It would flatter me more to walk on foot to Paris, and be reverenced as an Englishman, than go thither Ambassador, with the Garter. This might have been! but it past; and what signifies all the rest? I was born with Roman insolence, and live in *fæce Romuli!*"—Whatever the amount of his dismlish for sovereignty at home, continental crowns were for the most part his perfect abhorrence. The two Empresses have never a good word from him; and as for Catharine of Russia, his *acharnement* against her, as murderess, robber, rake, and whatever is or can be bad in the boldest of bold bad women, knows no bounds.

But then, again, if our cynical philosophe held in disdain King George, King Frederick, King Louis,—he was none the less a good hater of King Mob. As with the prince, so with the people. As with the court, so with the crowd. Horace was an aristocratic Whig, and a haughty one. "You know," he tells Lord Hertford, "I have all the pride of

—a citizen of Rome, while Rome survives:

in that respect my name is thoroughly HORATIUS." This was said in 1763, apropos of Lady Holderness's presentation, and "a Dutch woman's

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lowering the peerage of England." He could not have believed Lady Swan Fox would have stooped so low, as to wed with O'Brien the actor (1764). She may, however, still keep good company, and say, "*nos numeri sumus*"—for has not the Earl of Thanet's daughter lately married a physician? and Lady Caroline Adair a surgeon?—"the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born." As for the swinish multitude of the streets, Horace, like his namesake, *odit* that *profanum vulgus*, and *arcet* them as far away as he can from his fastidious presence. Once he admired Mr. Pitt; but when the Great Commoner "courts a mob, I certainly change; and whoever does court the mob, whether an orator or a mountebank, whether Mr. Pitt or Dr. Rock [the Quack Doctor], are equally contemptible in my eyes." He rallies Conway on caring for the voice of "the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first lord mayor's day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town." The Wilkes riots in 1768 elicit Horace's avowal, that he "cannot bear to have the name of Liberty profaned to the destruction of the cause; for frantic tumults only lead to that terrible corrective, Arbitrary Power—which cowards call out for as protection, and knaves are so ready to grant." A most true saying—the truth of which another century has corroborated, plainly and painfully enough, more than once or twice, and in more lands than one or two—so recurrent are the circles described by the whirligig of time.

But from the outset of his career, Horace gave tokens of that indifferentism, or freedom from party, which, with a deal of affectation and self-contradiction, he was so solicitous to claim for himself, in after years. "In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality"—thus he writes, at four-and-twenty, to Sir Horace Mann: "you will scarce guess how Lord Brook shows this: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly." "My dear child," he protests, in his next letter, "I am the coolest man of my party, and if I am ever warm, it is by contagion; and where violence passes for parts, what will indifference be called?" He might not have reached the sublime indifferentism of Lord Brook; but his quite voluntary tendency was thitherward. At thirty-three he writes: "I give you my word my politics are exceedingly neutral"—admitting in the same sentence, however, that he happened to be often at the court of Bedford. What he enjoyed in politics was the personality of the thing. He liked a field-day, a good stand-up knock-down fight, and even a general mêlée of strife and squabbling—himself the while observing it all in perfect peace, as though from a side-box, where he could feel quite safe, and see the by-play, and hear the asides, and watch spectators as well as actors. "This will soon grow a turbulent scene," he writes in 1751, while Lord Granville was fluttering the senate—"it is not unpleasant to sit upon the beach and see it." Two years later he tells George Montague, "You will think me very fickle, and that I have but a slight regard to the castle I am building of my ancestors [Strawberry Hill], when you hear that I have been these last eight days in London amid dust and stinks, instead of seringa, roses, battlements, and niches; but you, perhaps, recollect that I have another Gothic passion, which is for squabbles in the Wittenagemot." (One of his own notes to a subsequent epistle runs thus: "Mr. Walpole, when young, loved faction; and Mr. Bentley one day saying, 'that he believed

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certain opinions would make a sect,' Mr. W. said, eagerly, 'Will they make a party?'") On the death of Mr. Pelham he remarks: "As a person who loves to write history better than to act in it, you will easily believe that I confine my sensations on the occasion chiefly to observation." Again, in 1755: "You know how late I used to rise: it is worse and worse: I stay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the House of Commons." For which perpetual presence, posterity has to thank him with all its heart—if it has the heart to care for what was then doing in the House, when as yet the Fourth Estate had no business there. He declares the true definition of himself to be, a dancing senator—not that he actually danced, or that he did anything by being a senator;—but he went every night to balls, and every day to the House of Commons—to look on. "And you will believe," he tells Mr. Bentley, "that I really think the former [balls] the more serious occupation of the two; at least the performers are most in earnest. What men say to women, is at least as sincere as what they say to their country." But to Conway, about the same time, he declares himself to be "a Whig to the backbone." Not to be bought though, or caught though: whatever friendships he may have with the man, he avoids all connexions with the Minister; he abhors courts, he says, and levee-rooms, and flatteries; he has done (1757) with all parties, and only sits by, and smiles.

Being now forty years of age, he cherishes a growing distaste for politics. Such is his profession, reiterated with an uneasy and rather suspicious frequency. He is frank enough to own, at intervals, that there are exceptions to his self-imposed rule: so sensible is he of his fickleness, that he is thinking of keeping a diary of his mind, as people do of the weather: "To-day you see it temperate, to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy; for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes." In 1762, when Lord Bute was tottering, Horace writes: "The campaign at Westminster will be warm. . . . Well, I shall go into my old corner under the window, and laugh; I had rather sit by my fire here; but if there are to be bull-feasts, one would go and see them, when one has a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier combatants." To Conway he calls himself "very indifferent, the only way of being impartial;" but he pretends not to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the Duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country—the only thing that never gave his grace a panic. "Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord." "I have nothing to do to be glad or sorry, whatever happens ministerially, and do not know why one may not *see* history with the same indifference that one *reads* it." "Both sides," he complains to G. Montague (Dec., 1762), "torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I were great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to the pit, *Accordez-vous, canaille!* Yet to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are canaille." And then he protests that nothing in his life appears to him more ridiculous than his having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when he loved better things too. "I am sick of the storms that once loved them so

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cordially" (1763). But let a debate occur, next year, on General Warrants, and there we have the Hon. Horace Walpole eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, above seventeen on Tuesday, and reckoning on another seventeen for Friday. Then comes a lull, and he is all apathy again. "I have not been at the House this month." "How should I know anything? I am in no confidence; I think of both sides alike; I care for neither; I ask few questions." But anon he is assuring Lord Hertford, in a positively solemn strain, that "all party is *not* founded on interest," and that "the present state of party . . . is of a most serious nature" (May, 1764). For himself, he will live and die in his old-fashioned Whiggism, be the mode what it will. *No*, he cannot alter. "When one has seen the whole scene shifted round and round so often, one only smiles, whoever is the present Polonius or the Gravedigger, whether they jeer the prince, or flatter his phrenzy" (1765). Still he plumes himself, when need be, on his political acquirements—when detailing the progress of affairs, for instance, to the Earl of Hertford—"You must recollect that I understand this country pretty well,—attend closely to what passes,—have very good intelligence,—and know the actors thoroughly." But, on the whole, his ambition from this time forwards is to be considered supremely indifferent to the din of party strife. The Lords may be in hot water about Wilkes, and his citation of two of their House; the Commons as hotly engaged on the Cumberland election between Sir James Lowther and the Duke of Portland: meanwhile Horace hugs himself over a sea-coal fire in Arlington-street: "Oh! how delightful and comfortable to be sitting quietly here and scribbling to you [Montague], perfectly indifferent about both Houses."

Elsewhere we find him telling Montague, "I abominate politics more and more. . . . 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs; yet the contagion catches one; can you tell anything that will prevent infection? Well, then, here I swear,—no, I won't swear, one always breaks one's oath." Then, in letter after letter, for home or continental readers, he has done with politics; he is sick to death of all our political stuff; he is so sick of politics, which he has long detested, that he must bid adieu to them; when he recollects all he has seen and known, he feels as old as Methuselah—indeed, he was born in politics, but he hopes not to die in them; if he was tranquil enough to write Castles of Otranto in the midst of grave nonsense and foolish councils of war, he is not likely, at fifty, to disturb himself with the diversions of the court where he is not connected with a soul; his mind has been harassed and worn out with politics, his heart is set on retreat, and the decency of retiring so early charms him; he will go to Paris, for change of scene, and to get out of politics; for his part, he says with the Bastard, in "King John," though with a little more reverence, and only as touching his ambition,

> Oh! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
> I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee:

he is too sick of politics in England to enter into them in France; he neither sees nor desires to see our wretched political trash, he is sick of it up to the fountain-head; unpleasant as it is to be ill anywhere but at home, the rooted aversion he has taken to politics and the House of

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Commons will brave even the gout, which shall not carry him back from Paris—he stays there only to avoid being in England, and when he has fairly shown himself broken from politics, he will return to Strawberry and quiet; he was sick to death of them before he set out, and perhaps should not have stirred from home, if he had not been sick of them and all they relate to; he has long wished to be off the stage, as he, happily, never had the ambition of being an actor, never was more than prompter; he hates politics, and is glad to pass a month without hearing of them; he cannot, like the Duke of Newcastle, sail through life with generation after generation, and he is sick of the present—he has seen them in all shapes, and knows them thoroughly; he has done with politics, and only laughs at the trade now—he was born in it, and has lived in it half a century, and is overjoyed to quit it; his seat in the House is now gone (1768), and he is sure he shall never repent his resolution; he has nothing more to do with the storm, but as a spectator; he is very thankful to be out of that hothouse, St. Stephen's chapel; it is most indifferent to him who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield; he sees the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it—that is mortifying, but what signifies who has the undoing it?—he seldom suffers himself to think on this subject: *his* patriotism could do no good, and his philosophy can make him be at peace. What must he entertain his correspondents with now? News there are none but politics. And politics are no amusement to him, except in seeing two or three sets of people worry one another, for none of whom he cares a straw.

In fact, he is getting much too old for that sort of thing. At fifty-four he, for his part, reckons the volume quite shut in which he took any interest. The succeeding world is young, new, and half unknown to him. Tranquillity comprehends every wish he has left. If the disturbances at Paris should happen to amuse him, why that is excusable in an ancient politician; and no philosopher has forbidden our being entertained with public confusion: he shall, in truth, only look on with the same indifference with which he sees our own squabbles. It amuses him when he sees men, by choice, push on towards a succession of courts. Ambition should be a passion of youth; not, as it generally is, of the end of life. What joy can it be to govern the grandchildren of our contemporaries? It is but being a more magnificent kind of schoolmaster. He had been told he would regret quitting his seat in parliament; but he knew himself better than those prophets did. Four years are passed (1771); and he has done nothing but applaud his resolution. All this betrays an anxiety to impose on himself, as well as his correspondents—so frequent is the iteration of what, by the mere frequency of its iteration, betokens a mind ill at ease, and far from perfect in its part.

Affectation, indeed, has been considered by many the prime feature in Horace Walpole's composition—whether by pen or in person. They set him down as an irredeemable dandy, and nothing more; a shallow self-sufficing thing; a mere fribble—heartless, soulless, godless, every atom of him. Now, there is so much that is unlovely in him—so low a tone of moral sentiment and every-day life—he is so far from exemplary or enviable in his philosophy and practice, and altogether presents so little to attract the regard of the really good, or challenge the admiration of the really great—that we are glad to point, where we can, and then as

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pointedly as we can, to what there is in him of a better nature. He was not wholly and solely a fashionable dawdler. Miss Hawkins has left a portrait of him, in the act of entering a room, with that air of "affected delicacy which fashion had made almost natural—chapeau bras between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm, knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor." The portrait is accepted by some as though it excluded any other of this finished exquisite. The more reason for calling attention to him in an attitude of his own sketching—squatting, for instance, on the pavement of the lumber-room at Ragley, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar—then on a ladder writing on a picture—and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in his slippers and without his hat. Idle his life may be, in its scope and purpose; but he is laborious, too, in his way. Conway may go to horse-races; *he* can't afford to lead such a life: he has Conway-papers to sort, he has Lives of the Painters to write, he has his prints to paste, his house to build, and everything in the world to tell posterity. He has such a perpetual succession of nothings to do, such auctions, politics, visits, dinners, suppers, books to publish or revise, &c., that he finds no quarter of an hour without call upon it.—Again, if he was in too many respects a "shallow self-sufficing thing," he was not, in any respect, participant in what the poet goes on to say of that "thing,"

> One that would peep and botanise
> Upon his mother's grave.

He loved his mother dearly, and we like him for it, as, in another degree, we like Gray, and Pope, for the same good cause. Call him not heartless, while there is such heart in his allusions, wherever he does allude, to his mother. It is his solace, amid the trouble of his father's fall, that *she* "is safe, secure, and above the rage of confusion: nothing in this world can touch her peace now." "If I ever felt for anything," he writes to Conway, "(which I know may be questioned,) it was certainly for my mother." Long years afterwards he finds himself at Houghton, and alone—but with a cloud of reflections (not Gray, and forty churchyards, he vows, could furnish so many)—and his first mention is of the tomb where "lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me." The foregoing parenthesis, in the passage addressed to Conway, intimates Walpole's full consciousness of the character he bore, as an unfeeling, and coldly indifferent trifler. The world knew what bad terms he kept with one after another of his father's family; how he abominated Uncle Horace, that "old buffoon," that absurd "Baron Punch," that "old wretch" whose "abominable avarice and dirt" his nephew feels obliged to drag to light, that "old baby," who won't die, even in his advanced stage of second babyhood, and whom dead his namesake abuses as rancorously as ever he did living. The world knew how he ridiculed that old gentleman's son, by him nicknamed Prince Pigwiggin, and by him scoffed at in all companies, and refused all mercy; how he detested Lady Orford, his nephew's wife, whom his odium pursued abroad with unrelenting malice; and how much bad blood there was between him and his brother, and his brother's connexions, and offshoots of the family, far and wide. Lord Macaulay but expresses the popular belief when he describes Walpole as one who sneered at everybody. From this charge Miss Berry warmly defends her uncle—averring that to sneer was not

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his way of showing dislike—that where he strongly disliked, as he often did from prejudice, and on confessedly insufficient grounds, he always spoke out his aversion, and with undue violence. The affections of his heart, she allows, were bestowed on few; for in early life they had never been cultivated—but they were, she maintains, "singularly warm, pure, and constant; characterised not by the ardour of passion, but by the constant preoccupation of real affection." Without indorsing to the full this testimony of natural attachment, from one, however, who was justly qualified to say, *expertæ crede*, we may point to numerous instances wherein Horace Walpole proved his capacity for likings and lovings. He shows a real liking for the Duke of Montague, as "a most amiable man," and one of the most "feeling" he ever knew—and for the Duchess's "really estimable qualities." The Duchess of Grafton had a foremost page in his good books. Of Lady Mary Coke he was the constant friend and admirer. Old Lady Suffolk was his delight, and so was old Lady Hervey; and every one knows the ridicule he incurred for his fast friendship with his dear old blind woman, Madame du Deffand. If he quarrelled with Gray, he acknowledged himself in the wrong, and the quarrel was made up. If he ceased to be friends with Bentley, it appears to have been Bentley's own fault. If his intimacy with George Montague cooled down, and died away, there is evidence that Horace at least was anxious to maintain it. His cordial attachment to Galfridus Mann is unquestioned; still less so that to Harry Conway, demonstrated as it was by substantial proofs, which the most sceptical allow, in this one case at least, to be quite valid. "You know I don't throw my liking about the street," he somewhere tells his Florentine correspondent. But neither did he lightly throw away a liking he had once taken. In a letter to the same correspondent, dated 1757, occurs the following passage: "I can better answer your desiring me to countenance your brother James, and telling me it will cost me nothing.—My God! if you don't believe my affection for you, at least believe in the adoration I have for dear Gal's memory—that, alas! cannot now be counterfeited! If ever I had a friend, if ever there was a friend, he was one to me; if ever there were love and gratitude, I have both for him—before I received your letter, James was convinced of all this—but my dear child, you let slip an expression which sure I never deserved—but I will say no more of it." This is not the tone of a man incapable of forming friendships or of retaining them. When Conway, in 1764, was turned out of the King's Bedchamber, and out of his regiment, Horace insisted on his making use of 6000*l.* he had in the funds, and set about making a new will in the general's favour. The latter writes at this juncture to his brother, the Earl of Hertford, "Horace Walpole has, on this occasion, shown that warmth of friendship that you know him capable of; so strongly that I want words to express my sense of it." "I have loved you both unalterably," Horace tells the Earl, "and without the smallest cloud between us, from children." In his spirited letter to Thomas Pitt, he declares: "I love and honour Mr. Conway above any man in the world; I would lay down my life for him; and shall I see him every day basely and falsely traduced in newspapers and libels, and not say what I know is true, when it sets his character in so fair and noble a light?" "They may ruin me," he tells Conway, "but no calumny shall make me desert

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you. . . . . My option is made, and I scorn their abuse as much as I despise their power." To the Earl of Strafford he writes, in 1769: "When you have been so constantly good to me, my dear lord, without changing, do you wonder that our friendship has lasted so long? . . . . Oh, but it will last now! We have seen friendships without number born and die. Ours was not formed on interest, nor alliance; and politics, the poison of all English connexions, never entered into ours." To George Montague, in the same year,—after a fervid eulogy of Madame du Deffand,—"Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say, I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five-and-thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle about naming so ancient a term." Montague, in one of his replies, declares: "All your conduct is friendly to me and my friends, and all your actions are just and noble."

—If we break off abruptly, 'tis the laws of space are at fault: those inexorable laws, which no belated contributor, no complaisant editor, no contriving compositor even, can coax into compliance.

Another volume—the ninth—and Mr. Cunningham's edition of the Walpole Correspondence will be complete. The ample Index it is to contain will be a boon of the first magnitude.

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. IV.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND JACOBITES."

(1824—*The Soldier's Wife to her Boy, the Drummer.*)

THE PARTING WITH THE EAGLES, 1814.

AN April morning! Fontainebleau
  Stands up and braves the sun;
The dew still glitters on the turf
  Where rabbits race and run;
No hunting clamour breaks the hush,
  No hound, or echoing hoof,
But sprinkling gold falls on the moat
  And slants athwart the roof.

A *lonely day*, and Fontainebleau
  Broods o'er its memories—
So old, and yet the April bloom
  Is white upon the trees.
Ten Easters since! a different scene
  Was lit by yonder sun,
When through those rosy almond boughs
  Roared the meridian gun!

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That palace with its thousand eyes
  Indeed might look aghast,
As the last scene that closed the play
  Before its windows pass'd.
"What do they call that marble horse,
  Just like ours in Sedan—
A horse for Cæsar—lion-maned?"—
  "That is the *Cheval Blanc.*"

This is the horse-shoe staircase where
  The Emperor came down,
No bloody sceptre in his hand,
  Nor lightning-woven crown,
But like a simple soldier clad,
  In his plain grey surtout,
And underneath the epaulettes
  The red that faced the blue.

That noble tree that sheltered us
  With its extended branch,
Was smit by steel and split by fire—
  Revanche, mon Dieu, revanche!
The cruel frosts of winter came
  And stripped the dying trunk;
The leaves were crowns, the boughs were kings—
  Brave blood the tree had drunk.

The traitor dukes and subject kings
  Fell off like autumn leaves,
As stripped as when the April time
  Laughs as old Winter grieves.
Like blossoms from that wind-scourged thorn
  The traitors dropped from him—
No wonder that his head was bent
  And that his eye was dim.

Shall I forget that April noon?
  The carriages in line,
Like funeral hearses slowly came
  Through slanting sunbeams' shine.
Who do they wait for—Balliard,
  Bussy, or Montesquiou,
La Place, Jouanne, or Athalin,
  Vonsowich or Flahaut?

The rest are gone, with sneer or jest,
  Regrets, or fierce rebuke,
Even the valet lured away
  Last night the Mameluke.
When Ney was false, who could expect
  A scullion to be true?
Yet still around the close-shut gate
  I saw a faithful few.

Yes, still the old Imperial Guard
  Were under arms in line—
Old friends of Austerlitz—the same
  In snow, or rain, or shine.
Immovable, a wall of steel,
  You might have thought them dead,
But for the sullen smouldering fire
  That in their eyes shone red.

One strikes, and through the opening door
Napoleon appears :
The ruffle of the drum was heard,
Like thunder came the cheers;
The crimson flags blew in and out,
The tremble of the steel
Was visible, most visible!—
What! Frenchmen and not feel?

Their caps upon the bayonets shook
As when a conqueror comes
To greet his soldiers—faster spread
The rolling of the drums.
And then a death-like hush so deep—
You heard the thoughtless bird
Upon the rosy almond bloom
A sprinkling snow had furred.

You heard his measured steps, as quick
He came down yonder stairs,
His hand extended for those hands
Held out to him in pairs.—
HE WAS AMONGST THEM, ringed with steel,
Erect and stern as when
The foes he sought to crush at last
Were gathered in his ken.

"Farewell, my children; bring the flag
For me to kiss and bless;
The dying father thinks of thee
In joy or in distress.
For twenty years this eagle led
Our tramplers on kings;
We who lit fires with sceptre-staffs,
And counted crowns base things,

"We now must part. With men like you
I could have fought for years;
But then our country had been drenched
With blood and mothers' tears.—
I leave you, but ye still will serve
France, that we so much love:
God guard her from the ravening hawk,
As angels guard the dove.

"Faithful and brave, a long farewell—
'Tis *very* hard to part;
Would I could press my children all
Unto their father's heart."
They brought the flag, that Bertrand bore,
He clasped it to his arms;
Not one but wept, the fiercest there—
The drum beat the alarms.

The bayonets shook, the stormy shout
Burst like a thunder-clap,
How lightning quick the fiery beat
Of the fierce drummer's tap!—
A dash of hoofs—the carriage broke
Impetuous through the crowd,
And after it the rolling dust
Rose in a blinding cloud.

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HEIRESSES.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

"But confess that you *are* flirting a little with Sir Henry, Emily?" said Helen Stamford, as they sat together before dinner on the day of the ball at Silvermere.

"My most prudent mentor," Emily answered, "to anybody else I should put the usual mystifying question, 'What do you mean by flirting?' but as I don't want you to look grave and search into every cranny of my thoughts with those great grey eyes of yours, I answer that Sir Henry Clayton does amuse me, and, that being the case, that I prefer laughing with him, and occasionally being grave with him, to talking to anybody else. And so I suppose that *is* flirting with him."

The two were sitting in Helen's room—such a pretty, graceful little den, with its pink and white curtains and carefully arranged vases of flowers, its two or three exquisite engravings after Rafaelle, and its litter of books—showing that Helen's shelves were not filled for ornament. Emily Hope half reclined on a little couch by the open window in a most becoming white dressing-gown and blue ribbons, which gave a little flutter every now and then as a gentle puff of summer air brought a scent of mignionette from the bright garden below, and disturbed their silken tranquillity. Helen, also *en robe de chambre*, sat opposite her in a very comfortable-looking arm-chair, and between the two stood a small table, which explained the cause of the young ladies meeting at this hour and in this guise.

They were having their afternoon tea, and this hour Emily always affirmed was the most delightful one of the whole day. It was the only thing that invigorated one after coming in tired from riding or driving, to go through the fatigues of the evening, she would declare, throwing her pretty head languidly to one side, while her bright blue eyes, against her will, contradicted the affected little announcement by dancing about most unweariedly under their long lashes.

"But don't you think this method of amusing yourself may be rather dangerous to poor Sir Henry?" Helen went on, perseveringly.

Emily laughed.

"My dear Helen, can you ask it seriously? Dangerous? I'm sure I hope not. But really, if you reflect on all one has ever heard of him, I think you will allow that Sir Henry himself would be the first to consider *me* the one in danger, and pity me accordingly."

"Your opinion of his self-esteem is certainly so far right; but then you only increase it by letting him monopolise you as you do. Why don't you talk to Mr. Sutton a little? I assure you he's quite as clever as Sir Henry, and really very agreeable when you talk to him."

"Now, now I have got you, my Lady Abbess!" Emily exclaimed, clapping her hands gleefully. "*Now* it's my turn. Pray will you tell me how and when I am to talk to Mr. Sutton, when his whole attention

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and conversation is given to you? He *may* be very clever and agreeable, but of that I can scarcely judge, as we rarely exchange sentiments; in fact, the only real conversation I have had with him was coming from Tintern the day before yesterday, and then he looked after your horse the greater part of the time. If you talk of conceit, Helen, I must say I think Mr. Sutton looks *abominably* conceited."

And having triumphantly delivered this opinion, Miss Hope gathered her pretty mouth into a defiant expression, and opened her blue eyes full on Helen Stamford.

"Nay, dear," the latter rejoined, "it was you talked of conceit, not I. But I think Mr. Sutton has his full share of it. I don't attempt to defend that proposition, for it is quite as evident to me as it can be to you that Mr. Sutton thinks he has made a profound impression upon me." Helen played with the spoon in her saucer as she spoke, looking very quiet and unconcerned the while.

"What a funny girl you are, Helen!" her companion exclaimed, laughing. And getting up from the couch she pushed a stool towards Helen's chair, sat down on it, and rested her arms on Helen's knee while she looked up in her face. "If *I* thought Mr. Sutton had that condescending idea about me, I would never speak to him again—never!"

"And Sir Henry Clayton?" suggested Miss Stamford, rather provokingly, we must own.

"Don't tease me, Helen, and never mind Sir Henry. I'll never speak to him again either, if you think I'd better not. But oh, by-the-by! I want to speak to you about the funny conversation at Tintern the day before yesterday. *Did* you see how startled Mr. Sutton looked when you made that vehement assertion about quitting this wicked earth if your ladye-love had proved unfaithful to you? If you had taken a pistol out of your pocket and suddenly fired it, I don't think the whole party could have been more dismayed. Mrs. Stamford looked annoyed, *ce cher* Philip surprised, Mrs. Loyd shocked, as became a *ci-devant* governess before her renegade pupil."

"I took it too seriously, certainly, Emmy," Miss Stamford replied; "but you know I have a way of speaking out just what I think, and I carried the thought on seriously in my head. Oh, I hope nobody I love will ever prove traitor to me, Emily! I do think it would break my heart."

And such a look of acute suffering came into Helen's eyes, that poor little Emily felt a great tear come out of hers and *very nearly* roll down each cheek; which, as she was conscious, was extremely foolish.

"Nobody could, Helen," she said, very earnestly; "they must always love you. If it were *me*, you know, it would be different, because I don't deserve anything better, and, if you won't tell anybody, what I said at Tintern was quite true. I'm afraid I should care for somebody else directly! Yes, it's very shocking," she went on, looking up in Helen's face with the sort of solemnity a child sometimes puts on, "but I don't think I shall ever marry, Helen (I don't mean that there's anything shocking in *that*); but, do you know, I don't think I should care for my husband for any length of time, and I should always want to care for a new person. Don't laugh. I assure you it makes me quite unhappy sometimes, for it's such a dreadfully weak, capricious character to have."

Helen did laugh. "I don't think you need feel anxious on that score,

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Emily," she said; "when you really do care for anybody, that fear will vanish—if you love truly, I mean, and not with what women sometimes call love—mere passing preferences born out of vanity which they dignify with the name." And her lip curled scornfully as she spoke.

"Well, of course I don't know anything about it at all," Emily answered. "I don't suppose I ever shall care for anybody, for you know I'm one-and-twenty, and I was far more in love with Prince Cheri when I was ten years old, than I ever have been with any one since. So, you see, I'm born to be an old maid. I might make a *mariage de convenance*, to be sure, but——" Helen put her hand across the speaker's mouth.

"No treasonable speeches in my den, please! Why, you are just at the most dangerous age for a *grande passion*—so beware! You would run a chance of never 'getting over it' now, as it is called. No, Emmy, when you love, you will love well, or I am much mistaken in you—with all your woman's heart, with all your woman's devotion. Worthily, I pray; but, if not, still you will love; for, when once the ice-barrier is broken, you cannot stop the tide. You will love, even though, in return, un-love sometimes meets you; proud to all the world else, *then* you will forget all pride; forsaken—ay, even *forsaken*—you will love on, and bless instead of curse; love on unloved, or, mayhap—die!"

Helen had clasped her hands together in the passion of her speech, and gazed straight before her as though the space contained some object visible alone to her, while her inspired eyes shone with steadfast light from out their depths. As she spoke the last words her head drooped upon her breast, and there was silence in the room.

And if you had looked at them as they sat there, you would have seen that between the two spirits lay some broad gulf, some Rubicon of the soul, which the one had passed and the other not. The one—the elder, though in look so much the younger—seemed like a fair, unlettered page; on the other, there were noble types impressed—to be read hereafter.

"I have made you look quite grave, Emmy," Helen broke the silence by saying, in a lighter tone; "and, to descend to a material subject, do you know it's very near dinner-time, and we haven't made the least attempt at dressing yet?"

This was matter of too great moment to be longer neglected, so Miss Hope jumped up in a great hurry and out of the reverie into which she was just sinking, shook down all her beautiful brown hair at the same moment, and in this dishevelled condition made her way, with some trepidation, along the passage to her room.

"Do you anticipate a pleasant ball to-night, Miss Stamford?" Philip Sutton asked, as they traversed the long gallery leading to the ball-room at Silvermere that evening; a common-place question enough, to be sure, which Helen quietly answered in the negative.

"No! then why did you come?"

"Does one never do anything but what one is inclined to?" she asked, smiling.

"Oh, of course; but going to a ball is surely not a matter of duty."

"That *is*, perhaps, rather a serious light to regard it in; but perhaps if I had liked the idea of coming to-night very much, I should have been very angry with myself."

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"I never before heard of a young lady imposing a ball upon herself as a penance," Philip went on to observe.

"Nor do I. I am simply indifferent to it, and rather dislike coming than not."

"You are no flatterer, Miss Stamford." Here they entered the room, Philip was introduced, and they moved on to the spot Mrs. Stamford chose as her chaperone-throne for the night. "You won't allow that your party may perhaps make the evening less disagreeable to you," Philip continued, somewhat piqued.

"'My party' I should still have had round me at home," Helen answered, laughing; "but you are quite right to say I am no flatterer—I hope not, at least. I like you very much, Mr. Sutton," she added, fixing her grey eyes calmly and gravely on his face, "and I think you very agreeable and amusing, but, notwithstanding, I don't think you can make me enjoy any ball particularly at present."

"If we were in the Palace of Truth just now, as you almost make me imagine we are, I should ask why, and you would be obliged to answer me; but I have more consideration for *you*, Miss Stamford," Philip said, in a tone of half reproach, "than you have for 'your party.' At any rate, will you begin by making the evening agreeable to *me*, though I cannot make it so to you—will you dance this waltz with me?" And he already half offered his arm.

"I don't waltz," Helen replied.

"Not waltz! Since when have you given it up, Miss Stamford? Why, I remember having the pleasure of waltzing with you at your first ball. You really mustn't refuse so old an acquaintance." Helen shook her head. "Do you disapprove of waltzing?" Philip asked.

"No, not particularly."

"Then *why*, again? But I beg your pardon; I forget we are *not* in the Palace of Truth."

A bright colour suffused Helen's pale face, but she did not speak; and Philip, feeling rather angry, dashed into animated conversation with Mrs. Stamford, Emily having by this time disappeared among the crowd of dancers with Sir Henry Clayton.

It was a very pretty ball, and amusing as most country balls are. This one was given to celebrate Mr. Carew's coming of age (Lord Delamayne's eldest son), and the whole country-side was invited, the house being, besides, filled with London guests, who shone conspicuous among the country cousins, and were looked upon with awe by the latter. Jack Stamford distinguished himself by making a speech at supper, totally uncalled for of course, but which, though it caused the stranger guests to stare a good deal, was not unexpected by those who knew that the talent of silence was never his.

An eccentric old gentleman, too, privileged to a certain extent in the neighbourhood, proposed Mr. Carew's health in a "neat and appropriate speech," wherein he made an equally neat and appropriate allusion to the period when the heir should become Lord Delamayne; an allusion which evidently struck the old gentleman as singularly happy, for his bald forehead shone with self-gratulation, and he rubbed his hands complacently the while. But as the allusion could scarcely be so agreeable to him who was still the *present* Lord Delamayne, the company felt extremely

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foolish, and nothing but the *à propos* striking up of a galop by the band could have prevented their mentally consigning the old gentleman to—— merely a Caudle lecture and his nightcap, we do assure you!

Philip Sutton was engaged to Emily for this galop, the first dance she had been able to give him this evening, Sir Henry Clayton having appropriated every dance she had had to spare. This was not saying much, for she was much in request—"Despite her position, poor girl," Philip thought.

She had talked, however, more than danced with Sir Henry, and once Philip felt unaccountably provoked with them and with himself, for he stumbled over them in the conservatory, which, brilliantly lighted up and dazzling with flowers, opened out of the ball-room, and where they were walking up and down in earnest conversation.

"It is really a pity Miss Hope should make herself so conspicuous," he thought. "And he may be merely amusing himself. How *can* a woman throw herself away upon a puppy of that sort?" And Mr. Sutton instantly walked away and danced a quadrille with Helen, whom he had forgiven for not waltzing with him.

Now, however, Emily was free, and Philip being in a forgiving mood, quickly pardoned her also, though he could not help feeling impatient when he saw how totally innocent she looked of requiring forgiveness for anything. And two or three other dances he had with her besides, and though he had resolved to talk a great deal about Helen, strange to say her name was only mentioned when once, as they passed where she stood, talking good-naturedly to the ancient orator, she looked round and smiled her own honest, quiet smile at them. Philip had quite made up his mind the day before to marry Helen Stamford. He thought she certainly liked him, and even her straightforward manner that evening had caused him not a doubt of this. It was probably a mere blind. Yet, oddly enough, he did not feel much chagrined that she had been so little with him this evening, and he found Emily Hope positively a sort of rest, though she was so much more lively, and made him exert himself so much more than Helen did.

He felt *extremely* interested in Helen; she was so true and high-minded, such a noble creature, he should be quite proud of such a wife, and he really cared a great deal for her. But somehow—he did not even like to confess it to himself—he could not help feeling a certain sense of weight and fatigue after they had been talking together for any length of time.

"The fact is," Philip once acknowledged, though only for a moment, "I fear I'm only an ordinary mortal, and Helen is never very far removed from the firmament; and the exalted position is rather fatiguing. When I come home tired after a day in chambers, I shan't be ready or inclined for a journey by electric telegraph straight up to the moon."

But Philip admired her very much indeed. . . . .

"Helen, you were quite right," said Emily Hope, quietly, as she stood in Helen's room after their return from the ball, reflectively pulling the remains of her bouquet to pieces as she spoke.

A beautiful morning was spreading its light over the scarcely autumn-tinted woods which lay beneath her eye as she stood at the window; the drive from Silvermere had been a long one, and it was late before they left. Helen turned round inquiringly.

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"About Sir Henry Clayton, I mean," Emily answered to the gesture without looking at her.

"I thought so," Helen said, in a quiet tone. "And you?"

"Refused him, of course," Miss Hope replied, now looking round, and showing Helen a very pale, tired little face. "I always refuse everybody, you know!" and there was a slight degree of bitterness in her tone. "I don't know how people can be so foolish as to give me the opportunity!"

Helen was too generous to say anything just then, though many a female friend would now have enjoyed the opportunity of proving how very sensible her warning had been, and how it was no wonder men "who are *always* more or less conceited," should mistake Miss Hope's manner, frank and thoughtless as a very child's, for decided encouragement. For Emily really was not a flirt; she talked to men just as unconcernedly as if they were women, and never caring for any one in any more tender light, she generally forgot that the unhappy victims might not be so "spider-hearted." Then, when she discovered her mistake, Miss Hope became very angry, provoked with herself for being so thoughtless, and indignant with the victim for the time being for his blindness and conceit.

"I am very sorry indeed," she now went on, "for poor Sir Henry looked so—so—I really never thought he *could* look mortified."

"I dare say it won't do him any harm for once," Helen said, with a little shade of malice. But Miss Hope would not take this consolation.

"Oh, but Helen, dear! he really looked unhappy, and you know I like him very much—but I think he *might* have seen! He would be furious if it were known, and of course I wouldn't have told it to any one but you, because I tell you everything, Nelly"—and the little puss put her arms round Helen, and looked up at her in such a manner that nobody could have scolded her after that, if she had just committed a felony —"and I know you never tell anybody."

"Of course not," Helen said, kissing her. Helen, who would scarcely have repeated to herself that she had refused an offer—Helen, who understood honour as men understand it.

"And now, don't you think you had better go and sleep it away, Emmy? you look so timid! Oh, by-the-by," she added, as Emily turned to leave the room, "how did you get on with Mr. Sutton? Did you like him?"

"Yes," said Miss Hope, rather stiffly. "He seems a very nice person. Good-by! And Helen remained alone.

Meantime Philip was deciding within himself that he must now lose no time in offering Helen Stamford his hand and—heart. The doubts he had had as to the amount of her fortune had this night been put at rest; for one of his partners, a stranger in that part of the country, had asked him that evening "if that was Mrs. Stamford?" looking towards her. "And is that the heiress?" continued his fair questioner, glancing towards Helen, who stood beside her.

"*Is* she an heiress?" Philip had asked, laughingly.

"One of the greatest heiresses in the south country, I am told," was the reply; "everybody talks about her. You are quite a stranger here to-night, I suppose?"

"I came with Mrs. Stamford's party," Mr. Sutton answered, dryly, for he did not wish Helen to be further discussed by his inquisitive partner.

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"Yes," he now soliloquised, "my stay here has now been long enough, and I must be decisive in my measures. Emily suits me perfectly, and I feel convinced I shall never care for any one more than I do for her. Affection founded upon thorough esteem is, after all, the surest and most lasting a man can hope for, and this I truly feel for Emily; hers is such a grand, genuine nature, so unlike the ordinary young-lady characters one generally meets. She will be more than merely my wife—she will be my friend. And then Emily, I am sure, does more than merely like me; she——Pshaw! what a fool I am! Here I am, calling Miss Stamford 'Emily,' though why that little flirt, Miss Hope, should get into my head just now, I can't precisely tell. There's not the slightest similarity between them—luckily!"

II.

"'LIST of casualties in the trenches, from the 4th to the 7th, inclusive,'" said Mr. Stamford, as they dawdled over a late breakfast, talking over the ball of the night before. The post had just come in, and Mr. Stamford held the *Times* in his hand. "Shall I read it out? It's a longish list to-day." And, clearing his throat, and settling his spectacles on his nose, Mr. Stamford read aloud a dozen names of the killed and wounded in that day's list from Sebastopol. "'Ensign Moore, wounded severely in the leg; Brevet Major Smith, right hand shot off; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel——' Hm!" said Mr. Stamford, clearing his throat determinedly, and glancing over the top of the paper.

"Go on, papa," Helen said, with a tremor in her voice.

"I've lost my place," said Mr. Stamford, with a total disregard to truth. "'Brevet Major Smith——' I read that; 'Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Marlowe, wounded severely in the arm, since amputated; Captain Brown, slightly;' and so on Mr. Stamford went, down to the end of one of those lists then so common. Helen, meanwhile, had turned deadly pale, and, holding her hands tightly pressed together, had risen, and, standing behind her father's chair, looked over his shoulder as he read. Emily Hope glanced anxiously at her, but dared not say a word; Mrs. Stamford fidgeted, and pulled her bracelets about; Jack whistled a tune. Philip Sutton, alone unobservant, looked over some business letters forwarded from town, listening with one ear to the names read aloud.

"Nobody I know," he broke the silence by saying. "Two or three of the names are familiar to me, but that's all. Here is the song I wrote to London for, Miss Stamford; I think you will like it." And he raised his eyes to look at her, but Helen had slipped quietly out of the room.

"She has just gone," Mrs. Stamford explained. "I am afraid Helen is a little fagged after her dissipation."

"Will you try it over for me, Miss Hope?" Philip asked. "I want to know if it is the right edition."

Helen meantime hurried to her own room, and, having first secured the door of that her fortalice, drew the long deep breath which she had so tightly held before she quitted the breakfast-room, and which felt like a weight of lead upon her chest. She did not then proceed to go into

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hysterics, or pace distractedly up and down the room like a tragedy queen, but she knelt down at once by the side of her bed, and fervently clasping her cold hands together, bent her pale, tearless face over them, and remained for a few minutes in an attitude far more expressive of sorrow than the wildest demonstration could have been. She could not pray just yet, but she felt that kneeling down promptly thus was her greatest safeguard—the only one thing that it occurred to her to do. Where could she find such comfort as even in the outer court, on the doorstep of prayer?

The news she had dreaded from day to day of a weary year and more, had now given her as great a shock as if she had never expected it. He was wounded, far away from her; severely, she *knew*—dangerously, she *feared*. It might have been worse?—nay, how knew she that? for even now he might be—— "Oh God, spare him! spare my darling!" the poor heart called out in its sorrow. "Give him back to me—Father, do not let him die!" And Helen prayed earnestly—prayed with faith as a little child—prayed now as since her childhood she had ever done—took her sorrow up upon her, and laid it down at God's feet—humbly praying.

What months of anxiety those twelve had been, none but such constant, impassioned hearts as hers could know. Helen's was one of those natures that love not very readily or diffusely, though kindly and sympathising to all. She did not for a word or a glance undo the gates of her heart; many had knocked long and loud for admittance there in vain. But if once the "open sesame" was found, wide flew the portals to admit the welcome guest, and from out those chambers none who entered went forth again. When Helen loved, she loved mightily, tenaciously, even in ordinary affection, as she had shown by the love she bore her mother's sister, with whom great part of her childhood had been spent, and from whom Helen derived her much-talked-of fortune. So that when, two years before the time of which we write, she gave her first love—a woman's greatest treasure and possession—to George St. John Marlowe, it was for ever and for aye.

Captain Marlowe was Sir Stephen Marlowe's nephew and heir, very well connected, and an excellent *parti* accordingly, and Mrs. Stamford was charmed to give her consent to Helen's engagement to him. Nothing could be more desirable. Sir Stephen was related to some of the best families in England; Captain Marlowe was a delightful person, exactly suited to Helen, and Mr. Stamford was quite satisfied. A general rose-colour spread over the whole arrangement.

And Helen was happy—ah, so happy! thinking of but one thing, knowing but one thing—that she was George Marlowe's affianced wife, that she had passed her word to him and he to her, and that nothing but death could now separate them.

Meantime the war broke forth, but Marlowe's regiment was not ordered out, and so all might have gone on smoothly had many another man than George Marlowe been concerned. But to him inaction was gall and wormwood; a power stronger than even love drew him onward; a voice, as the voice of a trumpet, sounded ever in his ear, "To battle, to battle! up, up and doing!" And the voice to George Marlowe was the voice of duty. He, a soldier, remain sluggishly in

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England, when England's men were fighting, dying for their mother's service? "Helen, Helen! must it be so?" he said; "I leave it to you to decide." And Helen, feeling the call, too, in her hero-heart, though that heart was full to bursting, said, looking the while into his ardent eyes, "It shall not be so. Go, George; *I* tell you to go!"

The next day they parted, and Helen knew George Marlowe loved her none the less.

Marlowe went up to London, and announced his intention of exchanging into a Crimean regiment to his uncle, or if this occasioned delay, of going out as a volunteer. Sir Stephen was furious, told his nephew he was mad, and that he utterly refused his consent to such a measure.

Marlowe stood firm. And then Sir Stephen declared that if his only nephew and nearest heir persisted in this Quixotic resolution, he, Sir Stephen Marlowe, should take the liberty of entirely disinheriting one who could be so ungrateful and rebellious; and, moreover, should intimate his intention to Mr. Stamford at once. Poor George turned very pale, but still stood firm.

Sir Stephen wrote to Mr. Stamford, altered his will, and thereby very considerably changed Captain Marlowe's position in the world and in the eyes of any prudent parents. He must, of course, still inherit the baronetcy, but that was rather a misfortune than otherwise, and, beyond his commission, Marlowe had very little else. Mrs. Stamford urged Helen to write and dissuade him from his wild resolution; but her daughter answered, with a grave smile, that her eloquence was already enlisted on the other side.

To cut a long story short, George Marlowe went to the Crimea disinherited, and, before leaving, received a note from Mr. Stamford, stating that his obstinate and rebellious conduct had put an end to any engagement which might have subsisted between Miss Stamford and himself. By the same post George received a letter from Helen, telling him that he knew her word was pledged to him for ever, that nothing but death could compel her to retract it, and that for ever she held him to his promise. And with a lightened heart George set forth on his venture of life or death.

You think Helen was a very undutiful daughter, oh my reader? Far be it from me to advocate any infringement of the fifth commandment; but listen to what she argued, and remember that, as I have said, Helen understood Honour. With all reverence—for she loved her father and mother, and it grieved her to the heart to pain them—the girl thus represented it: "When George was rich and prosperous you gave your consent joyfully to my being his wife. Mother, you yourself put my hand in his, and called him your son. And then I promised—I gave him my word, and I have never yet broken my word—that I would be his wife were he rich or poor, in health or in sickness, loving him alone. And now what has he done that I should retract it? *I* told him to go. *I* would have fought, if I had been a man, as he is going to fight now. And because Sir Stephen Marlowe chooses to take back what he has hitherto called George's, am *I* to take back what I gave him? Mother, do you think I could ever look into my heart again if I did this, blackened, disfigured thing that it would be? I tell you I can't give George up in

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this way; but I will do nothing underhand. I will write to him, and he will write to me, but you shall always know when letters come or go. You'll trust me, won't you?"

Mrs. Stamford, who was really a kind-hearted woman, would not have opposed the engagement herself determinedly. "But I must agree with your father, my dear child," she said to Helen; "and you know when *he* once says a thing what use there is in *my* gainsaying it." And so matters went on, Helen corresponding regularly with George Marlowe, but never once concealing when she wrote to or heard from him, her quiet communications on the subject being received with profound silence. But beyond their first formal declaration that they considered the engagement at an end, and this tacit disapproval, Mr. and Mrs. Stamford dared not take more violent measures, for they knew Helen's determination of character too well, and her mother hoped, in her secret heart, that time and absence might weaken Marlowe's hold over her. (This was the principal reason why Mrs. Stamford had now encouraged Philip's attentions to her daughter, hoping that he might in some degree distract her thoughts, and therefore her looks of satisfaction whenever Helen seemed to derive pleasure from them.) Had they refused their consent at first, when Captain Marlowe proposed for her, Helen was too dutiful not to have yielded at once, though it might have prevented her ever marrying at all. But after the willing consent obtained, the promise given, to make her break it for such a cause? Never!

George Marlowe was worthy of this girl's devotion; for if ever the heart of a chivalrous knight of old beat in a nineteenth-century man, it was in the bosom of this loyal gentleman. For a man of his years (he was a little under thirty), Marlowe was somewhat stern and grave in manner on first acquaintance, but when you knew him this impression wore off, and then you felt how kindly in truth his nature was, how unselfish and generous, and, though high-tempered with men, how manly and tender in his respect of women. This man deserved, indeed, the priceless gift of a fair and pure woman's love and constancy.

Ah! how weary the days of that long, anxious winter had been to Helen, when day by day came news of the sufferings they underwent—those heroes of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, glorious trine of victory! Sufferings from hunger and from cold, from sickness and disease, inglorious sufferings heroically borne. Ah, how on those bitter winter nights, when the snow lay bound by frost-fetters on the ground, Helen would look out and think of the tents on which the moonlight was shining in that battle-land—moonlight cold and pitiless as the white earth!—Hating to look at the bright fire which crackled on the hearth as she turned, heavy-hearted, from the window—hating the luxuries around her while she thought of *their* privations. Many that winter felt as she did—many as they read will recal what they felt then and thought. For surely the memory of that time and of the endurance of those brave men lives for ever amongst us.

And now, *now* he was wounded—George was wounded, Helen thought—George might die! She was not by to nurse him, she could not be where her heart was, and she had no one to talk to about him—no one to sympathise with her and care for him!

Many hearts, when those bloody news came in, felt as she now did—

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many, as they read, will recal what they then felt, and how the bleeding wounds seemed made in their hearts too.

The song must have been very difficult indeed to read at first sight, for Miss Hope had been trying it over under Mr. Sutton's tuition for an unconscionably long time, and, to judge from appearances, the attempt had been abandoned in despair; for though Miss Hope still sat at the piano (in the morning room where we first became acquainted with her), its keys were mute, and it was a recitative entirely of their own composition which she and Philip were carrying on in a low tone of conversation. A pause ensued, after which Mr. Sutton, who was sitting beside the piano, stated that he feared he should not have another such pleasant morning, as he had already taxed Mrs. Stamford's hospitality too far, and thought he really must leave Stamford House to-morrow, or the day after.

"*Must* you?" Emily exclaimed, in a startled tone of voice, and as if the possibility of such a thing had never occurred to her, while she looked up at Philip with her large blue eyes, and a very dismayed little face indeed.

Mr. Sutton experienced a strange sensation, and a fit of temporary insanity, we think it must have been, impelled and compelled him to fix his own eyes on those blue orbs of Miss Hope's, and thus to remain for some time without speaking.

In which occupation there seemed to be some extraordinary fascination, for Mr. Sutton, looking very pale and agitated for a man who supposed himself to be made entirely out of parchment, continued it longer than strict politeness warranted, and till gradually Miss Hope's eyelashes rested on her cheek, and she slightly bent her head. Then Mr. Sutton walked, still without speaking, to the window, where he remained for a few moments, lost apparently in a dream—a very happy one, to judge from the softened expression of his face. But suddenly starting from it, he approached the piano quickly, and said confusedly to Emily, who made a convulsive attempt at a common-place remark,

"Thank you; I am going out. Pray tell him, if he asks, that I have gone down to—to the river for a walk. I am going to take a sketch of——Jack Stamford, I mean!' 'And almost before Emily could hear, he had left the room.

Now you will allow that for a man who had arrived at the mature age of two-and-thirty, and was gravely practising at the Bar after having overstepped the time for youthful absurdities, this conduct was foolish in the extreme.

And still more so seemed the excessive rapidity with which, on this warm August day, Mr. Sutton strode along the path leading to the river, which flowed about a mile from the house; walking hard, and thinking hard the while. By the time he had reached the river's bank, and thrown himself down on its thick short turf, Mr. Sutton discovered——that he had made a discovery.

Impossible! when he had very nearly proposed to Helen Stamford, who suited him so perfectly, and for whom he thought he entertained quite enough affection to allow him to marry her? Impossible! he, Philip Sutton, the invulnerable, who had so long been proof against all attacks of the enemy, to be taken captive by the unforeseen foe just as he thought himself victorious?

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Even so. Mr. Sutton, like any mere boy of twenty, had, while paying his addresses to Miss Stamford in the most prudent manner, fallen in love—actually—with "that little flirt, Miss Hope," as imprudently as could be well conceived. Fallen in love with a girl who had not a penny! —with a dependent! And to such an extent had this folly proceeded, that poor Philip Sutton, though a good deal startled, was not dismayed at it to the extent a man who had come down expressly to marry an heiress ought to have been. Nay, with humility must we confess to you that, lying on the grass, with the silvery river flowing dreamily by at his feet, Philip actually indulged in a reverie more befitting a Corydon with a flower-wreathed crook and a flock of Arcadian sheep, than such a "parchment man" as Mr. Sutton supposed himself to be. But this reverie could not last, and the question now was, What was the result to be?

To marry her, of course, and at once, if she would have him, and let the morrow care for itself. She was poor? Well, he would work for her; Emily could never be a burden to him. And off went Mr. Sutton on a tangent. But Prudence and Custom put in *their* word now. How would it answer in *reality*, and had he not often contemplated in his mind's eye a love-match on the *prospect* of work? Was he then to give up all his ambitious schemes long cherished, his dreams of public life and distinction, whose realisation a rich wife was to have brought him? And Helen! had he not gone too far with her to recede, for was not her heart perhaps already his? After all, Emily might refuse him; he had no doubt she cared for Sir Henry Clayton! though, as the thought crossed his mind, Mr. Sutton hated Sir Henry Clayton with all his soul. Bah! he had passed the age for a *grande passion;* this was merely a foolish fancy, and would soon pass away. As soon as Helen had accepted him, and he had left Stamford, he would forget Miss Hope, as he had forgotten Kate O'Brien.

Sir Henry Clayton! But no—no; with the thought came before him two wistful up-raised blue eyes, and Emily's startled "*Must* you?" rang in his ears. Ah, she loved him! this one really loved him! And a strong voice in his heart told Philip that he would *not* forget her—that, however unaccountable, he deeply and truly loved Emily Hope. Loving her, could he leave her, dependent orphan—leave her merely because she *was* such?

"Perish all else besides," the true voice cried, "so I win but and treasure this pearl of price. Worthless were all else beside—wealth, power, dominion—so unloved and alone I bore the burden. Live they not all —dominion, power, wealth—in the fathomless mine of a deep, true love?"

And Helen, too? For the first time the question crossed his mind of how far allowable it was, even treating her with all kindness, to cheat a woman, who gave you the whole of her woman's heart, into the belief that she possessed yours, when that lay *chiefly*, though not *entirely*, enveloped in the balance-sheet of her banker's account?

And so Philip cast into the river at his feet all the dry, prudent maxims of his thirty-two years of life, and while the current carried them swiftly away, and silvery Wye laughed a jubilee over them, Philip felt that he would not have given an hour of his new experience for the wisest maxims in the world.

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But his first impulse was too wild; he must work first—marry after. He had plenty of energy and talent, he was already a rising man; and in the mean time he would not tie Emily down to a long engagement—*that* would take so much of the bloom from her wondrous youth and gaiety. She should not share the anxieties of his upward toil. He would leave Stamford the next day, and not tell her he loved her. Thus Love the Magician was teaching Mr. Sutton already to be unselfish; but he had yet to learn, that if poor little Emily loved him, the bloom would fade far sooner if he left her without asking her to be his wife, than if she could share even his anxieties, knowing she loved, not *un*beloved.

III.

The following day was spent very quietly; the spirits of most of the party seemed subdued. Philip Sutton had announced his departure for the next day. Helen was very quiet and anxious, though she strove not to let others feel the influence of her gravity. Sir Henry Clayton was still with them, and though smarting sorely under the mortification Emily had inflicted, never for a moment betrayed it, nor alluded to leaving Stamford till the original limit of his visit had arrived, for fear abrupt departure might occasion suspicion. He really cared for Emily; but he had all his life been accustomed to care more for another individual than for all the world beside, and that happy personage was himself; so that he felt more even for the unexpected mortification to this best-beloved self than for the actual loss of her whom he had intended to honour with his hand.

There were two drawing-rooms at Stamford, and by some accident it so happened that, after dinner that evening, Miss Hope and Philip Sutton found themselves alone by the window which opened down to the ground, and, the day having been sultry, was still wide open. Helen had been standing with Emily when Philip joined them, but had suddenly found occupation in the next room, where the lamp had just been lighted. It was a beautiful still evening, with the red light just fading away, where the sun had set, and the full harvest-moon looking down placidly from above, casting a silver sheen over the smooth lawn in front of the windows, and paling the bright flower-beds of Helen's special territory. Far away, and now echoed from the copse at the farther end of the lawn, sounded the owl's low mellow hoot, sad and yet soothing in its monotony, no other sound abroad upon the August night. Emily, in her white dress, leant against the side of the window, looking prettier that evening with the spray or two of jessamine Helen had twisted in her brown hair, than Philip had ever seen her. He stood beside her—neither of them speaking—very full of his resolve to leave her the next day without telling her he loved her—leaving her still unshackled. But poor Philip did not dare look at her, notwithstanding his resolutions.

Emily broke the charm of the night and the silence by inquiring indifferently at what o'clock Mr. Sutton left next morning? She had been the gayest of the party during dinner, and Philip's heart had sunk more than once as it occurred to him that perhaps she did not love him after all.

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"I wonder if we shall ever meet again, Mr. Sutton?" she said, cheerfully, after Philip had answered her.

"I wonder indeed!" he said, as sadly. You would have thought he was going to Australia at least. "Do you live all the year round in Cornwall, Miss Hope?"

"No; but I don't go much to London. I don't like it much, and my old aunt hates London. *You* never leave it except at this season, I think?" she continued, as if it was the pleasantest reflection possible.

"No, alas! Excepting during this long vacation, and a few days at Christmas, I live the remainder of the year a mere parchment-moth. I go through the "season," to be sure, as a habit that has grown upon me, but with very small enjoyment and immense over-fatigue; for I must work all the same."

"It must be very disagreeable, and dreadfully dull," Miss Hope said, politely. A pause.

"It must be harder drudgery yet, for two years," then Philip said, half to himself, and setting his teeth close. "I must work like a galley-slave, if——"

"Must you?" Emily asked, turning round suddenly from her outward gaze, and in a tone of greater interest. (Those two magic words!) "You mustn't overwork yourself."

"What does it matter if I only succeed," he answered, eagerly; and then, with a strange quiver in his voice, added, reaching out his hand, "Will you wish that I may succeed, Miss Hope? I think if you would once wish me success, I—I should get on better after I go back to town."

Strange to say, notwithstanding the polite indifference she had hitherto manifested, Miss Hope, involuntarily as it seemed, put her little hand into Philip's, and said, very earnestly, "Indeed I wish you success in all you undertake, and I pray you may have it. And—and—I hope we may meet again some day!" Poor little Emily's voice trembled a good deal by the time she came to the end of her speech, and Philip, who was looking at her very intently, saw two large tears, revealed by the treacherous moonlight, rolling slowly down her cheeks. This was too much; far more than Philip had compacted for in his arrangements with his own conscience. It wasn't to be endured a moment longer.

"Emily!" he exclaimed, taking the little hand in both his own, "I can't help it! Do forgive me for telling you so two years sooner than I intended." And what it was, we leave Mr. Sutton to explain.

A long ottoman stood near the window, and Mr. Sutton, being anxious to prolong the conversation, drew it forward, and sat down beside Emily, to whom he then proceeded to confess, and, to his credit be it spoken, made no reservation. He told her precisely what his views on the subject of marrying for money had been; the reason of his coming to Stamford; the exact amount of his affection for Helen; his intention of proposing to her, and his hope that she really did *not* care for him. He expressed this so compassionately and regretfully, that Emily hastened to reassure him; and to his surprise he heard of Helen's engagement to Colonel Marlowe.

He told her, too, of the resolve he had made not to fetter her with an

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engagement till he was able to marry, which, by his own exertions, he hoped to be in two years. "And now you see you have made me break my resolution, Emily; but still you shall not engage yourself to me; you shall only remember sometimes that I love you, and that to me you are worth all the heiresses in England and in all the world put together" (Mr. Sutton's conversation, as you will observe, was becoming foolish), and that undowered as you are, when you *do* become my wife, you bring me in yourself the only heritage I should ever prize. Poor as we both are, we shall bring each other a treasure that," &c. &c. &c.

"But indeed I think I had better be engaged to you now, please," Emily said, laughing again for the first time, "for you don't know how very odd I am. By to-morrow I mightn't care for you one bit more than I do for my big dog Pilot!"

But Helen had judged rightly; there was not much danger.

That night, to Mrs. Stamford's astonishment, Philip, who had been so determined to go, petitioned to be allowed to remain a few days longer at Stamford; completing her astonishment by the reason he gave, for Mrs. Stamford was fully convinced that Philip was attached to her daughter. Mr. Stamford, to whom she considered it necessary to communicate the information, would have willingly constituted Emily his daughter on the occasion, in order that he might show how utterly imprudent such a marriage was; but he had no voice in the matter. Helen alone was not surprised; she had seen through Emily's assumed indifference, and though not through the motive of Philip's attentions to herself, still she knew all along that he did not *love* her, and had foreseen how matters would end.

Sir Henry Clayton left the next day, and then somehow the position of affairs transpired to Jack Stamford, for, bursting with the news, and a bad attack of stammering brought on by his eagerness to speak, he met Philip as the latter meditatively smoked a cigar in front of the house, and accosted him with—

"You're a pretty f-f-fellow, and this is a n-nice business! And you expect me to congratulate you? Didn't I tell you my father and mother were very anxious for me to fall in love with Miss Hope?"

Philip smiled quietly.

"You certainly intimated the *fear* of such a calamity on Mr. and Mrs. Stamford's part, and I have endeavoured to save you from its consequences."

"I like your sacrifice to friendship! Do you know the prize you have drawn?"

"Perfectly," Philip answered.

"And I admire your cool self-possession. Didn't I tell you she was the richest heiress in the south of England, you highway robber and Dick-Turpin-in-sheep's-clothing t-t-t-traitor?"

"Come, come, Stamford," Philip said, "I can stand more nonsense from you than I can from most people, but don't make Miss Hope the subject of conversation. The step may be an imprudent one on both her part and mine, penniless as we are, but, nevertheless, I *have* drawn a prize."

"Penniless!" Jack exclaimed, raising his hands despairingly. "Will you n-never believe what I say? I tell you again——"

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And so they went on, Stamford insisting on his assertion of Emily's heiress-ship, and Philip, who knew that, for the sake of the "fun" it afforded him, Jack Stamford habitually "crammed" his conversation to bursting-point, now persisted in disbelieving him, and finally got very angry at what he considered an impertinent jest on Emily's dependent position.

"Well, ask Helen, if you won't believe me," Jack exclaimed, as his sister at this moment appeared, coming from the garden; but Philip was too angry even to stop the demand for confirmation of his statement which Stamford now made.

Helen was puzzled.

"Is it possible you did not know?" she said, looking up at Philip. "Surely some one in the house must have mentioned it to you? Emily Hope is, undoubtedly, the richest heiress in the south country."

"There! and he is actually furious with me for speaking the t-t-truth!" Jack said, with the air of a martyr, and totally obliterating from his recollection that it was one of his usual "truths" which had misled Philip in the first instance.

Of the latter's amazement we need give you no description; and as he told Emily, after she had confirmed Helen's assertion, his first feeling was one of disappointment. He wanted to work for her, and now she did not need it; and then she had not undeceived him as to her position. But for this latter crime Emily had a plausible excuse. Did he not see that she wanted to be sure he really cared for herself? she had had so many, many warnings of the superior attractions her *cassette* possessed! And Miss Hope cast down her eyes, and sighed touchingly. So that at last Philip became reconciled to the idea of marrying an heiress after all, and with the consolation of knowing that he *had* believed it to be

All for love, and the world well lost.

Little remains to be told. Miss Hope's quondam guardians remonstrated in vain: Miss Hope was of age. She married Philip Sutton a few months after, and the latter, we hear, has just given up his profession and gone into parliament, where he bids fair to become, in due time, a leading speaker, for he devotes to politics with great gusto and energetic endeavour those talents which had already marked him as a "rising barrister." Emily and he are very happy, and the fears she once communicated to Helen are entirely set at rest.

And poor Helen?

You must know that George Marlowe came home safely after the Crimean campaign, during which he had rendered brave and signal service. It had cost him his left arm, and Mrs. Stamford thought this would of course prevent Helen still wishing for the marriage, but it seemed only to endear him the more to her, for, as she remarked simply, he would require her much more now. The report Philip had heard of her fortune *was* exaggerated, but still, with what George had, and his pay, they might have got on very well, and Mrs. Stamford began to endeavour to shake her husband's opposition. But one day, in crossing the park, Colonel Marlowe came face to face with his uncle. George bowed, Sir Stephen looked hard at him, turned very red in the face, and passed on.

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The next morning his nephew received a note, saying,

"DEAR GEORGE,—Come and dine with me to-morrow, at seven.
"Yours, STEPHEN MARLOWE,"

as if nothing had happened. The honourable service, perhaps an inward acknowledgment that it had been manfully and rightly persevered in, and, above all, the empty coat-sleeve, had all told. George went, was received as if he had never been absent a day, and after dinner Sir Stephen—rather awkwardly, though—drew his will from his pocket and deliberately threw it into the fire. The next day he wrote again to Mr. Stamford, and everything was once more rose colour.

Mrs. Marlowe had all the family diamonds presented to her by Sir Stephen on her marriage; but you will believe us when we tell you that above these and all the diamonds of Golconda the jewel she prizes most is her husband's Victoria Cross.

NIS.

THE DEATH OF THE TIGRESS.

FICTITIOUS tales of hunting adventures so often prove attractive to young aspirants to the honours of the chase, that the following truthful narrative, by an actor in the scene described, may not be unacceptable.

In the month of April, 1837, there being neither war nor mutiny to disturb the dull routine of military duty at that Potsdam of India, the station of Poonah, our worthy colonel, a somewhat strict and caustic Scot, announced to the officers of the "Primus in Indus" his intention to give a pic-nic at the hill fort of Porundhur, some eighteen miles distant from the station.

Great was the rejoicing, and many the preparations made to do justice to the good cheer which, at all events, was certain, as well as for the game of a large kind, which, though scanty, the sportsmen of the party knew were to be found around the base of the Porundhur hill, some two thousand feet above the plain, and in the deep and ominous-looking ravines that intersected it in all directions. Leaving, then, a crusty old captain and the orderly officer in charge of the regiment, behold us at five o'clock in the morning, whose cloudless sky even at that early hour betokened the coming heat, in our saddles, cantering along the road that led to our destination, and another hour and a half saw us dismounting from our smoking steeds in the lower fort of Porundhur, discussing the components of a capital breakfast provided by our commander.

Well, all pleasant things (and, happily, unpleasant) have an end in this sublunary sphere, and the meal over, and the guns overhauled, the *pros*

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and *cons* of what was to be done came under discussion; some suggested trying the north side of the hill, some the south, but as no regular preparations had been made for beating for large game, and no beaters ready, whilst the latter were collecting below the hill, myself and some other subs walked round the lower fort to the opposite point to meet, or rather overlook, the beaters that were expected from that quarter. By the time, however, we had moved round, occasionally looking over the low parapet into the gloomy depths of the ravines below, the sun at that time of the year had assumed a scorching power even at the elevation we then stood, of some three thousand feet above the marine level, and held out but little temptation even to the keenest of us to descend the hill and enter on the ground, where, judging from the distant yells and cries, the beaters were fast approaching. The time for action, however, was nearer at hand than any of the party imagined which was to test our nerves and bring us into somewhat unpleasant proximity with the game, which, with the exception of Lieutenant F., none of us had ever seen killed, much less encountered on foot.

Immediately beneath where we stood in the lower fort commenced one of those ravines or deep fissures with which the mountain-side was furrowed. Boulders of rock, betwixt the openings of which sprang trees, cactus, and grass, served to conceal its shadowy depths, and to afford a safe retreat for the larger descriptions of game we hoped to find. At this juncture of our tale, when the cries of the beaters announced their approach below to the mouth of the ravine, and the hopes of the expectants above became fainter from the little space of ground that remained unbeaten, one of the nearest beaters shouted to Lieutenant F., who had clambered a little way down the hill-side, that he had seen something in the jungle for a moment like "a small cow of a yellow colour" making for the mouth of the ravine, and the next instant the officer addressed fired a shot at some object below, which was responded to by a roar that left little doubt of the nature of the game afoot. A call for volunteers from the party above was quickly followed by the addition of Lieutenant P. and W. to the storming party, consisting now of three tall active young men, fit for the ugly work before them.

No time was lost in moving for the mouth of the ravine below, which it was judged the animal must have made for; and knowing that it had been struck by the shot fired by Lieutenant F., the beaters were ordered to form in the rear of the officers, who began their ascent up the bottom of the ravine, and through a tangled mass of brushwood, trees, and rock, towards an abrupt cliff that appeared to terminate it. Here an opening in the cliff formed a cave of some ten feet wide and as many deep, at the further extremity of which appeared an ominous-looking circular hole about three feet in diameter—a snug retreat for the enemy we were in search of. The ground around was strewn with sand, and from the unmistakable footprints, of a cheese-plate size, surrounded by smaller ones of similar form, the startling fact announced itself that we stood within a few feet of a wounded *tigress with cubs!* Nothing animate, however, was visible, or audible, except the suppressed voices of the beaters outside the den.

We looked at one another in silent question as to what was next to be

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done. To return to our party above empty-handed, after having run our game to earth, was not to be thought of. As a reconnoissance, F. now cautiously crawled with rifle cocked to the mouth of the hole and listened; but nothing was heard from the darkness, though from the recent footprints it was clear it had a resident, but how to draw her out was the difficulty; smoking at last was determined on, and a quantity of dry grass was heaped up at the mouth of the hole and set fire to. The blazing pile now lighted up the rocky ante-chamber in which the expectants sat, or rather kneeled, with their rifles cocked and presented in the direction from whence we expected her advent; not a sound was heard but our deep breathing and the crackling of the burning grass and sticks, the smoke from which rolled in volumes into the hole. Our nerves, strung to tension for several minutes, were on the point of relaxing, and the expiring flames of the grass as it shot forth its last flickering gleams revealed our compressed lips and somewhat pallid faces—paled, but not, I trust, from fear. A glance around the space we stood within—six feet from the mouth of the hole—at once assured us that our game could not escape, or rather, what more probably suggested itself at that anxious moment even to the boldest heart of the party, was, that the tigress could not possibly pass out without the loss of life to one or all of us! In other words, three armed men with the door behind them stood in a room with a wounded tigress!

The fire had now burnt low, and no longer obscured the aperture, and seeing nothing of the enemy, hopes gave way to fears that she had in some mysterious way eluded us, when, at that moment, a volume of smoke gently rolled back from the aperture, and hardly gave us time to exclaim, "Steady, here she comes!" ere the chest and head of a tigress slowly developed themselves. At first she stood within six feet of us, her eyes glaring, and her open mouth, from which the gouts of blood slowly trickled down, turned towards us; happily for us, she appeared momentarily blinded by the smoke. But little time was left for reflection; in an instant more and our rifles were discharged into the white field of her chest—a roar and a spring, and the next moment she lay dead, *touching our feet!*

A long-drawn sigh of relief escaped us. The beaters were called up, and duly conveyed her defunct ladyship to our expectant friends above. And thus terminated, with the addition of one of her cubs we found on our return in the jungle below, and which was captured by a Coolie's blanket being thrown over it, a rather exciting day's sport for us poor officers of that not unknown regiment, "The Primus in Indus."

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LADY LESTER'S SMILE.

BY HENRY SPICER, ESQ.

On a July afternoon, in last year, three young men strolled into the large conservatory at one of the *fêtes*, or promenades, of the Botanical Society, Regent's Park. Their names were Sir Charles Blandford, Victor Grey, and Philip Trelawny.

"Enough of flowers," said Blandford, after a minute's lounge. "Who's for a weed?"

"Smoking prohibited," said Trelawny, with a sigh.

"A fact," rejoined Blandford, coolly taking out his cigar-case, "which meets with my entire concurrence, as lending a last finish to the flavour. Yonder's a bower, sacred to surreptitious puffing. Seek we its shade."

"Don't," said Trelawny. "It turns the balsams' stomachs. Come outside. My phaeton waits. Where's Grey?"

Victor Grey stood, musing, a little apart.

"Half-past six," he murmured. "The fifth azalia from the corner. Just the time. What's an azalia?"

"Hi! Victor!" said Blandford.

Victor started.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I'm rather—eh—partial to these—humphs. I'll follow."

"We give you a minute to survey the humphs."

"I shall be an hour. Go on. Take him, Trelawny, will you? I'm doing a bit of botany. Confound them, *won't* they go?" muttered the botanist, impatiently.

"Nonsense, man," said Trelawny. "Come to Pratt's, like a Christian. You care nothing for flowers, and, as for me, I hate them, like——"

"Like——?"

"Anything, sir, that's most sinister and unsweet. A six weeks' frost at Melton. A Hebrew creditor. Lady Lester's smile."

"Her smile! eh, her smile! What of her smile?" inquired Victor, with sudden interest.

"*What*, indeed!" said Trelawny, very gravely.

"Expound, old fellow. What the deuce do you mean?"

"Mean? Don't you know?"

"I have not the remotest conception."

"Then be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Vic; I, at all events, will not freeze your youthful veins with the recital of such horrors. Desire to know no more."

"I know nothing, yet," said Grey. "I am slightly acquainted with Lady Lester—a charming person, by-the-by, with a good deal of character, and a pretty——"

"Daughter. Precisely. Poor young thing! Odd that such a delicate flower should flourish beneath the baneful shadow of that upas!"

"Come, come, Blandford, joking apart, what *is* this about my lady's smile?"

"*Joking!*" said Blandford, with a melancholy expression that really

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seemed genuine. "But, I forgot," he continued, "you have been abroad these two years. Ah, *diplomate!* while you have been industriously getting your country into no end of squabbles, under the usual pretext about commercial interests, fearful things have happened in Belgravia, terrible chances in Chester-square! You ask of me, what of Lady Lester's smile? Victor Grey, it is POISON!"

Victor started.

"P-poison!"

"'Ay, lady, 'twas my word,'" said Blandford, who had only lately gone through his first course of the divine Williams, and consequently never lost an opportunity of quoting him. "Strychnia's a bonbon to it, sugar of lead a mild emulsion. *This* is the prevailing faith, alas! but too well founded. Every person in society (for it does not seem to affect outsiders) upon whom Lady Lester once sheds her withering smile, comes to inevitable grief. Is it not so, Trelawny?"

"I wish I could contradict you," sighed Trelawny. "I knew a man—one of the best fellows in the world, too—Pettifold of ours. One night, on the Opera steps, she shot a smile, a cold-blooded, deliberate smile, sir, at poor Pet, who had (imprudently enough, for he knew the risk he ran) volunteered to bring up her carriage, which was late. Next week, sir, came the Derby. Pet's nag ('Ketch Toko,' you remember), well in front—chockful of running—*bolted!* So did he."

"Charley Webb," observed Blandford—"you know Charley?—*must* know him——"

Victor assented.

"—Caught a mere simper across the dinner-table. It was just as the ladies rose. Aware of his danger, Charley—always cool and self-possessed—ordered a hack-cab, went straight home, and to bed. Next day consulted Chambers. Doctor could do nothing; administered some nervous stuff, and cut him down—upon honour—to six cigars a day. It was hoped that the flowers and lights might have intercepted some of the poisonous particles. No go. All correct in the constitution, but the peril, it seems, comes in every possible form. Within three weeks, Charley was 'o'er the border and awa', wi'——his sister's cook!"

"Too true," said Trelawny; "Charley's weakness was a *marinade de poulet à la St. Florentin*, with love-apple sauce. That weakness was cookey's strength. Her admirable *marinades à la* aforesaid had been long the subject of much earnest comment, and restless, though futile, conjecture. She *kept* the secret. Charley married it."

"Again," said Blandford, taking up the beadroll of mischance, "Dolly Squires—Lord Dolly—hardest case of any. *Ne*-ver saw her but that once! Introduced by his grandmother—incautious old party—rather blind; perhaps took the noble nightshade for some less deadly shrub. Dolly made himself so agreeable, that my lady pinned him at once, on the spot, with one of her frankest smiles. He was hard up before, was Dolly, and this smashed him utterly. There was something, you know, about a bill, or note, that bore somebody's name that couldn't remember writing it. At all events, Dolly dates his downfal from that smile; since which he always swore he could scarcely remember his own name, much less another's. The bill matter was titivated up by an eminent solicitor in the Poultry, and made to look like an act of romantic friendship on the

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part of Dolly. But he was obliged to go abroad. He's in the Black Sea now, afflicted with a consulship—no hope of recovery."

"Seriously, now, my dear old boy," said Trelawny, who seemed, despite the half-bantering tone of the conversation, to take an unaffected interest in the subject—"seriously, on my honour—the innumerable instances (over and above these casual recollections) in which evil, in one shape or another, has followed every indication of Lady Lester's *liking*, surpasses belief, no less than it defies explanation. That a refined, accomplished, and, I verily believe, most amiable woman, should be the involuntary herald of so much misfortune, has astonished much more profound social philosophers than *I* can pretend to be. *I* simply bear testimony to the fact; and, as a friend, I warn you."

"You must at least have observed," put in Blandford, "how rarely she smiles. Now, can that arise from any consciousness of her fatal influence, think you?"

"Call it, rather, a merciful dispensation," said Trelawny, with a gloomy smile. "Come, let's be off."

"Excuse me," said Victor, "your marvels have really affected my nerves. Nothing short of a ramble among the roses will restore their tone. Farewell."

"Ta-ta!" said Blandford. And off they went.

Victor Grey had confessed more than he quite desired that his friends should believe, when he said that their wonderful stories had affected his nerves. He paced slowly up and down, and hung over the "fifth azalia from the corner," as though that semi-decimal shrub possessed some mysterious power of administering peace to his disturbed spirit. Perhaps it did. His annoyance was not unnatural. Victor was "in that observatory domiciled" for survey of a lovelier flower than any the botanical brethren can exhibit. He was there to meet Clara Lester, and if there was another individual upon earth whose favour and good-will he had desired and striven to conciliate, it was Clara Lester's mother—that very person against whose deadly affability he had been so solemnly cautioned.

Small time was allowed him for meditation. A beautiful girl, upon whose arm an old lady was leaning, entered the conservatory, and walked straight up towards the fifth azalia.

Victor Grey made a step to meet her.

"Miss Lester!"

"You may say 'Clara,' if you like it better," said the young lady. "However, it is the same to me."

"But—but—I——"

Victor glanced at the aged chaperon.

"Dear thing!" said Clara, looking kindly down upon her, "she's deaf. That's why I brought her. Yes, sir," she continued, "an acquaintance so near its close need not depart from its accustomed forms."

"Clara!"

"Don't clasp your hands. I must tell Mrs. Balcombe you are suggesting a charade. Yes, Mr. Grey, time is short, and I must speak plainly. Do you suppose that your engagement to my friend and school-fellow, Cecy Gower, can be any longer a secret from me?"

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"Ah! you *have* heard it!" cried Victor, certainly not in the tone befitting a detected hypocrite.

"Indeed I have. A faithful, if an humble friend——"

"Your maid Flora——"

"Has warned me of your perfidy."

"I know she has. It cost me a silver thimble."

"*What*, sir?"

"Ensuring the betrayal of my perfidy."

"Enough, sir. One who can behave with such selfish duplicity——"

"Clara, Clara, hear me! I beg pardon. I'll put my hands in my pockets—there. I persuaded Flora to tell you this, despairing of an interview by any other means. For these two months—miserable months!—your silence, your coldness, your constraint, have grown daily more intolerable. We cannot meet in private. You yourself forbid me to visit at Lady Lester's. In public, your avoidance of me is so undisguised as to have become almost the subject of remark. In utter despair I had recourse to this scheme."

"Unhappy! foolish! distrustful!" murmured Miss Lester, in tones a little broken. "What have you done?"

"Done! All I hoped, all I sought. Enticed you here, and made you listen to me. Oh, Clara! my own Clara——"

"For Heaven's sake, be reasonable.—Dear Mrs. Balcombe, Mr. Grey is quite a fanatic about flowers; he's perfectly raving about these calceolarias!" said Clara, into her friend's bonnet.

"So—it—seems," said Mrs. Balcombe; "and it's a very good sign—I say, my dear, it's a very good sign" (raising her voice) "that the young men of the present day have such innocent tastes—tastes—tastes," concluded the old lady, playing with the end of her sentences, after the manner of the deaf.

"In one word, sir," resumed Clara, "are you, or are you not, engaged to Cecy?"

"The Heavens forb——I mean—eh—have I not told you it was only a stratagem?"

"A most unfair one. However, I forgive you. I am to understand then, sir, that your sentiments remain unaltered. In other words, I am still to be persecuted with your preference? You love me, in short, as much, or as little, as ever?"

"No, Clara, *not* as ever," said Victor Grey. "All I have hitherto said to you is mere flourish, compliment, sound. The true history of a love like mine will not be told in snatches, at chance interviews, in hurried meetings, in the glare and bustle of the world. It needs a life to tell it—a *home* to make it heard. And now, answer me one question. Why—*why* did you disquiet me thus?"

"For excellent reasons," replied the young lady. "You had become far too demonstrative in your very flattering regard. The slightest suspicion, on my mother's part——"

"Your mother's!" ejaculated Victor, the remembrance of her fatal power rushing back upon his mind.

"—Of any understanding between us," continued Clara, "would have ruined all."

"But why should she oppose it?"

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"A weakness—a fancy. I can hardly tell you. My dear mother, you must know, is a *very peculiar person.*"

"So I have heard," replied Victor, dryly.

"In the first place, she does not wish to see me married. In the next, she is herself, as you know, still young and handsome, besides possessing an originality, a force of character, rarely found in society."

"Thank Heaven it *is*," murmured Victor.

"Attracting at least as many admirers as *my* own less interesting qualities, which, in truth, appear to be best appreciated by gentlemen with large accounts, and little brains!"

"Ahem!" said Victor. "Thank you!"

"Victor, I know her," resumed Miss Lester, gravely. "She will never consent but by force, or stratagem."

"Does she dislike me personally?" asked Victor. "I hoped—hem—that I had made some progress in ingratiating myself. Perhaps," he thought, "a trifle beyond the limits of prudence!"

"She likes you," replied Clara, gloomily. "But if anything could induce her to smile——Good gracious, what's the matter?"

"N-nothing—that is—nothing. If she could only be prevailed upon to approve, *without* the smile——"

"I cannot comprehend you. Really, Victor, I think you might refrain from jesting on the subject of my mother. Her habitual calmness of expression—I may say, gravity—does not injure *you*."

"On the contrary," said Victor, with promptitude, "it is my safety. I—I mean that I admire and reverence it in the highest degree. Smiles do not suit everybody. Your mother, for example, offers a remarkable exception. Long may she preserve that excellent and considerate—I mean, becoming—demeanour! Gravity is everything—everything!"

"Still," said Clara, "I don't see why you should suddenly become enthusiastic in its praise! No matter. Now, Mr. Grey—Victor—you must go. Bid your beloved calceolaria good-by. Tear yourself from your chrysanthemum. Be docile. Be resigned. I intend to be colder and more constrained than ever."

"The deuce you do! Pardon me, and why?"

"At least, till somebody comes who will set all to rights. My good, kind, hearty, clever—my best and dearest——"

"Whom are you apostrophising?"

"—Uncle—Colonel Forester. He, as you are well aware, knows our secret. He can do anything with my mother. Leave all to me. Since you are fond of stratagems, my friend, you shall have a little experience of them. Now, go—go. You have stayed too long. If my mother should hear——"

"Why, my darling," said old Mrs. Balcombe, suddenly, "*here's* an agreeable surprise! Your dear mother herself!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Clara.

But, the next moment, Lady Lester appeared at the entrance, apparently in search of them. Mrs. Balcombe had seen her pass the window.

"Go, Victor, go—no, *stay*," cried Clara; "you cannot avoid her. Nor, indeed, is it necessary," she added. "Only obey my signals—follow my lead in everything I do or say. Will you?"

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"Most implicitly, sweet guide."

"You will contradict nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Corroborate everything?"

"To the last syllable."

"And when not engaged in doing so, hold your tongue. Now say something to Mrs. Balcombe."

Availing himself of a trumpet, borne, rattling, like a sabretasche, at the side of the good lady, Victor mentioned, through that tube, that the air was peculiarly soft and balmy.

"Ices and cheesecakes," replied Mrs. Balcombe, with a cheerful smile.

Victor speculated, for a moment, as to what he was supposed to have said; and had barely time to ask her if she was partial to rhododendrons? to which he received for an answer, "Yes, monkeys always do," when Lady Lester joined them.

She was a woman of noble presence, with remarkably piercing dark-grey eyes, and graceful, though rather haughty manner.

"My dear mamma!" said Clara.

"My dear child!" said her mother. "You are surprised—Good morning, Mr. Grey—to see me here. A note from your dear uncle informed me that he would be with us this evening."

"This evening!" said Clara, joyfully.

"And as he can remain only one night, I directly ordered the carriage, and hastened hither to reclaim you from Mrs. Balcombe, and beg her to allow you to complete your visit on a future day."

"She will readily do so," said Clara; and in a few tones of her clear silvery voice, which Mrs. Balcombe always seemed to hear without flourish of trumpet, the matter was explained.

"My dear uncle!" continued Clara. "How fortunate! (If I could but see him *first*, all would be so easy.) Mamma!"

"My love?"

"Mr. Grey was most anxious to see you."

"To see *me*?" asked Lady Lester, with a slight frown on her fair brow.

"And has been endeavouring to persuade me to advocate his wishes."

"I am here, sir," said Lady Lester, calmly and interrogatively.

Victor was thunderstruck. He could not divine Clara's meaning. She made no signals, but seemed, on the contrary, rather to enjoy his complete bewilderment. At last she said:

"Since you seem in no hurry to explain yourself, sir, *I* must, I suppose, inform you, my dear mamma, that Mr. Grey earnestly hopes you will grant him an interview this evening."

"This evening? But your uncle?"

"So much the better. That rather increases his desire to speak with you *this very evening*. Will you permit him to do so?"

"I can see no objection. You will join us, I hope, Mr. Grey, without ceremony."

Victor bowed, and felt that he had been pushed on, like a threatened pawn, and escaped—*something*.

"And now," continued her ladyship, "I must run off with you, my Clara. Frank may arrive, and find no one to welcome him."

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"Oh, come, come!" cried Clara.

Victor accompanied the ladies to the gate, earnestly hoping for an opportunity to obtain from Clara, on the way, some sort of clue to her intentions—some hint by which he might shape his course at the ensuing interview. But he was disappointed. Clara took her mother's arm, and signed to him, in her pretty imperative manner, to take charge of Mrs. Balcombe, towards whom he began to entertain feelings of unmitigated disgust. Politeness, nevertheless, compelled him to address his venerable *protégée*; and once more essaying the trumpet, he began:

"Had you not better accept my arm?"

"Very nourishing to the roots of the hair—the hair—hair," responded Mrs. Balcombe, confidentially.

The hair! Victor fell into profound thought. Questioning Mrs. Balcombe was something like putting into the "wheel of fortune" at a fancy fair. You never knew what might turn up. He had offered his "arm"—did she think he had mentioned "balm"—Mexican balm? But they had reached the gate, and the little party dispersed, Victor strolling moodily home, and anticipating, with no small anxiety, the event of the evening. He was conscious of a faint hope that some small missive might arrive, conveying to him the advice it might not have been prudent or practicable to communicate at the meeting of the morning; but none appeared.

About nine o'clock he proceeded to Chester-square.

Colonel Forester had not yet arrived, and Lady Lester and her fair daughter were the only tenants of the pretty boudoir in which they usually sat when alone.

Her ladyship received him with her usual haughty grace. Clara looked pale and a little embarrassed, which alarmed her anxious lover, as much as an unmistakable pallor stealing over the pilot's face might disturb the passengers of an imperilled ship. The delay of Colonel Forester had probably rendered nugatory all Clara's combinations. A powerful enemy in her front—a battle, provoked by herself, impending—her Grouchy missing!

But Clara, Victor knew, was not easily daunted or discouraged; moreover, she had rather a turn for diplomacy, and did not dislike a little manœuvring, when she saw her way. She was not long in deciding upon her course, and Victor noticed, not without a sense of relief, that such was the case. Still, this was no guide to the part *he* was expected to perform.

Devoutly hoping that the avuncular advent would shortly occur and effect a diversion in his favour, Victor plunged madly into a sea of small-talk, when Lady Lester cut him short.

"May I beg you to hand me that screen, Mr. Grey? Thanks. Hem! my brother, you see, has not made his appearance. A good opportunity, therefore, for our little consultation. I await, with some curiosity, the communication you desired to make to me."

Victor bit his glove and looked at Clara, who smiled easily. He was obliged to make some reply.

"Ahem! I thank you, Lady Lester. I—in short—yes."

"Is that all, may I ask?" inquired her ladyship, with some addition of *hauteur*.

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"Assuredly not," replied Mr. Grey, hastily, feeling as much like an idiot as a sound-headed man may. "If I experience some slight difficulty in—hem—expressing myself, you will, I feel convinced, at once attribute it to the true cause."

"Upon my word, I will not promise *that*," said Lady Lester, with a curl of the lips (her nearest approach, *except upon occasions*, to a smile).

"I beg your pardon—I—ha—eh—hem," said Victor, again glancing at Clara.

"The words *ha—eh—hem*, may be as significant as the fee—fo—fum of the giant," continued Lady Lester; "but I would rather be favoured with a translation. Pray be explicit."

Annoyed as he was, Victor could not forbear smiling at the absurdity of his position. He muttered some sounds.

"Compose yourself, I beg," said Lady Lester, puzzled at his embarrassment. "You are already, if I mistake not, sufficiently informed of my sentiments to prevent my having the pain of refusing any proposition in—in reference to my child."

Victor's pulse leaped. *Now*, what could he say?

Clara came to the rescue.

"I see, dear mamma, that *I* must, after all, be orator. Yet, really," she added, "it is too bad. Come, Mr. Grey, pray repeat to my mother what you were telling me to-day."

This was accompanied by a confidential nod, which, however, conveyed not the slightest intelligence.

"I—I cannot venture," stammered Victor, "to—to——"

"Nay, pray speak," said Lady Lester. Then, turning to her daughter, added, "Perhaps, Clara, you can favour me with some solution of this mystery?"

"Don't be angry, dear mamma. It is no fault of mine."

"No *fault!* What do you mean?"

"That the fault is yours alone."

"Mine!"

"I don't think," said Clara, falteringly, "*I* ought to explain, mamma."

"You *will* not, and, apparently, Mr. Grey *cannot*. Are you aware of the impropriety—I might say, imprudence—of jesting with *me*, Clara?" demanded her mother, in a peculiar tone.

"The truth is, mamma, that Mr. Grey, having heard me speak of my apprehension that—that—you—that you—might contract a second marriage——"

"Your apprehension! I am infinitely obliged to you. I presume I am too young and inexperienced to be permitted to make my own selection!"

"You speak ironically, my dear mother; everybody knows you were betrothed in leading-strings, and married at sixteen!"

"Well, that's true enough," said her ladyship, regaining her good humour. "However, my dear, you may be sure of *this*—should I be indeed guilty of the weakness to which you allude, I certainly shall not think it necessary to take counsel of my child!"

"Nor would your child presume to expect it, mamma," said Clara, kissing her hand.

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"And now, about your 'apprehension?'"

"A gentleman, mamma," said Clara, gravely, "wishes to gain your affections, and feared that I might prejudice his suit."

"And may I make bold to inquire the name of this cavalier?"

Clara put on a pouting look.

"Whoever he is," she said, "I will not promise him the obedience of a daughter."

"You will not?" said Lady Lester, with a little renewal of severity. "Upon my word, Clara, you are assuming an entirely new character. And why *not*, pray? It would really be only a proper punishment for you, were I to lend a favourable ear to the solicitations of this anonymous gentleman. And I—but no, no—the loss I have sustained can *only* be compensated by a heart as tender, as generous, as confiding."

"Such, in a less degree, is that of Mr. Grey's friend, who especially desires to submit his love to the test of at least a year's delay, and thus secure to himself the better opportunity of fairly winning your esteem."

"That, at least, is delicate and thoughtful," said Lady Lester. She appeared to meditate. "Such a person," she presently resumed, "is really a phenomenon in this present generation. Mr. Grey—I—I am willing, at all events, to become acquainted with this gentleman."

"He will be—ahem—too happy," said Victor. "And a precious time he'll have of it," he thought. "I wonder who my eccentric friend may be?"

"You have my permission, I repeat, sir, to introduce your friend," said Lady Lester, who thought Victor somewhat cool in his capacity of lover's advocate, and not at all too grateful for the preliminary step he had so easily gained.

"A thousand thanks! I——" He looked at Clara. No signal. "Does she suppose I carry him in my coat-pocket," thought Victor, "ready to produce, like a specimen?"

"You will bring him?"

"With the greatest delight. I——"

"Why do you look at Clara? You need no consent from *her*. *Mine*, sir, is sufficient."

"Yes, why do you look at *me?*" said mischievous Clara.

"I shall take eager advantage of your kindness," said Victor.

"When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Shall I say Wednesday—hem—fortnight?"

"*Eager*," thought Lady Lester. "Your friend, sir," she added, aloud, "rises more and more in my estimation. He apparently adds patience and deliberation to his more ardent characteristics."

"Really this is *too* bad," thought Victor, galled by her tone of sarcasm. "Oh, Clara, Clara! Suppose she asks me his *name!*"

"May I," demanded Lady Lester, with deliberate emphasis, as though taking him, morally, by the collar—"may I inquire his name?"

"Yes, his name?" echoed Clara.

Victor's embarrassment had reached its climax.

"But, Miss Lester, I——"

"What is the matter?" asked Lady Lester.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" exclaimed Clara, clapping her hands, "I guess it!"

Victor breathed freely.

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A sudden light seemed to break upon Lady Lester's mind.

"Is it *possible?*" ran her thoughts. "His strange embarrassment, so unlike his usual self-possession; and then his constant and significant attentions to *me*, which I naturally considered an indirect tribute to the attractions of my Clara rather than——It is too absurd; and yet, men take such caprices! To be sure, I am but thirty-five, and——" (A glance at the mirror.) "It must be so; I was blind not to have penetrated the mystery ages ago. Clara, my love," she continued, "you guess it, do you? Perhaps I, too, have played the Œdipus to this Sphinx!"

"Then, dear mamma," said Clara, "spare his blushes. Tell him so."

"Is she mad?" ejaculated Victor, mentally, and now seriously alarmed.

"If," said her ladyship, gently (but her voice sounded to him like the meaning murmur of a yet distant hurricane)—"if it be as I partly suspect——"

"Oh, mamma, it is—it is!" cried Clara—"it is—it *must* be—*himself!*"

"Ruined—ruined," groaned Victor. "It is all over."

"Overcome with pleasure," thought Lady Lester. "Poor young man! If *he* will not speak, I suppose I must. Well, Mr. Victor" (Victor shuddered), "are we right or wrong in our conjecture?"

Clara gave him a decided nod.

"Right! right, my dear lady!" stammered Victor, hardly knowing what he said. "I am, indeed, most——Pardon me, the delight, the pride, the——of such a moment, was almost too much for me."

"This modesty, sir, impresses me, I assure you, most favourably. The situation is certainly singular—not without its embarrassments; but, should I smile upon——"

"Heaven forbid!" said Victor, involuntarily.

"Sir!"

"Do not, I entreat, give yourself the trouble of smiling."

"Smiling, sir?"

"At my awkward professions."

"You have made none as yet," said Clara.

"Clara!" said her mother, "you are pert, and, let me add, disrespectful. You will admit that this is a matter of some interest to me!"

Miss Lester composed her countenance, and crossed her hands. Her mother's mind was undergoing a curious revolution. Whether it was the unexpected *éclaircissement*, combined with that singular charm which seldom fails to link itself in a woman's mind with the evidence of devoted attachment on the part of one much younger than herself, certain it is that every moment appeared to lessen the oddity of the situation, and to add something of personal interest to the individual before her. Victor Grey was remarkably handsome; and the young man's extreme embarrassment, which Lady Lester attributed, not unnaturally, to hurried feelings and an excessive sensibility, pleased her, and suggested a desire to set his mind at ease, even at the cost of a little of that delicate reserve which distinguished Lady Lester's bearing, and was most in keeping with her character.

Fixing her dark-grey eyes kindly upon him, and with so near an approach to a smile that Victor felt a slight thrill, she remarked:

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"You perceive, Mr. Grey, I am no coquette."

"Madam!" replied Victor, "if—if you knew what it costs me, this——"

"This delay? Enough, sir. Believe me, I fully comprehend the delicacy that prompted your proposal. I should, on my part, wish to appear no less generous; and—and if, in proof of my regard, I were, at a future day, found willing to shorten your probation——"

"A million thanks!" murmured the too-successful suitor. "I had scarcely hoped—I—a longer interval might——"

"I understand. You think I might discover a few faults? But, my good sir, who is perfect? One theory I have ever supported: Every person who, in this artificial age, is capable of a sincere affection, deserves a frank return."

"Then," said Victor, boldly, "I am more deserving than I had believed."

"Shall I tell you your failing?" asked Lady Lester, with the menace of a smile. "It is merely a want of assurance—a——"

A loud knock at the house-door interrupted the conversation, and the footman presently announced that Colonel Forester, accompanied by a strange gentleman, had arrived; but, being covered with the dust of his journey, had preferred to proceed at once to his dressing-room. The stranger remained in the library.

Clara started up, to run, as she said, and greet her uncle through the keyhole; but Lady Lester stopped her, saying she would go herself. Clara snatched up a visiting-card, and quickly tracing a few words in French, despatched it to her uncle.

"Do not leave us, Mr. Victor," said Lady Lester, turning at the door; "I will come back immediately. Clara, you will entertain our—friend."

As she uttered the last word and disappeared, Victor, pale as a ghost, sank into a chair.

She had smiled!

Clara did not appear to notice his agitation.

"Come," she began, "you have played your part very fairly. How puzzled you looked! Ha, ha!"

Victor groaned. "Clara, you have ruined all."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "I shall now, sir, have the pleasure of seeing and teasing you every day!"

"But how is this to end? Suppose your mother should expect me to propose the marriage?"

"Did you not hear me say you would not marry for a year?"

"She spoke of shortening that period."

"My uncle is come," replied Clara, exultingly.

"Your mother will never forgive me."

"My uncle is come."

"No matter, Clara," said her lover, gloomily. "That fatal smile!"

"What do you mean by these mysterious allusions? Mamma's *smile!* Pray explain yourself."

In a few sentences, and softening as much as possible the terrific legends before narrated, Victor explained the peculiar results popularly attributed to that "contraction of the visage"—as lexicographers call it

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—whenever displayed in the fine features of Lady Lester, and its baneful effects upon the immediate hopes and prospects of all who came within its influence.

Clara listened with a face expressive of the successive feelings of doubt, contempt, surprise, annoyance, until, as he concluded, her countenance suddenly brightened, she burst into a merry laugh, and held out her "arrowy hand."

"I thank you, Victor. The omen is good, and the oracle beneficent; nothing can be better. Wait—you'll see."

As she spoke, the door opened, and her mother reappeared, leaning on the arm of Colonel Forester. Clara rushed into his arms.

"My dear uncle!"

"My sweet niece!"

"Ah, and Mr. Grey! You know all, then, my dear Alicia," turning to his sister. "They have told you?"

"They have," returned Lady Lester, slightly colouring. "With some reluctance."

"And you make no objection?"

"I—I have yielded my consent," said the lady, tracing the outline of a rose in the carpet with the point of her shoe.

"Bravo! That's good. We were all more or less apprehensive that——Well, well, I am delighted to find that you have so wisely, and so generously, discarded your scruples."

"I am not so certain as to the wisdom, brother," replied Lady Lester, with an arch look; "but, at all events, I am glad that *you* approve——"

This was true enough, for, in reality, her ladyship stood in considerable awe of her brother.

"I dread the explanation," whispered Victor to his fair monitress; who simply responded,

"Hold your tongue."

"To show," resumed the colonel, "how sincerely I *do* approve, I have actually brought the papers with me."

"Papers!"

"Yes. The settlements."

"Brother! *Settlements!*"

"Sister, yes. No harm, I thought, in being prepared. I am your trustee, you know, and authorised to act. Mr. Grey, I have the pleasure to assure you, has acted most generously. I need say no more. Let the settlements speak for themselves."

"That Mr. Grey is generous, I make no doubt," said Lady Lester; "but I must say, he seems to have made rather sure of success!"

"Love is sanguine, my sister. But, come, Filcox is in the library with all the papers. Let's have him up at once, sign and seal, and then give me some tea."

"But, brother, brother, this breathless haste—consider!" said Lady Lester.

"Consider *what*, my dear? The deeds are all correct. Psha, you may trust *me*—a man of business—to have carefully perused every syllable."

"No doubt, Frank; but I—I'm afraid that——"

"Eh?"

"That Mr. Grey may not be equally impatient."

"The deuce he isn't! How?"

"My dear madam," said Victor, in obedience to an encouraging glance from Clara, "how can I be otherwise than impatient to see my happiness placed beyond question?"

"Come, come," said the impetuous colonel, "truce to compliment, I want my tea. Grey, do me the favour to touch the bell."

Victor obeyed; and the servant was instructed to show up Mr. Filcox (the solicitor), who quickly made his appearance, bearing a portentous roll of parchment.

"Filcox," said Colonel Forester, "the parties—let me make you known to Mr. Grey—are perfectly satisfied with my dispositions in the settlements, and do not require to have them read."

"Perhaps merely the heading," suggested the man of law, "as it is customary."

"By all means. Fire away."

"Hem," said Mr. Filcox, as he put on his glasses. "'Whereas a marriage hath been contracted and agreed upon, and is intended shortly to be had and solemnised between——'"

"No, no," interrupted Lady Lester. "Why this ceremony? Mr. Grey—Victor—will, I am sure, like myself, trust everything to my brother. In gratitude and deference to *him*, I at once lay aside all reserve. Now, Mr. Filcox, I am ready to sign."

"I thank you, madam. No, not *there*," said the lawyer, politely arresting her hand. "*Here*, if you please."

He turned over the parchment and indicated the "place of execution."

Lady Lester signed, then gracefully presented the pen to Victor, saying,

"Come, Mr. Grey, sign, and—and consider that the year has elapsed."

"I am rejoiced and deeply grateful," said Victor. And after a little rustling of the parchment he affixed his name.

"Now, my child," said Lady Lester, smiling, "*you* shall sign."

"With the greatest pleasure," said the young lady, and instantly complied.

"You are right to do it with a good grace," said her mother, fondly pinching her little white ear.

"Now for *mine*," said the colonel. "There. Now, Filcox, you will not be sorry for some refreshment. I have ordered them to place it in the snuggest room in the house—the library—and there I trust you will consider yourself at home."

Mr. Filcox and his parchments withdrew.

"You see," continued Colonel Forester, "how rapidly *I* transact business—eh?"

"There was no great difficulty here," said her ladyship.

"Clara was always possessed with the fear that you would oppose her marriage, but *I* knew you better," said the colonel.

"Her marriage!"

"Yes; I advised her to persevere."

"To persevere!"

"And I felt I had some little right to offer my counsel, inasmuch as it was my intention (now fulfilled) to make over to the young people my property of Courtland Grange, Dorset."

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"Brother, what on earth do you mean?"

"Simply, that in giving my sweet niece Clara to Mr. Victor——"

"*Her!* Giving *her!*"

"Come, this is capital. Why, have you not this instant witnessed her settlements?"

"Hers! brother? No, *mine*," almost shrieked Lady Lester.

"Yours!" ejaculated the equally astonished colonel.

"Of course. Undoubtedly."

"My dear Alicia, are you in your senses?"

"Explain this, girl," said Lady Lester, turning almost fiercely upon Clara. (A frigid nature, suddenly aroused, is as terrible as an insurgent Jacquerie!) Clara was a little daunted. She hesitated; then, going to her mother, who stood motionless, her queenly figure drawn to its full height—a glorious Medea—she knelt at her feet.

"My dearest mother, I am grieved and shocked at the success of my own selfish stratagem. I fancied myself compelled to deceive you. I now understand, too late, that I ought to have rather trusted everything to your fond affection. Chance has done much for us, and I own, with regret, that I was unable to resist the temptation of seeing all my doubts and anxieties so suddenly and effectually terminated. Forgive—forgive me!"

"I am betrayed—insulted," murmured poor Lady Lester, tears forcing themselves into her magnificent eyes, unaccustomed to such visitants. "Away, sir!—away, both of you; let me never see you more."

"Mother!" said Clara, clinging to her, "I will never—never—never leave you. No union can bring happiness without your blessing. Go, Victor—and do you forgive me too. But I have wronged my mother most, and must atone my folly and regain her love before I can merit yours. Deception rarely prospers, even in this fraudful world, and at all events a deceitful daughter can make no honoured wife. I stay with my own mother. Uncle, take him away, but—but be kind to him, uncle. All the fault is mine."

Colonel Forester blew his nose.

The effect produced by that by no means uncommon operation was rather remarkable. It was like a climax—the turning-point of the whole affair. It seemed to cut some knot whose solution at once unravelled the tangled skein. Lady Lester looked down kindly upon her kneeling child, and stretched out her hand to her brother.

"What shall I say?" she began.

The colonel cut her short.

"Say *nothing*, my dear sister—so young, so handsome yet," he whispered in her ear. "Hem—there are more Victors—eh? And then, remember, should this joke—for so it is—*éclater*——Ah, you smile! Sister, when you smile, I always declare you look younger than this chit!"

"I heartily forgive you both. Take my child, Victor. Be happy. As for you, brother——come to supper!"

They quitted the room arm-in-arm.

"The smile, then, has lost its sting?" said Clara, with a happy laugh.

"Not so," said Victor, clinging, like a Brahmin, to his melancholy faith, but laughing too. "She smiled on what she *thought* my suit, and it *failed!*"

"Nonsense," said Clara.

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THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XIV.

Death invoked by the Woe-worn:—The Man of Uz—Moses—Elias—Jonah—Amoret in the Cave—Philtera in the Sea—Shakspeare's Constance—Hamlet—Milton's Adam—Samson Agonistes—Frankenstein—Wordsworth's Margaret—The Solitary—Tennyson's Œnone—Alfieri—Napoleon—Cowper—Novalis—Spenser's Pastorell—Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley"—Tennyson's "Two Voices."

Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life:
Thus walk I, like a restéless caitiff,
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocké with my staff early and late,
And say to her, "Levé mother, let me in." . . . .
Chaucer: *Canterbury Tales.*

Un malheureux appelait tous les jours
La Mort à son secours.
O Mort! lui disait-il, que tu me sembles belle!
Viens vite! viens finir ma fortune cruelle!
La Fontaine: *Fables.*

O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep;
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil? . . . .
Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed.
Hood: *Hero and Leander.*

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing.
Wordsworth: *Ellen Irwin.*

. . . . Je ne veux pas mourir! . . . Tantôt j'eusse imploré la mort comme un bienfait . . . j'étais si malheureuse! . . . mais à présent je ne veux pas mourir." . . . —*Adrienne Lecouvreur*, Acte V., Scène 5.

—— O Life,
How oft we throw it off and think—"Enough,
Enough of life in so much!—here's a cause
For rupture;—herein we must break with Life."
. . . And so, as froward babes, we hide our eyes
And think all ended.—Then Life calls to us
In some transformed, apocryphal, new voice
. . . Still, life's voice!—and we make our peace with life.
E. B. Browning: *Aurora Leigh.*

We have seen how death is regarded by various types of human character: how the sensitive are appalled by it; how the homely children of mother earth (that homely nurse, as Wordsworth calls her) shrink from the very thought of it; how the stout-hearted profess to disdain it; how the morbid love to brood over it; and how others of the most diverse temperament, age, faith, and practice, patiently await or calmly anticipate it. Let us now glance at another class—the unhappy who appeal to it unheard, the woe-worn who invoke it in vain.

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There was a man in the land of Uz, who, in the speechless anguish of his soul, sat upon the ground seven days and seven nights, in the presence of friends who sat there beside him—none speaking a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great. And when he opened his mouth, it was to speak of the bitter in soul, "which *long for death but it cometh not;* and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave."

An overburdened Moses supplicates, "Kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found favour in thy sight; and let me not see my wretchedness." An utterly despondent Elijah sits down under the juniper-tree, and requests for himself that he may die. A Jonah faints when the sun beats upon his head, and the vehement east wind of God's preparing smites him through and through, after the worm has fed upon his gourd, and that gourd has withered: fainting, he wishes in himself to die, and (not for the first time) says, "It is better for me to die than to live."

> Deathe is to him that wretched life doth lead,
> Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
> That lives a loathèd life, and wishing cannot die.

Thus *Amoret's* fellow-captive reminds her, in salvage forest cave. But Spenser knew human nature too well to make this doctrine uniform and exceptionless: in another canto, and dealing with other characters, he paints this reverse side of the picture:

> The wretched maid, that erst desir'd to die,
> Whenas the pain of death she tasted had,
> And but half seene his ugly visnomie,
> Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
> For any deathe to chaunge life, though most bad.

Be that as it may, the sincerity of deep Misery's invocation of death, at the time it is uttered, who shall gainsay? Shakspeare gives expression to it, with that matchless force of his. "Look who comes here!" whispers *Philip of France*, as the *Lady Constance* approaches—

> Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
> Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
> In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

The King commends patience, and preaches comfort to the bereaved mother—whose answer amply justifies his description of her as an unwilling denizen of earth:

> *K. Phil.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
> *Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
> But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
> Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
> Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness!
> Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
> Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
> And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
> And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
> And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
> And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
> And be a carrion monster like thyself:
> Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
> And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
> O, come to me!

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The King's renewed endeavour to soothe this perturbed spirit but aggravates her woe, and heightens the vehemence of her invocation:

> O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
> Then with a passion would I shake the world;
> And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
> Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
> Which scorns a modern invocation.

It sounds like the wild wailings of some "strange soul upon the Stygian banks staying for waftage." A longing for dissolution, it has been observed, a fond familiarity with graves, and worms, and epitaphs, forms, as it were, the background, the bass accompaniment, of the character of *Hamlet*. It sounds at ever recurrent intervals, says Hartley Coleridge, like the slow knell of a pompous funeral, solemnising the mournful music and memorial pageantry. No sooner is he left alone, in the first scene after his entrance, than he wishes that "the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter;" in the last, *in articulo mortis*, he requests of his only friend,—

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story.

So little does the dying man love life, that he holds it the utmost sacrifice of friendship to endure it.—Milton depicts with awful emphasis the misery which wrings from fallen man, "miserable if happy," an invocation of that which, he knew, should follow sin: "O welcome hour whenever! Why delays His hand to execute what His decree fixed on this day?"

> Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
> To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
> Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
> Insensible! How glad would lay me down
> As in my mother's lap!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud through the still night. On the cold ground outstretched he lay, and oft cursed his creation,—death as oft accused of tardy execution:

> ——Why comes not Death,
> Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke
> To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
> Justice divine not hasten to be just?
> But Death comes not at call; Justice divine
> Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.

And of all the sad visions presented before Adam by Michael the archangel, none would seem to have more pained his eyes and grieved his heart (as they come like shadows, so depart) than that wherein Despair tended the sick busiest from couch to couch, "and over them triumphant Death his dart shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked with vows, as their chief, good, and final hope." Samson Agonistes, sightless and in bonds, waits until "oft invocated death hasten the welcome end of all his pains."

> This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
> No long petition,—speedy death,
> The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

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Legend has made it the climax of the Wandering Jew's afflictions, that he cannot die. Romance has again and again made death's delay a sorrow's crown of sorrows. "Why did I not die?" cries Frankenstein. "More miserable than man ever was before, why did I not sink into forgetfulness and rest? Death snatches away many blooming children, the only hopes of their doting parents: how many brides and youthful lovers have been one day in the bloom of health and hope, and the next a prey for worms and the decay of the tomb! Of what materials was I made, that I could thus resist so many shocks, which, like the turning of the wheel, continually renewed the torture? . . . Alas! life is obstinate, and clings closest where it is most hated." The rich man in Barry Cornwall's song, to whose door a Stranger comes, and thence bears away one bright child after another, invokes in vain, for himself, the dreadful and nameless guest:

> Next year there was none but the rich man left,
>   Left alone in his pride and pain,
> And he called on the Stranger, like one bereft,
>   And sought through the land—in vain!

It is part of poor forsaken *Margaret's* complaint, to Wordsworth's Wanderer, that her "tears have flowed as if her body were not such as others are; and she could never die." And the Solitary, in the same poem, whose entire happiness Death blasted "in the short course of one undreaded year,"—first, and suddenly, overthrowing two lovely children,—and then their mother, still in her youth's prime,—what are we told of *him*, the lonesome and lost one, thus bereaved where he had garnered up his heart, where either he must live, or bear no life?—

>   Miserably bare
> The one survivor stood; he wept, he prayed
> For his dismissal, day and night, compelled
> To hold communion with the grave, and face
> With pain the regions of eternity.

Sometimes, again, the invocation rises from one crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love. Typical of these is Tennyson's *Œnone*, wandering, forlorn of *Paris*, in that vale in Ida, lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills, and calling in wailing tones on mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida, to hear her last confessions; and invoking death that brings rest to the woe-worn—for her heart was breaking, and her eyes were dim, and she was all aweary of her life:

> O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
> There are enough unhappy on this earth,
> Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
> I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
> And shadow all my soul that I may die.
> Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
> Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

Childhood even, has, before now, invoked the relief of a Power it knows nothing of. It is said that Alfieri thus invoked it, at five years old. "He was attacked with a dysentery, and so violently that recovery seemed hopeless. In the bitter suffering the poor little fellow experienced, he prayed for death as a relief from his misery. He knew nothing of the

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dread remedy he asked for; but a young brother had died some time before, and had become, he was told, an angel. He wished to follow in the footsteps of that good and happy brother." A year or two later, a settled melancholy possessed the boy: "he had heard that a plant existed, called hemlock, which if eaten would cause death:"—this time he was not contented with mere passive invocation; beneath his window was a flower-garden, and he culled flowers from it here and there, and ate them greedily, in the hope that hemlock might be among them, though it was not.

A Napoleon complains, "It is of no use; death refuses to come to my aid,"—after his fruitless attempt at suicide, when the treaty of abdication has been signed at Fontainebleau. A William Cowper makes a like complaint—half thankfully, half bitterly—after repeated failures at self-destruction, the foiled efforts of a mind distraught. He lived to be grateful that the effort *was* foiled, the invocation unheard, the appeal to Heaven's chancery dismissed, though with costs. And so have others lived to regard life with different eyes,—life, and therefore death. Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg) in 1796 longed for death; he had lost the young darling of his heart, and he now, in Tieck's words, "lived only to his sorrow." Insomuch that Tieck surmises that this time, with its deep griefs, planted in Novalis the germ of death, if it was not, in any case, his appointed lot to be so soon snatched away from his friends. But in 1800 we see him full of gladness and hope, full of plans for a happy life, just when the death he *had* been longing for was to visit him, inopportunely now, uninvited and unwelcome now. "Four years ago," says an English biographer, "Novalis had longed and looked for death, and it was not appointed him; now life is again rich and far-extending in his eyes, and its close is at hand." So true is it that, at the worst, and when death seems least unwelcome, least undesirable (for we rightly refrain from saying most welcome, most desirable)—so true it is that, in poor humanity's dread extremity, 'tis *life, not death*, for which we pant. So true was his answer, that, after listening to the first of the Two Voices, declared, that "whatever crazy sorrow saith, No life that breathes with human breath has ever truly longed for death." A more living life is what we really want: our real craving is, even at the worst, not that we may cease to live, but that we may in a more real sense have life, and that we may have it more abundantly—*ινα ζωην ἐχωμεν, και περισσον εχωμεν*. There needs but *Calidore's* voice and presence to make life, not death, desirable and dear to *Pastorell*, "that now long season past had never joyaunce felt nor cheerful thought:" at his cheery voice and guardian presence she begins forthwith new

—— life to feele that long for deathe had sought.

Worth pondering, in connexion with this subject, is the saying of a living French divine: "Ah, those know little of the human heart who say that men die more easily, in proportion as their life has been destitute of all happiness and joy. We wished to have tasted, at least once in our lives, these seductive fruits of the earth; it would seem as if we were ashamed to enter on another life without having experienced anything but the ills of this." Worth pondering, too, are the words of *Caroline Helstone*, in "Shirley," when meditating on the life and works of kind,

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earnest, unselfish, but quite solitary *Miss Ainley*, who owned to her young friend that there was, and ever had been, little enjoyment in this world for her: "She looks, I suppose, to the bliss of the world to come. So do nuns—with their close cell, their iron lamp, their robe straight as a shroud, their bed narrow as a coffin. She says, often, she has no fear of death—no dread of the grave: no more, doubtless, had Simeon Stylites, lifted up terrible on his wild column in the wilderness. . . . Poor Miss Ainley would cling closer to life, if life had more charms for her. God surely did not create us, and cause us to live, with the sole end of wishing always to die. I believe, in my heart, we were intended to prize life and enjoy it, so long as we retain it." So Charlotte Brontë, we may be sure, believed in her heart, even in the dreary days when she was writing "Shirley," sick at heart, and bowed down with sorrow. It is but paraphrasing that true affirmation in Tennyson's Two Voices, already quoted by us in part, and well worth quoting again,—

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis LIFE, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh, LIFE; *not* DEATH, *for which we pant;*
MORE LIFE, AND FULLER, THAT I WANT.

THE FRENCH IN CANTON.

OUR gallant allies have recently been setting up a claim through the columns of their papers to the conquest of Canton, the heavy Englishmen having been, as usual, outstripped in the race. Far be it from us to attempt the solution of this moot point; but there is no doubt that some few years back Dr. Yvan successfully invaded Canton, and carried off his *spolia opima* in the shape of very amusing anecdotes and incidents connected with the upper classes of the Celestial Empire. Dr. Yvan appears to have been sent into the world for the purpose of exemplifying the truth of the old adage, "that travellers see strange things." If our memory serve us aright, we have already had the pleasure of accompanying him to the Philippines, where the most extraordinary adventures befel him. Next, in partnership with M. Callery, he furnished us with much valuable information anent the Chinese insurrection, and now that popular attention is once more directed to our operations before Canton, he publishes, in the very nick of time, a really valuable, certainly most amusing, narrative of his doings in Canton, from which we propose to make some excerpts, throwing additional light on the manners and customs of a hitherto but little-known people.

It appears that, on the occasion of the French sending a mission to China, a very intimate friendship sprang up between the ambassador, M. de Lagrené, and the viceroy of the two Kuangs, Ki-in. When the

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business was satisfactorily settled, the envoy accepted an invitation to visit Canton, and went up with his family, M. Callery being present as his interpreter, and Dr. Yvan as physician to the embassy. These two gentlemen having been sent on to make the necessary preparations, took passage on board a *lorcha*; and Dr. Yvan was much amused with an inscription before the mast where we should expect to find "No smoking abaft the funnel." The Chinese, however, are far more practical: they write up, "Take care of your purses;" and Dr. Yvan, on looking round at the company, fully appreciated the justice of the warning. So soon as the vessel was got under weigh, which was not effected without various fireworks and noisy applications to a gong, Dr. Yvan found time to watch the amusements of the passengers, which may be summarily described as eating and gambling. The Chinese find an outlet for the latter propensity in fighting quails, and even the domestic "cricket on the hearth." Our poor author caused M. Callery great amusement, by calling his attention to the patriarchal habits of the Chinese, who could not go to sea without such a reminiscence of home pleasures. Great was his disgust, then, when he saw two crickets taken out of their cages and set to fight. But his attention was soon called off by their arrival at Whampoa.

Whampoa is situated on the slope of a vast hillock, and European vessels have for many years cast anchor at its foot. It is, in some measure, a succursal to the port of Canton, which the greedy mandarins have granted to the barbarians. Some day this concession will be real, and I am convinced that England will, eventually, command at Whampoa, as she now does at Hong-Kong. The country we saw on either side while ascending the river is indescribably rich; as far as the eye can see you find only rice-fields, wondrously bordered by litchi and banana-trees, from the centre of which grow out clumps of trees, overshadowing pagodas, temples, countless hamlets and villages. This luxury of vegetation has nothing in common with the irregular fecundity of lands left to their own free growth. Nature here submissively obeys the laborious hand that governs it. On this soil, conquered by labour, nothing grows or vegetates save by the intervention of man; the smallest tuft of herbage, the poorest tree only exist on condition that they satisfy the wants or promote the enjoyment of the master who grants them a place in the sunshine. In the midst of these immense plains of verdure, solitary towers are observable, like the trunks of giant trees, struck by lightning, or stripped by winter inclemency. These octagonal monuments of five, seven, even nine stories, were built in the olden time to fix the spirits of the soil, and by the concentration of its mysterious fluids ensure the fertility of the country. The inhabitants had surely no occasion to resort to these cabalistic agencies; for they are in the possession of wondrous secrets to subjugate rebel nature and fertilise barren plains: the love of labour and comfort, the spirit of order and economy. The appearance of the river itself testifies to the laborious habits of this enterprising race; on the bank, women were seeking in the mud of the Tchou-Kiang for shells, from which lime is manufactured, while the fishermen, aboard fragile barks, track the intelligent denizens of the flood, and drive them into the labyrinths they have formed with stakes in the bed of the river.

Before long, the lorcha arrived at Canton, and our travellers found themselves in the centre of one of the poorest suburbs of the floating town. They were surrounded by a forest of masts, bearing, in lieu of foliage, standards and flags of every hue, and seeming to grow naturally on the sterile and shifting soil. On closer observation, the peculiar features of this floating town came out in strong relief; the inhabitants were

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engaged in cleaning up their dwellings, putting things in order, or indolently smoking their short pipes. The Chinese boats are all marvellously clean and attractive; their toilette is performed each morning with admirable care and art; they are washed, and then cosmetics are applied to embellish them, which bring out the smallest veins in the commonest wood. The liquids employed are varnishes that exude naturally from the varieties of the sumac. But Dr. Yvan's attention was soon more especially attracted to a boat adjoining their own.

The family was composed of four persons: the mother, about thirty-five years of age, a young girl of fourteen, and two boys of five and six. They were seated in the bows and just finishing their breakfast. The mother had a gentle expression of face; she smiled placidly on the little laughing boys, who, with their heads clean and carefully shaved, were holding their breakfast in their hands; the young girl, dressed like a *Tanka* with a long queue fastened at the back of her head by a red ribbon, regarded me pleasantly enough. Suddenly, the young Tankadère said a few words which I did not understand, and offered me her breakfast: it was rice seasoned with *tao-fou*, in a bowl of blue china. I took the vessel in my left hand and the chopsticks in the other; the grains of rice perfectly boiled, and separate from each other, were sparkling and semi-transparent; they resembled pearls just drawn from their ocean bed. The *tao-fou*, white as thick cream, and fried in millet oil, covered a portion of the nourishing grain, and over this condiment was spread a dark syrup.

The doctor, rightly thinking that few Europeans had enjoyed an opportunity of investigating the food of the poorer Chinese, had no hesitation in accepting the offer. The rice was superb, and possessed the flavour peculiar to that cereal when grown in the salt bottoms of the Tchou-Kiang. The *tao-fou* he found rather insipid; but by mixing the rice, the *tao-fou*, and the black liquid, which bore a strong family resemblance to molasses, he concocted a famous dish. On handing back the bowl to the young girl with half a piastre, Dr. Yvan was beset by offers of food, and he selected a dish offered him by a sailor on board the lorcha. The rice was precisely the same, but the accompanying condiment was different; it was thick and of a yellow tinge, with a very prononcé'd caseine odour. In fact, the soup was exactly like the Italian *rizzoto*, and so good that the doctor eat every morsel. On inquiry, he found that the seasoning was still *tao-fou*, and it is time to explain what that mysterious condiment is.

I owe my readers the recipe for a product which, though alternately cream and cheese, is made, however, without the intervention of any lacteal substance. Haricot beans are immersed in water till they yield to the pressure of the finger; when in that state they are ground, and the clear sediment thus obtained is subjugated to the process of boiling. It is then thrown into a sieve, which retains the impure portions; the lactescent liquid drips through into a pan, and a small quantity of gypsum, reduced to an impalpable powder, is mixed with it. The result is a substance either white or tinged with yellow, according to the beans employed; and this is the *tao-fou*. It is eaten either fresh or fermented; when in the former state, it bears great resemblance to the white cheese called *touma* in Provence. When fermented, it has an analogous taste to our strong cheeses.

The Southern Chinese have an extraordinary dislike to milk, and yet they have managed to produce an almost perfect piracy of the liquid they loathe in almost all its transformations. The mention of the *tao-*

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fou leads Dr. Yvan to a remark which proves that he, at any rate, is no teetotaller, for he says "that in every country and in all climates men have instinctively learned that they must add substances fermented, or in the process of fermentation, to the natural products on which they live." Our author was obliged to give up his investigations by the arrival of the mandarin boat which was to conduct them to the house placed at their disposal by their host, Pan-se-Chen. *En route* he was instructed by Callery as to the name of his future residence. He was going to live in Tchaoin-Kiaï, that is to say, the Street of the Murmur of the Sea in the House Thi-ki-Hau, *id est*, the Factory of the Remembrance of Virtue. By the time the lesson was learned, they arrived at the house, which they found to be half European, half Chinese; it was two-storied, and the flat roof was paved with slabs of granite, that sparkled in the sun as if sprinkled with diamonds. The ground floor was used as a warehouse, and was filled with bales of silk, chests of tea, &c., intended for the Western markets, while the dwelling-rooms were on the first floor, and looked out on the river. Immediately on arrival, the rooms intended for M. de Lagrené's family were inspected; and it was fortunate that they took the precaution, for they found the rooms set apart for the ladies adorned with drawings of pastoral scenes which would have put Watteau's shepherdesses to the blush. In vain did M. Callery try to make the servants understand that they must be removed; and when he applied to their host, that worthy gentleman could not hide his astonishment. However, the pictures were removed. And now to take a glance at the city itself.

Canton is situate on the left bank of the Tchou-Kiang, and it would require six hours of stout walking to traverse its boundary. The city is composed of three distinct portions, welded as it were to each other: its form is a parallelogram from east to west: it is bounded on the south and west by the river, or, to speak more correctly, by the floating town; on the east, by marshy lands; and on the north, by gently sloping hills, which by gentle undulations join the mountains of the Blue Clouds, which are observable in the distance. The three portions of the city are the suburbs and the walled city, subdivided into the old, or Tartar, and the new, or Chinese, town. The suburbs, which are the richest and most important part of Canton, occupy, to the south and west, the ground contained between the Tchou-Kiang and the *enceinte* of the two fortified towns. A wall, running parallel to the river, intersects the quadrangle in which the official city is contained. The Tartar town is situated to the north, and these two cities communicate by means of sixteen gates through the ramparts, which are always strictly guarded. The military and civil authorities reside in this double *enceinte*, and barbarians are not allowed to penetrate it.

The factories are built on the south-eastern point of the suburb nearest to the banks of the Tchou-Kiang, and form several streets running parallel to the course of the river. Each factory is formed of a row of houses, constituting a huge isolated building, and resembling the barracks in which the Phalansterians would like to shut up humanity. Formerly there were thirteen similar buildings, whence the Chinese street running in their rear was called "the Street of the Thirteen Factories." These monumental buildings, beginning with the Hong I-Ho, or Creek Factory, and ending in the Hong Te-hing, or Danish Factory, extended from east to west. At present the original line still exists, but the internal arrangements have undergone considerable changes since the Chinese

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burned down the English and Dutch Factories. They have not yet been rebuilt; some provisional tenements, however, exist on the ground, and the foundations of the future English Factory have scarcely been dug. Of all the Western nations, the Americans are alone worthily represented, for they have built a palace at Canton worthy of the conquerors of our age. This quarter, devoted to the barbarians, contains three streets that are perfectly Chinese; one is celebrated in the dissolute memory of sailors, and is known as Hog-lane; it is situated between the ruins of the English Factory, and to the East of the American Hong. Although the unclean animal from which it derives its name can no longer be met with there, it fully deserves its appellation. The two other streets are known as Old China-street and New China-street.

Before long, M. Callery invited the doctor to pay a visit to China Proper, and for that purpose conducted him to Physic-street, where he was utterly confounded by the enormous population that encumbered every inch of ground. But even the suffocating pressure did not prevent the pickpockets from plying their handiwork, for, to our author's surprise, he suddenly found his companion committing violent assault and battery on a Chinaman who had taken a fancy to his handkerchief. But this was hardly a novelty.

One day, at Macao, I was going home with Callery, who was talking with great animation, and carrying under his arm a magnificent parasol. While passing a corner near the Bazaar, my comrade stopped to make a demonstration after the fashion of southerners, who paint an object at the same time as they describe it. But he had scarce commenced his explanation, when a Chinese stole the parasol, and flew off. Callery was after him in a second, but could not catch him. This comical scene sent me into a fit of laughter, but we had not gone ten yards ere I felt my hat fly off. I turned quickly, and saw a Chinaman carrying it off along the same road as Callery's thief had followed. I made no attempt to pursue him; I stopped to laugh at my ease. And so we reached Callery's house, he minus the parasol, I without a hat.

Physic-street has been so called by the English on account of the number of chemists' shops it contains; still these shops are not more numerous than those of the lamp-makers, curiosity dealers, and silk mercers. It runs along the whole of the suburb from east to west, and is one of the most frequented streets in Canton. But the celebrity is Toki-true, whom Dr. Yvan had an occasion of seeing, when he accompanied Madame de Lagrené and her daughters to Physic-street. Although his establishment has been frequently described, the doctor contrives to throw some fresh light on the subject:

The portrait of this celebrated merchant has been very often sketched; but, strange to say, those who have attempted to draw it have generally produced a caricature. To a great number of persons a Chinese is simply a very absurd animal, and every grotesque portrait will resemble him. Thus, Toki-true's establishment has been represented as a den situated in an old house filled with rubbish, and the master himself as an old mummy escaped from his cerecloths, clothed in rags, contemporary with the old Mings, and adorned with a false worn-out tail, found in a lot of bric-à-brac. Now, Toki-true's house is one of the handsomest in Physic-street; his magazine is certainly the most elegant, his curiosities, arranged in perfect order, are covered with glass—a rarity in China—to protect them from the dust and indiscreet hands. It is true that Toki-true is old and ugly; he is at least seventy; he is thin and short; his wrinkled saffron face resembles an old doeskin glove; his sunken little eyes are not pro-

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tected by spectacles, and his tail is too thin, too white, and too worn to be false. He wears in winter a handsome furred gown, respected by the moths, and on which time has, as yet, performed no ravages; and in summer he wears *kiapou* pantaloons and the long blue tunic. The language he speaks with the barbarians is the Anglo-China-Portuguese patois, that *lingua franca* of the extreme East, which the worthy children of the Celestial Empire have rendered as liquid as the Creole patois of the Isle of France. The face and manners of the venerable old man are kindly, almost timid; and he draws your money from you so delicately, that when you leave his shop a-dry, you fancy you are under an obligation to him. Toki-true is at once merchant and artist, and his avarice, as antiquarian, is often opposed to his avidity as a commercial man. When he has a deal, he battles with the purchaser and with himself; he hesitates between the dollars and the object you desire to purchase. Toki-true lives only in the past: a bronze three hundred years old is to him a modern object; his mind perpetually remounts the course of ages; he never inquires about the present, which he calls bad, and cares but slightly for the future, which, according to him, will be worse: thus he is continually appealing to ancient customs and ancient probity. His ideal would be to wake up some fine morning and find the Celestial Empire rejuvenated by twenty ages.

On dining with their hospitable host, the gentlemen had inflicted on them a dinner *à l'Anglaise*, and consisting of insipid lumps of broiled meat, which are eaten in London with potatoes. The last course, however, was not English, for it consisted of a huge rat, served up *au naturel*. Pan explained that this animal had only fed in the rice-fields, and had no acquaintance with the sewers: such ignoble dens were left to the Coolies. The guests tried the strange dish, and the doctor candidly confesses he did not much care about it; but perhaps the animal was old and tough. He tried hard to persuade Pan that the envoy was remarkably fond of rat, which was a rarity in France, and would like to have one served every day; but M. Callery thought it beneath him to join in such a joke. One of the guests ended by cutting off the rat's tail and keeping it as a *souvenir*. Another curious dish consisted of cakes, sent to the guests by Pan's thirteen wives, "prepared in the House of Mourning." They were very good; but our author takes care to add that Julien makes better. But the best thing of all connected with the dinner was the capital Château Margaux, which the mandarin considered the pleasantest of all European beverages.

Among all the curious sights visible at Canton, none appears to have affected Dr. Yvan so much as the floating town, which he evidently spent days in visiting. It occupies a space of several leagues along the Tchou-Kiang: it is divided into districts like London and Paris, and boasts its commercial, populous, and fashionable patrons. The suburbs, that is to say the part of the river inhabited by the lowest class, are composed of narrow and winding streets, all of the same aspect. During the day no men are visible on board, for they are engaged in loading the vessels of the barbarians, or discharging the cargoes of the numberless junks which provision Canton. The fishermen's street is probably the most shifting street in the world. When the weather is fine each dwelling is separated from its neighbour, and this portion of the floating town disappears for several days; but, as a general rule, the streets frequently change their aspect, owing to the appearance of rough weather or the presage of a storm, which scatters confusion. There are several rows of houses, however, which rarely alter their appearance: they are the dwellings of

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tradesmen, accountants, and a few public establishments. These peaceful abodes, which could not carry sail, and on board which it would be very difficult to manage oars, are rarely moved, and they bear a strong family resemblance to the streets on the mainland. Dr. Yvan visited in the city of the Tchou-Kiang not only tailors, chemists, ready-made clothing stores, sorcerers, and public notaries, but even a pawnshop.

These banks of misery and vice are not worked in China by benevolent societies, they are left to private industry, and are under the surveillance of the mandarins. This is, however, merely nominal, the functionaries only visiting these establishments when they require a bribe. The pawnbroker in the Tchou-Kiang occupied one of the handsomest boats in Tradesman's-street; the front, varnished and handsomely decorated, bore an inscription whose impertinent applicability must have roused the ire of some of the customers—it was, "Save, that you may not have to borrow." The Chinese alone are capable of teaching their customers morality at the time they are flaying them. On going on board, we found the proprietor comfortably seated before a table, on which bundles of papers were arranged, and a magnificent calculating machine was before him. On seeing us, one man gave us a slight protecting nod, seeming to say, "I know what has brought you here;" but when our interpreter made him understand that we were curious foreigners and not customers, he overwhelmed us with all the exaggeration of Chinese politeness. The pledged goods were arranged on shelves, on which was inscribed the date of the transaction and the time allowed for their redemption. While we were carefully examining the objects, our guide strove to prove to us the morality of his profession by trying to persuade us that the pledges gained largely by passing through his hands. "As a general rule, only worn-out and dirty goods are brought us, but so soon as I receive them I have them carefully cleaned, and it often happens, when they are redeemed (which is rare, however), that the owners are astonished at receiving a nearly new article in lieu of the old rubbish they had pledged. The transformation I make the pledges undergo is alone worth the interest I am paid."

The articles pledged were, in reality, very poor; they were old goods that had seen service, a few toys, relics of a happier period, or hereditary furniture, which the owner had not the heart to sell, doubtlessly through respect for some dear memory, proving that misery rather than vice brought custom to this usurer's den. In vain did Dr. Yvan try to find out what amount the little bank turned over annually, or the interest charged, for, on each inquiry made on this head, the interpreter pretended not to understand. Another class of boats which Dr. Yvan visited was the celebrated "flower-boats," as Europeans poetically term them, although the Chinese simply call them the "houses of the four pleasures." However, there is nothing compromising in a visit to these boats by daylight; the feminine crew that inhabit the flower-boats fly from them at the first gleam of sunshine, and strangers are allowed to visit the boats during their absence. The flower-boats are the handsomest ornaments of the floating town of Canton, and it must be confessed that this ornament is by no means rare. Externally they are decorated with extraordinary magnificence; the entrance is covered with carved work, the sides are chiselled with a degree of art of which the beautiful ivory fans can alone furnish an idea. The vessels are painted red, blue, or green, and all the parts in relief are exquisitely gilded. In the bow, four brilliantly-painted lamps are raised on masts, while, at the stern, four banners display their sparkling colours in the breeze. The terraces, vestibules, and stairs are adorned with large porcelain vases, in which

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flowers are continually growing. But Dr. Yvan was destined to have a closer acquaintance with the denizens of these boats than he had anticipated, owing to the kindness of the mandarin, who invited him and M. Callery to accompany him on a nocturnal expedition.

We passed and repassed very often the enchanted palaces of Han-Leou-Han, and were enabled to take a rapid glance at some of the details of the dissolute life of the joyous children of the Celestial Empire. On the terrace of a Han-Leou we saw a mandarin with the blue button, seated before a table loaded with fruit; opposite him was seated a young girl, who played while the voluptuous guest carelessly tasted the dainties spread before him. The official had not doffed any of the insignia of his duties: his hat bore the brilliant decoration of the peacock feather, and his long robe indicated his dignity. The young singer was adorned with flowers, her plaited hair was turned behind her ears, and hung down her back. She wore a *cham*, pink trimmed with black, which descended to her knees, and a blue petticoat gathered in small plaits. The listener seemed enchanted with the voice or the words selected by the singing doll, for he gave at every moment silent testimony of his satisfaction by gravely nodding his head. In another boat we were witnesses of a scene more complete in its details. Two gentlemen were seated at a chess-board, while two very elegant ladies appeared to take great interest in the contest. On a divan at the end of the room another Chinese was preparing to smoke opium. He was dressed in jacket and drawers of white linen, and was reclining at his ease until a young girl had prepared his pipe. As may be seen, it is decent vice, almost vice of good taste, that visits the flower-boats, and hence we can understand that men of letters, officials, rich merchants, may appear in these houses without injury to their character.

The result of the mysterious invitation given to our Frenchmen by the mandarin was, that they suddenly found themselves seated in a handsome house at supper, and three ladies, with small feet, were introduced. The doctor was delighted at the opportunity for verifying the portraits he had studied so long. The ladies sang rather than spoke, and their slightest movements were imprinted with that affectation which is the height of fashion in China. They were admirably dressed: their chams, of crimson or true blue, were embroidered round the skirt; their trousers were kept up by a waist-belt, whose heavy fringe descended almost to the ground; while their shoes were gilt, and had in the heel a small bell that sounded joyously as they walked over the brilliant floor.

Nothing can be so graceful or charming as a Chinese woman when eating. Our fellow-guests took upon the end of their sticks a Nankin jujube, or a piece of preserved ginger, and carried it to their mouths with an affectation like birds nipping at their water-trough.

When we had drunk a cup of tea, the following dialogue took place in a low voice between our interpreter and the rich mandarin:

"You have told us that these ladies came from the flower-boats: is that so?"

"Quite true: they are the handsomest to be found at the present moment in Han-Leou-Han."

"Their fate is surely very pitiable."

"Why so? They are the happiest women in Canton: they are sought after by all the rich men, and constantly surrounded by admirers. Did you notice their rings, the bracelets on their hands and feet? They are presents offered to their beauty: judge by that of their wealth."

"During their youth they may have no reason to complain of their lot; but what will become of them later?"

"The same as other women. They will nurse their children while living quietly with their husbands in the house that has adopted them."

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"How, with their husbands? Do you mean to say such women marry?"

"Nearly all; but those who do not marry are much sought after to take the second place in great houses."

"Nonsense! it is impossible that women with such antecedents can be received into respectable houses."

"And why not? I have in my house two young girls I took from the Han-Leou, and they are not the ugliest or the least charming."

"Oh! I cannot believe that you have taken into your house two women who have led this wretched life."

At these words Pan-se-Chen made a sign of astonishment: he rose, and, standing before Callery, said,

"I cannot understand your susceptibility. We Chinese feel no such scruples, and I can assure you we are all the better for it. In our eyes, a woman is a jewel that loses none of its value from having been admired by a number of persons. When I go to a lapidary's and see a precious stone of fine water, a jade button, and so on, must I refuse to wear them under the specious pretext that some one has worn them before me? When you are paid a sum in ingots, do you try to depreciate their value because others have touched them before you? Well, then, believe me, a woman is like a precious stone, a jade ornament, or an ingot: she maintains all her value so long as she preserves her brilliancy, her beauty, shape, and grace, and he would be a silly fellow who refused to appropriate her through scruples that are not common sense."

Such is the Chinese theory in love: it is somewhat brutal, but it is clear, precise, intelligible as an axiom.

Dr. Yvan soon had an opportunity of pursuing his researches into the domestic condition of China at the house of the mandarin, where he had free access, and frequently accompanied Mme. de Lagrené on her visits to the ladies. Madame Li, the legitimate wife of Pan-se-Chen, daughter of a powerful minister at the court of Pekin, was one of the most aristocratic beauties in the flowery land. This little fragile and delicate being resembled a sprig of jessamine swaying in the wind. Her eyes, like two black pearls, launched through their silky veil, according to her temper, little languishing glances or flashes sparkling with malice. There was something charmingly infantile about the lady, but yet it was impossible to confound her with the twelve other ladies when she was among them. The twelve *tsié* represented all ages, shapes, and degrees of *embonpoint*. They were there to testify to the caprices of Pan-se-Chen, and furnished an approximative date of the year one of his amours. This fatal date was inscribed on more than one of the faces; but still the decent air of those who only desired to be regarded as friends, showed that the mandarin had not selected them himself, and that an affectionate hand had directed the taste of the inexperienced youth.

The ladies led a very comfortable life in this opulent home; during the day, they collected in small groups to talk or work. Their occupation had nothing painful about it; they embroidered, played a little, or ground rice-flour and prepared dainties for dinner. Our presence in the gynecæum caused as much animation as the visit of a bishop to a nunnery. The entire charming band rushed into the apartment where we were received, and chattered around us like a body of *nonnettes*. A table covered with sugar-plums, pastry, and confitures was placed in the centre of the room, and everybody used the chopsticks at pleasure. Young servant girls, with their tresses hanging down their backs, brought us tea on a tray of red lacquer, and the nurses came and went, bearing the children in their arms, and regarding us curiously. It cannot be conceived what touching solicitude is displayed to the dear little things. On seeing all the women pressing round them and kissing them, it would have been impos-

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sible to guess which were the mothers. Pan-se-Chen will leave a numerous posterity if his life is spared; he had, during our residence with him, four children in long clothes! All were dressed with exaggerated elegance; they wore caps embroidered with gold, chains, toys, &c., of the utmost value. Madame Li was not so fortunate as to be a mother; but, in spite of Chinese ideas, she did not appear much to regret this happy privilege. She was largely indemnified for this privation by her companion, who made her a mother several times a year. I say advisedly made her a mother; according to the Chinese law, the legitimate wife is the only legal mother, and the only one the children can call by that name. Hence, Madame Li had several sons hardly ten years younger than herself.

But there is a reverse to the medal; the most fearful immorality exists in these harems; even the mandarin candidly confessed to Dr. Yvan that he had no faith in one of his wives, and he feared his own sons as rivals. Hence, too, their death caused him no special regret. "When they die," said Pan-se-Chen, "I buy them a coffin, and though it is an expensive article, still it does not require to be renewed." A happy state of things certainly. But, strange to say, while the Chinese are heartless towards their wives and their *tsié*, they are passionately fond of their mothers. Thus, Pan-se-Chen, the millionnaire, the voluptuary, the *esprit fort*, the literate, never forgot his duties towards his mother. And yet the old lady was only his legal mother, for he was the son of a concubine. Dr. Yvan was presented to the old lady; she had reached that period of life when women no longer use artifices to conceal their age. Her white hair was not plaited, but simply raised off the head after the fashion of the lower classes, and kept in its place by long pins; her dress was very simple; gown, trousers, and cham were of a green colour, trimmed with black velvet. She had kept her small feet, symbols of her rank, and her jade bracelets. On her breast she wore a delicately-embroidered case for her spectacles. Madame Poun-tin-Quoua had given up the use of rouge and white powder. Her venerable wrinkles ran across her yellow and thin face; she was old, but by no means decrepit. Her manner was noble and distinguished, and she received Dr. Yvan with great condescension. The mandarin stated that he never undertook anything without asking her advice, and added, with an exultation not at all habitual to him, "A mother is gifted with faculties superior to all other beings." It is apparent that this respect and affection are in flagrant contradiction with the insensibility affected by Chinese towards women in general, and of this Dr. Yvan gives a curious instance that came within his personal observation.

At Macao, I went one day to call on my friend Dr. Pitter, and I found in the hall one of his porters weeping silently in a corner, while his comrade appeared to be scolding him. A Chinese weeping decently, like a man profoundly afflicted, is a phenomenon; the children of the flowery land laugh and smile incessantly; when they cry, they utter howls. I told Pitter what I had seen, and he remarked: "I must know the cause of this change in the natural laws of China." He called his Coolies, who ran in directly. "What cause have you for weeping?" he asked the afflicted porter. The man addressed made no reply; then his comrade spoke: "Pay no attention to him, Nhon; the stupid fellow is crying because his wife died this morning."

"Well, it is very natural that he should lament," exclaimed Pitter; "and you are quarrelling with him on that account?"

"Come, Nhon, you are not more sensible than he is. Do you weep when you

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tear an old coat, or when you lose an object that has served you a long time? Well, it is the same with a wife; it is like a wedding garment in your wardrobe; it is not worth while despairing because you happen to lose it; the shortest way is to buy another."

Pan-se-Chen's elder sons were almost constantly *en rapport* with the ladies; one of them was a lad of seventeen, with a face not very intelligent, the other a boy of eight. The latter was a very gay and lively boy. When he first saw the young French ladies, he took quite a fancy to them; he displayed his decided preference for Miss Olga, and when he perceived that her feet were not pinched up like his sister's, and that she could consequently race about and romp, he evinced his delight by jumping and clapping his hands. He then took the arm of his new acquaintance, and dragged her off to show her all the beauties of the paternal mansion. We have then been introduced by Dr. Yvan to all the *personnel* of the mandarin's house, and if we take into consideration the number of servants required to wait upon them, the palanquin-bearers to carry them about, for no member of the family would be seen on foot in the streets, the enormous consumption of provisions, clothing, &c., we may easily understand how even the richest Chinese easily find employment for their enormous fortunes. In conclusion, Dr. Yvan gives the following remarks on the subject of Chinese morality, which deserve attention, as developing another phase of the great social evil:

During the last few years, Chinese women have been seen in Europe, and the persons who have taken the trouble to visit them will perhaps find the praise I have bestowed on the beauty of the ladies exaggerated. It is necessary to give some explanation on this head. There is a great difference in China between women of the people and those of the higher classes; the former are nearly all ugly; the others are generally pretty. This depends from a very simple fact: a Chinese woman is a work of art and not a natural production. Infinite care, incessant watching, and a special education are required to form a Chinese beauty, and when this *chef-d'œuvre* has been produced it becomes the exclusive property of the opulent classes. If it be a young girl of good family, rich men seek her in marriage; if she belong to an humble family, they purchase her by the assistance of some matron, or after she has been exposed to the appreciation of amateurs in a boat or house of flowers. In China, the trade of a *traviata*, or the position of a mistress, has nothing dishonouring. In a poor, but honourable house, the girls are brought up to such a profession, just as in England or France they are educated for governesses or companions. This facility of finding a place is the cause of the poorer classes being skimmed of their fairest productions every year. Hence, it is easy to understand how strangers, who generally never penetrate into Chinese interiors, or into the flower-houses, are unacquainted with the graceful types of the race, and that the yellow-skinned merchants who bring to Europe the girls of the Kouang-Ton, or of Fo-Kein, can only choose unfortunate specimens, whose ugliness has destroyed the hopes of their worthy parents. In a word, only women who have been refused at the flower-boats of Canton have found their way to Europe.

But we are forced reluctantly to stop, otherwise we could cull much interesting matter still from the pages of Dr. Yvan's book. All we can do is to refer our readers to the work itself, as one giving, in a small compass, the largest amount of information hitherto collected about the social life and condition of the Chinese, and we close the book with the hope that Dr. Yvan will fulfil, and that right soon, his promise of making known still further details of the Celestial Empire.

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OUDE AND THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.*

The defence of Lucknow is one of those rare examples of suffering, gallantry, devotion, and heroism on the part of a small band against numbers, which give interest to the pages of history as much, if not more, than any other incidents attached to a common humanity. Few questions have been viewed in such an opposite manner as the occupation of Oude. Considered in the light of the rights of individuals, there was sufficient to enable partisanship to make out such a case as led a public meeting to arrive at so absurd a resolution, that the kingdom should be restored to its barbarous and vicious rulers, whose legitimacy itself only dates from the epoch when they threw off the yoke of the Muhammadan Sultans of Delhi, and whose hereditary claims have long been extinguished by profligacy and corruption.

But, considered in the light of the advantages and welfare of the people of Oude themselves, the question will not bear a moment's discussion. There is no doubt of the many short-comings and deficiencies of our rule in India—that the interests of the people have not always been sufficiently considered, that the great cause of civilisation has been little, if at all, attended to, and that Christianity itself has not been placed on that vantage ground which had been earned for it by the toil and blood of its followers—but to suppose for a moment that the interests of humanity would be cared for by leaving a people like those of Oude for ever exposed to the oppression, tyranny, and violence of their own rulers in preference to the sway tempered by justice and guided by principle, as that of the British most undoubtedly is, is to be wilfully blind to the great cause of humanity, and to exhibit more sympathy for debauched princely conspirators than for the suffering people themselves.

If proofs sufficient did not exist of the state of utter prostration, misrule, anarchy, violence, and profligacy, in which the kingdom of Oude was immersed previous to its occupation by the English, the perusal of the work of the late Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman would be quite sufficient to have made any right-thinking person ardently desirous for any change of government that would tend to relieve the poor Oudeans from the oppression and worse than slavery under which they groaned.

Sir W. H. Sleeman, who was British Resident at the court of Lucknow in 1849-50, purposely travelled through the kingdom of Oude in order that he might obtain thereby as fair and full a picture of the real state of the country, condition, and feeling of the people of all classes, and character of the government under which they then lived, as the opportunities afforded by such travel would enable him to obtain. Sir William, it is to be observed, was opposed to the annexation of Oude. His opposition was founded on the singular grounds that it was advisable to

* A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude. By Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman, K.C.B. London: Richard Bentley.

A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow. By L. E. Ruutz Rees. London: Longmans.

The Defence of Lucknow. By a Staff Officer. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

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maintain frontier kingdoms under native sovereigns, that the people themselves might observe the contrast, to the advantage of the "Honourable Company," of the wise and equitable administration of its rule compared with the oppressive and cruel despotism of their own princes—a view of the case in which the interests of the poor people themselves are overlooked for the benefit of their happier neighbours. It is well, however, to premise this fact, for otherwise the reader might be led to suppose that the Resident's work had been got up as an apology for the annexation that followed, and which, from being most insufficiently effected, has led to such disastrous results.

To form some idea of the state of this warlike and semi-barbarous country, it is necessary to premise that the landowners and landed aristocracy decide all their disputes by arms. Law has long been virtually defunct. The custom of succession of the eldest is, it is so far true, in force among the rajahs and talookdars, or principal landholders, and, to a certain extent, among the middle class of landholders of the Rajpoot and other military classes. The first class consider their estates as principalities *or reeasuts*, and when any rajah or talookdar assigns during his lifetime portions of the land to his sons, brothers, or other members of the family, they are separated from the reeasut or principality, and are subdivided as they descend from generation to generation. But when the eldest succeeds to the property, his brothers have a prescriptive right of support from him, for themselves and families; and when the land is subdivided, it is cultivated apart or in copartnery, or, as is more frequently the case, the sons fight it out among themselves till the strongest gets all. Under any circumstance where the action of law is superseded by the force of arms, it can be readily understood that the whole country is in a perpetual state of civil war.

As, when there happens to be no heir left to a portion of an estate which has been cut off, it is re-annexed to the estate, the head of the family frequently anticipates such an event by murdering or imprisoning the heir or incumbent, and seizing upon the lands. Thus Sir W. H. Sleeman tells us of a rajah named Mahdoo Persaud, of Amethee, in Salone, who had seized upon the estate of Shahgur, worth twenty thousand rupees a year, and which had been cut off from the Amethee estate and enjoyed by a collateral branch of the family for several generations.

It is difficult to realise, in a country like ours, the extent to which this evil was carried. As soon as these talookdars got possession of Khalsa villages, they plundered them of all they could find of stock and other property, and with all possible diligence reduced to beggary all the holders and cultivators who had any claim to a right of property in the lands, in order to prevent their ever being again in a condition to urge such claims in the only way in which they could be successfully urged in Oude. They even cut down all the trees planted by them or their ancestors, and destroyed all the good houses they had built, that they might have no local ties to link their affections to the soil.

As the local officers of the Oude government became weak, by the gradual withdrawal of British troops from aiding in the collection of revenue and the suppression of rebellion and disorder, and by the deterioration in the character of the Oude troops raised to supply their places, the talookdars became stronger and stronger. They withheld more and

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more of the revenue due to government, and expended the money in building forts and strongholds, casting or purchasing cannon, and maintaining large armed bands of followers. All that they withheld from the public treasury was laid out in providing the means for resisting the officers of government; and, in time, it became a point of honour to pay nothing to the sovereign without first fighting with his officers.

A singular result of this absence of all efficient rule was, that if a weak man got possession of a small estate, as such often did, by favour, fraud, or collusion, the consequences were more serious than when a strong man got it. The ousted proprietors fought "to the death" to recover possession; and the new man formed a gang of the most atrocious ruffians he could collect to defend his possession. He could not afford to pay them, so he permitted them to subsist on plunder. In the contest, the estate itself, and many around it, became waste, and the fellow who had usurped it often became a systematic leader of banditti, and converted the deserted villages into strongholds and dens of robbers.

It must not be supposed, amidst this universal corruption and anarchy, that the talookdars were the only miscreants. The government officials were, many of them, just as bad. When Sir W. H. Sleeman entered upon his duties he despatched Captain Orr to take cognisance of the proceedings of one Rajah Rughbur Sing, who ruled over the Gonda and Baraetch districts. This governor had a large body of the king's troops as well as his own armed retainers, with which, under pretence of enforcing payment of revenue, he used to carry on war against his brothers and coerce the talookdars. The atrocities committed by this miscreant are frightful to read. Rajah Hurdut, the head of one of the oldest Rajpoot families in Oude, was the especial object of his persecutions. He rubbed the beards of the men with moist gunpowder, and as soon as it became dry in the sun, he set fire to it, besides inflicting other tortures too cruel and indecent to be named upon the rajah's confidential men, to get them to sign a declaration that they had received money. Bondee, the rajah's chief place, was devastated, and all the men, women, and children were driven off, a distance of twenty miles, to Busuntpoor. Pregnant women were beaten in by the troops with bludgeons and the butt-ends of muskets and matchlocks. Many of them gave premature birth to children and died; and many children were trodden to death by the animals on the road, which was crowded for more than ten miles.

When Captain Orr visited the districts tyrannised over by this brutal rajah, he reported of them as follows: "The once flourishing districts of Gonda and Baraetch, so noted for fertility and beauty, are now, for the greater part, uncultivated; villages completely deserted in the midst of lands devoid of all tillage everywhere meet the eye; and from Fyzabad to Baraetch I passed through those districts, a distance of eighty miles, over plains which had been fertile and well cultivated till Rughbur Sing got charge, but now lay entirely waste, a scene for two years of great misery ending in desolation."

In addition to these glaring evils, arising not so much from maladministration as from the want of all efficient rule whatsoever, others of a minor and yet most vexatious character exist, even where the country is not exposed to the wars and depredations of refractory landlords, from other causes; more especially the rack-renting of contractors, the divi-

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sions they create and foster among landholders, and the depredations of the troops and camp-followers who attend them.

If all this was not enough to prove the infinite advantage of British rule to the poor persecuted people of Oude, there is one point which, even taken by itself, would in our eyes justify our tenure of the country. It is the fact that not only is infanticide practised throughout the kingdom, but natives dwelling in districts under British protection actually cross the frontier in order to carry out so barbarous and unnatural a system with impunity.

We have purposely avoided giving details in this article of the corruption and vicious practices of the court of Oude, because we hope that such will be now for ever done away with.

Subsequently to the occupation of this ill-fated city by the British, the authorities and the civil and military departments, as well as such merchants and others who had entrusted their fortunes to a mere handful of British soldiers, tenanted that portion of the town which lay along the right bank of the river Goomtee, and of which the upper extremity was formed by the Residency, and the lower one by the renowned stronghold, the Secunderabagh. The palace buildings occupied the central space, and there was a stronghold, called Muchee Bhawun, some distance beyond the Residency, up the river, and commanding a stone bridge, upon which much reliance was placed, and which was put into a state of defence, but when the numerical odds of the enemy were ascertained at the fatal reconnoissance at Chinhât, and the treachery of the Oude gunners had nearly entailed the sacrifice of the whole of the British force, it was at once abandoned, and the explosion of 240 barrels of gunpowder and 6,000,000 ball cartridges celebrated the destruction of a post which had cost much toil to place in a state of defence.

Three bridges led over the Goomtee—the stone bridge at the Muchee Bhawun, an iron suspension bridge just above the Residency, and a bridge of boats below the palace. After the destruction of the Muchee Bhawun, the besieged confined themselves to the Residency and buildings around, which Sir Henry Lawrence had been for some time engaged in placing in a state of defence. This group of buildings was surrounded by the city on all sides, save the water-side, where was the Captan Bazaar and a large mosque. The corner of the enclosure in advance of the Residency itself was defended by Innes's garrison, with the church garrison in the rear; the other corner, on the same side, was defended by Gubbins's battery. The town side, strictly speaking, commanded by mosques and Johannes's house, ultimately destroyed by the British, and from whence the main attack was directed and the most numerous mines advanced, was defended by the Seikh-square and the defences in advance of the brigade mess and the Martinière. At the corner were the Cawnpore and Thomas's batteries. The palace and city gaol aspect of the enclosure was defended by the now well-known Anderson's garrison, the judicial garrison, Sage's garrison, and the financial garrison; the corner was occupied by the Baily garrison. Alexander's battery commanded the Captan Bazaar, and the Redan battery the mosque at its upper extremity. There were other garrisons within the enclosure, viz., Dr. Fayrer's, the Post-office, Gubbins's, Begum Kothee, and Ommaney's. The Water-gate battery defended the approach on the river-side, and

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the Baily guard that from the palace buildings. The other approaches were defended as it was best found possible.

There is this great peculiarity about the defence of the British position at Lucknow, that it was not an ordinary military undertaking; it was a thing forced upon those who were unfortunate enough to be there, and in which all of high or low degree, covenanted or uncovenanted, military or civilian, had to take a part. There was no choice left to any one—except to the gallant Frenchman, Deprat, renowned for his Burgundy, pickled salmon, truffled sausages, and other good things—to whom overtures were made to go over to the enemy, which he loyally rejected. If the case had been one of a simply military character, to be debated between the two commanders of hostile civilised armies, Sir H. Lawrence's duty would have been, after the defeat at Chinhât, and the treachery of his native followers, to have capitulated, after securing the safety of his garrison and of all concerned. But with the barbarous Sepoys as an enemy, and the profligate Oudeans as a refuge, the lives of the men, the honour of the women, and the cruel torturing of the children, were all to be fought for to the last: and nobly did the handful of Britons and the few gallant natives who remained staunch to their cause, defend their glorious trust. One after another the brave 32nd fell at their posts, one after another the gallant officers, and the equally brave civilians, were laid low by wounds, disease, and fatigue; one after another the children sank from very starvation, putridity, and corruption; the Residency was tumbled down, the hospital ploughed by cannon-balls; a bucket of water was the price of a human life; death! death! hovered over the little party in fearful guise, ever present night and day; mines were sprung under their very feet; but never was even a whisper heard of surrender. Success finally rewarded these most glorious efforts; the handful of heroes and heroines that survived one of the most gallant defences on record were rescued by the exertions of Outram and Havelock and their gallant band, and will finally, it is to be hoped, be avenged by Campbell, but the fame of their endurance and their valour will live for ever. So long as Britain has such blood in her veins, she can laugh to scorn the piratical ardour of a certain party over the water, who are never happy but when planning the invasion and devastation of our small but happy island. Its very happiness, the freedom it enjoys, the wealth that enriches the toil and industry of its sons, the very contentment that gladdens the hearth of domesticity, seem all to be eyesores to those whose only delight is in destruction, ravage, and warfare.

One of the first sad scenes of the defence at Lucknow was the death of the beloved Sir Henry Lawrence. The incident is thus related in the diary of the Staff Officer:

July 2nd.—Arrangements were made for posting and stationing the Muchee Bhawun force which came in last night, and placing the field-pieces in position, all of which Sir H. Lawrence himself personally superintended. About eight A.M. Sir Henry returned to the Residency, and, being much fatigued, lay down on his bed. Soon after an eight-inch shell from the eight-inch howitzer of the enemy entered the room at the window, and exploding, a fragment struck the brigadier-general on the upper part of the right thigh near the hip, inflicting a fearful wound. Captain Wilson, who was standing alongside the bed with one knee on it at the time, reading a memorandum to Sir Henry, was knocked down by falling bricks and slightly wounded in the back by a piece of shell. Sir H.

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Lawrence's nephew, Mr. Lawrence, had an equally narrow escape, being on another bed close by: he was not hurt; the fourth individual in the room was a native servant, who lost one of his feet by a fragment of the shell. It was at once pronounced that Sir Henry Lawrence's wound was mortal, and his sufferings were great. He immediately sent for Major Banks, and appointed him to succeed him as chief-commissioner, and appointed Colonel Inglis to command the troops. He was then removed to Dr. Fayrer's house, which was somewhat less under fire. About noon this day, a round shot came into a room on the lower story of the Residency, and shattered the thigh of Miss Palmer (daughter of Colonel Palmer, 48th Regiment, Native Infantry) so dreadfully, that instant amputation was obliged to be resorted to. All the garrison were greatly grieved, and the natives much dispirited at our severe loss in that popular and very distinguished officer Sir Henry Lawrence.

From the very outset of the defence, the besieged were exposed to a perfect hurricane of jinjal, round shot, and musketry all day and all night. It was estimated that even at the first commencement of the siege not less than 10,000 men fired into the position from the surrounding houses, and they kept increasing in numbers as the defence was prolonged.

July 3rd.—It is difficult to chronicle the proceedings of these few days, for everywhere confusion reigned supreme. That unfortunate day of Chinât precipitated everything, inasmuch as we were closely shut up several days before anything of the kind was anticipated. People had made no arrangements for provisioning themselves: many indeed never dreamt of such a necessity; and the few that had were generally too late. Again, many servants were shut out the first day, and all attempts to approach us were met by a never-ceasing fusillade. But though they could not get in, they succeeded in getting out; and after a few days, those who could boast of servants or attendants of any kind formed a very small and envied minority. The servants in many instances eased their masters of any superfluous article of value easy of carriage. In fact, the confusion can be better imagined than described.

The head of the commissariat had, most unfortunately for the garrison, received a severe wound at Chinât, which effectually deprived them of his valuable aid. His office was all broken up; his goomastahs and baboos were not with us, and the officers appointed to assist him were all new hands. Besides all this, the first stores opened were approachable only by one of the most exposed roads, and very many of the camp-followers preferred going without food to the chance of being shot. Some did not know where to apply, so that for three or four days many went without rations; and this in no small degree added to the number of desertions. Owing to these desertions, the commissariat and battery bullocks had no attendants to look after them, and went wandering all over the place looking for food; they tumbled into wells, were shot down in numbers by the enemy, and added greatly to the labour which fell on the garrison, as fatigue parties of civilians and officers, after being in the defences all day repelling the enemy's attack, were often employed six and seven hours burying cattle killed during the day, and which from the excessive heat became offensive in a few hours. The artillery and other horses were everywhere to be seen loose, fighting and tearing at one another, driven mad for want of food and water; the garrison being too busily employed in the trenches to be able to secure them.

On the tenth day of the siege, the heavy musketry fire on every side had never for an instant ceased night or day; and at times the fire was terrific. The number of casualties also naturally kept on the increase. Numbers of horses and bullocks died, and their burial at night by working parties, in addition to nightly fatigue parties for the purpose of burying the dead, carrying up supplies from exposed positions, repairing entrenchments, draining and altering the position of guns, in addition to

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attending on the wounded, caused excessive fatigue to the thin garrison, who had but little rest night or day. In all duties, the officers shared the labours equally with the men, carrying loads and digging pits for putrid animals at night. All exerted themselves to the utmost, alternately exposed to a burning sun and heavy rain. As the siege progressed the heat and stench grew terrible, at times unendurable; vermin swarmed, and the flies contested every particle of food, as well as preventing rest. No wonder that disease was rife within walls, without which the enemy's marksmen made it dangerous for any one to trust themselves for a moment.

Many assaults were attempted by the enemy, but they were uniformly repulsed. Some were preceded by the destruction of the defences by the blowing up of mines, and they must have been fatal to the garrison had the besiegers been Europeans, but the Sepoys, after losing their leaders in the breach, uniformly withdrew from the contest.

Mining and countermining, notwithstanding the fatigue, was actively carried on. Here is an instance of the lucky discovery of a mine:

July 27th.—From midnight all quiet, save the usual musketry fire. Cloudy, sultry weather. About seven A.M. two planks were observed laid across the road in front of Johannes's house. They were not seen the night before, and being carefully watched, a man's hand was seen coming up from below; and soon after some eight feet of earth fell in, showing the direction of a mine of the enemy right across the road, and pointing direct for our stockade, within six feet of which it had apparently reached. This was a most fortunate discovery for us: they had evidently kept this mine too near the surface, and the heavy rain had broken it in. Our mine continued to be pushed on as rapidly as possible, and our sharpshooters from the top of the brigade mess kept up so hot a fire on the enemy's sap from above, that they could make no attempt to repair the mischief. Much fever prevalent, consequent on being constantly wet day and night.

Towards the afternoon the enemy again covered their trench with boards; but we got a mortar under our wall, and after one or two failures, a shell fell right into the hole and blew all the planks away, leaving the remains of the trench exposed to view, giving us no further anxiety.

And another where mine and countermine met:

About five P.M. our sap in the Seikh-square, which had been going on as fast as we could push it in the direction of the enemy's, met theirs, which they continued to work to the last moment. On our crowbar, however, going through into their gallery, they instantly fled out of it, and commenced to fill in their shaft. We immediately made use of their gallery, and blew the whole up with 100 lbs. of powder, which brought down all the adjacent houses, &c.

The poor children kept sinking in the mean while rapidly under the combined effects of want of good air, food, and exercise. On the 8th and 9th of August, several died each day. On the 10th, another desperate attempt was made to gain possession of the place:

August 10th.—About ten A.M. a great number of Sepoys, probably 1600, were seen, with two guns, marching up our left flank and across the Cawnpore road, behind their trenches. Very shortly after, a large force was seen to be approaching the bridge of boats from cantonments; and, in consequence, all were quickly at their posts. About half an hour after, the enemy fired a shell into the Begum Kotee, which appeared to be a signal; for, the instant after, a mine was sprung opposite to Johannes's house, which blew in a great portion of the house occupied by Mr. Schilling and the Martinière boys, and entirely destroyed our palisades

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and defences for the space of sixty feet. One of the heaviest timbers was pitched right on the top of the brigade mess-house, among the officers and men of the 32nd, who occupied the post. As soon as the smoke blew away, the enemy pushed up, under a tremendous musketry fire, right into Johannes's house and garden, and into all the buildings close round the Cawnpore battery; but all their efforts to enter our position were met with such a steady fire, that they fell back, and kept up an incessant fire of musketry on our defences. About thirty of them, however, lodged themselves in the ditch of the Cawnpore battery, within a few feet of our guns. A hand-grenade was rolled over right into the centre of them, on which they bolted and ran back, exposed to a sharp fusillade from our people on the top of the brigade-mess.

While this was going on, a very sharp attack was made on Mrs. Sago's house, where the enemy blew up a mine, which destroyed some of the outhouses and blew two soldiers out into the road, outside our defences: extraordinary to relate, they fell unhurt, and got safely back to their posts. The enemy then made their attack, but were soon driven back with considerable loss, and confined themselves to keeping up a tremendous storm of round shot and musketry on our position, which after two hours, in a great measure, subsided. About five P.M. they made a sudden rush on Captain Saunders's post. One of the enemy even seized a bayonet of one of the 84th Foot, and tried to wrench it off through a loophole, but was instantly shot; after a smart fusillade, which lasted for about twenty-five minutes, they withdrew, and gradually the fire ceased.

About nine P.M. a third attack was made, and was similarly repulsed; nor were these efforts confined to the places above noted. At Innes's house, Anderson's, and Mr. Gubbins's post, large bodies of men came forward, bringing up large scaling-ladders, several of which they abandoned. During the day, we lost three Europeans and two Sepoys killed, and about twice that number wounded. Our garrison were under arms the entire day, the heat was excessive, and all were greatly exhausted; nevertheless, every officer and man remained under arms all night. After ten o'clock all became tolerably quiet.

Again, on the 16th of the same month, the enemy succeeded in effecting a breach by means of a mine, and the garrison was almost placed at their mercy:

August 18th.—At daylight the enemy exploded a large mine under one of our principal posts in the outer square, occupied by the Seikhs; the three officers and three sentries on the top of the house were blown up into the air and fell among the débris. The guard below were all, however, buried in the ruins, and lost their lives: they were two bandsmen of the 41st, two of the 13th, and a Sepoy of the 48th Native Infantry. The officers, though much stunned, on recovering themselves ran away, and all three escaped unhurt.

When the smoke had blown away, we discovered that a clear breach had been made into our defences to the extent of thirty feet in breadth. One of the enemy's leaders sprang on the top of the breach, brandishing his sword and calling on others to follow; but he fell dead instantly from the flank fire of the officers on the top of the brigade-mess. Another instantly followed and shared the same fate, when the rest of the force declined making a home rush. On the first springing of the mine, our garrison was at once under arms, and the reserve of the 84th Foot (eighteen men) were immediately sent down and placed in a position which commanded the breach from the right; while boxes, doors, planks, tents, &c., were rapidly carried down to make as much cover as possible to protect our men against musketry: also a house was pulled down and a road made for a gun; and, after incredible exertions, a 9-pounder was got into a position which commanded all the breach, and was loaded with a double charge of grape. The enemy, by means of some barricaded lanes, contrived to creep up and get possession of the right flank wall of the Seikh-square; but our mortar and a 24-pounder howitzer drove the main body off, and a sudden rush at noon cleared away the rest. We reoccupied all the ground we had lost in the morning, and also took possession of the houses previously held by the enemy, and

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which were situated between the Seikh-square and Mr. Gubbins's house. No time was lost in destroying them, and by sunset 400 lbs. of gunpowder had cleared away many of the houses from which the enemy had most annoyed us. By this time the breach was securely barricaded against any sudden rush, and at night a working party completed it. In addition to the eight men lost in the explosion, we had this day one of the 32nd killed, and a volunteer (M. Deprat) and three of the 32nd wounded. Nothing could exceed the zeal with which all the natives worked to secure the breach, and make a road for a gun. The heat was fearful, and this was one of the most harassing days we had, all ranks being hard at work from daylight till dark under a dreadful sun.

It was a glorious day for the brave little garrison, when, having carried a mine to Johannes's house, they were enabled to effect the destruction of that annoying means of offence which had been for so long a time so fatal to them:

August 21st.—At daybreak all was prepared and ready for the blowing up of our mine, and the simultaneous sortie of fifty Europeans under Captain M'Cabe and Lieutenant Browne (divided into two parties), for the purpose of spiking the enemy's guns which fired into the mess-house, and in order to hold Johannes's house while the engineering officers blew it up. Precisely at five P.M. the mine, containing 400 lbs. of powder, was sprung, and as soon as the dust and smoke had in a measure subsided, the party ran out, drove the enemy (who were taken by surprise, and made but a slight show of resistance) from their guns (two), and spiked them both, and retained possession of Johannes's house, while the engineers made arrangements for blowing it up. These were soon completed, and the party withdrawn. A slow match was applied, and the house laid in ruins. Our losses were one of the 84th killed, one sergeant (84th) mortally wounded, one of the 32nd dangerously wounded, one slightly wounded, and a sergeant of the artillery killed. The operation was entirely successful, and rid us of a house from which the enemy had, from the commencement of the siege, annoyed us greatly.

Up to that date they had lost since the siege commenced, on the 30th of June, by killed, wounded, and sickness: 101 men of the 32nd Foot, not including officers; and of the detachment of the 84th, consisting originally of 50 men, 11 had been killed, or died of wounds and disease. Yet, at this very time—

We had work nightly for at least three hundred men; as we had the defences to repair daily, supplies to remove from godowns which were fallen in from the effects of the enemy's shot, mines to countermine, guns to remove, barricades to erect, corpses to bury, and rations to serve out; but with our weak, harassed, and daily diminishing garrison, we could seldom produce as working parties more than three fatigue parties of eight or ten men each relief; and the Europeans were capable of but little exertion, as from want of sleep, hard work night and day, and constant exposure, their bodily strength was greatly diminished.

It is pleasant to read, amid such suffering and carnage, such passages as the following in the diary: "Divine service was performed at the brigade-mess in the morning, and in the afternoon at Dr. Fayrer's; the Sacrament was administered on both occasions." On the 5th of September, the enemy made another desperate attack, but were repulsed with heavy loss. On the 7th they received powerful reinforcements, which was not a very encouraging thing to the thinned and worn-out ranks of the besieged. They did not, however, allow themselves to be down-hearted for a moment. On the 9th of September, it is related:

During the night a shell exploded in a room occupied by a lady and some

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children, and though almost every article in the room was destroyed, yet all providentially escaped.

Finding this morning that the enemy were rapidly mining towards the Cawnpore battery, it was deemed advisable that our mine, containing 200 lbs. of powder, which had been ready and charged for upwards of a month, should be exploded; and accordingly, at ten A.M., it was sprung. The effect was tremendous, and it evidently astonished the enemy, whose miners must have been destroyed. They immediately beat to arms, and opened on us from most of their batteries on that side of our position. When the smoke and dust (which were tremendous) had blown away, it was seen that the explosion had destroyed all the front face of the outhouses opposite our battery.

In the evening a body of three thousand men moved up to our right flank, which caused us all to keep particularly on the alert. About eleven P.M. very heavy rain began to fall, and the early part of the night passed away quietly. For the third time since the siege commenced there was no funeral on this day.

The last line of this extract is peculiarly touching.

At length, on the 22nd of September, glad tidings came that the relieving force, under General Outram, had crossed the Ganges, and would arrive in a few days. On the 23rd a smart cannonade was heard in the direction of Cawnpore, and listened to with *the most intense and painful anxiety.* The sound of guns was again heard on the night of the 24th, supposed to be now only some seven miles distant. At length, on the 25th, after many alarms, it is recorded:

About eleven A.M. nearly all sound of firing had ceased, but increased agitation was visible among the people in the town, in which two large fires were seen. An hour later, the sound of musketry and the smoke of guns was distinctly perceived within the limits of the city. All the garrison was on the alert, and the excitement amongst many of the officers and soldiers was quite painful to witness. At half-past one P.M. many of the people of the city commenced leaving, with bundles of clothes, &c., on their heads, and took the direction of cantonments across the different bridges. At two P.M. armed men and Sepoys commenced to follow them, accompanied by large bodies of Irregular Cavalry. Every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear on the evidently retreating enemy was fired as fast as possible for at least an hour and a half. The enemy's bridge of boats had evidently been destroyed and broken away, for many were seen swimming across the river, most of them cavalry, with their horses' bridles in their hands. Strange to relate, during all this apparent panic, the guns of the enemy in position all around us kept up a heavy cannonade, and the matchlockmen or riflemen never ceased firing from their respective loopholes.

At four P.M. report was made that some officers dressing in shooting-coats and solah caps, a regiment of Europeans in blue pantaloons and shirts, and a bullock battery were seen near Mr. Martin's house and the Motee Muhal. At five P.M. volleys of musketry, rapidly growing louder, were heard in the city. But soon the firing of a Minié ball over our heads gave notice of the still nearer approach of our friends, of whom as yet little or nothing had been seen, though the enemy were to be seen firing heavily on them from many of the roofs of the houses. Five minutes later, and our troops were seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets; and though men fell at almost every step, yet nothing could withstand the headlong gallantry of our reinforcements. Once fairly SEEN, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended; and then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers; from every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

Soon all the reard-guard and heavy guns were inside our position; and then

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ensued a scene which baffles description. For eighty-seven days the Lucknow garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives who had long mourned their husbands as dead, were again restored to them; others, fondly looking forward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learnt that they were alone. On all sides eager inquiries for relations and friends were made. Alas! in too many instances the answer was a painful one.

The force under the command of General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., came to our assistance at a heavy sacrifice to themselves. Of 2600 who left Cawnpore, nearly one-third was either killed or wounded in forcing their way through the city: indeed, the losses were so heavy that they could effect nothing towards our relief, as the enemy were in overpowering force, and the position having been extended, in order to accommodate as far as possible our great increase in numbers, and the guns that were in our vicinity having been captured at considerable loss to ourselves, we remained on three-quarter rations, as closely besieged as before, until the 22nd of November, when the garrison were finally relieved by the army under the commander-in-chief.

The relief by the force under Outram and Havelock, gallant as the achievement was, could, in the face of a whole country in arms, be only a temporary one. It was, in reality, only a reinforcement to the garrison, nor was it possible, although the positions were materially extended, to remove the women and children to a place of safety. It, however, opened a second chapter in the history of this wondrous defence, in which sorties on the part of the besieged became more frequent, and in which incidents of daring exploits alternate with individual suffering, in the pages of Mr. Rees's most interesting work, as quickly and as excitingly as they do in the Staff Officer's Diary of the first portion of the siege.

Sir Colin Campbell, after relieving the garrison of Lucknow, was, it is well known, obliged to evacuate the city, only leaving a small force under General Outram at the Alumbagh.

The reconquest of the country has, however, only been adjourned, not abandoned. The mutineers have been driven by a battue into Oude, as if to isolate the scene of warfare, and there inflict a summary and final vengeance on the revolted army, its instigators, and supporters. So ably and carefully has Sir Colin Campbell laid his plans, that when he has strengthened his force by the troops known to be *en route* to join him, he will not only be enabled to take the offensive, but while doing so to provide against the flight of the mutineers over the frontiers. The defeat of the rebels at Lucknow, where they appear to have congregated in vast numbers, must thus be their utter destruction, as, turn where they may, they will be met in their flight by columns fresh for attack on their broken force.

Sir Colin Campbell has not, at the same time, underrated the difficulties attendant upon the subjugation of Oude. We think we have said sufficient to show how important it is, not only to the interests of Great Britain, but to that of the natives themselves, that misrule and anarchy should be superseded in that country by a better government; but we only hope that, when its reconquest is effected, the fatal error will not be committed of once more entrusting to a mere handful of men the keeping of a kingdom bristling with forts and peopled by a race "the boldest in India," nursed in war and hostile to our rule when it interferes with their long-perpetuated habits of brigandage and murder.

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FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

BLACK NAN's ill-humour was not diminished by the delay of her messenger, but when evening came without his return, she began to be anxious, and, after much grumbling, despatched her hopeful son Loll to Lune Beck for tidings of the absentee. But the miller's wife—who inwardly prayed that Wat might have run away—only said he had been sent back early enough to have reached home soon after dark, if not before it. This was not pleasant news at Moorside, and it brewed a storm in "The House" which lasted late into the night, the loudest and most furious being the Reverend Mr. Binks, who, besides the loss with which his pocket was threatened, had an account to render to a person of whom even he stood in awe.

On the following morning, as soon as it was light, Mr. Binks mounted his big horse Badger, and rode in one direction, Stephen Binks saddled his steed and took another, all the household were afoot, and search was made in every place likely or unlikely to harbour the fugitive—for such they all supposed the boy to be—their tender natures having little sympathy with possible accident. To this last conclusion, however, they were forced to come from the report made by Rafe, the cowboy, who, spying something white in the Lune river a little below the bridge, and clambering down at the risk of his neck, had discovered the bag of meal firmly wedged between some rocks where the river ran swiftest and deepest. Fresh search was made down the stream, and though nothing else was found, the general opinion prevailed that Wat had fallen over the bridge and been drowned. If not, what could have become of him? as, in answer to every inquiry, nothing could be learnt of his having been anywhere seen. The idea that anybody existed who took sufficient interest in the boy to carry him off never entered into one of their heads; nor was it, indeed, a very probable supposition.

It finally fell to the lot of the Reverend Mr. Binks to break the news of Wat's disappearance to Mrs. Scrope. He would gladly have delayed the task—and made money by his silence—but it so happened that in the very crisis of the affair he received a letter from that lady, asking for certain detailed information respecting the boy. He was thus compelled to tell all he knew, but the answer was not satisfactory to Mrs. Scrope. On receipt of the intelligence she at once went down to Moorside to make personal inquiries. They proved altogether as fruitless as those previously made, and she was obliged to return, full of that disquiet which always attends uncertainty, and her disquiet augmented by her knowledge of the

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part she had played throughout the whole transaction. That the child should be dead troubled her less than ignorance of his fate, though there were moments when remorse was not wanting to embitter her reflections.

As to the Reverend Mr. Binks, it seemed that the proverb which says that misfortunes never come single was purposely made for him, since nothing prospered at Moorside after the day that Wat was missed. In the first place, he was thrown from his big horse Badger, and broke his thigh; while still in the surgeon's hands a fire—the supposed work of an incendiary—consumed all his stacks and barns; Stephen Binks, who drank more than ever, killed a man one day in a tavern brawl, and was sentenced to transportation; Black Nan went gloomily out of her mind, and hung herself behind the scullery door; and Loll, at his grandfather's death, which happened soon after, drifted no one knew where, the farming stock being all sold to satisfy the Reverend Mr. Binks's creditors.

We follow, then, the track of little Wat.

It was no momentary impulse that moved Monsieur Perrotin to take charge of Edith's neglected child. It is true that, in "making his economies," he had never calculated on this sudden addition to his establishment, but when he reflected on the boy's forlorn condition—fatherless in reality and motherless in all but the name—he resolved that nothing should be wanting on his part to supply a father's place, and the depth of his wife's affection for her nursling was security for a mother's care.

In marrying Rachel Loring, Monsieur Perrotin had not taken upon himself a mere encumbrance. She was one of those women whose usefulness is far more valuable than worldly gear, and, moreover, she had saved a little money in Mrs. Scrope's service—enough, as Monsieur Perrotin said, "to mount their house;" for the rest, he trusted—in addition to his own small income—to his capabilities for teaching, which he, somehow, imagined were universal.

Behold Monsieur Perrotin, then, after ten years' expatriation, on his way back to his own country. He must pass one day in London, to give Rachel time to procure a number of things needful for little Wat, who came to her, as we have seen, without scrip or wallet. Monsieur Perrotin stops, for that day, at the well-remembered White Bear, in Piccadilly, of which hotel "Williamms," once the waiter, is now Mr. William Partridge, the landlord—a thriving man, with a comely wife and four pretty children. Mine host is delighted to see his old preceptor again, and compels the new comers to be his guests while they stay, giving them a famous dinner, in the parlour behind the bar, over which he presides, striving to render it more pleasant to Monsieur Perrotin—and secretly desiring to astonish his better-half—by rubbing up his French, which had grown a little rusty: so much so, indeed, that if Monsieur Perrotin had been inclined to be critical, he might have enjoyed a grand field-day; but he is all gaiety and good humour, and merely pays Mr. Williamms off in his own coin, so that between them they realise the idea of having been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps. On the morrow, when he leaves, Monsieur Perrotin cannot part from his hospitable entertainer without exacting from him a promise to bring "Madame Williamms"—he cannot call her anything else—on a visit to France, "one of those days," when Monsieur Perrotin is settled. This

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promise is equally insisted on by Rachel, and with the best wishes of the White Bear, severally and collectively, the travellers take their departure.

Whither?

That has been the subject of much careful consideration.

Though legitimacy has long been dead and buried, though "that family"—as Monsieur Perrotin calls the House of Orleans—appear to be as firmly seated as French stability admits of, though the aspect of Paris—save in "the faubourg"—is almost what it was before the last revolution, the Teacher of Languages cannot bring himself to like the idea of returning to the capital which he so hastily quitted. He would go back to Touraine, but there is nobody there to give him a welcome, and this thought brings to his mind the recollection of the only person in France whom he is lucky enough to call a friend. This person is the Abbé Ramier, a very learned man, one of the head teachers at the college of Rouen, and there Monsieur Perrotin decides to set up his rest.

By such public means of conveyance as the time affords, Monsieur Perrotin, his wife, and little Wat, proceed to Southampton and ship themselves one night for Havre. The steamer is swifter than the *Jeune Adèle* which brought the refugee to England, and the passage is infinitely better, but—alas for Monsieur Perrotin—these advantages profit him little, he is still as bad a sailor as ever; Rachel, too, though she has crossed the Channel before, cannot help thinking, as she lies moaning in her berth, that the vessel will go to the bottom when about halfway over; but little Wat, with a child's fearlessness has a child's immunity from all sea sorrows, and so becomes the pet and plaything of everybody on board. As the sun rises above Cape La Hève, and the coast of France becomes more clearly defined, Monsieur Perrotin crawls on deck, and with a very green and yellow countenance, which the freshness of the morning air gradually converts to blue with a shade of black, eagerly scans the still distant headlands, and renounces his belief in the accuracy of nautical time-keeping; he feels a strong desire to leap overboard and swim to shore, but he is too feeble to leap and unfortunately he cannot swim, so he seats himself, helplessly, on a coil of wet rope, and waits, with many a shiver, for the moment of release. It comes at last; an almost pantomimic change takes place, the up-and-down motion suddenly ceases, the wavering outline of the town is fixed, the steamer is in smooth water, and Monsieur Perrotin is a new man; all his buoyancy returns, he chatters and skips about with a freedom and vivacity which can only be rivalled by the caged parrots and monkeys that await him on the noisy quay. He is able now to support his wife on one arm and to carry little Wat in the other, loaded as he is besides with a heavy cloak and a large umbrella. Such impediments, however, are *bagatelles* to Monsieur Perrotin. Is he not a Frenchman returning to France—returning, moreover, from England—a fact which, with all the love our neighbours bear us, greatly enhances the abstract pleasure of the thing.

At Havre, Monsieur Perrotin expects a letter from the Abbé Ramier; the *poste restante* does not disappoint him, and he learns that a home is offered till he can find one for himself, his wife, and his adopted child. This is a great triumph for one so isolated as the poor Teacher of Languages, and in the exuberance of his spirits he can talk of nothing else to Rachel, all the way from Havre to Rouen.

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"Yes," he says, with a radiant air, "that is the character of a true Frenchman! He divides himself into four for his friend!"

And the eulogy is not extravagant, where circumstances are propitious. But then—circumstances! Even the self-immolation of a Frenchman is sometimes controlled by them, and this, to a certain extent, was the case with the Abbé Ramier. He was a kind-hearted, generous man, and as he came with outstretched hands to greet the family party when the vehicle which conveyed them stopped in front of his door, the genuineness of his welcome could not be doubted. I am not, however, quite so sure that the same cordiality shone in the face of Madame Gembloux, the abbé's *gouvernante*, who stood in the background, with her hands thrust into the pockets of her apron.

The Abbé Ramier, now turned of sixty, was the type of a numerous class in the Gallican Church. Pious, charitable, and self-denying, he was always ready with words of comfort and acts of kindness for all who needed his advice or assistance; he was alike the friend of the poor and the consoler of the unhappy; his active benevolence forestalled every want, as far as his means extended, and when these were exhausted, as indeed often happened, he knew how to plead for his clients with those more wealthy than himself. Tendencies of this sort could not make him a rich man, but they left him a happy one, and so cheerful was his disposition, that to hear him talk a stranger might easily have supposed that the good abbé had never known a care. What was it, then, that checked him very often in mid-career when following the impulses of his nature? Look well at the Abbé Ramier—withdraw your eyes from those placid features, and then turn them upon the sour visage of Madame Gembloux, and you will have discovered the cause.

Madame Gembloux was rather over fifty than under, but her actual age is of no great consequence, since she was one of those persons who have never looked young; some people said, indeed, that she had always been an old woman, so that she might have commenced her housekeeping duties at any period of life without giving cause for scandal. The breath of calumny, however, had never sullied her reputation, for—though it does not absolutely follow—Madame Gembloux began her *gouvernante's* career in a state of respected widowhood, her defunct husband having been the principal *Suisse* of the cathedral, and the halo which surrounds that gorgeous description of functionary is scarcely extinguished by mortality. He lived, at all events, in the memory of Madame Gembloux, who seemed never weary of citing his authority, as if he had been a Father of the Church, instead of one of its Masters of the Ceremonies. Beauty was at no time the portion of Madame Gembloux, and years had not brought its attraction: on the contrary, what was originally hard had grown harder, what was plain, plainer. The epithet scraggy was well applied to her tall, bony figure, and for her face it was sallow as parchment, with a *soupçon* of red at the tip of her nose, suggesting—but no—that was impossible—it could only have been a perpetual cold in the head. Sententious and severe to all the world beside, the only sign of tenderness which her nature betrayed was in favour of a very ill-tempered, nondescript little dog, her constant companion, and the cause of more annoyance to the society which Madame Gembloux frequented than would have been an irruption of half the lawyers in the city. Her merit

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was a lynx-eyed watchfulness over the property of the abbé, towards whom her bearing exhibited an odd mixture of tyranny and respect. If there was one word in the language which she disliked more than another, that word was hospitality, and, unluckily for the temper of Madame Gembloux, the abbé gave her only too frequent occasion for denouncing it. The arrival of Monsieur Perrotin and family was one of these occasions, but in the presence of her master her unwillingness to receive his guests was confined to external manifestations, and found no tongue to proclaim it. But, in truth, very little attention was paid by the travellers to any one but the abbé, who saluted all three with a warmth that —in one respect, at least—was, in the opinion of Madame Gembloux, wholly unclerical.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ABBÉ'S GOUVERNANTE.

ALTHOUGH holding the nominally dependent situation of *gouvernante* in the establishment of the Abbé Ramier—which, besides herself, consisted only of a stout, hardworking country girl of twenty—Madame Gembloux was very much her own mistress. The wants of the abbé were few: to keep his clothes and linen in decent order, prepare his frugal meals, and prevent the household drudge—whom she ruled with a rod of iron—from dusting or arranging his books, were her principal duties, and, these performed, a great deal of time was left at her disposal. When at home, the abbé, was constantly occupied in his study, and Madame Gembloux liked him best to be at home: for then, as she said, he was not wasting his substance on every idle person he met— that being her definition of charity.

But the possession of leisure did not cause the hours to hang heavy on the hands of Madame Gembloux, for, if she had little employment within doors, she gave herself plenty abroad, having—as befitted the widow of a distinguished official—a large circle of acquaintance. This is a roundabout way of saying that the Abbé Ramier's *gouvernante* was a great gossip, but, as she still lives, I wish to spare her feelings, in case this true history (of which the right of translation is reserved) should ever be done into French, and under those circumstances happen to meet her eye. Professionally, as I may say, a church-goer, Madame Gembloux always found somebody to talk to, whether the matin-song or vesper-hymn invited; and when religion forbore its claims there were the worldly attractions of the street and market-place. It is not absolutely necessary that a gossip should be good-natured. A merciful ordination permits the female tongue to say everything that comes uppermost, and, consequently, what is said depends entirely upon the *animus* of the speaker. From the lips of the amiable princess in the fairy tale fell nothing but pearls and diamonds, while the spiteful princess, her sister, saluted her companions with a shower of toads and snakes. The conversation of Madame Gembloux belonged, for the most part, to the last-named category. The chief, indeed almost the only, exception to her general habit of censure, was the late lamented Gembloux, but there were many who remembered the married life of the *gouvernante*, who

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whispered that the portly *Suisse* only profited by a posthumous immunity.

All of us who have loitered in the great fruit-market at Rouen, which fills the wide area in front of the western entrance to the cathedral, and—withdrawing our gaze from the exquisite sculpture which travels higher than the eye can trace it—have cast it curiously upon the parti-coloured multitude that throngs the square, must at one moment or other have singled out the figure of Madame Gembloux. See where she stands—a little to the right of that group of women in the high, snow-white, Cauchoix caps, variegated kerchiefs, bright-red petticoats, blue stockings, and peaked *sabots*—with her little dog by her side, ready to snarl at man or bite his kind, as opportunity offers, her basket on her left arm, the forefinger of her right hand extended, and her head bent over the stall of an older woman than herself, a dealer in peaches and melons, who, low-seated in a high-backed chair, looks up attentively to catch every syllable she utters! By the sober hue of her coffee-coloured garments, by her rusty apron—a fragment of one of her master's well-worn *soutanes*—by her dingy black lace cap, you may recognise the clerical *gouvernante;* and if you lend an attentive ear, you may guess, from what I have already said, that it really is Madame Gembloux who speaks.

The *commère* to whom she addresses herself replies to the name of Lebigre, and I may observe that she is the wife of a most respectable *gendarme*, and the mother of a numerous family. It should also be mentioned that the period when this conversation takes place is exactly a week after the arrival of Monsieur Perrotin at Rouen.

"At last!" exclaims Madame Gembloux, "yes—Madame Lebigre, at last those individuals are gone! After staying eight days! Figure to yourself, Madame Lebigre, eight days!"

"It is astonishing!" replies the fruit-merchant, with slow emphasis, as she takes a pinch of snuff and offers her box, which the other does not refuse.

"Ah!" continues Madame Gembloux, "if Monsieur l'Abbé had but consulted me! But no! A letter arrives with a foreign postmark already fifteen days since—and I—who, as you know, Madame Lebigre, have lived twelve years with Monsieur l'Abbé, and am acquainted with the handwriting of all his correspondents—I cannot tell from whom is this letter. Naturally I seek to know. But it is inconceivable—is it not?—Monsieur l'Abbé says nothing. He reads it through from beginning to end—imagine, Madame Lebigre, three pages of writing—and though he sees me standing by all the time he says not a word. When he has ended he folds the letter up, puts it in his pocket, and asks for his hat and stick. Then I permit myself an observation. 'Monsieur l'Abbé,' I remark, 'that was a very long letter.' I obtain for answer: 'It came from a very old friend.' After that, Monsieur l'Abbé takes up his hat and stick and goes out, leaving me planted there. I work my mind the whole day long to discover who is this old friend. Impossible! In vain I interrogate the past; no name presents itself to my recollection. Ah, that excellent Gembloux! never had he any secrets for me! Even to the money he received for showing the cathedral to strangers, he related all. And when one lives for twelve years in the same house with another, one has the right to know everything. Is it not so, Madame Lebigre?"

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"That is a truth, Madame Gembloux, as old as the bridge of Rouen."

"Even older! But what does Monsieur l'Abbé? Still he persists in an obstinate silence! Madame Lebigre, I detest ingratitude. The ungrateful have my contempt. You conceive, then, my feelings! On the following day I endure a yet greater outrage. In his turn, Monsieur l'Abbé writes a letter. It is hard to make you believe a thing so unheard of: with his own hands he takes that letter to the post! Here is evidently a concealment—a concealment from me, to whom Gembloux himself was perfect frankness. Without confidence, Madame Lebigre, one has nothing. Internally, I resolve to surrender my charge."

"Ah! that is what I call a spirit."

"Perhaps my design is seen in my eyes—perhaps there are other reasons for an altered conduct—but on the fourth day of my intention, while I still am meditating, observing also a haughty indifference to the house affairs, arrives another letter, like the first. I present it with a calm dignity to Monsieur l'Abbé, repeating to myself, 'Now, we shall see!' Here, then, is what happens! 'Madame Gembloux,' says Monsieur l'Abbé, when he had cast his eye over the contents of the letter—there was little enough in it this time—'we must prepare to receive some guests!' 'How, sir!' I reply, almost without breath, 'guests?' 'Yes,' he continues, 'my old friend Monsieur Perrotin'—that is the name of the individual—take care, Madame Lebigre, how it gets into your books—'with his wife and child are coming from England to live at Rouen. I have discovered a house for them, but until it can be got ready, they will stay here.' 'Is this serious?' I ask. 'Quite so,' rejoins Monsieur l'Abbé; 'why should it be otherwise?' 'Only,' I return, 'because there is no place for them.' 'Oh,' says Monsieur l'Abbé, 'we can easily contrive that. I give up my bedroom to Monsieur and Madame Perrotin, and there is the closet next to it for the child.' 'And where,' I demand, 'does Monsieur l'Abbé himself intend to sleep?' 'I must request you,' he answers, with a smiling air, 'to accommodate me;' but before I have time to shudder at the dangerous idea, he explains. It is his wish that, for a few nights, I consent to occupy the same bed with that creature Mélanie, our servant girl. I don't say, Madame Lebigre, that Monsieur l'Abbé is altogether without good qualities, otherwise I should long since have chosen another asylum—but of what value are any good qualities when they are eaten up by selfishness? To gratify these strangers—people without a *sou*—I was to be made a sacrifice!"

"I perceive. At once then you refused. I like courage."

"The words, Madame Lebigre, were on my lips, and I don't know why they were not pronounced—perhaps because I reflected that the flower of my life, since the death of my adored Gembloux, had been bestowed upon Monsieur l'Abbé; but whatever were my reasons, I devoured my indignation in silence. Useless all other objections: these people were invited, and so they must come. Until the day arrived, you may suppose, Madame Lebigre, that I did not occupy myself in gathering rose-leaves to make their beds."

The old fruit-woman chuckled, and again offered her box.

"And what kind of folks are they?" she inquired.

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"That is not a difficult question to answer; oh no, it is only too easy. When I tell you that I never saw such a person as that Madame Perrotin, you will readily understand. Figure to yourself, in the beginning, one who cannot speak French—not even the common *patois* of Mélanie. Then the way in which she is dressed! I thought I should have burst with laughter the moment I set eyes on her. Such a bonnet! Made, I suppose, in England. It is enough to make one die, only to look at it! Her age? Oh, who can tell! Far, very far from young, my dear Madame Lebigre. Her looks? To me anything but pleasing. I detest what people call a colour: those Englishwomen always have one—like beetroot. And instead of dark hair, like yours or mine, fancy a pale brown—just like the dirt on one's shoes, and hanging about her face in long curls. Her child? Um! I have my suspicions! Unless a red face makes a resemblance, I see none between them. However, he *may* be *her* child; certainly he cannot be the son of Monsieur Perrotin. That, after all, is his affair! To me it is nothing. But whoever the boy belongs to they have no great reason to be proud of him, and I, for my part, predict him a bad future."

Madame Lebigre professionally observed, in proverbial Norman phrase: "Blossoms, you know, are not apples, and apples are not cider. But what of Monsieur Perrotin himself?"

"He, at least, is old. Long and dry, as a broomstick, with a nose like the bill of a woodcock! When the revolution was, ten years ago, he ran away from Paris while they were fighting in the streets for the tri-colored flag and our brave citizen-king." (Madame Gembloux was a furious Orleanist.) "He went to England, that miserable country! Now he comes here to be a schoolmaster, they say. To teach French and I don't know what besides in Rouen, with our superb academy and all its professors, and Monsieur l'Abbé at their head! He had better begin with his wife and that impudent boy, who, like his mother, is ignorant—as ignorant, my dear Madame Lebigre, as that pumpkin! He thought to make friends with Bijou—come here, Bijou, my *darling*—but my pretty dog knows how to show his teeth—and then the little *gamin*, he threatened to kick my poor innocent, my cherished one, but Bijou took refuge in my arms. Judge, then, if I have not reason to dislike that boy! Oh, they are altogether an odious, a designing family. But, thank Heaven, they are gone at last! In another week we should have been eaten out of house and home!"

"And where are they gone? From Rouen?"

"Would to Heaven that had been so! No, Madame Lebigre, only into the next street. Not three hundred yards off. Monsieur l'Abbé wished them to be near him. In my opinion they would be near enough on the other side of Paris, or back again in that poor, wretched country of England. But I must say adieu, Madame Lebigre, for I have a dozen friends to call upon to-day."

"Well, Madame Gembloux, good company must part, as King Dagobert said to his dogs. But I should like to see this strange Englishwoman who is unable to speak French. Perhaps next Sunday she will be coming here to church!"

"Church! Here!" screamed Madame Gembloux. "God forbid. Do

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not suppose I hate that woman without reason. My religion tells me to do so. She is a heretic!"

While Madame Lebigre was making the sign of the cross, Madame Gembloux caught up Bijou and disappeared round the corner, to repeat the story of her wrongs in every house she entered.

CHAPTER XV.

VOX—ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

An entirely new life opened upon Rachel and her adopted child. It was new also to Monsieur Perrotin, for he had returned to France in quite a fresh character, being now a married man and quasi *père de famille*. This latter vicarious duty he performed with all the energy and all the awkwardness which usually characterise the acceptor of a substituted progeny, taking our example from the familiar instance of a hen that rears a duckling. But consanguinity itself could scarcely have drawn closer the tie which subsisted between Rachel and little Wat. The boy knew no other mother, and as Rachel had no means of showing his right to the name of Cobham—Mrs. Scrope having taken possession of her daughter's marriage certificate, with the intention, no doubt, of destroying it—he went by the name of Walter Perrotin.

We have heard how the newly-arrived family were established in the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbé Ramier. It was far away from the centre of the city's busy life, in a street that seemed almost deserted, such a one as may be seen in all large French towns, where the principal suburban feature is the absence of all pavement, the non-existence of lamps, the length of the garden walls, and the shut-up look of the houses. On the same principle, I suppose, that makes the liveliest animals burrow in the loneliest places, our mercurial neighbours care little where they make their homes, being strengthened in their indifference by the fact that if they really had homes they would never know where to pass their evenings. Monsieur Perrotin, though not without a share of the gay temperament of his countrymen, had a better reason for feeling satisfied with the choice of his abode; it was the cheapest part of Rouen, and, to a studious man like himself, quietness, which no one could deny to the locality, was an additional recommendation. To live cheaply was, in every respect, desirable, for all his economies yielded only just enough to make it out upon, but he never allowed his wife to suppose that Walter was in the slightest degree a charge: if he sought for the means of increasing their income, it was, he alleged, the better to provide for the boy's future, not because of its being absolutely necessary to enable him to meet current expenses.

A Teacher of Languages, who has passed ten years in a foreign country, possesses a kind of *ex-officio* right to be considered master of the one which he has been daily accustomed to hear, and Monsieur Perrotin, fully believing that he possessed the necessary qualifications, did not hesitate to announce his intention of giving lessons in English to the inhabitants of Rouen. He accordingly inserted an advertisement in the principal newspaper of that city, in which he stated, that "having long

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resided in London and its immediate neighbourhood, where the purest English is spoken," he undertook to qualify the sons of merchants, manufacturers, and others, who might be desirous of acquiring a grammatical knowledge of that language, "together with a faultless pronunciation." This advertisement, backed by the influence of the Abbé Ramier, soon procured him several pupils, whom he attended *en ville*, and if we in England owe any grudge against William the Norman for having conquered us, we may console ourselves, even at this distance of time, by the way in which the Normans of Rouen were compelled to endure the English yoke as exemplified in the teaching of Monsieur Perrotin. Of more positive value, fortunately, was the instruction in his own tongue which he gave to Walter, who, being of quick intelligence and good natural parts, made very rapid progress, as much to the satisfaction of his master as to the unbounded astonishment of Rachel. She did not particularly shine in lingual accomplishments, and privately entertained an opinion that everybody ought to be made to speak English—because, as she said, it was so easy! What she did shine in, however, was the art of making a happy home, and though her husband had left the land where comfort is supposed exclusively to dwell, he found it always when he returned to his own fireside. To achieve this end, Rachel had, of course, to battle for it with Loubette, her *femme de ménage*, but in the end she always gained the day, a circumstance which greatly increased the ill-will of Madame Gembloux, who secretly informed herself of everything that went on in Monsieur Perrotin's establishment, and lost no opportunity of inveighing bitterly against all foreign innovations. The *gouvernante's* spitefulness was kept alive—not that its extinction was by any means likely—by the increasing kindness of the Abbé Ramier towards "those English." Walter speedily became a great favourite with him, and the abbé, himself a person of family and accustomed to good society, took pains to form the boy's manners, and elevate him above the condition in which he was accidentally placed.

In this quiet way two or three years glided on, with nothing to disturb their even tenor. At last an event of more than ordinary interest occurred. It arose out of circumstances which require a few words of introduction.

From a very early period there existed, in various parts of Europe, institutions which had been the means of propagating, in all Catholic countries, the science of ecclesiastical music. In France these institutions bore the name of *Maîtrises*, and there was scarcely a great city with whose cathedral service was not associated an establishment for musical instruction, the most notable being those of Paris, Metz, Troyes, Lyons, Bordeaux, Meaux, and Rouen. Though the original object of the *Maîtrises* was the cultivation of sacred music, its directors did not exclude from their teaching that which was profane, and practice was permitted as well on the piano as on the organ. The revolution of 1791, which swept away, for a time, everything that pertained to Christian worship, destroyed the *Maîtrises*, and scattered far and wide the whole race of organists and full five thousand cathedral-singers, the greater part of whom never had the means of resuming their occupations. In consequence of the schools of music being thus entirely

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ruined, the Paris *Conservatoire* was established in 1826, and attempts were made elsewhere to place the *Maîtrises* on their former footing. The cathedral of Rouen was too rich in musical traditions to be overlooked by those who had at heart the renovation of choral science, and by degrees, with effort, the old institution was once more established. To endow its purpose with vigour, restrictions were set aside, and instruction was not confined to any religious denomination.

Of all people in the world a musical enthusiast is the one who considers the end more than the means by which it is accomplished, and amongst musical enthusiasts, Monsieur Cantagrel of Rouen held a very high place. He was an intimate friend of the Abbé Ramier, and it so happened that he was with him one day, when he suddenly stopped in the midst of an animated conversation on the subject of his darling *Maîtrise* to listen to some sounds which proceeded from the court-yard below. They were the words of a song in a foreign language, and the singer was Walter.

He had gone that morning to see the abbé, as was his frequent custom, but access had been denied by Madame Gembloux, who said her master was too busy to be disturbed, and desired him to go away. Walter had no greater liking for the old *gouvernante* than she for all his family, and coolly told her that, as his time was of no consequence, he would wait till the abbé was disengaged. So he sat himself down on the brink of the old well in the court-yard, and amused himself as well as he was able. He would willingly have pelted Bijou, who held as small a place in his regard as Madame Gembloux, and she, for her part, would not have minded tumbling Walter into the well, if she could have done so with impunity; but as both the belligerent parties had their hands tied, they only sat and looked askance at each other, Madame Gembloux occupying the doorway of the house with her knitting, and thus effectually preventing Walter from gaining admission without her leave.

When a boy is balked of his purpose, and can't do the thing he wishes, he usually has recourse to whistling or singing. Walter beguiled the moments by an effort in the last-named department of art, his theme being the adventures of an elderly female whose reputation for tractability did not stand very high amongst her neighbours. That Walter applied the song to Madame Gembloux was plain enough, and though she could not by any possibility understand a word of it, he looked her full in the face while he sang, beginning in a very low key, and, as he grew bolder, gradually rising to the very top of his voice, for the amiable purpose of irritating her—a design in which he was quite successful. I wish, for the muse's sake, that Walter had selected a nobler specimen of the British ballad, but, to say the truth, his repertory was limited; moreover, he had learnt it from Rachel, which was quite enough to make it a favourite with him. So he began, with a running accompaniment of colloquy, in an under tone:

"There was an old woman, and what do you think?—

Yes, you may look, Madame Gembloux—

What do you think?
She liv'd upon nothing but victuals and drink,
Victuals and drink—

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Frogs and soupe maigre, Madame Gembloux,—

were the chief of her diet—

though I don't think you'd stick at roast beef and plum-pudding, if they came in your way, Madame Gembloux—

Frogs and soupe maigre were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman"—

here he began to quaver in famous style—

" would never—ne-ver,
Never, never, never, ne-ve-e-e-r be quiet!

And that's what you never will be, old Madame Gembloux—ne-ver, ne-ver—n-e-e——"

"Mon Dieu!" what a delicious organ," exclaimed Monsieur Cantagrel, who had placed himself at the abbé's window to listen, and was able no longer to control his admiration. "What a charming voice; but how very ill-regulated!"

Walter looked up and stopped, blushing all crimson to the very roots of his hair.

"Ill-regulated—ah," muttered Madame Gembloux—"not the voice only, but the good-for-nothing singer into the bargain."

This compliment, however, did not reach the ears of Monsieur Cantagrel.

"Who are you?" he called out.

But by this time the Abbé Ramier had also approached the window.

"I can tell you," he said; "he is the son of my friend and neighbour, Monsieur Perrotin. What are you doing there, my little friend?—why don't you come up?"

"I wanted to do so, sir," replied Walter, "but Madame Gembloux said I couldn't."

"Madame Gembloux has no taste for singing, then," said Monsieur Cantagrel. "But never mind, give me that lovely song again in the open air."

In the presence of any one he knew, Walter could have sung all day unbidden, but when a stranger asked him he became dumb.

"Ah," said Monsieur Cantagrel, laughing, "he suffers from the usual malady: modesty, like the sight of a wolf, has taken away his voice. But you must sing again, and to me only. First of all, come here."

Walter did not refuse this request, but almost hustling Madame Gembloux, and literally treading on Bijou's tail, who began yelping, he ran up-stairs.

"And pray, my friend," said Monsieur Cantagrel, when the abbé had patted Walter on the head and presented him—"pray who taught you —I won't say to sing, for you know nothing about that—but to use your voice in that extraordinary manner?"

"I don't know, sir," answered Walter, as red as before—"I think I taught myself."

"Ah, we must give you a better teacher. Should you like to learn?"

"Very much, sir."

"And sing here, in our cathedral?"

Walter hesitated. "I can only sing two or three English songs, sir. They won't do for the cathedral."

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"Pardieu!" returned Monsieur Cantagrel, laughing again; "I should think not. You shall be accommodated with something better."

"Our little friend," said the abbé, aside, "is not of our Church. Monsieur Perrotin is a good Catholic, but the boy and his mother are Protestants."

"N'importe," was the rejoinder of the musical enthusiast. "He has the finest voice I ever heard at his age. We must have him in the *Maîtrise*."

Monsieur Perrotin and Rachel were forthwith consulted. It was stipulated at her earnest desire—indeed, without that she would not have consented—that the teaching was to be purely secular, and' that being freely conceded by Monsieur Cantagrel, Walter forthwith became his pupil.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ANGEL-CHORISTER.

A YEAR has gone by since the scene in the abbé's court-yard, and the most exulting individual in all Rouen is Monsieur Cantagrel. He has a threefold reason for rejoicing: in the first place, he was right about Walter's voice—nothing, people say, can compare with it; in the next, the praise bestowed on the singer is reflected on the teacher; and finally, there is the melody itself, which he enjoys as only a musical enthusiast can.

Monsieur Perrotin, though he does not know a note of music, and cannot even sing through his nose—like the generality of his countrymen—takes great pride in Walter's newly developed accomplishment; Rachel is proud, too—at the same time she doubts whether she ought to let them make a chorister of Edith's son; the Abbé Ramier is glad, according to his custom, at all that gives pleasure to his friends; but Madame Gembloux, who understands nothing of philanthropy, puts up a secret prayer—for the five hundredth time—that the boy may break down on some very signal occasion.

That possible occasion at last presents itself.

It is the day of the Assumption of the Virgin, the most honoured festival of the Roman Catholic Church, and all the Faithful in Rouen crowd to the cathedral to witness the ceremonies which attend it: some, also, are there who cannot lay claim to that distinctive epithet, but belong—as it were—to the Heathen.

Amongst the latter is a group of strangers, consisting of a gentleman of middle age, a lady in the prime of life, and a very beautiful girl, whose extremely youthful aspect, contrasting with her height, shows that she cannot yet be in her teens; these three are seated, and standing beside them is a man whose marked air of deference when he speaks betokens the *valet de place* of a very rich Englishman. The principal persons of the party are, indeed, English, not new to the Continent, but returning home from a long sojourn in Italy. To them a religious procession or a highly adorned festival are no novelty, but the lady has a passion for sacred music, and is piqued by what they have told her at her hotel of the wonders which have been wrought by the *Maîtrise*. "After the

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Sistine Chapel!" she says, with a compassionate smile; "but no matter, we will go, Sir James." The gentleman thus appealed to, if left to the exercise of his own free will, would have taken post-horses for Dieppe or the steam-boat to Havre—whichever gave him the chance of reaching England soonest—for the sights and sounds of Italy have been to him an infliction, and much rather would he have been on the moors with his setters than listening to the *Miserere* of Allegri beneath the dome of St. Peter's. In fact, although he has taken a long lease of one of the finest palaces in Rome, and has bought a villa at Frascati, he always comes home for his grouse, leaving his family *in villeggiatura*. He inwardly chafes now at the thoughts of having lost a whole week's shooting—it being already the 15th of August—but *Miladi* is of a somewhat imperious character, and what she wishes is always done; so, instead of pushing on, Sir James takes his hat and accompanies his wife and daughter to Rouen cathedral.

After all, no matter where you have been or whatever you may have seen or heard, that cathedral is worth the visit, whether pacing the aisles alone in the dim, religious, evening light, or standing amid the thronging multitude in the full blaze of the noontide sun as it streams through the coloured panes, with the censers swinging perfume on the air, and the vaulted roof echoing to the organ's solemn peal.

The strangers of whom we have spoken are so placed in one of the transepts that even if they cannot see beyond the screen of the choir, they are able to hear every note of the melody within, and critically *Miladi* addresses herself to the task of comparison. At first her acquiescence is placid: yes, the *maestro di capella* understands his *métier;* the *solo* parts are very fairly executed; the *ensemble* is good; but to think of comparing the service with——Stay, what is that? Why does it seem as if a wave of sound, such as never had been heard before, floated alone somewhere beneath the vaulted canopy towards which every eye is now turned? Why does every one hold his breath to listen, mute rapture on every face? Hark, it rises—clear, sweet, and soul-sustaining—the hymn to the Virgin:

> Ave maris stella,
> Dei mater alma,
> Atque semper virgo,
> Felix cœli porta.

Surely that voice descends from heaven!

Again it fills the vault, and the golden motes in the sunbeams tremble with harmony.

It dies away,—so softly, distantly, that "nothing lives 'twixt it and silence!"

Mary Tunstall looks up with streaming eyes.

"That must be an angel, mamma!" she whispers.

Her mother does not answer: her own cheeks are wet.

Sir James, I am sorry to say, is thinking of the grouse: music always has the effect of directing his thoughts to the subject that, for the time, interests him most. If he had been hungry, he would have thought of his dinner.

Lady Tunstall makes no confession of her impressions, but when her handkerchief has performed its office she turns to the *valet de place*, who is greatly *attendri* by what he has witnessed, having a perfect command

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of countenance, and asks him who it is to whom she has just been listening? As fifty priests, like so many bulls of Basan, are now striving to roar down the organ, private conversation may safely be resumed. The *valet de place* informs *Miladi* that it is a young pupil of Monsieur Cantagrel, the director of the *Maîtrise*—he reproaches himself for having forgotten the name (which he never knew)—but he tells her, what is even more astonishing, that the singer is an English boy. Madame, besides, will be surprised to learn that he does not stand amongst the regular singers. No—he is up there—where everybody can see him! And the *valet de place* points to the *triforium* gallery above the choir, where Monsieur Cantagrel has hidden his pupil behind a richly-carved projection. More he cannot relate, for the deep diapason ceases, and again the thrilling melody of the angel-chorister awakens all to rapt attention.

Thus the service proceeds to its close, and but for the conduct of two of the congregation, I should have said the delight was universal. These two were Sir James Tunstall, who kept yawning, furtively, behind his hat, and Madame Gembloux, whose grim expression of countenance plainly declared that Walter's success was wormwood to her feelings—figurative wormwood, not the preparation of *absinthe* which gave the suspicious tint to the tip of her nose.

Once in the cathedral, it could not, of course, be quitted without a complete examination. Indeed, the *sacristain* had kept too watchful an eye on the strangers ever since they entered the building, to allow them to depart without a taste of his quality as *cicerone*, and the moment the mass was ended and the celebrants were scudding away to change their garments, he presented himself and his keys. With this official character on the right, and the *valet de place* on the left, Lady Tunstall led the way—full of rapid inquiry, which was her habit everywhere—at a pace which soon left her husband and daughter far behind. They had just lost sight of her, and were looking about them to find where she had gone, when from a narrow doorway between two pillars, close to where they were standing, issued an elderly man and a handsome boy of about thirteen years old, who, seeing strangers so near, paused to let them pass.

As the boy wore a chorister's dress, and evidently came from the upper part of the building, it struck Mary Tunstall, who had heard the information given to her mother, that in him she beheld the unseen singer of the triforium gallery. With the impulse natural to her age she immediately spoke to him.

"It was you," she said, "who sang so beautifully during the mass! Tell me, if you please, what is your name?"

The boy, as we have already seen, had a habit of blushing, and this sudden question, coupled with the excessive beauty of the girlish speaker, sent the crimson tide at once to his cheeks.

"My name," he returned, after a little hesitation, "is—Walter. What is yours?"

"Oh, mine," said Mary Tunstall, laughing—"mine is of no consequence; I can't sing the least in the world."

"I wish I couldn't," was Walter's quick reply, "if it prevents me from knowing who you are."

She blushed in her turn, as she answered:

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"If you wish so *much* to know, I will tell you. I am called Mary!"

"Do you live here?" he asked, eagerly.

"No," she replied. "We are only passing through Rouen. This is my papa, and mamma is——"

A few shrill words fully proclaimed where Lady Tunstall was.

"Sir James, Sir James, where are you? Come and see Cœur de Lion's tomb!"

Thus summoned, Sir James, who had been rather amused at the colloquy between the children, shrugged up his shoulders at the interruption, made a slight inclination to Monsieur Cantagrel, who was Walter's companion, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her away. She turned her head, however, to look once more at Walter; his eyes were still fixed upon her, and in the glance of both might have been read the intelligence of mutual liking. How willingly would they each have lingered to cement the feeling which had grown so swiftly, but Monsieur Cantagrel was quite as impatient to conduct his pupil to the Préfet, who had desired to see him, as Lady Tunstall to dilate on all she saw; and so they parted, without another word.

Mary ran at once to her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "we have been talking to the English boy with the beautiful voice! He is so nice! I wish you would come and speak to him."

"What, the little chorister! Where is he?"

But the question was asked in vain. The *valet de place* could see nobody when he went into the aisle to look. Lady Tunstall seemed vexed. She never liked to be disappointed, and the quick interpreter of expression, whose trade was that study, volunteered a means of gratifying the desire of *Miladi*. He knew a person very well, the *gouvernante* of the Abbé Ramier, who was the intimate friend of the director of the *Maîtrise*: from her he could obtain all that was wanted; if *Miladi* desired to see the chorister-boy, the *gouvernante* no doubt would hasten to have the honour of bringing him to *Miladi's* hotel. The proposition was agreeable to Lady Tunstall, and it was settled that when the sight-seeing for the day was over, the *valet de place* should go to Madame Gembloux and mention *Miladi's* wishes.

At a late hour that evening the valet de place appeared before Lady Tunstall. He was, he said, *au désespoir*. Such a thing as a failure had never occurred in all his life before; he had been unable to find the pretty English boy, not from any neglect of his, but the *gouvernante*, Madame Gembloux, of whom he had asked many questions, could give no information concerning the object of his search: all she said was that the boy had been taken into the country, and would be absent, she knew, for several days.

I will not say that Mary Tunstall cried when she heard this piece of false intelligence, but she sat very quiet all the rest of the evening, as if she were thinking deeply. *Miladi*, more philosophical—or, perhaps, more capricious—said it was of no consequence; and, turning to Sir James, told him she should leave Rouen very early next morning.

In this manner—through the treachery of Madame Gembloux—Walter lost the opportunity of being recognised by his mother's family.

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THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY FOR 1858.

In the midst of our social mischances, the memory of which is still "green in our souls"—while a thousand political failures and the general wreck of statesmanship declare how easily the world is *mis*-governed—it is a comfort to be assured on every hand that we are to have a good exhibition. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights are fine things in their way, but somehow or other there is always something to mend in our excellent British Constitution, and at the end of a thousand years we find ourselves very nearly in the place where we began. This, luckily, is not the case with British Art, which year by year goes on improving. The era of imitation has passed, and self-reliance is manifestly the principle of the modern British school of painting: our artists have resources within them on which they do not fear to depend, and while they study with care and reverently listen to sound doctrine, they trust to their own wings for independent flight. But our purpose is not a homily:—let us adduce our proofs.

Mr. Frith's "Derby Day" is a picture, fairly to describe which would fill as much space as we have allotted ourselves for this general notice. Let the reader imagine himself on Epsom Downs within a quarter of an hour of the start, while all the humours of the race-course—some of them no longer extant—are at their height, he then has the scene before him such as can only be seen on that spot, such as can only be represented by an artist so observant as Mr. Frith. Those who don't go to the Derby this year, may remain at home content if they pay their shilling to see this wonderful picture—and succeed in getting near enough to see it. We guarantee them every enjoyment of the course, even that of the crowd!

Mr. Egg, who loves to tell his story completely, has a very remarkable picture, which he symbolises as "Past" and "Present"—the last representing a twofold simultaneous action. It is a series of three subjects on one line. We read the Past first. A husband has just come to the knowledge of his wife's infidelity; seated in a room, furnished with every luxurious appliance, he crushes beneath his feet a small pink note which reveals the story of his dishonour; the guilty woman has thrown herself on her face in the agony of discovery; at a little distance two pretty children are building houses of card, and as they turn in fear and wonder the crumbling edifices denote only too truly how their own house has been brought to the ground. The Present then shows itself. Mother and children are gazing at the same moon in the stillness of the same midnight hour: she, a wretched, degraded outcast, in the last stage of miserable abandonment, from the dry arches of the Adelphi looking out upon the river; they, from a poor lodging where they now live in their orphaned condition, sadly thinking of what fate has overtaken their only surviving parent. Such is the sentiment of this masterly work, the execution of which is faultless.

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Mr. Hart has at length resolved to show the world that the highest reaches of Art, on which he annually discourses with so much eloquence and perspicuity, are attainable by his own efforts. He has chosen a lofty theme, and treated it with corresponding dignity. The subject is the memorable attempt of Athaliah to prevent the coronation of Joash, as we find it recorded in the Books of Chronicles and Kings. The solemn inauguration of the boy-king has just taken place as the daughter of Jezebel rushes into the Temple: the people are prostrating themselves before the throne, the trumpeters are pealing forth notes of jubilation, the singers are uplifting their voices to the music of their ten-stringed harps, the princes and warrior-tribes are rejoicing, the High Priest, with outstretched hands, is blessing the Lord's anointed, and Athaliah, in all the splendour of her beauty and gorgeousness of her array, has come to meet her doom! The picture is full of life and movement, and while it is marked throughout by powerful contrasts, all its parts combine into one great action—the anticipated climax is ever present; in colour, in drawing, and in expression, the work is irreproachable, and as a study of Hebraic and Assyrian archæology we can imagine nothing more accurate. Mr. Hart has also painted a very attractive portrait: a full-length of Tussoon Pasha, the eldest son of the present ruler of Egypt, and the grandson of Mehemet Ali—a lively boy, with a sparkling, smiling face, wearing all the trappings of a full-grown warrior.

Public report has already spoken of Mr. Ward's new pictures, but not more favourably than they deserve. It is a mistake to suppose that Ceremonials are necessarily uninteresting: hundreds of well-known pictures attest the contrary, and when—as in the instance of "The Installation of the Emperor of the French as a Knight of the Garter"—a remarkable historical fact is illustrated, we gladly accept the subject even for its own sake alone. The "whirligig of Time" has wrought few changes more extraordinary than that which brought the prisoner of Ham a guest to Windsor Castle—the nephew of Bonaparte to receive knighthood at the hands of the granddaughter of George III.! The event, however, is now matter of History, and in desiring that it should be recorded by the first historical painter of the day, the Queen has shown in what light she views it. But if History lent its attraction to the subject, the technicalities of a ceremonial rendered the treatment difficult. Mr. Ward, however, has conquered every difficulty, and converted the scene into a picture on which no one can look without admiration. All the portraits are excellent—those especially of her Majesty, the Emperor of the French and his beautiful consort, the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Earl of Ellesmere, the latter acquiring an additional value from the fact of its being the last portrait ever painted of a nobleman whose premature death is so universally deplored. Mr. Ward's second work has not only historical claims to notice, but is essentially more picturesque than the first. The subject is the visit paid by the Emperor of the French and Queen Victoria to the tomb of Napoleon I. By the happy accident of a thunderstorm, which made the visit an *impromptu*, the painter, in rendering it literally, has escaped formality. The Emperor of the French, the Queen, and their attendants—including the veteran Count Ornano, the only survivor of the Adieux de Fontainebleau—are grouped on one side of the tomb, the Princess Mathilde, the

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Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales stand on the other, and in the centre, in an attitude of earnest devotion, kneels the venerable *curé* of the Invalides, offering up a prayer for the perpetuation of the alliance between France and England. It is not possible to look upon the scene without emotion, so many and such powerful associations being conjured up. As a picture, Mr. Ward's "Alice Lisle" will be new to the public. It is the original work from which he designed the fresco now in the Palace of Westminster, and is a most masterly production, remarkable alike for vigorous drawing, fine colour, and depth of expression.

Often as we have had occasion to offer our tribute of praise to the Academician's accomplished wife—who deserves to have a seat amongst the Forty—the reason for doing so was never so great as now. In "Howard's Farewell to England," Mrs. Ward has established an abiding reputation: her rank as an artist is now fixed beyond the reach of cavil. Truthfulness, tenderness, and simplicity, are the befitting characteristics of this well-imagined and well-painted picture. The "farewell" consists in the last of one of those habitual visits of the great philanthropist to his Cardington tenants, where everything indicates the benevolence of his character and the trusting sympathy which so much virtue awakened. The sentiment throughout is of the purest kind, and the thousand minute details by which the subject is embellished are perfect. Reproduced as an engraving every one will yearn to possess it.

Mr. Frank Stone gives us more "subject" this year than we have ever yet had from him; and, what is more to the purpose, in enlarging the area of his work he has known how to enhance its value. For the last two or three years the public have reaped the benefit of his experiences on the coast round Boulogne-sur-Mer, and very charming have been the productions in which, with an equally faithful and poetical pencil, the habits and occupations of the picturesque inhabitants of that shore have been rendered. But in "The Missing Vessel"—which is the title of Mr. Stone's new picture—the pleasure afforded by the most careful delineation of the ordinary pursuits of life becomes only a secondary consideration, the spectator's attention being arrested, and his strongest emotions awakened, by a scene of human suffering of which the heart at once claims its full share. On one of those stormy days that always causes a stir amongst a fisher population, some thirty people are gathered on the beach to watch for the return of the boats that went out the night before to sea. All but one have come back in safety, and on the doubtful fate of this missing vessel the whole interest is centred. Although those who lose the most have already yielded to despair, doubt still exists in the minds of some. In the central group, on a rough stone platform, is a young man, whose quick eye has discovered a sail in the distance, which he fancies is the one they are looking for, and he eagerly directs the search of another, his elder, who, with straining brow is sweeping the horizon with his telescope, while beyond these two a third is gazing steadily under his hand to discover the object spoken of: the same uncertainty is also suggested in the action of a woman, who, catching at hope, anxiously questions the oldest and most experienced of the party of watchers. There are two persons, however, who neither doubt nor hope. Of these, one is a young mother with her first child, the wife of the

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patron of the missing vessel; thoroughly *abattue* by her grief, she sits mute and helpless behind the rest; at her side her aged mother has fallen on her knees in prayer, and near her is a happy wife, whose husband has returned, looking tender compassion on the bereaved one. The second sufferer is a tall, handsome girl, who stands, statue-like, in the foreground, looking despairingly seaward, where her lover she believes lies buried. A different feeling appears on the face of a young suitor close to her, who cannot shut out the hope that her sorrow may one day prove his own joy, though the accomplishment of his desires may cause more than one heartache elsewhere. Of minor incidents this clever picture is full, without in the least disturbing the leading sentiment: there are women easing a boat which some sturdy fellows are hauling up the beach, there are mussel-gathering, bare-legged girls wending homewards—there are men slowly toiling up the steep road that climbs the cliff, and at its summit appears a crowd of villagers headed by the *curé*, who anxiously approach to learn the news; animation and excitement inform every part of the subject, and, among the merits of its treatment, brilliancy of colour, carefulness of finish, a perfect daylike effect and a fine background of sea: sky and land deserve particular mention.

We cannot part from Mr. Stone without congratulating him—and the public also—on the promise of excellence held out in the first work offered for exhibition by his eldest son, who, at little more than seventeen years of age, has produced a picture which artists of twice his experience might well be proud of. It is called "Rest," and represents an aged knight disarmed and reposing in a forest at the foot of a tree, while two beautiful children are approaching him with fruit; in the distance, skirting the forest, a cottage and rustic figures are seen. The landscape is painted with great truth and a strong feeling for nature, and there is much sweetness of expression in the heads of the children.

Year after year goes by, and still Mr. Stanfield knows how to lead us along the same willing captives to his magic skill. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale *his* infinite variety." Entellus renewed *his strength* every time he touched his mother earth; it is the same with Mr. Stanfield whenever he approaches the sea. Witness the noble picture which is his principal work this year, and the finest, in point of composition, that he, perhaps, has ever painted. It is "The Fortress of Savona," on the Corniche, between Nice and Genoa. Savona has many claims upon the traveller's notice besides the beauty of its situation. It was the birthplace of Chiabrera, the great Italian lyric poet of the seventeenth century, and the fortress itself was the prison in which Napoleon confined the Father of the Roman Church. Henceforth the name of Mr. Stanfield will be associated with the locality by all who shall have seen *this* picture. Let us briefly describe it. On the right hand rises the rugged coast of the Riviera di Ponente, crowned by the snowy summits of the Ligurian Alps; above these, again, the light breaking through the clouds falls on the walls of the fortress of Savona; before us, and filling the canvas, stretches the tumbling sea, still under the influence of a storm, which is passing away in the distance; and immediately in the foreground a number of sailors are pushing off a boat to join a vessel that is standing towards the shore. Every quality of art by which Mr. Stan-

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field has made himself famous is united in this glorious composition. Of a less lofty aim, but wonderfully true to nature, is an old foreshortened pier, against which the waves are dashing, at the entrance to the channel between Texel Island and the main of Old Holland; the sweeping sea beyond the pier, and the effect of the deep water close in shore, are admirably represented. Turn from this rough scene to the broad smooth level silvered by the moonlight on another part of the same coast, where some fishing-boats are being unloaded, and still you remain under the charm of the artist's genius—still you rejoice in thinking that his right hand has not forgotten its cunning. In a fourth picture Mr. Stanfield displays the turret-crowned Isle of Ischia, with luxurious Capua and the Neapolitan Elysium in the distance.

Mr. George Stanfield's subjects are well chosen and well painted. Trarbach on the Moselle, with a fine study of boats—the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein from above the bridge of Coblentz—the west end of the cathedral of Trèves—and a general view of Saarburg with the country around, have given him ample employment: the last of this series will prove the most attractive, as it is the least known to travellers.

Mr. E. W. Cooke, now the prescriptive painter of Venice, is again in his favourite city, revelling among the Bragozzi, those singular vessels whose bright colours and quaint details he paints with such wondrous fidelity. We have a fine example of his masterly style in a view on the shore of the Lido after a day of heavy rain—and another in a magnificent sunset, with San Giorgio in the sea for the central object of the picture, and the Euganean hills in the distance. Mr. Cooke's versatility is shown, moreover, in two charming scenes at the back of the Isle of Wight below Bonchurch;—so careful here are the details that the sea-side naturalist may distinguish every variety of the dripping weeds that cling to the rude piers and lie strown along the shore,—but minuteness with Mr. Cooke is no substitute for freedom and vigour. Mr. Cooke gives us also one of his exquisitely accurate delineations of "The Stones of Venice," in a view of the Bridge of Sighs with part of the Doges' palace. But, true to the glowing Queen of the Adriatic, this accomplished artist is not unfaithful to the more sober-hued sovereign of the Zuider-zee, and accordingly he represents the calm aspect of her sunken shores in a fishing-station near Amsterdam, and its wild dangers in some Pinks that are hauling off the coast of Schevening.

Mr. Roberts sends four works to the Academy. The first is the interior of the ancient Basilica of San Lorenzo, outside the walls of Rome, on the way to Tivoli. The view is taken from beneath the arch of the nave looking eastward, and embraces a remarkable series of mosaic paintings, together with the high altar and its marble baldecchino over the spot where the bones of the martyred Saint Lawrence are supposed to lie. The second is also an interior—that of the Church of Saint John and Saint Paul, in Venice, so rich in its sepulchral memorials of some of the most illustrious Doges. It is impossible to rate too highly the fine effects which Mr. Roberts has produced in the treatment of these striking architectural subjects. His remaining pictures are views in Venice:—the Grand Canal, with the Zecca on one hand and the Salute on the other, and San Giorgio Maggiore, taken from the steps of

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the Dogana di Mare. Familiarity with these interesting scenes only adds to our admiration of them.

Fortunate for Art was the hour when Mr. Phillip decided on visiting Spain: every picture painted by him since then has afforded him a fresh triumph. His great work this year is the death of a young Contrabandista. He lies mortally wounded in the stable of a *venta* whither he has been carried; over him bends the girl to whom he is betrothed—or it may be his youthful wife;—one of her hands is on his heart, and the other holds a small looking-glass before his mouth, that she may know if he still breathes; at a small window near stands another Contrabandista,—a man more advanced in life,—with his *trabajo* raised, ready to shoot down the first pursuer that comes in sight. The agony of the girl's contracted brow, and the deadly determination on the countenance of the dying man's comrade, are expressed with wonderful force: all the accessories, it is needless to add, are excellent, and the picture is steeped in colour. A second picture by Mr. Phillip is a scene at the corner of the Calle Amor de Dios, in Seville. The street is misnamed, for the love of woman has much more to do with the subject than that devotion which, in Spain, is only indirectly given to God. It is a simple composition—a devotee, a beauty and her lover; but slight as the subject is, Mr. Phillip has infused into it all the atmosphere of the city of serenades and jealous husbands. For the perfection of Spanish female beauty we have only to turn to an Alhambra chamber where a lady and her Dueña are passing; and for a scene purely Sevillian to look up at an open Moresco window out of which two charming girls are leaning, one of them decorating the other's hair with flowers. These two pictures are admirable specimens of Mr. Phillip's best manner.

Mr. Rankley confines himself to one subject this year, but it is a gem of its kind. He has given a modern reading to the parable of "The Prodigal's Return" in a picture of exquisite feeling. The Prodigal is a boy of sixteen or seventeen, in a sailor's dress, who has thrown himself on his father's knees in an agony of repentant despair, heightened by the knowledge that his misconduct has caused the death of his mother, evidence of which is given by her curtained portrait and the mourning dresses of his surviving parent and two lovely sisters, his intercessors for pardon. The compassionate yielding of the father's nature, the tearful tenderness of the pleading sisters, and the abandonment to remorse of the sorrowing boy, are traits as finely rendered as they have been naturally conceived; nor is the touch of envy wanting in the dissatisfied air with which the elder brother in the background hears from a servant of the prodigal's return. Mr. Rankley has painted many admirable pictures, but this is, without exception, his *chef d'œuvre*.

Another picture in the present exhibition of the strongest domestic interest is the "Eastward Ho!" of Mr. H. O'Niel. It represents the departure of a transport with troops for India, at the moment when friends and kindred are crowding round the vessel's side to take their last farewell. The widow parts from her son, the betrothed from her lover, the wife from her husband, the child from its father, and each bereavement is marked by its own individuality. The excitement and manly striving of one sex is exhibited in striking contrast with the mute dejection or violent

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grief of the other, and not a touch is given that is not true to nature, even to the indifference of the stolid boatmen who look upon this mass of human suffering only as so much freight. Mr. O'Niel has made a wonderful advance in this picture, and expectation will be on tiptoe to see its companion next year, when the transport brings back——how many of those who went out?

Mr. Ansdell's sojourn in Spain has resulted in five new pictures, but only two of them appear on the exhibition list. These are, A Bullock-driver crossing a ford, and A Shepherd leading his flock across a plain. In both these pictures the men and animals are painted with great truth and effect, the local characteristics being very strikingly displayed.

Mr. Hook charms us as usual with his rural scenery in Surrey, and his snatches of the blue deep on the western coast of England. To the latter class belongs a very bold and cleverly-executed picture, A Boy let down by a rope among the puffins at Lundy Island to gather eggs. The attitude and expression of the daring adventurer are excellent, and whoever has visited the haunts of sea-fowl will recognise the fidelity with which the scene is painted.

La famille Solomon exhibits three varieties,—for in addition to Mr. A. Solomon and his clever sister, a new aspirant for fame appears in the person of a younger brother, well known amongst artists as a first-rate draughtsman, but a neophyte as a painter. Miss Solomon's picture, "Behind the Curtain," is a first-rate work. The subject is a caravan of strolling actors, "just a-goin' to begin!" But before the clown smears his cheeks with rouge and grimaces a welcome to the gaping crowd, he plays a real part in a domestic scene. Stretched on a wretched pallet lies a young acrobat, sick and lame from a recent accident, and closely watching the boy sits the unhappy mime his father, pain and sorrow in every lineament of his worn features; the mother, too, is there, dressed as a tragedy queen, and looking on with no less anxiety, and the youngest of the family, a little *danseuse*, is preparing for the show. Nothing can well be finer than the expression of the poor clown's face,—and all the attributes of his figure and dress, together with the whole *entourage*, are truthful in the extreme: the squalid finery of the caravan and all the poverty-stricken expedients of its inmates are perfect; and again we congratulate Miss Solomon on the extraordinary progress which she has made. Many a hearty laugh will be caused by Mr. A. Solomon's "Lion in Love." A gallant colonel, in the toils of a young beauty, is playing the part of Hercules at the feet of Omphale. He does not spin, like great Alcides, but, seated on a sofa, with a basket of variegated silks on his knee, is trying to thread the beauty's needle. To accomplish his task, he is aiming at the needle's eye with all the energy of a Balaklava charge, and—to tell the truth—like that celebrated misadventure, he goes quite as wide of the mark. His desperate earnestness, and the arch look of his fair enslaver, make a capital comic picture, all the details of which are given with great care and finish. As a quiet piece of humour, Madam Blaise asleep in her pew is an excellent example of the faculty over which Mr. A. Solomon has perfect mastery. "Little Nell in the Church" and "An Indian Escape"—it may be from Cawnpore—are slighter but very attractive specimens of the varied talents of the same

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artist.—The *début* of Mr. Simeon Solomon is in pre-Raphaelite guise, in which respect he appears like the last rose of summer, for the brotherhood are nowhere this year. Two figures only compose the picture: Abraham and Isaac, before the meditated sacrifice. We object to the young painter's tendencies, but cannot deny his merits: they are conspicuous in colour and expression. The costume is thoroughly Oriental, and those who are familiar with the superstitious observances of certain classes of Hebrews will recognise the amulet, called "Remīa," which Isaac wears round his neck, and appreciate the value of its introduction.

Mr. W. J. Grant has chosen for illustration a passage in the life of Palissy the Potter, where his wife parts with her wedding-room to supply the gold for his crucible; and a scene in the early life of Eugène Beauharnais, who, when the Convention ordered the seizure of all weapons in Paris, refused to deliver up his father's sword. There is great sweetness and tender feeling in the first of these pictures, and much variety in the second, the story of which is well told.

Lovers of romance will be greatly pleased with Mr. Marshall's Scene from Rokeby. He has selected the adventure of Bertram Risingham in the chapel of Egliston, and has done full justice to the daring character of the unscrupulous yet chivalrous Buccaneer. It is a very stirring scene very forcibly rendered.

Let us not forget a very beautiful composition by Mr. M'Innis—"Donations offered at the Shrine of Santa Fina in the Duomo of Gemignano." Travellers who have had leisure, on their route from Florence to Siena, may remember this small mountain town, which lies a little wide of Poggibonsi, and is remarkable for the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, which forms its chief, but not its sole ornament. Mr. M'Innis has painted the interior decorations of this church with exquisite finish and great refinement of colour, but he has higher claims than these on public favour. The old woman who sits beside the poor-box, the guardian of the donations, is a perfect study—and in the group of kneeling devotees the artist's sense of female beauty is conspicuous. A blind beggar, feeling his way out of the church, is also among the estimable features of this excellent work. Mr. M'Innes has another clever picture of Shropshire tramps, very characteristic of the class to which they belong.

We have not seen many portraits this year, but amongst the few are an excellent head of Mr. Phillip, by Mr. O'Niel, and two admirable full-lengths by Mr. Stephen Pearce, the first of Major Watts, life-size, and the second of Mr. Littledale, a cabinet picture. A more important work than either of these was an equestrian portrait of Lord Hawke, painted by Mr. Pearce for the Badsworth Hunt; but as it was claimed for presentation at Doncaster, it could not be exhibited: we hope that before it leaves the engraver's hands it may yet hang on the walls of the Academy. We have heard also of some excellent female portraits by Mr. Desanges, and of some well-painted heads by Mr. Reilly.

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THREE HUNDRED A YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUSHING HEADLONG INTO MARRIAGE."

I.

It had been a very blue look-out: Captain Courtenay once called it so, when he was examining his Christmas bills; but that blue was *couleur de rose*, compared with the deep blue of the look-out now.

Captain and Mrs. Courtenay had married upon five hundred a year and no further expectations. A sufficient sum for moderate tastes and moderate desires, but unfortunately neither the captain nor his wife could stoop to such. A few years of extravagance, in-doors and out, brought on a climax, and the captain was civilly marshalled to prison in a cab. With some trouble, and at a considerable sacrifice, he succeeded, after a week's incarceration, in "arranging matters;" but to do so, cost him far more than his improvidence had bargained for: his income was cut down two-fifths, and would continue, so docked, for many years to come.

They left their house at Brompton: to economise there, in the very sight of their intimate friends and neighbours, would be too galling, and settled in a smaller one, with their children, four now, and two servants. Perhaps the most cruel point in the whole affair, to Mrs. Courtenay, was the being reduced to keep but two, a nurse and a maid-of-all-work. If she had despised one thing more than another in her sister's household, who had married for love, upon three hundred a year, it was that useful but sometimes very troublesome appendage, a servant-of-all-work. The house they moved into was close to that of her sister, Mrs. Lance; and for some time after taking possession of it, Mrs. Courtenay chiefly spent her days in tears, and Captain Courtenay in sitting over the fire, with a pipe and a newspaper.

The poor captain was really to be pitied. He had the misfortune to be an idle man, a man of no profession or occupation: and he had been obliged to give up his comfortable (and expensive) club, his opera, and his kid gloves. All his old habits, confirmed and strong, were rudely broken through, and instead of playing the dandy abroad, he gave way to the sulks at home.

It was not altogether a desirable home, for Mrs. Courtenay had no idea of management; the servants scenting what sort of a mistress they had, showed less, and the young children tore about the house uncontrolled, destroying the peace of every room, and frequently coming to grief and screams. As to saving in the domestic details of housekeeping, Mrs. Courtenay had not the faintest conception how to begin, and the house remained a perpetual scene of worry and confusion.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Lance were sitting together after dinner, in their comfortable dining-room, in their pleasant house. Not that their house was fine or large, but pleasant and comfortable it certainly was: for there were no storms in it, whether from parents, servants, or children, but there was well-ordered regularity. Their children—they

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had three—were with them now, but they were not trained to give way to wayward humours. Mr. Lance was a barrister, but briefless, and he had preferred accepting the secretaryship of a public institution, at 300*l.* a year, to starving on expectation, in a wig and gown. Whilst they were talking, Mrs. Courtenay was shown in, and down she immediately sat upon a chair and burst into tears. Mr. and Mrs. Lance approached her with surprise and commiseration; and little Annie, the eldest child, was so aghast at the sight, that she backed against the wall, in doubt whether she should not set up a cry too.

"I am tired and worried out of my life, Annis," began Mrs. Courtenay to her sister. "All my efforts to be a good manager turn out wrong. I thought I would try and do the dinner to-day, for that servant of mine is so insolent and extravagant: I said there was enough mutton in the house for dinner, made into a haricot——"

"Do you mean an Irish stew?" interrupted Mrs. Lance.

"That's what vulgar people call it, Annis. Susan drew down the corners of her mouth, and said not if *she* made it; so the remark nettled me, and I said I would do it myself. And I thought I did do it beautifully," added the unhappy lady, with a choking sob between every other word, "and when it came to be turned out it was all burnt black to the saucepan, and smelt like a dozen blankets on fire."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Lance.

"So there was no dinner for any of us, and the captain went out, swearing, with a bang that shook the ceilings, to get some where he could. Do give me a few lessons, Annis, and tell me how you manage—though I had used to laugh at your ways. I'm afraid he'll swear at me next, and I should never survive that."

Mr. Lance rose from his chair and smiled. "It will all come right, Mrs. Courtenay, if you only have a little perseverance. Annis was a good manager from the first, but she is better now. And while you take your first lesson, I will go in to my friend Desborough: I was telling Annis, when you came, that I owed him a visit."

"I could not swallow a scrap of anything if you paid me, I'm too miserable," sobbed Mrs. Courtenay, interrupting her sister's hospitable intentions. "I will drink a cup of tea when you take yours."

"You shall have it directly, Augusta. The servants must have finished dinner by now, and the children shall go back to the nursery."

"Tell me exactly how you manage throughout the day, Annis," said Mrs. Courtenay, when they were alone. "I will try, in my own house, to imitate it."

"I manage much as I used to do in my early married days, only there is more to do," said Mrs. Lance. "Mary gets up at six——"

"And my beauty crawls down stairs at eight," interrupted Mrs. Courtenay, in a tone of wrath, "and the more I talk to her, the longer she lies; and the nurse is worse."

"Those sort of servants would be useless in my house," said Annis. "We breakfast at eight, and I am out of bed before seven."

"What in the world do you get up so soon for? You, I mean. It is unnecessary to rise before seven for an eight o'clock breakfast."

"I find it none too early. I like to be neatly dressed; not to come down stairs 'a figure,' as it is called, in badly-arranged hair, or an

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untidy, ugly dressing-gown. Then I spare a few minutes for my private reading, and a minute for the nursery, for I do not choose Annie to slur over her little prayers to a careless nurse. I hope you always hear your children theirs, Augusta."

"I hear them now and then at night, if I have time; never in a morning: I don't think they say any. What do prayers matter for such little children?"

"The impressions made on young children last for ever, and they tend to good or to evil," remarked Annis, in a low voice. "But let me go on. Annie breakfasts with us, the other two with nurse in the kitchen: they are too young for *that* to hurt them," she added, in a meaning tone. "Afterwards, when Geoffry is gone, I read to Annie for five minutes, or so——"

"Read what?" asked Mrs. Courtenay, in surprise. "Fairy tales?"

"Bible stories," answered Mrs. Lance, gravely. "What would become of me, of them, if I did not strive to train my children to God? How should I answer for it hereafter? Then begins the business of the day. I occupy myself in the nursery and mind the children, while nurse helps with the beds; and then——"

"Making yourself a nurse the first thing in the morning!" groaned Mrs. Courtenay; "I'm sure I can never bring myself to do that."

"Everybody to their taste," laughed Annis. "I would rather be a nurse in the morning than in the evening. When the beds are made, nurse relieves me, and I go down and help Mary in the kitchen. Sometimes I wash the breakfast-things, and make a pudding, sometimes I iron the fine things: in short, I do what there is to do, of the work I have apportioned to myself. By eleven or twelve o'clock, as it may happen, it is all done, and I am at liberty for the day, to sit down in the drawing-room, to my sewing, and chat with any friends who may call to see me. Useful sewing now, Augusta," she laughed; "no longer embroidery, or drawing, or painting, or wax flowers."

"Have you given up all those pleasant recreations?"

"I really fear I have. I find no time for them. I make all my children's things, and part of my own and my husband's. On washing-days I am in the nursery till dinner-time, and we always, that day, have a cold dinner, that both servants may help. You see I manage as I used to, and it is only repeating what I have told you before."

"You do seem to have such super-excellent servants!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, in a sarcastic tone.

"Yes, I have very good ones. Servants are much cried out against, and no doubt some are good and some are bad, but they should be carefully chosen before admitted to the house, and I think that a good mistress generally meets with good servants. I do not mean that mine are faultless: it would indeed be a miracle: but they know they are well off with me, for though I am resolute in having their duties thoroughly performed, I am a considerate mistress, anxious for their own comfort and welfare."

"And you never have but one dinner. Aunt Clem went on so to me once, in the other house, about my having two dinners, one for ourselves and another for the servants. She called it waste."

"It is so," answered Mrs. Lance; "both of time and provisions. The

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children have theirs in the middle of the day, they are too young to wait, but that is not much trouble. A rice pudding, perhaps, and a bit of steak, or two mutton chops: the baby does not eat meat yet."

"But my servants grumble my life out when I order only one dinner: it was my saying they must wait to-day, and dine after us, that put Susan out about the meat."

"I do not wonder at it: with such irregularity, which to them must appear like caprice, how can you expect cheerful obedience? Let them understand, once for all, that they dine after you, and if they persist in being discontented, the best plan will be to change."

"Change! I am always changing: you know I am, Annis. And then the taking out the children—oh, the worry it is! Of course *I* am not going streaming out with them, and Susan can't go and leave the work, so I hire a girl, the greengrocer's daughter, and give her sixpence a time, but the nurse does not choose to approve of it, and says she is more plague than help."

"Ah, we are well off in that respect," said Mrs. Lance, with animation. "We have no right to the square, not absolutely living in it, but somehow we are popular in the neighbourhood, and have had a key given to us. It is so useful: the nurse goes there with all three children, and can sit down with the baby whilst Annie and the boy run about."

"All things seem to turn up well for you," rejoined Mrs. Courtenay, querulously, "I'm sure they don't for most people. I wish I could get a key of the square."

"I think that when people set their faces resolutely to their duty and strive to make the best of it, humbly trusting *to be helped* in it, that many things do turn up for them quite wonderfully," answered Mrs. Lance, gently.

"Annis! the idea of your mixing up religious notions with the petty concerns of life! It is quite methodistical."

"Rather high church, of the two, I fancy," responded Annis, good humouredly. "But rely upon it, Augusta, that until people have learnt to remember that God's eye is upon them in all the trifles of daily life, they have not learnt how to live."

"You harp, too, upon 'system' and 'regularity.' I know I shall never learn to practise either."

"But you must; for the comfort of a family mainly depends upon that. At five, while we dine, the children take their tea in the nursery, and when we have finished, they come to us while the servants dine. By seven, the children are in bed."

"And then you sit stitching away here all the evening!" said Mrs. Courtenay.

"Very often I do, and Geoffry reads to me: the newspaper, or our periodicals. And nurse does her part to the stitching in the nursery."

"Such a humdrum, Darby-and-Joan sort of life!"

"We would not change it for yours, Augusta," laughed Annis. "But I do not work always: sometimes I read, or we play at chess, or cribbage, and now and then a friend drops in, or we drop in to a friend's. Believe me, we are thoroughly happy and contented. I told mamma I knew we could manage well on three hundred a year, and we have done so, and are fully satisfied. All of you, except papa, have spoken scorn-

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fully of my lowering myself to two servants, and one of those a nurse, but I have more regularity and comfort in my house than you had with your four. No one who comes here sees them otherwise than perfectly neat and tidy; for both the servants understand that were they to appear otherwise they must look out for fresh situations."

"Do your servants have meat at luncheon?"

"Never. They have it at one meal only—dinner. They eat as much as they please, then. Believe me, Augusta, we have no stinting in necessaries, though we cannot afford luxuries."

"You are not too luxurious in dress, that's certain," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking at her sister's, a ruby merino: "and yet, it really looks well," she added, "with its pretty trimmings of fringe."

"Quite as well, for a home dress, as your rich silk, Augusta. Especially with that great splash of grease down the front."

"Splash of grease!" echoed Mrs. Courtenay, hastily casting her eyes on her dress, and beholding a broad, running stain. "There! I must have done that to-day, meddling with that abominable cooking."

"You surely did not do your cooking in that expensive dress!" exclaimed the younger sister.

"What else could I do it in?" fretfully retorted Mrs. Courtenay. "I could not be in a shabby wrapper and a loose dirty jacket over it at two or three o'clock in the day, when people might be calling."

"I would not be seen in either, at any time, Augusta. But there's the advantage of getting over these domestic jobs early in the day. You should have a large apron to put on in the kitchen, as I do."

"To save that dress?" sarcastically asked Augusta Courtenay, who was in a thorough ill-temper.

"No, this is not my morning dress," quietly returned her sister. "That is only alpaca. But it is nicely made, not a 'wrapper' or a 'loose jacket,' and is neither dirty nor shabby."

"How do you make soup," pursued Mrs. Courtenay, ignoring the implied reproof. "Susan sends up ours all water, and the captain can't eat it; although she has four pounds of meat to make it with, which looks boiled to rags, fit only to throw away."

"Oh, Augusta! four pounds of meat wasted in soup! You will never economise at that rate. Poor people—as, perhaps, I may venture to call you now, with ourselves—should never attempt expensive soups. For them it is waste of money."

"I'm sure I have heard *you* talk of having soup often enough," angrily returned Mrs. Courtenay.

"Yes: soups that cost nothing; or next to nothing."

"Like that parsonage soup!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, bursting into a laugh. "Do you remember, Annis? You came home from one of your visits at Aunt Ruttley's, boasting of some delicious, cheap soup; and when mamma inquired how this delicious cheap soup was made, you said of young pea-shells. It remained a standing joke against you. Is that how your soups are made?"

"No. Winter is not the season for pea-shells. But I suppose what I am going to say to you will appear quite as much of a joke. We rarely make our pea-soup of anything but bones."

"Bones!" repeated Mrs. Courtenay, as much astonished as if her sister had said feathers.

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"We never waste a bone. Beef-bones, mutton-bones, all, in short, are boiled, and boiled long, for about twelve hours; they stand by the side of the kitchen fire, not monopolising it; with an onion or two, a turnip, a carrot, and celery. It is all strained off, and the next morning is in a jelly. The peas are then boiled in it with some mint, and it is an excellent soup. Then sometimes we have the French soup, as we call it. That poor French governess, whom I invited to stay with me when she lost her situation, taught Mary how to make it. She used to make it for herself on Fridays, and say she preferred it to fish. I thought at first she said it out of delicacy, to prevent my going to the expense of fish for her, but I believed afterwards that she really did prefer it. It was a treat to her, for she never got it in England."

"What soup is it?"

"The French call it soupe maigre. On fast days they put a piece of butter into a saucepan, on other days a piece of dripping, let it melt, and put into it a quantity of vegetables ready cut in small pieces, carrots, turnips, leeks, and potatoes. They stir all these about over the fire, till they are well saturated with the dripping or butter, but not to brown them, then fill up the saucepan with water and let it boil for two or three hours, adding pepper and salt to taste. You cannot think what a nice soup it makes."

"I am willing to take your word for it," returned Mrs. Courtenay, with an ungracious accent. "Soup made of dripping, and pea-soup made of bones! I wonder what the captain would say if I placed such before him."

"If placed before him, well made, he would say they were excellent," was the rejoinder of Annis. "My husband thinks them so, and it is not necessary to proclaim your mysteries of economy over the dinner-table. Both these soups are very grateful on a cold winter's day. Besides," she laughed, "they save the meat: my servants like these soups so much now that they often make their dinner of them, and will put away the meat untouched. Augusta," broke off Mrs. Lance, in a changed tone, "if you are to despise every word I say, as I see you do, why come to me for information?"

"No, I do not despise your words, Annis; I am obliged to you for being at the trouble to explain to me; but I cannot help despising the cookery: the odd, parsimonious way of concocting soups out of nothing. It is so ridiculous."

"Had I begun life upon the income you did, Augusta, I dare say I should never have learnt these frugal odds and ends of cookery. But I can testify that they are very helpful both to comfort and to the purse: and if those who enjoy but my confined income do not understand them, or have them practised in their household, they ought to do so."

"What ought pies to be made of?" interrupted Mrs. Courtenay, remembering another domestic stumbling-block.

"Many things. Apples, and rhubarb, and——"

"Nonsense, Annis! You know I meant the crust."

"No, I did not. I make mine of lard. Sometimes of beef dripping."

"Beef drip——Well, what next? You must have learnt that at the parsonage."

"No, indeed, the parsonage was not rich enough to possess dripping.

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If by good luck it did get any, the children used to scramble for it to put on their bread. Nicely clarified, it makes a very fair crust. But I generally use lard."

"Susan won't use anything but the best fresh butter; such a quantity: about a pound and a half to every pie."

"Make them yourself, Augusta."

"I can't; nobody can eat them. I have tried my hand at three or four, and they were as hard as lead, and could not be cut into: you might throw them from here to York, and they'd never break. But all these things are nothing to the washing; that's dreadful. I have taken to have most of it done at home, for the expense was ruinous, and the servants would not so much as rub out a duster. Every Monday morning a woman comes——"

"You should have it done on Tuesday," interrupted Annis, "and the clothes should be soaped and put in soak on Monday morning: they come clean with half the labour. And every fortnight would be often enough."

"They seem not to come clean at all in our house," groaned Mrs. Courtenay. "I tell Susan she must help the woman, but I believe all the help she gives is gossip. Three days every week is that washer-woman with us, and she has two shillings a day, and eats enough to last her till she comes again the next week: and the house is in a steam and a warfare all three days, for they won't keep the doors shut, and the servants won't iron, or fold, saying they have no time, and the things go to the mangling woman in the rough, and she folds them and charges double pay, and they come home as wet as water, and lie about for days, to be aired. Altogether, the clothes don't get put away till the Monday comes round again."

"I could not live in such a house!" exclaimed Annis. "We wash every other Tuesday, as I tell you, and by Thursday night the things are in the drawers, except what may want mending."

"You must have Aladdin's lamp. However do you manage it?"

"Management and system; with, of course, industry. Unless you can bring such to bear in your house, Augusta, it will be the same scene of confusion for ever. How uncomfortable it must make your husband."

"It makes him very cross, if you mean that. It is all confusion; no comfort and no peace."

Mrs. Courtenay had good cause to say so, and the confusion grew more confused as time went on. She made strenuous efforts, to the best of her ability, to remedy it, but succeed she could not. She changed her servants perpetually, she made sudden plunges, by fits and starts, into the arts of cooking and contriving, but the only results were the spoiling of provisions, the waste of money, short commons, and ill temper on all sides. Her husband took refuge again in his club, for society, sheerly driven out of his own house, which augmented expenses greatly.

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II.

Captain Courtenay sat one summer's morning in his stockings, the image of patience, looking at a very untidy breakfast-cloth, and wishing he could also look at some breakfast; and two children were flying about the room, their hands full of bread-and-butter, which was being shared between their mouths and the carpet.

"It's too bad, Augusta," said he, as his wife came in: "twenty minutes past ten, and the breakfast not up. What's she at?"

"Leisurely eating her own breakfast, and the nurse with her," replied Mrs. Courtenay; "and the only answer I can get from her is, that the kettle don't bile, and she ain't the fire to make it bile sooner than it will."

"That is always the excuse," sighed poor Captain Courtenay. "No breakfast, because there's no boiling water. What does she do in a morning? Be still, can't you, Bob."

"She makes their own breakfast first, and then fills the kettle up again to boil for us. It's of no use talking to her: she is getting insolent already, and has been here but ten days. There's not a thing touched yet, and the kitchen is as she left it last night."

"I want my boots."

"There's not a boot or shoe cleaned. Why don't you put on your slippers?"

"Because I can't find them. Bob, where was it you saw my slippers?"

"In the oven, pa, all burnt up. We wondered what it was smelt so yesterday, and when Harriet looked in the oven, it was the slippers."

"Who put them there?" angrily demanded Mrs. Courtenay.

"I don't know," answered Bob. "Harriet said she didn't. Perhaps it was the bogy."

"Hallo!" cried out the captain. "Who, sir?"

"The bogy, pa."

"Who tells you anything about the bogy?"

"'Liza does. When Emily and Freddy won't go to sleep, 'Liza goes and calls the bogy. He made us scream so the other night, when he began to walk along the passage to fetch us."

"This is infamous!" uttered Captain Courtenay to his wife. "Nothing can be so bad as frightening children: they may never entirely overget its effects. Augusta, if any servant in the house dares to frighten my children she shall go out of it, so inquire into this. Why don't you see after things better?"

"I am seeing after things from morning till night, I think," retorted Mrs. Courtenay, who had not been down stairs ten minutes.

"And ''Liza'—what a pronunciation! Where do they pick it up?"

"Oh, from the servants," replied Mrs. Courtenay, apathetically. "Eliza herself speaks badly."

"I *cannot* make it out," exclaimed poor Captain Courtenay, in an impassioned, but helpless tone; "no other family seems to have such servants as we get. They do nothing; they are troublesome in all ways. Look at those two children: the buttons off their shoes, their socks dirty,

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their pinafores in holes, their hair uncombed! Bob; Emily; have you been washed this morning?"

"No," was the children's answer, "'Liza don't wash us till she takes us out in the day. It don't matter, she says."

The breakfast came in at last. And in discussing the merits of a capital ham (actually boiled well, by some mistake) the captain grew pleasant and talkative.

"We had a snug party at the club last night, and a famous rubber. I cut in three times."

"Did you win?" inquired his wife.

"No," said the captain, lugubriously. "I lost eleven points."

"Which was eleven shillings out of your pocket, and we can't afford it. You ought not to go there so much."

"Then you should make the house habitable."

"I don't make it unhabitable, Robert: it's these wretches of servants."

"It's something," said the captain. "By the way," he added, a recollection coming over him, "Ord has returned, and was there. He is coming to dine with us to-day."

"Oh! How could you ask him, Robert? Such a fuss and trouble as it will be."

"He asked himself; said he wanted to see you and the children. Nothing pleases you, Augusta. I go out too much, you say; and I am not to have a friend here: what am I to do? Sit in this room all day and all night, counting my fingers, while you storm at the ill-doings in the kitchen?"

"If my servants were worth anything I would not mind who came; but I suspect if we give Harriet two things to cook, she'll spoil one."

"Ord will take us as he finds us.—*Will* you children be quiet?—He knows it is not with us as it used to be, and he is a good fellow. A bit of fish and a joint: it's all we need have."

"No fish, no fish," hastily cried Mrs. Courtenay. "Remember that piece of salmon on Sunday: she sent it up in rags, on a bare dish, and all the scales on. I'll get some soup instead."

"Very well. Friday: it's not a very good day for choice, but I'll go out and cater for you, as I walk to the club. I am going directly after breakfast."

The result of the captain's catering proved to be a piece of meat for soup, some lamb chops, a couple of fine ducks, green peas, asparagus, and young potatoes.

"The ducks must be stuffed, Harriet," observed Mrs. Courtenay, "and you must make a nice gravy for them."

"The gravy falls from 'em in roasting, don't it?" was Harriet's response.

"No," wrathfully returned Mrs. Courtenay, "don't you know better than that? It must be a made gravy, and a very good one."

"That'll make another saucepan on the fire," cried Harriet; "I must have the range out as wide as he'll go. It'll be a bother to get them feathers off the wings."

"What!" uttered Mrs. Courtenay, the remark causing her to look round hastily at the ducks. And then she saw that the inexperienced captain had not ordered them to be made ready for dressing, but had

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bought and sent them home just as they were displayed in the poulterer's shop, part of their feathers on, and their heads hanging down.

"If ever I saw anything so stupid in all my life!" uttered she, in her vexation. "And we don't know where they were bought, to send them back to be done. You must draw and truss them, Harriet."

"Never drawed no animal in my life, and don't know how to do it," promptly returned Harriet.

Neither did Mrs. Courtenay know. And she foresaw the day would have some perplexity. Harriet suggested that Mrs. Brown should come in, and her mistress eagerly caught at it: so the children were left to the mercies of the stairs, like Mrs. Jellaby's Peepy, while Eliza was sent flying round the neighbourhood in search of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was the weekly washerwoman, and the two servants were on very good terms with her.

"Do you know how to prepare ducks for roasting?" was the anxious question Mrs. Courtenay put to her, when she returned with Eliza.

"Please, mem, I've seen 'em done. I can't say as I've had a deal of experience in such-like. But in the matter of scouring out of saucepans, and putting on of coal, and getting ready of plates and dishes, and scraping of potaters, and shelling of peas, and all them odd jobs, there ain't nobody more quicker nor handier than me."

"Me and Mrs. Brown will manage well between us, ma'am," said Harriet. "Don't you stop here, please, for you'll only put us out. Now as I have got her to do the rough part, I be bound I'll do the fine."

Mrs. Courtenay was but too willing to accede to this advice. She hated the kitchen, and was always as thankful to get out of it, as monks tell us poor erring souls are to get out of purgatory. So, with numerous charges and directions, the latter somewhat obscure, owing to her own inexperience, she left them to it, and did not go down again, passing a very agreeable day chatting with some acquaintance who called, and devouring a new novel.

Late in the afternoon she was surprised by a visit from her old maiden aunt, Miss Clementina Marsh, whom she had not seen for twelve months, and who had come to pass a few days with Mrs. Lance.

"Now you must stay and dine with me, Aunt Clem. I shall be glad of you, for Major Ord is coming, and you will make the fourth at table."

"I am agreeable," answered Aunt Clem. "Annis has sent me to ask you to her house to tea. Your mamma is there, and the doctor is coming in the evening. I told Annis perhaps I should have my dinner with you, and bring you in, afterwards."

"Then come up-stairs, and take your things off."

"Why, what's this?" uttered Aunt Clem, as she followed her niece to her bedroom. "Half-past four in the day, and your bed not made!"

"Oh! Harriet must have forgotten all about the up-stairs work, and I'm sure I did. It must go now, till after dinner. She is a fresh servant, aunt, and she knows little about cooking, and the woman that's helping her seems to know less. It is of no use seeking for good cooks in servants-of-all-work, and they plague one's life out."

"Your nurse might do the bedrooms on busy days," said Aunt Clem.

"She might, but she doesn't. She is out now with the children. We

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have got a key of the square, like Annis, and she takes the whole tribe there, and I get a quiet hour in-doors."

They were to dine at five, early hours suiting Major Ord; and, a few minutes before the hour, he and the captain were heard to enter.

"Where are they going?" cried Augusta, in dismay. "Never up-stairs, to wash their hands! My goodness me! can Robert be taking him up to that untidy room!"

"I should hope not," cried Aunt Clem: "it set my teeth of order on edge. There's no water, and no clean towels, and the hot-water jug, and razor, and shaving-paper all soapsuds, are on the dressing-table, as your husband must have left them this morning, and the bed's just as you got out of it, and the room in a shocking litter altogether."

"They are gone in there! Robert's as senseless as an owl."

"I think it's somebody else that's senseless," significantly retorted Aunt Clem. "How could he suppose the room had not been put to rights?"

"Hark! he is going for water to the nursery: Eliza keeps a pitcher there. What will Major Ord think of it all?"

"Some water," roared out the captain; "there's none anywhere." Mrs. Courtenay rang the bell in a tremor, and Harriet was heard to go up.

The gentlemen came down. The major was a pleasant man, much older than Captain Courtenay. He had plenty to tell Mrs. Courtenay of his sojourn abroad, and was in the midst of it, when a crash startled them from the kitchen. Something had gone.

"It sounds like a dish," laughed the captain. "I hope our dinner was not in it."

Half-past five, and no signs of dinner. "Had you not better step and see what they are about?" cried out old-fashioned Aunt Clem to her niece.

"Oh dear no," coldly replied Augusta, too much the fine lady to do so, in the sight of the major. "They do not like to be interfered with."

A little more suspense, and then there came a timid knock to the room door.

"Come in."

"Please, gentlefolks, the dinner's a waiting."

A cold shiver ran right through Mrs. Courtenay, as the major held out his arm. For it occurred to her that she had said nothing to Harriet about who was to wait, and that voice was Mrs. Brown's. Could Harriet be sending that fright of a woman into the dining-room, and be stopping, herself, in the kitchen?

It was so. Screwing herself right behind the door, in her timidity, was humble Mrs. Brown. A pale, half-starved woman, with thin cheeks, and a black beard. A white apron of Harriet's was tied over the corners of her shawl and her patched gown, and a calico cap on her head, with a wide-spreading calico border, that flew up as she moved. On the table, where the soup ought to have been, was a large plated dish-cover, completely covering what might be underneath, and resting on the table-cloth.

The captain was speechless. He looked at Mrs. Brown, he looked at the cover, and he looked at his wife: and his wife would have been thankful not to look anywhere, but to sink through the floor or escape

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up the chimney. But they took their seats, Mrs. Brown drew up, and Aunt Clem volunteered grace, during the captain's maze.

"Please, sir, am I to take off the kiver?"

"What is the meaning of this?" ejaculated the captain, unable to contain himself any longer.

He probably meant Mrs. Brown. She thought otherwise. She lifted the "kiver," and disclosed a pie-dish containing the soup.

"Please, gentlefolks, we had a misfortin and broke the tureen: but it's only in three pieces, and can be riveted."

"Where's Harriet?" fiercely demanded Captain Courtenay.

"Please, sir, she's in the kitchen."

"Go down there, and send her up."

Mrs. Brown went down: but Mrs. Brown came up again.

"Please, gentlefolks, Harriet haven't a cleaned of herself, and she's rather black. Please, as soon as she have dished up her ducks and chops, she says she'll wash her hands and face, and come."

Poor Mrs. Courtenay's face wanted washing—washing with some cooling lotion, to allay its fever heat. The captain, helpless and crest-fallen, served out the soup.

"What soup d'ye call this?" unceremoniously asked Aunt Clem, at the first spoonful.

"Vermicelli soup," replied Mrs. Courtenay.

"Are you sure it is not made of coffee-berries?" returned Aunt Clem.

Whether the soup was made of water, or grease, or coffee-berries, nobody could tell; but it was like a mixture of all three.

"If these are not coffee-berries, I never saw coffee-berries," persisted Aunt Clem, striking her spoon against sundry hard brown substances in her plate.

"They *are* coffee-berries," uttered the perplexed captain.

"Please, gentlefolks, when Harriet was a going to put in the vermisilli, she laid hold on the wrong paper, and the coffee-berries slipped in afore she found out her mistake," explained Mrs. Brown. "There was no time to fish 'em out again."

Apart from the coffee-berries, the soup was uneatable, and the spoons were laid down. "Take it away," said the captain.

So Mrs. Brown carried away the pie-dish, and upon returning to remove the respective plates, she asked first, individually, Please, had they done with it?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Courtenay," said Major Ord, good humouredly; "misfortunes will happen, you know, in the best regulated family. I am an old traveller, and think nothing of them."

"Let us hope what's coming will be better," observed the captain. "And we'll try the wine meanwhile, major."

What was coming was tolerably long in coming, and Mrs. Courtenay got hotter, but when it did come, it came in triumph. Harriet (in clean hands and face, and a gown all grease) bearing one dish, and Mrs. Brown another, and then both returned for the vegetables. The major gently rubbed his hands, and the covers were removed.

"Lamb chops, and ducks, major," said Mrs. Courtenay. "We made no stranger of you."

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Which were the chops and which were the ducks? The dish before Mrs. Courtenay appeared to contain a mass of something as black as pitch. It was the chops, burnt to a coal. That was unpardonable of Harriet, for she could cook chops well. "I fear I cannot recommend the chops," said the miserable hostess, "but I think I can the——"

Mrs. Courtenay came to a dead stand-still. For upon looking towards the ducks she was struck by the extraordinary appearance they presented. The captain was also gazing upon them with open mouth, and Aunt Clem was putting on her spectacles for a better view.

"What d'ye call them?" asked Aunt Clem. "They must be some foreign-shaped creatures from abroad."

"Harriet, are those the ducks?" uttered Mrs. Courtenay.

They were the ducks, but——

"If I don't believe they have been cooked with their heads on!" interrupted Aunt Clem. "And those things, sticking up in the air, are the beaks, and those four things are their eyes. My gracious, girl!" turning sharply round to Harriet, "did you ever see ducks cooked with their heads on, before?"

The heads had been elevated, in an ingenious way, a quarter of a yard high, by means of upright skewers, with, as Aunt Clem expressed it, the beaks sticking up. The feet were sticking up also, and spread out like fans. Harriet made her escape from the room.

"They won't eat the worse for it," said Major Ord, good naturedly; and the captain proceeded to carve them in the best manner he could, considering the array of skewers.

"Stuffing, major?"

"If you please. It is called a vulgar taste, I believe, but I plead guilty to liking it."

"So do I, sir," said Aunt Clem, fixing her spectacles on the major's face, "and I hope I never shall shrink from avowing it, though the world does seem to be turning itself topsy-turvy, aping after what it calls refinement. A duck, without the sage and onions, wouldn't be a duck to me."

"Nor to me either, ma'am," said the major.

"What very extraordinary stuffing!" uttered Aunt Clem, who was the first helped. "What's it made of?" continued she, sniffing and tasting.

"Made of!" hesitated the unhappy Mrs. Courtenay.

"Please, gentlefolks, it's chiefly made of suet, with thyme and pa'sley and crumbled bread and pepper and salt," spoke up Mrs. Brown.

"Fortune be good to us!" uttered Aunt Clem, "why that's a veal stuffing. Ducks are stuffed with sage and onions."

"Please, gentlefolks, I telled Harriet I had seen 'em done with sage and inions, and she asked if I thought I knowed better than her."

"Will you have any of it, major?" inquired the captain, very quietly, in his mortification.

"Well, I don't know. How will it taste?"

The vegetables would have been very good had they been done, but the peas were as hard as the coffee-berries, and the grass, as Aunt Clem called it, had never been untied from the bundle in which it was bought. The young potatoes were in a mash. They were trying to make a

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dinner, when a divertissement occurred: the children, returning home from their walk, burst into the room, and, undisciplined and wilful as they were, could only be got rid of by force, the captain being obliged to rise from table and assist in the ejection, whilst their screams frightened the visitor and deafened Aunt Clem. Poor Captain Courtenay almost swore a mental oath that he would run away to Africa with morning light.

"Oh, Aunt Clem! did ever anything go so unfortunate?" burst forth Mrs. Courtenay, in a shower of agonising tears, the moment she escaped from the dining-room. "What is to be done? What will Major Ord think of me, as the mistress of such a household—such housekeeping?"

"He will think you are an idiot," was the complimentary reply of Aunt Clem. "And so do I. I am going to Mrs. Lance now: it is late."

"I'll go with you," feverishly uttered Augusta. "I cannot stay here, and face my husband and the major at coffee."

"Caution the kitchen first, then, that they don't make the coffee of vermicelli," retorted Aunt Clem.

The peaceful home of her sister Annis, everything so quiet and orderly, was like a haven of rest, after her own, to Mrs. Courtenay. Dr. and Mrs. Marsh were there, but Mr. Lance had not returned from town, to the extreme surprise, if not alarm, of his wife, for he was always punctual. He soon came in, and Captain Courtenay with him, Major Ord having pleaded an evening engagement.

"We cannot go on like this," cried the captain, suppressing his temper, as he looked at his sobbing wife, who had been detailing her grievances. "Where lies the fault; and what is to be done?"

"I think the fault lies in Augusta's incapacity for management," said Dr. Marsh, "and——"

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "you don't know how I have tried to learn."

"And in your being unable, both of you, to accommodate yourselves to your reduced income," he added. "Augusta, child, you interrupted me. It is now three hundred a year: but, with all your discomfort, you must be exceeding it."

"Four hundred won't cover our expenses this year," answered the captain, gloomily.

"And what will they be next," choked Augusta, "when there's going to be—I'm afraid—another—baby?"

An ominous pause ensued: all present felt that such prospects were not bright ones. Aunt Clem broke it with a groan:

"Oh, of course; that's sure to be it. The less they are wanted, the more they come."

"Courtenay," observed the doctor, "your club and your out-door luxuries must be incompatible with your means."

"I can't *live* without my club," interrupted the captain, in an earnest accent; "I must have some refuge from such a home as mine. And how to spend less in any one point than we do, is more than I can tell; or Augusta either, I believe. Lance—Annis—why don't you teach us your secret?"

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"Ah, we began at the right end," laughed Mr. Lance; "we economised at first, and it is now pleasant to us. We have had to practise self-denial patiently, to bear and forbear: but we have every wished-for comfort, and are happy."

"And you seem to live well, and you sometimes have a friend to dine with you, Lance," cried the captain.

"To be sure. We do not exclude ourselves to ourselves, like hermits."

"And he does not get soup made of grease and coffee-berries, and ducks roasted with their heads on, and stuffed with suet; and a she-animal in a beard and a shawl to wait upon him!" grumbled the captain, which sent Mr. Lance into an explosion of laughter, for he had not heard of the mishaps of the day.

"It is of no use to mince the matter," cried Aunt Clem to the captain and his wife, in her most uncompromising voice. "You two never ought to have married; you are not fitted by nature to get along on a limited income, and turn its inconveniences into pleasures. What's more, you never will: you will go on in this miserable way for ever: and what will be the end of it, I don't know."

There was another pause: for Aunt Clem's words were true, and could not be gainsaid.

"I wish I had your occupation, Lance; or some other," exclaimed the captain.

"I wish you had, indeed. An idle man need to have a pocket full of money."

"But, Lance," mused the captain, "you must have brought a strong will to bear down your old habits when you married Annis."

"Yes: and as strong a conscience," replied Mr. Lance, in a low tone. "We both deliberated well upon what we were going to do, and we felt that we could go through with it, and succeed. It is difficult for men, brought up in expensive habits, as you and I were, Courtenay, to subdue them effectually, and become quiet members of society, men of reflection, good husbands and fathers, and remain so, without a struggle. Temptations, to relapse, beset on all sides; and few find out the right way, and acquire the inward strength to resist them. But if it is found, and acquired, the struggle soon ceases, and all the rest is easy."

"But you will never find it out, captain," exclaimed Aunt Clem; "you and Augusta are of the wrong sort. Geoffry and Annis set out in the practice of self-denial: Annis in the shape of dress, visiting, and gaiety, and Geoffry in that of out-door society. Annis, too, had the knack of domestic economy; Augusta has not; and there's a great deal in that. Some are born with it, and others seem as if they can never acquire it, try as they will."

"And what will you do for money, when your children want educating, Augusta?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma," was the helpless answer.

"We are putting by for that," said Annis.

"Putting by, out of three hundred a year!" ejaculated Captain Courtenay.

"A little," she replied. "And the first year or two of our marriage

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we were enabled to put by really a great deal. But it causes me many an anxious thought, for I know how expensive education is."

"We shall weather it, Annis," said her husband.

"Yes," she sighed, "I hope we shall. And I believe we shall," she added, more cheerfully: "I never lose my trust, save in some wrong moment of despondency. Augusta has made me look on the dark side of things to-night."

"I know we shall," Mr. Lance replied, gazing at her with a meaning smile, and a bright eye. "The half-yearly meeting of the institution took place to-day, and the governors had me before them, said some civil things to me, and raised my salary. It was what I never expected."

"Raised your salary!" she eagerly uttered.

"One hundred a year."

"Oh, Geoffry!" The tears rushed into her eyes and down her cheeks in spite of herself. It was such a reward!—for their patient perseverance *had* been attended with rubs and crosses. All fears for the future seemed at an end.

"Let me congratulate you, Lance," cried the captain, heartily. "You can launch out a little more now."

"Launch out," returned Mr. Lance, with a glance at his wife, which she well understood. "Is it to be so, Annis?"

"I think not," she said, with a happy smile. "We are quite contented as we are, and will put it by for our children."

"You'll be geese if you don't," sharply cried Aunt Clem. "What could you want to launch out in, I should like to know, beyond what you've got? A coach and three?"

"They have learnt the secret," said Dr. Marsh, nodding to the company. "Lance and Annis are happy on their three hundred a year, for they confine their desires within their income: if you, Courteney, and Augusta, came into a thousand a year to-morrow, you would be sure to go beyond it. They conform their wants to their circumstances: you can't; and, as Aunt Clem says, you never will. And——"

"Never," put in Aunt Clem.

"And there lies all the difference," concluded the doctor.

There it does all lie. And the expediency, or non-expediency, of frugal marriages can never be satisfactorily settled: for where one couple will go on and flourish, bravely surmounting their difficulties, another will come to repentance, poverty, and embarrassment, and a third live, in private, after the proverbially happy manner of a cat and dog. It does not lie altogether in the previous habits, or in the education, or in the disposition, still less in the previous station of life: it lies far more in the capacity of the husband and the wife, both, being able to adapt themselves cheerfully, and hopefully, and perseveringly to their circumstances: and few will be able to tell whether or not they can so adapt themselves, until they try it; whether the irrevocable step will turn out for better, or for worse.

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New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—VOL. VII.*

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S Seventh Volume carries us from 1841 to 1848—a space of time comprising many an event of interest and importance, both at home and abroad: the rise, progress, and fall of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, including (for the present historian's special behoof) the passing of the Bank Charter Act (about which, and against which, Sir Archibald can never say enough), and the repeal of the Corn Laws; the famine in Ireland, and the Chartist insurrection of the always memorable 10th of April: the Electoral Reform agitation in France, the death of the Duke of Orleans, the wars of the French in Algeria, from the capture of Medeah by Marshal Vallée to the capitulation of Abd-el-Kader, —the Otaheite affair, the Spanish Marriages, the revolutionary movement in Italy, and the fall of Louis Philippe.

Of course, then, with such a period for his subject, the historian's new volume is well stored with what is readable matter. Perhaps, too, upon the whole, the historian himself is a little more careful in his composition, and leaves narrower room for willing or unwilling fault-finders, to whom his past volumes present such an ample field for the exercise of their craft. He is not quite so reckless in anomalous metaphors, not quite so patriotically wilful in confusing will and shall, not quite so profuse in bad French and impracticable English, nor so resolute in reiterating laborious truisms and stereotyped common-place. But he would not be Sir Archibald Alison—we, at least, should fail to recognise him—were he to omit occasional reminders of the old mannerism. He is as Scotch as ever in his use of the word "require." He speaks of the number of quarters of grain that "would require to be imported" (269), of the balance that "required to be paid in cash" (302), and of a Government measure that "never required to be acted upon" (337). In one sentence we have an awkward duplication of the same word, used legitimately the first time, illegitimately the second. Speaking of the railways under consideration by the Board of Trade in 1844, he says: "The capital required for their construction was 270,950,000*l*., and above 23,000,000*l*. required to be deposited before the Acts could be applied for." We are sorry to see the Alisonian misuse of this useful, but overworked verb, gaining ground in our current literature, thanks to the exertions, in parliament and the press, of Sir Archibald's perfervid fellow-countrymen.

He overtops them all, however, as he always did, in his wholesale employment of "whole" this, that, and the other. He tells us how the "whole police" were nearly burnt alive; how Peel's sliding-scale was "supported by the whole Ministerialists;" how "the whole persons assessed under Schedule D were only 143,000;" how "the whole negroes were liberated by the British authorities;" how the "whole foreign writers" explained British policy on the nigger question; how "the whole male inhabitants" in France, Austria, and Prussia, are

* History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. VII. Blackwood. 1858.

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forced to military service in early life for three years; what would happen if "the whole nobility and gentry of England were obliged to serve" in a similar way; how many were our "whole ships of the line" in 1846; how Lord George Bentinck's project for Irish railways was opposed by "the whole Irish Catholic members;" how well "the whole military" behaved in the Glasgow riots in '48; how "the whole workmen of the Faubourg St. Antoine" struck work and assembled together; how a concurrence of "the whole civilised powers" was necessary to crush the slave trade; how M. Odilon Barrot (whom Royer-Collard once called another Pétion) seems to have "shared the whole illusions of the Girondist mayor as to his ability to coerce the Parisian mob;" how "the whole states of Gallicia" demanded the abolition of *corvées;* and how, when Louis Philippe returned from inspecting the troops, on the morning which was to witness his abdication, with looks pallid and despairing, "the whole persons in the apartment were thrown into the utmost alarm."*

As a matter of course, too, we have one or two specimens of the favourite nondescript, "no words can describe." When the foreman of the jury which tried O'Connell pronounced their verdict, "no words can describe the sensation which was felt." When Sir Robert Peel made his famous speech in favour of free trade, "no words can describe adequately the sensation it produced in the country." Of course, too, we have one or two specimens of the elegant hyperbole, "in the twinkling of an eye." When the riotous workmen in Paris had come together (Sept., 1840), "at this moment an omnibus came past; in the twinkling of an eye it was stopped, overturned, the horses taken out, and with some planks and furniture hastily brought out of the adjoining houses, speedily was formed into a barricade." Eight years later there was another Parisian mob, which, "seeing the Palais Royal deserted, broke in, and speedily spread themselves over every part of the august edifice. In the twinkling of an eye it was all filled by a hideous multitude, and sacked and plundered from top to bottom."† Messieurs the mobsmen would be quite flattered at Sir Archibald's computation of their dexterity, and his *coup d'œil* appreciation of what they can do, in the matter of sacking and plundering a royal palace, *de haut en bas*, from top to bottom, inside out, all in the twinkling of an eye.

It might well make them tolerant of his rather dubious French. As where he makes Sir Robert Peel say, "Aidez-toi et le ciel t'aidera." They would possibly admire, on the other hand, the literal character of some of his translations from the French. As where he makes M. Arago exclaim, in his Reform Banquet speech, in 1840, "Never did a nation provide with so much generosity as France to all the conditions requisite to form a strong government." Or where he makes Louis Philippe say, and "frequently" say, "Am not I too a grandson of Louis XIV.?" But there are some of Sir Archibald's idioms and phrases which properly belong to no country's literature, or are admitted only under protest. It is not precisians alone, not the prim and priggish merely, who will object to such expressions as, "much was inchoated of moment," "the penult state of national progress," "he did not prelect as from the pro-

* Pp. 28, 43, 58, 89, 243, 250, 251, 253, 294, 366, 445, 455, 502, 575, 739.
† Pp. 71, 184, 445, 736.

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fessional chair," the "declinature" of Guizot and Palmerston to interfere in the Polish dispute, "the declinature of France to interfere on such a question," the "declinature" of Lord Napier to accept M. Montessuy's mediation at the Court of Naples, the English Government's "declinature" of certain proposals by the Queen Regent of Spain, "the almost entirely *bouleversement* of the Continent," "the disaccord of England and France," &c.* Again too we have to complain of the slovenly haste in which parts of the history appear to have been written. "While meetings attended by forty or fifty thousand persons were almost weekly *addressed* by inflammatory *addresses* of this description." "The passion for gain . . . pervaded both sexes, swept away all understandings." "Where the [human] parent *itself* was not removed." "If a revolution was vaguely apprehended [1841] by a few, it was only when Louis Philippe was dead." On Louis Napoleon's prison-observations "was *based* his idea, afterwards so miraculously carried into execution, of *basing* an imperial throne and despotic power on universal suffrage and religious influence."†

What sense, again, are we to make of such a sentence as this?—"Such was the state of affairs [1846] regarding this subject [the Spanish Marriages] when the Whig Ministry was displaced by Sir R. Peel's motion of a want of confidence, and Lord Palmerston succeeded Lord Aberdeen at the Foreign-office, and in the direction of diplomatic affairs."‡ Sir Robert, in effect, turns out his opponents, and, in so doing, turns out his colleagues to make room for *them*. It is a new move, and rather bewildering, both as regards the manner how, and the reason why; how he did it, and why he did it. Moreover, Sir Archibald makes the Marquis of *Londonderry* the President of the Council in Lord John Russell's administration in 1846, and Mr. Cardwell its Chancellor of the Exchequer.§ For the *Times*' sake let us hope he is incorrect, too, in quoting "what the *Times* calls 'the unpitiable logic of the Registrar-General.'"‖ Unpitiable, quotha? when did the *Times* use that word, and what does it mean?

But from petty cavillings at what lies on the surface, let us pass on to the substance of this work,—to such portions of it, at least, as we can find present space to notice. As might be expected, he is great on the Currency question. The proportion of pages he devotes to that topic will be a trouble to light readers, but a very boon to Mr. Spooner and his like-minded co-efficients. Be Sir Archibald right or wrong, he has laboriously studied the subject, and consistently enforced his view of it, through evil report and good report, with a courage, and perseverance, and earnest sincerity for which we admire him, as well we may. Never does he let slip an occasion for insisting on its momentous character. Is he describing the financial position of the country in 1842, when there was a deficit so alarming, that "it had overturned one administration, and forced an entire change of policy on another;" when the nation, on his showing, was steeped in misery, indirect taxation becoming intolerable, and foreign affairs assuming a most threatening aspect? The remedy, he urges, was easy, cheap, certain, injurious to no one, profitable to all. Nothing was required, he asserts, but for Government to send a

* Pp. 293, 372, 405, 443, 476, 497, 586, 587, 618, 649.
† Pp. 69, 127, 178-9, 430, 569. ‡ P. 605.
§ Pp. 228, 309. ‖ P. 322.

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letter to the Bank, authorising an increase by one-third of the notes issued on securities. This done, "instantly despondency would have been succeeded by hope, poverty by comfort, compulsory idleness by willing industry, financial embarrassment by an overflowing treasury. Nothing but to confess a gigantic error was wanting to repair boundless calamities, to restore happiness to a suffering realm." Sir Robert Peel, however, and the Horner school of financialists, being entirely convinced that the gigantic error lay with the opposite party, any such confession was hardly to be expected, and at any rate was never made. Sir Archibald looks on Peel's monetary theory as the radical and most disastrous fallacy of his entire policy. He pities Sir Robert for seeing in gold alone a secure foundation for the nation's material well-being—for deeming every attempt to create or augment wealth hazardous and delusive which was not based upon the interest of its moneyed capital, every measure expedient which went to augment the solid metallic treasures of the country. "To that unhappy conviction the most fatal errors of his career may be distinctly traced. He lived in the perpetual dread of the nation being broken down, and public ruin induced, either by the draining among the gold, which would starve industry, or by the issue of assignats to supply their place, which would extinguish capital." Our author is ever reminding us that the deplorable combination of high prices of food with low rates of manufacturing wages, is the inevitable result in bad seasons of a currency dependent on the retention of gold. The so-called "Ashburton capitulation" with the United States, in 1843, mortifying as it might be to England, he justifies on the ground of England's situation at the time—it being hardly possible, he supposes, to have asserted the national honour in any more vigorous way, and for this in especial, among other reasons—that England "had established a system of currency which had rendered general credit and commercial industry of every kind entirely dependent on the retention of gold," whence, coupled with deficient harvests, commercial and manufacturing distress both wide-spread and deep. And when he comes to 1844, of course all the measures of the session sink into insignificance compared with the "all-important one of the Bank Charter Act," which "produced more immediate and important effects on the country than any other measure recorded in British annals." What was said in support of the measure he accounts "surprising," but what was left unsaid still more extraordinary. The omissions he faithfully supplies—the last being this, that retention of gold by the Bank of England for any great length of time had been rendered impossible by the system of Free Trade, simultaneously introduced, and causing an immense balance of imports over exports into the richer country, which would then become, as Spain has long been, not the depository of gold, but the channel of its transmission to other states.—So again, when Sir Archibald has to record the first appearance of the potato rot in 1845, "then was seen," he exclaims, "what, under the existing monetary system, three weeks' rain in August can do in the British Isles." And almost with bitter complacency, so to speak, he details the monetary crisis of 1847—a crisis, he says, unlike any other that had ever occurred, and illustrating well the working of the new law: there was no over-trading, no commercial embarrassment irrespective of the monetary pressure; the credit of the Bank was above suspicion; there was no run upon the other banks;

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capital was abundant: yet was the pressure such, simply from a restricted currency, "that all undertakings of every kind were brought to a stand, the first houses were on the verge of bankruptcy, and society, like a vast machine in which the moving power of steam is suddenly withdrawn, was all at once stopped, and every wheel dependent on its expansion ceased to revolve." Jubilant, as may be supposed, is the learned baronet's tone when he has to record the suspension of the obnoxious Act, which, after having been three years in unrestrained operation, broke down "from the effect of its own provisions," though not until it had "brought the country to the very verge of ruin:" for it "may safely be affirmed, that a more ruinous and suicidal act was never perpetrated by any government on any country"—and with equal safety it may be affirmed on the other hand, of the suspension, that "never was a step taken by Government attended with such immediate and beneficial effects." Our excellent author designs to conclude his present History with the year of grace 1852; but we can fancy him more than half disposed to extend the period to the close of 1857, if only for the gratification of recording another suspension of the Act he so utterly abjures. His inflexible faith is, that the combination of Free Trade with what he calls a "gold-dependent currency," not only necessarily renders any adventitious cause, which occasions a great export of gold, the forerunner of commercial embarrassment and ruin, but that it perpetually keeps the nation on the verge of such a catastrophe, and augments fearfully the chance of its occurrence, more especially in an old, opulent, and luxurious State.

And such a State is Great Britain, as Sir Archibald regards it—not less certainly old and decaying, than wealthy and luxurious. Probably he never wrote an Essay, far less a volume of his many-volumed Histories, in which he forgot to introduce his favourite illustration of the now desolate, once flourishing, Campagna of Rome, to point the moral and adorn *his* tale of the Corn Laws question. Of the worth of his opinion on that question we say not a word—we simply refer to characteristic facts. The evident tendency of Peel's new tariff, he contends, has been "to cause the corn-lands to be thrown into grass, and render the nation dependent on foreigners, not for its meat, but for its bread. This is exactly what took place in the last days of the Roman Empire, when Italian agriculture was destroyed by the free importation of wheat from Egypt and Libya; but the Italian landlords still drew considerable rents from vast herds of cattle which wandered over the Ausonian plains, of which the present desolate Campagna is a remnant and an example." He owns with a sigh that free-trade principles will always, sooner or later, be embraced by a rich and aged community, in consequence of the action of the laws provided by nature to arrest the growth of such communities. "The cry, '*Panem et Circenses*,' has been heard in other realms than those of Imperial Rome; it is at bottom the same cry as that of cheap bread which convulsed Great Britain in these times." Certainly the second clause of the cry might seem to be adopted by the Anti-Corn-Law League, as well as the first, when they held their bazaar in Covent Garden Theatre. Otherwise, an agitation for popular amusements as well as cheap bread, is hardly consonant with the distinctive character of the Leaguers.

Sir Archibald never did take a very cheerful view of Britain's future,

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nor does the prospect brighten before him as it advances. That ugly retrospect of Rome's decline and fall haunts his previsions, and suggests gloomy things not a few. When he sees half a million of Irish poor migrating into Liverpool and Glasgow during the winter and spring of 1847-48, he pronounces it "a transposition of the human race unparalleled in modern times, and which resembles the era, twelve centuries before, when the myriads of the migratory northern nations poured into the decaying provinces of the Roman Empire." Elsewhere he reminds us that it was not in the days of the Republic,

> When every rood of ground maintained its man,

and when Italy was an exporting country, that the Roman poet deplored the famine which brought the State to the verge of ruin,

> ——nunc pabula tantum
> Roma precor: miserere tuæ, pater optime, gentis
> Extremam defende famem:

no, but in the days of the Empire, when free trade in grain had been established for two centuries—when Italy was a sheep-walk, and the imperial people were fed by the harvests of Egypt and Libya. Timidity, he avers, is impressed upon our rulers from the dread of impending danger; "the *foreign-fed* nation, trembling for its subsistence, comes at last to submit to any insult rather than face hostilities with its distant bread-maker, or the producer of the chief part of the raw material required for its manufactures. How exactly this state of things was exemplified in the last ages of the Roman Empire need be told to no scholar." Nor, we may add, to any reader, *not* a scholar, of Sir Archibald Alison's consistently conservative History.

Most honourable is that consistency, because most sincere and earnest that conservatism. But is Sir Archibald, then, a wholly impracticable man, as the phrase goes? Were he summoned, for instance, to the aid of Lord Derby's Ministry, would his unaltered views on the Corn Laws, and kindred questions, prevent his acting with those who, on principle Protectionists, yet accept Free Trade as an "accomplished fact," and administer public affairs accordingly? Leaving out of the question the Colonel Sibthorp type of Toryism pure and simple, old-fashioned and uncompromising, never-saying-die and never-bating-an-inch, we suppose there can hardly be named a more eminent example of what we have called consistent conservatism, than is presented in the person and writings of Sir A. Alison. Now in the opening pages of the present volume he explicitly avows, that in this world of change, and in an age pre-eminently distinguished by it, undeviating adherence to expressed thought is *impossible* in a statesman; for a statesman's power is built on opinion, and he must go with that opinion, or his power will immediately be shattered. Consistency of opinion, we are here taught, may be expected in an author who treats of past events, or a philosopher who discourses on their tendencies, for they address themselves to future ages, when the immutable laws of nature will be seen to have been unceasingly acting in the mighty maze; but a statesman, who must act on the present, can only wield power by means of the multitude, and to do so with effect he must often share their versatility. In effect, therefore, an uncompromising conservatism is declared by our author to be incom-

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patible with statesmanship. The Conservative who cannot compromise, is *ipso facto* convicted of being no statesman.

This practical exposition of a doctrine which the Ministerial Conservatives of our day have been sorely taunted for adopting—as though it were possible, in the nature of things, to come into office on any other terms—is to be found in Alison's résumé of Sir Robert Peel's political career. Holding such a doctrine, therefore, it stands to reason that the historian deals gently enough with Sir Robert's tergiversations, transmutations, and recantations. He is, as usual, impartial, kindly-disposed, and far more ready to extenuate, than set down aught in malice—far more willing to put everything in the best light, than to put any one thing in the worst. The real reproach against Sir Robert he holds to be, not that he changed his views, but that he made use of power conferred by one party to carry through the objects of their opponents. Nor will our author admit that a want of moral courage can by any means be fairly imputed to Peel, whose "crowning act of self-immolation, when he repealed the Corn Laws, in opposition to the tenor of an entire lifetime, was anything but an indication of political weakness." Nor, again, is ambition to be admitted as the cause of his versatility of principle—the ambition of grasping or retaining power, at the cost of consistency. Sir Archibald believes him to have been throughout, and in all his changes, actuated by a sincere and disinterested desire for the good of his country; but that one unhappy mistake, into which he had been led, at the outset of his career, by his adoption of the views of others, rendered him, on the most momentous occasions, either blind to what that good really was, or timorous in asserting his own views regarding it. We need hardly say that this "one unhappy mistake" was his adoption of the monetary policy of Mr. Horner and Mr. Ricardo. And Sir Archibald is fully convinced that "when once this key to his political conduct is seized, it affords a satisfactory explanation of his whole political career. He was truly and sincerely patriotic, and actuated on every occasion by nothing but a regard for what he deemed the public good; but he, nevertheless, acted on many in direct opposition to it, from the unhappy delusion under which he laboured in regard to guarding the treasures of the Bank of England. He was courageous, both personally and politically, for himself, but timorous for his country. It is no wonder he was so; for he had placed it on the [*sic*] unstable equilibrium, and any considerable concession might overturn at once the whole fabric. His practical sagacity led him clearly to see that any serious internal convulsion, and even the most inconsiderable foreign war, would lead to such a run on the Bank as would, in all probability, prove fatal to that establishment, and with it entirely unhinge public credit, and render destitute millions of starving workmen. It was to avert this catastrophe that all his measures were directed. For this it was that he emancipated the Catholics in 1829, to postpone rebellion in Ireland, and surrendered Maine, by the Ashburton capitulation, in 1842, to avoid a rupture with America, and abandoned the Corn Laws, in 1846, to render England the great emporium of corn throughout the world, and thereby prevent the drain which so nearly proved fatal to the Bank in 1839. His monetary bill of 1844 was intended to lay speculation in irons, and so prevent the drain upon the metallic treasures of the nation, which indulgence in it to excess never failed to occasion." And in conclusion, Sir Archibald

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appeals to the event as decisively proving that Peel's apprehensions were well founded, and only wonders that he did not perceive the danger to be entirely of his own creation, by having rendered public credit dependent on the retention of gold, and that the measures he intended to avert, were the greatest possible aggravation of, the evil.

The great thing which so quickly gave Lord George Bentinck, though a young man, such an ascendancy among the veterans on both sides, was, according to Alison, that his mental qualities precisely suited the wants of the House of Commons at that juncture—his statistical powers making him an invaluable advocate for the agricultural, West India, and shipping interests, then in instant peril. "The pains which he *took*, and the labour which he underwent, in collecting and digesting from private sources information which he produced in his speeches, were almost inconceivable, and, beyond all doubt, brought him prematurely to the grave. He had one admirable quality, which is by no means universal among speakers and writers on statistical subjects: he was not only scrupulously correct in his facts, but still more cautious *not to overstate his case*, and even ready to mention on his own side all the considerations which went to diminish the weight or lessen the amount of the figures which he brought prominently forward." The historian can speak *con amore* of accomplished statisticians—himself being, beyond all comparison, the greatest historian going at figures and statistical tables, as thousands who skip them wholesale will readily agree. Hence a special penchant on his part towards Lord George Bentinck—of whom, in other respects, his account reads but flatly after Mr. Disraeli's Life, except when it borrows from that source what will give point and vivacity to the narrative.

Various are the sketches of contemporary foreign statesmen, real or reputed, positive or pretended, actual or would-be, in the present volume. Guizot, and Thiers, and Lamartine, if we mistake not, have already appeared on the canvas once and again. They reappear, and others, of different calibre, to strut and fret their hour upon the stage—though we cannot promise the Shakspearean sequel, and then be seen no more. M. Ledru Rollin comes under review, as "a man of robust health, vigorous intellect, considerable powers of popular eloquence, unflinching energy, and unscrupulous ambition. Drowned in debt, he entered public life in the hope of gaining something which would enable him to discharge it." "He was passionately fond of theatrical display, and desired rather to repeat the dramatic scenes of the first Revolution than advance its principles or secure its objects. His figure and countenance corresponded to this character: a robust and corpulent figure, thick lips, large and heavy eyes, and a harsh, disagreeable voice, he resembled rather a chief of brigands than the leader of a great political party in the State." M. Odilon Barrot is described as the victim of self-sufficiency—flattering himself on his entire ability to direct the mob of Paris, while more designing men made him their dupe. "He was an honest man, of a mild temper, and a benevolent disposition; but it was his misfortune to render himself the agent of others with ulterior designs, which he was far from sharing." M. Louis Blanc is designated a philanthropic fanatic deeply impressed with the social evils around him, ignorant of the real cause to which they were owing, and without any of the practical knowledge which might have served to correct his visionary speculations. Of the Guizot Ministry, M. Duchatel is described as a man of mild character

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and pleasing manners, a valuable ally, and good every-day debater at the tribune, but no orator, and unequal to a serious crisis; Marshal Soult, as one who gained the ear of the Chamber of Peers rather from respect to his character than the influence of his arguments; and Count Molé, as a ready speaker, who had neither the practical acquaintance with affairs, nor the vigorous intellect necessary to give him an ascendant in the Assembly. "He was an agreeable companion, an elegant nobleman, a distinguished converser; qualities admirably fitted to give him the lead in the saloons of fashion, but little likely to qualify him to sustain the conflicts of a robust democracy, in the daily conflicts in the forum." Then, again, we have the Algerian generals: Changarnier, grave and taciturn, anxious in deliberation, rapid and vigorous in execution; Cavaignac, absolute in command, slow in comprehension, energetic in action, concealing the laborious process of thought under a grave exterior, esteemed by all, feared by many, loved by few; Canrobert, inferior to Changarnier in military genius, and to Cavaignac in indomitable moral resolution, but superior to either in elevation of soul, and magnanimity of character; Bugeaud, accessible, communicative, and self-possessed; Lamoricière, of activity and energy unbounded; Bosquet, simple and kindly, with an iron will, a brilliant courage, solid judgment, discriminating intellect, and extraordinary power of rapid decision in the most trying circumstances; Saint-Arnaud, whose "mind was essentially heroic," and whose correspondence is lauded as "one of the most charming works which military literature has ever produced;" and, lastly, Pelissier, "stern, unrelenting, and determined," who is freely accredited with "all the qualities required to bring a sanguinary and long-protracted contest," like that before Sebastopol, to a successful termination. Word-painting, graphic characterisation, is quite out of Alison's way: his portrait-sketches, accurate or not, are exquisitely common-place. Contrast his run-to-seed verbiage with Mr. Carlyle's abrupt sun-strokes, and perpend the difference between compatriot historians and contemporary writers. The picturesque historian, like the poet, *nascitur, non fit*. If unremitting industry and constant practice would ensure the gift, Alison would by this time of day be as graphic as the best. Happily for him, and perhaps for themselves, readers are not awanting who do think him eminently graphic, pre-eminently so; and who would labour to disenchant them? Freely let us own that, in his new volume, he is occasionally as graphic as ever he was (let them not quarrel with the phrase, but accept it in their own sense); witness his descriptions of the railway mania in 1844, the Irish famine in 1847, and the incidents of the French Revolution in 1848.

Taking into account our own limitations of space, as well as the interest of the story, perhaps the most quotable specimen of his narrative is that which relates Louis Napoleon's escape from the citadel of Ham, on the 25th of May, 1846. That escape was effected in the following manner:

"Notwithstanding the length of his confinement, the vigilance and rigour with which Louis Napoleon was watched had undergone no diminution. Two sentinels were always stationed at the bottom of the stair leading to his apartment; its windows were strongly barred; at night the guards were doubled; and at all times the utmost precautions were taken to prevent approach to the fortress from the outside. Fortune, however,

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threw the means of escape within his reach, which, by the assistance of connivance within, was happily carried into execution. Some repairs required to be made on the stair; and during a quarter of an hour at noon, it was known that one of the sentinels on the stairs withdrew to read the papers, leaving the other alone on the post. It was this auspicious moment which was chosen to carry the escape into effect. The means of it were arranged with Dr. Conneau, the medical attendant, and Charles Thelin, the valet of the Prince. Their period of imprisonment having expired, they were at liberty to go into the town, which they always did after obtaining leave from the governor of the prison. Advantage was taken of this facility to bring in by stealth various articles of dress, which might serve as a disguise in passing the sentries. The Prince then cut off his long moustaches, which made a great change in his appearance, put on a black wig, dyed his face and hands, and having equipped himself entirely in a workman's dress, with a blue smock-frock, he proceeded at noon with a plank on his shoulder to pass the guard. This was effected successfully, the sentinel either mistaking, or pretending to mistake him for one of the workmen. In passing him the Prince accidentally let the pipe fall which he was smoking. He calmly stooped and picked it up, and the soldier, after looking at him for a moment, resumed his walk. Meanwhile Thelin very skilfully amused the workmen, from whom, even more than the guards, detection was to be apprehended, as it was one of their own number who was personated. As it was, he was narrowly scrutinised by two workmen, who expressed aloud their surprise at not knowing him, and soon after recognised by a favourite spaniel, which met him as he was going out. All seemed lost, for there was still a line of sentries to pass, when a friendly voice from behind exclaimed, 'Ah! it is Berthon!' At the same time the Prince, as if fatigued with his burden, passed the plank from his right to his left shoulder, and got past without further molestation. The last line of sentries was passed without discovery, and the Prince, having gained the open road, went on with his plank till the joyful sound of wheels was heard, and he leapt on the box of a cabriolet, which the faithful Thelin had provided for him in St. Quentin. He soon reached that place, still on the box driving, and got into the train for Valenciennes, which he reached a little after two in the afternoon, and soon after got to Brussels, from whence he crossed over to London. He was too late to see his father, who was already dead, but not too late to follow out his destiny, which led him from the prison of Ham to the throne of France."

The comment of *Le National* on the escape is edifying. "As the escape *can never come to prejudice any one*, we congratulate those upon it whom it immediately concerns." Adding, that it was the kind of success the *National* could not only wish, but would willingly procure, for "every sort of pretender." The whirligig of time brings round its revenges, the wheel of fortune its prizes and blanks. Handy-dandy, as *Lear* says, change places, and who is this Emperor, and what has become of that King?.

The eighth volume, to be published in the course of the year, will bring to a close this History of Europe from the fall of one French Emperor to the enthronement of another. Of the latter it will doubtless contain the author's honest if not very profound, and well-weighed if not very well-worded opinion, in full, and in earnest.

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INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY A MADRAS OFFICER.

A VISIT TO BHOPAL.

A *séjour* of a few weeks in Malwa, which I made some three or four years ago with an officer attached to the Bhopal Contingent, afforded me the opportunity of seeing something of that tiger in sheep's clothing, the Bengal Sepoy. I must confess I was at once struck with the showy appearance of the animal. In point of stature he would have overtopped the majority of our European soldiers, and he was out and out their superior in elegance of form and ease of carriage. Broad shouldered, slender waisted, and beautifully erect, he might, with the addition of a little more fulness of muscle about the fore-arm and lower extremities, have furnished an admirable model for the sculptor.

Appearance will go far everywhere, but with the Bengal commanding officer it has reached such extravagant lengths, that the "fighting Brahmin," with all his conceits, has been permitted to monopolise the native army: and I need scarcely ask, What has been the result?

Put one of these rascals on parade beside an "ugly Jack," as our Madras Sepoys are sometimes called, and who would not fail, at first sight, to be prejudiced in favour of the former? A sporting man might well exclaim, "It is a horse to a hen!" But Ramasawmy, in spite of his ugly face and inferiority of bulk, is the more enduring soldier, as well as the gamer man of the two. He never allows his caste, if he has one, to run away with his common sense; he eats meat like a true Christian (when he can get it), and uses his fists "same as master;" he hates the Bengalee, and boasts he can lick him, notwithstanding Pandy's ponderosity. Some few years ago, chance brought a Bengal and a Madras regiment together. The Sepoys of the "benighted presidency" lost no time in picking a quarrel with the "big men' of Bengal, whom they attacked with fists and sticks, and soon succeeded in driving them off the ground. This animosity of feeling proved of good service to us the other day, when the Madras column gallantly routed the mutineers of the 52nd Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry near Jubbulpore.

To return, however, to the Sepoys of the Bhopal Contingent. Noble looking fellows, and "numak hallal" (true to their salt), did I consider them in those days: they were treated like gentlemen, and I gave them credit for being aware of the fact. They had their "taalim khana" (gymnasium), where they were frequently visited by their officers, while they wrestled, turned the "mugdas" (clubs), played the long stick, and went through several simple and excellent athletic exercises, not unworthy of our own adoption. Their wrestling is perhaps the most peculiar of all their exercises, and very dangerous, even to a European, totally unacquainted with their method of closing with an opponent, breaking his arm or leg, or even dislocating his neck, by a sudden jerk, at which they are remarkably *au fait*. They wrestle almost naked, and lubricated with oil.

There were a few Sikhs in the cavalry branch of the Contingent, men

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of a very different stamp from the Brahmins, rather smaller, but more warlike in appearance, possessing better knit and more sinewy frames, and exhibiting in their profusely-whiskered countenances a frankness of expression which contrasts strongly with the reserved and gentle mien of the latter.

It was about the time of year when the British Resident at Indore usually makes his political tour, visiting the different native states, rajahs, and petty chiefs of this part of the empire, in his capacity of agent for the Governor-General for Central India. Sir R. H——, after inspecting and reviewing the troops at S——, proceeded with his retinue to the Mussulman court of Bhopal, and I very gladly availed myself of a kind invitation which I received to form one of his party upon that occasion. I had long desired such an opportunity of acquiring a little knowledge of the manners and habits of the Indian nobility, as well as of the forms of etiquette observed in their communication with ourselves.

On the evening of the 23rd of November, I rode out from the cantonment at S—— to Ph——, in company with my friend T——, and in time for dinner at the Resident's camp, where every one retired early to rest, as the coming day was to be a busy one, when we were to make our formal entry into the Bhopal territory.

The little state or kingdom of Bhopal is situated about the centre of British India, and not very distant from the ancient city of Oojein, once the seat of the Hindoo government. The reigning family is of Affghan extraction, and has maintained its ground in the country for upwards of two hundred and fifty years, though not without severe and sanguinary struggles. The present "Begum," or queen, who is regent for her daughter, is a person of shrewd intellect and great firmness of will; she sits unveiled in "durbar" (council), and in the presence of strangers, thereby despising a custom most scrupulously adhered to by the Moslem women. Her majesty has remained friendly to the English during this terrible crisis in our Indian affairs. The females of this family are reputed to have been remarkable for ability and decision, while the males, on the other hand, have been weak almost to imbecility for the last three generations.

Long before daybreak on the following morning, the striking of tents, neighing of steeds, and voices of servants and Lascars, broke in upon the stillness of repose, and we were upon the march ere the first streaks of light began to colour the horizon; the dew still fell heavily, saturating our coats and the manes of our horses. During this season of the year the climate of Malwa is cool and bracing; for the space of two months the mercury seldom rises above 75 deg. in the shade, while it falls at night as low as 53 deg. The "sahib log" (gentlemen) accomplished a distance of twelve miles on horseback in little more than an hour, while the ladies of the party were jolted along a miserable road in a strongly constructed carriage, with curtains in lieu of glass windows, and drawn by four powerful Cape-bred horses. We found elephants prepared for us at a small village three miles from the city of Bhopal. The Resident mounted one of these animals, which was richly caparisoned and set apart for his especial use; Captain E——, the Political Agent at S——, appropriated another one; and the rest of us were soon seated, two in every howdah, with a couple of servants behind.

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Upon gaining the summit of a steep hill we were met by a very large procession, headed by the heir-apparent to the throne of Bhopal, the Princess Shah Jehan, who was seated upon an immense elephant beside her mistress of the robes. After greeting us with a grave salaam, the two ladies led the way to the city, the Resident and Captain E—— riding alongside of them, "doing the polite" in Hindostanee.

The princess was at this period "a young lady in her teens, smelling" not "of bread-and-butter," but of beetle-nut. Her soft brown cheek was sadly disfigured by a huge "pawn" (a little packet of beetle-nut and other spices, which the natives keep in the mouth), and her eyes were scarcely visible under the magnificent spangled shawls which covered her head and shoulders, and which glittered in the sun like the lizard's coat. In her retinue were several of her relatives, native officers of rank, and wealthy citizens of Bhopal. Our united numbers formed a numerous *cortége*, boasting not less than seventy noble elephants, which bore us along with stately tramp through clouds of dust. Surrounded by gorgeously attired and armed Mussulmans, sitting or standing in silver or in gilded howdahs, and shaded by banners and parasols of cloth of gold, it were almost difficult to dispel the idea that we had been suddenly transported a couple of centuries into the past; but the ludicrous effect produced by the encroachment of certain modern European inventions and appliances soon recalled us to the recollection that we were still living in the unromantic nineteenth century, and not amidst the pomp and splendour of Akbar or Aurungzebe. Let any one picture to himself the effect of a veritable "Joe Manton," and another weapon which, from its dimensions and antiquated appearance might appropriately have been designated the grandmother of the English blunderbuss, conspicuous in the howdah of a turbaned and hirsute son of Timour! A fierce Mahratta who rode near me had evidently deemed his equipment incomplete without the addition of a pair of common English pistols yclept bull-dogs, which he had thrust into his belt cheek by jowl with a jewelled Oriental dagger! As we neared the city, we passed through the ranks of the Bhopal army, drawn up on both sides of the road. Their "sawars" (horsemen) appeared to be tolerably well mounted and equipped, although considerably inferior to our irregular cavalry. The flower of their infantry was represented by two or three hundred Hindostanees dressed, armed, and drilled in imitation of our regular army; the remainder consisted of matchlock and spearmen, a medley mass of Affghans, Sikhs, Rajpoots, and Rohillas. A salute was fired from two field-pieces, and a few nervous drums and fifes struck up "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." We then separated from the princess and her retinue, to make the best of our way to the encamping-ground selected for us, some three miles west of the city, where we arrived hungry and tired. We soon assembled at the "chotee hazree" (small or first breakfast), a merry party of fourteen officers and ladies. Among the former were two who, I regret to say, are now no more. One was killed at Lucknow; the other, a married man, fell gallantly while fighting against the rebels of Mehidpore.

Sir R. H——'s marching establishment was upon a very large scale, and the attendant expenses consequently great. I was informed that the Resident paid nearly 600*l.* per annum for camels alone, which he made use of during three months in the year, and he had not less than two hundred and forty of these useful animals employed in the carriage of his

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tents, furniture, and provisions. With such items of expenditure, a salary of even 6000*l.* a year does not appear out of the way. As the natives couple power with ostentation, and importance with display, it has been considered necessary policy that our most important political agents in India, as well as the Governor-General himself, should support a style of hospitality and establishments hardly inferior to that maintained by princes.

Our camp at Bhopal presented an imposing appearance. The tents of the different officers and their families were pitched so as to form one broad street, about the centre of which stood the lofty durbar, or audience tent, and behind it a suite of private apartments, enclosed by high screens, for the Resident's particular use, and for the entertainment of his guests. In rear of all were the Sepoys and sawars of our escort, the camp-followers, attendants, and horses. Between us and the city walls were some very extensive native gardens, with their large umbrageous trees, mouldering tombs, handsome old tanks, and flights of green pigeons. Talk of the Alhambra and the Moors! let the lovers of dark romance visit India, and there view the crumbling monuments of that once glorious Mussulman dynasty, which has rotted away in luxury and crime, leaving behind it little more than the dregs of pollution, which are now being swept away in torrents of blood. Turning the eye in the opposite direction, scarcely a shrub was visible; miles of waste and rocky ground, strewn with the bones of different animals, and tenanted by the vulture and jackal; isolated little domes perched upon rocky eminences, and shrines of long-forgotten saints.

The business of the day commenced after "burree hazree" (second breakfast or luncheon), when we received a deputation from the Begum, consisting of her ministers, her principal officers, and a few persons of rank. No ladies were admitted to this interview, nor was anything omitted in the strict observance of etiquette and regular order of precedence. The Resident was seated at the upper end of the durbar tent, which was forty yards long and fifteen or sixteen feet high; he wore a uniform not unlike that of a lord-lieutenant in our own country. Next to him, on his left, sat Captain E——, and then the other British officers. The right side was reserved for the visitors. As soon as the latter were announced, Captain E—— walked to the door to receive them, and formally conducted the principal personages to Sir R. H——, who rose, advanced three paces towards them, and motioned them to be seated. Little is said upon these occasions. Such visits are not, indeed, calculated to give the stranger a very exalted opinion of the intelligence of the natives, who say little, and who do not appear to think of anything. Many of them loll drowsily on their seats, chewing beetle-nut, and seemingly insensible to everything that passes. Among the latter was the "Foujdar" (commander-in-chief) of the Bhopal forces, a big, handsome Mussulman, attired in full Oriental costume, with the addition, however, of a pair of new Wellington boots, into which he had managed to squeeze his legs, linen pantaloons and all; and although the feet of the boots were too small to admit his heels, the poor fellow strutted in and out the tent with the most soldier-like indifference to pain and blisters.

We were afterwards honoured by a visit from the queen's uncles, along

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with their suite. This was very similar to the preceding one, and was altogether a stupid affair. The next day, the Princess Shah Jehan came to pay her respects to the English ladies, attended by musicians playing upon drums and cymbals. Etiquette required that Captain E—— should go half way to the city upon an elephant to meet the princess, and accompany her to our camp. The English children were delighted with their royal visitor, who brought them toys and sweetmeats, and made herself otherwise popular with them.

On the day appointed for presenting ourselves to the queen regent, as soon as the heat of the sun had begun to decline we set out upon elephants, in company with the ladies of our party, and were transported to the city, which is nearly four miles in circumference, and is surrounded by an irregular stone wall, with massive and projecting gateways. Passing through one of these, which had its guard and sentry, we were borne through narrow streets and thinly-populated bazaars (for, notwithstanding the extent of Bhopal, its population is somewhat under twenty thousand souls); the buildings are here and there interspersed with trees. The most remarkable edifice is the Jumal Musjid (beautiful mosque), recently finished, and conspicuous at a great distance on account of its two lofty minarets. The character of the dwelling-houses differs little from that which is met with in most native towns—two-storied buildings with wooden fronts and latticed windows, many of them having small verandahs and rudely-carved balconies. The mansions of the nabobs are neither beautiful in their architecture nor cheerful in appearance, and seldom possess even the charm of cleanliness; they are commonly entered through a court-yard shut in with high walls, and not unfrequently shaded by the huge branches of a peepul-tree growing in the centre of it. Upon our arrival at the palace of the Begum, we were ushered through one of these gloomy courts into the presence of her majesty, who was seated, with her daughter Shah Jehan, in a long, low-roofed apartment, without other furniture or decoration than a handsome Persian carpet and a long row of cane-bottomed chairs, upon which we were requested to seat ourselves. The Queen of Bhopal was at this period probably about thirty-six years of age. She never could have been beautiful: her raven hair was drawn tightly back from off her temples, and fastened in a simple knot at the back of her head; her face was long and thin, with high cheek-bones, the complexion deep olive, the forehead high and narrow, the eyes sunken and penetrating, and the general expression harsh and cunning. The upper part of her light active figure was wrapped in shawls, while the limbs were enveloped in tight yellow silk trousers, and the naked feet thrust into a pair of brown leather slippers turned up at the toes. Her manner was lively and unrestrained, her conversation intelligent and full of pertinent observations. She addressed several of our party in turn, and alluded, now and then, to some of the leading politicians in England.

There was at this time at the court of Bhopal a Moonshee of the name of Sh—— A——, who had visited Great Britain. He spoke English fluently, and was engaged in writing a history of India in that language. From this man the Begum had doubtless gained much of her European information, of which she appeared very proud, and very ambitious of extending. One of the most important ceremonies connected with visits of this kind is the sprinkling "the ottar" over the visitors. In the present

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instance, the young princess dipped her fingers into the perfume, and passed them over the breast and shoulders of the Resident; the queen's uncles, who were among the company, anointed all the other Europeans; afterwards, trays containing limes, almonds, and spices were presented to each of us, garlands of jasmine were then thrown round our necks, and we rose to make our salaam to her majesty, who dismissed us very graciously. We next proceeded to the residence of the Begum's mother—a very common-looking and plainly-dressed old woman—who received us with great respect. We also paid our devoirs to her two sons, who resided in another part of the city. We were invited by all these good people to entertainments at their respective houses; the invitations were accepted as a matter of course. Upon the appointed days we left our camp at sunset to go to the dwellings of our hospitable friends, where we were received with great honour, and entertained by native music and "Nautch" (dancing-girls) until dinner was announced, when our hosts withdrew, and we were conducted to another apartment, where the repast was served in the European style, with the addition of some of the best native dishes, such as wet and dry curries, pilaos, kabobs, and sweetmeats covered with rice, coloured blue, green, and yellow; everything most excellently cooked. We were attended by our own servants, and were quite as much at home as when we dined in camp. After the meal, our hosts rejoined us, chatted away, and listened to the music of Sir R. H——'s band, which always accompanied us. We generally returned to camp about ten o'clock. All these feasts were exactly alike, the one being but a repetition of the other.

Before our departure from Bhopal, the Resident inspected the fort and arsenal, and reviewed all the troops in the Begum's pay—an affair which came off with tolerable *éclat*, although some of the blunders of the soldiers caused us great amusement. We rode about the city and its environs, and visited the cactus-girt mausoleums of the deceased kings and warriors in the gardens or orchards to which I have previously alluded. One view from the Indore road is strikingly picturesque: it is the lake, about two miles from the city, that magnificent mirror of water, with its beautifully wooded banks and its little fishing-craft.

Our camp was constantly frequented by "puhlwans" (athletes), jugglers, snake-charmers, and rope-dancers. Some of the performances upon the tight-rope were really very wonderful; amongst others, I witnessed that of a wizened old man, who, having fastened a pair of slippery cow's horns to his feet, somewhat after the manner of skates, danced upon the rope with the greatest facility: a feat which certainly surpassed any I had ever seen in England or on the Continent. The Hindoos are remarkable for the suppleness of their joints; they turn summersets, and twist their bodies into every imaginable form. They are reckoned the most swift-footed race in Asia, but are not equal in speed to an Englishman, whose long stride and powerful muscular action would soon carry him ahead of his light-bodied competitor in a trial of one or two hundred yards.

The week I spent at Bhopal was one of the happiest I ever spent in India, and I shall long remember with pleasure the noble hospitality and the kind and affable manners of the Resident at Indore.

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OUR COUNTRY QUARTERS.

BY OUIDA.

I REMEMBER well the day that we (that is, the 110th Lancers) were ordered down to Layton Rise. Savage enough we all were to quit P—— for that detestable country place. Many and miserable were the tales we raked up of the *ennui* we had experienced at other provincial quarters; sadly we dressed for Lady Dashwood's ball, the last *soirée* before our departure. And then the bills and the *billets-doux* that rained down upon our devoted heads!

However, by some miracle we escaped them all; and on a bright April morning, 184—, we were *en route* for this Layton Rise, this *terra incognita*, as grumpy and as seedy as ever any poor demons were. But there was no help for it; so leaving, we flattered ourselves, a great many hearts the heavier for this order from the Horse Guards, we, as I said, set out for Layton Rise.

The only bit of good news that provoking morning had brought was that my particular chum, Drummond Fane, a captain of ours, who had been cutting about on leave from Constantinople to Kamschatka for the last six months, would join us at Layton. Fane was really a good fellow, a perfect gentleman (*ça va sans dire*, as he was one of *ours*), intensely plucky, knew, I believe, every language under the sun, and, as he had been tumbling about in the world ever since he went to Eton at eight years old, had done everything, seen everything, and could talk on every possible subject. He was a great favourite with ladies: I always wonder they did not quite spoil him. I have seen a young lady actually neglect a most eligible heir to a dukedom, that her mamma had been at great pains to procure for her, if this "fascinating younger son" were by. For Fane *was* the younger son of the Earl of Avanley, and would, of course, every one said, one day retrieve his fortunes by marriage with some heiress in want of rank.

He has been my great friend ever since I, a small youth, spoilt by having come into my property while in the nursery, became his fag at Eton: and when I bought my commission in the 110th, of which he was a captain, our intimacy increased.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. On the road we naturally talked of Layton, wondering if there was any one fit to visit, anybody that gave good dinners, if there was a pack of hounds, a billiard-room, or any pretty girls. Suddenly the Honourable Ennuyé l'Estrange threw a little light on the matter, by recollecting, "now he thought of it, he believed that was where an uncle of his lived; his name was Aspi—Aspinall—no! Aspeden." "Had he any cousins?" was the inquiry. He "y'ally could not remember!" So we were left to conjure up imaginary Miss Aspedens, more handsome than their honourable cousin, who might relieve for us the monotony of country quarters. The sun was very bright as we entered Layton Rise; the clattering and clashing that we made soon brought out the inhabitants, and, lying in the light of a spring day, it did not seem such a *very* miserable little town after all. Our mess

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was established at the one good inn of the one good street of the place, and I and two other young subs fixed our residence at a grocer's, where a card of "Lodgings to let furnished" was embordered in vine-leaves and roses.

As I was leaning out of the window smoking my last cigar before mess, with Sydney and Mounteagle stretched in equally elegant attitudes on equally hard sofas, I heard our grocer, a sleek little Methodist, addressing some party in the street with—"I fear me I have done evil in admitting these young servants of Satan into mine habitation!" "Well, Nathan," replied a Quaker, "thou didst it for the best, and verily *these* officers seem quiet and gentlemanly youths." "Gentlemanlike," I *should* say we were, *rather*—but "quiet!"—how we shouted over the innocent "Friend's" mistake. Here the voices again resumed: "Doubtless, when the Aspedens return, there will be dances and devices of the Evil One, and Quelps will make a good time of it; however, the custom of ungodly men I would not take were it offered!" So these Aspedens were out—confound it! But the clock struck six; so, flinging the remains of my cigar on the Quaker's broad-brimmed hat, adorned with which ornament he walked unconsciously away, we strolled down to the mess-room.

A few hours later some of them met in my room, and having sent out for some cards, which the grocer kindly wrapped in a tract against gambling, we had just sat down to loo, when the door was thrown open, and Captain Fane announced. A welcome addition!

"Fane, by all that's glorious!"—"Well, young one, how are you?" were the only salutations that passed between two men who were as true friends as any in England. Fane was soon seated among us, and telling us many a joke and tale. "And so," said he, "we're sent down to ruralise? (Mounteagle, you are 'loo'd.') Any one you know here?"

"Not a creature! I am awfully afraid we shall all be found dead of *ennui* one fine morning. I'll thank you for a little more punch, Fitzspur," said Sydney. "I suppose, as usual, Fane," he continued, "*you* left at the very least twelve dozen German princesses, Italian marchesas, and French countesses dying for you?"

"My dear fellow," replied Fane, "you are considerably under the mark (I'll take 'miss,' Paget!); but really, if women *will* fall in love with you, how *can* you help it? And if you *will* flirt with them, how can they help it?"

"I see, Fane, *your* heart is as strong as ever," I added, laughing.

"Of course," answered the gallant captain; "disinterested love is reserved for men who are too rich or too poor to mind its attendant evils. (The first, I must say, very rarely profit by the privilege!) No! I steel myself against all bright eyes and dancing curls not backed by a good dowry. Heiresses, though, somehow, are always plain; I never could do my duty and propose to one, though, of course, whenever I *do* surrender my liberty, which I have not the smallest intention of at present, it will be to somebody with at least fifty thousand a year. Hearts trumps, Mount?"

"Yes—hurrah! Paget's loo'd at last.—Here, my dear, let us have lots more punch!" said Mounteagle, addressing the female domestic, who was standing open-mouthed at the glittering pool of half-sovereigns.

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I will spare the gentle reader—if I *may* flatter myself that I entertain a *few* such—a recital of the conversation which followed, and which was kept up until the very, very "small hours;" also I will leave it to her imagination to picture how we spent the next few days, how we found out a few families worth visiting, how we inspired the Layton youths with a vehement passion for smoking, billiards, and the cavalry branch of the service, and how we and our gay uniforms and our prancing horses were the admiration of all the young damsels in the place.

One morning after parade, Fane and I, having nothing better to do, lighted our cigars and strolled down one of those shady lanes which almost reconcile one to the country—*out* of the London season. Seeing the gate of a park standing invitingly open, we walked in and threw ourselves down under the trees. "Now we are in for it," said Fane, "if we are trespassing, and any adventurous-minded gamekeeper appears. Whose park is this?"

"Mr. Aspeden's, Ennuyé told me. It's rather a nice place," I replied.

"And that castle, of which mine eyes behold the turrets afar off?" he asked.

"Lord Linton's, I believe; the father of Jack Vernon, of the Rifles, you know," I answered.

"Indeed! I never saw the old gentleman, but I remember his daughter Beatrice—we had rather a desperate flirtation at Baden-Baden. She's a showy-looking girl," said the captain, stretching himself on the grass.

"Why did you not allow her the sublime felicity of becoming Lady Beatrice Fane?" I asked, laughing.

"My dear fellow, she had not a *sou!* That old marquis is as poor as a church mouse. You forget that I am only a younger son, with not much besides my pay, and cannot afford to marry anywhere I like. I am not in your happy position, able to espouse any pretty face I may chance to take a fancy to. It would be utter madness in *me*. Do you think *I* was made for a little house, one maid-servant, dinner at noon, and six small children? *Very* much obliged to you, but love in a cottage is not *my* style, Fred; besides, j'aime à vivre garçon!" added Fane.

"Et moi aussi!" said I. "Really the girls one meets seem all tarlatan and coquetry. I have never seen one worth committing matrimony for."

"Hear him!" cried Fane. "Here is the happy owner of Wilmot Park, at the advanced age of twenty, despairing of ever finding anything more worthy of his affection than his moustaches! Oh, what will the boys come to next? But, eureka! here comes a pretty girl if you like. Who on earth is she?" he exclaimed, raising his eye-glass to a party advancing up the avenue who really seemed worthy the attention.

Pulling at the bridle of a donkey, "what wouldn't go," with all her might, was indeed a pretty girl. Her hat had fallen off and showed a quantity of bright hair and a lovely face, with the largest and darkest of eyes, and a mouth now wreathing with smiles. Unconscious of our vicinity, on she came, laughing, and beseeching a little boy, seated on the aforesaid donkey, and thumping thereupon with a large stick, "not to be so cruel and hurt poor Dapple." At this juncture the restive steed gave a vigorous stride, and toppling its rider on the grass, trotted off with a self-satisfied air; but Fane, intending to make the rebellious charger a

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means of introduction, caught his bridle and led him back to his discomfited master. The young lady, who was endeavouring to pacify the child, looked prettier than ever as she smiled and thanked him. But the gallant captain was not going to let the matter drop *here*, so, turning to the youthful rider, he asked him to let him put him on "the naughty donkey again." Master Tommy acquiesced, and, armed with his terrible stick, allowed himself to be mounted. Certainly Fane was a most unnecessary length of time settling that child, but then he was talking to the young lady, whom he begged to allow him to lead the donkey home.

"Oh! no, she was quite used to Dapple; she could manage him very well, and they were going further." So poor Fane had nothing for it but to raise his hat and gaze at her through his eye-glass until some trees hid her from sight.

"'Pon my word that's a pretty girl!" said he, at length. "I wonder who she can be! However, I shall soon find out. Have another weed, Fred?"

There was to be a ball that night at the Assembly Rooms, which we were assured only the "*best* families" would attend, for Layton was a very exclusive little town in its way. Some of us who were going were standing about the mess-room, recalling the many good balls and pretty girls of our late quarters, when Fane, who had declined to go, as he said he had a horror of "bad dancing, bad perfumes, bad ventilation, and bad champagne, and really could not stand the concentration of all of them, which he foresaw that night," to our surprise declared his intention of accompanying us.

"I suppose, Fane, you hope to see your heroine of the donkey again?" asked Sydney.

"Precisely," was Fane's reply; "or if not, to find out who she is. But here comes Ennuyé, got up no end to fascinate the belles of Layton!"

"The Aspedens are home; I saw 'em to-day," were the words of the honourable cornet, as he lounged into the room. "My uncle seems rather a brick, and hopes to make the acquaintance of all of you. He will mess with us to-morrow."

"Have you any *belles cousines*?"—"Are they going to-night?" we inquired.

"Yaas, I saw one; she's rather pretty," said L'Estrange.

"Dark eyes—golden hair—about eighteen?" demanded Fane, eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," replied the cornet, curling his moustache, and contemplating himself in the glass with very great satisfaction; "hair's as dark as mine, and eyes—y'ally I forget. But, let's have loo or whist, or something; we need not go for ages!" So down we sat, and soon nothing was heard but "Two by honours and the trick!" "Game and game!" &c., until about twelve, when we rose and adjourned to the ball-room.

No sooner had we entered the room than Fane exclaimed, "There's my houri, by all that's glorious! and looking lovelier than ever. By Jove! that girl's too good for a country ball-room!" And there, in truth, waltzing like a sylph, was, as Sydney called her, the "heroine of the donkey." The dance over, we saw her join a party at the top of the room, consisting of a handsome but *passée* woman, a lovely Hebe-

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like girl with dancing eyes, and a number of gentlemen, with whom they seemed to be keeping up an animated conversation.

"Ennuyé is with them—he will introduce me," said Fane, as he swept up the room.

I watched him bow, and, after talking a few minutes, lead off his "houri" for a *valse*, and disengaging myself from a Cambridge friend whom I had met with, I professed my intention of following his example.

"What? Who did you say? That girl at the top there? Why, man, that's my cousin Mary, and the other lady is my most revered aunt, Mrs. Aspeden. Did you not know I and Ennuyé were related? Y'ally I forget how, exactly," he continued, mimicking the cornet. "But do you want to be introduced to her? Come along then."

So, following my friend, who was a Trinity-man, of the name of Cleaveland, I soon made acquaintance with Mrs. Aspeden and her daughter Mary.

"*Who* is he?" I heard Mrs. Aspeden ask, in a low tone, of Tom Cleaveland, as I led off Mary to the *valse*.

"A very good fellow," was the good-natured Cantab's reply, "with lots of tin and a glorious place. The shooting at Wilmot is really——"

"Bien!" said his aunt, as she took Lord Linton's arm to the refreshment-room, satisfied, I suppose, on the strength of my "lots of tin," that I was a safe companion for her child.

I found Mary Aspeden a most agreeable partner for a *dance*; she was lively, agreeable, and a coquette, I felt sure (women with those dancing eyes always are), and I thought I could not do better than amuse myself by getting up a flirtation with her. What an intensely good opinion I had of myself then! So I condescended to dance, though it was not Almack's, and actually permitted myself to be amused. Strolling through the rooms with Mary Aspeden on my arm, we entered one in which was an alcove fitted up with a *vis-à-vis* sofa (whoever planned that Layton ball-room had a sympathy in the bottom of his heart for *tête-à-tête*), and here Fane was seated, talking to his "houri" with the soft voice and winning smiles which had gained the heart, or at least what portion of that member they possessed, of so many London belles, and which would do their work *here* most assuredly.

"There is my cousin Florence—ah! she does not observe us. Who is the gentleman with her?" said Miss Aspeden.

"My friend, Captain Fane," I replied. "You have heard of their rencontre this morning?"

"Indeed! is he Tommy's champion, of whom he has done nothing but talk all day, and of whom I could not make Florence say one word?" asked Mary. "You must know our donkey is the most determined and resolute of animals: if she 'will, she will,' you may depend upon it!" she continued.

"Do you honour those most untrue lines upon ladies by a quotation?" I asked.

"I do not think they *are* so very untrue," laughed Mary, "except in confining obstinacy to us poor women and exempting the 'lords of the creation.' The Scotch adage knows better. 'A wifu' *man*——' You know the rest."

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"Quite well," I replied; "but another poet's lines on *you* are far more true. 'Ye are stars of the——'" I commenced.

"Mary, my love, let me introduce you to Lord Craigarven," said Mrs. Aspeden, coming up with Lord Linton's heir-apparent.

At the same time I was introduced to Mr. Aspeden, a hearty Englishman, loving his horses, his dogs, and his daughter; and as much the inferior of his aristocratic-looking wife in *intellect* as he was her superior in *heart*. When we parted that night he gave Fane and me a most hospitable general invitation, and, what was more, an especial one for the next night. As we walked home "i' the grey o' the morning," I asked Fane who his "houri" was.

"A niece of Mr. Aspeden's, and cousin to your friend Cleaveland," was the reply. "Those Aspedens really seem to be uncle and aunt to every one. She is staying there now."

"So is Tom Cleaveland," said I. "But, pray, are your expectations quite realised? Is she as charming as she looks, this Miss Florence——"

"Aspeden?" added Fane. "Yes, quite. But here are my quarters; so good night, old fellow."

We had soon established ourselves as *amis de la maison* at Woodlands, the Aspedens' place, and found him, as his nephew had stated, "rather a brick," and her daughter and niece something more. All of us, especially Fane and I, spent the best part of our time there, lounging away the days between the shady lanes, the little lake, and the music or billiard-rooms. Fane seemed entirely to appropriate Florence, and to fascinate her as he had fascinated so many others. I really felt angry with him, for, as Tom Cleaveland had candidly told me that poor Florie had not a rap—her father had run through all his property and left her an orphan, and a very poor one too—of course Fane could not marry her, but would, I feared, "ride away" some day, like the "gay dragoon," heartwhole *himself*—but would *she* come out as scathless? Poor Mounteagle, too, was getting quite spooney about Florence, and, owing to Fane, she paid him no more heed than if he had been an old dried-up Indianised major. *He*, poor fellow! followed her about everywhere, asked her to dance in quite an insane manner, and made the most horrible revokes in whist and mistakes in pool that can be imagined.

"By George! she is pretty, and no mistake!" said Sydney, as Florence rode past us one day as we were sauntering down Layton, looking charmingly *en amazone*.

"Pretty! I should rather think so. She is more beautiful than any other woman upon earth!" cried Mounteagle.

"Y'ally! well, I can't see *that*," replied Ennuyé. "She has tolerably good eyes, but she is too *petite* to please me."

"Ah! the adjutant's girls have rendered L'Estrange *difficile*. He cannot expect to meet *their* equals in a hurry!" said Fane, in a very audible aside.

Poor Ennuyé was silenced—nay, he even blushed. The adjutant's girls recalled an episode in which the gallant cornet had shone in a rather verdant light. Fane had effectually quieted him.

"I wonder if Florence Aspeden will marry Mount?" I remarked to

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Fane, when the others had left us. "She does not seem to pay him much heed *yet;* but still——"

"The devil, no!" cried Fane, in an unusually energetic manner. "I would stake my life she would not have such a muff as that, if he owned half the titles in the peerage!"

"You seem rather excited about the matter," I observed. "It would not be such a bad match for her, for you know she has no tin; but I am sure, with your opinion on love-matches, you would not counsel Mount to such a step."

"Of course not!" replied Fane, in his ordinary cool tones. "A man has no right to marry for love, except he is one of those fortunate individuals who own half a county, or some country doctor or parson of whom the world takes no notice. There may be a few exceptions. But yet," he continued, with the air of a person trying to convince himself against his will, "did you ever see a love-match turn out happily? It is all very well for the first week, but the roses won't bloom in winter, and then the cottage walls look ugly. Then a fellow cannot live as he did *en garçon*, and all his friends drop him, and altogether it is an act no wise man would perpetrate. But I shall forget to give you a message I was entrusted with. They are going to get up some theatricals at Woodlands. I have promised to take *Sir Thomas Clifford* (the piece is the 'Hunchback'), and they want you to play *Modus* to Mary Aspeden's *Helen*. Do, old fellow. Acting is very good fun with a pretty girl——"

"Like the *Julia* you will have, I suppose," I said. "Very well, I will be amiable and take it. Mary will make a first-rate *Helen*. Come and have a game of billiards, will you?"

"Can't," replied the gallant captain. "I promised to go in half an hour with—with the Aspedens to see some waterfall or ruin, or something, and the time is up. So, au revoir, monsieur."

Many of ours were pressed into the service for the coming theatricals, and right willingly did we rehearse a most unnecessary number of times. Many merry hours did we spend at Woodlands, and I sentimentalised away desperately to Mary Aspeden; but, somehow or other, always had an uncomfortable suspicion that she was laughing at me. She never seemed the least impressed by all my gallantries and pretty speeches, which was peculiarly mortifying to a moustached cornet of twenty, who thought himself irresistible. I began, too, to get terribly jealous of Tom Cleaveland, who, by right of his cousinship, arrived at a degree of intimacy *I* could not attain.

One morning Fane and I (who were going to dine there that evening), the Miss Aspedens, and, of course, that Tom Cleaveland, were sitting in the drawing-room at Woodlands. Fane and Florence were going it at some opera airs (what passionate emphasis that wicked fellow gave the loving Italian words as his rich voice rolled them out to her accompaniment!), the detestable Trinity-man had been discoursing away to Mary on boat-racing, outriggers, bumping, and Heaven knows what, and I was just taking the shine out of him with the description of a shipwreck I had had in the Mediterranean, when Mary, who sat working at her *broderie*, and provokingly giving just as sweet smiles to the one as to the other, interrupted me with—

"Goodness, Florie, there is Mr. Mills coming up the avenue. He is

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my cousin's admirer and admiration!" she added, mischievously, as the door opened, and a little man about forty entered.

There was all over him the essence of the country. You saw at once he had never passed a season in London. His very boots proclaimed he had never been presented; and we felt almost convulsed with laughter as he shook hands with us all round, and attempted a most *empressé* manner with Florence.

"Beautiful weather we have now," remarked Mrs. Aspeden.

"She is indeed!" answered the little squire, with a gaze of admiration at Florence.

Fane, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, looking most superbly haughty and unapproachable, shot an annihilating glance at the small man, which would have quite extinguished him had he seen it.

"The country is very pretty in June," said Mrs. Aspeden, hazarding another original remark.

"Lovely—too lovely!" echoed Mr. Mills, with a profound sigh, at which the country must have felt exceedingly flattered.

"Glorious creature your new mare is, Mr. Mills," cried the Cantab; "splendid style she took the fences in yesterday."

"Wilkins may well say she is the *belle* of the county!" continued Mr. Mills, dreamily. "I beg your pardon, what did you say? my mother took the fences well? No, she never hunts."

"Pray tell Mrs. Mills I am very much obliged for the *beautiful* azalias she sent me," interposed Florence, with her sweet smile.

"I—I am sure anything we have *you* are welcome to. I—I—allow me——" And the poor squire, stooping for Florence's thimble, upset a tiny table, on which stood a vase with the azalias in question, on the back of a little bull of a spaniel, who yelled, and barked, and flew at the squire's legs, who, for his part, became speechless from fright, reddened all over, and at last, stammering out that he wanted to see Mr. Aspeden, and would go to him in the grounds, rushed from the room.

We all burst out laughing at this climax of the poor *little* man's misery.

"I will not have you laugh at him so," said Florence, at length. "I know him to be truly good and charitable, for all his peculiarities of manner."

"It is but right Miss Aspeden should defend a *soupirant* so charming in every way," said the captain, his moustache curling contemptuously.

"Oh! Florie's made an out-and-out conquest, and no mistake!" cried Tom Cleaveland.

Florence did not heed her cousin, but looked up in Fane's face, utterly astonished at his sarcastic tones. No man could have withstood that look of those large, beautiful eyes, and Fane bent down and asked her to sing "Roberto, oh tu che adoro!"

"Yes, that will just do. Robert is his name; pity he is not here to hear it. 'Robert Mills, oh tu che adoro!'" sang the inexorable Cantab, as he walked across the room and asked Mary to have a game of billiards. For once I had the pleasure of forestalling him, but he, nevertheless, came and marked for us in a very amiable manner. "How well you play, Mary," said he. "Really, stunningly for a woman. Do you know Beauchamp of Kings won three whole pools the other day without losing a life!"

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"Indeed!" said Mary. "What good fun it is to see Mr. Mills play; he holds his queue as if he were afraid of it."

"I say, Mary," said Cleaveland, "you don't think that Florence will marry that contemptible little wretch, do you? Hang it, I should be savage if she had not better taste. There's a cannon."

"She has better taste," replied Mary, in a low tone, as Mrs. Aspeden and Fane entered the room.

I never could like Mrs. Aspeden—peace be with her now, poor woman—but there was such a want of delicacy and tact, and such open manœuvring in all she did, which surprised me, clever woman as she was.

No sooner had she approached the billiard-table that day, than she began:

"Florence was called away from her singing to a conference with her uncle, and—with somebody else, I fancy." (Fane darted a keen look of inquiry at her.) "Poor dear girl! being left so young an orphan, I have always felt such a great interest and affection for her, and I shall rejoice to see her happily settled as—as I trust there is a prospect of now," she continued.

Could she mean Florence Aspeden had engaged herself to Mr. Mills? A roguish smile on Mary's face reassured me, but Fane walked hastily to the window, and stood with folded arms looking out upon the sunny landscape.

Inveterate flirt that he was, his pride was hurt at the idea of a rival, and *such* a rival, winning in a game in which *he* deigned to have *ever* so small a stake, *ever* such a passing interest!

The dinner passed off heavily—*very* heavily—for gay Woodlands, for the gallant captain and Florence were both of them *distraits* and *gênés*, and he hardly spoke to the poor girl. Oh, wicked Fane!

We sat but little time after the ladies had retired, and Tom and Mr. Aspeden going after some horse or other, Fane and I ascended to the drawing-room alone. It was unoccupied, and we sat down to await them, I amusing myself with teaching Master Tommy, the young heir of Woodlands, some comic songs, wherewith to astonish his nurse pretty considerably, and Fane leaning back in an arm-chair with Florence's dog upon his knee in *that*, for *him*, most extraordinary thing, a "brown study."

Suddenly some voices were heard in the next room.

"Florence, it is your duty, recollect."

"Aunt, I can recollect nothing, save that it would be far, far worse than death to me to marry Mr. Mills. I hold it dread sin to marry a man for whom one can have nothing but contempt. Once for all, I cannot,—I will not."

Here the voice was broken with sobs. Fane had raised his head eagerly at the commencement of the dialogue, but now, recollecting that we were listeners, rose, and closed the door. I did not say a word on the conversation we had just heard, for I felt out of patience with him for his heartless flirtation; so, taking up a book on Italy, I looked over the engravings for a little time, and then, Tommy having been conveyed to the nursery in a state of rebellion, I reminded Fane of a promise he had once made to accompany me to Rome the next winter, and asked him if he intended to fulfil it.

"Really, my dear fellow, I cannot tell what I may possibly do next

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winter; I hate making plans for the future. We may none of us be alive then," said he, in an unusually dull strain for him; "I half fancy I may exchange into some regiment going on foreign service. But *l'homme propose*, you know. By-the-by, poor Castleton" (his elder brother) "is very ill at Brussels."

"Yes. I was extremely sorry to hear it, in a letter I had from Vivian this morning," I replied. "He is at Brussels also, and mentions a *belle* there, Lady Adeliza Fitzhowden, with whom, he says, the world is associating *your* name. Is it true, Fane?"

"Les on dit font la gazette des fous!" cried the captain, impatiently, stroking Florence's little King Charles. "I saw Lady Adeliza at Paris last January, but I would not marry her—no! not if there were no other woman upon earth! I thought, Fred, really you were too sensible to believe all the scandal raked up by that gossiping Vivian. I do hope you have not been propagating his most unfounded report?" asked my gallant friend, in quite an excited tone.

At this moment the ladies entered. Florence with her dark eyes looking very sad under their long lashes, but they soon brightened when Fane seated himself by her side, and began talking in a lower tone, and with even more *tendresse* than ever.

I had the pleasure of quite eclipsing Tom Cleaveland, I thought, as I turned over the leaves of Mary's music, and looked unutterable things, which, however, I fear were all lost, as Mary *would* look only at the notes of the piano, and I firmly believe never heard a word I said.

How Florence blushed as Fane whispered his soft good night; she looked so happy, poor girl, and he, heartless demon, talked of going into foreign service! By-the-by, what put that into his head, I wonder?

The night of our grand theatricals at length arrived, and we were all assembled in the library, converted for the time into a green-room. Mounteagle was repeating to himself, for the hundredth time, his part of *Lord Tinsel;* I, in my *Modus* dress, which I had a disagreeable idea was not becoming, was endeavouring to make an impression on the not-to-be impressed Mary, and Florence was looking lovelier than ever in her rich old-fashioned dress, when Fane entered, and bending, offered her a bouquet of rare flowers. She blushed deeply as she took it. Oh! Fane, Fane, what will you have to answer for?

We were waiting the summons for the first scene, when, to Mary's horror, I suddenly exclaimed that I could not play!

"Good Heavens! why not?" was the general inquiry.

"Why!" I said. "I never thought of it until now, but certainly *Modus* ought to appear without moustaches, and, hang it, I cannot cut mine off."

"Take my life, but spare my moustaches!" cried Mary, in tragic tones. "Certainly though, Mr. Wilmot, you are right; *Modus* ought not to be seen with the characteristic 'musk-toshes,' as nurse calls them, of an English officer. What is to be done?"

"Please, sir, will you come? Major Vaughan says the group is a going to be set for the first scene, and you are wanted, sir," was a flunkey's admonition to Fane, who went off accordingly, after advising me to add a dishevelled beard to my tenderly cared-for moustaches, which would seem as if *Modus* had entirely neglected his toilette.

There was a general rush for part books, a general cry for things that

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were not forthcoming, and a general despair on the parts of the youngest amateurs at forgetting their cues just when they were most wanted.

Fane, when he came off the stage after the first scene, leant against a pillar to watch the pretty one between *Julia* and *Helen*, so near that he must have been seen by the audience, and presented a most handsome and interesting spectacle, I dare say, for young ladies to gaze at. Fixing his eyes on Florence, whose rendering of the part was really perfect as she uttered these words, "Helen, I'm constancy!" he unconsciously muttered aloud, "I believe it!"

"So do I!" I could not help saying, "and therefore more shame to whoever wins such a heart to throw it away. 'Beneath her feet, a duke —a duke might lay his coronet!'" I quoted.

"Are you in love yourself, Fred?" laughed the captain; then, stroking his moustaches thoughtfully for some minutes, he said at last, as if with an effort, "You are right, young one, and yet——"

If I was right, what need was there for him to throw such passion into his part—what need was there for him to say with such *empressement* those words:

A willing pupil kneels to thee,
And lays his title and his fortune at thy feet?

If he intended to go into foreign service, why did he not go at once? Though I confess it seemed strange to me why Fane—the courted, the flattered, the admired Fane—should wish to leave England.

Reader, mind, the gallant captain is a desperate flirt, and I do not believe he will go into foreign service any more than I shall, but I *am* afraid he will win that poor girl's heart with far less thought than you buy your last "little darling French bonnet," and when he is tired of it will throw it away with quite as little heed. But I was not so much interested in his flirtation as to forget my own, still I was obliged to confess that Mary Aspeden did not pay me as much attention as I should have wished.

I danced the first dance with her, after the play was over—(I forgot to tell you we were very much applauded)—and Tom Cleaveland engaging her for the next, I proposed a walk through the conservatories to a sentimental young lady who was my peculiar aversion, but to whom I became extremely *dévoué*, for I thought I would try and pique Mary if I could.

The light strains of dance music floated in from the distance, and the air was laden with the scent of flowers, and many a *tête-à-tête* and *partie carrée* was arranged in that commodious conservatory.

Half hidden by an orange-tree, Florence Aspeden was leaning back in a garden-chair, close to where we stood looking out upon the beautiful night. Her fair face was flushed, and she was nervously picking some of the blossoms to pieces; before her stood Mounteagle, speaking eagerly. I was moving away to avoid being a hearer of his love-speech, as I doubted not it was, but my companion, with many young-ladyish expressions of adoration of the "sublime moonlight," begged me to stay "one moment, that she might see the dear moon emerge like a swan from that dark, beautiful cloud!" and in the pauses of her ecstatics I heard poor Mount's voice in a tone of intense entreaty.

At that moment Fane passed. He glanced at the group behind the orange-trees, and his face grew stern and cold, and his lips closed with that iron compression they always have when he is irritated. His eyes

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met Florence's, and he bowed haughtily and stiffly as he moved on, and his upright figure, with its stately head, was seen in the room beyond, high above any of those around him. A heavy sigh came through the orange boughs, and her voice whispered, "I—I am very sorry, but——"

"Oh! *do* look at the moonbeams falling on that darling little piece of water, Mr. Wilmot!" exclaimed my decidedly *moonstruck* companion.

"Is there no hope?" cried poor Mount.

"None!" And the low-whispered knell of hope came sighing over the flowers. I thought how little she guessed there was none for her. Poor Florence!

"Oh, this night! I could gaze on it for ever, though it is saddening in its sweetness, do not you think?" asked my romantic demoiselle. "Ah! what a pretty *valse* they are playing!"

"May I have the pleasure of dancing it with you?" I felt myself obliged to ask, although intensely victimised thereby, as I hate dancing, and wonder whatever idiot invented it.

Miss Chesney, considering her devotion to the moon, consented very joyfully to leave it for the pleasures (?) of a *valse à deux temps*.

As we moved away, I saw that Florence was alone, and apparently occupied with sad thoughts. She, I dare say, was grieving over Fane's cold bow, and poor Mount had rushed away somewhere with his great sorrow. Fane came into my room the next morning while I was at breakfast, having been obliged to get up at the unconscionable hour of ten, to be in time for a review we were to have that day on Layton-common for the glorification of the country around.

The gallant captain flung himself on my sofa, and, after puffing away at his cigar for some minutes, came out with, "Any commands for London? I am going to apply for leave, and I think I shall start by the express to-morrow."

"What's in the wind now?" I asked. "Is Lord Avanley unwell?"

"No; the governor's all right, thank you. I am tired of rural felicity, that is all," replied Fane. "I must stay for this review to-day, or the colonel would make no end of a row. He is a testy old boy. I rather think I shall sell out, or exchange into the Heavies."

"What in the world have you got into your head, Fane?" I asked, utterly astonished to see him diligently smoking an extinguished cigar. "I am sorry you are going to leave us. The 110th will miss you, old fellow; and what *will* the Aspedens say to losing their *preux chevalier*? By the way, speaking of them, poor Mount received his *congé* last night, I expect."

"What! are you sure? What did you say?" demanded Fane, stooping to relight his cigar.

"I told him what I had overheard in the conservatory."

"Oh! well—ah! indeed—poor fellow!" ejaculated the captain. "But there's the bugle call! I must go and get into harness."

And I followed his example, turning over in my mind, as I donned my uniform, what might possibly have induced Fane to leave Layton Rise so suddenly. Was it, at last, pity for Florence? And if it were, would not the pity come too late?

Layton Rise looked very pretty and bright under the combined influence of beauty and valour (that is the correct style, is it not?). The Aspedens came early, and drew up their carriages close to the flag-

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staff. Fane's eye-glass soon spied them from our distant corner of the field, and, as we passed before the flagstaff, he bent low to his saddle with one of those fascinating smiles which have gone deep to so many unfortunate young ladies' hearts. Again I felt angry with him, as I rode along thinking of that girl, her whole future most likely clouded for ever, and he going away to-morrow to enjoy himself about in the world, quite reckless of the heart he had broken, and—— But in the midst of my sentimentalism I was startled by hearing the sharp voice of old Townsend, our colonel, who was a bit of a martinet, asking poor Ennuyé "what he lifted his hand for?"

"There was a bee upon my nose, colonel."

"Well, sir, and if there were a whole hive of bees upon your nose, what right have you to raise your hand on parade?" stormed the colonel.

There was a universal titter, and poor Ennuyé was glad to hide his confusion in the "charge" which was sounded.

On we dashed our horses at a stretching gallop, our spurs jingling, our plumes waving in the wind, and our lances gleaming in the sunlight. Hurrah! there is no charge in the world like the resistless English dragoons'! On we went, till suddenly there was a piercing cry, and one of the carriages, in which the ponies had been most negligently left, broke from the circle and tore headlong down the common, at the bottom of which was a lake. One young lady alone was in it. It was impossible for her to pull in the excited little greys, and, unless they *were* stopped, down they would all go into it. But as soon as it was perceived, Fane had rushed from the ranks, and, digging his spurs into his horse, galloped after the carriage. Breathless we watched him. We would not follow, for we knew that he would do it, if any man could, and the sound of many in pursuit would only further exasperate the ponies. Ha! he is nearing them now. Another moment and they will be down the sloping bank into the lake. The girl gives a wild cry; Fane is straining every nerve. Bravo! well done—he has saved her! I rushed up, and arrived to find Fane supporting a half-fainting young lady, in whose soft face, as it rested on his shoulder, I recognised Florence Aspeden. Her eyes unclosed as I drew near, and, blushing, she disengaged herself from his arms. Fane bent his head over her, and murmured, "Thank God, I have saved you!" But perhaps I did not hear distinctly.

By this time all her friends had gathered round them, and Fane had consigned her to her cousin's care, and she was endeavouring to thank him, which her looks, and blushes, and smiles did most eloquently; Mr. Aspeden was shaking Fane by the hand, and what further might have happened I know not, if the colonel (very wrathful at such an unseemly interruption to his cherished manœuvres) had not shouted out, "Fall in, gentlemen—fall in! Captain Fane, fall in with your troop, sir!" We did accordingly fall in, and the review proceeded; but my friend actually made some mistakes in his evolutions, and kept his eye-glass immovably fixed on one point in the circle, and behaved altogether in a *distrait* manner—Fane, whom I used to accuse of having too much *sang froid*—whom nothing could possibly disturb—whom I never saw agitated before in the whole course of my acquaintance!

What an inexplicable fellow he is!

The review over, we joined the Aspedens, and many were the congratulations Florence had heaped upon her; but she looked *distraite*,

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too, until Fane came up, and leaning his hand on the carriage, bent down and talked to her. Their conversation went on in a low tone, and as I was busy laughing with Mary, I cannot report it, save that from the bright blushes on the one hand, and the soft whispered tones on the other, Fane was clearly at his old and favourite work of winning hearts.

"You seem quite *occupé* this morning, Mr. Wilmot," said Mary, in her winning tones. "I trust you have had no bad news—no order from the Horse Guards for the Lancers to leave off moustaches."

"No, Miss Aspeden," said Sydney; "if such a calamity as that had occurred, you would not see Wilmot here, he would never survive the loss of his moustaches—they are his first and only love!"

"And a first affection is never forgotten," added that provoking Mary, in a most melancholy voice.

"It would be a pity if it were, as it seems such a fertile source of amusement to you and Miss Aspeden," I said, angrily, to Sydney, too much of a boy then to take a joke.

"Captain Fane has an invitation for you and Mr. Sydney," said Mary, I suppose by way of *amende*. "We are going on the river, to a pic-nic at the old castle—you will come?"

The tones were irresistible, so I smoothed down my indignation and my poor moustache, and replied that I would have that pleasure, as did Sydney.

"*Bien!* good-by, then, for we must hasten home," said Mary, whipping her ponies. And off bowled the carriage with its fair occupants.

"You won't be here for this pic-nic, old fellow," I remarked to Fane, as we rode off the ground.

"Well! I don't know. I hardly think I shall go just yet. You see I had six months' leave when I was in Germany, before I came down here, and I hardly like to ask for another so soon, and——"

"It is so easy to find a reason for what one *wishes*," I added, smiling.

"Come and look at my new chesnut, will you?" said Fane, not deigning to reply to my insinuation. "I am going to run her against Stuckup of the Guards' bay colt!"

That beautiful morning in June! How well I remember it, as we dropped down the sunlit river, under the shade of the branching trees, the gentle plash of the oars mingling with the high tones and ringing laughter of our merry party, on our way to the castle pic-nic.

"How beautiful this is," I said to Mary Aspeden; "would that life could glide on calmly and peacefully as we do this morning!"

"How romantic you are becoming!" laughed Mary. "What a pity that I feel much more in a mood to fish than to sentimentalise!"

"Ah!" I replied, "with the present companionship I could be content to float on for ever."

"Hush! I beg your pardon, but *do* listen to that dear thrush," interrupted Mary, not the least disturbed, or even interested, by my pretty speeches.

I was old enough to know I was not the least in love with Mary Aspeden, but I was quite too much of a boy not to feel provoked I did not make more impression. I was a desperate puppy at that time, and she served me perfectly right. However, feeling very injured, I turned my attention to Fane, who sat talking of course to Florence, and left Mary to the attentions of her Cantab cousin.

"Miss Aspeden does not agree with you, Fred," said Fane. "She

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says life was not intended to glide on like a peaceful river; she likes the waves and storms," he added, looking down at her with very visible admiration.

"No, not for myself," replied Florence, with a sweet, sad smile. "I did not mean *that*. One storm will wreck a *woman's* happiness; but were I a man I should glory in battling with the tempest-tossed waves of life. If there be no combat there can be no fame, and the fiercer, the more terrible it is, the more renown to be the victor in the struggle!"

"You are right," answered Fane, with unusual earnestness. "That used to be *my* dream once, and I think even now I have the stuff in me for it; but then," he continued, sinking his voice, "I must have an end, an aim, and, above all, some one who will sorrow in my sorrow, and glory in my glory; who will be——"

"Quite ready for luncheon, I should think; hope you've enjoyed your boating!" cried Mr. Aspeden's hearty voice from the shore, where, having come by land, he now stood to welcome us, surrounded by a crowd of anxious mammas, wondering if the boating had achieved the desirable end of a proposal from Captain A——; hoping Mr. B——, who had nothing but his pay, had not been paying too much attention to Adelina; and that Honoria had given sufficient encouragement to Mr. C——, who, on the strength of 1000*l.* a year, and a coronet in prospect, was considered an eligible *parti* (his being a consummate scamp and inveterate gambler is nothing); and that D—— has too much "consideration for his family" to have any "serious intentions" to Miss E——, whom he is assisting to land. However, whatever proposals have been accepted or rejected, here we all were ready for luncheon, which was laid out on the grass, and Fane will be obliged to finish his speech another time, for little now is heard but *bons mots*, laughter, and champagne corks. The captain is more brilliant than ever, and I make Mary laugh if I cannot make her sigh. Luncheon over, what was to be done? See the castle, of course, as we were in duty bound, since it was what we came to do; and the *tête-à-tête* of the boats are resumed, as ladies and gentlemen ascended the grassy slopes on which the fine old ruins stood. I looked for Mary Aspeden, feeling sure that I should conquer her in time (though I did not *want* to in the least!), but she had gone off somewhere, I dare say with Tom Cleaveland; so I offered my arm to that same sentimental Miss Chesney, who had bored me into a *valse à deux temps* the night of the theatricals, and I have no doubt her mamma contemplated her as Mrs. Wilmot, of Wilmot Park, with very great gratification and security. Becoming rather tired of the young lady's hackneyed style of conversation, which consisted, as usual, of large notes of exclamation about "the *sweet* nightingales!" "the *dear* ruins!" "the *darling* flowers!" &c. &c., I managed to exchange with another sub, and strolled off by myself.

As I was leaning against an old wall in no very amiable frame of mind, consigning all young ladies to no very delightful place, and returning to my old conclusion that they were all tarlatan and coquetry, soft musical voices on the other side of the wall fell almost unconsciously on my ear.

"Oh! Florence, I am so unhappy!"

"Are you, darling? I wish I could help you. Is it about Cyril Graham?"

"Yes!" with a tremendous sigh. "I am afraid papa, and I am sure mamma, will never consent. I know poor dear Cyril is not rich, but then

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he is so clever, he will soon make himself known. But if that tiresome Fred Wilmot should propose I know they will want me to accept him." (There is one thing, I never, *never will!*) "I do snub him as much as ever I can, but he is such a puppy, I believe he thinks I am in love with him—as if Cyril were not worth twenty such as he, for all he is the owner of Wilmot Park!"

Very pleasant this was! What a fool I must have made of myself to Mary Aspeden, and how nice it was to hear oneself called "a puppy!"

"Of course, dear," resumed Florence, "as you love Cyril it is impossible for you to love any one ever again; but I do not think Mr. Wilmot a puppy. He is conceited, to be sure, but I do not believe he would be so much liked by—by those who are his friends, if he were not rather nice. Come, dear, cheer up. I am sure uncle Aspeden is too kind not to let you marry Cyril when he knows how much you love one another. *I* will talk to him, Mary dear, and bring him round, see if I do not! But—but—will you think me *very* selfish if I tell you"—(a long pause)—"he has asked me—I mean—he wishes—he told me—he says he does love me!"

"Who, darling? Let me think—Lord Athum?—Mr. Grant?"

"No, Mary—Drummond—that is, Captain Fane—he said——Oh, Mary, I am so happy!"

At this juncture it occurred suddenly to me that I was playing the part of a listener. (But may not much be forgiven a man who has heard himself called "a puppy?") So I moved away, leaving the fair Florence to her blushes and her happiness, unshared by any but her friend. Between my astonishment at Fane and my indignation at Mary, I was fairly bewildered. Fane actually had proposed! *He*, the Honourable Drummond Fane, who had always declaimed against matrimony—who had been proof-hardened against half the best matches in the country—that desperate flirt who we thought would never fall in love, to have tumbled in headlong like this!

Well, there was some satisfaction, I would chaff him delightfully about it; and I was really glad, for if Florence had given her heart to Fane, she was not the sort of girl to forget, nor he the sort of man to be forgotten, in a hurry. But in what an awfully foolish light I must have appeared to Mary Aspeden! There was one thing, she would never know I had overheard her. I would get leave, and go off somewhere—I would marry the first pretty girl I met with—she should *not* think I cared for *her*. No, I would go on flirting as if nothing had happened, and then announce, in a natural manner, that I was going into the Highlands, and then *she* would be the one to feel small, as she had made so *very* sure of my proposal. And yet, if I went away, that was the thing to please her. *Hang* it! I did not know *what* to do! My vanity was most considerably touched though my heart was not; but after cooling down a little, I saw how foolishly I should look if I behaved otherwise than quietly and naturally, and that after all *that* would be the best way to make Mary reverse her judgment.

So, when I met her again, which was not until we were going to return, I offered her my arm to the boat where Fane and his *belle fiancée* were sitting, looking most absurdly happy; and the idea of my adamantine friend being actually caught seemed so ridiculous, that it almost restored me to my good humour, which, sooth to say, the appellation of "puppy" had somewhat disturbed.

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And so the moon rose and shed her silver light over the young lady who had sentimentalised upon her, and a romantic cornet produced a concertina, and sent forth dulcet strains into the evening air, and Florence and her captain talked away in whispers, and Mary Aspeden sat with tears in her eyes, thinking, I suppose, of "Cyril," and I mused on my "puppyism;" and thus, wrapped each in our own little sphere, we floated down the river to Woodlands, and, it being late, with many a soft good night, and many a gentle "Au revoir," we parted, and Mr. Aspeden's castle pic-nic was over!

I did not see Fane the next day, except at parade, until I was dressing for mess, when he stalked into my room, and stretching himself on a sofa, said, after a pause,

"Well, old boy, I've been and gone and done it."

"Been and gone and done what?" I asked, for, by the laws of retaliation, I was bound to tease him a little.

"Confound you, what an idiot you are!" was the complimentary rejoinder. "Why, my dear fellow, the truth is, that like most of my unfortunate sex, I have at last turned into that most tortuous path called love, and surrendered myself to the machinations of beautiful woman. The long and the short of it is—I am engaged to be married!"

"Good Heavens! Fane!" I exclaimed, "what next? *You* married! Who on earth is she? I know of no heiress down here!"

"She is no heiress," said the captain; "but she is what is much better—the sweetest, dearest, most lovable——"

"Of *course!*" I said, "but no heiress! My dear Fane, you cannot mean what you say?"

"I should be sorry if I did not," was the cool reply; "and you must be more of a fool, Fred, than I took you for, if you cannot see that Florence Aspeden is worth all the heiresses upon earth, and is the embodiment of all that is lovely and winning in woman——"

"No doubt of it, tout cela saute aux yeux," I answered. "But reflect, Fane; it would be utter madness in *you* to marry anything but an heiress. Love in a cottage is not *your* style. *You* were not made for a small house, one maid-servant, and dinner——"

"Ah!" laughed Fane, "you are bringing my former nonsense against me. Some would say I was committing worse folly now, but believe me, Fred, the folly even of the heart is better than the calculating wisdom of the world. I do not hesitate to say that if Florence had fortune I should prefer it, for such a *vaurien* as I was made to spend money; but as she has not, I love her too dearly to think about it, and my father, I have no doubt, will soon get me my majority, and we shall get on stunningly. So marry for *love*, Fred, if you take my advice."

"A *rather* different opinion to that which you inculcated so strenuously a month ago," I observed, smiling; "but let me congratulate you, old fellow, with all my heart. 'Pon my word I am very glad, for I always felt afraid you would, like Morvillier's *garçon*, resist all the attractions of a woman until the 'cent mille écus,' and then, without hesitation, declare, 'J'épouse.' But you were too good to be spoilt."

"As for my goodness, there's not much of *that*," replied Fane; "I am afraid I am much better off than I deserve. I wrote to the governor last night: dear old boy! he will do anything *I* ask him. By-the-by, Mary will be married soon too. I hope you are not *épris* in that quarter,

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Fred?—pray do not faint if you are. *My* Florence, who can do anything she likes with anybody (do you think any one *could* be angry with *her?*) coaxed old Aspeden into consenting to Mary's marriage with a fellow she really is in love with—Graham, a barrister. I think she would have had more difficulty with the lady-mother, if a letter had not most opportunely come from Graham this morning, announcing the agreeable fact that he had had lots of tin left him unexpectedly. I wish somebody would do the same by me. And so this Graham will fly down on the wings of love — represented in these days by the express train—to-morrow evening."

"And how about the foreign service, Fane?" I could not help asking. "And do you intend going to London to-morrow?"

"I made those two resolutions under very different circumstances to the *present*, my dear fellow," laughed Fane: "the first, when I determined to cut away from Florence altogether, as the only chance of forgetting her; and the second, when I thought poor Mount was an accepted lover, and I confess that I did not feel to have stoicism enough to witness his happiness. But how absurd it seems that *I* should have fallen in love," continued he; "*I*, that defied the charms of all the Venuses upon earth—the last person any one would have taken for a marrying man. I am considerably astonished myself! But I suppose love is like the hooping-cough, one must have it some time or other." And with these words the gallant captain raised himself from the sofa, lighted a cigar, and, strolling out of the room, mounted his horse for Woodlands, where he was engaged of course to dinner that evening.

And now, gentle reader, what more is there to tell? I fear as it is I have written too "much about nothing," and as thou hast, I doubt not, a fine imagination, what need to tell how Lord Avanley and Mr. Aspeden arranged matters, not like the cross papas in books and dramas, but amicably, as gentlemen should; how merrily the bells pealed for the double wedding; how I, as *garçon d'honneur*, flirted with the bridesmaids to my heart's content; how Fane is my friend, *par excellence*, still, and how his love is all the stronger for having "come late," he says. How all the young ladies hated Florence, and all the mammas and chaperones blessed her for having carried off the "fascinating younger son," until his brother Lord Castleton dying at the baths, Fane succeeded of course to the title; how she is, if possible, even more charming as Lady Castleton than as Florence Aspeden, and how they were *really* heart-happy until the Crimean campaign separated them; and how she turns her beautiful eyes ever to the East and heeds not, save to repulse, the crowd of admirers who seek to render her forgetful of her soldier-husband.

True wife as she is, may he live to come back with laurels hardly won, still to hold her his dearest treasure.

May 1, 1856.—Fane *has* come back all safe. I hope, dear reader, you are as glad as I am. He has distinguished himself stunningly, and is now lieutenant-colonel of the dear old 110th. You have gloried in the charge of ours at Balaklava, but as I have not whispered to you my name, you cannot possibly divine that a rascally Russian gave me a cut on the sword-arm that very day in question, which laid me *hors de combat*, but got me my majority.

Well may I, as well as Fane, bless the remembrance of Layton Rise, for if I had never made the acquaintance of Mary Aspeden—I mean

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Graham—I might never have known her *belle-sœur* (who is now shaking her head at me for writing about her), and whom, either through my interesting appearance when I returned home on the sick-list, and my manifold Crimean adventures, or through the usual perversity of women, who will fall always in love with scamps who do not deserve half their goodness—(Edith, you shall *not* look over my shoulder)—I prevailed on to accept my noble self and Lancer uniform, with the "*puppyism*" shaken pretty well out of it! And so here we are *very happy of course.*—"As yet," suggests Edith.

Ah! Fane and I little knew—poor unhappy wretches that we were—what our fate was preparing for us when it led us discontented *blasés* and *ennuyés* down to our Country Quarters!

NAPOLEON BALLADS.—No. V.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND JACOBITES."

THE SCHOOLBOY KING.

A Scene at Brienne.

LE PÈRE PETRAULT shut Virgil up
Just as the clock struck ten:
"This little Bonaparte," he said,
"Is one of Plutarch's men.
To see him with his massive head,
Gripped mouth, and swelling brow,
Wrestle with Euclid—there he sat
Not half an hour from now."

The good old pedagogue his book
Put slowly in its place:
"That Corsican," he said, "has eyes
Like burning-glasses; race
Italian, as his mother said;
Barred up from friend and foe,
He toils all night, inflexible,
Forging it blow by blow.

"I know his trick of thought, the way
He covers up his mouth:
One hand like this, the other clenched—
Those eyes of the hot South.
The little Cæsar, how he strides,
Sleep-walking in the sun,
Only awaking at the roar
Of the meridian gun.

"I watched him underneath my book
That day he sprung the mine,
For when the earth-wall rocked and reeled,
His eyes were all ashine;
And when it slowly toppled down,
He leaped up on the heap
With fiery haste—just as a wolf
Would spring upon a sheep.

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"Pichegru, Napoleon's monitor,
Tells me he's dull and calm,
Tenacious, firm, submissive—yes,
Our chain is on his arm.
Volcanic natures, such as his,
I dread;—may God direct
This boy to good—the evil quell—
His better will direct.

"Here is his Euclid book—the ink
Still wet upon the rings;
These are the talismans some day
He'll use to fetter kings.
To train a genius like this lad
I've prayed for years—for years;
But now I know not whether hopes
Are not half choked by fears.

"Last Monday, when they built that fort
With bastions of snow,
The ditch, and spur, and ravelin,
And terraced row on row,
'Twas Bonaparte who cut the trench,
Who shaped the line of sap,—
A year or two, and he will be
First in war's bloody gap.

"I see him now upon the hill,
His hands behind his back,
Waving the tricolor that led
The vanguard of attack;
And there, upon the trampled earth,
The ruins of the fort,
This Bonaparte, the schoolboy king,
Held his victorious court.

"To see him give the shouting crowd
His little hand to kiss,
You'd think him never meant by God
For any lot but this.
And then with loud exulting cheers,
Upon their shoulders borne,
He rode with buried Cæsar's pride,
And Alexander's scorn.

"Ah! I remember, too, the day
The fire-balloon went up;
It burnt away into a star
Ere I went off to sup;
But he stood weeping there alone
Until the dark night came,
To think he had not wings to fly
And catch the passing flame.

"Oh he is meant for mighty things,
This leader of my class;—
But there's the bell that rings for me,
So let the matter pass.
You see that third-floor window lit,
The blind drawn half-way down;
That's Bonaparte's—he's at it now—
It makes the dunces frown."

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GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS.*

As might be expected, and even more than might be expected, M. Guizot's Memoirs are distinguished by vigour, solidity, moderation, sagacious reflection, and statesmanlike views both broad and deep, at once practical and philosophic. But what specially distinguishes them from almost all other French Memoirs—a distinction, however, which, from the character of the man and the author, was also to be expected—is the sustained dignity of their tone, the comparatively austere self-respect, their singular freedom from that fussy vanity, and fidgety self-importance, and obtrusive, incontinent, ever-uppermost egotism, by which the reading of *Mémoires* in general is made alternately an amusement and an affliction. Those, indeed, who crave the stimulant of much personal talk, and demand details about the writer's infancy, education, love passages, household arrangements, kitchen economics, and so forth, will do well to give M. Guizot the go-by: there is little in common between him and them. He writes no delicate Confidences, after Lamartine's model. Nor are his Memoirs dated *d'outre tombe*. There is no romance about them, no sentimentalism, no morbid taint of misanthropy, or world-weary and world-wearying affectation. They are not called simply Memoirs, and no more; but, Memoirs "to illustrate the History of My Time." Not that M. Guizot undertakes to write the history of the time; but he relates what he did, saw, and thought himself, in the general course of events. And most characteristic is his reticence—noway designed, or assumed—when his narrative bears on scenes and events which, from other pens, would elicit a profusion of "fine writing," and personal impressions. Take his first introduction to Louis XVIII., for instance: "I have no turn for the minute and settled parade of such interviews," he says. Nor any disposition to tickle the palate, much less to stuff to satiety the greedy maw, of those who *have*. So again, when alluding to his awaiting in suspense the issue of the struggle between Napoleon and Europe, and the "complicated vexations" he then hourly felt, "I shall not linger here to describe them," he says; "nothing is more repugnant to my nature than to volunteer a display of my own feelings." Every book he has written, if not every speech he has made, bears witness to the same effect.

Of his private life, then, M. Guizot tells us next to nothing. He publishes his Memoirs while he is still here to answer for what he writes—not prompted to this, he avers, by the weariness of inaction, or by any desire to reopen a limited field for old contentions. "I have struggled much and ardently during my life; age and retirement, as far as my own feelings are concerned, have expanded their peaceful influence over the past. From a sky profoundly serene, I look back towards an horizon pregnant with many storms. I have deeply probed my own heart, and I cannot find there any feeling which envenoms my recollections. The absence of gall permits extreme candour. Personality alters or de-

* Memoirs to illustrate the History of My Time. By F. Guizot. Vol. I. London: Bentley. 1858.

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teriorates truth. Being desirous to speak of my own life, and of the times in which I have lived, I prefer doing so on the brink, rather than from the depths of the tomb. This appears to me more dignified as regards myself, while, with reference to others, it will lead me to be more scrupulous in my words and opinions. If objections arise, which I can hardly hope to escape, at least it shall not be said that I was unwilling to hear them, and that I have removed myself from the responsibility of what I have done." The day of history, he adds elsewhere, has not yet arrived for us—of complete, free, and unreserved history, either as relates to facts or men. On no such ambitious work does he venture—on nothing parallel to the historical annals of Thucydides, Xenophon, Sallust, Cæsar, Tacitus, Machiavelli, and Clarendon. But his own political history; what he has thought, felt, and wished in his connexion with public affairs; the thoughts, feelings, and wishes of his political friends and associates, their minds and his reflected in their actions,—on these points he can speak clearly, and on these he is most desirous to record his sentiments, that he may be, if not always approved, at least correctly known and understood.

The first volume of his Memoirs is divided into eight chapters, which treat severally of France before the Restoration (1807—1814, at which latter date M. Guizot's public life commenced), the Restoration itself, the Hundred Days, the Chamber of 1815, the Government of the Centre (1816—1821), the Government of the Right-hand party, headed by M. de Villèle (1822—1827), the author's career and tactics in Opposition (1820—1829), and the Address of the Two Hundred and Twenty-One (1830). It was to speak in favour of this remonstrance with Charles X., that M. Guizot, new to the Chamber, ascended the tribune for the first time; and M. Berryer at the same time made *his* début, on the Ministerial side. The Address was presented by a deputation of forty-six members; and his account of its reception gives our author an occasion for introducing one of those descriptive touches, of a personal kind, which are so rarely to be found in these pages. The forty-six waited some time in the Salon de la Paix, till the King should return from mass. They stood there in silence; opposite to them, in the recesses of the windows, were the King's pages and some members of the royal household, inattentive and almost intentionally rude. The Dauphiness (Duchess of Angoulême) crossed the saloon in her way to the chapel, rapidly and without noticing them. Upon which "oversight," voluntary or otherwise, M. Guizot remarks, that she might have been much colder still before he, as one of the slighted deputies, could have felt he had any right either to be surprised or indignant at her demeanour: there are crimes whose remembrance silences all other thoughts, and misfortunes before which we bow with a respect almost resembling repentance, as if we ourselves had been the author of them.

Another instance of this kind of byway observation, so seldom indulged, occurs in the account of his Majesty's demeanour in opening the session of 1830—which was, "as usual, noble and benevolent, but mingled with restrained agitation and embarrassment. He read his speech mildly, although with some precipitation, as if anxious to finish; and when he came to the sentence which, under a modified form, contained a royal menace, he accentuated it with more affectation than

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energy. As he placed his hand upon the passage, his hat fell; the Duke d'Orléans raised and presented it to him, respectfully bending his knee." One other specimen, of an earlier date, and relating to quite another potentate, will nearly exhaust the sum total of ana. During the Hundred Days, Napoleon was fain to accept the homage and services of the so-called Confederates, of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Some days after these gentry had wearied the Emperor with a prolix address, M. Guizot happened to pass through the garden of the Tuileries. "A hundred of these Federates, shabby enough in appearance, had assembled under one of the balconies of the palace, shouting, '*Long live the Emperor!*' and trying to induce him to show himself. It was long before he complied; but at length a window opened, the Emperor came forward, and waved his hand to them; but almost instantly the window was re-closed, and I distinctly saw Napoleon retire, shrugging his shoulders; vexed, no doubt, at being obliged to lend himself to demonstrations so repugnant in their nature, and so unsatisfactory in their limited extent." Many readers may wish that M. Guizot had been less chary of such crumbs of anecdotage. Let them keep in mind that if anecdotage is not his forte, neither is it his faiblesse. And this volume is a clear demonstration of the fact, that a man's Memoirs may be replete with interest, unquestionable and unabating, without having recourse to the trifles light as air, and gossipy morsels, and piquant personalities, which are so commonly in request among writings in this department.

When the Government of the Centre began, the ministerial majority was formed from two different although at that time closely-united elements—the Centre, properly called the grand army of power, and the very limited staff of that army, who soon received the title of *doctrinarians*. Every one will be curious to examine M. Guizot's account of the latter party, with which his own career has been so intimately connected. Of the Centre he says, that it has been misunderstood and calumniated, when servility and a rabid desire for place have been named as its leading characteristics: their ruling idea he declares to have been, the necessity of established government for society, after so many revolutions; "citizen Tories," is what he calls these persevering supporters of Government; while their defamers are dismissed by him as weak politicians and shallow philosophers, who neither understand the essential interests of society, nor the moral instincts of the soul. As for the heavily-attacked *doctrinarians*—his endeavour is rather to explain than defend them. It was neither intelligence, he says, nor talent, nor moral dignity —qualities which their acknowledged enemies have scarcely denied them —that established their original character and political importance. Their peculiar characteristic, and the real source of their importance in spite of their limited numbers, was that they maintained, against revolutionary principles and ideas, ideas and principles contrary to those of the old enemies of the Revolution, and with which they opposed it, not to destroy but to reform and purify it in the name of justice and truth. While frankly adopting the new state of French society, they undertook to establish a government on rational foundations, but totally opposed to the theories in the name of which the old system had been overthrown, or the incoherent principles which some endeavoured to conjure up for its construction. It was to a mixture of philosophical sentiment and poli-

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tical moderation, a rational respect for opposing rights and facts, to principles equally new and conservative, anti-revolutionary without being retrograde, and modest in fact although sometimes haughty in expression, that the doctrinarians, as here defined and "explained," owed their importance as well as their name. Accordingly they found points of contact with the two opposing parties. In 1816 their co-operation was felt to be necessary by the Cabinet, already standing between two fires. They acquired their parliamentary influence and moral weight by principles and eloquence, however, rather than by deeds—maintaining their opinions without applying them to practice—for the flag of thought and the standard of action were in different hands. The degree of that influence is illustrated by an answer made by the Duke de Richelieu, in 1818, to some one who asked a trifling favour of the Minister. "It is impossible," replied the Duke, sharply; "MM. Royer-Collard, De Serre, Camille Jordan, and Guizot, will not suffer it." M. Guizot sees no reason to complain that his name was included in this ebullition. Although not a member of the Chamber, he openly adopted the opinions and conduct of his friends—having both the opportunity and the means, in the discussions of the Council of State (in which body he filled the office of Master of Requests), in the drawing-room, and through the press—channels which all parties employed with ardour and effect. The doctrinarians at that period represented the power of philosophic deduction, and employed it fearlessly against the spirit of revolution, as well as in favour of the constitutional system. It is admitted that, in their relations with power, they were sometimes intemperate and offensive in language, unnecessarily impatient, not knowing how to be contented with what was possible, or how to wait for amelioration without too visible an effort. "In the Chambers, they were too exclusive and pugnacious, more intent on proving their opinions than on gaining converts, despising rather than desiring recruits, and little gifted with the talent of attraction and combination so essential to the leaders of a party."* The English reader will perhaps be reminded of certain leaders of the Peelites, as that party at present exists within the walls of St. Stephen's.

The Centre, in its governing mission, says M. Guizot, had considerable advantages; it suffered neither from moral embarrassments nor external clogs, it was perfectly free and unshackled—essential qualifications in a great public career, and which at that time—the opening years of the Restoration—belonged neither to the Right nor to the Left-hand party. The Right had only accepted the Charter after strenuous resistance, and a conspicuous and energetic section of this party still persisted in opposing it. The Left represented the interests and sentiments not of France in general, but of that portion of France which had ardently supported the Revolution, under its republican or imperial form—cherishing against the House of Bourbon and the Restoration an old habit of hostility, which the Hundred Days had revived, and which the most rational of the party could scarcely throw off, the most skilful with difficulty concealed, and the gravest considered it a point of honour to display as a protest and corner-stone. The Cabinet of M. Decazes, succeeding to that of the Duke de Richelieu, had to contend against the

* Cf. pp. 151 sq., 188, 190-5, 199, 200 sq., 212, 302-3, 310.

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Right-hand party more irritated than ever, and the Left evidently inimical, although through decency it lent to Government a precarious support—suddenly turning round, however, and attacking the Ministry with eager malevolence, when an opportunity offered. The doctrinarians, who, in co-operation with M. Decazes, had defended the law of elections, energetically supported him and his Cabinet, in which they were brilliantly represented by M. de Serre. In December, 1821, M. de Villèle became the head of affairs—thanks to the qualities he had displayed and the importance he had acquired in the Chambers, as leader of his party, which he brought in with himself. The opposition to his Government comprised three sections united against it, but differing materially in their views and in their means of hostility. M. de La Fayette and M. Manuel acknowledged and directed the conspiracies. Without ignoring them, General Foy, M. Benjamin Constant, and M. Casimir Perrier, disapproved of their proceedings, and declined association. M. Royer-Collard and his friends were absolutely unacquainted with them, and stood entirely aloof. As long as he had M. de Chateaubriand for an ally, M. de Villèle had only to encounter, as adversaries within his own camp, the ultra-royalists of the extreme Right, M. de la Bourdonnaye, M. Delalot, and a few others, whom the old counter-revolutionary spirit, intractable passions, ambitious discontent, or habits of grumbling independence kept in a perpetual state of irritation against a power, moderate without ascendancy, and clever without greatness. But when M. de Chateaubriand (insultingly dismissed from office in June, 1824) and the *Journal des Débats* threw themselves into the combat, there was then seen to muster round them an army of anti-ministerialists of every origin and character, composed of royalists and liberals, of old and young France, of the popular and aristocratic throng.*

In this manner M. Guizot traces the varying position of parties, from the rise of the Richelieu to the fall of the Polignac Ministry. His estimate of the latter will be read with deep interest. He discusses with equal animation and calmness—for with him the two qualities are not incompatible—the unhappy policy of 1830. In a moment of extreme danger, he argues, a nation may accept an isolated *coup d'état* as a necessity, but cannot, without dishonour and decline, admit the principle of such measures as the permanent basis of its public rights and government. "Now this was precisely what M. de Polignac and his friends pretended to impose on France. According to them, the absolute power of the old Royalty remained always at the bottom of the Charter; and to expand and display this absolute power, they selected a moment when no active plot, no visible danger, no great public disturbance, threatened either the Government of the King or the order of the State. The sole question at issue was, whether the Crown could, in the selection and maintenance of its advisers, hold itself entirely independent of the majority in the Chambers, or the country; and whether, in conclusion, after so many constitutional experiments, the sole governing power was to be concentrated in the Royal Will. The formation of the Polignac Ministry had been, on the part of the King, Charles X., an obstinate idea even more than a cry of alarm, an aggressive challenge as much as an act of

* Cf. pp. 195 sqq., 205, 211-12, 213, 224, 228, 259.

suspicion." The position Charles thus assumed was, accordingly, one of defiance rather than defence. In May, the Chancellor, M. Courvoisier, together with another of the most moderate members of the Cabinet, resigned his seat in the Council; and before doing so, he happened—as we find in a letter of his to M. Guizot—to be in conversation with M. Pozzo di Borgo on the perils of the monarchy, and was asked by the latter what means there were of opening the King's eyes, and of drawing him from a system which might once again overturn Europe and France? —"I see but one," replied the Chancellor, "and that is a letter from the hand of the Emperor of Russia." "He shall write it," rejoined the *diplomatist*; "he shall write it from Warsaw, whither he is about to repair." M. Guizot "much doubts" whether the Emperor Nicholas ever wrote himself to the King, Charles X. But he adds, that what the Imperial ambassador at Paris had said to the Chancellor of France, Nicholas himself repeated to the Duke de Montemart, then French ambassador at St. Petersburg: "If they deviate from the Charter, they will lead direct to a catastrophe; if the King attempts a *coup d'état*, the responsibility will rest on himself alone."

On the last page of this volume we read that the Russian ambassador, Count Pozzo di Borgo, had an audience of the King, a few days before the Decrees of July. "He found him seated before his desk, with his eyes fixed on the Charter, opened at Article 14. Charles X. read and re-read that article, seeking with honest inquietude the *interpretation* he wanted to find there. In such cases we always discover what we are in search of; and the King's conversation, although indirect and uncertain, left little doubt on the ambassador's mind as to the measures in preparation." And at this exciting crisis the present *livraison* of the Memoirs breaks off—leaving the reader with an excellent appetite for more, and with the hungry hope that it will soon be ready. We must not forget to observe that Mr. Cole, the translator, knows well how to serve up a French dish on an English table—few better.

The volume is rich in political portraiture—sometimes *elaborately* finished, never slovenly, or reckless, or tawdry. Royer-Collard is there, in bold relief—characterised as eminently liberal, highly cultivated, brilliantly imaginative—a spiritualist in philosophy and a royalist in politics —the prevailing desire of his unobtrusive life being, to restore independence of mind to man, and right to government. Fontanes is there— earnest in philosophic inquiry, but passive in political action; disposed to be satisfied with tranquil life, in the unshackled indulgence of thought and speech. Lainé, whose gloomy exterior belied a warm and sympathetic heart; Maine-Biran, scrupulously conscientious, unconnected with party or intrigue; l'Abbé de Montesquiou, open, frank, immovably faithful to the Royalist cause, but perpetually recurring to the traditions and tendencies of the old system, and endeavouring to carry his listeners with him by shallow subtleties and weak arguments, which were sometimes retorted on himself; Blacas, moderate through coldness of temperament, and remaining at the Tuileries what he had been at Hartwell, a country gentleman, an emigrant, a courtier, and a steady and courageous favourite, not deficient in personal dignity or domestic tact, but with no political genius, no ambition, no statesmanlike activity, and almost as entirely a stranger to France as before his return. Then again we have the Baron Louis, than whom M. Guizot declares himself never to have met

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with any one more completely a public servant, or more passionately devoted to the public interest; M. de la Bourdonnaye, energetic, enthusiastic, independent, with great political tact as a partisan, and a frank and impassioned roughness, which occasionally soared to eloquence; M. de Marbois, one of those upright and well-informed men, but at the same time neither quick-sighted nor commanding, who assist power by opinion rather than force; M. Decazes, a stranger to all party antipathies, penetrating, fearless, as prompt in benevolence as in duty; Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, endowed with a powerful, original, and straightforward mind, with no great combination of ideas, but passionately wedded to those which emanated from himself, and advocating them at the tribune with the manly solemnity and disciplined feeling of an experienced warrior, at once a sincere patriot and royalist; the Duke de Richelieu—rare example of a statesman, who, without great actions or superior abilities, achieved universal and undisputed respect, by the uprightness of his character and the unselfish tenor of his life; M. de Villèle—the distinctive feature of whose career was, that he became minister as a partisan, and retained that character in his official position, while at the same time endeavouring to establish, among his supporters, general principles of government in preference to the spirit of party—holding power for six years, and saving his followers, during that period, from the extreme mistakes which, after his secession, led rapidly to their ruin; the Abbé Frayssinous, sensible and moderate, prudent and dignified; Count de Montlosier, the so-called "feudal publicist," in whom the early French spirit reappeared, free, while respectful towards the Church, and as jealous for the laical independence of the State and Crown, as it was possible for a member of the Imperial State Council to show himself—though no one could be less a philosopher of the eighteenth century, or a liberal of the nineteenth; M. de Martignac, easy, amiable, generous—of a just, quick, cultivated mind—and gifted with natural, persuasive, clear, and graceful eloquence*—faithful to his cause and his friends, but destitute of that simple, fervent, and persevering energy, that insatiable desire and determination to succeed, which rises before obstacles and under defeats, and often controls wills without absolutely converting opinions—on his own account, more honest and epicurean than ambitious, holding more to duty and pleasure than power. Such are some of the public men brought before us in these Memoirs.† For the larger portraits, of still more prominent statesmen—Talleyrand, for example, and Chateaubriand, and La Fayette—we must refer to the original—whither, beyond doubt, a goodly concourse will throng to study them, fresh from the master's brush. To the original, also, we must refer the reader for many an interesting passage illustrative of the author's experiences as littérateur and lecturer—not overlooking one or two charming fragments of what we may call personal picturesque, especially the description of his retirement at the Maisonette, Madame de Condorcet's country house, near Meulan, with which the seventh chapter, entitled "My Opposition," so gracefully and refreshingly opens. We would further direct attention to the Historic Documents at the end of the volume, as well worth a careful perusal.

* "I have heard M. Dupont de l'Eure whisper gently from his place, while listening to him, 'Be silent, Siren!'" (Guizot, p. 317.)

† See pp. 17, 21, 38 sq., 43, 113, 119, 135, 137, 166 sq., 203, 214, 229, 250, 264, 271, 317, 334, &c.

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GLIMPSES OF HAREM LIFE.

Madame la Princesse Belgiojoso is certainly a very bold lady; not from the mere fact that during the Russian war she wandered about, an unprotected female, through Asia Minor and Syria, winning the hearts of impracticable Arab sheiks, *à la* Lady Hester Stanhope, but because, in the book she has put forth of her wanderings,* she has made a deliberate attempt to destroy that halo of romance which we have all striven to keep up about the fabled East. In our hearts, any of us who had visited Turkey and seen with our own eyes the present state of the domestic institutions, perfectly agreed in the opinion the lady has formed, but we had not the courage to express it. After all, there is something peculiarly fascinating in the idea of dark-eyed houris, and all the sensual charms the Muhammadan paradise contains, of which the foretaste the true believers enjoy here is but of the earth, earthy; but even the last lingering trace of this sentiment Madame la Princesse sets strenuously about effacing. Just as with Peter Bell,

> The primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more;

so the princess persists in regarding henna as a *dye, and rouge* and blanc as the foundation of Turkish beauty. She even goes further: she strips off every external attribute which should distinguish the feminine sex, and bids us regard woman in Turkey as a mere toy for man, a being peculiarly adapted to please his fancy, but perfectly unable to play the more elevated part of a wife. But why should we delay with our own prosy remarks, when we have so much piquant matter in store for our readers, from which they can form their own opinion without reference to ours? We propose, then, to treat more especially with those parts of the lady's book which refer to harem life; not that the rest is not equally amusing, but because it is not so novel. In fact, who could write anything new about Asia Minor and Syria, as regards the scenery and country?

The princess had been residing for some time in the valley of the Ciaq-maq-Oglou (Son of the Flint-stone) at some days' distance from the important town of Angora, when, apparently, a great lady's fantasy assailed her, and urged her to travel to Jerusalem. She set out, in consequence, accompanied by a numerous escort, and the first day's journey terminated at the town of Tcherkess, where the lady descended at the house of a mufti, whom she had cured some months previously of intermittent fever. (It seems that she has been playing the Lady Bountiful on a considerable scale.) Here, of course, she was received with open arms, and takes occasion to speak very sensibly about Turkish hospitality, on which subject considerable delusions still exist. As she truly observes, those authors who have praised the hospitality accorded them in Turcoman villages are perfectly wrong, for in those villages the worst recep-

* Asie Mineure et Syrie: Souvenirs de Voyage. Par Madame la Princesse de Belgiojoso. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1858.

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tion is offered you. But with a Turk hospitality is the sole Christian virtue he thinks himself bound to exercise. A Mussulman would be inconsolable were he to fail in the laws of hospitality. You may turn him out of his house, leave him to kick his heels in the rain or sun; you may upset his carpets and pillows, eat him out of house and home, founder his horses if you will, and he will not utter a word of reproach; he regards you as his Muzafir, or guest; Allah has sent you, and whatever you may do, you are and ever will be welcome. All this is admirable: but if a Mussulman can contrive to perform the strict letter of the law of hospitality without the outlay of a farthing, or even by gaining money in return, then good-by to virtue, and long live hypocrisy! Your host will overwhelm you with attentions as long as you are in his house; but if, on your departure, you do not pay him twentyfold the worth of what he has given you, he will wait till you have quitted the house and put off the sacred character of guest, and be the first to throw stones at you.

The mufti's house, like all the better class residences in this country, was composed of a *corps de logis*, reserved for the women and children, and an exterior pavilion containing a winter and summer room, and some sleeping dens for the servants. The winter room was warmed by a capital chimney, covered with thick carpets, and decently furnished with divans, covered with silk and woollen stuffs, arranged around the apartment. The summer saloon contained a fountain, round which cushions and divans were arranged, when necessary, on which to sit or sleep. The mufti, a man of ninety years of age, still in possession of several wives, the eldest of them thirty years of age, and children from the nurses' arms up to the sexagenarian, professed an extreme dislike for the noise, confusion, and dirt of the harem. He went there during the day, just as he visited the stable to admire his horses; but he always slept in one of the outer rooms, according to the season. This was fortunate for the princess, for the old gentleman argued, *à fortiori*, that if he who had been used to it all his life could not stand the harem, much less could a lady fresh from all the delights of Franghistan. He therefore offered her his own room, which she gladly accepted, while he retired to the summer saloon, preferring the frozen fountain, the damp floor, and the draughts of air, to the warm but impure atmosphere of the harem.

Possibly I may destroy some illusions by speaking with so little respect of the harems. We have read descriptions in the Arabian Nights and other Oriental stories: we have been told that these places are the abode of beauty and love: we are authorised in believing that the descriptions written, though exaggerated and embellished, have still a foundation of truth, and that in these mysterious retreats all the marvels of art, luxury, magnificence, and voluptuousness are combined. How far we are from the truth! Imagine walls blackened and cracked, ceilings with the beams gaping and covered with dust and spiders' webs, sofas torn and greasy, *portières* in tatters, traces of tallow and oil everywhere. When I entered for the first time one of these charming places I was disgusted, but the mistresses of the house did not perceive it. Mirrors being very scarce in these countries, the ladies bedizen themselves in the strangest possible guise. They thrust a number of bejewelled pins into printed cotton handkerchiefs and then roll them round their heads. They pay not the slightest attention to their hair, and only the very great ladies who have visited the capital possess combs. As for the many-coloured paints, of which they make an immoderate use, they can only regulate their distribution by mutual assistance,

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and as the women living in the same house are so many rivals, the great object is to render them ridiculous. They put vermilion on their lips, rouge on their cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, white wherever there is a vacancy, and blue round their eyes and under their nose. Stranger still is the manner in which they paint their eyebrows. They are doubtlessly told that, to be beautiful, the eyebrow should form a large arch, and they have thence concluded that the larger the arch the more beautiful is the eyebrow, without inquiring whether its position is not irrevocably fixed by nature. This being the case, they allow their eyebrows all the space between the temples, and paint on their foreheads two immense arches, which, starting from the top of the nose, run across the forehead. Some young eccentric beauties prefer a straight line to a curve, and trace a broad black band across the forehead; but these are exceptions.

A deplorable effect is produced by this painting, combined with the indolence and want of cleanliness among Eastern women. Each feminine face is a very complicated work of art, which cannot be renewed every morning. Even the hands and feet, painted of an orange colour, fear the action of water, as injurious to their beauty. The multitude of children and servants, especially negresses, who people the harems, and the footing of equality on which mistresses and servants live, are also aggravating causes of the general want of cleanliness. We do not refer to the children alone as predisposing causes of dirt; but just imagine for a moment what would be the state of our drawing-rooms if our cooks and kitchen-maids came to rest from their labours on our sofas and easy-chairs, with their feet on our carpets and their backs against our walls. Add to this that window-panes are still a rarity in Asia, that the majority of windows are closed with oiled paper, and that wherever paper is valuable the windows are done away with, and the ladies content themselves with the light penetrating through the chimney, which is more than sufficient to smoke, drink coffee, and whip naughty children—the only occupation in which the mortal houris of Mussulman believers ever indulge. It must not be assumed, however, that these rooms are so very gloomy. As the houses are never more than one story high, the chimneys never extend beyond the roof, and, being very wide, it is often possible, by bending, to see the sky above them. The thing most wanting in these rooms is fresh air; but the ladies make no complaints about it. Naturally chilly, and unable to warm themselves by exercise, they stay for hours crouching over the fire, quite regardless of the risk they run of suffocation.

The Mufti of Tcherkess, according to the princess, was an admirable specimen of a Mussulman. He did not appear more than sixty years of age; his back was slightly bent, but that was rather the result of condescension than of weakness, and he wore with as much grace as nobility the long white robe and red pelisse of the doctors of the law. His regular features, his clear and transparent skin, his blue and limpid eye, his long white and flowing beard falling to his chest, his broad brow surmounted by a white or green turban, would serve admirably for a model of Jacob or Abraham. The house was at all times surrounded by devotees of every age and condition, who came to kiss the hem of the holy man's garment, asking his advice, his prayers, or his alms, and who all went away satisfied, and singing the praises of their benefactor. When surrounded by his younger children, who climbed on his knees, hid their ruddy faces in his long beard, and fell asleep in his arms, it was a charming sight to witness him smile on them tenderly, listen to their

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little complaints, exhort them to study, and go through the alphabet with them. The princess was lost in admiration of this just man, and said to herself, "Happy the people that still possesses such men, and can appreciate them!" A conversation she had with the mufti rapidly disillusionised her, however, and we purpose to produce it *in extenso*, as a proof of the just stand-point from which the princess regards Eastern habits and morals:

The old man was seated, holding a young child on either knee. I asked him if he had several wives. He replied, "I have only two at present," as if ashamed to be so badly provided; then he added, "You will see them to-morrow, and will not be satisfied with them (here he made a movement of disdain); they are old women who have been beautiful, but it was a long time ago."

"What age are they?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you, exactly; but they are not far short of thirty."

"Oh yes!" here exclaimed one of the mufti's servants. "His excellency is not the man to content himself with such females, and he will soon fill up the gaps which death has made in his harem. If you had come a year ago you would have seen a woman suited for his excellency, but she being dead, he will find others, you need not fear."

"But," I asked again, "as his excellency is no longer young, and has had, as it seems, several young wives always, and only regards them as such to the age of thirty, I calculate that during the course of his long life he must have received a very considerable number into his harem."

"Probably," said the holy man, without any emotion.

"And your excellency has, doubtless, many children?"

The patriarch and his servant looked at each other and burst into a loud laugh.

"Many children?" replied the master, when the fit of mirth had passed off, "I really believe I have; but I could not tell you the number. Say, Hassan," he added, addressing his servant, "could you tell me how many children I have, or where they are?"

"Indeed not. His excellency has them in all the provinces of the empire, and in all the districts of each province; but that is all I know, and I would bet that my master is not wiser than I am on that point."

"And how should I be?" said the old gentleman.

I insisted, for my patriarch was losing my esteem rapidly, and I wished to open his whole heart. "These children," I continued, "how are they brought up? who takes care of them? at what age are they separated from their father? where are they sent? what profession do they follow? what are their means of existence? and by what sign can you recognise them?"

"Oh! I may be mistaken, like any one else; but that is of slight importance. They are all brought up by me, as you see. I am educating these two, until the age when they can take care of themselves. The girls are married, or betrothed, as soon as they have reached their tenth or twelfth year, and I never hear any more about them. The boys are not so precocious, they cannot walk alone until they are fourteen; but then I give them a letter of recommendation to some friend in business; he employs them himself or finds them a place, and, after that, I wash my hands of them."

"And you do not see them again?" I went on.

"How do I know? I receive very often visits from people who call themselves my sons, and who may be so. I give them a kind greeting, and keep them for some days without asking any questions; but, at the end of that time, they see there is no room for them here, and nothing for them to do. Their mothers being dead, they are strangers to me. Thus they go away, and never come back any more. Others arrive in their place, and behave in the same way. Nothing could be better."

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I was not yet satisfied. "But," I went on, "are these pretty children you are now caressing destined to undergo the same treatment?"

"Certainly."

"You will separate from them when they are ten or fourteen years of age? You will not be anxious as to what becomes of them? You will never see them again, perhaps? And if they do come back you will treat them as strangers, and see them go away for ever, without giving them one of those kisses of which you are so prodigal to-day? What will become of you presently in your desolate house, when the voice of your children no longer resounds through it?"

I was beginning to grow animated, and my friend did not understand me. The servant, however, seizing the sense of my last words, hastened to reassure me as to the future isolation of his revered master.

"Oh no," he said, "when these children are grown up his excellency will have others quite small. You may safely trust to him in that matter: he will not allow any failure."

Hereupon master and servant burst out laughing once more.

The old man had, however, remarked that the effect produced on his guest by this conversation was not to his advantage, and he was anxious to retain her esteem. Hence he commenced a long discourse about the inconveniences of too large a family, and the impossibility of rearing and bringing up thoroughly all the children born, especially during a life so long as his. The tone of this apology was perfectly serious, but the argument was so odious and absurd that the princess was repeatedly on the point of interrupting him. At any rate, she sang her mental palinode as thus: "Unhappy the people among whom such men are honoured as models of virtue!" The next day the princess received a visit from the principal spouse of the patriarch. She was a handsome virago, frightfully bedaubed with red and black; as for white, it was certainly there, but could not be detected. The princess returned the visit, and found the hostess surrounded by all the ladies of the town, who paid assiduous court to her, which she accepted graciously, as due to her position. Thus terminated their acquaintance, and the princess soon after set off on her travels once more.

At Cæsarea, the princess accepted the hospitality of a rich Armenian merchant, father of a numerous family. His eldest daughter, already a wife and mother, had come to reside with her parents during the absence of her husband on business matters. Several relations established in the province had assembled round the rich merchant to enjoy the last days of the carnival and the consequent pleasures. The three or four rooms that compose a house in this part of the world were crammed with women, girls, and children, dressed as if for a ball, from morning till night, and from night till morning, for no one in the East dreams of undressing to go to bed. This is not so inconvenient for the rich, who can change their attire during the course of the day, but the effects are deplorable for the poor, who keep the same dress on for a month or more. The amusements took place on the roofs of the houses, which communicated with each other by small staircases or ladders, and thus formed a sort of public walk, where they were sheltered from any foreign invasion. The Armenian population of Cæsarea remained on the roofs from daybreak till nightfall in their handsomest clothes. The men display their luxury in the beauty of their furs, but the ladies have not such limited ideas. They

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wear, like all Oriental women, wide trousers, loose robes opening at the sides to make room for the puffing of the trousers, several bodices, put on one over the other, of stuffs and various colours, a scarf round the waist, a fez, their hair plaited and hanging, and coins embroidered over all. The Armenian ladies of Cæsarea are distinguished for the delicacy and harmony of the colours of their stuffs, the richness and good taste of the embroidery with which their bodices are covered, and the style of wearing their hair. They do not roll round their heads those frightful printed cotton handkerchiefs of which Switzerland sends thousands annually to Asia. The top of the fez and the tassel are embroidered in gold, and sometimes in pearls. The hair forms a dozen to fifteen plaits of equal length, but here the gold coins are not restricted to the end of the plaits, they are sewn on a black ribbon which is placed on the plaits, half way between the neck and the waist, forming a brilliant semicircle, which contrasts singularly with the dark colour of the hair. A profusion of sequins also covers the front of the fez, falling on the forehead. Others are attached to the ears, or form a cuirass to the neck, chest, and arms. Other ornaments also find a place among these coins. Bouquets of diamonds are placed round the fez, or on the front bandeaux of the hair; brooches of precious stones, collars or chains of pearls are stretched across the bodice under the bosom, or pass beneath the chin from one ear to the other. The daughters of the rich are the most magnificently adorned, for they carry, in the form of jewellery, their entire dowry, which frequently amounts to very considerable sums. It is true, that after a few years of marriage the coins diminish in number, which leads the princess to believe that young ladies in the East do not have their fortunes tied down so securely as is the case among ourselves. And now for the amusement these ambulating jewellers' shops are indulged with:

There is only one dance through the whole Ottoman Empire; it is the same for the Turks, the Arabs, for all the Mussulman nations scattered over its territory; it is the same for the Greeks and Armenians subject to the Sublime Porte: and this universal dance scarcely deserves the name of a dance. Two persons of the same sex, but always dressed as women, stand opposite each other, holding castanets, if they have them, or two wooden spoons to serve as such; sometimes nothing at all. But the movement of the fingers and the pantomime of the castanets are *de rigueur*. The two dancers bend and extend their arms, move their hips rapidly, balance the upper part of the body more gently, and lightly sway their feet without raising them from the ground. While continuing these different contortions, they advance, fall back, turn on their heels and round their vis-à-vis, what time the music, usually composed of a tambour, a drum, or a shepherd's pipe, marks the measure as it grows more rapid. As for the gracefulness of this dance I can say nothing, but its indecency at once strikes the most inexperienced eye.

The princess had a terrible ordeal to undergo in passing through the Giaour Daghda, or Mountains of the Giaour, for the Pasha of Adana had told her that the bey of that country was a *mauvais sujet*. Still, not being easily intimidated, she would not alter her route, and found to her joy the peril greatly exaggerated. The bey behaved as a gentleman should, sent an escort to meet her, and gave her apartments in his own house. During her stay here, she had further occasion to study the peculiarities of harem life, and we shall borrow a few pages on this interesting subject without apology.

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The word *harem* is of very varied significance. There are the harems of the poor, of the middle classes, of the great lord; the provincial harem, and the town harem; the harem of the young man and of the old, of the pious Mussulman who regrets the old régime, and of the young sceptic who admires reform and wears a frock-coat. Each of these has its peculiar character, but the least strange of all, and bearing the nearest affinity to the Christian ménage, is that of the poor countryman. The peasant's wife, compelled to work in the fields and go to market, is not imprisoned within the walls of her harem, and even when the house is divided into two rooms (which is rare), one of which is theoretically reserved for the women, men are not rigorously banished from it. It is seldom that a peasant marries several wives, and it only happens in exceptional cases, as when an inferior marries his master's widow, an event which only occurs when the lady is no longer of an age to aspire to a more brilliant match. The servant, finding himself richer than of yore, and after some years of conjugal fidelity discovering that time has progressed more rapidly for his wife than himself, he profits by his fortune to give her a companion more to his taste. With this exception, the life of a Turkish peasant resembles that of a Christian peasant, and might often serve as a model to the latter. Fidelity being equal, the advantage rests with the Turk, for fidelity is not imposed on him by any religious or civil law, nor by custom, and he always treats his wife kindly. He loves his companion like a father and a lover; he never vexes her purposely and voluntarily, and he will put up with anything from her through the love he bears her. His wife rapidly ages through unhealthy and coarse food, and her numerous accouchements, in which she has no surgical skill to aid her. The following is a touching instance of the fidelity and affection to which we allude:

"You must love your husband dearly," I said one day to an old woman, blind and paralytic, whom her husband, a noble old man, brought to me in the hope that I could restore her sight and activity. She had come seated astride on a donkey, which her husband led. He had then taken her in his arms, and laid her on a bench at my door with all the care of a mother for her child. "You must love your husband dearly?" I said.

"I should like to have my sight," she replied.

I looked at the husband, he smiled sorrowfully, but without a shadow of ill-will.

"Poor woman!" he said, passing the back of his hand over his eyes, "her blindness renders her very wretched. She cannot grow used to it. But you will restore her sight, Beyzadéh?"

When I shook my head, and prepared to protest my impotence, he plucked at my dress, as a sign to be silent. "Have you any children?" I then asked.

"I had one, but it died a long time ago."

"And how is it you did not take another wife, healthier and stronger, to bear you children?"

"Ah! that is easily said; but this poor creature would have been grieved, and that would have prevented me from being happy with another, even if I had children. You see, Beyzadéh, we cannot have everything in this world. I have a wife I have loved for nearly forty years, and shall not make another choice."

Let us now enter the harem of a bourgeois, or small country gentleman. This is generally situated on the first floor over the stables, and is reached by a wormeaten and filthy staircase. It consists of four rooms,

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one of which is occupied by the lord of the house with his Cynthia of the hour. The other rooms are given up to what is here called the family. Women, children, guests of the female sex, slaves of the master or mistress, compose the population of the harem. In the East there are no beds properly so called, nor rooms specially devoted to rest. Large trunks contain during the day the piles of mattresses, cushions, and carpets. At night, each inhabitant of the harem takes out what she wants in the shape of bed-furniture, which she lays down in any odd corner. When one room is full, the late comers establish themselves in the others, and those who cannot find shelter elsewhere go to the corridor on the staircase. Nothing is so unpleasant to European eyes as to see these ladies rise in the morning with their clothes all crumpled and hair dishevelled. The principal object of a Turkish husband being to have the largest number of children possible, all his domestic life is subordinate to this consideration. If a woman remain childless two or three years she is straightway dismissed; her husband substitutes for her a more fruitful companion. No one pays any attention to the grief and jealousy of the deserted fair one; but we are bound to add that if, instead of weeping and lamenting, she thinks proper to get rid of her rival in any way, no one will trouble about the fate of the latter. Hence, there are no creatures more degraded than Turkish women of the middle class, and their character is betrayed by their faces. It is difficult to pronounce as to their beauty, for their cheeks, lips, eyebrows, and eyelids are disfigured by thick layers of paint applied without taste or stint; their shape is ruined by the ridiculous cut of their clothes, and they conceal their hair under a piece of goat-skin painted dark orange. The expression of their face evinces at once stupidity, coarse sensuality, hypocrisy, and harshness. There is not the slightest trace of religious or moral principles. Their children occupy and weary them at the same time; they care for them as the stepping-stone by which to gain their husband's favour, but any idea of maternal duty is strange to them; the proof of this is found in the frequency of miscarriages, which these women bring on without concealment, whenever the birth of a child does not meet their views. Here is a case in point:

About a fortnight before my departure for Angora (writes the princess) the chief of a brotherhood of dervishes, established in a small town not far from my residence, came to ask me for medicine for his daughter, who was attacked by certain weaknesses which appeared to me so many symptoms of grossesse. I expressed my opinion to the venerable personage, who replied with a graceful smile that his daughter *did not wish* to have a child. "Whether she wish it or no," I replied, "she will have to put up with it." "Impossible, my dear lady," said the old man; "her husband has gone to join the army, and my daughter is quite determined not to have any children before his return." I immediately told the dervish I did not understand him. The old gentleman appeared embarrassed, and while scratching his ear, began some explanation; when one of my people, who was present to act as interpreter if required, said angrily to the old man, "Did I not tell you to be quiet about such matters to my mistress? the Christians of the West will not lend themselves to such arrangements, and you will gain nothing." These words having enlightened me, I assured the old gentleman he was wasting his time, and that he might as well ask me for poison; but I had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of him. He continually returned to his great argument, that his son-in-law had joined the army, and, besides, that his daughter's resolution was known and approved by her husband. Fortunately

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for him, and perhaps for myself, the excellent father did not understand the remarks I made; so he quitted me after giving me his blessing, assuring me of his tender friendship, and begging me to reflect over the matter he had asked of me. Such transactions occur daily, and do not offend anybody's conscience.

If the mothers do not experience any true tenderness for their children, the latter care very little for it. The boys regard their mothers as servants; they give them orders, reproach them for their indolence and ugliness, and do not always confine themselves to words. As for modesty, that virgin charm of early youth, it exists neither for the children nor those who surround them; all these women dress and undress before their youngest sons, and the most improper remarks are made in their presence. The children despise their mothers; and this life in common, which causes them to lose the respect for their parents, is a sad preparation. The rivalry for power agitating the mother is a source of animosity, envy, malice, pride, and anger for the children. "My mother is more beautiful—more rich—younger—she was born at Stamboul!" Such are the boasts of these children when they wish to humiliate those they call their *brothers*.

The family of the Constantinopolitan Turk who associates with Franks or has visited Europe does not offer the same repulsive instance of immorality and naïve turpitude; but, with only very few exceptions, the silk and brocade too often conceal a hideous skeleton. The ladies in the first-class harems do not wear their tumbled dress for a week or a month. Each morning, on quitting their sumptuous couches, they doff their garments and put on fresh ones. Their robes, their trousers, and their scarfs are of Lyons manufacture, and though only the refuse is sent to the East, it produces a very brilliant effect when surrounding the magnificent form of a Georgian or Circassian. But now a word about the fair denizens, of whom the princess gives a very different account from that hitherto accepted:

A word here about the two races that represent to our inexperienced imagination the prototype of feminine beauty. Tall, strong, of good shape, with a brilliant complexion, masses of black and glistening hair, a noble and massive brow, an aquiline nose, immense widely-opened black eyes, vermilion lips, modelled like those of the Greek statues of the best age, pearly teeth, a rounded chin, and a perfect facial colour—such is the Georgian woman. I really admire the women of this race; then, when I have admired them sufficiently, I turn my head and look at them no more, for I am certain to find them, whenever I please, exactly as I left them, without a smile more or less, without the slightest variation of face. If a child be born to them or die, whether their lord adore or detest them, whether their rival triumph or is banished, the faces of the Georgian women never give a sign. Only years can produce an alteration in this face of marble. The Circassian woman has neither the same advantages nor the same defects. She is a northern beauty, reminding me of the blonde and sentimental girls of Germany; but the resemblance does not extend beyond the exterior. The Circassians are generally blondes: their complexion is deliciously fresh, their eyes are blue, grey, or green, and their features, though delicate and graceful, are irregular. While the Georgian is stupid and haughty, the Circassian is false and crafty. The one is capable of deceiving her lord, the other of causing him to die of ennui.

The most revolting feature connected with Turkish domestic institutions is the miniature harem of sons of great houses. These children, lads of nine to twelve years of age, possess little slaves of their own age, or nearly so, with whom they parody the manners of their fathers.

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These young victims here pass a horrible apprenticeship to the life that is reserved for them, for nothing is more cruel than a badly educated child, and the brutal depravity of a debauched old man is found at the other extremity of life. Our authoress assures us that she has seen these embryo pashas beat, kick, scratch, and maltreat a whole flock of little girls, who hardly dared to cry, while the young tiger licked his lips and smiled a peculiar smile. Strange to say, though, the natural Turk is a very different animal, and this cruel child will probably become a very respectable man when he attains the age when he can play his part without too much exertion. With these preliminary remarks we are sufficiently *au fait* to the subject to accompany Madame la Princesse into the harem of Mustuk Bey, Prince of the Mountains of the Giaour.

The hierarchy is always respected in the harems, and though Mustuk Bey might be a Sardanapalus, and might be deeply in love with some other one of his wives, he could only hold his levees in the room of the first wife (in date). She was a curious object, according to the princess's account, and bore a striking resemblance to a retired tight-rope dancer. This sultana had been very beautiful, and the beauty had not entirely disappeared: her complexion offered a curious mixture of sunburn and a series of layers of paint, beneath which the original skin was not visible. Her large sea-green eyes looked like reservoirs placed below the lachrymal gland to receive the torrents destined to pour from them. Her mouth, large and well modelled, displayed teeth still admirably white, but too far apart, and her gums were unhealthily red. She apparently disdained the goat-skin covering for the head, and wore her own hair, dyed of an orange red. Her dress was carefully arranged, and formed a striking contrast with that of her children, who were dressed like little beggars. As long as her husband was present she seemed as timid as a newly-married bride, covering her face with her veil or her hand, or anything within reach, and only replying in monosyllables. She turned her nose to the wall, and suppressed little nervous bursts of laughter: she seemed ready to cry at any moment; in short, performed all the manœuvres by which Eastern husbands are so flattered. The bey soon quitted the room, and then the lady talked without reserve, and began making pertinent inquiries about Frankish manners and customs, which caused the princess to suspect she was not so stupid as her husband made her out to be. The conversation was interrupted, however, by the entrance of the bey's three other wives: two of them appeared to be sisters, and had a swarm of children at their heels: the third deserves a more detailed description:

Behind these two women a face remained humbly in the shade, on which my eyes were at once fixed, and remained so, in spite of the manœuvres executed by the other sultanas to distract my attention. I never remember to have seen so beautiful a face. This woman wore a long trailing robe of red satin, open at the breast, which was lightly veiled by a chemise of silk gauze, with wide sleeves hanging below the elbow. Her head-dress was that of the Turcomans, and to form an idea of it you must imagine a complication, an infinite multiplicity of turbans placed one above the other, and rising to an inaccessible height. There were in it red scarfs rolled six or seven times around, and forming a tower after the fashion of the goddess Cybele: handkerchiefs of all colours crossing the scarfs, rising or descending without any settled purpose, and forming quaint arabesques; yards of fine muslin enveloping with their

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transparent whiteness a part of the scaffolding, carefully framing in the brow, and falling in rich and light folds along the cheeks, round the neck, and on the chest. Chains of gold, or small sequins run on a string, or again, diamond pins, were visible between the folds, and gave them a certain stability which it would have been unreasonable to demand of such slight stuff. Little feet that seemed chiselled out of marble appeared and disappeared under the long satin robe, while arms and hands, such as I had never seen before, shook an infinite number of bracelets and rings, whose weight could not be trifling. All this formed an *ensemble* at once strange and graceful, but all disappeared suddenly after noticing the face of the wearer. It was so singularly beautiful that I despair of being able to describe it, for how could I give a person who has not contemplated it an idea of such a charming *chef d'œuvre* of nature, such a ravishing mixture of grace and timidity?

The princess noticed that this lovely lady was not accompanied by her children, and soon turned to ask why she had not brought them? She made no reply, but the others told her, with evident satisfaction, that she had none. The princess returned to the charge, and presumed that the fair Turcoman's children were dead; but the three harpies shouted, with a loud burst of laughter, "that she never had any." The tears rolled down the unhappy girl's cheeks, for nothing is so spurned, despised, and desolate as a barren woman in the East. It is doubtlessly mournful to have children and lose them, but others may come to take their place. Besides, a mother who has lost her children is not the less a great lady: her social and domestic position remains the same; she is respected, admired, perhaps loved; she has no cause to blush. But not to give birth to children is a true misfortune, one of the greatest that can happen to a woman; let her be beautiful, let her be charming, let her be adored—even if she have brought her husband the money he is squandering, if imperial blood run in her veins and her husband be only a porter—so soon as her sterility is established, an Oriental woman is ruined without redemption. Better for her to die than live the life of humiliation, insult, and neglect that awaits her.

During the whole period of the princess's stay in the harem, she could not induce the poor girl to reply to a single question; nor was it till she was on the point of leaving that she came up to her and said, "Lady, remain yet a while, for I love you greatly." The princess hardly knew how to account for her reserve, whether to ascribe it to timidity or stupidity; but she evidently rather inclines to the latter, and from the opinion she was compelled to form of Turkish women from her intercourse with them, we can hardly blame her. On returning to the bey, the princess paid him some florid compliments, after the fashion of the country, on the beauty of his wives, more especially distinguishing the Turcoman lady; but he, too, in his turn, condemned her by saying, in a confidential tone, "She has no children."

Our self-appointed task is ended; for, after leaving the mountains of the Giaour, Madame la Princesse entered Christian society, and we obtain no more revelations of harem life. To those of our readers, however, who would like to know more of her travels—how she was cheated by consuls, how she lay sick of a fever, how she fell among thieves, how she visited Jericho beyond Jordan—in short, how she went through the stereotyped experiences of all travellers in the East—we can only say, Procure the book for yourselves, and take our word that the time devoted to its perusal will not be thrown away.

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THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XV.

'DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP:"—THE FIRST MAN'S FIRST SLEEP—AFFINITY RECOGNISED BY THE ANCIENTS—MONTAIGNE—GEORGE HERBERT—GEORGE CHAPMAN—SHAKSPEARE—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY—JEREMY TAYLOR—COLERIDGE—TENNYSON—WILSON. SLEEP AND DEATH CONFOUNDED:—ARVIRAGUS AND IMOGEN—HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HAL—JULIET—GRÉTRY AND HIS DAUGHTER—THOMAS HOOD AT COBLENTZ—MRS. BROWNING ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

Jam verò videtis, nihil esse Morti tam simile, quàm Somnum.
CICERO, *de Senectute*, XXII.

By him lay heavy Sleepe, the cosin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath. . . .
SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST: *Induction*, st. XLI.

For next to Death is Sleepe to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annext.
SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, II. 7, 25.

O thou soft natural death! that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber!
JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil.*

Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms,
And seize this captive in thy arms. . . .
All are alike, who live by breath,
In thee, and in thy brother Death.
PHILONAX LOVEKIN: *Andronicus* (1661).

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!
SHELLEY: *Queen Mab.*

It was a dream. . . .
But who conducted me? That gentle Power
Gentle as Death, Death's brother.
LANDOR: *Last Fruit off an Old Tree.*

Though Death should grimly stalk into the house,
And stand beside the slumber of a child,
Think you that gazing on its mimic self,
Sleep, beautiful and wondrous, in the crib,
His owlish eyes would not wing suddenly,
Through cycles of decay, back to the time
When he was one with Sleep, and passing fair;
Think you he would not sigh, "Sleep on, sleep on!
Thou copy and thou counterfeit of me,
And teach the world that I was beautiful."
WALTER R. CASSELS: *Llewellyn.*

WHEN the first man first fell on sleep (using that phrase in a natural not spiritual sense), he is supposed by Milton to have confusedly identified the sensation with that of dissolution itself. Death indeed was then

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a thing unknown, above conception because beyond experience; but equally so was Sleep. And though every attempt to describe sensations so unique must, more or less, involve a sort of *ex post facto* ascription of subsequent impressions, still, the Miltonic supposition is too natural not to be in accord with what men in general would assume as Adam's actual feelings. On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers, pensive he sits him down:

> There gentle sleep
> First found me, and with soft oppression seized
> My drowsèd sense, untroubled, though I thought
> I then was passing to my former state,
> Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

The affinity between Death and Sleep is, and ever has been, universally recognised. The Divine One, who spake as never man spake, said of a dead and buried follower, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." The brigands of revolutionary France—earthly, sensual, devilish—proclaimed death an eternal sleep. The image is everywhere in vogue, the analogy always holds good, the relationship is remarked by every age, in every clime, by saint, by savage, and by sage. Not a mortal day passes, but sleep is a familiar presence. Not a mortal life, but closes in a longer, deeper, stiller, more perfect sleep.

The epithets bestowed on death by the ancients are profusely borrowed from its living counterpart, or similitude, or foreshadow. If they call it a *dura necessitas*, they call it also a *dura quies*. It is a *ferreus somnus*. On the other hand, *somnus*, sleep itself, is *mortis imago*. It is *letho simillimus*. It is *consanguineus lethi sopor*. Death and his brother Sleep—is that an original idea of Shelley's? Not by centuries upon centuries. *Gelida mortis frater languidus* is an old-world paraphrase for man's nightly repose.

When considering, in that discursive manner of his, how a man may, in some measure, make death familiar to him, Montaigne pronounces it to be not without reason that we are taught to consider sleep as a resemblance of death—calling attention to the facility with which we pass from waking to sleeping, and the little concern we feel in losing the knowledge of light and of ourselves. "Perhaps the faculty of sleeping would seem useless and contrary to nature, since it deprives us of all action and sense, were it not that by it Nature instructs us that she has equally made us to die as to live, and from life presents us the estate she reserves for us after it, to accustom us to it, and to take from us the fear of it. But such as have by some violent accident fallen into a swoon, and in it have lost all sense, these, methinks, have been very near seeing the true and natural face of death." Such an accident Michael himself had experienced, and his experience he details for the use of others.

> "When boys go first to bed,"

says holy George Herbert,

> "They step into their voluntary graves;
> Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
> Makes them not dead.
> Successive nights, like rolling waves,
> Convey them quickly, who are bound for death."

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Which of us but has, at some time, felt a sweet thrill, and been conscious of an awe, and an earnestness, solemn as strange, when joining in the petition of England's Evening Hymn—that true national anthem—to be taught so to live that we may dread the grave as little as our bed? George Herbert had anticipated Bishop Ken in this Christian aspiration, and glorified Death as a transfigured form:

> Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
> Half that we have
> Unto an honest faithful grave;
> Making our pillows either down or dust.

Shakspeare makes the Duke, in "Measure for Measure," thus reason with life—when reasoning that it is a thing that none but fools would keep:

> Thy best of rest is Sleep,
> And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
> Thy Death, which is no more.

In the same strain, only more at large, reasons George Chapman, of the same age, in his now forgotten tragedy of "Cæsar and Pompey:"

> Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is to them!—
> If men would sleep, they will be wroth with all
> That interrupts them; physic take, to take
> The golden rest it brings; both pay and pray
> For good and soundest naps; all friends consenting
> In those invocations; praying all
> "Good rest the gods vouchsafe you." But when Death,
> Sleep's natural brother, comes; that's nothing worse,
> But better (being more rich—and keeps the store—
> Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor);
> O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
> His stern approaches!

The hunting Lord, gazing on *Christopher Sly*, who lies dead drunk before the alehouse on the heath, is moved to exclaim: "Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!" *Paulina*, preparing *Leontes* for a view of the supposed statue of his wife, bids him expect "to see the life as lively mocked, as ever still sleep mocked death." We have a Shakspearean glimpse of *Lucrece* asleep, her hair, like golden threads, playing with her breath—

> Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
> And death's dim look in life's mortality:
> Each in her SLEEP themselves so beautify
> As if between them twain there were no strife,
> But that life lived in death, and death in life.

One of the "leading articles," so to speak, in the "Newes" of Sir Thomas Overbury, describes death as "sleep's picture drawn to life, or the twilight of life and death." In sleep, he says, "we kindly shake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. Often sleepings are so many trials to die, that at last we may do it perfectly." Elsewhere he affirms, in the paradoxical style then so much cultivated, that "no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead." To the same effect writes Jeremy Taylor, that "we so converse every night with the image of death, that every morning we find an argument of the re-

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surrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have but one name in common. Charnel-houses are but κοιμητησια, 'cemeteries' or sleeping-places;" and "in sleep our senses are as fast bound by Nature, as our joints are by the grave-clothes; and unless an angel of God waken us every morning, we must confess ourselves as unable to converse with men, as we now are afraid to die and converse with spirits. But, however, death itself is no more; it is but a darkness and a shadow, a rest and a forgetfulness. What is there more in death? What is there less in sleep?"

Coleridge's Monody on the death of Chatterton opens with the exclamation,

> O what a wonder seems the fear of death,
> Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
> Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,
> Night following night for threescore years and ten!

One section of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* opens with the hypothesis, "If Sleep and Death be truly one;" another, with the apostrophe, "Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance;" while a third, addressed to the dead friend here held in remembrance, begins with this soothing stanza—

> When in the down I sink my head,
> Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
> Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
> Nor can I dream of thee as dead.

This twin-brotherhood is, almost everywhere among the poets, an acknowledged relationship. Yet Wilson utters a protest against it, when he makes the Ettrick Shepherd object that "sleep is not death—nor yet death's brither, though it has been ca'd sae by ane wha suld hae kent better—but it is the activity o' spiritual life." How this objection affects the poetical assumption it would, perhaps, be difficult to show. For the poets all along assume the sleep of death to have its dreams, its activity of spiritual life. To sleep—muses *Hamlet*—to sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come—must give him, the proposed self-slayer, pause. The good man, dying, is, in Bryant's "Thanatopsis,"

> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Many a time has death been taken for sleep, and sleep for death; the dead for those that slumber, and the slumbering for those that are "no more." Innocent childhood looks on the face of the departed, and believes the repose to be life's common every-day rest. Anxious watchers rivet their gaze on the calm sleeper, and fear that calm to be of the sleep that knows no waking. *Arviragus* finds *Imogen* "as dead," "thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, not as death's dart, being laugh'd at. . . . . I thought, he slept; and put my clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness answered my steps too loud." "Is he so hasty," complains Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, when the Prince has removed his crown,—"so hasty that he doth suppose my sleep my death?" The Prince had not removed that "golden rigol" until he had watched a downy feather by the lips of the king, which stirred not—until he had called, and there was no answer—whence his inference, "this sleep is

sound indeed," the sleep that no morning will break, no fatigue renew. So, again, with the parents of *Juliet*, after she has drained the friar's draught. "Jenny, tu souffres?" tenderly asked Grétry of his eldest girl—(all Grétry's daughters died at about sixteen)—her answer was, "C'est fini;" and then, in the words of a biographer, "elle pencha la tête et mourut sans secousses au même instant. Le pauvre Grétry lui demanda *si elle dormait:* elle dormait avec les anges." Thomas Hood, who in his "Hero and Leander" pictures a form on which "you might gaze twice ere Death it seem'd, and not his cousin, Sleep, that through those creviced lids did underpeep"—has described, in a fragment called "The Death-bed," with exquisite pathos and simple power, what some of us have witnessed, and having witnessed, have desired for ourselves, if the desire be lawful: so imperceptible the passage from calm slumber to calmer death, so unobserved the merging of one in the other.

> Our very hopes belied our fears,
> Our fears our hopes belied—
> We thought her dying when she slept,
> And sleeping when she died.

The sight of sleeping childhood is often suggestive, to their elders, of the more solemn rest that remaineth for all the children of time. Three and-twenty years ago the same Thomas Hood, being at Coblentz, and gazing on his wife and two children asleep in the same chamber, was moved to an almost wish that he and they might then and there find mortality swallowed up of life, sleep merged in death. He recognised his universe of love, all that his God could give him or remove, there sleeping, save himself, in mimic death: hence arose the half-cherished, half-withstood yearning—

> Almost I wish that with one common sigh
> We might resign all mundane care and strife,
> And seek together that transcendent sky,
> Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
> Together pant in everlasting life.

The aspiration—or, rather, unformed fancy—might be a strangely sad or sadly strange one. But thoughtful and suffering minds, versed in worldly trials, and already wounded in the battle of life, are not unapt to think sad thoughts, and strange, beside slumbering childhood. Watching the serenity that there abides, and remembering the awful antitype of which a placid symbol is before us, well may the wistful desire rise from heart to lips, May my last end be like *this!*—Like it, in some respects, we know it will be; for is not Death, even that of wrinkled eld, the brother of Sleep, even that of babes and sucklings? Mrs. Browning's stanzas, addressed to an infant sleeping on the floor, tired of all the playing, touchingly illustrate this aspect of our theme: the minstrel is near as tired of pain as the child seems of pleasure; God knows that, she says; and then she anticipates a coming sleep for herself, after life's fitful fever, wearied with the din, and toil, and vanity:

> Very soon too, by His grace
> Gently wrapt around me,
> Shall I show as calm a face,
> Shall I sleep as soundly!

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Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping!
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder.

The last stanza of another poem of hers, "The Sleep," is set in the same key—a soft low minor—

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep."

BOGUMIL DAWISON.

How is that, if we believe our papas, there is no such thing as a good actor in England at the present day? Why should the stage have degenerated, when every other liberal profession has made such startling progress? But, to tell the truth, we believe the paternal hints must be taken *cum grano;* when he says that the sun of tragedy set with John Kemble, we are inclined to say, if we dared, that it is all nonsense, and that if we wanted actors of that sort and calibre they could be procured within a very short period, for it is an established maxim of England that the supply is only regulated by the demand. Yet, we dare say, when we come in our turn to find the easy-chair the most comfortable part of the room, and are bringing up our boys in the way they should go, we shall be also lamenting the decline of the drama which went out with Charles Kean. But no! we shall never make such an assertion as that, unless we are confined in Hanwell. What we would propound then is, that, as every hen considers her own chick the finest, so we of the present day admire our actors as the first in their respective class, and only give a doubtful faith to such assertions as those to which we alluded above.

In Germany much the same feeling is extant; though the taste for theatrical matters in that country is far more decided than among us, and they certainly produce a better ensemble than can be found anywhere in England, save at one or two small London theatres. There are very keen critics among them, and many quidnuncs who praise the past days to the disparagement of our own, and an actor must pass through a tremendous ordeal before he can become a recognised celebrity. Some few years back a German company played in London, and was deservedly admired for the perfection of their acting and the exquisite ensemble and finish; and yet, of the entire company, Emile Devrient was the only one who

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had attained a really continental celebrity. When, then, we find that a new actor in Bogumil Dawison has carried the whole of Germany away with him, and is universally allowed to be the finest performer the century has produced, it is high time for us English to know more about him. We are very glad, therefore, to hear the rumour that there is some hope of his crossing the Channel this summer. *En attendant*, our readers will not begrudge us a few pages devoted to the career of a very remarkable man.

Bogumil Dawison was born at Warsaw on the 15th of May, 1818. His parents were in poor circumstances, and he obtained but a scanty education at the city Lyceum, which was too often interrupted by revolutions. In his twelfth year he entered an attorney's office at a salary of five dollars (fifteen shillings) a month, and filled up his leisure time by writing bills and posters for shop windows. Thence he removed to the office of the *Warsaw Gazeta*, where he worked as a light porter. Every leisure moment he devoted to the study of German and French, and soon attained such progress that he was promoted to the rank of translator. After five years of this quiet life he was suddenly affected by the idea that he would be an actor, and with this resolute young man to will was to accomplish. He regularly attended the theatrical school at Warsaw, and worked with such perseverance that he was able to make his first appearance on the stage in 1837. He achieved a certain amount of success, and obtained an engagement at fifteen dollars a month. But the delight this caused him was soon dissipated; he was only entrusted with subordinate parts, and his proud spirit fretted for a year over the degradation. But his parents were now beggared, and their support fell upon him. He quitted Warsaw, and joined a Polish troupe bound for Wilna. Here his circumstances improved; he was allowed to play anything he pleased. And here he began to show the versatility of his genius; on one night he acted *Romeo*, on the next the *Father of the Débutante*, with equal success. Thus Dawison lived and learned for two years; but then the company was dissolved, and he returned to Warsaw, where he met with an inhospitable reception. He had no chance of obtaining an engagement; and though he had been permitted to give a Gastrolle, when he dared to hint anything about salary he was regarded with amazement, and asked if he did not think it sufficient honour to have been allowed to appear on the Warsaw boards. He was in a desperate position, when he was suddenly relieved by a summons to Lemberg. He arrived in that city without a farthing, but happy. To get his first meal he was compelled to pledge a ring; but his situation soon improved. He was engaged at a respectable salary, and when Count Skarbek undertook the management of the Lemberg theatre he appointed Dawison his *régisseur*. Still he was not satisfied; he only regarded his success as an incitement to greater things. Dawison read the great dramas of the greatest German writers; he saw the first actors, and took lessons from them of what he should do or leave undone. By the kind assistance of Count Skarbek he was enabled to travel through Germany and France and pursue his studies carefully. In Paris he acquired his rare conversational tone, and his disgust for false rhetoric. On his return he set to work, studying carefully and perfecting himself in German; and some of his biographers,

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who could not understand such energy, have asserted that, during this period of his life, he was mad. Such was not the case, as a modest notice from the *Lemberg Leseblatt*, in 1841, will prove:

"On Monday, 9th August, Herr Dawison, a much-admired member of the Polish company, will have the honour to appear, for the first time on any German stage, in Bauernfeldt's farce, 'The Last Adventure.' It affords us the greatest pleasure to see the favourite of the Polish *élite* make his *début* in a language so different from his native tongue. Unless we err, this is the first attempt of the sort ever made by a Polish artiste."

The attempt was perfectly successful, promising an ample reward for continued study. His next experiment was *Ferdinand*, in "Cabal and Love," followed by a number of comic characters. During this period Dawison still kept his engagement at the Polish theatre, but this division of strength must inevitably become impossible, and Dawison have to make his choice between the German and the Polish stage.

Before long the time arrived: Dawison carried out his long meditated design. In 1846 he suddenly quitted Lemberg to proceed to Germany. He gave up a proportionately very fine salary and left his bride behind in tears, saying, "I go out on the world to make my fortune. If I succeed in what I want I will come and fetch you." In the first instance he proceeded to Breslau. He modestly asked to be allowed to give a specimen of his acting, but he was refused almost contumeliously. In Stettin he met with the same result: no one put any faith in the wandering Polish actor: no one dared to make the experiment with him. Repulsed on all sides, he then hastened to Berlin, where he hoped to obtain assistance from Louis Schneider, but an unfortunate accident immediately after his arrival detained him for four months in his bed. On his recovery he saw and pleased Schneider, who willingly gave him a letter of recommendation to Maurice, of Hamburg. Dawison has ever since spoken with the greatest gratitude of Schneider, whom he calls his guardian angel. On the 13th of February, 1847, Dawison made his first appearance on a German stage at the Thalia Theatre, in Hamburg, and with the very first representation his reputation was secured. His acting was so natural, and yet so true, that it moved many persons to tears. The continuance of his engagement brought in a golden harvest for the treasury, and for the public an enjoyment which they had long been deprived of. The sensation his appearance caused, and the attention paid to his performances by the public papers, induced Gutzkow to try and draw him to Dresden. From Berlin, in the same year, an engagement was offered him, with a standing salary of 1600 thalers, and 3 thalers for each night of performance; but he felt bound in gratitude to Director Maurice, and continued his engagement at the Thalia Theatre with uninterrupted zeal until 1849.

Thus Dawison had become what he had dreamed and striven for—a German actor. In May, 1848, he had taken two weeks' furlough, and suddenly made his appearance in Lemberg to fetch home his expectant bride. They hurried back to Hamburg, where Dawison continued to serve his apprenticeship and develop his talent and delivery. Only one engagement at Brunswick occurred during this epoch, in which, among other characters, Dawison performed that of *Benedick*, in "Much Ado about Nothing." Soon after Dawison received an invitation from the

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director of the Hofburg Theatre, in Vienna, to come and give a trial representation.* He could not resist this summons. On the 17th of October, 1849, he made his first appearance on the slippery boards of the Burg Theatre, where so many reputations had already made a *fiasco.* The success he met with was extraordinary. After six performances Dawison was offered a permanent salary, and he was thus the first to break through the hitherto invincible phalanx of the old Viennese actors. At length he had found a field worthy of his talents. With *Antony*, in "Julius Cæsar," he quitted his apprenticeship, and began his brilliant succession of artistic triumphs. This was followed by his appearance in his favourite character of *Hamlet*, and it was unanimously allowed that no such representation of the Prince of Denmark, as he lived and walked and had his being, had ever before been offered to the German theatrical world. In 1850, Dawison performed in Hamburg, Prague, and Pesth, and at Vienna came out in his second great Shakspearean character, *Richard III.* But his position in Vienna was far from being comfortable. His success lay in the fact that he had utterly broken through the old traditions, and this his colleagues could not forgive him. He was a constant topic for the Vienna press. While some writers exalted him to the skies, others trailed him through the mire, but, fortunately, neither praise nor abuse had the slightest effect upon him. He lived solely for his art, and had no time to spare from the development of his genius to notice the attacks of his rivals. In the mean while, Laube, the celebrated dramatic writer, had been appointed director of the Burg Theatre, and he took great pains to employ Dawison in all sorts of parts, although the actor's daring spirit at times alarmed him. On one occasion he said of him, "He thinks too much, and such people are dangerous."

Fully equipped with a rich repertory of classical parts and faith in his art, Dawison next proceeded to Dresden, which city, if not the cradle of his genius, was, at any rate, the real starting-point of his renown. It was a daring experiment, for the beau monde of Dresden justly regarded themselves as the arch arbiters in theatrical matters, and they had been accustomed to the perfection of art. People were disposed to greet him coldly as a dangerous innovator, and the period of his first appearance, a hot July day of 1852, was much against him. We may be here permitted to quote a passage from the German author to whom we are indebted for many of our details about Dawison: "I had seen a portrait of Dawison in character in the *Illustrirte Zeitung;* this, and a pressing recommendation from a friend at Breslau, induced me to visit the theatre. I shall never forget how Dawison's memorable representation of *Hamlet* converted the curiosity of the small audience into surprise, that again into interest, and from interest into admiration. His success was so incredible, so overwhelming, that the Dresden critics welcomed the artist with proud delight, and at the very moment when the English papers were conceding Emile Devrient's superiority to Macready, allowed that Dawison's representation of *Hamlet* was the most remarkable they had ever seen. His *Richard III.* created a perfect frenzy of applause, and so deep was the impression it produced, that

* In Germany it is not the custom to offer any actor, however great his reputation, a permanent engagement until he has furnished a specimen, and the taste of the public has been consulted.

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the managers repeated it to crowded houses at a period when theatres are generally deserted, namely, a fortnight before Christmas. His second engagement, in which he produced *Mephisto*, *Carl Moor*, and other new characters, caused an excitement if possible greater than the first, and his farewell performance in 'Clavigo' recalled the palmy days of the Sontag. Dawison had become a German celebrity, and, as such, he has since victoriously surmounted every trial. Professor Carrière of Munich wrote a series of brilliant articles upon his acting, which appeared in the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, while he was performing at the Summer Theatre in 1852, at the same time expressing hope that the new actor would overthrow the received tradition, and show the world how *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Faust* ought to be played."

Dawison returned to Vienna, but soon quitted that city. His beloved wife, a weak and tender plant, began to grow sickly, and the physicians ordered a change of climate. He had the greatest difficulty in getting his resignation accepted. It was unknown in the annals of the Burg Theatre that an actor would voluntarily lay down the honour of belonging to the troupe, and yet Dawison committed the grave insult. With his family he went to Dresden, where the management received him with open arms. With his Dresden engagement a new era commenced for Dawison. His reputation grew with every year; and not only his success, but the opinion of the best judges showed him to be one of the first in the ranks of the greatest actors. His two engagements in Berlin in 1855 and 1856—the metropolis of intelligence, it is well known, much prefers to discover or destroy celebrities than to recognise them—heaped honours upon him such as the oldest inhabitant could not remember having ever been offered to an actor. As Dawison would never play in Berlin except the orchestra was converted into stalls, the straw-splitting critics got up a magnificent debate about the merits of music in a theatre; but better still, Dawison secured seven thousand thalers for a four weeks' engagement. Nor should it be forgotten in the history of "Schiller's houses" that a representation of Dawison's at Leipsig produced the greater portion of the funds to secure the small decaying Temple of Joy at Gohlis. Enthusiasm and gratitude rendered this one of the happiest and most brilliant days in Dawison's eventful life. But he finds his fairest reward and most honourable success in the enthusiastic recognition and faithful admiration he has irresistibly secured in his new home at Dresden. Under the influence of this flattering reception he has added many new characters to his repertory, among them being *Othello* and *Macbeth*, *Mercutio*, *Ægisthus* in "Clytemnestra," and he has revived some of his old and rare conceptions, such as *Benedick* and *Mark Antony*. He lives in an elegant villa, remote from the noise and activity of the city, in the bosom of his family, perpetually engaged in the highest objects of his art, and striving to extend it to the furthest bounds of potentiality.

Dawison, as an actor, is distinguished by many brilliant qualifications, which of themselves would raise him above mediocrity, without rendering him great. Any one who has seen him as *Burleigh* or *Richard III.* must have recognised the magic of his external appearance, which supplies him with admirable material for the character he purposes to represent. Dawison addresses the public even before he speaks. He explains

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his part at the outset in his appearance, and presents historical portraits, over which you are sorry to see the curtain drop. His appearance, for instance, as *Alba* in "Egmont" is an admirable prologue to the celebrated scene of the fourth act, and in his *Antonio* and *Burleigh* heads, Vandyke and Titian's expression has been repeatedly traced. In fancy parts, such as *Mephisto*, *Franz Moor*, *Carlos*, *Hamlet*, he prefers a striking, bold costume, which is frequently as much opposed to tradition as is his reading of the part. In the fifth act of "Macbeth," he reproduces Caulbach's magnificent drawings with marvellous fidelity. In his acting he is simple and natural to an excess, and in that, probably, his great success lies. He never attempts to blind the senses, but to move the feelings; he strives to paint life and not effects, and if differences of opinion may exist as to the correctness of his interpretations, there can be none as to their originality. Then, again, his universality is astounding; he is continually increasing his repertory, and before long, there is no doubt, he will have filled up the enormous gap between *Faust* and *Falstaff*. His *Othello* is a wonderful proof of the power of simple, unadorned delivery, and the charm can only be felt but not described, which Dawison imparts to the modest defence of the Moor before the senate, and to the greeting of *Desdemona* at Cyprus. His heart speaks through his eye and tongue with such wonderful effect, that you involuntarily doubt the possibility of such childish simplicity being allied with such gloomy thoughts. On this charm Dawison bases his conception of *Othello's* character. Through all his passion it reappears again and again as a reminiscence of his former felicity, and explains the greatness of the crime by the greatness of *Othello's* love. Another specialty of Dawison's acting is his careful attention to accessories. This is more especially visible in *Macbeth*, when the whispered conference with the murderers of *Banquo* through a secret door in the royal chamber forms a famous contrast, as regards the illusion of the scene, with the usual familiar dialogue just a couple of yards from the footlights.

From this slight and incomplete sketch it will be seen that the Germans live under the idea that they, too, have their Garrick at length born to them. Allowing for very pardonable exaggeration, enough remains to prove that Dawison's appearance is an epoch in theatrical history, and renders us the more anxious to hail his arrival among us, and an opportunity to judge for ourselves whether his interpretation of Shakspeare is destined to fill up the great vacuum which all true lovers of the stage have had such good reason to deplore for so painful an interval. If Dawison does not carry out the expectations entertained from him, we shall be forced to become converts to the paternal theory, and reluctantly confess that tragedy and John Kemble retired from the stage simultaneously.

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RECENT POETRY: THORNBURY, WILBERFORCE, AND BLANCHARD.*

A REALLY good ballad is one of the easiest things in the world to read, and the hardest to write. So hard, that out of the vast numbers of dabblers in verse who attempt the various departments of the art, very few appear to deal with the ballad form; while out of the small section of adventurers who *do* try their 'prentice hand at it, the proportion of failures is enormous. Mr. G. W. Thornbury may, therefore, be congratulated all the more emphatically, on the signal and exceptional success he has unquestionably achieved in his Songs and Ballads. It has been said that the ballad-writer ought, when possible, to write in the unscrupulous spirit of a partisan: for, since in historical and martial ballads there must always be two sides, it is the very business of the poet to adopt one of these with as much enthusiasm and prejudice, as if his life and fortunes depended upon the issue of the cause. "For the ballad is the reflex of rapid and keen sensation, and has nothing to do with judgment or calm deliberation," but should embody, from beginning to end, "one fiery absorbing passion, such as men feel when their blood is up, and their souls thoroughly roused within them." It is Mr. Thornbury's singular faculty to be richly endowed with this impassioned sympathy—and, moreover, to be dramatically capable of bringing his partisanship to bear on either side, to adapt it to conflicting forces, to enlist it with unfailing energy in the service of opposite factions, battling at sundry times and for divers causes. His verses have all the rapidity, pluck, energy, of the outriding troopers in his own "Sally from Coventry" ballad—

> To boot! and to horse! and away like a flood,
> A fire in their eyes, and a sting in their blood;
> Hurrying out with a flash and a flare

that promise, and keep the promise, to carry all before them. Out-and-out his versification is the most *dashing* of the day. It is all alive with spirit and sprightly movement. What impetuous speed in "Wigan's Retreat," and "The Fight at the Mill-bridge," and "The Night Surprise"—

> In the drift and pother of scud and hail,
> When the wind drove strong at our rain-drenched back,
> I and some seventy more stout lads
> Picked from Newcastle's madcap pack,
> I and some seventy devil-may-cares
> Rode to Bristol—and then rode back.

What rollicking freedom and exuberance of animal spirits in "The Sally from Coventry," and "The Night of the Sally," and "The Bonfire at Temple-bar," and "The Jockey's Song," and a dozen besides of the

* Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jacobite Ballads, &c. &c. By George W. Thornbury. With Illustrations by H. S. Marks. Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

Poems by Edward Wilberforce and Edmund Forster Blanchard. Longman and Co. 1857.

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more boisterous of these pieces. What a wild weird presence informs and pervades others, of a grimmer and ghastlier sort—a kind of reckless expenditure of the author's gift of making night hideous to us fools of nature, and darkening afresh the night-side of nature with a darkness that may be felt. He crowds his lines with suggestive imagery and vivid pictorial effects. Almost every single line in "The Riding to the Tournament" contains a separate picture. A Maclise would find in it a design for a large canvas ready in all its details:

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,
Pursy burghers cheek by jowl,
Archers with the peacock's wing
Fitting to the waxen string,
Pedlars with their pack and bags,
Beggars with their coloured rags,
Silent monks, whose stony eyes
Rest in trance upon the skies,
Children sleeping at the breast,
Merchants from the distant West,
All in gay confusion went
To the royal Tournament.

Players with the painted face
And a drunken man's grimace,
Grooms who praise their rawboned steeds,
Old wives telling maple beads,—
Blackbirds from the hedges broke,
Black crows from the beeches croak,
Glossy swallows in dismay
From the mill-stream fled away,
The angry swan, with ruffled breast,
Frowned upon her osier nest,
The wren hopped restless on the brake,
The otter made the sedges shake,
The butterfly before our rout
Flew like a blossom blown about,
The coloured leaves, a globe of life,
Spun round and scattered as in strife,
Sweeping down the narrow lane
Like the slant shower of the rain,
The lark in terror, from the sod
Flew up and straight appealed to God,
As a noisy band we went
Trotting to the Tournament.

The music that strikes up as these riders approach the town, is then described in that graphic style in which Mr. Thornbury excels. He has an apt ear and a ready pen for what we may call representative verse—whether imitating the "Cannon bom, boys," and "fifers tweet, tweet, Trumpeters sounding, away! away!" in the lines called "Leaving Chester;" or "The Trumpeter's"

And I blew, blew, blew,
For I liked the merry crew,
And rap, rap, the kettle-drummers played;

or the "tuneful drip, drip, drip, of the golden leak of the cask," and the

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"gurgle and rush from the long-necked tapering flask" in "The King of Champagne;" or of the dance of the leaves

> Twisting, twirling, ever swirling
> Round the black and matted boughs.

Keen is his discernment, too, of the kind of metre that will best suit this or that particular subject—witness his choice, for instance, in "Raising the Town," where the structure of the verse is so happily adapted to the theme it portrays; and again in "Entering Dundee," in "The King is Coming to London," in (a forcible contrast) "The Starved Poet," in "Tom of Ten Thousand" so lightsome and limber, and in that bustling bit of traditionary lore, "The Deil amang the Leslies." That Mr. Thornbury can succeed in calmer strains, descriptive, reflective, and pathetical—though the contrary is his forte—may be seen at first sight (and still more on second thoughts) of "The Fountain Beaulieu," "Winter Moonlight," and "The Whisper in the Market-place."

Poems by Edward Wilberforce and Edmund Forster Blanchard, appear before the public as a joint-stock production, but with limited liability. Each subscriber is responsible only for the amount of his shares. The poems are kept apart; we know to whom to assign each composition; so that the partnership has none of that de-individualising character, or absorption of identity in duality, which pertains to other literary partnerships, of a kind so common in France, and popularised among ourselves in the present day (to say nothing of the wholesale system in vogue with our Elizabethan playwrights) by the dramatic successes of Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. The notes issued by the present firm are good promissory notes. They certify, indeed, a fair existing capital; but still more they speak of better things to come. The notes—to vary the metaphor, like themselves a mixed one—vary almost capriciously in sound and setting, and appear to come from all sorts of instruments, whether cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, dulcimer, or what not. Each minstrel in his turn ranges from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and sometimes essays to merge both moods in one. Mr. Wilberforce's is the bolder and firmer hand, Mr. Blanchard's the lighter and more delicate touch. The former is akin, in certain respects, to the Byrons, Crabbes, and Aytouns of our anthology; the latter has fed on—and, chameleon like, taken the colour of what he fed on—our Brownings, both of them perhaps, Robert and Elizabeth, but specially Robert. There is more of breadth and freedom, of dash and vigour, in the verses of Mr. Wilberforce; but his companion's softer measures are superior in finish, grace, and musical expression—less daring, indeed, in the venture of flighty and fitful rhymes, but more ambitious and venturesome in variety of rhythmical effects, he has evidently the lyrical tendency and faculty in a far higher degree.

Continuations are, for the most part, proverbially failures. Authors themselves break down in attempting to complete their own unfinished works. Hazardous enough, then, is it for a stranger to undertake the task. Mr. Tupper could hardly have done worse than carry on, *proprio Marte*, the wondrous tale of Christabel, which Coleridge himself, it may be safely affirmed, would never have brought to a satisfying conclusion. Mr.

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Wilberforce might assuredly have done better than open his poetical career with a seventeenth canto of Don Juan. The conception itself was a mistake, and so is the execution. There is something forced, laboured, in the very carelessness of these stanzas, alike in matter and manner, in thought (or thoughtlessness) and expression. The rhymes are sometimes too bad, even for a bad joke. "Avon's" is made to rhyme with "ravings," which it only can do in Cockaigne; to which province must also be consigned the rhyming of "Dryden" with "hiding," and "Goethe" with "thirty," and "bid a" with "hid her," and "proper seat" with "opposite," and "viewed you" with "studio,"—all which are tolerable only in Dogberry's version of toleration. The author's freaks in this Hudibrastic department may be inferred from the following specimen:

> I shall do all I'm able to afford a
> Tribute of honour to the heroine
> Of the French Revolution, Charlotte Corday,
> Who lives in Anti-Williams Ponsard's line:
> And Robespierre I must flagellate, who bored a
> Good honest atheist with his *être* divine.
> And I must get a Walker, or I'm blessèd, or
> T'othered, if I shall get a rhyme to Messidor,
>
> And Thermidor, and Pluviose, and Fructidor;
> Names in themselves so tortured out of shape
> That only he who from its hinges pluckt a door
> Such could pronounce, nor dislocate his nape.
> Yet in their art must rhymers be instructed, or
> Some of our English mouths would make them gape;
> Why even you, although a clever man you are, I
> Doubt if you'll find a proper rhyme for January.

Highly questionable, too, is the quality of slang like that in a stanza on Wordsworth's estimate of Gray and the artificial school—

> He only aimed at giving them a hiding
> For painting Nature, which they didn't ought.

More consonant with the character of the name he bears (and may, if he will, one day illustrate anew), are Mr. Wilberforce's lines to the Virgin Mary—the Protestant tone of which would have gladdened the heart of William Wilberforce himself, as would also that, in a lighter mood, of "John Bull: a Friday's Homily,"—or again, of "The English in Rome," and "Britain's Shame," and "A Peasant Woman." The pieces we have just named will be relished by anti-Romanists with a British born and bred relish for controversy. Less polemical readers will find wherewithal to occupy their thoughts and fancies, in a dreamy tale called "The Field's Secret," and that graphic monologue "The First Serpent,"—with contributions of a picturesque kind such as "Two Lakes" and "A Gorge in the Alps"—and passages of serious and tender thought as in the lines beginning

> We never know the value of a life
> Save by the price we pay for losing it,

which feelingly interpret one of those common-places that never become stale as well as common, or unprofitable as a daily lesson to be learnt and re-learnt by heart.

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Mr. Edmund Forster Blanchard may be his companion's inferior in robust power and versatile ease, but his lines betoken more of quiet grace, quaint fancy, and the development of a musical ear. He is studious of metrical changes and harmonious effects. As we have already remarked, his style bears traces of congenial commerce with Mr. Browning's works: we catch glimpses as it were, and overhear jingling echoes, of the bells and pomegranates. He appears on his guard, however, against falling into the habit of harsh construction and rugged versification somewhat too frequent with the author of Sordello. Several of his lyrics are professedly "written to music;" and most of them indicate a regard for musical laws, and consideration for the ears of the fastidious in this respect. He succeeds better in the tranquil flow of stanzas like "At First Sight," than in quasi-enigmatical verses like "Explanation," with which his present volume closes, and with the like of which we hope his next will neither begin nor end. He will do well, too, rather to check than indulge any predilection he may feel for certain *concetti* such as

> With that dulceting for ever
> Felt in echo—but unheard;
> (*An Unpremeditated Love-letter*)

and, of the same type (wrong fount, technically speaking),

> She almost flickered up to God.
> (*Corpse-light.*)

How well he can paint in unaffected diction the harvest of a quiet eye, and, as he sings, can moralise his song, may be seen in the following

WINTER THOUGHTS.

A snowdrop lay in snow upon the ground—
To men the merest flower.
A passing poet paused, and found
The emblem of an hour.

As wavelets crest to gaze upon the sea
For love's companionship,
The snowdrop looked around the lea
To find a lover's lip.

To see but white flakes on the mirror, Earth,
The saddened snowdrop sighed;
And knowing not the snow gave birth
To other flowers—died.

The earth was piercèd with the sigh above—
A crocus, with one bound,
Leapt up to light, prepared to love—
And crisping petals found.

Likewise in ignorance of Nature's law,
The crocus left the strife,
And died. A passing poet saw
An emblem of all Life.

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FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

By Dudley Costello.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIRST LOVE.

Who can fix the date when the heart for the first time beats with the passion which—whether for life or but for an hour—absorbs us all in turn?

Some very susceptible bosoms have loved almost in infancy; others, informed perhaps by no greater wisdom, have waited till infancy came round again; but most of us, if we write our annals true, must confess to having indulged a flame which began to burn a great deal too soon for present or prospective comfort.

At the mature age of fifteen Walter Cobham was already a lover. Love was a kind of heirloom in his family—the only succession, indeed, which seemed likely to be his inheritance—and he took possession of it on the day when he met with Mary Tunstall.

The malady declared itself by the most unmistakable signs. Naturally of strong animal spirits, and fond of active, even of violent exercises, he suddenly became silent and subdued; study was distasteful to him, and he shunned the society of his playmates to wander about alone—sometimes by the river's brink, sometimes on the heights or amid the forest glades which at the distance of a few miles surrounded the city, but oftener in the cathedral's lonely aisles. Why he preferred the last-named place to all the rest requires little explanation. The beautiful vision which had once appeared there was always before his eyes, and he haunted the spot in the vague expectation that it would again be vouchsafed to him. In vain, however. His heart had only remembrance to feed on, and it was a diet on which he grew visibly thinner.

His pale cheek and restless expression could not long escape the watchfulness of Rachel. What ailed her darling—was he ill, or had anything vexed him? No—nothing was the matter that he knew of; if he was no longer hungry he really could not tell why, and as to his companions at the *Maîtrise*, it was his own fault if he did not join in their amusements—they were as good-natured as ever. Had Madame Gembloux been cross again? If so, Rachel—though by no means up in her French—would tell the *gouvernante* a piece of her mind, and expose her before the abbé! Pooh! Walter never troubled himself about Madame Gembloux; he had even ceased to care to tease her. What it could be, then, Rachel vainly pondered. Her own union with Monsieur Perrotin had merely been based on simple liking, just as much as usually goes towards the composition of a *ménage* in her class of life—something

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of convenience considered in it, but of love—in its all-engrossing, overwhelming character—not a modicum. Besides, who could suppose the predicament of having fallen in love in a boy of fifteen!

In the first enthusiasm of the moment, before the wound was felt, Walter had talked in raptures of the lovely English girl; how sweetly she looked, how kindly she spoke, how much more beautiful she was than any one in Rouen! But, after a few days, when everybody but himself had forgotten the circumstance of the meeting, he hesitated to speak of her even to Rachel—and this hesitation, the more he thought about her, resolved itself soon into absolute silence.

Rachel, then, had no resource but to believe that she must coax her darling's appetite to make him better: having no suspicion that his heart was affected, she centred her ideas on his stomach. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this treatment would have proved effectual, but in Walter's instance it failed, and poor Rachel was driven to her wits' end to devise the means of restoring the boy to his former health and spirits.

While meditating on the advisability of calling in the advice of Monsieur Perrotin—whom she had feared to alarm—accident came to her assistance.

She was sitting by herself, at work, one day, when she heard a tap at the door. On opening it she saw before her a tall, handsome man, wearing a cloak nearly covered with braiding, and a purple velvet cap adorned with a broad band of resplendent gold lace. The cap was speedily converted from its right use by a flourish of the hand, and the flourisher, bowing to Rachel, inquired if he had not the honour of speaking to Madame Perrotin? To say "Wee, musseer," was not difficult, and Rachel said so.

"In that case, madame," continued the stranger, in French, "I have a thousand excuses to offer, and a thousand regrets to express. I have been guilty of a most unpardonable inadvertence."

Rachel only half understood the speaker's words, and was wholly at a loss to account for his extreme politeness. She put it to him if he understood English, and finding that—according to his own account—he was capable of expressing himself to perfection in that tongue, she begged he would be kind enough to do so.

"First, then, madame," he said, "I must declare my name and state. I am Jean Baptiste Dufourmantelle, Commissioner of the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe—and here is my *carte!*"

Very much inclined to believe that a foreign potentate had condescended to pay her a visit, Rachel looked round for the carriage which she supposed he meant when he spoke of a cart, but—to her disappointment it must be owned—beheld none. A grimacing stranger with a card in his hand was all that met her view, and then recollecting that the word commissioner signified something less awful in France than in England, she began to comprehend the true character of the personage who addressed her, and, recovering her presence of mind, invited him to walk in and take a seat.

All the necessary preliminaries being now settled, Monsieur Dufourmantelle resumed:

"After I had the honour a month gone away—yes—I admit, shame-

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fully, a month entirely—of accompanying the honourable lord baronnet Sir Stuntall, and his amiable lady with their infant, over the magnificence curiosities of Rouen, I was received instruction when she depart to present a littel bosk from the charming young personne to the son of you madame!"

"What do you mean, sir? Who did you say?" demanded the astonished Rachel.

"The daughterre of Sir Stuntall," replied the commissioner, "she give to me a bosk, but I forget him in my oder wainscot-pocket until to-day, when I once more wear that."

"Oh, goodness! you mean Tunstall, don't you?"

"So I say—Stuntall."

"It was Sir James, and my lady, and Miss Mary?"

"Yas, I believe. Miladi certainly and Meece Mary, and, I cannot tell —Sir Stuntall James—so she call him. Here, madame, is the bosk. I nevare open him."

So saying, Monsieur Dufourmantelle placed in Rachel's hand a small, square, pasteboard box, neatly tied round with a bit of sky-blue ribbon.

"Oh, Musseer Furmantle," said Rachel, "did my young lady send Walter this? Was there any message?"

"She beg of your son to keep him for her sake, because she love so much to have hear him sing."

"And what did my lady say?"

"Nothing at all. She never know. The charming Meece was give to me the bosk in the passage as she follow her papa and mamma to their carriage. I never see them no more."

Rachel was lost in amazement at the strange chance which had thrown Walter and his cousin in each other's way, but though she never doubted that it was his cousin whom he had seen, she put numerous questions to Monsieur Dufourmantelle, in order to make sure of the identity of the persons on whom the latter had attended. These were answered in such a way as to confirm her first impression, and Monsieur Dufourmantelle's peace being completely made and friendly relations established with Madame Perrotin, the magnificent commissioner took his departure.

It had been all along agreed between Monsieur Perrotin and his wife that, until some favourable opportunity offered for making Walter acquainted with the secret of his birth, the history of his family should be concealed from him. The question now arose in Rachel's mind, was this the occasion? Her heart was so full, that if she had replied on the impulse of the moment, she would at once have told him all, but, strong as her inclination might be, she was compelled to defer it, for Walter—as had frequently been the case of late—did not come home to dinner. Monsieur Perrotin, however, was not an absentee; his course of teaching always brought him back in excellent cue for the meal, and he generally fell to with the avidity which his countrymen invariably develop when a savoury mess of pottage is set before them. But this day the case was altered: he saw by his wife's face that something unusual had occurred, and though his knife and fork were already raised, he suspended his operations to ask her what was the matter? On learning that Rachel had a communication to make about Walter, he sat immovably fixed to hear it, his fondness for the boy being scarcely less than that of his wife.

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Her tale was soon told, and it was followed by the inquiry whether Monsieur Perrotin thought that the time for explanation with Walter had arrived? The Teacher of Languages was of a contrary opinion, and replied to Rachel's wish for immediate disclosure by arguing that a casual meeting, like the one in question, afforded them no hold on Mrs. Scrope's sympathies, on which alone they could reckon with any advantage to the prospects of Walter. Had Sir James and Lady Tunstall interested themselves about their *protégé*, the case would have been different, but as the interview had ended in a mere childish *souvenir*, Monsieur Perrotin thought they had better wait. It might not be amiss to keep an eye upon the movements of the Tunstalls, now they were in England—and this he could do, he imagined, through the medium of his friend Mr. Williamms (otherwise "The White Bear, Piccadilly")—but if Rachel took his advice she would only give the present, whatever it was, to Walter, and say nothing just yet about the young lady that sent it.

On this principle the discussion was finally settled, but when Walter at last came in, it was with increased anxiety that Rachel met him. Her heart was more than ever moved to think that another occupied the place alone which he, by right, ought at least to have shared. Lady Tunstall's child was dear to her as being of Edith's blood, but still there was no comparison, in her estimation, between that child and Edith's son, and it grieved her to behold the difference of their relative positions. Surely if Miss Agatha—as she always called Lady Tunstall—had seen her nephew, she must have been struck by his appearance. What a misfortune that she had not! It was as well, perhaps, for Madame Gembloux, that her spiteful conduct was unknown to Rachel.

Walter entered with a listless air, and threw himself into a chair without speaking: he seemed to Rachel to look paler and thinner than ever. She went close up to him, and putting her hand tenderly on his shoulder, asked him why he had not returned at the usual hour? He had been, he said, for a very long walk in the forest of Rouvray, on the other side of the river. Why did he go so far? He did not know; he wanted something to do. Rachel was sure he had had nothing to eat—would he have some dinner now?—he must. No: he did not want any.

"But if I give you something, Walter, that you will like very much, promise to do what I ask."

"I will do anything for you, dear Rachel, that I can, without promising. I know," he continued, smiling faintly—"I know what it is."

"Guess, then," returned Rachel, smiling in her turn: it was the first time for several days past.

"Gelée de pommes!" said Walter: "I know you went to Monsieur Vermeil's shop the last time you were in the Rue des Carmes."

"You have guessed wrong this time: try again."

"Is it that pretty grey cap with the blue tassel that I said I saw in Blangy the tailor's window?"

"No. But you will never find out. Nor where it came from, either. Look here!"

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She drew out the little square box tied round with sky-blue ribbon, and held it before him.

"What can it be!" he exclaimed, his curiosity fully aroused. "Something you bought at the fair?"

"I did not buy it. I know no more than you what is in the box. Open it and see."

Walter eagerly untied the ribbon, which fell on the floor. In an instant the lid of the box was off, and there, embedded in jeweller's cotton, was a small, delicate, cameo ring.

"Oh, how beautiful!" he cried, as he turned the shell towards him. At the same moment the colour rushed again to his hollow cheek, he trembled and sat with lips apart, scarcely breathing: his emotion was so great that Rachel felt almost afraid.

"What a sweet face!" she said.

"It is a likeness, Rachel—a likeness of—of—of—oh, dear, dear Rachel, where did it come from?"

"You remember the young lady in the cathedral who praised your singing? She left it for you with Musseer Furmantle of the Europe Hotel when she went away. He ought to have brought it a month ago."

"The rascal!" cried Walter; "I'll tear all the fur off *his* mantle the first time I catch sight of him. Oh, if I had had this before!"

And, to Rachel's astonishment, he pressed the cameo to his lips and kissed it over and over again: he then caught up the ribbon, kissed that too, and thrust it into his bosom.

"It is herself, her very self," he kept on repeating. "I knew it at once—and so would you have known it, Rachel, if you had ever seen her!"

"Why, Walter, one would almost fancy you had fallen in love with the ring!"

"With the ring! Oh, Rachel!" he said, throwing himself into her arms and burying his head on her neck—"oh, Rachel, dear—it is beautiful Mary I love! For a whole month I have thought of no one but her. Will you forgive me?"

Rachel replied with tears—but that evening was the happiest she had known for many a year.

And what a change was suddenly wrought in Walter!

Not so much as regarded companionship, for he still felt the same strong desire to be alone—but his solitary walks were no longer sad ones. All the buoyancy of his nature had returned; he was intoxicated with a new sense of happiness. But though the light danced in his eyes brighter than ever, though a sweeter smile played on his lips, it was still only at rare intervals that he gave himself back to the ordinary amusements of his age. He was too eager to taste the delight of gazing on the cameo—which, boy-like, he wore next his heart, suspended by the original bit of blue ribbon—to bestow much of his time on his companions, though he gave more of it than before to Rachel, who knew his secret. To her he could speak without reserve of what he would not for worlds have named to any one else, and, apart from her own private motives, she had too much woman in her composition not to make the very best listener he could have chosen. To see Walter happy again was all she had de-

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sired, and that he was so now everything assured her—even to the tones of his voice when he poured forth his melody in the cathedral choir. And this was natural enough. Had not some one praised his singing?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAME COMPLAINT—UNDER A DIFFERENT ASPECT.

"VERMEIL, CONFISEUR"—and as he always added, in conversation with his customers, "Artiste en tout ce qui concerne les sucreries"—a wide field for the exercise of the confectioner's genius!

Adolphe Vermeil, of the Rue des Carmes, held by general consent the proud position of *premier confiseur* of Rouen. No banquet in the city, whether at the archbishop's palace, the prefect's hotel, or at the head-quarters of the general commanding the district, was considered complete unless it exhibited specimens of Monsieur Vermeil's art. He could model you with equal facility a cathedral of spun sugar, a temple of justice in sponge-cake, or a battery of artillery in chocolate; such things were mere *bêtises* to Monsieur Vermeil, who triumphed most when he soared into the region of allegory, and was called upon to commemorate a birth, a wedding, or a victory. There were very few of the Pagan deities, none of the cardinal virtues, and hardly any of the great names of France whom he had not, at one time or other, introduced into his devices, in the most ravishing and surprising way: so much so that it was difficult for the spectators—as he averred—to decide between astonishment and delight!

Monsieur Adolphe Vermeil was a very portly, dark-browed man, in the prime of life, who looked portlier and darker from the fact of his being always attired in white, from the cotton cap on his head to the calfskin slippers on his feet. This, at least, was his *costume de service*, and he was very seldom seen in any other. His manner was grave—as befitted one whose mind was constantly occupied with great, let me add, with sublime ideas—but he was, notwithstanding, a very good-natured fellow. His domestic establishment consisted of wife, son, and daughter, these two children sufficing—with his fame—to represent himself and Madame Vermeil to posterity. A multiplicity of olive-branches is seldom the desire of French parents. Madame Vermeil was not so grave, but quite as good-tempered, as her husband; indeed, her appearance—or there is no truth in outward show—denoted her disposition, for she was as round and rosy and pleasant to the eye as a ripe Normandy pippin, and when she laughed, which was her frequent custom, it was difficult—as you beheld her sparkling eyes, white teeth, and dimpled cheeks—to resist the infection of her gaiety. Of the children of Monsieur and Madame Vermeil, the boy, Jules—about the same age as our friend Walter—was the elder, there being the difference of a year between him and Cécile-Marguerite-Olympe, his sister.

Addicted to habits of study and observation, not so much of books or men but rather of the objects connected with his own immediate calling, Monsieur Vermeil had discovered that his insular neighbours, our countrymen, knew nothing of the noble science in which he had gathered so many laurels. He was chiefly assured of this fact by never having seen any confectionary that bore an English name, and, as his tendencies

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were eminently philanthropic, he inwardly resolved, in a kind of missionary spirit, to propagate a knowledge of his art and spread his fame amongst the benighted islanders. With this end in view, and having destined his son to follow his own profession and disseminate his system, it became necessary that Jules should speak English, and Monsieur Perrotin's advertisement catching his eye, he applied to that distinguished Professor, who very readily undertook the task of perfecting the youth in the desiderated tongue.

Monsieur Perrotin's general custom was to teach at his pupils' own homes, but there were sometimes exceptions, and in the case of Jules Vermeil it was found more convenient to all parties that the lessons should be given at the teacher's. One of the first consequences of this arrangement was the striking-up of an acquaintance between Jules and Walter, which soon became an intimate friendship, and it is probable that the French boy learnt more from his companion than from the Professor. He, at all events, acquired a greater facility in speaking—that is to say, he never hesitated about the choice of words, and his pronunciation was certainly improved—though the idiom remained a stumbling-block which he tried in vain to get over. He caught at Walter's colloquial phrases, but when it became necessary for him to think in English, he resorted to the ordinary process of translation, and as a matter of course—to speak familiarly—he made a hash of it. Perhaps Walter would have cut no peculiar figure as a French scholar had the circumstances been reversed, but living amongst the people made all the difference. Jules Vermeil's imperfections, however, went by unperceived, for Walter did not care to be critical, and Monsieur Perrotin was really surprised at his pupil's progress, which he ascribed altogether to his own marvellous faculty for teaching, so that the young confectioner soon grew into the conceit of having mastered all the difficulties of the English language; and this belief was readily adopted by his parents, who looked upon their son as a perfect prodigy.

The intimacy between the two boys had subsisted for several months at the period of Lady Tunstall's visit to Rouen, but owing to Walter's repeated absence from home, as related in the last chapter, their intercourse had latterly been interrupted. Jules had often called on his friend without seeing him, but on the day after the explanation with Rachel he was more successful.

"Ole fellō," said Jules, accosting Walter in English, which he always spoke with him until driven to a stand-still, "it is a good thing for me I find you here. There is a long time I have been at you, but you were not. Come and walk yourself with me,—I have something to say."

Linked together, with their arms round each other's waists, a fashion taught by Jules, the friends strolled into the country, and, after climbing Saint Catherine's Hill, which overlooks the fair Norman city, sat down on the turf to talk.

"And what has happened, Jules, since I saw you last?" asked Walter, beginning the conversation.

"Ah, happened, my dear, there is much! Was you ever amorous of somebody?"

If Jules had looked in Walter's face while he was speaking, an answer in words would have been needless, but his eyes were fixed on the glitter-

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ing cathedral vane, and he did not notice his friend's embarrassment. Moreover, he did not wait for an answer.

"Because," he went on, "I shall tell you what it is, ole fellō. I love a gal. But how she is pretty—my God!"

"Indeed," said Walter, recovering himself; "who is she?"

"Her name is Séraphine. A fine one, is it not?"

"Very," replied Walter. "Where did you see her?"

"Hear one instant. I cross one day the market in the cathedral's face, when, just as I turn the corner of the Great Port-street, I meet the most beautiful gal of the world. She carry a small basket with some fruits. I smile to her, and she the same to me; in that way we part. Another day or two afterwards I meet her in the Place of the Maid—the market of calves, you know him; I make to her a fine reverence, and once more she smile. Then we begin to speak. I would know her dwelling in order to have the honour to present myself at her. What I ask she refuse to tell, in spite of my insistance. While we are talking she suddenly become troublesome, and say she must go. I try to get hold of her hand, but she snatch him away, and leave me planted there. I look round and perceive I am watched of a *gendarme*, so also I depart. After that, je ne fais que rôder partout, I spy all over to see her again. In the end I am fortunate. I discover her with a tub of water on her head walking away from the fountain of the stone cross in the Carrefour St. Vivien; but she is not alone, two more gals are with her, and her look tell me I must be silent. That, however, shall not prevent me from seeing where she enter. It is not a grand house, certainly, but what makes that? In definitive, I wait till she come out alone; then I say some words, not many, for again the *gendarme* of whom she is frightful show his figure, and I to retire. This unluckiness works me greatly. I resolve upon a plot, and write to her a letter. You like to know, ole fellō, what I say?"

"Very much indeed," said Walter, who was greatly entertained at his friend's love adventure.

Jules took out his pocket-book, and, unfolding a piece of paper, put it in Walter's hand. It was, of course, in French, but this is the translation:

"My dear Mademoiselle,—It is very annoying not to know your name, but I hope soon to be acquainted with it—shall I not? In the mean time you will permit me to call you by that name so sweet, of *dearest!* You cannot imagine the happiness which you made me feel yesterday evening in the short conversation which we had together, when that horrible *gendarme* disturbed us! I perhaps appeared to you a little awkward, but you must forgive me, for it was your charms that paralysed all my faculties. Shall I have the happiness of seeing you again to-day? Say yes, I beg of you, and if you desire it I will be at the fountain where you are in the habit of drawing water, at half-past nine in the evening. Accept this small present, which is indeed a trifle, but at least it is an evidence of my affection until I have the happiness of beholding you. I conclude by embracing you—alas! on paper only, but I hope I shall soon do so *au naturel*.

"Yours, with all my heart,

"Jules."

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"And what was the present you gave her? A ring?" asked Walter.

Jules looked a little confused as he replied:

"No—not exactly. It was a paper of *prâlines*, couleur *de rose*."

"Oh, pink sugared-almonds. From the shop?"

"Precisely. I must tell you, ole fellō, I have not yet much pocket-money, so I cannot afford to buy a ring! But soon I hope my affairs will go better."

"At all events you gave what you could. What did she say?"

"Say? She open the paper and put them in her mouth, three at a time: she eat them all up at once."

"Before she read the letter?"

"Faith, yes. For to tell you the truth, ole fellō, she knows not yet to read."

"Where did you see her that time?"

"Again at her door, where I ambush myself. Then, as she reads not, I retire my letter explaining the contents. Tell me, ole fellō, what ought to do a gal when she receive a declaration of love?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. I never made one."

Notwithstanding the disclaimer, Walter conjured up a scene in his mind's eye, and sighed softly. He could have told Jules what he imagined, but he did not.

"Is it likely she laugh?"

Walter had his doubts, but would not impart them. He answered evasively,

"When people are pleased, you know, they always laugh."

"That I think," returned Jules. "Well, then, Séraphine laugh with all her force."

"What age is she?" asked Walter.

"Of a fine age. I doubt not that she has eighteen."

"Old enough to be married."

"Ah—yes—perhaps."

"But you are three years younger. You don't think of marrying yet, do you, Jules?"

"That depends. If my parents object not, I marry when I like."

"But you must ask them first?"

"Yes; that is the law. It is declared so in Article CLXX. of the Code Napoléon."

"Suppose they should object?"

"Ah, that shall not be. *En attendant*, we make love."

"And what does Séraphine say? Will she have you?"

"I have not demanded of her. But to-night I do so."

"To-night! Where are you to meet her?"

"At the fountain I mention already. I will that you see her also. Come, ole fellō, and see me making love to this pretty gal. Not so?"

"Oh, if you wish it," replied Walter, "with great pleasure."

It was thereupon settled that as soon as it was dusk Walter should join his friend at a place specified, and for the present they separated—Jules to triumph in imagination at his conquest, and Walter to meditate on her who sent him the cameo.

"I couldn't set about it as Jules does," said Walter to himself. "I suppose it is because, after all, I'm not a Frenchman."

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At the hour named, Walter was punctual to his appointment, and found Jules waiting for him. Although he was to meet his mistress by twilight, Jules was attired in his best clothes, and wore a new pair of white kid gloves, without which no Frenchman, young or old, ever makes love, or, indeed, does anything else that he thinks of importance. Moreover, he was perfumed to the last degree with *fleur d'orange*, which, as Walter rightly guessed, also came from his father's shop. Jules had, in fact, to a certain extent, defrauded a dish of *meringues* of their destined flavour. He was quite radiant at the thoughts of his *bonnes fortunes*, and hurried Walter away as fast as he could to the Carrefour St. Vivien. Arrived there, the two boys ensconced themselves beneath a dark archway and waited, conversing only in whispers.

Nine o'clock sounded from the cathedral tower, St. Ouen took up the chime, St. Maclou followed closely, St. Patrice and other churches mingled in the strain, and when they had all ended the belfry of the gate-house in the Rue de la Grosse Horloge rang out the Norman curfew which the Conqueror visited upon England. Before it was quite silent, Jules pressed Walter's arm and pointed to the opposite side of the *carrefour*, where a female figure was approaching. There was light enough to discern a tall girl, in peasant costume, holding by the handle one of those narrow-topped tubs in which the Rouen women carry water. She drew near the fountain, and placing the vessel under a spout, looked round and coughed slightly. It was the signal agreed upon with Jules, who stepped lightly from his place of concealment and went towards her, having cautioned Walter not to stir. What followed must be told as Walter saw it.

As the rays of a neighbouring lamp fell upon the damsel's face, his first impression was that Jules had decidedly understated the age of Séraphine. In Walter's eyes she appeared a woman of at least five-and-twenty—handsome, after a certain type—but not exactly the person he had fancied from his friend's description: if her waist had been more slender, and her bare arms a trifle thinner, she would have pleased him better; a softer voice, too, would, in Walter's opinion, have been an improvement. The greeting seemed to be a very cordial one, and it was evident to Walter that Jules had resorted to his original specific, for he saw Séraphine carry her hand to her mouth and drop a paper, which he doubted not had been filled with *bonbons*: indeed, a sort of impediment in Séraphine's speech made him sure this was the case. Then there was conversation with much gesticulation on the part of Jules, who appeared to be making advances, which the maiden coyly—perhaps it would be more accurate to say, briskly—repelled. In the mean time the gurgling water indicated that the tub had overflowed, and with a hasty "Mon Dieu!" Séraphine stooped down, and, displaying considerable agility in the act, lifted the vessel on her head. She stood still for a moment to balance her freight, and this appeared to afford an opportunity for which Jules had probably been waiting, as he went nearer to her and passed one arm round her waist.

It is most likely he would have secured the kiss he sought, but for a slight circumstance which then occurred. From out the deep shadow cast by the broad and lofty stone cross issued the figure of an armed man—that is to say of a *gendarme*, in boots and cocked-hat—who,

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as Jules approached Séraphine, stood close behind her. Jules's face was pressing upwards, but at that instant a gruff voice exclaimed, "Veux-tu, p'tit gredin!" and down came a flood of water from the tilted tub on the head of the amorous youth, who was carried with it to the ground. Screaming with inextinguishable laughter the damsel seized the empty vessel and ran away, the *gendarme* clattering after her.

Before Walter could reach him, Jules rose too—a malediction worthy of a full-grown Frenchman escaped his lips—he capered strangely for a moment, and then, hatless, and with outstretched arms, rushed from the *carrefour* as fast as his legs could carry him.

Though scarcely able to run for laughing, Walter followed, calling every now and then for Jules to stop, but the excited boy paid no attention; he dashed through the Rue des Carmes, passed his own door without looking at it, took the first turning that led in the direction of the quay, and tore down it with headlong speed.

"Where on earth is he going?" said Walter. "I must try and catch him."

With these words he put his best leg foremost, and the race became more equal, the distance between the two gradually diminishing. But to have prevented Jules from accomplishing his object, Walter must have run a great deal faster. He was still some twenty yards behind, when Jules, emerging from the street, arrived on the quay. Once there, he neither turned to right nor left, but crossed it in half a dozen bounds, and then, with an unintelligible cry, plunged into the Seine.

It was well for Jules Vermeil that night that the moon shone brightly, and that Walter was an excellent swimmer. He never for a moment hesitated to follow his friend, but jumped into the river also, and so well had he calculated the distance, that at the second stroke Walter was within arm's length of the foolish boy as he rose unconscious to the surface. Jules wore his hair long, and Walter seizing it with his right hand drew him round and struck out for the shore. It was as much as he could do to reach it, but the effort was successful, and he landed his prize.

Great was the commotion on the quay, for there were many people about, and it was soon known that Jules Vermeil, the son of the great confectioner, was the object of their solicitude. While still insensible he was carried to the Rue des Carmes, and when Walter had seen him fairly housed, he pushed through the crowd, and ran, dripping, home.

CHAPTER XIX.

IMMORTALITY.

THAT plunge in the Seine cured Jules Vermeil of his passion for Séraphine Lebigre—for it was the eldest daughter of the fruiterer of the Place de la Cathédrale, affianced to a *gendarme* of her father's *corps*, who had enthralled the young confectioner. He was deeply grateful to Walter for rescuing him from the river, and little less so for his silence respecting the cause of his attempted self-extinction, which thus passed for an accident. The same feeling influenced all the Vermeil family, each of them giving it characteristic expression. Mademoiselle Cécile-

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Marguerite-Olympe at once converted Walter into a hero,—her mother opened her heart to the "*brave garçon*" as to a second son,—and Monsieur Vermeil, the least demonstrative of the three, laboured with a deep and secret purpose.

For several successive days after the event, the *confiseur* was to be seen, at a very early hour, walking on the quay near the spot where the presumed accident occurred, now stopping to gaze upon the river, then moving hastily on again, sometimes muttering to himself, and anon tapping his forehead, at one moment with a troubled aspect, at another with a countenance smiling and serene, so that a stranger observing him might very fairly have supposed that the city of Rouen had given birth to a second Pierre Corneille, and that the high classic drama was once more on the eve of revival. These morning promenades ceased at last, and Monsieur Vermeil disappeared from public view,—it may be said from private view also, for he shut himself up so closely, that, except to his own household, he became completely invisible.

This seclusion continued for three whole weeks, during which it was noticed by the *habitués* of the Rue des Carmes that the *confiseur's* shop no longer exhibited that novelty and variety for which it had hitherto been so renowned. They saw with dissatisfaction the same eternal *croquignolles*, the same *mirlitons*, the same *fanchonnettes*, the same *madeleines*, as wearisome to the eye as perpetual virtue without a flaw is to the generality of minds. They even got tired of looking at Monsieur Vermeil's latest invention—a beautiful stuffed *colibri* with glittering plumage, guarding its sugar eggs in a sugar nest, surrounded by the loveliest little sugar flowrets on a ground of green sugar—which had created so extraordinary a sensation at the *jour de l'an*. As to the chocolate Cupids with silver wings and gilded bows and arrows, standing tiptoe on crystal columns, they were voted quite an eyesore. "Rien de nouveau—absolument rien!" was the daily exclamation of everybody as they shrugged their shoulders and passed on. The sameness was becoming a positive calamity, and people began to whisper to each other that something must have gone wrong with Monsieur Vermeil. His reputation was decidedly at stake, and already some were hardy enough to institute comparisons between the prince of *confiseurs* and his rival, Monsieur Decanteloup, of the Rue des Beguines, who in reality was not able to hold a candle to him; but this is the way that men of genius are turned round upon—be they ministers, generals, authors, artists—when once they cease to live for the public. It is so easy to say, "Toupin vaut bien Marotte."

For three weeks, we repeat, this state of affairs existed; had it gone on for a month, the fame of Monsieur Vermeil would have been totally eclipsed, but he saved himself just in time. By degrees it got noised abroad that there was a very good reason for Monsieur Vermeil's apparent inaction: he had been engaged, it was said, on a work of art which was destined to outshine all his former productions—his *magnum opus* was achieved. In what it consisted nobody exactly knew, and therefore every one gave currency to his own authentic version, but all agreed on one point—that it was something of which the capital of Normandy might well be proud; it was another claim on the part of France to the admiration of the world. The ex-premier was at once reinstated in public opinion, and Monsieur Decanteloup subsided into his original obscurity.

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And what, in reality, was the secret which Monsieur Vermeil had so carefully guarded?

He disclosed it at a banquet to which he invited about twenty of his most intimate friends—a large number for intimacy, perhaps even a large number for what is generally called friendship.

After what had happened to Jules, it followed, as a matter of course, that all who were connected with Walter were invited on the occasion. Invitations were therefore sent to Monsieur and Madame Perrotin, to the Abbé Ramier, and to Monsieur Cantagrel, but not to Madame Gembloux—an omission which thenceforth added the whole Vermeil family to the list of her proscribed.

"As if," she said to Madame Lebigre, in her bitterest vein—"as if the widow of an officer of the Church were not good enough for the wife of a *marmiton* in a cotton nightcap! A *gouvernante*, Madame Lebigre, is not a *servante;* she belongs to society like others; she is not to be found day and night behind the counter, selling *brioches* to every comer for a paltry *sou* apiece; she has a position, Madame Lebigre. And they think, perhaps, that I know nothing about that business in the river, I who have heard it all from you, who had it from your daughter's lips. I am like those of Saint Mâlo; I comprehend with half a word. Such news was made to travel. Yes, I will hold my tongue when three Thursdays come together. Not for the world would I be present at this most ridiculous fête, to which even Monsieur Dufourmantelle, the hotel commissioner, is invited—one who is, indeed, a *domestique!*"

"Ah!" rejoined Madame Lebigre, who had a proverb ready for everything, "if there's a good pear in the orchard the pig gets it."

"You are right, Madame Lebigre. Such pigs are to me an abhorrence!"

It was true what Madame Gembloux had said: the Commissioner—who had not only made his peace with Walter but been received into great favour by him, nobody need be told why—was amongst the guests of Monsieur Vermeil. The rest are unknown to the reader, but if he is curious about name and station, we will introduce them. Besides those whom we have mentioned, there were: Monsieur Bellegueule, the *pharmacien*, and his wife; Monsieur Gobert, the proprietor of the Café de la Comédie; Monsieur Hautecœur, the distinguished *artiste en cheveux;* Madame Dardespinne, the fashionable *modiste*, and her two daughters; Monsieur Galempoix, the *commissaire-priseur;* Monsieur Finot, the notary; Messieurs Poixblanc, Baudribos, and Cocardon, all three *négociants;* Monsieur Lenoir, of the *cabinet de lecture;* Monsieur and Madame Joly, of the *Bains publics;* and Monsieur Corminbœuf, the editor of the *Blagueur Normand*, the most widely-circulated newspaper in the department.

From the distribution of the guests at table, with Walter placed on the right hand of Madame Vermeil, it was evident to all, if they had not presupposed it, that the fête was given in his honour. But if any specialty marked the arrangements, it was nowhere visible on entering the *salle-à-manger*, unless indeed a somewhat gorgeous display of scarlet and white drapery at one end of the room suggested something of the sort. In all other respects it was simply a good dinner that awaited the company, and the company one and all seemed in the very best cue for

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doing justice to it. It is not necessary to give the bill of fare: the best dinner on paper—even that of Camacho the rich, which Sancho so thoroughly enjoyed—is a tantalising thing to read of. Let us imagine the *entrées*, and be sure that there was plenty of champagne to loosen the tongues of the joyous party, the merriest person there being Madame Vermeil—the gravest, but not the least happy, her inventive husband.

But where are the proofs of this invention so constantly and so highly extolled?

Wait a moment, and you shall see.

The substantial part of the banquet is over, there are only full bottles and empty glasses on the board, and Monsieur Vermeil is on his legs.

"Il va porter un toast!" whispers Monsieur Corminbœuf to his neighbour Madame Bellegueule—"he is going to propose a health, and I shall take a note of his speech: to-morrow you will read it in the *Blagueur Normand!*"

Monsieur Vermeil coughs away a little embarrassment, a sudden silence falls on the company, and all eyes are turned towards him as he stands with the scarlet and white drapery forming a background that brings him out in bold relief. Let me mention, before he opens his lips, that he is on this occasion attired in solemn black, and if he only had a bell in his right hand, might be mistaken for the President of the Chamber of Deputies, an institution which, we believe, existed at that time in France, and, perhaps——But let us avoid *political prophecy*, though the ridiculous impossibility of to-day is very often a serious fact to-morrow.

Monsieur Vermeil speaks:

"Messieurs et dames," he says—his oratory inclining to the gesticulative or *saltimbanque* school—"there are happy moments in the lives of all of us. In a career which has been devoted to the Fine Arts I have known many such, for the approbation of my fellow-citizens has never been wanting to reward my efforts. (Marks of adhesion from Messieurs Bellegueule and Corminbœuf.) But a cold intelligence is not that which alone suffices. While we are artists we are also men. It is when the heart assists the head that we obtain our finest triumphs! (Sensation.) An event has lately occurred in Rouen which narrowly failed to carry desolation into the bosom of my family. (Madame Vermeil's eyes are moistened, and Madame Dardespinne and her two daughters only wait the signal to use their embroidered handkerchiefs.) That peril was averted by a grand, a sublime courage. (The look is not to be translated which Mademoiselle Cécile-Marguerite-Olympe casts upon Walter, while a murmur of applause goes round the table.) A noble devotion restored to the arms of a mother an only son! (Here Madame Vermeil's tears come down in a pearly shower, and a general *attendrissement* prevails.) All honour to the saviour of my child! (Walter becomes greatly confused, and wishes himself at the bottom of the Seine—anywhere to escape an ovation.) All honour to the great science of natation! (Unequivocal tokens of assent on the part of Monsieur and Madame Joly, of the *Bains publics*.) But on the part of a father who, besides that, is something, there is more than gratitude to be paid. History claims her share in the transaction. (The distinguished journalist, Monsieur Corminbœuf, personifies History in an approving nod.) It is no longer an egotism of

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Art, but a sacred duty by which I am inspired. To that I listen: saying to myself—'Vermeil, this must be recorded!' I give myself up to study; I examine the question in all its bearings; I resolve by a supreme effort to efface all my former works; I accomplish——this."

It had not been perceived by those present, but while Monsieur Vermeil was speaking he had managed to get hold of the cord which confined the drapery behind him, and as he uttered the last words he darted on one side and gave it a sudden twitch; the curtains separated in the centre, and the subject of his labours stood revealed.

On a large table covered with a snow-white cloth, which hung in gaily ornamented festoons all round, was a device which fully accounted for the absence of novelty from Monsieur Vermeil's shop-window. It represented the river Seine taking its course at the feet of the city of Rouen, which rose in great majesty above the quays with all its spires and towers—as many of them, at least, as Monsieur Vermeil had found time to introduce. The suspension-bridge, the public baths, the promenade, the hotels, the factory chimneys, the distant shipping, the intermingling foliage, were all set forth with a verisimilitude which only painted pie-crust and spun sugar could produce. All the population of Rouen were there too, in coloured chocolate, every one with arms uplifted in admiration of a gallant deed just enacted in the turbulent waters of the Seine, the actors in which, to distinguish them from the crowd, were modelled in the nude: pink figures, two in number, with streaming brown hair, one on the other's shoulders, issuing from the water. On the quay above was a tribune or platform of crimson, where stood Joan of Arc, in a purple tunic and silver armour, with a panoply of feathers in her helmet, a silver spear in her left hand, and a wreath of golden laurel in her right; at her feet was the *Coq Gaulois*, with open beak in full crow, and over her head at the back of the tribune waved the tricolor of France and the Union Jack of England! In front of the tribune was inscribed in letters of gold:

"RÉCOMPENSE DE LA VERTU!"

—a motto remarkable alike for originality and felicity of application.

They must have been stern critics, indeed, who could look upon this display of artistic skill without approving comment. None such were to be found amongst the company assembled at Monsieur Vermeil's. On the contrary, it was asserted by Monsieur Corminbœuf, and unanimously agreed to by all present, that never before had France so successfully vindicated her claim to glory; and this idea he expanded the next day into a splendid article in the *Blagueur Normand*, in which he took occasion to hurl in the teeth of Europe, and particularly in the teeth of perfidious Albion, a recapitulation of every French victory since Clovis won the battle of Tolbiac.

Monsieur Vermeil's handiwork, however, procured him something more than the admiration of his townsmen. On the recommendation of the Prefect of the department, the King of the French—who never threw away a decoration—rewarded him with the Legion of Honour!

He prized the decoration, without doubt, because it was a public recognition of his services; he thought, however, that it was only his due, and perhaps he thought that for particular acts there should be a par-

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ticular recompense, to distinguish the *élite* from the crowd. Some men take pride in winning battles, some in framing treaties, some in composing *sonatas*, some in leaping over hurdles: all have their laudable objects of ambition. Monsieur Vermeil also had his. If the alternative had been set before him to renounce the merit of that invention or give back the decoration, he would unhesitatingly have relinquished the latter. But as this sacrifice was not demanded of him, the much-coveted distinction glittered on his breast even in the midst of his culinary occupations, and he justified the proceeding by this observation: "It was here I gained the Cross; it is just that I should wear it here!"

No man, however, not even a confectioner, has his cup all filled with sweets; he, too, is subject to the universal law, and the bitter drop was poured for Monsieur Vermeil by Madame Gembloux.

Wherever she went, and her peregrinations extended far and wide, she related the love adventure of Jules Vermeil with Séraphine Lebigre, just as it occurred—that is to say, by telling the tale with every malicious addition she could think of, to heighten its effect.

We have seen that Monsieur Vermeil was a man of many friends—but no number of friends can prevent the circulation of scandal: *it is*, indeed, just possible that the greater this kind of affluence the more the scandal spreads! I would not accuse either Monsieur or Madame Bellegueule, but they both had tongues; nor Monsieur Hautecœur, who while dressing the hair of his numerous *pratiques*, was *sometimes* at a loss for a subject to entertain them with; nor Madame Dardespinne and her two daughters, who were not always occupied in making dresses, but occasionally unmade a reputation; nor Monsieur Corminbœuf, in whose journal nothing but facts appeared; but notwithstanding the friendship of these and other intimates, before long the unlucky story was in every one's mouth, and that which, in the first instance, had been pure, unadulterated glory, began at last to savour of something like shame. Monsieur Vermeil had taxed his ingenuity to record an event which perpetuated the remembrance of a folly—so far, at least, as his own son was concerned.

He accordingly came to a conclusion which had its influence upon more than one of the personages whose history is here narrated.

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FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

A MODERN STORY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XX.

A LIKENESS.

MIDWAY between the antique cities of Chiavari and Rapallo, on that beautiful shore which takes its name from the rising sun, there stands a villa which was built about the middle of the last century by a member of the noble and once powerful house of Lavagna. He was a person of great taste, and so embellished his dwelling with every appliance of art that nothing fairer to the eye was to be seen in all Italy. He lived here long, and here he thought to have ended his days, but the French Revolution, or its consequences, found him out even in this quiet retreat, from whence he was driven, in his old age, to die in a foreign land, while the treasures which he had accumulated became the spoil of the French soldiery. In after years the estate was recovered by the family of the rightful owner, but he who succeeded to it found little more than bare walls at the Villa Lavagna, and, being sorely straitened for money, sold it to a rich innkeeper of Genoa, who, viewing his purchase in the light of a speculation, laid out a large sum of money in restoring the house and making it again habitable.

Seeking a place of rest, after much wandering, and still undesirous of returning to England, Lord and Lady Deepdale turned aside from their route to see if the Villa Lavagna at all answered the description given of it in Galignani's newspaper. For once an advertisement spoke the truth: the villa had everything in its favour as a residence, and the beauty of the situation could not be surpassed. The Genoese innkeeper asked a very long price, but Lord Deepdale did not question his terms for a moment, his only thought being for Edith.

Tranquil and, to all appearance, content with her lot, she was never joyous. The past, of which her husband knew nothing, was always present to her memory. Again and again, when urged by him to say what he could do to make her happy, she had been tempted to tell the whole story of her early and abiding sorrow; but she was always withheld from doing so by thinking that his affection for her demanded a different requital. Better that she should suffer in silence than run the risk of embittering all his future life! Had children been given to her, the void in her heart might have been partly filled, but in their absence, with nothing to replace the lost one, that had breathed, as she believed, but for a moment, she could not be comforted. Yet there was an instinctive yearning in Edith's bosom towards every child she saw, and while Mary Tunstall

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had been near her during a visit of a few months which Lord Deepdale and herself had paid to her sister Agatha at Frascati, she had experienced more real happiness than perhaps she had ever known. But after the departure of Sir James and Lady Tunstall for England, the old thoughts returned, and she became languid and listless as before. To charm away this frame of mind, Lord Deepdale again tried change of scene, and if happiness depended on external objects, it seemed most likely to be met with where Edith had now consented to remain.

Nestled amid groves of orange and pomegranate, and backed by olive woods that climbed the steep at the base of which it stood, with the aloe and palm-tree growing in richest luxuriance on the margin of the blue Mediterranean, which stretched away in front till it blended with the shadowy outline of the far-distant Maritime Alps, while on either hand projected the thickly-wooded promontories of Sestri and Porto Fino, the Villa Lavagna was surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature. The gardens, too, were exquisitely laid out: sparkling fountains scattered their spray on rich *parterres* of glowing flowers, broad trellised vines and umbrageous fig-trees afforded shelter from the noontide heat, and vases and statues of purest white stood out in sharp relief at every opening of the long avenues of cypress and immortal laurel.

It was impossible for Edith to resist the influence of the spot, and Lord Deepdale began to hope that at last she had found what had so long been wanting.

Though estranged from her mother, and of a totally different temperament from her sister, Edith's recent visit to Frascati had brought about a nearer intercourse than had subsisted between Agatha and herself since the time when they were girls together. Lady Tunstall was worldly, and though her present fortune was ample and her future inheritance large, she coveted Lady Deepdale's share in the Scrope property, which was entirely at her own disposal. Edith was childless, and there appeared little likelihood of her ever being a mother: it was desirable, then, to draw the family tie as close as possible, and encourage by every means the fondness of Edith for her niece. For this reason, whenever Agatha wrote to Lady Deepdale there was always an enclosure from Mary Tunstall: indeed, it might be said that Lady Tunstall's letters were her daughter's envelopes, so much fuller were the accounts given by the latter.

The first of these communications was received by Edith about a month after her arrival at the Villa Lavagna. It ran as follows:

"My dearest Aunt,—I cannot tell you how happy we all were to receive such a nice letter from you. Mamma would have written, herself, long before—and so should I—if we had had any idea where you were to be found. And to think of your being, after all, in the very part which we admired so much, for I must tell you that we actually went past the spot where you now live, on our way from Pisa to Genoa along the Riviera di Levante. You see I am quite a good geographer; I remember the names of all the places not only where we stayed but where we only slept, and I particularly recollect the scenery after passing Sestri, it was so excessively lovely. I see that the post-mark of your letter is Chiavari, where we were so much struck by the piles of *chaises volantes*,

so white and so delicately made, with which all the arcades of the town were crowded. And is there not a very steep road that winds through a chesnut forest when you get a little way from Chiavari, and then turns suddenly towards the sea again, and goes along a mountain ledge above the clear blue water, at which you get a peep every now and then exactly below you, only ever so far down, as well as the groves of orange and lemon-trees will let you? I think that road must go very near the Villa Lavagna, but I suppose the house can only be seen from the sea, as we merely got glimpses of roofs and chimneys except when we came upon a tall *campanile*, that stood out quite like a landmark, so high, so slender, and so graceful. I shall hope, dearest aunt, to have a better description from you than I can give, for I dare say, by this time, you have been as far as the Cima di Ruta, the view from which, *I think, is the very finest in all the world!* I shall go on, however, and tell you about our journey all the way to England.

"Before we reached the wonderful tunnel of the rocks at Ruta, we had been *for more than two hours getting through the largest forest I ever was in in my life*, and the courier told papa it was full of wild boars and all kinds of game, and I believe, if it had been the proper season, that papa would have stayed there to shoot them. You know mamma sketches beautifully, and while we changed horses, a little beyond the Cima, we went into the inn and sat on a terraced roof beneath a trellis, from which the clusters of young grapes were hanging, and there mamma drew the lovely view I spoke of, with the city of Genoa so bright in the distance, and the village of Quinto, where the great Christopher Columbus was born, a good deal nearer on the right-hand side. I must say that I think the country near Genoa looks a great deal prettier when you are a good way off than when you get close to it, for there are no trees on the hills, and the glare is dreadful. The dust, too, upon the road, makes travelling here in summer quite disagreeable, and then the numbers of flies! I could hear the postilion calling out 'Mosche!' every minute, and when the horse he rode happened to stumble, which he did very often, he said, 'Bestia gambosche!' in such a spiteful tone, and beat him with his whip. I suppose 'gambosche' means something very dreadful, the man looked so fierce when he said it, but I can't find the word in my Italian dictionary.

"Genoa, dearest aunt, is not at all the kind of place that I should like to live in, the streets are so very, very narrow, not a bit better than lanes; and the houses, even the finest palaces, so tall that it makes your neck ache to look up at them. We drove to Castoldi's, in the Strada del Campo. It was formerly the Palazzo Raggio, belonging to a nobleman of that name, and now the landlord calls it 'Italy's Hotel.' We laughed a good deal at that when we read it on his card. Signor Castoldi's English—which he is very fond of speaking—is the funniest in the world, quite worth going to Genoa to hear. The bedrooms we were shown into were so large that I asked if they were haunted, and Signor Castoldi, who was doing the honours, replied, 'No, miss, never no goats was in this chambers!' I found out that he meant ghosts. Was it not a most ridiculous mistake? I said I did not like the streets, but there is one of them, the Strada Orefici, where I could stay all day long looking at the exquisite ornaments in gold filagree, for which kind of workman-

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ship the Genoese are famous. Papa bought me a pair of bracelets, the finest and lightest you ever saw. I am to wear them on my next birthday. The name of the maker is Antonio Gianué; they say he is the best in all Genoa. I also very much admire the large white veils which the ladies throw over their heads when they walk about, full dressed, in the middle of the day. Is not that a singular custom? Do you know, they make the largest bouquets in the world at Genoa—much too large for a lady to carry; the flowers are all placed in circles, white first, then blue, then yellow, then red, and so on. It looks remarkable, but is not, in my opinion, near so pretty as what you buy in Paris.

"I was very glad when mamma decided upon leaving Genoa, for then we got into the mountains, which I so much prefer to the cities. We crossed the Apennines again, and descended into the plains of Lombardy, where, *for the first time in my life*, I saw rice growing! I always thought the plant had been something *very different!* At Turin, which is almost entirely surrounded by the Alps, *crowned with perpetual snow*, we were taken to the Hotel Trombetta, and had apartments that looked all over the great square in front of the king's palace, and the first thing I saw, when I went to the window, was a man *having his hair cut in the open air!* You have been to Turin, dearest aunt, so I shall not tell you anything about it, only papa was very much pleased with the *cafés*, and said he thought it the most liveable place in Italy. For my own part, I thought it more beautifully situated than any other, and mamma said so too, so I am sure I was right. We had very fine weather for crossing Mont Cenis, and it required a great number of horses to draw our carriage; not near so many, however, as we saw dragging the diligence when it left Susa: papa counted no fewer than twenty, including mules! What do you think? I was not at all afraid of being overturned, though in some places we went quite close to the brink of *the most frightful precipices.* As for papa, he did not know anything about them, for he slept nearly all the way till we got into Savoy. We had a great deal of difficulty in getting rooms at Aix les Bains, the place being full of company, on which account we came away sooner than we intended. We did not go to Geneva, mamma having been there several times already, but crossed the lovely little lake of Bourget in a steamer, and landed at a small town on the French side of the Rhône, after the most curious voyage through the crooked outlet of the lake, where we were pulled along with ropes by people on the shore, to prevent us from running against the banks, the stream being so excessively narrow. We were greatly amused by a young Frenchman on board the vessel, who was dressed so uncommonly smart, in a lilac coat with bright blue glass buttons, and pink-striped trousers, strapped tightly over fawn-coloured *bottines*, with shining black tips at the toes; he wore also a grey hat with a broad brim, and primrose kid gloves, which we saw him take from his pocket and put on as soon as the steamer left the quay, and he took them off directly we touched the shore again. There was a lottery on board, by which I should think the captain gained more than by the passage-money, for everybody took tickets; and though there were a great many prizes, nobody got one, owing, papa said, to the manner of drawing, which was so arranged as to make winning impossible. It was a very

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pretty girl who went round with the lottery, and she persuaded the young Frenchman to take a quantity of tickets. I should have mentioned that he made acquaintance with papa, and told him all his adventures ever since he was born. I don't know what they could have been, but they made papa laugh very much. He presented his card when he took leave, as he was going, he said, to Lyons. Such a fine card, and such a fine name! 'Apollon Desiré Criquebœuf, Chapelier, Gantier et Coiffeur.' Mamma said she supposed he must be related to the Three Graces!

"The journey to Paris was rather tiresome, but I have a good story to tell you of what occurred at Dijon. We slept in a very large hotel, and our bedroom windows overlooked an immense court-yard, in one side of which, near the *porte cochère*, was chained an enormous mastiff, the sort of animal called by the French a '*bouledogue*.' There was a church close to the hotel, and every time the clock struck the dog howled with all his might, so that it was almost impossible to get any sleep for him. In the morning, when papa went down, he sent for the landlord and mentioned the noise. Instead of an apology, or saying that he was sorry, the man's countenance brightened up, and he said: 'Ah, monsieur! j'espère que vous l'avez entendu à minuit! C'est alors qu'il est beau!' It was impossible for papa to scold him after that.

"It would take me too long to tell you all that we saw in wonderful Paris, so I must skip that part of our travels altogether, and hurry on to the last thing that happened on the journey, which was to me the pleasantest of all. It having been settled that we should embark at Havre, we took the lower road to Rouen, by way of Mantes and Louviers, keeping the Seine in view a great part of the way. It was chiefly, however, to see the extraordinary churches and other buildings that we went to Rouen, and I cannot tell you, dearest aunt, how delighted I was with them all. Such exquisite Gothic architecture, such lovely painted glass, and then such enchanting singing at the cathedral. The choristers were magnificent, but there was one amongst them who sang the *solo* parts whose voice was the most delicious that mamma even, who, you know, is very critical, declared she had ever heard. As for me, I cried all the time, it was so lovely, and gave me such strange sensations, but how surprised you will be when I tell you that the singer was an English boy. I saw and spoke to him after the service was over, and he was quite as handsome as his voice was charming; and do you know, dearest aunt, it is very singular, but I never saw anybody so like another as he was to you, and papa also was struck by the resemblance. He had exactly your eyes and mouth, the same shaped face and the same expression, but with a great deal more colour in his cheeks; his hair, too, was of the same shade of rich dark brown, and he wore it very long. Papa said he looked about fifteen: if not more, he was very tall for his age. The stupid commissioner could not remember his name, but told us he came to Rouen three or four years ago with a French person, a teacher of languages, who had married an Englishwoman. Although I did not see *them*, I cannot believe that he belongs to people of that condition, his air was so *noble*, and his manners *so very superior*. I must not forget to say that mamma did not see him; it was only papa and I,—and quite by chance. If I

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were with you, dearest aunt, I could tell you a great deal more than I am capable of writing. I wonder if I shall ever see him again! Kiss my uncle for me, and believe me your ever affectionate niece,

"MARY TUNSTALL.

"P.S.—We set out to-morrow for the north, on a visit to grandmamma at Scargill Hall, and after a few days papa leaves us for the Highlands. We are to stay till he is tired of shooting grouse. Were you ever at Scargill?"

Lord Deepdale was from home when Edith received this letter: had he been by while she read it, the conflicting emotions which it excited must have compelled her to an instantaneous disclosure of her secret. For several days she continued in a strange fever of excitement. At last she became calm, but when her husband came back he could not help noticing, though he said nothing, that a deeper shade of melancholy was on her brow.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DISCOVERY.

A WAYWARD spirit, deriving pleasure from painful sources, made Mrs. Scrope once more an inmate of Scargill Hall.

She had originally abandoned the place on account of its loneliness; greater reason existed afterwards for looking upon it with aversion; and yet she finally chose it for her principal abode, maintaining, however, but little intercourse with her neighbours, and living, for the most part, in solitary grandeur.

Mrs. Scrope's temperament was one which age did not soften. The aim of her life had been the possession of power; yet, despite her strong will and vast wealth, a weaker nature had thwarted her chief desire. The failure of the one great expectation had rendered all other successes valueless. With no son of her own, she was doubly disappointed by the result of her daughters' marriages: in the one instance, the heir was again a female; in the other,—ah, there was the bitter thought! If that boy had been Lord Deepdale's child all would have been well, but as the offspring of a nameless man, she held it an alien to her blood. Notwithstanding her proud soul, there were moments of self-accusation. Had her severity towards Edith been less, the fountain of maternity might still have flowed, but in the dread hour when Edith heard the fatal words which proclaimed the death of her babe, its current was stopped for ever.

In placing Walter under the charge of one who, for the money she gave, would implicitly obey her instructions, Mrs. Scrope exercised a secret influence over his destiny: if the boy died, so much the better, she was released from all further care respecting him; if, contrary to her hope, he lived till he was old enough to go to sea, his removal might easily be effected, and he would equally be lost sight of for ever. When,

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therefore, the account first reached her of Walter's disappearance, coupled with the intimation that Mr. Binks believed he was drowned, she felt an unwonted degree of satisfaction; but when she saw that he only expressed his belief without asserting it as a fact, she could not rest until she had obtained all the proof which the circumstances of the case could afford. As we have already related, she immediately went down to Moorside, but though the most active search was made, no tidings of Walter were obtained, while, on the other hand, no evidence of his death appeared. In such a torrent as the Lune, broken by rocks and shallows, a dead body could not be carried far; it must be caught by some eddy and thrown on the bank, or remain stranded in mid-stream,—and in either case its discovery was almost certain. But throughout the course of the river from the mill-dam to its junction with the Tees, the peasants found only an empty sack which had been torn in its fall, but was nowhere stained. Once or twice a vague notion crossed Mrs. Scrope's mind that Rachel Loring, who, on the plea of ill-health, had just left her service, was somehow concerned in the business; but the idea of her intervention subsided before the conviction that she could not, without assistance, execute such a project as that of carrying off the boy, and who was there to render it? Still the mystery in which Walter's fate was wrapped rendered her uneasy, and this discomfort was increased when she found on inquiry that none of Rachel's relations could give any clue to her present place of residence. For a time Mrs. Scrope occupied herself in endeavouring to discover where she had gone, her agent, Matthew Yates, whom we have seen at Scargill during Edith's illness, being well paid for travelling over England for that purpose; but at last she gave up the attempt as hopeless. She did not go abroad again, but at the end of two or three years went down to live at Scargill.

Mrs. Scrope seldom wrote to Edith, but her correspondence with Agatha was frequent, and when her favourite came to England she accorded her as warm a reception as it was in her nature to give, and, though little disposed to notice children, was won over by the beauty, liveliness, and innocence of her granddaughter to show her more than ordinary favour. By degrees this liking became affection—the stronger for its concentration in one particular direction—and before a month had gone by Mary Tunstall became all-in-all with the imperious mistress of Scargill Hall. Agatha was surprised but delighted to observe her mother's *penchant*, and, as she had done with regard to Edith, encouraged it in every way. Her hope was to marry her daughter as highly as any heiress in the kingdom, and, if she judged rightly, the same desire was at the bottom of Mrs. Scrope's predilection. Poor Mary, meantime, was moved by none of these ambitious dreams, though even at her age ambition finds room to grow; dreams, indeed, she had, but they were associated with the simple happiness of loving.

As of that which the heart thinketh the mouth speaketh, so it came to pass that, in relating to her grandmother one day when they were walking together all that had befallen since she left Frascati, Mary Tunstall told in full detail the story of the youthful singer in Rouen Cathedral. At first Mrs. Scrope lent merely a pleased attention, smiling at Mary's enthusiastic description of "the angelic voice," but when she

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spoke of the boy's extraordinary likeness to Lady Deepdale, a far different and more earnest feeling was awakened.

The words, I "thought my aunt's face was before me," sent a sudden pang to Mrs. Scrope's bosom as if a dagger had been planted there. A likeness so strong as to have given birth to such a thought—what could it mean? With an eagerness which Mary was quite at a loss to account for, Mrs. Scrope questioned her about the boy's age, his name, his parentage, his condition of life, and how he came to be there? To these inquiries Mary could only reply as she had written to Lady Deepdale.

Mrs. Scrope listened in silence to every syllable that fell from her granddaughter's lips, but smiled no more at what she heard. When Mary had ended, she said, with assumed composure, that such resemblances were of common occurrence, and then turned the conversation. But she could not so readily dismiss the subject from her thoughts, neither did she wish to do so; and when alone in her chamber she closely considered it.

The problem she had to solve was this: Who was this English boy, fifteen years of age, so strikingly like her own daughter—brought up abroad by a Frenchman, a teacher of languages, who had married in England? Quick suspicion led her rapidly to the right conclusion. He could be no other than Edith's son. The circumstance of Rachel's evasion almost at the very moment of Walter's disappearance, with the possibility of *her marriage* about the same time, afforded a strong presumption that she was one of the people with whom the boy was living. But who was the other? Mrs. Scrope reflected. A teacher of languages! The man's condition recalled a name forgotten for many years—Perrotin! The idiot to whom in her folly she had entrusted Edith on her journey to the north—the only person, besides Rachel, who was cognisant of her daughter's clandestine marriage! It was as clear as day. This Perrotin had found out Rachel, and together they had conspired to steal the boy—no doubt with the design of one day extorting a heavy sum for the suppression of his claims.

Mrs. Scrope opened a cabinet and took from it a thick book with a lock which she unfastened; she turned over the leaves till she came to a certain page, when she read a single entry:

"June 24, 1831."

"There was no need," she muttered, "to write down the date of our dishonour! Can I ever forget the day? But it offers a written confirmation of the boy's age. Exactly fifteen. And here," she continued, opening a paper that marked the place—"here is the certificate of the marriage! A pretty certificate! After all, it is only a copy from the register. But then the original is inaccessible to these people; they would never think of applying to see it; besides, they dare not come to England. I can reach *them*, notwithstanding. Shall I destroy these evidences of her shame? No—not yet, not yet."

Mrs. Scrope replaced the paper in the book, which she locked and returned to the cabinet. She then wrote the following letter:

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"Scargill Hall, Monday.

"MATTHEW YATES,—Immediately after receiving this, take the first train and come here to receive my instructions. I mean to send you abroad. "M. S."

He to whom this peremptory message was sent lost not a moment in obeying it. He arrived at Scargill Hall on the day but one following, was closeted till late in the evening with his patroness, and then took his way back as speedily as he came.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EMISSARY.

ON the afternoon of the fourth day following this interview, the steamer from Havre arrived at Rouen with its usual complement of passengers. Amongst them was an Englishman who, with more than the usual taciturnity of his countrymen, had kept aloof from all on board, utterly indifferent to the beauty of the river scenery, and wrapt up in meditations which, to judge by the expression of his countenance, must have been anything but cheerful.

He was, indeed, a person of most unprepossessing appearance, with a thick neck, a bullet head, a forehead villanously low, a heavy brow, small, piercing grey eyes, a nose almost flat, a compressed mouth, and one cheek disfigured by a dark red seam, which had either been frightfully burnt or deeply gashed. His age might be about fifty-five, but, to judge by the squareness of his frame and the muscularity of his limbs, time had not yet diminished his strength. No inference as to his condition in life could be derived from his dress, which was plain, but respectable.

That it was not inability to speak French which had kept him silent was evident from the few words he uttered on landing, when he called for the commissioner of the Hôtel de l'Europe. Monsieur Dufourmantelle, who was on duty on the quay, at once stepped forward, and with many demonstrations of respect and much unnecessary declamation, conducted him to the house. On reaching it, the stranger, who seemed conversant with French customs, gave his keys to the commissioner and his passport to the landlord, said briefly that his name was Yates, and desired to be shown the best apartment that was vacant. The landlord was all smiles and bows.

"Did monsieur desire a *salon à part* besides a *chambre à coucher*?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then, there was one *au premier* which would exactly suit monsieur. It was called *l'appartement des Anglais*, because they always chose it. The view from the windows was superb. Monsieur would be delighted with the view.

Monsieur looked as if nothing in the world delighted him, and only returned an inarticulate growl.

"Would monsieur dine at the *table d'hôte*?"

"No."

"Ah, that was a pity, for it was the best in Rouen. The commandant

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and officers of the 7th Chevau-Légers, several of the principal merchants, finally the first society, always dined there."

Good society seemed to have no charms for Mr. Yates. He growled again.

"Well, as monsieur pleased, but he (the speaker) would permit himself to make the observation that private dinners were much the most expensive."

"No matter. They must send up a good one, and as soon as they could."

The host shrugged his shoulders. Fond as his class are of swelling the amount of their bills, a French landlord would rather forego that opportunity than not commend his *table d'hôte*: his *amour propre* is stronger even than his self-interest. However, when they do yield in this matter, they know how to indemnify themselves for their complaisance.

We will suppose that Mr. Yates has dined to his satisfaction, and is sitting with a bottle of Burgundy before him, filling full, drinking what he fills, and, under the inspiration of the wine, thinking profoundly. There comes a knock at the door. It is the commissioner—Dufourmantelle. He has brought monsieur's keys; nothing has been touched at the *Douane*, and monsieur's baggage is already in his bedroom. The commissioner desires to offer his services. It is a lovely evening—the environs of the town are beautiful—or, perhaps, monsieur would prefer the theatre: the actors are of the first force, it is the twenty-ninth representation of "Le Neveu du Diable," a charming piece, which has had the most extraordinary run at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris—all Rouen flock nightly to assist at it.

Neither of these propositions are agreeable to Mr. Yates, but he is not indifferent to the attractions of the city. He understands that the *Maison de Santé* is on a very large scale. Could he see that?

Assuredly, is the commissioner's reply—but, unfortunately, not that evening; the hours for visiting that establishment are specified, and it can only be viewed with tickets. He shall have the honour of procuring one for monsieur the first thing in the morning. Was there no other amusement which monsieur would prefer for the moment?

Mr. Yates seems to reflect: that is to say, he takes another full glass, which empties the bottle, and does not return an immediate reply, while Dufourmantelle stands in an attitude of obsequious attention.

At last Mr. Yates speaks.

"You know the town, you say?"

"Every street, every house in it; almost every inhabitant."

"In that case," says Mr. Yates, slowly, "you probably are acquainted with a person of the name of Perrotin?"

"I regret to say I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance; but I am so fortunate as to be known to his wife."

"That will do just as well. Whereabouts do they live?"

Dufourmantelle says that it is in the Chemin aux Bœufs, outside the Boulevards, between the Cimetière du Gatte and the Cimetière Monumental; not in the gayest part of the city.

This last observation does not affect Mr. Yates so unpleasantly as

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might perhaps have been expected. He expresses a wish to see the locality, and the commissioner, only too happy to be employed, eagerly offers to be his guide. The offer is accepted, and Mr. Yates and his attendant leave the hotel together.

Whether the generous quality of the wine which he has drunk has rendered Mr. Yates more genial, or whether he is influenced by some secret motive, may be a doubtful question, but he is more disposed for conversation now than he seemed to be a few hours earlier. They pass in front of the cathedral, and, as a matter of course, his companion expatiates on its beauties. It is the hour of vespers. Would monsieur like to enter, just to hear the chanting of the evening hymn? No. Mr. Yates has no great fancy for sacred music, but asks if it is well executed; whereupon the commissioner waxes eloquent.

"It would be impossible, if France were traversed from east to west, from north to south, to hear anything half so magnificent as the service in Rouen Cathedral! To make it perfect, it wants only that which it possessed a week ago. But, alas! there has been a sad misfortune, a great blow has been given to the choir, it may even be called a public calamity: the finest voice in Europe has become extinct!"

Mr. Yates casts a quick glance on the speaker, and a hideous smile flickers over his scarred face.

"Is the singer dead?" he asks, sharply.

"No, he lives and is quite well, but it comes to the same thing."

Mr. Yates impatiently demands how that can be?

"Monsieur will understand that I am speaking of a boy, gifted with the most ravishing organ! At a certain age it sometimes arrives that the larynx refuses any longer to perform its vocal functions. This is what occurred only last Sunday. In the midst of high mass that boy's voice suddenly broke down! At one moment the congregation were listening to the melody of the celestial spheres, in the next they tried in vain to persuade themselves that their ears had deceived them: a hoarse croaking, as of frogs, was the only sound they heard; that also presently ceased, and all was silent; the mass was finished in haste, and then the cause of this interruption was ascertained. Was I not right, monsieur, in calling it a public calamity?"

"He broke no blood-vessel, then?"

"Certainly not; but what was worse, his voice at that instant disappeared. For him to sing any longer has since been found impossible. What renders this circumstance of interest to you, monsieur, is, that the parents of the boy are those for whom you inquire."

"Indeed!"

Mr. Yates and the commissioner continued their walk, threading the narrow streets of Rouen till they came to the Chemin aux Bœufs, by which time it was getting dusk. Monsieur Dufourmantelle pointed out the house they were seeking, and asked if he should go first and announce Mr. Yates.

"No," was the reply, "I can announce myself when the time comes. Remain here while I take a look at the place."

Monsieur Perrotin's dwelling was one of very modest pretensions. It stood with its high, pointed gable towards the road, a flight of three or

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four steps led up to the door, and a broad window filled the rest of the lower floor, the ledge of which was raised about five feet from the ground, so that a man of ordinary height could just see into the room from the outside without obstructing the light. This facility for observation seemed to have struck Mr. Yates, who, instead of ascending the steps, drew close up to the window, took off his hat, and peeped over the ledge. A lamp was burning, which enabled him to observe the occupations of those within. At a table on which the lamp stood an elderly man was writing, whose salient features were seen in profile; near him, and directly opposite the window, sat a boy with a book in his hand; and moving about the room, a female figure occupied herself with some domestic arrangements. The man and the boy were strangers to Mr. Yates; he cast on each of them a searching look, nor withdrew it till he had fixed their countenances in his memory; he then turned his eyes on the woman, and, although fifteen years had gone by since last he saw her, recognised her at a glance, for Mr. Yates was one whose peculiar faculty —well exercised by his professional pursuits—consisted in never forgetting a person he once had met.

"My lady's information," he said to himself, "was right; but it's seldom she makes a mistake. I felt sure I was sent on no fool's errand. So, that's pretty Rachel Loring that was; pretty enough now, for that matter, but older! How afraid she used to be of my wife; and of me, too, whenever I came across her! I don't much wonder at it, for making things pleasant to people is not altogether in our line. The old chap is her husband, of course; and the boy—ay, you've no need to look up, young feller, I shall remember you as long as I live—you're the son of our patient; she that we had to watch so, for fear of her doing herself a mischief after you was took away, my lady's eldest daughter! Well—that'll do for the present. I've no call to stay here any longer."

Stealthily, then, Mr. Yates withdrew from the window, stepping backwards till he was at some distance from it; he then turned and rejoined the commissioner, who had been watching his movements with some curiosity.

"You told me," said Mr. Yates, "that the person who lived in that house was named Perrotin?"

"Certainly, monsieur!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I am mistaken. It is not the Perrotin I supposed it was. I never saw him before, so it was just as well I didn't go blundering in before I ascertained the fact. Now show me the way back to the hotel."

Monsieur Dufourmantelle had studied the travelling community till he flattered himself he knew mankind, and was incapable of being deceived; but the easy assurance of Mr. Yates was too much for him; he believed what he said, and in this belief retired that night to rest.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A MESSAGE.

TWICE to have passed over the same ground, although by twilight only, was enough for Mr. Yates, whose memory was equally retentive of places as of persons. He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding his way alone, next morning, to the Chemin aux Bœufs; but, instead of proceeding direct to Monsieur Perrotin's house, he turned into the cemetery on the opposite side of the road. Mr. Yates did not, however, seek out this sacred spot to meditate among the tombs, to weep for the loss of friends, or to add fresh wreaths to the votive offerings that clustered above every monument, though there was a rare choice of *immortelles* at the cemetery gate. The performance of these pious duties he left to others, his object being business, which, seen from his point of view, had little in common with either piety or affection. It was, in fact, to keep a sharp look-out on the movements of Monsieur Perrotin's family that Mr. Yates established himself in the enclosure in such a position as completely to command the house he came to watch.

Bent over a sad funereal urn, with his eyes shaded by his hand, in an attitude of deep affliction, his keen glance never wandered from Monsieur Perrotin's door, and it was not long before some of the occupants were visible. The first who appeared was Walter, with his *casquette* on his head and a book in his hand, most likely the one which Mr. Yates had seen him studying. He was on his way to the *Maîtrise*, but before he took his final departure he went back into the house, and his merry laugh replied to something that was said to him by a female voice within. He presently came out again smiling, tossing in the air and catching a large, rosy-cheeked apple, which Rachel, no doubt, had given him to keep away the pangs of hunger between breakfast and early dinner. Mr. Yates heard his "Good-by," and then saw him jump down the steps and run along the road.—After an interval of about a quarter of an hour, Monsieur Perrotin himself came to the door. He, too, was provided with a book, one of the necessities of his daily teaching, and also hastened towards the town. But Mr. Yates was not yet satisfied; he still kept watch, and at last his patience was rewarded by the appearance of a middle-aged woman in full Norman costume, having a large market-masket on her arm. This was the *femme de ménage*, and now the coast was clear.

Decorously wiping his eyes, though he had no tears to dry, Mr. Yates repassed the cemetery gate and approached the dwelling of the Teacher of Languages. He knocked, and the door was opened by Rachel, who, seeing a stranger, asked him, in broken French, what he desired? To her surprise she was answered in her native language, the speaker inquiring if she were Madame Perrotin. Rachel replied in the affirmative, and Mr. Yates, observing that he had a message for her from England, at once walked in without waiting for an invitation, and entering the room which he had surveyed the night before, threw himself into a chair and leisurely looked about him.

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Troubled by his manner even more than displeased by his rudeness, Rachel remained standing, waiting for him to speak again. He seemed in no hurry to do so, his attention being occupied by the various contents of the apartment of which apparently he was taking a mental inventory, and she was obliged to open the conversation.

"You have a message for me, sir," she said; "may I beg the favour of your name?"

"My name," he replied, bluntly, "is of no consequence to you. Is that the picter of your son as I see hanging over the fireplace yonder?"

Rachel turned pale at the abrupt question. This man's evil countenance had possessed her with a sudden fear, but she tried to keep up her courage.

"He may or may not be my son," she said; "that can be no business of yours. I wish to know who *you* are, and what you want with me."

"You'll soon find out what I want," he returned. "As to my business,—you can read writing, I suppose? Read that!"

He took out a letter as he spoke, and held it towards her. She received it with a trembling hand, glanced at the superscription, which bore her Christian name only, but did not venture to break the seal.

Mr. Yates noticed her embarrassment.

"I dare say," he said, "you can give a sort of a guess where that letter comes from. Now then, if you don't want me to tell you the contents, open it."

She did as he told her, and began to read.

If her cheek were pale beforehand, its paleness was rivalled now by the whiteness of her lips, from which all the colour fled the instant the first lines met her eye. And well it might, for, to her simple apprehension, the words written there were the most terrible that ever were penned.

The letter ran thus:

"You have been guilty of FELONY. The laws which your wretched husband and yourself have broken *can be enforced where you now are*, and it only depends on me to have them put in execution. If you would avoid the pain of exposure and *the punishment due to your crime*, throw yourselves at once on my mercy by delivering up the child *whom you stole from Moorside* to the bearer of this, *who has authority from me* to receive him.

"MARGARET SCROPE."

All Rachel's strength failed her; the paper dropped on the floor, and she sank upon her knees.

"Oh no, no!" she cried, "you will not take him away from me. You cannot be so cruel!"

Mr. Yates remained wholly unmoved. He lost a day when one went by without his witnessing human suffering.

"You know my business *now*," he said. "And if you're wise you'll do as my lady bids you."

Rachel burst into tears and buried her face in her hands. Heedless of her grief, Mr. Yates continued:

"If you don't, you must take the consequences. The penalty for kid-

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napping is transportation for life; so you know what you've got to look to."

"But," exclaimed Rachel, suddenly looking up, "my lady has no right to the boy as long as his mother lives!"

"What claim have *you* to him?" retorted Mr. Yates. "And how do *you* know his mother IS alive? Suppose I was to tell you that she's been dead and buried these three years! Don't you take it into your head that my lady acts without warrant. If you do, you'll get the worst of it, as sure as my name's Matthew Yates."

Rachel looked in the man's face and shuddered. Her instinctive fear of him was now explained: she recollected who he was; she remembered to whose hands Edith had been consigned.

"Ah," said Mr. Yates, "I thought it was time to jog your memory. I'm not one as does things by halves. Let's have no more fuss, but bring the boy to me to-morrow morning. That's where I'm staying. I give you all day to think over the matter. Only bear this in mind. A word from me to the prefect of police sends you and your husband to *quod*: you understand what that means! And you lose the boy into the bargain."

With these words he rose, threw his hotel card on the table, and left the room with as much indifference as he had shown on entering it.

Rachel was dismayed, stunned, by the events of the last few minutes. She thought less of her own or of her husband's fate than of that of the darling of her heart. A little while ago and she had speculated on the hope of moving Mrs. Scrope to acknowledge Walter. Now he was actually claimed by her, and she trembled to think of giving him back.

But it was the nature of the demand that roused her fears. If Mrs. Scrope meant well towards her grandson would she have made choice of such a man as this Yates for her messenger?

How should she act, how temporise to turn aside the blow?

Only one course suggested itself, but before that could be taken she must consult her husband.

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New-Book Notes by Monkshood.

MICHELET'S HISTORY OF FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

In the first five chapters of his new volume, M. Michelet treats successively of the Thirty Years' War; the situation of Richelieu in 1629 —in which critical year the Cardinal's policy underwent a change;—the doings of the Imperialists in Italy, and the sack of Mantua; the opposition Richelieu had to encounter from the two Queens (Marie of Medicis and Anne of Austria); and the victory with which his astute Eminence concluded the so-called Day of the Dupes. The sixth chapter then opens with a query. "There you have eighty pages to narrate the history of three years. And what is it that I have narrated? Absolutely nothing." Nothing can come of nothing, as King Lear once said to his favourite daughter, and as ex-King Lear again said to his favoured fool. So that "absolutely nothing," in this absolute sense, is not, after all, M. Michelet's meaning. *Rien du tout*, he says. But then he proceeds to "explain." This nothing is something. *Ce rien est quelque chose*. For it is, in fact, the essence, the characteristic, the *fond*, of the time. Greatness of endeavour, and serious strivings, and complex combination, and the elaborate display of a huge political and diplomatic machine, clogged by the merest trifle, and requiring incessant readjustment, and crying and groaning with the travail of producing the very smallest effect—*voilà* what the five chapters are occupied with describing. Those unfortunate "machinists," Sully and Richelieu, attain nothing beyond petty ephemeral results, with all the imposing power of their sound wisdom and strong will.

What, indeed, remains, at this epoch, of Sully and his labours, of the good designs of Henri Quatre? What is become of Richelieu's *plans* for turning Sully's economics to account? How has the Financial Reform movement prospered? and how stand matters in the home department, the war-office, and that of foreign affairs in general? We find that it cost Richelieu more labour to take "those two little places, Pignerol and Saluces," than it cost Louis XII. and Francis I. to conquer Lombardy at large. The unique and actual result, really obtained, was this—the positive *amortissement* of one great vital force, by means of which France had hitherto been terrible to Spain—that force being the Protestant party, the Protestant *marine*.

The distinguishing mark of the age is impotence, incapacity, "impuissance." Every one feels clearly that something is dying out; no one, what is coming into life. To ring out the old may be easy; but who shall ring in the new?

There are times in a nation's history when the most determined antagonist of dictatorship as a principle, of despotism in the abstract, is forced to accept a dictator, however reluctantly, to range himself on the

* Histoire de France au dix-septième Siècle: Richelieu et la Fronde. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot. 1858.

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side of a despot, as the least of two or more evils. And M. Michelet, when he has to recount the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, in 1642, describes them as blind to the fact that, but for the "violent dictatorship" of Cardinal Richelieu, France would have been irretrievably lost—that she would have been swallowed up by Wallenstein and the "brigands" who aped his movements—blind, moreover, to the fact, that Richelieu, though himself unfortunate as a war-minister, yet fostered a war-spirit in France which promised great things to come, and in due time performed the promise, under a Condé and a Turenne.

What sort of judgment, then, does the historian finally pass on the great Cardinal? "Que ses actes le jugent," he says. We are cautioned against amusing ourselves with those portraits in which, for the sake of concentrating the *grands traits*, abstraction is made of the numerous and complex details wherein the true life, the inner individuality, really exists. Still less should we take up with those vague comparisons which darken the subject they attempt to illustrate. Richelieu bears but a faint resemblance to Louis XI., although the resemblance has been so much insisted on; while as regards his likeness to the last king of France whom men call the Convention—it is, in Michelet's system of historical parallels, a thing undiscoverable, imperceptible, undemonstrable quite.

Richelieu is allowed to have had a genius for system and centralisation—though "less so than has been said"—for the main feat he wrought in this direction (viz. the creation of Intendants) was the result of a pressing necessity, on the morrow of the invasion, and not the accomplishment of a premeditated idea. His premeditations and his performances seldom agreed. What he did when the time came was rarely in accord with what he designed beforehand. But then the visible greatness of his mind and will, the immensity of his labours, the "sinister dignity" of his haughty attitude, served to veil what was tortuous in his policy, and brought him safe out of endless miseries, the fruit of his fatal contradictions. The foremost man of a bad age, we are reminded, can scarcely help being bad himself, to some extent. In Richelieu were seen not a few ugly traits, extravagances, inconsistencies, the anomaly of a priestly cavalier, the absurdity of a Sorbonne pedant and pitiful rhymester; nay more, certain libertine escapades, not uncommon among prelates of the day, but more than commonly shocking in so terribly serious a man.

There was the acrimony of the priest in him. As a politician, he had the rage of the gamester who plays with reckless resolve to gain at all hazards—who stakes his life on a single card, and the life of others as well. Was Richelieu, however, really cruel? There is nothing to show it, Michelet affirms. "The forty condemned ones who perished under him within twenty years, were *mal jugés* no doubt (as was the custom then, by commissions), but were none the less guilty, and were for the most part traitors who betrayed us to the foreigner." Granted then that Richelieu seldom pardoned. *Had* he pardoned, it must have been at the expense of France. But this relentless man was not incapable of human feelings; this implacable ruler was not devoid of attachments and endearments. His love was strong, says Michelet, for those he loved at all: he never forgot a kindness done him; a better friend never lived. Even in the case of those for whom he had no liking, he sometimes tried to discipline his feelings by a sense of right. As an author, he was

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miserably jealous of Corneille; and as a politician, it was from Corneille he received, in the hour of his reverses, the unkindest cut of all—for such to him must have been the sight of Spain glorified by the *Cid*. Indeed all the pieces Corneille wrote had the look of an indirect declaration of war against the all-potent Minister. Yet the Minister pensioned Corneille, and even received him, despite his antagonism and surly ways. One day the Cardinal saw his Norman "rival" enter with a very dumpish air, downcast and dreamy-looking exceedingly. "Vous travaillez, Corneille?" naturally inquired the Cardinal. "Alas! I am beyond all that, monseigneur. I am in love." And the great Peter (we will not call him Peters, though his countrymen *do* call our greatest poet Williams) explained to his Eminence that the "young person" he loved was of such exalted station that all hope of Peter's getting her was preposterous. And what, pray, might this station be? who and what was the transcendent, unapproachable she?—Well, she was the daughter of a lieutenant-general. . . . Oh, of a military family?—No, not at all military—of a lieutenant-general of finance, in the town of Andely.

Whether Richelieu laughed, or whistled, or coughed off his amusement, we are not told. But we are told that he exclaimed, "*Is that all?*" and a very natural exclamation too, after Maître Pierre's portentous preliminary. This interview occurred just at the time of *Cinna* being produced on the stage—that *Cinna, ou la Clémence d'Auguste,* which "sous cet homme inclément [Richelieu], parut une *sanglante* satire"—but the Cardinal would not be ungenerous with *his visitor*; he would play Augustus, and assume the virtue, even if he had it not, of clemency; he would even strain a point, and see if the bonhomme before him and the (financial) lieutenant-general's daughter might not, after all, make a match of it. His Eminence wrote to the lieutenant-general (des finances) to come to Paris forthwith. That exalted personage was painfully agitated by such a message, and obeyed it in a state of mind [illegible] bewildered, distracted by a thousand conjectural fears and co[illegible] apprehensions. In an awful fright he made his way to the Minis[illegible] presented himself with abject submission, dreading if not prepa[illegible] the worst. But it ended in Richelieu's making him ashamed of [illegible] for hesitating about an alliance between his daughter and the grea[illegible] neille. So the marriage took place, and Corneille owed his wife t[illegible] man he believed to be his enemy, and whom, by poetical licence[illegible] treated as such.

M. Michelet does not omit any illustration of this sort that may t[illegible] in the Cardinal's favour. But not the less does he place in full lig[illegible] the harsher, sterner features of the Cardinal's character—nor foreg[illegible] recording with ample emphasis the chicanery, and dissimulation, an[illegible] intricate resources of espionage to which recourse was had by one equall[illegible] crafty, vigilant, and determined. His familiar, Father Joseph, make[illegible] frequent appearances on the stage—none of them to any particular advantage. Le Père Joseph, as the famous Du Tremblay is called, was the leading man in the Minister's list of spies, or agents for foreign affairs, a list comprising large numbers of mendicant friars, missionaries, Franciscans, Capuchins, &c., who wandered to and fro, hither and thither, always with a motive and a "mission," *not* always of the most upright or straightforward kind. Joseph was a Capuchin who had

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grown old in diplomacy; a very dangerous man, who was long in Richelieu's service, and was all but the ruin of him before they parted. He had a taste, a talent for "the police;" to him the whole body of spies rendered an account; and his brother being governor of the Bastille, Joseph had all the State prisoners under his thumb. Without allowing the exaggerated part his biographers assign him in Richelieu's destiny, our author holds it to be certain that Joseph had contributed to the Cardinal's elevation, and that he was long in possession of great influence under him. The Capuchin's outward semblance of poverty and austerity imposed on the simplicity of Louis XIII., who even confided to him, at times, his own "little personal affairs." And Richelieu, whose morals were frequently attacked, knew how to turn to advantage "this monastic colour of a government of Capuchins," both before Catholic Europe at large, and particularly with the King himself.

In and after the year 1625, Joseph was Richelieu's auxiliary—virtually his right-hand man—living in his palace, and even in the same apartment with him. In 1631, he became his Vice, Deputy, the Sub-Minister in fact; and had four Capuchins as chiefs of the four divisions of his department.

Michelet here remarks that the curiosity of the thing is, that this politician—the *sous-ministre*—had had for his primary vocation the idea of a poetical Eastern crusade, which he indeed accomplished in verse, under the odd title of the *Turciade*. The crusade itself was to have been achieved by a new order of chivalry, which was to conquer Germany on its onward march. All this chivalry, however, ended in a simple mission of Capuchin spies, directed by Father Joseph towards the East, and distributed by him throughout all lands that held in enmity the House of Austria. "By a whimsical alliance of contradictory tendencies, here yet remained somewhat of the poet, the chimerical dreamer, in the an of police. Father Joseph had great confidence in a crackbrained nius, the Dominican of Calabria, Campanella, who, being confined for n-and-twenty years in the Spanish prisons at Naples, there wrote his y of the Sun,' a scheme of ecclesiastical communism. Campanella, ated in May, 1626, but never free from danger or from Spanish uit, was revered in France as Spain's capital foe, and as the oracle of w polity, more daringly Machiavellian than Machiavelli himself. lso meddled with astrology. When Richelieu was on the point of g Monsieur [Gaston, of Orleans] married to Mademoiselle de pensier (whence originated the great fortune of the house of us), he hesitated, as the thought struck him that such a colossal ty might cast the very throne into the shade, and be the means iding France. Father Joseph, we are told, obtained leave to con- ampanella, who was then at Rome. And the reply of the oracle *Non gustabit imperium in æternum.*" So that Father Joseph he means of appeasing ministerial scruples, by procuring an oracular ntee that Monsieur should never have a taste of sovereign power; hereby figured as a match-maker extraordinary—a more amiable yment than too commonly occupied his distinguished talents.

t with all his talents—so pliant, supple, and ambidextrous—the chin was not all the Cardinal could wish. They were at cross ses now and then, and each was fond of having his own way.

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There were times when Joseph seemed to hold in his hand the thread of Richelieu's destiny. And though he was Richelieu's man, the man had no love for the master. "C'était son homme, mais il ne l'aimait pas." Joseph believed he had created Richelieu, and that in so doing he had created an ingrate. The Minister failed to provide for him as he desired. Father Joseph, with his Capuchin sandals, his rope girdle, and all *cette comédie d'humilité*, was looking out for the scarlet hat, which would have doubtless given him the means of supplanting his friend. Richelieu, who saw what was coming, endeavoured, after 1628, to get rid of one who was now a troublesome hanger-on—tried to shut him up, to *claquemurer* him, in a dull, dead, out-of-the-way town, of which he wanted to make him bishop. But Joseph, equally astute—and with as keen a scent as his master to smell a rat—declined the honour of being thus buried alive, and obstinately persisted in remaining a Capuchin. For *Nolo episcopari* is not always a sham. It is quite intelligible that a man should protest, I won't be a bishop, when his master motive, which a bishopric would thwart, impels him to resolve, I will be a cardinal—if I can.

Joseph, a cardinal *in posse*, crossed *the* Cardinal *in esse*, when he accepted the treaty of the Emperor, at Ratisbon, in 1630, contrary to the instructions of Richelieu. In so doing, says Michelet, the chances were two to one in his favour. If Louis XIII. died—as all France supposed would soon be the case—the new king, Gaston, would approve Joseph's signature. If Louis should not die, the two Queens would show the convalescent this treaty, and, peace being made, would make him drive away that obnoxious Richelieu. And who would be Richelieu's successor? There was but one man equal to the post, Joseph himself. So Joseph would be Minister, and—Cardinal.

Thus, we are led to suppose, did the worthy Father reason with himself. "The famous Capuchin was an amiable, obliging man, who, thorough agent as he might be of Richelieu, had yet found the means of keeping on a good footing with all mankind. He it was who, in 1626, founded the enormous fortune of the House of Orleans, by deciding Richelieu, despite his repugnance, to give Mademoiselle de Montpensier to Monsieur. Monsieur loved him, and said with regret at Joseph's death: 'He was the friend of princes.'

"He deserved this title at Ratisbon. Pressed and entreated, he gave his consent that Brulart, his colleague, should sign a peace. As for himself, an unworthy Capuchin, he declined so great an honour. But they put the pen in his hand, and no doubt told him that the Pope willed it, and that in refusing he would for ever lose the cardinal's hat. He signed." Richelieu might frown, would frown; let him. Was not the Pope smiling on Father Joseph, was not the Emperor henceforth his very good friend, and had he not grown in favour with Monsieur, and with the two Queens?

Moreover, Louis himself had a growing kindness for Richelieu's right-hand man. "Le roi aimait le capucin Joseph." Nothing pleased his Majesty better than to see his Minister encompassed by satellites in sombre grey. Richelieu kept Joseph in his own room, under his own eyes, that he might have this arch-spy under his own espionage; and

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thus far secure of him, the Cardinal employed him to prompt Louis to certain extreme measures, reserving for himself the affectation of more moderate counsels. What Richelieu could not in common decency suggest, Joseph was directed to submit for royal approval. For example, Richelieu could not, without what must look like ugly ingratitude, speak against his sometime patroness, the Queen-Mother. Perhaps—conjectures M. Michelet—he made Joseph do so instead, and by *his* means carried that great measure, the separation of mother and son.

So again in that black business, the execution of Montmorency for high treason. It is too evident, the historian observes, that Richelieu desired to impose on the King the entire responsibility of such an act. But anything spontaneous, any kind of *initiative*, was alien to Louis: he must be pushed on, urged to his work, and in the plainest, most emphatic terms. Now it is affirmed by a panegyrist of Father Joseph, "d'après des mémoires sûrs," that the Capuchin had the honour of conducting this affair—that, in fact, he was at the bottom of the whole business, held the strings and swayed the puppets from first to last, directed Bouillon's treachery, led on Monsieur, and induced Louis to sign the sentence of death. "Richelieu," our historian alleges, "put Joseph forward, and made him speak before himself. He knew him to be vain," and turned his vanity to serious account. Joseph knew Louis to be naturally severe, and turned his severity to tragical account. Montmorency, condemned at the Council, was forthwith condemned also by the Parliament of Toulouse, and was decapitated the same day, 30th October, 1632.

On more occasions than one, and in more directions than one, Father Joseph is evidently regarded by Michelet as Richelieu's evil genius. The familiar now inspired, now executed, deeds of cruelty or craft. To him is here attributed the influence which made Richelieu a persecutor. Aubry will have it that the Cardinal, had he lived, would have equalled the glory of Louis the Great, in making use of fire and sword to exterminate heresy; nay, that he would even have converted England, with a noble army of the orthodox to bring back us benighted islanders to the pale of the faith, and a knowledge of the truth. Michelet looks before he leaps to conclusions of this magnitude. He doubts the Cardinal's enthusiasm as a churchman militant. And he reckons it far more likely that those other writers, of the same age, were reasonable and right, who ascribe this vehement zeal, this warlike precipitation, rather to fiery Father Joseph, "romanesque et violent, autant que rusé," than to the native disposition or cherished policy of Richelieu himself.

There seemed a fine opening for the Capuchin's inquisitorial zeal, in the troubles of 1633-4, connected with the three great trials (*la trilogie diabolique*, as Michelet calls them) of Aix, Loudun, and Louviers—in which the persons proceeded against were Gauffridi, Urbain Grandier, and Pinart—and in all of which "the devil arrives for the purpose of giving a dramatic interest, and making an effective finale." In order that Joseph might shine forth brilliantly as the Church's avenger, and Rome be forced to give him the coveted hat, what was wanting for him was a numerous class to persecute—some great, novel, dangerous heresy, such as would warrant and demand a crusade of Capuchins. The King

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would favour so devout a war. A new power would be constituted, a Capuchin inquisitor, a Grand Inquisitor, Joseph. At first a Torquemada, anon a Ximenes, he would thus trip up Richelieu.

Now in order to push on this war within France, it would be necessary to finish the war without. An arrangement must be made with foreign foes. The peddling politics that kept Christendom in hot water—so trivial a question as that of the balance of Europe—so insignificant a topic as the country's foreign relations—must be summarily sacrificed to the great question of the faith. And for this end, it would be requisite to bring back good Spanish counsels for the guidance of a French king. The Queen-Mother must be recalled, rehabilitated, reinstated. To effect this, Joseph set himself to work, though somewhat timorously. He received the letters of Marie de Medicis, imploring permission to return to France; and these he showed to her son.

At this period, there was one thing at least in Joseph's favour: not only the King, but every one else in the kingdom—every other subject of Richelieu—was dying of ennui. There was that everlasting war in Germany, into which exhausted France had entered—misery was the result, misery that seemed endless, but certain to deepen and extend as time passed on. The air grew heavier, thicker, harder to breathe in, from year to year. A dense monotonous fog enveloped the scene, so that one actor alone could be distinguished—that great leaden figure, the Cardinal. Joseph would have enlivened the stage with an entire change in the performances. His stage-management would have belonged to quite another school. Only let him be director, and there would have been plenty of dramatic interest to keep everybody awake. The tragedies of a bygone age would have been reproduced, with striking effects, burlesque trimmings, and borrowings, from Italy and the order of Capuchins. In the *Mémoires d'Etat* written by this Father, now known merely by extracts—for no doubt, says Michelet, they have been suppressed as too instructive—*ce bon père* explains that in 1633 or 1634 it was his good fortune to discover a heresy, an immense heresy, in which an infinite number of confessors and directors had a hand. In describing the history of this heresy, and the fate of the heretics, M. Michelet evinces a zest and energy worthy of what Father Joseph showed in detecting it, and crushing them. The historian is even too fond of dwelling on subjects in which the devil takes, or is supposed to take, a leading part on one side, and father confessors and susceptible nuns are engaged on the other. But his account of the three *procès*—at Aix, Loudun, and Louviers—is full of interest, especially for those who are curious in demonology and morbid psychology. The interest, however, mainly depends on the details—which prevents our making use of this *trilogie diabolique*, even were there no other objection in the way. The three affairs are essentially one and the same. In each case we have a libertine priest, a jealous monk, a frenzied nun. In each case the nun is made the mouthpiece of Satan, and the priest is eventually committed to the flames. Urbain Grandier—celebrated in Alfred de Vigny's "Cinq-Mars"—is the most prominent figure in this tragical triad: a man whom Ménage almost ranges among the martyrs of science and free thought, while his historian, the Capuchin Tranquille, makes it marvellously clear, from a Capuchin point of view, that Grandier was a sorcerer—and more

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than that, a very devil—indeed he is named *Grandier des dominations* in the procès, just as if Astaroth himself were the prisoner at the bar.

Father Joseph's interest at court was further advanced when his young relative, the fair Lafayette—rather brown than fair, by the way, and not nearly so good-looking as Mademoiselle de Hautefort—was pressed on his Majesty's notice by St. Simon and others, who sought to give Louis a change in his platonic attachments. This was an intrigue to discard the Hautefort, who was the Queen's advocate and virtuous spy. Lafayette was younger, plainer, a brunette, but of a tender, loving, elevated nature—one of those who ravish all hearts. Being Joseph's near relation, her success with Louis would have aided the rise of the Capuchin, and thus involved the decline and fall of the Cardinal. In 1638, Joseph, on the strength of this connexion, worked boldly in opposition to Richelieu. He made the king promise to recal his mother, and to urge his claims on the Pope for a scarlet hat. The Pope had not the courage to comply—being aware that Richelieu preferred a certain Mazarin, formerly Joseph's client, now Joseph's successor; this rising Italian was Richelieu's nominee, and the Capuchin must go to the wall. Joseph saw that he was being trifled with—and, like our bluff Henry, came to abhor the dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome. He was in despair; he saw that the scarlet hat, his life-long ambition, would never be his now; and he understood who it was that "choused" him of it—*le lui soufflait*—to wit, his quondam client, his sometime creature, Jules Mazarin. The thought choked him, suffocated him. In May of this year he had a stroke of apoplexy. Every one said, Le Père Joseph is poisoned. He confirmed this rumour, so far as lay in his power, by quitting the Cardinal's hotel, and taking refuge in his convent.

Here Richelieu came to see him, and soothed him with a promise of getting the hat for him at the very next opening in the sacred college. But the Pope was put on his guard. Joseph was trifled with to the end of the chapter. No one but the King was serious in the matter. *He* insisted in favour of Joseph, just as the Minister did against him. The command of one day was countermanded the next. The poor victim of this blast and counterblast system could endure it no longer. The shuttlecock was worn out between this battledoor and that. "Le pauvre martyr n'y tint pas." Bad news reached him from Rome on the 18th of December—and this finished him: two hours after it arrived, Father Joseph was a dead man.* Mazarin, *le fourbe Italien*, who had reckoned on stepping into the dead man's shoes, was not out in his reckoning, and soon attained an influence such as Joseph had rather grasped at than secured, to say nothing of the scarlet hat with which the eager Capuchin had been tantalised till within an hour—literally within two hours, of his death.

Richelieu survived his disappointed servitor from three to four years. It was during the last of these, 1642, that occurred the Conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, which is related with characteristic power by our historian. The Cardinal had set young Cinq-Mars as a domestic spy on the King. Louis—whose weak nature must needs have one favourite or another to

* For details connected with the career of Father Joseph, see pp. 23 *sq.*, 55 *sq.*, 77 *sq.*, 117, 145-6, 152 *sq.*, 194, 213-4, 231-2, of Michelet's present volume.

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lean upon—would find the boy sleeping, or appearing to sleep, in the corners of rooms, and guessed that he was sleeping on Richelieu's account, for the purpose of listening, and reporting what he heard. The King pitied the lad; it was grievous that so sprightly and engaging a mind, inhabiting, too, so handsome a frame, should thus early be corrupted, and befouled in the dirty byways and miry sloughs of intrigue. Louis would try to convert and save this *enfant charmant*. Alas, the charming child was already far gone in worldly dissipations—and "conversion" in his case was up-hill work. But it was work the King liked, and work at which he laboured strenuously. If the spoilt child were missing for ever so short a time, Louis was uneasy, and cried out, "Where's Cinq-Mars?" For a while Richelieu's purpose was answered. But the new agent became refractory as he grew up; and the Cardinal found it expedient to *chasser* him from the Council, in which he was becoming too predominant. The expulsion was insultingly effected; and Cinq-Mars, crying and sobbing, was absorbed by one passion—to compass the Cardinal's death. The Queen, Gaston, Bouillon, were all stimulated by a kindred impulse. Richelieu had engaged Louis to withdraw the Dauphin from the Queen's hands. Bouillon was urged on by a haughty wife to be avenged on Richelieu for past affronts. Gaston was always plotting, or marplotting. The link between Cinq-Mars and Bouillon was Auguste de Thou, son of the illustrious historian, a young man of frank, honest, devout character, such as one is surprised to find mixed up in an affair of this kind. Like his father he was a savant; he was counsellor and librarian to the King, and his post as intendant d'armée brought him in contact with large numbers of the nobility and military men. Of a tender and generous nature, he did not shrink from the romantic occasion of hazarding his life "for a great Queen"—a Queen so deeply wronged, so profoundly unhappy, whom they were for depriving of her children. De Thou had no private interest to serve. He was not ambitious. But he was *un homme déclassé*—unsettled, without firm principle or abiding convictions—a restless, perturbed, uncertain thinker, whom his friends used laughingly to address as "Votre inquiétude." This was not the man to meditate assassination. What, then, was his design in joining the conspirators? Simply, Michelet says, to save the Queen, and put an end to the European war. The mistaken belief was, that this war represented Richelieu, *was* Richelieu, and that Spain was in favour of peace. Poor De Thou—the victim of this illusion—saw himself led on farther than he meant. He was in love with a favourite of the Queen's, Mme. de Guémené, a pretty little feather-brained princess, to gain whose good-will he seems to have suffered himself to be criminally inveigled in the darker designs of the plot. Richelieu unravelled its intricacies, and anon Cinq-Mars and De Thou were arrested. Gaston was frightened into a plenary confession—being assured by the King that, if his revelations were incomplete, he would be followed and taken; but that, if he told all, he would be allowed to retire to Venice, a free man, and a pensioned one. So Gaston, true to himself, spoke out *tout au long*, and every one of his words carried death with it—at first Cinq-Mars, Bouillon, Fontrailles, then De Thou himself. The Queen, when she put Richelieu in the way of discovering all, had, involuntarily and perhaps uncon-

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sciously, been the ruin of De Thou. Justice demanded one head at the least. Now Gaston could not perish. Bouillon was seized, but gained his pardon by giving up his seat, Sedan. Fontrailles was off and away. The Queen had nothing to apprehend on her own account. She could sleep placidly, awaiting the Regency. Mme. de Lansac, whom Richelieu had made gouvernante to the Dauphin, came exultingly in the morning to tell her that Cinq-Mars and De Thou were in confinement. Anne pretended to be fast asleep behind the curtains. La Lansac drew them aside, but found her Majesty perfectly calm. Her Majesty well knew De Thou—knew well that he would die and say nothing.

"Cinq-Mars tried what denial would do, and invoked as his witness one whom he supposed to be far away, Bouillon. To give him the lie, Bouillon was the same instant presented to him—having been seized while hiding in a haycock, and conveyed to Lyons, where Mazarin advised him, as a friend, to do like Gaston, and save himself by cowardly baseness. The King would leave him his head, and merely take Sedan from him."

De Thou displayed courage, but marred the effect of his latter end by a something of legal chicanery—insisting too much upon his having no more than a simple acquaintance with the affair, as if he had not been an actor in it, a director even—as if he had not pointed out all the rendezvous, and conducted the conspirators thither, without himself entering, but remaining at the door. When led before Richelieu, he pretended, it is said, to have the King's orders for what he had done. Of course he had no written directions to produce; vague words only, at the best. De Thou, then, was not unfairly condemned. A heart like his could not but acknowledge this. As Cinq-Mars and he were on their way to death, they had to pass their judges (one of whom was the illustrious Marca), and the condemned men thanked them for the righteous sentence which was about to send them, washed and purified, to God.

"Cinq-Mars, so handsome, so young, and De Thou, so highly esteemed up to that time, so pure (one error excepted), interested the crowd in an extraordinary degree. The executioner was a novice, whose clumsiness increased the popular emotion. When the head of Cinq-Mars fell, a horrible cry of grief arose from the entire square. The executioner missed De Thou at first, and then cruelly mangled him—which drove the mob to a pitch of frantic fury. Stones were flying over the scaffold. This worthy French people cursed the justice they called vengeance, and bitterly wept for the culprits who had betrayed them."

M. Michelet holds that Cinq-Mars in dying dealt a mortal blow to the great Cardinal—that he, in effect, slew his slayer, was the death of the wily statesman who had done *him* to death. "De toute façon, Cinq-Mars l'avait tué." From the time of the execution, Louis hated Richelieu with a steady, unremitting hate. The original author of the plot had been Louis himself; for the commencement of the whole affair was owing to some imprudent words of his, which seemed to ask for a riddance of a vexatious Minister—words bearing a similar construction, it may be presumed, to those which once fell from the lips of our Henry II., and resulted in the assassination of à Becket. The King's virtual complicity had been discovered from the confessions of the accused; and when, on

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his return from the South, he had to meet Richelieu at Tarascon, he came thither like one also under accusation. They were both sick men. The sick King on his couch was brought face to face with the sick Cardinal. And whatever pains the latter might take to reassure his Majesty, there was henceforth a perfect understanding between them, as to their mutual hostility. *C'étaient deux ennemis.*

Louis returned alone to Paris, but with the same men who, previous to the Cinq-Mars affair, had offered, at the first word from the King, to rid him of Richelieu.

Meanwhile, here, in his gloomy château of Tarascon, subsequently made celebrated by the massacres, "to the monotonous sound of the wave that sobs as it passes by, the Cardinal's little court had been reduced to four men, too deeply compromised to leave him while he yet lived." These were Chavigny—who alone of the four was thoroughly "reliable," and who alone represented and executed his violent will; Dunoyer—a bull-headed Jesuit, with irrepressible leanings towards Spain, that is to say, to the Queen; Condé—that "très-sinistre figure d'oiseau de proie, la plus bizarre du siècle," whom Michelet defines as an animal at once fierce and servile, by no means a man, but something above or below man, and of an entirely distinct species—a strange creature that Richelieu was bringing up in his menagerie, to create a sensation and act history in the time to come; and lastly, Mazarin, the most doubtful of this *partie carrée*—who had, indeed, been a superserviceable knave in keeping Cinq-Mars under espionage, and inducing Bouillon to speak out, but whose demonstrative zeal, and Italian powers of wheedling (*patelinage*), and caressing cant (*baragouinage*), somehow failed to inspire Richelieu with anything like implicit confidence in the creature. For, like the sharply-apprehensive Roman in Ben Jonson, the Cardinal was

> subtle, close, wise, and well-read
> In man, and his large nature; he had studied
> Affections, passions, knew their springs, their ends,
> Which way, and whether they would work.

And though this glozing Italian, this *rusé*, as Michelet calls him, *ce grand Mascarille*, this *rusé comédien*, this *poltron*, whom his patron knew to be "très-bas, propre aux coups de bâton,"* though he was not the most transparent of men, yet was Richelieu's eye keen and penetrating enough to see into him, if not to see through him. That eye discerned the drift of this "smoothly-gliding adder, with its soft undulations and spiral movements." Michelet describes Italy as avenging herself on France for so many betrayals of misplaced confidence, by infecting her with the pestilence exhaled from her own sepulchre. "The greatest corrupters of morals and of thought have come to us from Italy—numbers of fatal adventurers, wicked *bravi*, seductive scamps. Some are successful, others unsuccessful. But all of them pervert us. Concini reigns here for seven years, Mazarin fifteen." The second husband of Anne of Austria fares little better, it will be seen, in the history of his namesake, Jules Michelet, than in the romances of Alexandre Dumas.

* See pp. 59 *sq.*, 213, 230 *sq.*, 258, 266 *sq.*.

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The secret marriage of Mazarin with the Queen is positively affirmed by the Duchess of Orleans (the Regent's mother) alone. But it is considered to be all but certain by our historian, who opines that her Majesty, already a decided dévote, and growing more so continually, would not have made the show she did, of her passion for his Eminence, had she not regarded it as legitimate. Mazarin, too, is proved to have behaved to her, not at all with a lover's behaviour, but with the rudeness of a coarse husband, and a brutal. The question occurs, how could Mazarin, a cardinal, enter into what would be, *qua* cardinal, the *un*holy estate of matrimony with her? To which Michelet answers, that examples are not wanting of cardinal princes whom Rome has decardinalised, when political necessity obliged them to marry; and furthermore, that it is not essential to be a priest at all in order to be a cardinal. Mazarin, originally an officer in the papal army, and next a negotiator, was then an *abbate*—which title does not bind to anything in Italy. M. Chéruel, the learned and exact editor of St. Simon, holds it to be non-proven (as Scotch juries have it—and a very convenient phrase too) that Mazarin ever was a priest. "Je n'en trouve aucune trace," he says. And on his conditional negative M. Michelet founds a nearly absolute affirmative. In sooth, it must be owned that the latter is generally prompt to accept stories that tell in disfavour of principalities and powers: the secret marriage of Anne and her Minister is about the most respectable transaction he ascribes to them;—the excess of degraded wickedness he imputes to them, at one time and another, severally or conjointly, it were hard to surpass. At the best he represents Mazarin, during the height of national distress (1652), and incessantly during subsequent years, as entirely subordinating the affairs of France to (1) the establishment of his family, the getting grand husbands for his nieces, and (2) the creation of an enormous fortune for himself, more monstrous than any Minister had ever had—and in the full blaze of which, those comparatively modest poor creatures, Concini, and Luynes, pale their ineffectual fire, of a mere farthing rushlight sort.

The two next volumes of this History, which will deal with Louis XIV. and Louis XV. are advertised as "in the press." And we are even promised that before the end of 1859 the History itself shall be complete. And simply because—without paradox—M. Michelet is not a plodding but a dashing writer, we think it practicable he may keep his word.

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"LEONTIUS."

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF RIMINI."

By W. Charles Kent.

Hail! Greybeard stripling—young through seventy years—
Lord of our laughter, master of our tears:
One of those "Old Familiar Faces" all
With pleasure from the radiant Past recal:
Friend and companion of the poet throng
That save thee only to that Past belong.
Chief of a School so long contemned and scorned,
E'en though by Adonais' life adorned.
Bard of the realms of Cockaigne, dubbed in jest—
With what a grace, when taken to thy breast,
The brand of ridicule became the meed,
The badge and symbol, of thy rythmic creed!
An oaten pipe, the sceptre of thy sway,
Put to thy lips, lent music to thy lay.
From Dante's verse again in thine I see
Revived the tender loves of Rimini.
Again the pale Magician of the Bow
Bids rapture from our trembling heart-strings flow—
Flow to the echo of the thrilling chords,
Struck from the living lyre of thy words.
Again with dancing curls and laughing eye
The sweet boy-elf of years and years gone by,
Perched on thy shoulder, claps his tiny hands,
Or clasps thy forehead with their loving bands.
Seasons have burgeoned—flowered—teemed with fruits,
Acorns reared high their boles, struck deep their roots,
Babes turned to matrons, youth to hoary age,
Since thy first reader's soul hung o'er thy page:
Yet still thy blooms cling freshly to their stalks,
Still the bit wrangles as thy palfrey walks,
Still stirs the love-tale 'neath thy lovers' touch,
Till leaves are left for looks that tell too much,
Tell the dear secret hearts but once disclose—
Theirs, than Pandora's box, more fraught with woes.
It was with thee the vernal dawn of life,
When wayside themes with blooming fancies rife
Skirt the dull high-road, ev'n as hedgerows hung
With May's sweet blossoms—May, thy voice hath sung,
Sung as the fabled nightingale the rose,
When the bird warbles and the floweret glows.
Oft then thy brimming smiles and jocund tears
Held quaint communion with long dead compeers;
The bright-eyed Elia with his tortuous quips,
Where wit's bee-wisdom sweet from bitter sips;
And studious Southey, lapped in antique lore,
Who breathed new life beneath the ribs of yore;

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And ardent Shelley with his seraph look,
The heaven his picture and the earth his book;
And Coleridge dreaming dreams when young—when old—
Dreams of Arcadia and the Age of Gold,
Visions that first green Susquehannah yields,
Visions at last but of Elysian fields.
These and their kindred forms may never more
Pass and repass thy genial glance before.
Never again upon thine ear shall fall
One well-known voice then loved beyond them all—
The voice that through the rustling leaves at morn
Chimed 'mid the Tuscan garden oft was borne,
When from his casement-sill Childe Harold there—
Leontius! called thee from thy student lair:
And when with pencilled book and scribbled leaf
Each to the other breathed his joy and grief;
Rang the new-minted couplet from the page,
Making sweet music in the hermitage.
Yet none in thee, O Veteran! mark the mien
Of one superfluous lagging on the scene:*
Dear to the youngest of this later throng
Alike thy silver locks, thy golden song.
Quenched though the lambent friendships of thy youth,
On humbler altars burns the fire of truth—
By hearths where oft thy unseen footsteps roam
Familiar as the lares of our home.
Welcome as buds in April, dew at dawn,
From rind of years, from night of sorrows drawn,
The vernal fancies, sparkling, affluent, green,
Here in thine opening leaves of verse yet seen:
Here in thy drama's grace, thy lyric's hue—
The buds thy fancies, and our tears the dew.
Apollo's Feast though years ago thou'st sung,
Still at the board thou sitt'st in heart yet young—
Joy smooth thy wrinkles with his dimpling smile,
Peace brim thy frugal cup with health the while,
Time count with rhythmic pulse thy latest hours,
And hide his snow beneath a crown of flowers!

* New forms arise and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.
DR. JOHNSON'S *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

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THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOAT GRANGE."

The afternoon of a hot June day was drawing towards evening, and the great world of London—for it was the height of the season—were beginning to think of dinner. In a well-furnished dressing-room, the windows being open for air, and the blinds drawn down to exclude the sun, stood a lady, whose maid was giving the last touch to her rich attire. It was Lady Sarah Hope.

"What bracelets, my lady?" asked the maid, taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket.

"None now: it is so very hot. Alice," added Lady Sarah, turning to a young lady, who was leaning back on a sofa, "have them ready displayed for me when I come up, and I will decide then."

"*I* have them ready, Lady Sarah?" returned Miss Seaton.

"If you will be so kind Hughes, give the key to Miss Seaton."

Lady Sarah left the room, and the maid, Hughes, began taking one of the small keys off the ring. "I have got leave to go out, miss, she explained, "and am going directly. My mother is not well, and wants to see me. This is the key, miss."

As Miss Seaton took it, Lady Sarah reappeared at the door. "Alice, you may as well bring the jewel-box down to the back drawing-room. I shall not care to come up here after dinner: we shall be late, as it is."

"What's that about a jewel-box?" inquired a pretty looking girl, who had come from another apartment.

"Lady Sarah wishes me to bring her bracelets down to the drawing-room, that she may choose which to put on. It was too hot to dine in them, she said."

"Are you not coming in to dinner to-day, Alice?"

"No. I walked out, and it has tired me, as usual. I have had some tea instead."

"I would not be you for all the world, Alice! To possess so little capability of enjoying life."

"Yet if you were as I am, weak in health and strength, your lot would have been so soothed to you, that you would not repine at or regret it."

"You mean I should be content," laughed the young lady. "Well, there is nothing like contentment, the sages tell us. One of my detestable schoolroom copies used to be 'Contentment is happiness.'"

"I can hear the dinner being taken in," said Alice: "you will be late in the drawing-room."

Lady Frances Chenevix turned away to fly down the stairs, her light, rounded form, her elastic step, all telling of health and enjoyment, presented a marked contrast to that of Alice Seaton. Alice's face was indeed strangely beautiful, almost too refined and delicate for the wear and tear of common life, but her figure was weak and stooping, and her gait feeble. Of exceedingly good family, she had been suddenly thrown

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from her natural position of wealth and comfort to comparative poverty, and had found refuge as "companion" to Lady Sarah Hope.

Colonel Hope was a thin, spare man, with sharp brown eyes and sharp features; looking so shrunk and short, that he must have been smuggled into the army under height; unless he had since been growing downwards. No stranger could have believed him at ease in his circumstances, any more than they would have believed him a colonel who had seen hard service in India, for his clothes were frequently threadbare. A black ribbon supplied the place of a gold chain, as guard to his watch, and a blue tin-looking thing of a galvanised ring did duty for any other ring on his finger. Yet he was rich; of fabulous riches, people said; but he was of a close disposition, especially as regarded his personal outlay. In his home and to his wife he was liberal. They had been married several years, but had no children, and his large property was not entailed: it was believed that his nephew, Gerard Hope, would inherit it, but some dispute had recently occurred, and Gerard had been turned from the house. Lady Frances Chenevix, the sister of Lady Sarah, but considerably younger, had been paying them an eight months' visit in the country, and had now come up to town with them.

Alice Seaton lay on the sofa for half an hour, and then, taking the bracelet-box in her hands, descended to the drawing-rooms. It was intensely hot, a sultry, breathless heat, and Alice threw open the back window, which in truth made it hotter, for the sun gleamed right athwart the leads which stretched themselves beyond the window, over the outbuildings at the back of the row of houses.

She sat down near this back window, and began to put out some of the bracelets on the table before it. They were rare and rich: of plain gold, of silver, of pearl, of precious stones. One of them was of gold links studded with diamonds; it was very valuable, and had been the present of Colonel Hope to his wife on her recent birthday. Another diamond bracelet was there, but it was not so beautiful or so costly as this. When her task was done, Miss Seaton passed into the front drawing-room, and threw up one of its large windows. Still there was no air in the room.

As she stood at it, a handsome young man, tall and powerful, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, caught her eye. He nodded, hesitated, and then crossed the street as if to enter.

"It is Gerard!" uttered Alice, under her breath. "Can he be coming here?" She walked away from the window hastily, and sat down by the bedecked table in the other room.

"Just as I supposed!" exclaimed Gerard Hope, entering, and advancing to Alice with stealthy steps. "When I saw you at the window, the thought struck me that you were alone here, and they at dinner. Thomas happened to be airing himself at the door, so I crossed, and asked him; and came up. How are you, Alice?"

"Have you come to dinner?" inquired Alice, speaking at random, and angry at her own agitation.

"*I* come to dinner!" repeated Mr. Hope. "Why, you know they'd as soon sit down with the hangman."

"Indeed I know nothing about it. I was in hopes you and the colonel might be reconciled. Why did you come in? Thomas will tell."

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"No he won't. I told him not. Alice, the idea of your never coming up till June! Some whim of Lady Sarah's, I suppose. Two or three times a week for the last month have I been marching past this house, wondering when it was going to show signs of life. Is Frances here still?"

"Oh yes; she is going to remain some time."

"To make up for——Alice, was it not a shame to turn me out?"

"I was extremely sorry for what happened, Mr. Hope, but I knew nothing of the details. Lady Sarah said you had displeased the colonel, and after that she never mentioned your name."

"What a show of smart things you have got here, Alice! Are you going to set up a bazaar?"

"They are Lady Sarah's bracelets."

"So they are, I see! This is a gem," added Mr. Hope, taking up the fine diamond bracelet already mentioned. "I don't remember this one."

"It is new. The colonel has just given it to her."

"What did it cost?"

Alice Seaton laughed. "Do you think I am likely to know? I question if Lady Sarah heard, herself."

"It never cost a farthing less than two hundred guineas," mused Mr. Hope, turning the bracelet in various directions that its rich diamonds might give out their gleaming light. "I wish it was mine."

"What should you do with it?" laughed Alice.

"Spout it."

"I do not understand," returned Alice. She really did not.

"I beg your pardon, Alice. I was thinking of the colloquial lingo familiarly applied to such transactions, instead of to whom I was talking. I meant raise money upon it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope!"

"Alice, that's twice you have called me 'Mr. Hope.' I thought I was 'Gerard' to you before I went away."

"Time has elapsed since, and you seem like a stranger again," returned Alice, a flush rising to her sensitive face. "But you spoke of raising money: I hope you are not in temporary embarrassment."

"A jolly good thing for me if it turns out only temporary," he rejoined. "Look at my position! Debts hanging over my head—for you may be sure, Alice, all young men, with a limited allowance and large expectations, contract them—and thrust out of my uncle's home with the loose cash I had in my pockets, and my clothes sent after me."

"Has the colonel stopped your allowance?"

Mr. Hope laid down the bracelet from whence he had taken it, before he replied.

"He stopped it then: and I have not had a shilling since, except from my own resources. I first went upon tick; then I disposed of my watch and chain and all my other little matters of value; and now I am upon tick again."

"Upon what?" uttered Alice.

"You don't understand these free terms, Alice," he said, looking fondly at her, "and I hope you may never have occasion. Frances would: she has lived in their atmosphere."

"Yes, I know what an embarrassed man the earl is, if you allude to

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that. But I am grieved to hear about yourself. Is the colonel implacable? What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"You know I was to be his heir. Even if children had come to him, he had undertaken amply to provide for me. Last Christmas he suddenly sent for me, and told me it was his pleasure and Lady Sarah's that I should take up my abode with them. So I did, glad to get into such good quarters, and stopped there, like an innocent, unsuspicious lamb, till —when was it, Alice?—April. Then the plot came out. They had fixed upon a wife for me, and I was to hold myself in readiness to marry her at any given moment."

"Who was it?" inquired Alice, in a low tone, as she bent her head over the bracelets.

"Never mind," laughed Mr. Hope; "it wasn't you. I said I would not have her, and they both, he and Lady Sarah, pulled me and my want of taste to pieces, and assured me I was a monster of ingratitude. It provoked me into confessing that I liked somebody else better, and the colonel turned me out."

Alice looked her sorrow, but she did not express it.

"And since then I have been having a fight with my creditors, putting them off with fair words and promises. But they have grown incredulous, and it has come to dodging. In favour with my uncle, and his acknowledged heir, they would have given me unlimited time and credit, but the breach is known, and it makes all the difference. With the value of that at my disposal"—nodding at the bracelet—"I should stop some pressing personal trifles and go on again for a while. So you see, Alice, a diamond bracelet may be of use even to a gentleman, should some genial fortune drop such into his hands."

"I sympathise with you very much," said Alice, "and I wish I had it in my power to aid you."

"Thank you for your kind wishes; I know they are genuine. When my uncle sees the name of Gerard Hope figuring in the insolvent list, or amongst the outlaws, he——Hark! can they be coming up from dinner?"

"Scarcely yet," said Alice, starting up simultaneously with himself, and listening. "But they will not sit long to-day, because they are going to the opera. Gerard, they must not find you here."

"And get you turned out as well as myself! No, not if I can help it. Alice!"—suddenly laying his hands upon her shoulders, and gazing down into her eyes—"do you know who it was I had learnt to love, instead of—of the other?"

She gasped for breath, and her colour went and came. "No—no; do not tell me, Gerard."

"Why no, I had better not, under present circumstances, but when the good time comes—for all their high-roped indignation must and will blow over—*then I will;* and here's the pledge of it." He bent his head, took one long earnest kiss from her lips, and was gone.

Agitated almost to sickness, trembling and confused, Alice stole to look after him, terrified lest he might not escape unseen. She crept partly down the stairs, so as to obtain sight of the hall door, and make sure that he got out in safety. As he drew it open, there stood a lady just about to knock. She said something to him, and he waved his

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hand towards the staircase. Alice saw that the visitor was her sister, a lady well married and moving in the fashionable world. She met her, and took her into the front drawing-room.

"I cannot stay to sit down, Alice; I must make haste back to dress, for I am engaged to three or four places to-night. Neither do I wish to horrify Lady Sarah with a visit at this untoward hour. I had a request to make to you, and thought to catch you before you went in to dinner."

"They are alone, and are dining earlier than usual. I was too tired to appear. What can I do for you?"

"In one word — I am in pressing need for a little money. Can you lend it me?"

"I wish I could," returned Alice; "I am so very sorry. I sent all I had to poor mamma the day before we came to town. It was only twenty-five pounds."

"That would have been of no use to me: I want more. I thought if you had been misering up your salary, you might have had a hundred pounds, or so, by you."

Alice shook her head. "I should be a long while saving up a hundred pounds, even if dear mamma had no wants. But I send to her what I can spare. Do not be in such a hurry," continued Alice, as her sister was moving to the door. "At least wait one minute while I fetch you a letter I received from mamma this morning, in answer to mine. You will like to read it, for it is full of news about the old place. You can take it home with you."

Alice left her sister standing in the room, and went up-stairs. But she was more than one minute away, she was three or four, for she could not at first lay her hand upon the letter. When she returned, her sister advanced to her from the back drawing-room, the folding-doors between the two rooms being, as before, wide open.

"What a fine collection of bracelets, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she took the letter. "Are they spread out for show?"

"No," laughed Alice; "Lady Sarah is going to the opera, and will be in a hurry when she comes up from dinner. She asked me to bring them all down, as she had not decided which to wear."

"I like to dress before dinner on my opera nights."

"Oh, so of course does Lady Sarah," returned Alice, as her sister descended the stairs, "but she said it was too hot to dine in bracelets."

"It is fearfully hot. Good-by, Alice. Don't ring; I will let myself out."

Alice returned to the front room and looked from the window, wondering whether her sister had come in her carriage. No. A trifling evening breeze was arising and beginning to move the curtains about. Gentle as it was, it was grateful, and Alice sat down in it. In a very few minutes the ladies came up from dinner.

"Have you the bracelets, Alice? Oh, I see."

Lady Sarah went into the back room as she spoke, and stood before the table, looking at the bracelets. Alice rose to follow her, when Lady Frances Chenevix caught her by the arm, and began to speak in a covert whisper.

"Who was that at the door just now? It was a visitor's knock. Do

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you know, Alice, every hour, since we came to town, I have fancied Gerard might be calling. In the country he could not get to us, but here——Was it Gerard?"

"It—it was my sister," carelessly answered Alice. It was not a true answer, for her sister had not knocked, and she did not know who had. But it was the readiest that rose to her lips, and she wished to escape the questioning.

"Only your sister," sighed Frances, turning to the window with a gesture of disappointment.

"Which have you put on?" inquired Alice, going towards Lady Sarah.

"These loose fancy things; they are the coolest. I really am so hot: the soup was that favourite soup of the colonel's, all capsicums and cayenne, and the wine was hot; there had been a mistake about the ice. Hill trusted to the new man, and he did not understand it; it was all hot together. What the house will be to-night, I dread to think of."

Lady Sarah, whilst she spoke, had been putting the bracelets into the jewel-box, with very little care.

"I had better put them straight," remarked Alice, when she reached the table.

"Do not trouble," returned Lady Sarah, shutting down the lid. "You are looking flushed and feverish, Alice; you were wrong to walk so far to-day: Hughes will set them to rights to-morrow morning; they will do till then. Lock them up, and take possession of the key."

Alice did as she was bid. She locked the case and put the key in her pocket. "Here is the carriage," exclaimed Lady Frances. "Are we to wait for coffee?"

"Coffee in this heat!" retorted Lady Sarah, "it would be adding fuel to fire. We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather just what it ought to be; rather cold, if anything."

Alice had taken the bracelet-box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it up-stairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bedroom. The colonel speedily rose from table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone she went up-stairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not, in her conscious heart, affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that *she* had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words, "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. There was Gerard Hope, heir to the fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chenevix. And yet, the well-laid project failed: failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet, feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness

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may have seemed to others to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts, and it was the feeble girl who won the love of the strong man.

Yes; the knowledge diffused a strange rapture within her, as she lay there that night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave range to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only: too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her, that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she, with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry, as did other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—*that* one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tenure of existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at nought; and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," she sighed, "another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, shrinking from self-examination; but now that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely, that I might have told him it was useless."

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep: the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising, *she was still sleeping*. The opening of her door, by some one, awoke her: it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up! Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel-box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet-box, if you please."

"The key?" repeated Alice. "Oh, I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket: it is on that chair, under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket, and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning," asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel-case was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had been so much glass and tinsel from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was Lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer that you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequentially. "I could

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go to that, or to the other jewel-box, in the dark, miss, and take out any one thing my lady wanted, without disturbing the rest."

"I have observed that you have the gift of order," remarked Alice, with a smile. "It is very useful to those who possess it, and saves them from trouble and confusion."

"So it do, miss," said Hughes. "But I came to ask you for the diamond bracelet."

"The diamond bracelet!" echoed Alice. "What diamond bracelet? What do you mean?"

"It's not in the box, miss."

"The diamond bracelets are both in the box," rejoined Alice.

"The old one is there; not the new one. I thought you might have taken it out to show some one, or to look at, yourself, miss, for I'm sure it's a sight for pleasant eyes."

"I can assure you that it is in the case," said Alice. "All are there, except what Lady Sarah had on. You must have overlooked it."

"I must be a great donkey if I have," grumbled the girl. "It must be at the very bottom, amongst the cotton," she soliloquised, as she returned to Lady Sarah's apartments, "and I have just got to take every individial article out, to get to it. This comes of giving up one's keys to other folks."

Alice hastened down, begging pardon for her late appearance. It was readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was nearly a sinecure: when she had first entered upon it, Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called from the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelet is not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it's *not*," persisted Hughes, emphasising the negative; "can't you believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled, dreamy look. She was thinking matters over. It soon cleared again.

"Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No, miss, that she didn't. She wore only those two——"

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other, without my noticing. Then she must have kept it out for some other purpose. I will ask her. Wait here an instant, Hughes; for of course you will like to be at a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast-room, and the colonel came out of it with his newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else would like to be at a certainty, instead of me. Thank goodness it wasn't in my charge, last night, if anything dreadful has come to pass. My lady don't keep out her bracelets for sport. Miss Seaton has left the key about, that's what she has done, and it's hard to say who hasn't been at it: I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

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"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"After you had chosen the bracelets you wished to wear, you put the others into the box yourself," explained Alice. "Did you put in the new one, the diamond, or keep it out?"

"The diamond was not there."

Alice stood confounded. "It was on the table at the back of all, Lady Sarah," she presently said. "Next the window."

"I tell you, Alice, it was not there. I don't know that I *should have* worn it, if it had been, but I certainly looked for it. Not seeing it, I supposed you had not put it out, and did not care sufficiently to ask for it."

Alice felt in a mesh of perplexity; curious thoughts, and very unpleasing ones, were beginning to come over her. "But, Lady Sarah, the bracelet was indeed there when you went to the table," she urged. "I put it there."

"I can assure you that you labour under a mistake, as to its being there when I came up from dinner," answered Lady Sarah. "Why do you ask?"

"Hughes has come to say it is not in the case. She is outside, waiting."

"Outside, now? Hughes," called out her ladyship: and Hughes came in.

"What's this about my bracelet?"

"*I* don't know, my lady. The bracelet is not in its place, so I asked Miss Seaton. She thought your ladyship might have kept it out yesterday evening."

"I neither touched it nor saw it," said Lady Sarah.

"Then we have had thieves at work," decided Hughes.

"It must be in the box, Hughes," spoke up Alice. "I laid it out on the table, and it is impossible that thieves—as you phrase it—could have come there."

"Oh yes, it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship, somewhat crossly, for she disliked to be troubled, especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly, Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the *Morning Post*, and advanced. "Is the bracelet really lost?"

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and——"

"Yes it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And was consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others round it, nearer to me. Why, as a proof that it lay there——"

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof

that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered, and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give a shape, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair, trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Do not allow yourself to be agitated, Alice," cried Lady Sarah; "that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case: where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast on her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly not there," returned Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you'll look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel-box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

"This is very strange, Hughes," uttered Lady Sarah.

"It's very ugly as well, my lady," answered Hughes, in a lofty tone, "and I'm thankful to the presiding genuses which rules such things, that I was not in charge when it happened. Though maybe, if I had been, it never would have took place, for I can give a guess how it was."

"Then you had better," said her ladyship, curtly.

"If I do," returned Hughes, "I shall offend Miss Seaton."

"No you will not, Hughes," cried Alice. "Say what you please: I have need to wish this cleared up."

"Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts, I think you must have left the key about. And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen-maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under butler."

"Hughes, you are wrong," interrupted Alice. "The servants could not have touched the box, for the key never was out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards, until you took it from thence this morning."

"The key seems to have had nothing to do with it," interposed Frances Chenevix. "Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table, after dinner, it was not there: so it must have been in the intervening period that the—the—disappearance took place."

"And only a few minutes to do it in!" ejaculated Lady Sarah. "What a mystery!"

"It beats conjuring, my lady," said Hughes. "Could any visitor have come up-stairs?"

"I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner," said Lady Sarah. "Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up, as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

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At that moment, Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him. Who knocked? His answer was ready.

"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologise for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual, because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"

"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; "but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. "Thomas's memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair, and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her: that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would, she could not put it from her: she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honourable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great: nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet, that he might make money——

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sickly countenance, and bade the intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

"I came to——Alice, how wretched you look! You will torment yourself into a fever."

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances: it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I—I—had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to try to cheer me," sighed Alice.

"Just the thing I came to do. And to have a bit of chat with you as well. If you will let me."

"Of course I will let you."

"I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not."

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her, one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be the——

"Lady Frances Chenevix!" burst forth Alice, "you cannot think it! She! my sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?"

"Alice, I forgive your so misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course your sister cannot be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been here, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant

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an affair, and I hastened up to say there was no danger from me that it would be."

"Believe me, she is not the guilty party," returned Alice, "and I have more cause to say so than you think for."

"What do you mean by that?" briskly cried Lady Frances. "You surely have no clue?"

Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again. "It is well that Thomas was forgetful," remarked Lady Frances. "Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?"

"Thomas only spoke truth. At least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy; and you and I can keep our own counsel."

Quite easy, possibly, to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but anything but easy to Alice: for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive, and terrifying even, than the one which cast the guilt to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money, "a hundred pounds, or so," and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—*she* take a bracelet! it was preposterous.

Preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason, and common sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances.

"I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if—she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing-rooms all the time, and no one came in to them, suspicious or unsuspicious; so how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for the suspense, illness, and agitation, had taken every vestige of colour from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting; "you look just like a walking ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one, and scare the people. A great misfortune has fallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night, spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value: gold links, holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the elder sister, in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge. "How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the stair-

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case, and when I went up-stairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left, Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one else entered the room at all, you say? No servant? no——"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground, or been mislaid in some way."

"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing, amidst the rest, a bracelet set with diamonds, but only on the clasp, I think. It——"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things, to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed: it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands, and lifting her white beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In—in sport; or in—— Oh, surely you were not tempted to take it for anything *else? You said* you had need of money."

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."

"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of, to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honourable home? You ought to know me, if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not. If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No, thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm, but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her, inexpressibly relieved; but the conviction, that it must have been Gerard, returned to her in full force. "I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favoured her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along, he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness, she clasped his arm with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most want to see a doctor, Alice. How ill you look!"

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond, that you

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were admiring last evening, it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.

"I don't know," she faintly said. "It was under my charge. No one else was there."

"You do not wish me to understand that *you* are suspected?" he burst forth, with genuine feeling. "Their unjust meanness cannot have gone to that length!"

"I trust not, but I am very unhappy. Who could have done it? How could it have gone? I left the room when you did, but I only lingered outside on the stairs, watching—if I may tell the truth—whether you got out safely, and then I returned to it. Yet when Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was gone."

"And did no one else go into the room?" he repeated. "I met a lady at the door, who asked for you; I sent her up-stairs."

"She went in for a minute. It was my sister, Gerard."

"Oh indeed, was that your sister? Then she counts as we do, for nobody, in this. It is strange. The bracelet was in the room when I left it——"

"You are sure of it?" interrupted Alice, drawing a long breath of suspense.

"I am. When I reached the door, I turned round to take a last look at you, and the diamonds of that particular bracelet gleamed at me from its place on the table."

"Oh, Gerard! is this the truth?"

"It is the truth, on my sacred word of honour," he replied, looking at her agitated face and wondering at her words. "Why else should I say it? Good-by, Alice, I can't stay another moment, for there's somebody coming I don't want to meet."

He was off like a shot, but his words and manner, like her sister's, had conveyed their conviction of innocence to the mind of Alice. She stood still, looking after him in her dreamy wonderment, and was jostled by the passers-by. *Which* of the two was the real delinquent? one of them it must have been.

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REMAINS OF JOHN BYROM*

THIS, the last volume of Dr. Byrom's "Remains"—and relating to the last twenty years of his life (1742-63)—has been looked forward to with an extra degree of interest, from the announcement that it would contain some account of the state of things at Manchester, during the sojourn of the Young Pretender and his forces in that town, in 1745. The account in question is derived from a Journal, found amongst the papers at Kersall Cell, and written by the Doctor's eldest daughter, Elizabeth—at that time a young lady of two or three-and-twenty, apparently of a lively spirit, Jacobite and constitutional. In the middle of September she reports in her diary, "great talk of the Pretender coming." Ten days later: "the gentlemen are gone to subscribe at Preston; news is come that the rebels have beat Sir John Cope on the 21st." Miss Byrom uses the Hanoverian phraseology, and talks of the Pretender and the rebels as in present duty bound; but it is pretty manifest that she could enter into the spirit, if not yet abide by the letter of her father's epigram, "But who Pretender is, or who is King," &c. Early in October we hear of "everybody in hiding for fear of the rebels; two regiments gone through this town." "The Presbyterians are sending everything that's valuable away, wives, *children, and all*, for fear of the rebels." Nov. 12. "Yesterday was at the concert, but two Presbyterians." "Dr. Mainwaring goes about frightening folks, viz. my uncle and aunt:" (was their niece Lizzy frightened? not a whit:) "an express come that the rebels are coming, and another that they are not, and so on." Anon my Lord Derby is arrived to get the militia ready. News comes to him that Carlisle is lost. General Wade and his men make no way, and lack food and fire: "they are so numbed with cold," she hears "that their limbs mortify, and they die very fast." Meanwhile the rebels are advancing, and contradictory rumours are afloat as to their strength: some make them seven thousand strong, others five-and-twenty thousand, others thirty thousand. Now they are at Lancaster; next day at Preston, "behaving very civilly." But Manchester is, like London after the season, going out of town—disinclined to test the Highlanders' powers of civility: "everybody is going out of town and sending all their effects away; there is hardly any family left but ours and our kin." The shops are shut up, the warehouses empty, and the bellman is going about to forbid anybody sending provision out of town. As for the rebels, Miss Byrom continues to report progress: "The postmaster is gone to London to-day [27 Nov.], we suppose to secure the money from falling into the hands of the rebels; we expect a party of them here to-morrow." Miss Elizabeth, who had been laughing, she tells us, at the Reverend Mr. Lewthwaite, the day before, for preaching more than once lately on significant texts, appears to "expect a party" of rebels "to-morrow," much as any other young lady might "expect a party" of friends. She continues: "The P[rince]"—*not Pre-*

* The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom. Edited by Richard Parkinson, D.D., F.S.A., Principal of St. Bees College, and Canon of Manchester. Vol. II.—Part II. Printed for the Chetham Society.

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tender this time—"lay at Lawyer Starkey's at Preston last night; he has marched from Carlisle on foot at the head of his army; he was dressed in a Scotch plaid, a blue silk waistcoat with silver lace, and a Scotch bonnet with J. R. on it."* "Yesterday the militia was all discharged and sent home, but just in time before the Highlanders come—well contrived."

Ray, in his "History of the Rebellion," relates that Manchester was taken by a sergeant, a drum, and a woman, who rode to the market cross on horses with hempen halters on, where they proclaimed their King, beat up for recruits, and in less than an hour listed about thirty. Miss Byrom's Journal, dated the 28th., thus records the grand entry: "About three o'clock to-day came into town two men in Highland dress, and a woman behind one of them with a drum on her knee, and for all the loyal work that our Presbyterians have made, they took possession of the town as one may say," and as honest Ray *does* say, "for immediately after they were 'light they beat up for volunteers for P.C.: 'All gentlemen that have a mind to serve H[is] R[oyal] H[ighness] P[rince] C[harles] with a willing mind, &c., five guineas advance,' and nobody offered to meddle with them. They were directly joined by Mr. J. Bradshaw, Tom Sydall, Mr. Tom Deacon, Mr. Fletcher, Tom Chaddock, and several others have 'listed"—we have a shrewd suspicion Miss Lizzie would, had she "worn the breeks," and so perhaps have come to the same end as poor Tom Sydall and Mr. Tom Deacon aforesaid—"above eighty men by eight o'clock, when my papa came down to tell us there was a party of horse come in; he took care of me to the Cross, where I saw them all; it is a very fine moonlight night." The streets, it seems, are exceedingly quiet, not a passenger stirring. Dr. Byrom is gone to consult with some of his neighbours, how to "keep out of any scrape, and yet behave civilly." Except a cousin of hers, all the justices and lawyers have taken wing from the infected town.

The Journal continues: "Friday 29th: they are beating up for the P.; eleven o'clock we went up to the Cross to see the rest come in; there came small parties of them till about three o'clock, when the P. and the main body of them came, I cannot guess how many. The P. went straight up to Mr. Dickenson's, where he lodges, the Duke of Athol at Mr. Marsden's, the Duke of Perth at Gartside's. There came an officer up to us at Cross, and gave us the manifesto and declaration; the bells they rung, and P. Cotterel made a bonfire, and all the town was illuminated, every house except Mr. Dickenson's; my papa, mamma, and sister, and my uncle and I walked up and down to see it; about four o'clock the King was proclaimed, the mob shouted very cleverly, and then we went up to see my aunt Brearcliffe, and stayed till eleven o'clock making St. Andrew's crosses for them; we sat up making till two o'clock." Bad hours, Miss Elizabeth, and bad occupation, under the second great George our King.

* "He is described on his entry into Manchester as attired in a light plaid and blue sash and as wearing a grey wig with a blue bonnet and a rose in it. Many portraits of him, taken at this time, some of which are evidently copies, still remain in Manchester and the neighbourhood. The President of the Chetham Society (Mr. Crossley) has two which formed part of the household gods of two old ladies, who were determined Jacobites to their dying day."—(*Editor's Note.*)

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But the demoiselle continues this cross-making, and dresses herself in white, on St. Andrew's day. "Saturday, 30th.: St. Andrew's day; more crosses making till twelve o'clock; then I dressed me up in my white gown and went up to my aunt Brearcliffe's, and an officer called on us to go see the Prince." The white gown was not put on for nothing, then. She will "go see" the Prince, who is no longer confined to capital P.s, and who, by-the-by, is pretty nearly of an age with Miss Elizabeth. "We went to Mr. Fletcher's, and saw him get a-horseback, and a noble sight it is; I would not have missed it for a great deal of money; his horse had stood an hour in the court without stirring, and as soon as he gat on he began a-dancing and capering as if he was proud of the burden, and when he rid out of the court he was received with as much joy and shouting almost as if he had been king without any dispute, indeed I think scarce anybody that saw him could dispute it. As soon as he was gone the officer and us went to prayers at the old church at two o'clock by their orders, or else there has been none since they came. Mr. Shrigley read prayers, he prayed for the King and the Prince of Wales and named no names," the congregation, of course, turning to practical account Dr. Byrom's very convenient epigram. "Then we all called at our house and eat a queen cake, and a glass of wine, for we gat no dinner; then the officer went with us all to the Camp Field to see the artillery; called at my uncle's, and then went up to Mr. Fletcher's; stayed there till the Prince was at supper, then the officer introduced us into the room, stayed a while, and then went into the great parlour where the officers were dining; sat by Mrs. Starkey; they were all exceeding civil and almost made us fuddled with drinking the P. health, for we had had no dinner; we sat there till Secretary Murray came to let us know that the P. was at leisure and had done supper, so we were all introduced and had the honour to kiss his hand; my papa was fetched to do the same, as was Dr. Deacon; Mr. Cattell and Mr. Clayton did it without; the latter said grace for him; then we went out and drank his health in the other room, and so to Mr. Fletcher's, where my mamma waited for us (my uncle was gone to pay his land-tax), and then went home.

"December 1st: about six o'clock the P. and the foot set out, went up Market Street Lane and over Cheadle ford"—where it was that the Prince was met and welcomed by that venerable Mrs. Skyring who, when a child, had been lifted up in her mother's arms to see Charles II. land at Dover, and who now, having parted with jewels, and plate, and all she possessed, laid the price of them at the Prince's feet, and prayed "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," as she strained her dim eyes to make out Charles Edward's features, and pressed his hand to her shrivelled lips.* "The horse was gathering together all forenoon; we went up to the Cross to see them . . . . We have no service in the church to-day, for they keep going out all day . . . . Mr. Lewthwaite supped with us; he has been with Sir William Dunbar, who gives him the finest character of the P., that he's almost in love with him; he says when they were about to take the Castle of Edinburgh there came an order from King George to the government to fire the town, upon which the P. ordered his men to desist and said he would not have the town destroyed.

* Lord Mahon's Hist. of Engl.

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Sir William said to his men, 'Faith, lads, this is Solomon's decision; ye may see who's the mother of the child!'" The entries of subsequent days inform us of mob gatherings in the town, demonstrations against the philo-Jacobites, great "hurries" (or commotions) in the street, &c.; the bellman is busy, the rabble are riotous, the constables are out, and the Duke of Cumberland is coming. On the 12th of December, when Dr. Byrom's womankind are busy "smoothing" (ironing), Manchester is paying its respects to the Duke; and Miss Elizabeth is fetched to see him, but appears to have put on no special gown for *this* occasion, nor to have been conscious of the very smallest degree of enthusiasm. Next day his grace takes his departure. Manchester has a deal to talk about the Highlanders, and many are the stories that rumour makes current for and against them. "Where the Highlanders did not care to pay, they drew bills upon the Duke of Kingston or some other great man; we have abundance of lies about them, they are killed, taken, surrounded, and got clean away, all two or three times a day." On Christmas-eve news arrives of a skirmish at Clifton Moor on this side Carlisle, where the royal army lost about forty men, they say, but "cannot tell how many the Highlanders have lost, for they carried off their men in the dark: our Presbyterians had an express on Sunday, but they must not be known, which made us judge they were not very pleasing to them." "Dolly has been to see the Highlanders that are in prison, there's eighteen of them." "Mr. L.[ewthwaite] and my mamma had a great scolding bout about these Highlanders, he abuses them most strangely." And we suppose Mr. L. and Dr. B. fall foul on the same *casus belli*, for Miss Byrom's New Year's day entry (1746) opens with a note, that "last night Mr. Lewthwaite asked my papa pardon for scolding with him."

Dr. Byrom's own account of the brief occupation of Manchester by bonny Prince Charlie, is contained in a shorthand letter to his friend Mr. Vigor, dated the March following. He describes the entry of the sergeant, drummer, and woman on horseback, and their beating up for volunteers. He then goes on to say: "My curiosity led me to my sister's window at the Cross, where I beheld this extraordinary event of two men and a half taking our famous town of Manchester without any resistance or opposition, which I suppose the apprehension of the rest being at their heels might inspire us, however courageous, with the prudence not to make. That night there came in a party of horse, and the next day the whole army. The Prince (for so he has been called in all places when present, or near it, but, at a proper distance, Pretender) came in about noon, walking in a Highland habit, in the middle of a large party, and went to Mr. Dickenson's house. . . . The officers and men were sent up and down to the several houses. . . . We had only a single Highlander, who came into the house of himself, and, behaving civilly, we entertained him civilly, and he was content to lie in the stable during their stay. . . . It was easy enough for friend or foe that was curious enough to see the Prince, to have an opportunity; he rode through the streets the day after his coming, and to do justice to his person, whatever his pretensions may be, he makes a very graceful and amiable appearance; he is fair complexioned, well shaped, has a sensible and comely aspect. To account for the beauty of the man beyond that of his father, his enemies said here that he was the son of a very handsome pastrycook, some say breadbaker,

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at Paris; but the ladies, smitten with the charms of the young gentleman, say that he takes after his mother. . . . . The second night our town was ordered to be illuminated, but there was no mobbing until the return of the Highlanders from Derby, where to my surprise they ventured and came back again. The first returning party was about thirty horse, which passed by our house, coming into the town that way, and the foolish mob clodded them with dirt or stones, and then I thought there would have been mischief done, but there was not. They all came in that night, and the next day laid a mulct of 5000*l.* upon the town for the mobbing, which was moderated to half the sum, and raised with much ado. The Duke of Cumberland was expected here for three nights, and a vast mob from all parts to receive him, but he went another way, and the mob which rose soon after the Highlanders were gone did much less mischief than I expected; they broke Dr. Deacon's lamp and windows and some others upon an illumination night on the other side, for bells and candles are ready to ring and shine on all sides. I had Lord Lempster and an officer of his acquaintance and their servant and two horses quartered upon me for two nights, and we treated them the best we could; and his lordship being a remarkably classic scholar, we passed the time in very good humour, and were pleased with our lot. The good folks who deserted the town, upon their return home, grew rather too valiant when the enemy was gone, and too angry at their neighbours who stayed, and, if I may judge for myself, did what they could that they should suffer as little as possible by their business, which much exasperated the Highlanders, who threatened some of their houses, but did not execute their wrath upon anything but meat and drink, so that we had reason upon the whole to be very thankful. Cousin D.[awson] was here some days ago very well; she was ill at the last illumination, and her room not being illuminated for that reason, the windows were punished a little. A Highlander was shot upon the road by a fellow that, for no reason but his being one, killed him as he was passing with some others; a butcher was killed in the same manner by a fellow that took him for a Highlander; nobody else killed about us on this occasion, which we thought would have slain half of us." Dr. Byrom appears to advantage in the efforts he subsequently made in behalf of certain Jacobite "young bloods," his fellow townsmen. There can be no doubt, Dr. Parkinson says, that the life of the poor boy Charles Deacon was "rescued from the fangs of a vindictive Government," to which Dr. Deacon himself had always been avowedly opposed, through the intercession of John Byrom, the elder Deacon's time-tried and steadfast friend.

From first to last, indeed, this JOHN SHADOW is a man to love and to be loved—a living, heart-warm man of "substantial" goodness, with nothing "shadowy" about him but his adopted name. Wherever an obituary notice of him occurs, it is sure to make *some* insertion of his "humanity, extensive benevolence, and universal charity." Elegists, now in Latin, now in English, commemorate those *blandi mores* those *faciles risus;* that *honesti gratia vultus,* that *mens benigna,* whose daily delight it was to translate benignity into benefaction, benevolence into beneficence. His letters abound, and, what is better, increase with expressions of simple affection to those of his own household. We are everywhere meeting with bits like this, in his epistles to his wife: "My dear, I desire thee to write as oft as thou wilt, because the anxiety of

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absence is capable of no other relief but that of hearing from thee often; if thou dost but keep hearty, and the children, I shall abide here with the more alacrity. Time was when I had thee with me here [Cambridge]; and from that day time has never passed so agreeably to me as it has always done in thy beloved company. Tell me often that thou dost well, and it will be next to chocolate of thy making for me here. My dear, hearty love and blessing to ye all, my dear flock." (March, 1743.) "I follow thy advice," he writes to her from London, "in taking care of myself, and hope thou wilt take it thyself, for I don't like that thy head should ache any more than my own." (April, 1748.) "My dear, I dream on thee often," he tells her; "dear, write still that you are all well." (August.) It is a pleasant sight to see him in the Green Park, one winter's night, while the fireworks are going off, retiring "to a stump of a tree to write a line to thee lest anything should happen to prevent me by-and-by"—apart, as far as may be, from "such a concourse of people as to be sure I never have or shall see again." (December.) As admirable, and more amusing, is the simplicity of some of his domestic confidences to her; as in a letter from the Sign of the George, at York: "As for my clothes, I keep my spatterdashes on, and that saves appearances, or else—but for a traveller it does well enough; only a coat button, the lowest, dropped off last night." From Cambridge issues a *suspirium de profundis*, on the theme of his nether integuments: "I wish I had my brown breeches, for these black ones are almost white." And in a letter dated "Prince Charles's Birthday, 1748," addressed to that old friend of ours and the Prince's, Miss Elizabeth, the good Doctor writes: "I received the black stockings, and have them on to-day on finding my bought ones defective, and they do much better than I expected from looking at them, and experience of those I brought up. My coat also, for all your laughing, looks better than it did, saving the button-holes, which are a little too much brightened up in proportion by the operation they have undergone." Such, in his undress, so to speak, is the grave scholar, whose companions and correspondents are the toiling thinkers and religious reformers of the age—whose favourite pleasure it is to discuss with them "deeper matters about creation, inspiration, reason"—and whom we find in intercourse, personal or epistolary or both, with such varieties in the species Englishman, and in the genus Man, as a William Law the mystic; a Warburton the doughty, dogmatic, defiant; a George Whitfield and a John Wesley; a John Newton and a Lawrence Sterne; Jones of Nayland, the Trinitarian polemic; James Hervey, the artificial-flowery prose-poet of the tomb; and Dr. Doddridge, the dissenting commentator, and William Romaine, the popular preacher, and Martin Madan, ditto, who lives in Cowper's satire, if not in his own heretical and audacious "Thelyphthora." The correspondence about Law and his doctrines forms a large portion of this volume, and is full of curious and suggestive matter. Two of Bishop Warburton's letters on the subject are highly characteristic, though in these he certainly appears in a more personally engaging, not to say a less repulsive, aspect, than seems natural to that Jupiter tonans of the episcopal bench.

The space at our disposal will only admit of one or two illustrations of the miscellaneous "incidentals" to be gleaned from Byrom's letters. In 1743, for instance, he speaks of that epidemic "the London illness," which we now call influenza. We hear of the Bishop at the Manchester

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visitation compelling to monthly instead of weekly communions: "he said that having the Holy Communion every Sunday was a new doctrine and of their own making; that it was against his own mind when they began it," &c. We hear of Byrom's Jacobite friend, Dr. Deacon, "having a design for a new and correct translation" of the Scriptures, which, however, he "wisely abandoned," the editor says. We hear of Mr. Pollard the parson, "an old, briskish man, that would not for his houseful of gold let Mr. Ingham preach in his church, and if Wesley was there would smite him." (1744.) In 1747 Byrom travels from Cambridge to London in a post-chaise, and glorifies the speed: "We had a nimble passage, not staying to dine upon the road; we set out about nine, and came hither about five or six." He takes us to a meeting of the Royal Society, "where one Ferguson brought a new sort of orrery to show the appearances of sun, moon, and earth, harvest moon, eclipses, &c., in a very neat, pretty, simple manner, which was much approved of." He makes a morning call at my Lord Morton's, and Lady M. and her sister tell him "about their confinement in the Bastile at Paris, where they were not used so well as might be expected from French politeness and English quality. We had an article in the newspapers here t'other day insinuating that the young Pretender was demolished in some shape or other in Scotland, notwithstanding the stories of his escape; but these ladies told me that they had seen both him and his brother at Paris since that affair; the elder brother it seems has a much better character abroad than the younger.* . . . . . A little child of my Lord's, of sixteen months old, was in the Bastile too, because his mamma, the sister, and nurse, would have him with 'em, and died soon after, and was in an upper room where two cannon placed upon the top of the place or battlements of the Bastile were fired upon some occasion, which they thought had an effect upon the child." (1748.) The next extract would almost do as well for 1858 as a hundred and ten years earlier—witness a recent experience: "This day [14th July, 1748] the eclipse took up the attention of the public; but I fancy the common people, having been so much alarmed about its darkness and birds falling to the ground, &c., will think the learned were out in their calculations, for it was so light at the very height of it as not to be thought on without being told." About the same date occurs the entry, "I heard Mr. Whitfield preach in Moorfields, or rather not heard him, for the crowd and sun and wind were too great. I dined with Commodore Townshend (and some other gentlemen at Dr. Harding's this week), who is a bitter enemy to him [Whitfield], caned him in the Indies, and told twenty stories about him that I can't think were all exactly true, but that he might omit or forget something." How admirable Byrom's charity, both to the preacher and the sea-captain—to the latter as unintentionally inexact, to the former, "Leuconomus," as most undeservedly

> The very butt of slander, and the blot
> For every dart that malice ever shot.

Here we must conclude.—In losing the learned editor of these "Remains," Canon Parkinson, the Chetham Society have lost a cordial and working friend. He lived just long enough to finish this, a real labour of love, and his last. From that and all his labours he rests now.

* At pp. 466 *sqq.* will be found a full and interesting account of the celebrated arrest of Prince Charles, on alighting at the door of the Opera House in Paris, Dec., 1748.

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THE LION'S BREATH.

There is a philosophy even in lion-hunting. The monarch of the forest, or rather of the wilderness, considered by Michelet as inferior to a bird in powers and attributes, as well as in the enjoyment of life, and far too extravagantly extolled by the renowned lion-killer Jules Gérard, and the recorder of his exploits, Alexandre Dumas, sen., is not a mere machine. He has his instincts—nay, possibly also his passions, his reasonings, and his sentiments. The magnanimity of the lion has become proverbial; why also may he not have his preferences and his predilection?

Jules Gérard and his literary exponent, Alexandre Dumas, have raked up an old Arab legend in connexion with the Mauritanian lion, illustrating what has been hitherto an unknown or little noticed peculiarity in that animal; and they have then carried it out in one of those recent instances which seem to be inexhaustible, and which, after filling a volume to their own account, now help to swell the pages of the fertile romancer's so-called "Causeries." The legend in question is as curious as it is interesting, and the recent illustration given of the same peculiarity is very striking. The only drawback is that they do not agree. The philosophy is not the same in both. This we suppose is a very minor consideration to a daring slayer of lions and a dashing romancer, but to the naturalist it is much, and we shall be excused then if, after narrating the facts as far as we can gather them, we proceed to give our own simple version of the matter.

We must premise that Jules Gérard is relating the story to Alexandre Dumas. Gérard is speaking.

"I had," said the indomitable lion-slayer, "killed the lioness the 19th of July, and from that day to the 27th I had sought constantly, but unsuccessfully, for the lion. I was in my tent with eight or ten Arabs; some of them were followers of mine, others were inhabitants of the douair in which I then was. We were talking."

"About what?" put in the anxious reporter.

"About lions, to be sure! When one goes out lion-hunting, one talks about nothing but lions. An old Arab was relating a legend to me which had occurred some centuries back to a girl of his tribe."

"And to a lion?"

"Yes, to a lion."

"Well, let us have the legend, especially if it is very terrible."

"Terrible and philosophical. The Arabs are the first philosophers in the world—practical philosophers, I mean, naturally."

"I am listening."

There was, some hundred years before I came to the tribe—there was in that same tribe a young girl who was very proud; not that she was richer than others—her father had only his tent, his horse, and his gun—but she was very beautiful, and hence her pride.

One day that she had gone to cut wood in the neighbouring forest, she met a lion. For all arms she had only a small hatchet, but if she had had dagger, gun, or rifle, as well as a hatchet, she would not have attempted to make use of them, the lion was so powerful, so proud, and so majestic. She began to tremble in all her limbs, and endeavoured to cry out for assistance, but her voice, paralysed

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by fear, refused its office. What she dreaded most was, that the lion would make signs to her to follow him, in order that he might devour her at his leisure, and in some quiet, select spot; for lions are not only *gastronomes*, they are also *gourmets*. It is not sufficient with them to appease their appetites, they take delight also in gratifying themselves under such conditions of sensuality as shall satisfy all the refinement of their organisation.

"I admit all that, my dear Gérard, but there is one thing you said which I do not understand."

"Which was that?"

"You said, 'What she dreaded most was, that the lion would make signs to her to follow him.'"

"I did so."

"Well?"

"Ask Amida" (one of Gérard's Arabs who accompanied him to Europe) "if, when a lion meets an Arab, he gives himself the trouble of carrying him off."

Amida shook his head and raised his eyes heavenwards, which might be translated by these words:

"Ah! indeed he is not so stupid as that comes to."

I persisted (M. Alexandre Dumas continues), and Amida explained his gesture to me.

It resulted from this explanation that a lion is a magnetiser of a very different calibre to Mesmer, M. de Puységur, or even M. Marcillet. The lion looks at a man, fascinates him, sends him to sleep, makes him follow him, and the man wakes up devoured.

It can be readily understood that I was anxious to get at the bottom of this tradition.

Amida assured me that one day he had met a lion in the company of one of his friends, and that the lion tried to magnetise them both, but that while the effect was perfect on his friend, it was only partially so on him. It resulted from this that, preserving full command over himself, he did everything in his power to dissuade the unfortunate victim from obeying the terrible fascinator; but it was in vain that he begged him, prayed him, held him by his burnouse; the Arab persisted in following the lion, seeing which, Amida, who felt his own powers of resistance growing gradually weaker, prudently made his escape.

This point having been settled and admitted, Gérard continued:

The young girl stopped there, trembling, and expecting that the lion was going to make signs to her to follow, when, on the contrary, to her great surprise, she saw the lion approach her, smile in his own way, and bow after his own fashion.

She crossed her hands upon her breast and said to him:

"Lord, what do you ask of your humble servant?"

The lion answered her neither more nor less than the Orosmane of M. de Voltaire or the Saladin of M. Favart could have done.

"When one is as handsome as thou art, Aissa, one is not a servant, but a queen."

Aissa was at once pleased with the strange softness which the voice of her interlocutor had assumed whilst addressing her, and at the same time surprised that this handsome lion, whom she did not know, and whom she thought she saw for the first time, should know her name.

"Who told you what my name is, my lord?" asked the young girl.

"The air, that is in love with you, and which, after having blown through your hair, carries the perfume to the roses, saying, 'Aissa!' The water, that is in love with you, and which, after bathing thy beautiful feet, comes to moisten the moss of my cave, saying, 'Aissa!' The bird, that is jealous of you, and which, since he has heard you sing, sings no longer, but dies of spite, saying, 'Aissa!'"

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The young girl blushed with delight, pretended to draw her hair over her face, but in doing so only allowed the lion to contemplate her beauty more at his ease.

Let the flatterer be a lion or a fox, let the flattered be a young girl or a crow, you see the result of flattery is always the same.

The lion, which up to that moment had hesitated approaching Aissa, no doubt from the same feeling that made Jupiter dread approaching Semele in all his majesty—the lion took a step or two towards the young girl, but as he saw that she turned pale at his terrible neighbourhood,

"What is the matter with you, Aissa?" he said, with his tenderest and most anxious voice.

The young girl felt very desirous of speaking the truth, and saying, "I am frightened of you, my lord," but she did not dare, and she said:

"The Tuariks are not far off, and I am frightened of the Tuariks."

The lion smiled as only lions can smile.

"When you are with me," he said, "you ought to fear nothing."

"But," replied the young girl, "I shall not always have the honour of your company. It is getting late, and I am far from my father's tent."

"I will conduct you there," said the lion.

It has sometimes happened in the streets of Paris that a grisette, followed too closely by a student who insisted upon conducting her home, has not only refused her arm, but has, upon his persistance, given him a box on the ear. But never has it happened, in the memory of man, that a young Arab girl has answered in a similar way to a lion who made such a proposal to her, however inconvenient it might appear to her.

Aissa then accepted the offer that was made to her; the lion approached her, raised his mane, and the young girl rested her hand upon it as she would have rested her arm on the arm of her lover, and both walked along as we see old mother Cybele, who is the emblem of fecundity, walk in the Greek bas-reliefs, her hand resting on a lion, the emblem of force; so both walked along towards the tent of Aissa's father.

On their way they met gazelles that fled, hyænas that crouched away, and men and women who went down on their knees.

But the lion said to the gazelles, "Fly not!" to the hyænas, "Don't be afraid!" to the men and women, "Get up! For the sake of this well-beloved young girl, I will do you no harm!"

And the gazelles ceased to fly, the hyænas were no longer afraid, and the men and women got up, gazing in astonishment at the lion and the young girl, and asking in their idiom of gazelles, in their language of hyænas, and with their voices of men and women, if this lion and that young girl were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Muhammad at Mekka.

Aissa and her yellow friend arrived thus together at the douair; and when they were within a few paces of her father's tent, which was the first on entering the village, the lion stopped and asked the young girl, with all the courtesy of the most delicate cavalier, permission to embrace her.

The young girl stretched out her face, and the lion lightly touched with his terrible lips the red lips of Aissa.

Then making a sign as if to bid farewell, he sat down, as if he was resolved to make quite sure that nothing should befal her in the brief distance that she had still to go over. As she went away the young girl turned round twice or three times, and the lion was still at the same place. At last she entered her father's tent.

"Oh, is that you!" exclaimed the latter, "I was getting anxious about you. I thought you might have met with something unpleasant."

The young girl smiled.

"But you are here, and that is a proof that I was in the wrong."

"Indeed, father," said the young girl, still smiling, "instead of meeting with anything unpleasant, I met with something quite the reverse."

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"What was it?"

"I met a lion."

Notwithstanding the usual phlegm of an Arab, the father of Aissa turned pale.

"A lion!" he exclaimed; "and he did not devour you!"

"On the contrary, he paid me compliments on my beauty, volunteered to conduct me home, and came with me here."

The Arab thought that his daughter had gone mad.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "would you try to make me believe that a lion was capable of such politeness?"

"Come to the door of your tent and you will see him where I left him, or making his way back to the mountains."

"Stop till I get my gun."

"What for?" said the haughty damsel, "are you not with me!"

And taking her father by his burnouse she drew him to the tent door. But the lion was no longer where she had left it. Nor could she see anything in the direction by which he had come.

"Pooh!" said the Arab, on re-entering his tent, "you have had a bad dream."

"Father, I swear to you I have him yet before my eyes. A splendid mane, yellow eyes, glittering like gold, and teeth of ivory, only——" The young girl hesitated.

"Only what?" asked the Arab.

"Only," she replied, whispering, "he has a carnivorous breath."

No sooner had she said these words than a loud roar was heard behind the tent, then another at a distance of about five hundred paces, and then a third about half a mile off. Yet there had been scarcely a minute between each roar.

It was evident that the lion, being desirous of hearing what the young girl said of him, had made a circuit to come and listen behind the canvas of the tent, and not having heard that which was agreeable to him, he had gone away terribly mortified and in a most tremendous passion.

A month elapsed without the young girl thinking any more of the lion, except it was to relate her adventure to her companions. But at the expiration of that time she went to the same place with her hatchet to cut wood. The wood was cut, and she had tied it in a bundle, when she heard a slight noise behind her, and she turned round. The lion was contemplating her from a distance of barely four yards.

"Good day, Aissa," he said, in a dry tone.

"Good day, my lord," replied Aissa, her voice trembling a little, for she remembered what she had said of her protector, and she seemed still to hear the three terrible roars which had followed upon it. "Good day, my lord. Can I do anything that will be agreeable to you?"

"You can do me a service."

"What is it?"

"Come near me." Aissa moved up, but with considerable trepidation. "Now raise your hatchet." The young girl obeyed. "Now strike me on the head with it."

"Oh, my lord! you do not mean it?"

"On the contrary, I most certainly do. Strike!"

"But, my lord——"

"Strike, I pray you."

"Hard or softly?"

"As hard as you can."

"But I shall hurt you."

"No matter."

"You wish it?"

"I wish it."

The young girl struck boldly, and the hatchet left a bloody line between the lion's two eyes. It is from that time that lions have that furrow, which is more particularly visible when they frown.

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"Thank you, Aissa," said the lion; and in three leaps he disappeared in the wood.

"Oh!" said the young girl, a little annoyed in her turn, "he will not conduct me back to-day."

It is needless to say that the story of this second rencontre excited as much interest as the first; but, however learned the commentaries of the most skilful talebs of the douair were, the intentions of the lion remained mysterious and hidden to the most penetrating minds.

Another month elapsed. The young girl went back to the forest. But scarcely had she begun to cut the wood when a bush opened before her and the lion came forth out of it, no longer civil as he was the first time, nor even melancholy as he was the second, but gloomy and almost threatening.

The young girl felt an inclination to run away, but the lion's look nailed her feet to the ground. It was he that approached her; she would have fallen to the ground if she had attempted to take a step.

"Look at my forehead," said the lion.

"My lord must remember that it was he who ordered me to strike."

"Yes; and I thanked you. It is not of that I came to speak to you. It is to ask you to look at it."

"I am looking at it."

"How is it going on?"

"Marvellously well, my lord; it is almost healed."

"That shows, Aissa," said the lion, "that wounds inflicted on the body are very different from those that are inflicted on pride: the first heal after a time; the others, never."

This philosophical axiom was followed by a sharp and painful cry, and then nothing further was heard.

Three days afterwards, Aissa's father, beating the forest to discover some traces of his daughter, found the hatchet with which she used to cut wood near a large pool of blood.

But of Aissa, neither he nor any one else ever heard anything more.

The Arab had just finished his legend when the loud roar of a lion shook the nerves more or less of all the auditors. M. Jules Gérard seized his Devismes and his Duc d'Aumale—he names his rifles from the donors or manufacturers—and issued forth from the tent. The lion was a little more than a mile's off. It must, he opined, be the one he had been so long in search of. He had ceased to roar, but still they made towards him. At half a mile's distance they fell in with a crowd of Arabs and dogs. The lion had broken into their douair and carried off a sheep. He was now eating his dinner, hence the sudden cessation of his roars. This was not a propitious moment to attack him; lions do not like to be disturbed at their meals, so M. Gérard contented himself with bidding the Arabs follow his tracks, always easy to mark out when he has carried off a sheep, and he returned to his tent.

There is a tradition concerning this, peculiarly in the matter of lion and sheep, which deserves to be recorded:

One day a lion was talking with the marabut, Sidi Moussa. If the lion is the most powerful of animals, the marabut was the most holy of dervishes. Man and animal conversed, therefore, on a par.

"You are very strong," said the marabut to the lion.

"Yes, very strong."

"What is the measure of your strength?"

"That of forty horses."

"Then you can take an ox, throw it over your shoulder, and carry it away?" inquired the marabut.

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"With the help of God, I can," replied the lion.

"And a horse likewise?"

"With the help of God I can do with a horse as I do with an ox."

"And a sheep?"

The lion laughed. "I should think so indeed!" said he.

But at the first sheep that he tried to carry off the lion was much surprised to find that he could not throw it over his shoulder, as he did with many animals that were much heavier, and that he was obliged to drag it along the ground.

This came from the circumstance, that in his pride he had forgotten to say, in reference to sheep, which appeared too small game to be worthy of notice, what he had said of the ox and the horse—"with the help of God!"

M. Gérard had not been long back in his tent before the owner of the sheep arrived out of breath. He had followed the traces and ascertained proximatively the position of the lion. It was agreed that the hunt should take place the first thing next morning. At break of day accordingly, two vigorous middle-aged Arabs, Bilkasseen and Amar Ben Sarah by name, were sent out to reconnoitre, and to ascertain the immediate whereabouts of the animal. This they after some difficulties succeeded in doing, and having brought in their reports to the lion-killer he went forth a few minutes before sunset.

It is the time when the Arabs, if they have a lion in their neighbourhood, invariably keep to their tents. From sunset to dawn, an Arab, who has heard the roar of a lion, has a great repugnance to putting a foot out of doors. It is, on the contrary, the time that I prefer, for this very reason, that it is that at which the lion awakes and begins to move about in search of prey.

When I arrived at the spot indicated by Amar Ben Sarah, I had still about a quarter of an hour's daylight to enable me to examine the landscape. I stood at the entrance of a narrow ravine in the Aurès mountains; both slopes of the mountains, as well as the bottom of the ravine, were clothed with wood—pines, firs, and evergreen oaks. Naked rocks, still burning with the heat of day, rose up above this mass of verdure like the bones of a great giant imperfectly buried.

We advanced into the ravine, Ben-Sarah acting as guide. The latter dragged an unfortunate goat along with him, which was intended as a bait for the lion, and which made all kinds of difficulties about accompanying us.

At a distance of about fifty paces from the lair there was a little glade. I selected it, as in a duel one selects the place where the combat is to be given. Amar cut down a small tree, stuck it into the centre of the glade, and then fastened the goat to it, leaving about a yard and a half of rope.

Whilst Amar Ben-Sarah was doing this we heard a prolonged gape at about fifty yards' distance. It was the lion, which, only half aroused, looked at us and gaped away.

The cries of the goat had awakened him. Otherwise he lay quietly enough at the foot of a rock, passing his gory tongue over his thick lips. He was magnificent in his calm contempt for us.

I hastened to send away my men—who were not sorry for being dismissed—and who took up a station at a distance of about two or three hundred paces behind me. Amida alone insisted upon keeping me company. I then examined the locality closely.

I was separated from the lion by a ravine. The glade was about forty-five paces in circumference, and consequently about fifteen in diameter. It remained to select a position. I placed myself on the fringe of the wood, keeping the goat between me and the lion, which was about sixty paces off.

Whilst I was making these little arrangements the lion disappeared; there was, therefore, no time to lose in preparing to receive him, as he might be upon me in a moment. An oak presented me with what I always search for in such a

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crisis—a resting-place. I cut off such branches as might impede my sight or my movements, and sat down at its foot.

Scarcely had I done so when I perceived, by the anxiety of the goat, that something was taking place. The goat was dragging the rope with its whole strength in my direction, at the same time that it was looking the opposite way.

I then knew that the lion had made a circuit to get into the ravine, and that he was nearing us, favoured by the slope. Nor was I wrong. In a few minutes I perceived its monstrous head peeping over the bank, soon followed by his shoulders, and then by his whole body. He advanced slowly, his eyes sleepy. A lion is indeed a sleepy, idle beast. He was now seven paces from the goat and fifteen from me.

I had remained seated, keeping my rifle on him. Once having had time to take aim between the two eyes, my finger pressed upon the trigger, and I was about to pull. Had I yielded to the wish I might, in all probability, have saved a man's life. But seeing no disposition on the part of the animal to attack me, I waited in indulgence of that terrible voluptuousness which is only to be found in the presence of danger and in the sense of braving it.

Besides, I have another object in view in prolonging these strange temporisings: it is to study the animal, to make a step farther in the knowledge of its manners, for a single additional discovery in the character of such an adversary is one chance the less of being eaten up by him.

For ten long minutes I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a tête-à-tête such as few men can boast of. This was all the more permitted to me, as it was now nearly two years since I had found myself face to face with a lion, and this was one of the finest, the strongest, and the most majestic that I had seen.

At the expiration of the ten minutes he crouched down, crossed his legs, and, stretching out his head, made a kind of pillow of them for his neck. His eye was fixed on me, and never for a moment did he lose sight of my eyes; he seemed wondrously puzzled to think what that man could come to do in his kingdom, and who seemed not to recognise his sovereignty.

Five minutes more elapsed; in the position that he then lay nothing would have been more easy for me than to kill him. Suddenly he rose up, as if pushed by a spring, and began to agitate himself, making one step in advance and then another back, turning to the right and then to the left, all the time wagging his tail like a cat that is getting angry. No doubt he did not understand the presence of a cord, a goat, and a man; his intelligence did not suffice to explain such a mystical combination. Only his instinct told him that there was a trap laid for him.

In the mean time I remained seated, my rifle up to my shoulder, my finger on the trigger, following the animal in all its motions. One spring on his part, and I was under his claws. Every moment his irritation increased, and it began even to affect me; his tail swept his sides, his motions became more rapid, his eye flamed with ire. It would have been suicide to hesitate any longer.

I took advantage of a moment when he presented his left side towards me; I aimed behind the shoulder-blade, and fired. The lion shrank under the blow, roared with pain, and curved round as if to bite the wound, but he did not fall. Three seconds had barely elapsed before I fired my second shot. Then, without looking—for I was quite sure of having hit him—I threw down my rifle, to take up another near me ready loaded and cocked.

But when I turned round towards the lion, the butt-end up to my shoulder, the lion was gone. I remained motionless, dreading a surprise, and looking on all sides.

I then heard the lion roar. He had gone down into the ravine. Twice he roared again, each time at a greater distance. He was going back to his lair.

I waited a few minutes longer, perhaps it was only a few seconds—one is a bad judge of time under such circumstances. Then hearing nothing further, I rose up and went to visit the spot where the animal had received my two shots. The

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goat had lain down and gasped with terror. It was easy to see further that the lion had been struck by both balls, and that both had gone right through its body. There were two jets of blood on each side.

Every sportsman knows that an animal bears up better when he is thus pierced from side to side, than when the ball, remaining in the body, gives rise to internal hemorrhage. I followed his traces; they were easy to find. The road that he had taken was spotted with blood. The branches of the shrubs and plants by which he had passed were also stained with blood. As I had thought, the lion had gone to his lair.

At this moment I saw appear over the ravine the heads of Amida, Belkassem, and Amar Ben Sarah. They approached cautiously, not knowing if I was alive or dead, and in readiness to fire. Seeing me at the bottom of the ravine, they shouted in token of gladness, and ran up to me.

They insisted upon at once following up the lion: the quantity of blood shed made them exaggerate the gravity of the wounds. But I kept them back. In my opinion the lion was grievously, perhaps mortally wounded, but the heart had not been struck. The lion must still have strength, its agony would be terrible.

During the suspense, eight or ten Arabs joined us from the douair, armed with guns. They had heard my two shots, and came, like Amida, Belkassem, and Amar Ben Sarah, to know what had happened. That which had occurred was written for them, as for us, on the soil.

Their unanimous exclamation was, "He must be followed up."

But I stopped them, pointing out the danger of such a proceeding. It had, however, no effect.

Remain there, they said, and we will bring him to you dead.

It was in vain that I stated that the lion was alive, *and that by his roar he* was still full of strength; they persisted in going into the wood.

I made a last effort to prevent them going further; I was convinced that if we waited till the next day we should find him dead, whilst, on the contrary, if we followed him up now, we should go and throw ourselves, at the distance of some hundred paces, in contact with his anger and pain—and every one knew what the result would be.

But no advice had any effect on their obstinacy. So when I saw that they were resolved to go in pursuit of the lion without me, I made up my mind to go with them.

Only I made my arrangements. I reloaded my Devismes, which I kept in my own hands; I gave my Lepage to Ben Sarah, and my Duc d'Aumale to Amida. It is, after my Devismes, the rifle that I prefer—it has killed thirteen lions—and I entered into the wood on the traces of the lion. It was now dark. The wood was dense, thick, entangled; we had to advance step by step. My three Arabs followed me; behind my three Arabs came the men of the douair.

We got over some forty or fifty paces in this way, but with great difficulty, and in about a quarter of an hour's time. By that time it was almost quite dark, and we could no longer discern the tracks.

There was a glade at a dozen paces' distance, and we all made to it to take breath and look around us.

Whilst we were scattered about the glade, seeking for the tracks that were lost in the dim light, either by accident or carelessness a gun went off.

At the same moment a terrible roar burst forth, and the lion tumbled down into the midst of us, literally as if he had fallen from the skies.

For a moment the panic was frightful. All the guns except mine went off at once, and it is a miracle that we did not kill one another. It is needless to say that not a ball struck the lion.

As to myself, this is what I saw amidst the fire and smoke: all the Arabs gathered round me, with the exception of Amar Ben Sarah.

Then suddenly I heard at a distance of some fifteen paces, on the other side of the glade, a scream, a terrible scream, the scream of death!

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I rushed towards the scream through the darkness, rendered still more dense by the smoke. Such was its density, that I could neither see man nor lion, till I came in contact with them.

Man and lion formed a shapeless, hideous mass.

The man was under the lion, who was tearing his thighs with his hind-claws, whilst the whole of his head was buried in his mouth.

I felt faint for a moment, my legs trembled beneath me, I was nearly falling. But the weakness only lasted a second.

The lion felt the barrel of my rifle, and cast a side look with a threatening expression at me.

Should I fire at the head of the lion? should I fire at its shoulder?

If I fired at the head, I might kill the man. I fired at the shoulder.

All this did not occupy a second of time. And then all was lost in fire and smoke.

I waited a moment. I will not attempt to describe what passed through my mind during that second of anxiety.

At last I could see. The lion had let the man go. The man had fallen like a mass. Was he dead or living? That it was impossible to say.

The lion was leaning against a tree, the same that supported the man, and it was evident that he had to depend upon the tree, which was not larger round than a man's leg, for his sole support.

The tree gave way gradually, cracked, and then broke, and the lion fell down on the ground beside the man.

I then pulled the second trigger, the capsule failed. What would have happened to me, if this second capsule had been the first?

Luckily, the lion was dead.

We precipitated ourselves on the man, he had fainted; but on being touched, he regained his senses.

"Take me away!" he exclaimed—"take me away!"

It was in vain that we told him that the lion was dead, he did not hear us.

The Arabs say that every man who has inhaled a lion's breath goes mad.

Amar Ben Sarah was mad.

I began by examining the wounds as well as I could by the light of a bundle of dry sticks, to which we hastened to set fire.

The sides of the sufferer's body were horribly torn; he had been fearfully bitten in the flanks. His head also bore the marks of the animal's teeth. It was manifest that he was a lost man.

We laid him upon a litter made with our guns, and we carried him away from the scene of the disaster. Three days afterwards, I left the country; he was still alive, but without hope. A letter from the Kaïd informed me eight days afterwards that Amar Ben Sarah was dead.

The inconsistency between the two legends, if we may be allowed the expression, is manifest. There is nothing in the strange record of the relations of the fair Aissa with a lion, or in the subsequent tragic fate of that unfortunate damsel, that bears out what we are subsequently told is the received tradition among the Arabs, of the influence of the lion's breath. Any one intimate with the peculiarity of the Arab mind will feel that the allusion is simply a figurative one. It intimates that persons who are thrown into such close contact with that fierce animal as is implied by coming within the sphere of its breath, are so overcome by terror or fascinated by fear as virtually to lose their senses; just as they say, the wounds received from a lion are fatal; meaning thereby, that they are of such a serious character that a person seldom recovers from them. The poetical and figurative language of the Arabs delights in extremes, but it is quite understood among themselves that it is not always meant to convey all that it seems to imply.

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THANATOS ATHANATOS.

A MEDLEY.

XVI.

DEATH AS REST:—EXCERPTS FROM SHAKSPEARE, TENNYSON, CARLYLE, MRS. JAMESON, BLANCO WHITE, SIR BULWER LYTTON, B. W. PROCTER, BÉRANGER, &c.—LORD CLARENDON IN EXILE—LORD SALISBURY "MORITURUS"—PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE—SHELLEY'S "BEATRICE"—"CLARISSA HARLOWE"—MONTGOMERY'S "GRAVE"—C. NODIER—FONTANES—LOUIS XVI.—CONDEMNED CELLS IN THE REIGN OF TERROR—BURNS—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT—ST. SIMEON STYLITES—WORDSWORTH'S "FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN," AND "SOLITARY"—HEINRICH HEINE—BYRON IN AN ITALIAN CEMETERY—SOUTHEY'S LETTERS—OLD AGE LONGING FOR REPOSE—MORTIMER IN THE TOWER—EXTRACTS FROM BÉRANGER, CHAUCER, R. GREEN, LANDOR, MRS. JAMESON, CABANIS, YOUNG, DOUGLAS JERROLD, JOHN GALT.

Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, deathe after life, does greatly please.

SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, I. c. x. st. xl.

How glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest
And sleep secure.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Bk. X.

Et maintenant qu'elle [la mort] approche, je la vois venir sans effroi. Qui s'endort dans le sein d'un père n'est pas en souci du réveil.

ROUSSEAU: *Julie*, VI. 11.

The sorrow-laden lays himself, with galled back, into the earth, to sleep till a fairer morning.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER: *Siebenkäs*.

Rest! rest!—Ah, the ever-agitated bosom of man it is sleep alone can calm; earthly sleep, or that other. . . .

IDEM: *Hesperus*.

At times I feel the want to die, as the wakeful feel the want to sleep.

MME. DU DEFFAND.

We may at least feel assured that there is one tranquil valley where we cannot fail to find repose—even the grave. In every misfortune of life, when human succour could have been of no avail, this has been my consolation.

AUG. LA FONTAINE: *Family Pictures*, ch. lv.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

JAMES MONTGOMERY: *The Grave*.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

TENNYSON: *To J. S.*

IF it was natural in men to recognise, as we have seen, a relation of brotherhood between Death and Sleep, so was it natural to identify the

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former with the idea of rest, to hallow it with the sanctities of repose. The grave was a bed; the last long home a quiet resting-place. "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

Duncan is in his grave,

is the reflection of Duncan's murderer,

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

It is in the same strain as the sylvan brothers' dirge in "Cymbeline:" "Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages;" or Tennyson's bitter-sweet—

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.

* * * * *

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.

"O ye loved ones," exclaims Teufelsdröckh, "that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide-scattered, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!" Elsewhere Carlyle speaks of Burns as passing, "not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." And elsewhere again, he says of Hartmann Schopper—the Latin translator of Reynard the Fox—that he "laid his wearied back one day in a most still bed, where the blanket of the Night softly enwrapped him and his woes." Of the unhappy Branwell Brontè, dead, "after twenty minutes' struggle," his sister Charlotte writes: "A deep conviction that he rests at last—rests well after his brief, erring, suffering, feverish life—fills and quiets my mind now." Some three months later she had to record the death, too, "after a hard, short conflict," of her sister Emily: "Yes, there is no Emily in time or on earth now. Yesterday we put her poor, wasted, mortal frame quietly under the church pavement. We are very calm at present. Why should we be otherwise? . . . We feel she is at peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind: Emily does not feel them." Nor for thee, "Currer Bell;" no need now, Charlotte Brontè, for *thee*.

Of course, objections have occurred to the thoughtful, when meditating on the notion of absolute repose. If we pray, "O teach us where and what is peace!" would not the answer be, Mrs. Jameson asks, "In the

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grave ye shall have it—not before?" Yet is it not strange, she adds, that those who believe most absolutely in an after-life, yet think of the grave as peace? "Now, if we carry this life with us—and what other life can we carry with us, unless we cease to be ourselves—how shall there be peace?" In another place she quotes the too characteristic words of Blanco White: "I am averse to too much activity of the imagination on the future life. I hope to die full of confidence that no evil awaits me; but any picture of a future life distresses me. I feel as if an eternity of existence were already an insupportable burden on my soul." A confession in which Mrs. Jameson justly recognises that lassitude of the soul and sickness of the heart which "asks not happiness, but longs for rest." Differently constituted natures, on the other hand, delight to think, with *John Ardworth*, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance, that what we call Eternity may be but an endless series of those transitions, which men call "deaths," abandonments of home after home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier heights; that, age after age, the spirit, that glorious Nomad, may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it evermore its elements—Activity and Desire. "Why should the soul ever repose? God, its Principle, reposes never." But no obstinate questionings of this kind avail to erase that idea of repose which universal man attaches to death. Right or wrong, reasonably or unreasonably, we all, in some moods, and at some crisis in this chequered life, connect the grave with the thought of repose.

> The gods who give us life,
> Give us death also.—Both are good:—What better
> After tempestuous hours, than deep repose!

What a world of sighs have been borne heavenward for this final rest, by the weary and wayworn pilgrims of earth! Now it is a young *Prince Arthur*, murmuring amid the strife of tongues, "I would that I were low laid in my grave." Now it is a sick *King of France*, telling *Bertram* his wish he "quickly were dissolvèd from his hive." Now it is a disgraced *Duchess of Gloster*, whose "joy is—death; death, at whose name she oft hath been afeard, because she wish'd this world's eternity," but which in her shame and sorrow she invokes and woos. Now it is a "sire-bereft" *Edward of York*, to whom his "soul's palace is become a prison;" whence his prayer, "ah, would she break from hence! that this my body might in the ground be closèd up in rest." Or it is a heart-sick *King Henry*, in the same dismal play, who "would he were dead! if God's good will were so; for what is in this world but grief and woe?"

> Pour qui s'épuise à travailler
> La mort est un doux oreiller,

says Béranger, of a poor man worked to death. It is like what Coleridge says, very finely, of the "noble-hearted Harlin," who was "herself a daughter of calamity; one who from year to year must lie down in weariness and rise up to labour; for whom this world provides no other comfort but the sleep which enables them to forget it; no other physician but death, which takes them out of it." Weary statesmen call death, as poets do, "sad refuge from the storms of Fate," and sigh for it, as the haven where they would be. The great Lord Clarendon, for

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instance, in his disgraced old age, when enmity seemed to dog him, even in exile, from place to place: "so that," in his own words, "besides the impossibility of preserving the peace and repose of his mind in so grievous a fatigue, and continual torture of his body, he saw no hope of rest but in his grave." So with Robert Cecil, son of *the* Lord Burleigh, and himself "unquestionably the greatest minister of his time"—who, dying on his way from Bath, worn out with business, observed to Sir Walter Cope: "Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved." So the dramatic poet makes *Philip van Artevelde* say:

> I wish my day's work over,—to forget
> This restless world and slumber like a babe;
> For I am very tired—yea, tired at heart.

The longing of life-weariness for unbroken rest is expressed in one of Mrs. Jameson's "poetical fragments," most musical, most melancholy, beginning—

> Take me, my mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
> And fold me there in everlasting rest.
> The long day is o'er!
> I'm weary, I would sleep—
> But deep, deep,
> Never to waken more!—

the invocation of one who has had joy and sorrow, who has proved what life could give; has loved and been beloved; and who now, sick and heart-sore, only asks to sleep, "and deep, deep, never to waken more." If *tædium vitæ* may thus invoke the grave, much more may we look for passionate invocations from wronged and writhing wretchedness. From a *Beatrice* in the "Cenci," crying,

> Come, obscure death,
> And wind me in thine all-embracing arms.
> Like a fond mother, hide me in thy bosom,
> And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.

From a *Clarissa Harlowe*, to whom "death will be welcomer," she protests—and *she* never speaks at random, in her great sorrow—"welcomer than rest to the most wearied traveller that ever reached his journey's end." "Dieu m'a protégée," says the dying mother of *Eugénie Grandet*, "en me faisant envisager avec joie le terme de mes misères." As John Clare says, "a long and lingering sleep the weary crave." So Montgomery:

> I long to lay this painful head
> And aching heart beneath the soil,
> To slumber in that dreamless bed
> From all my toil.
> For misery stole me at my birth,
> And cast me helpless on the wild:
> I perish; O, my mother earth,
> Take home thy child!

Charles Nodier would fain find in death "quelque sommeil bien long, d'un long rêve charmé, la nuit des jours passés." Fontanes, bereaved

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of his brother and his parents, one after the other, invokes mother Earth, like the poet of the "Grave," just quoted—

> O ma mère, à ton fils daigne ouvrir un asile !
> Heureux, si dans ton sein doucement je m'endors !
> Sous la tombe, du moins, l'infortune est tranquille.

(The recurrence of similar strains in Fontanes's poems has prompted a critic to ask—after imputing them to an imitation of La Fontaine before his conversion—"mais depuis quand la mort, pour le chrétien, est-elle un doux sommeil et le cercueil un oreiller?") When Louis XVI. attended the funeral of his friend Vergennes in 1787, he said, on leaving the grave, "How gladly would I lay me down to rest by his side!" Yet the curtain had not risen on the first act of the tragedy then—the tragedy, we mean, of what Shakspeare would have called The Life and Death of King Louis the Sixteenth. Six years later there would be prison walls in Paris covered with inscriptions like this: "In a hundred and thirty minutes I shall have ceased to exist; I shall have tasted of death: blessed be the stroke, it is the mother of repose." Or this: "In a few minutes I shall be in nonentity: I am wearied of the world: oh, for the sleep of death!" To such a degree, says one historian of the Revolution, did the torture of suspense prey upon the minds of of the prisoners, that they became not only reckless of life, but eager for death: they realised the terrible peculiarity which Dante describes as the last aggravation of the infernal regions, *Questi non hanno speranza di morte.* Perhaps Dante had in his mind's eye that awful image in the Apocalypse: *ζητησουσιν οι ανθρωποι τον θανατον, και ουχ ευρησουσιν αυτον· και επιθυμησουσιν αποθανειν, και φευξεται ὁ θανατος απ' αυτων.* This longing for death by suffering mortals, young and old, innocent and impure, burdened with greatness or stricken with penury, is a common-place with the poets. Sometimes it is their own petition they put up; as where a Burns exclaims, "O! soon, to me, may summer-suns nae mair light up the morn!" Sometimes it is fallen woman that utters her last wail on the Bridge of Sighs—"mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery, swift to be hurled—any where, any where out of the world!" Sometimes it is starving toil, feebly crooning the Song of the Shirt: "but why do I talk of death? that phantom of grisly bone, I hardly fear his terrible shape, it seems so like my own." Or perhaps it is an exhausted Stylites on his column, who, for thrice ten years, thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs, in coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps, patient on that tall pillar has endured

> Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
> And I had hoped that ere this period closed
> Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest. . . . .
> Now I am feeble grown: my end draws nigh—
> I hope my end draws nigh.

Or perhaps it is a Forsaken Indian Woman, moaning in the snow, "Before I see another day, oh let my body die away!" Or "that great leader," the Roman Sertorius, who "sick of strife and bloodshed, *longed* in quiet to be laid in some green island of the western main." Or that Solitary of the mountains, to whom sleep doth, in his estimate of good, appear

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A better state than waking; death than sleep:
Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy ground.

Or it is the horseman in Heine's ballad, whom the mountain echo teaches to forswear love and espouse the grave:

A tear there roll'd adown his cheek,
That cheek so worn and pale:—
"If rest be in the grave alone,
For me the grave is well."
Swift came the answering knell:
"The grave is well."

Or it is one dying of heart disease, as in the same fantastic poet's serio-comic stanzas:

Love, lay thy hand on my bosom here;
List what a knocking and noise is there.
There dwells a carpenter strange to see;
He hammers a coffin that's meant for me.

He knocks and hammers both night and day;
He's driven already my sleep away.
Oh, master carpenter, hasten fast,
That I may slumber and rest at last.

Byron was infinitely struck with an epitaph in the Certosa cemetery, or rather two: one was, "Martini Luigi—*implora pace;*" the other, "Lucrezia Picini—*implora eterna quiete.*" That was all; but it appeared to him that these two and three words comprised and compressed all that could be said on the subject—"and then, in Italian, they are absolute music. They contain doubt, hope, and humility; nothing can be more pathetic than the 'implora' and the modesty of the request;—they have had enough of life—they want nothing but rest—they implore it, and 'eterna quiete.' . . . . Pray," he asks of his correspondent, Mr. Hoppner, "if I am shovelled into the Lido churchyard in your time, let me have the 'implora pace,' and nothing else, for my epitaph. I never met with any, ancient or modern, that pleased me a tenth part so much."

Very frequent are the allusions in Southey's Correspondence to death as rest, and wistfully worded too. At five-and-thirty he writes to his brother: "Just now, Tom, it might have been happier for you and me if we had gone to bed as early as John and Eliza," who died in childhood: "My notions about life are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest." "Almost the only wish I ever give utterance to is, that the next hundred years were over." This was said to Grosvenor Bedford in 1809. And again he writes to Sharon Turner in 1816—during the illness of his darling boy, Herbert: "We are in great anxiety, and with great cause, but there is hope. My wish at such times is akin to Macbeth's, but in a different spirit—a longing that the next hundred years were over, and that we were in a better world, where happiness is permanent, and there is neither change nor evil." And to Charles Wynn he writes in 1832, when they both were stricken in years,—"No doubt the desire to depart becomes, as you observe, under certain circumstances, a *human* feeling; but it is by such feelings that Provi-

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dence brings about in us those changes that fit us for the great change. It is these losses which make us desire death as the passage to eternal life; among the ancients the desire was to be at rest, and where that desire is not counteracted by religious persuasion, I believe that the love of life is little more general, hardly so natural, and not so strong."

In his delightful sketch of his Early Life, Southey had concluded some remarks on his first conceptions of death with this reflection: "Nature is merciful to us. We learn gradually that we are to die,—a knowledge which, if it came suddenly upon us in riper age, would be more than the mind could endure. We are gradually prepared for our departure by seeing the objects of our earliest and deepest affections go before us; and even if no keener afflictions are dispensed to wean us from this world, and remove our tenderest thoughts and dearest hopes to another, mere age brings with it a weariness of life, and death becomes to the old as natural and desirable as sleep to a tired child." "C'est le sommeil," sings Béranger, in one of his last chansons, "qu'on demande au soir d'un long jour." "Lo, how I wanè, fleisch, and blood, and skyn," laments the old man in Chaucer's Pardonere's Tale: "alas! whan schuln my boonès ben at rest?" Shakspeare's *Mortimer*, "Nestor-like aged,"—his eyes like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, his shoulders overborne with burdening grief, his arms pithless and drooping,—murmurs, as he is "brought in a chair by two Keepers,"

> Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
> Unable to support this lump of clay,—
> Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
> As witting I no other comfort have.

His sorrows are drawing to an end. Many they have been, and heavy, before and since his durance in the Tower:

> But now the arbitrator of despairs,
> Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
> With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.

Death has two aspects, Cicero is made to say in one of Landor's Dialogues: "her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged: to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific: the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest." As *Capricornus* words it, in "The Palmer's Verses" of that sad fellow, Robert Green,

> My strength decayed, my grave already dressed,
> I count my life my loss, my death my best.

True, there is something to be said on the other side. The following entry occurs, for instance, in Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book: "E—— was compassionating to-day the old and the invalided; those whose life is prolonged in spite of suffering; and she seemed, even out of the excess of her pity and sympathy, to wish them fairly out of the world; but it is a mistake in reasoning and feeling. She does *not* know how much of happiness may consist with suffering, with physical suffering, and even with mental." Nevertheless, the case of the *viellard*, in general, is not misrepresented by Cabanis, when he says, "Tout le ramène de plus en plus au repos, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin l'absolue impossi-

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bilité de soutenir même les faibles impressions d'une vie défaillante, lui rende nécessaire et désirable ce repos éternel que la nature ménage à tous les êtres, comme une nuit calme après un jour d'agitation"—which allusion to a *repos éternel* has been censured by many, but defended as being a literal translation of a Church Prayer for the dead (though Dr. Cabanis, it must be owned, was about the last man to use it in the Church's sense). "But were death frightful, what has age to fear?" asks the poet Young.* *Monica*, in "A Man made of Money," reproves old *Widow Blanket* for talking "like an aged heathen, as if she'd no fear of death,"—and the pauper widow's reply is: "Fear, Miss! Oh dear! What a world would this be, special to folks like me, if there was no death! What a cruel prison, Miss! And now, after what I've seen, and what I've borne, what a comfort it is—like Sabbath after work—to think of rest in the churchyard. Ay, what a comfort to think of that long, sweet Saturday night in the grave." Whatever Dr. Cabanis might think, this rustic widow shows, by speaking of Saturday night, that her notion of *repos éternel* does not exclude a Sunday morning to follow. Old *Mr. Balwhidder*, in Galt's "Annals of the Parish," at the close of his last sermon, after being fifty years minister at Dalmailing,—and "there were few dry eyes in the kirk that day"—utters this valediction: "What can I say to you but farewell! Our work is done—we are weary and worn out, and in need of rest—may the rest of the blessed be our portion!—and in the sleep that all must sleep, beneath the cold blanket of the kirkyard grass, and on that clay pillow where we must shortly lay our heads, may we have pleasant dreams, till . . . awakened to partake of the heavenly banquet."

IMPERIAL PARIS.

When future historians sit down calmly to discuss the merits and demerits of the Second Empire, it is quite certain that they must be unanimous in their praise of the improvements to which Napoleon III. has subjected the capital of his empire. It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. The flatterers of our George the Fourth said the same thing about the conversion of Swallow-street into the Quadrant; but all such improvements pale into insignificance when compared with the alterations which the emperor has produced in Paris. Not alone that Paris has been adorned with magnificent buildings, but the streets have undergone a thorough renovation, and it is possible now to walk in comfort through the penetralia of the *Cité*. To the emperor the great credit is due that he has not sought merely to aggrandise his reign by the erection of stately buildings, which will form an epoch in French history, but at the same time he has ever kept in view the wants and wishes of the inhabitants.

* And elsewhere he says, on the same subject—

> "If fear we must, let that death turn us pale,
> Which murders strength and ardour; what remains
> Should rather call on death than dread his call."

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Our first acquaintance with Lutetia Parisiorum dates from the revolution of July, and on our last visit it seemed to us as if the city we remembered had disappeared from the face of the earth to make room for some gorgeous creation of John Martin. In those days Paris was essentially black, crooked, and uncomfortable, and the painters of the Romantic school had opportunities in abundance to represent mediæval Paris. At that time the city possessed its hills and its valleys; the bridges were admirable counterparts of the Montagnes Russes; and, on the slightest suspicion of frost, the horses found it impossible to ascend the acclivities of the Pont Neuf and the Pont de la Tournelle, while the *Boulevards* and quays were in a deplorable condition, fully justifying the remark that Paris was the inferno of horses. A smart shower rendered Paris inaccessible for the pedestrian; water-pipes had not then been invented, and the rain poured down from the roofs through the gaping mouths of the stone spouts, and gave the passer-by a shower-bath. In a few minutes the gutters were converted into rivulets, for the present system of sewerage was a thing unknown; streets became lakes, and the tradesmen hurriedly closed their shops to keep the water out. When the rain had ceased, the doors were again opened, and the apprentices began removing the water by means of large sponges. The wayfarers emerged from the gateways in which they had taken shelter, and crept cautiously along the slippery trottoir. Then came some clever speculator to earn a few sous by laying a plank across the road, on which *only* a *tight-rope* dancer could keep his balance—but we seem to be only *repeating* in halting prose what Boileau wrote in mellifluous verse about the discomforts of Paris, and yet we are describing matters from nature. It is not our fault if Paris in 1834 too often resembled the Paris of 1693.

These things struck us at once while pursuing our researches in new Paris—the absence of the gutter running through the centre of the causeway, the disappearance of the trottoirs, and the abolition of reverbères, of revolutionary notoriety. In the time we first saw Paris, the paving-stones formed a hollow along the centre of the street, which, though not an actual gutter, retained the moisture even through the summer, for the sun found it impossible to force its way between the bulging houses and lick up the water. Even the broader and more convenient streets in the middle of the city were always either wet or covered with a black layer of mud, less offensive when it rained than when the sun had imparted to it a degree of consistency. However active you might be, you could not for any length of time continue your peregrinations through the streets of Paris; for while you were soon fatigued by incessantly slipping off the greasy trottoirs, the stench emanating from the filth which was being continually stirred up by passing carriages made one sick at the stomach. In winter, again, the pedestrian ran considerable danger of being injured by the carriages, for, owing to the greasiness and high pitch of the streets, the wheels persisted in making eccentric revolutions, which inevitably brought them on to the trottoir.

It must be borne in mind that we are not writing of barbarous times, but of a recently passed lustre, of a blessed time of peace, of elegant manners and civilisation: but the pedestrian was not taken into account. The small space left him by the vehicles he could only attain in the sweat of his brow. Now, broad footpaths are his property, which no coupé or

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cabriolet dare invade. He can now walk firmly with clean boots, even if it have been raining furiously for hours. So soon as the storm ceases the population of idlers and flâneurs reappear and lounge along the asphalt pavement; while, though their noses may be unpleasantly affected by the gutters running along the pavement, at any rate their stomachs are no longer upset. But the greatest change has taken place in the night of Paris. Formerly, it is true, the streets were not quite unilluminated, but the reverbères could hardly be regarded as lighting, although they produced a remarkable change, and lengthened the daily traffic of the city by six hours. In the reign of Louis XIV. commercial Paris closed its doors at nine in summer and five in winter; but the introduction of the reverbères effected an alteration, more especially as, with the revolution, they were lighted every evening. Under the monarchy, the lighting of Paris being farmed out, the good citizens had often to wade home through a sea of mud in the dark, or hire a boy at the corner of the street to light them to their houses. Paris of to-day and Paris of yesterday are as different as light from darkness. The light destroys those places and schemes which depend on darkness for success, and shun any illumination. Light kills like the Delian Apollo destroyed with his golden arrows the dragon Python, the father of the Gorgon and the Hydra. When Boileau writes that the most dangerous and desolate forest was a secure place as compared with Paris, it was no witty exaggeration. In any rich city, where the night is longer than the day, there is an endless succession of crimes, and murderers and robbers find certain shelter. Even at the close of the seventeenth century there were in Paris twelve publicly privileged robbers' dens, known by the name of "Cours de Miracles," of which Victor Hugo gives us such an admirable description. Unfortunately, our prosaic age cannot tolerate the romance of robber-life, and the Courts of Miracles have been put down by the strong arm of the law. Still, so long as Paris exists with its startling contrast between unbounded riches and the extremest poverty, it must be a prey to the dangerous classes that war against society. So late as 1836, these rogues regarded the night as their exclusive property. With the twilight, the veriest scum of Paris congregated on the Place de la Concorde. No honest man ventured among them, except under the most pressing necessity, and he might esteem himself fortunate if he escaped with only the loss of his watch and purse. After dusk no one ventured to walk along the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire, or the Boulevard of the Bastille. Paris ended with the extreme verge of the Marais. On the other side was the town wall, with a prospect across the Rue Basse of wood-yards, fields, and nursery-gardens. Further along the Boulevards you came to the remains of Beaumarchais's splendid house and gardens, a half-finished basin in which stood the column of July, and a plaster model of an elephant, designed for a fountain, but never completed, and which eventually became a colony of rats. Round about these a spacious open quadrangle indicated the spot where the Bastille had formerly stood. Not a trace was to be seen of the once terrible building; the moat, a pestiferous swamp, with a green covering of festering weeds and some blocks of stone which peered out from the dank vegetation, were the only visible proofs of the existence of the Bastille. The long walk along the Boulevards ended as it began: in desolation and uncompleted monuments.

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At one end the elephant fountain, at the other the Madeleine church; on all sides there was something to complete or remove. The Seine had to be freed from the old houses which obstructed passage; the quays must be levelled to form a long, straight route from the Pont d'Jéna to the Pont d'Austerlitz, from the granaries to the garrison bakery; the river must be hemmed in between lofty insurmountable walls, the public buildings restored from the unclean and tottering condition in which they vegetated; the wretched shops and stalls removed from the immediate vicinity of the palace. But there was much more to be done besides all this: the Louvre to be restored, Paris rebuilt in accordance with a regular plan, the old *Cité* reformated, as Medea renovated Œson; gardens must be laid out, trees planted, lungs for the city arranged, the miracles of art and science introduced to every-day notice; and hundreds of other equally important matters. Well, reader, everything that seemed impossible has been proved not merely possible, but carried into effect—and that, too, with a rapidity that you can hardly believe it has all happened within your lifetime. New Paris in so far differs from old Rome, that it has been built in a day.

During the last half-century the population of Paris has more than doubled, and the measure of its prosperity increased proportionately with even greater rapidity. It was necessary that new houses should be built and suitable sites selected. The north-west side was preferred; and hence Paris has not grown equally in every direction. As in other great cities, the population of Paris has collected in districts, so that similar trades are assembled in the same part. Thus, the great manufactories may be found in the Faubourg St. Antoine; the smaller factories, such as the bronze foundries and smithies in the Marais; the dealers in imported articles are found in the district between the Hôtel de Ville and the Canal St. Martin; in the vicinity of the Rue Hauteville, the commission and export agents have collected; further on, near the Place des Victoires, we find the depôts of woollen goods; while across the water, in the Quartier Latin, the tanpits and dyers' establishments occupy the banks of the Bièvre, and the printers, bookbinders, &c., are congregated around the schools and university. Hence it is seen that each part of the city possesses its elements of prosperity; but they are too unequally divided, and too much isolated. The great object, then, is to approximate them, and the greatest want hitherto felt in Paris has been of broad bridges and chaussées, which would accelerate the communication between the various suburbs. The towns of Flanders were at least three centuries in advance of the capital of France in this respect. The first trace of design in Paris will be found in the reign of Louis XIII., who had the Marais laid out after a regular plan, with a large *place* after the pattern of the Netherlands. The Place Vendôme and the Invalides, the chief monuments of the lengthy reign of Louis XIV., are sufficient to show what that monarch might have made of Paris, had he not devoted his attention almost exclusively to Versailles. From that time Paris was left to its fate, and although a few streets were opened, and the most crying defects repaired, still the centre of Paris has always proved the stumbling-block which prevented any material improvement. This was the narrowest, darkest, and dirtiest part of the town, a chaotic mass of filthy houses, and narrow winding streets, into which the sun never penetrated:

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in this confined sphere lived some fifty thousand people, and the number was indefinitely increased during business hours. As was natural, this was always the unhealthiest part of Paris; the tables of mortality show that while the average deaths in the more open parts of Paris were one in fifty, in the centre one in thirty died. Here, too, epidemic diseases raged most severely. In 1832 and 1848, the cholera was fearful in the centre of the city, and in the confined region round the Hôtel de Ville the mortality was five times as great as in the open, healthy neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin. Everything tended to prove that, if broad streets were made through the centre of the *Cité*, this quarter would not only become more convenient and ornamental, but at the same time the inhabitants would be healthier and have increased facilities of trade communication with the faubourgs. In this sense the present government has perfectly comprehended its mission, and immortalises itself by commencing its improvements in that portion of the *Cité* where the want was most pressingly felt.

It would be unjust to assert that since the First Empire no French government has made attempts to remodel or improve Paris. During the Restoration but little was done, and private buildings as much surpassed the public edifices as the reverse had been the case under Napoleon I., but the dynasty of July did much to improve the city. The formation of the Rue Rambuteau, running parallel with the river, and forming a better communication between the Place Royale and the Halles, was the greatest and most useful of the undertakings made by that government. The partial removal of the buildings round the Hôtel de Ville, the formation of the Rue Lobau, Rue du Pont Louis-Philippe, and of another street running from the rear of the Hôtel de Ville to the gate of the church of St. Gervais, also in some measure ventilated the centre of the city. Still, the Citizen King, in this as in too many other matters, allowed himself to be directed by accidental circumstances rather than a given plan. A wise and powerful ruler, faithful in peaceful times to the principles of the founder of his dynasty, was destined to reconstruct Paris. Napoleon III. was the restorer of public peace and security in France, and with these trade and commerce emerged from their torpor. So soon as the community felt itself saved from the horrors of internecine war, the confidence it displayed in the new system was extraordinary. The numerous joint-stock enterprises, the enormous state loans, suddenly produced an incredible mass of easily convertible capital, and the spirit of speculation became so powerful among the Parisians that even the war could not damp it. Entire quarters disappeared and rose again by magic; and it would be incredible, if it could not be proved by documents, that during five years of the present régime four times as much was effected for the improvement of Paris than during the thirty-one years of the Restoration and the July dynasty. The sums expended in the improvements of Paris from 1816 to 1830 amounted to 10,250,000fr., and from 1831 to 1847 to 24,500,000 fr.; while between 1851 and 1855 the enormous sum of 157,651,000 fr. was expended for the same purpose. Even more admirable than this is the design accompanying these magnificent works, for every day the spirit becomes more visible which has actuated Napoleon III. in all his undertakings. He has proved to his people not only that he ever studies their welfare, but that he possesses the head with which to find the means.

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Paris is not a commercial and manufacturing city, which, like London, can be independent. The enormous population it contains lives almost entirely on the luxury and expenditure of rich Frenchmen and foreigners, who spend their revenues there, and consequently furnish employment for all hands. The rich foreigners, however, were driven from France by the Revolution, the rich people of France were afraid of attracting attention by any profuse outlay, and consequently the trade of Paris, being entirely dependent on them, was utterly stagnant. Every government, then, whatever name or form it might have, if it desired stability, was forced to find employment for the poorer classes, and set money in circulation; not merely because the workman must eat, but because an idle man is a dangerous man in any state, above all, in one that is insecure. After the *coup d'état* Louis Napoleon, consequently, sought to consolidate his power and make a powerful impression on public opinion, and he chose the improvements of Paris as the best and most effectual means. According to an old French proverb, "all goes well when *le bâtiment* goes on;" and by this is understood a quantity of special trades, which furnish employment for at least 50,000 workmen, or about one-fourth of the industrial population of Paris. In consequence of this new impetus the amount of money employed in private building soon grew from twenty-eight to two hundred and fifty millions, and the quantity of work for the labourers increased in an equal ratio.

If, however, the primary cause of the Parisian improvements may be of a political character, there is a second cause of much more important and beneficial aspect. A portion of Paris was immoderately populous and industrial, another almost lifeless and dull. Every one thronged round the Palais Royal, the Louvre, and the Halles. This was an admirable situation for the retail trade, from its vicinity to the Boulevards. Houses were expensive here, but any one who possessed one considered his fortune as made. On the other hand, the once rich Quartier du Marais, the handsome Faubourg St. Germain, and the West-end had so sunk in public repute that they appeared like a city of the dead. The farther one went from the centre the broader and longer the streets became, but trade was stagnant. The more distant Quartiers had no intercommunication, and lay round Paris like villages. In Chaillot and the Roule, behind the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Faubourgs Montmartre, Poissonnière, St. Denis, St. Martin, &c., on the right bank, as well as in the district between the Gobelins and the Invalides, resided many thousands who belonged only topographically and politically to Paris, but seemed to have no connexion with the city, which they only visited on business or on holidays. All these districts were once villages, which gradually joined themselves to the colossus, and were finally included by a common wall, during Calonne's ministry in 1784. In these village-like districts everything was quiet and rustic. Here you might see, within the banlieue, fields of wheat, spacious orchards, large nursery-gardens, depôts of wood and stone, and those factories which required large space, which could be obtained here at a cheaper rate. In short, while one part of the city was overcrowded, another was almost deserted. So soon, then, as the number of houses in the populous quarter was diminished, the inhabitants were compelled to emigrate to the desolate portions of Paris. Such has been the object for which the present government of France has been striving, and it has met with perfect success.

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The new Louvre was designed as the nucleus of new Paris. The completion of this palace has so long been regarded as impracticable, as the creation of the brain, that it is difficult to believe in the realisation, even when it is visible to us as a gigantic fact. The Parisians had for so long a period known the court of the Louvre as a cloaca, where at night four wooden posts stretched out their arms to the passengers, diffusing a sickly light, and the Carousel-square, as a fair-ground, full of booths and stalls, that they had at last persuaded themselves that the dirty streets, gallows-like lamp-posts, and neck-breaking holes, formed an indispensable adjunct of the royal palace. And, in fact, is it not a dream? Five years have scarce elapsed, and the whole disgraceful heap of pigsties, stalls, pothouses, and tapis francs has disappeared. The holes are filled up, the ground levelled and covered with magnificent buildings, and, strange to say, the eye accustoms itself so entirely and rapidly to the change, that the memory can hardly summon up the old aspect of the place; we seem to forget utterly the but recent buildings that covered it. At length we vacantly look round for the Rue du Doyenné, a species of Invalid quarter; the Hôtel de Nantes, a large house standing alone in the centre of the Place, where it looked like a pyramid, and served as a house of call for all the omnibuses of the city and the banlieue; the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, the most respectable and cleanest in the quarter, and which ran to the Château d'Eau: gone too is that labyrinth of dirty and scandalous streets that formed a chain of villany between the Louvre and the Palais Royal, in which no honest citoyenne dare appear by day or night, lest she might be subjected to insult. It is difficult *now* for us to comprehend how such a swarm of scoundrels could find shelter on a spot which is only just large enough for the new Louvre buildings. All this and much else existed five years ago—a miserable sight for the philanthropist; now it is almost an obliterated reminiscence, attaching itself to the archæologic memories of the Bastille and the Carillon on the Pont Neuf. The boarded stalls of the Carousel are as much a Parisian tradition as the old wooden gallery in the Palais Royal, once known as the "Camp of the Tatars."

The Parisians have certainly witnessed eternal repairs and improvements on the Louvre and the Tuileries, but they progressed so slowly that they might have gone on building for ever, for before one part was finished, another had fallen into a dilapidated state. Now the Parisians see with amazement that the two palaces are connected, and the new Louvre built and decorated with magical rapidity, before they had time to form an idea of its extent, arrangement, and plan. The huge block of buildings now covering the Place de Carousel is of very recent date, the foundation-stone having been laid in July, 1852. Since that date the wing on the north side of the Tuileries, begun by Napoleon I., and extending from the Pavillon de Rohan to the Rue de Marengo, has been completed, thus forming the connexion between the Louvre and the Tuileries. At the same time two other wings have been added, running parallel from the old Louvre to the Place du Carousel, and forming a large square, which has received the name of the Place Napoléon III. Round the new wings, along the Place du Carousel and the Place Napoléon III., run covered walks, with terraces, in which an army of statues of celebrated men stand in rank and file, like soldiers in the

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battlements of a fortress. Doubts may exist as to the æsthetic value of the new edifices, and we are not disposed to agree with the French critics when they say that it is "le plus beau monument d'architecture moderne qu'il y ait dans l'univers;" but they certainly possess two incontestable grounds for attracting our attention and justifying our amazement—the magnitude of the design, and the wondrous rapidity of execution.

The same merit may be justly claimed by the new Rue de Rivoli. This magnificent street, running parallel with the quays and Boulevards, now extends to the Fontaine de Birague, opposite the church St. Paul St. Louis. From the Place de la Concorde, where it commences, it runs along an endless succession of stately art monuments, such as the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Louvre, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie, the Town House, and the Column of July. The portion of this street extending from the Rue de Rohan to the Rue Culture Sainte Catherine furnishes the fairest evidence of the humanity that suggested this great artery. More than thirty pestilential streets and alleys have been removed, and a whole quarter cleared and ventilated. The Tower of St. Jacques has been restored in its pristine pomp and surrounded by a handsome garden, and the Town House has been thoroughly cleared from obstructions; in the rear is the colossal barrack called Caserne Napoléon, a perfect fortress, connected with the Town House by a subterranean passage; and in front, a magnificent new street, christened Avenue de Victoria, in honour of our queen's visit to Paris. Another great artery is that known by the name of the Boulevard de Sébastopol, running from the Strasbourg Railway station in the Faubourg Poissonnière to the Place du Châtelet. These streets have cost an enormous sum in payments to leaseholders and running up the new buildings; thus, the new Rue de Rivoli, which swallowed up more than five hundred old houses, cost 81,563,000 fr. But, in spite of this, the emperor has been indefatigable, and it is an extraordinary fact that the restorations have been carried on in every quarter of Paris almost simultaneously. On the island of the *Cité* important works have been undertaken: a broad street has been laid down from the Parvis Nôtre Dame, running to the Council House, over the Pont d'Arcole, which has been converted from a suspension-bridge for foot passengers only into a handsome stone bridge with a broad highway. Great improvements have also been effected in and around the Palais de Justice; the block of houses between the Sainte Chapelle and the Quai des Orfèvres has already been pulled down, and the quay widened up to the Rue de la Barillerie. On the left bank of the Seine equally surprising alterations have been effected. The Faubourg St. Antoine naturally afforded no great opportunity for demolishing; still the architects have found it necessary to pull down some houses in order to form new routes of communication. In the Quartier Latin enormous alterations are projected, which must drive the students to despair. Four wide streets are to be formed, crossing each other at right angles, and intersecting the entire Quartier. The two streets running from east to west, parallel with the Seine, are the Rue des Ecoles and the Boulevard St. Germain; the two running from north to south are the Rue St. Jacques, a continuation of the Rue St. Martin on the right bank, and the Boulevard de Sébastopol, which is intended to run as far as the Barrière d'Enfer in the Faubourg

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St. Jacques, and intersect entire Paris for a distance of nearly three miles. These streets are to be completed in five years, at a cost of 37,650,000 fr.; and thus a stop will be put to the complaints that have been prevalent as to the left bank being neglected.

One of the principal results produced by the wholesale demolition of houses in the centre of Paris has been that the faubourgs have greatly increased in population. The Faubourg St. Antoine has been thus enriched by upwards of thirteen hundred new houses, or more than sufficient for a population of forty thousand. A similar phenomenon is now visible in the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Marcel, and the buildings will grow up with magical celerity so soon as the Boulevard de Sébastopol has become an established fact. In the first and second arrondissements a multitude of new houses have also sprung into existence, and the Tivoli garden has entirely disappeared. This garden lay at no great distance from the northern boulevards, in a quarter between the Faubourgs Montmartre and St. Honoré, opposite the Pavillon du Hanôvre on the Boulevard des Italiens, and extended thence to the Barrière de Clichy. Even though it might appear a paltry spot when compared with Horace's Tibur Supernum, the Roman Tivoli, whence it derived its name, it contained within its ample space every requisite for pleasure-gardens; but the greedy eye of speculation surveyed it, and Tivoli was doomed. The ruthless axe was laid to the root of the chesnut-trees and silver poplars, the grass-plats were cut up, the visitors were expelled, and some dozen streets soon occupied the fairy spot. For a while the gardens might still be traced, however; the first purchasers of "eligible building spots" considered it a point of honour to leave a clump of trees or a bosquet near their houses; and in some places entire alleys and gardens might be traced. But the quartier soon began to be regarded as fashionable, and the demand for building sites rapidly destroyed all the trees. On the Place Vintimille, in the Rue de Douai, Rue de Calais, &c., the trees have all been cut down, and the quartier now resembles any other, except that the houses are eagerly caught up, and frequently entered upon before the building is finished.

The park of Monceaux, near the Barrière de Courcelles, which reverted to the state by the Orleans succession, will soon endure the fate of its pristine neighbour Tivoli, which it far surpasses in convenience and space. The speculating builders have already invaded it, for it is known that two main roads, the Boulevard de l'Impératrice and the Boulevard Malesherbes, are to run through it. Even the Champs Elysées, which so reluctantly allowed admission to bricks, appear fated. An Anglo-French company has been established, under the title of the "Company of the Champs Elysées," and holds out most flattering offers to shareholders, great and small. It has already purchased a piece of land of more than one hundred thousand metres, and, we believe, has commenced operations. Every available spot between the banlieue and the wall of circumvallation is by this time built upon, and even beyond them the Parisians are now setting up their lares. There seems, in truth, no end to the extension of the city, for the entire population, down to the poorest labourer, is affected by a desire for living out of town.

The botanist, who not long ago was enabled to herbalise near the Barrière de l'Etoile, on now seeing the Bois de Boulogne converted into

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a Parisian promenade, may perhaps be justified in giving way to a gentle sigh; but while he is compelled to go farther afield to follow in the footsteps of Jussieu, the inhabitants of Passy, Boulogne, and Auteuil sing a pæan of praise at the conversion of their scrubby wood into a magnificent park. An ordonnance of the 8th July, 1852, gave the property of this wood to the city of Paris, on condition that it expended two millions of francs upon it in four years. This condition has been more than fulfilled: in three years the city laid out three millions and a half in converting the sandy plain into a garden. If we take into account the four million francs expended in forming the Avenue de l'Impératrice, with the two millions spent in building the new hippodrome of Longchamp, as well as all the improvements projected, we must allow that the city of Paris has spared no expense in producing a pleasure-garden such as the Parisians could desire. Under the management of Monsieur Varé, the old scene of duels and suicides has been converted into the Paradise of Imperial Paris: it already displays trees and bushes of every variety, hedges and labyrinthine flower-beds, shady walks and elysian alleys, rocks and grottoes, a hill with a gentle slope and pleasant view of the surrounding scenery, silvery ponds and foaming cascades, green islands with flower-gardens, châlets, and harbours; boats and swans upon the water, stags and deer upon the meadows, singing and chirruping birds in the trees and bushes—the whole produced, as it were, by a magician's wand. There are also numerous respectable hotels, where refreshments of every description may be obtained, a magnificent room for concerts and *balls*, and a hippodrome, where thousands of persons may drive and ride without impediment. The Bois has justly become the favourite resort of the Parisians, and we may say it assumes the character of a botanic garden, as almost every variety of tree has its habitat here, having been brought from all parts of the world to satisfy the luxurious desires of the Parisian populace.

Since the gardens of Paris have been destroyed for building purposes, it was found advisable to take especial care of the few oases left. Hence a commission has been appointed for this purpose with a very efficient staff. The city of Paris now holds possession of eight enclosed grounds, forming promenades or squares; on one side the Bois du Boulogne with its annexes, the plain of Longchamp and the Avenue de l'Impératrice, on the other the Place Royale, the Place de l'Archevêché, and the squares round the tower of St. Jacques, in front of the church of St. Clotilde, at the Temple, and at the ruins of the old Roman palace of the Thermæ. In addition to these, the city possesses more than fifty-seven thousand trees, planted in the Champs Elysées, the quincunxes of the Trocadero, the inner and outer boulevards, the quays, and a few open spaces; the whole of the plantations occupy a space of more than two hundred acres; the oldest, on the Champs Elysées, dating from 1617. The outer boulevards are adorned in some parts with double rows of lofty trees, dating from 1760; but the inner boulevards lost nearly all their trees in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848; those left are too stunted, and the newly-planted trees too young to offer any shade. As a general rule, the trees planted in the streets of Paris have proved a failure, in spite of the care devoted to them; they die off rapidly, and the gamins do their part in accelerating their death. The authorities have recently planted large nurseries in the

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Bois de Boulogne, where they experimentalise on the best varieties of trees, and arrangements have been even made with the gas companies, which will in future prevent the trees being poisoned by the exhalations from the pipes. If these prophylastic measures are in any way successful, we may live in hope of seeing trees planted in our own streets—somewhere before the advent of the Millennium.

It would lead us too far, were we to stop and discuss the result of all these changes in the aspect of Paris. For a time rumours were prevalent of discontent at the great increase of rents, but these appear to have subsided, and the population of Paris to have "accepted the situation" with resignation. There appears to be more truth in the statement that, in these new buildings, internal comfort has been too often sacrificed to external effect. Among the numerous jeremiads we have heard, the principal refer to the instability of the houses and the thinness of the walls. Another inconvenience is the immoderate height of the windows, which open after the Italian fashion from top to bottom, and are fastened by a heavy iron bar, which a puff of wind is sure to blow open. Then, again, we are told that the chimneys are of extravagant dimensions, occupying more than half the side of the room, and costing a small fortune in firing. But the true Parisian cares little for these things; so long as the exterior of his house is handsomely decorated with stucco, gilding, and statues, he is perfectly satisfied, and these things are lavishly expended in Imperial Paris. At the same time, Paris has been newly furnished to correspond with the new style of building, and thus an immense sum of money has been brought into circulation; and if such amusements keep the people quiet and contented, who are we that we should gainsay the wisdom of the imperial policy?

In so slight a sketch as ours it would be impossible to give more than an outline of the improvements in Paris which the emperor has effected; but what we have said will suffice to prove how admirably he has provided for the physical comfort and well-being of the lower classes. By a stroke of his pen he has effected a marvellous change, such as we have so long desired at home, which has been debated and discussed under a hundred different aspects among us without producing the slightest satisfactory results. It is true that eminent philanthropists have subscribed to build model lodging-houses, but we doubt whether St. Giles has lost one denizen by their erection; and though schemes have been ventilated for lodging our artisans out of town and enabling them to come to their labour each morning by train, we do not find any prospect of its fruition. And yet it is a question which will have to be grappled with sternly before long: the safety of our population demands that such lurking-places of disease must be eradicated, and the legislature is alone capable of strenuously interfering. The pleasing fiction that "every man's house is his castle" has, like so many other fictions, been overturned by the Board of Health, and it would require but a step to carry out in London all that the emperor has so successfully achieved in Paris. At any rate, we are forced to admit that they "manage such things better in France" on the *sic volo sic jubeo* principle than we can effect by the united efforts of our Board of Health and Sanitary Commissioners.

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PART AND COUNTERPART.

BY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL.

FOUR o'clock had just struck by the great bell of St. Mary's as "The Flying Dutchman" rattled along the stony pavement of St. Auburns. "The Flying Dutchman" was a coach, and St. Auburns——but everybody knows St. Auburns. Four o'clock had struck, I say, as the coach aforesaid came rattling along the street—the horses panting, puffing, smoking, and foaming as though they had had pretty hard work of it for the last three-quarters of an hour, and if one only looked at the roads it would dispel any doubt that might previously have been entertained upon the subject. As the coach came tearing through the town, what with the horn of the guard and the shouting and whooping of the boys as they ran alongside of her, a person would have found it exceedingly difficult to make the least oral communication with any friend whom chance might throw in his way. Of course there was a general rush to doors and windows as she whisked along, for a stage-coach in those days, although no novelty, was still an object that attracted universal attention. As for the guard and the coachman, when they arrived at head-quarters, or at an important stage in the journey, it is not easy to enter into their feelings—the importance and dignity of a parish beadle were nothing to them—pooh! neither of them would have resigned his place to become First Lord of the Treasury. "The Flying Dutchman" came rattling along, then, in fine style, full within and full at the top, and the countenances of the guard and coachman admirably beseeming the importance of the occasion. The coach stopped not till she came to "The Golden Fleece," and then there was a universal rush of waiters and servants from the hotel, some carrying ladders to enable the passengers from above to alight, and others hastening to assist those who had already alighted, to carry their luggage into the hotel. It was nearly dark, and only four o'clock in the afternoon, but then it was in the very depth of winter—just a few weeks before Christmas. The snow was falling in heavy flakes, and the ground, in many places, was already covered with it. It was not exactly the weather to travel in for comfort, but people sometimes are compelled to undertake journeys altogether irrespective of the weather, and very much against their inclination. This was precisely the case with one of the passengers of "The Flying Dutchman." He was little accustomed to travel at any time, but least of all under such unfavourable circumstances as the present. As he alighted from the coach, two or three of the servants of the hotel were in readiness to afford him all the aid he might require. He was a heavy, burly man, and not so nimble of limb as he had been some twenty years previously, and a friendly arm was by no means unwelcome to him. Supported by one of the waiters, he was conducted into a spacious apartment comfortably furnished, with a cheerful fire burning in the grate.

"Ah! this is something like," said he.

"Very cold travelling, sir," said the waiter.

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"Cold, sir," said the gentleman; "too mild a term by half; freezing is better—freezing, sir."

The waiter smiled and adjusted his neckcloth.

"Take tea, sir, or——" He was going to add, coffee.

"Brandy-and-water," said the old gentleman, "boiling hot."

"All right, sir." And the waiter vanished with a pleasant shuffle, and a simpering smile upon his countenance.

A very pleasant-looking old gentleman was the traveller. As he unrolled himself out of his shawls and coats he won upon you amazingly. There was a rich rubicund complexion in the countenance, a moderate-sized pimple or two upon the nose, strongly indicative of a love of port, a merry twinkle in the eye, and a lurking smile about the corners of the mouth, that went far to prove that the old gentleman was one of the right sort. He was a man past the prime of life—sixty, we should say, at the least; he wore a wig, and his dress generally was of a period fully fifty years antecedent to the time of which we speak.

"Stay all night, sir?" inquired the waiter, as he deposited the brandy, hot water, &c., upon the table.

"No, I leave again by the coach for Bramford. Will you tell me when she is ready to start?"

"All right, sir," replied the waiter, as he whisked out of the room.

The traveller sipped his hot spirit and water approvingly, looked for a moment at the fire, and then bethought him of his watch. He drew a gold repeater from his pocket, held it to his ear to ascertain that it was going, then closely inspected the dial—it was half-past four.

"Nine o'clock before we reach Bramford," said he to himself.

Wondering what he should do next, his eyes involuntarily wandered to the side of the room opposite to where he sat, and in a moment were riveted upon a mirror that was suspended from the wall, and there they were held by the same power that the basilisk is said to possess over the human organs of vision. His mouth gradually distended, and his eyes opened to their fullest extent, whilst a momentary thrill of terror shot through his entire system. To what cause was to be attributed so peculiar a fascination—so extraordinary a power of exciting fear and consternation? It was an ordinary mirror, hung in an ordinary situation. Did it reflect some appalling appearance in his own countenance of which he was previously unconscious, and which now awakened in his breast so much alarm and emotion? So far, indeed, from this, it was not his own face that was reflected, for the position in which he sat effectually prevented that from being the case. Strange, however, as it may seem, it was the precise counterpart of his own physiognomy—there was the same glowing complexion, the same prominent proboscis, the same arch humour about the corners of the mouth—in short, no two human countenances could be more alike than his own and the one upon which he was so intently gazing. There it was, looking, as it were, upon him with as much curiosity as he gazed upon it. He sat rooted to his chair, unable for a moment to lift his eyes from the object upon which they were so closely riveted. The mouth of the face, at length, gave a prodigious yawn, exhibiting two rows of teeth that bespoke astounding powers of mastication, and the vision vanished from sight. A few seconds elapsed before the old gentleman could summon courage

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to look around him, and when he was able to do so, he found there was no person in the room except himself. A portion of one side of the room, however, and which he had not observed as he entered, was partitioned off into small compartments capable of holding three or four persons, and which places were generally resorted to by parties who wished to be private and free from intrusion. These were examined, and in one of them a mode of egress was discovered which enabled a person to take his departure without passing through the other portion of the room. From these circumstances, the old gentleman inferred that the person whose face he had seen reflected in the glass had been seated in one of these compartments, and whom he had not noticed as he entered. This conclusion being arrived at, he dismissed the subject from his mind, and returned to the chair on which he had been sitting. Glancing his eye over the table in search of a newspaper with which to beguile the fifteen minutes or so that must still elapse before the coach would be ready to depart, his attention was attracted by a playbill, setting forth in a variety of type the performances that were to take place at the Haverstock Theatre on the evening in question. The first piece announced was Old Sherry's (as he was facetiously and playfully called in his latter days) fine comedy of "The School for Scandal." The traveller would have thrown the bill aside, for he took no interest in theatricals, and, moreover, had never been in a theatre in his life, but for a name in the afterpiece that instantly excited his curiosity. The playbill ran thus:

"The performances of the evening to conclude with the favourite farce, in one act, entitled 'THE RIVAL SUITORS.' *Charles Mowbray*, Mr. Lovell; *Puddlethrift*, Mr. Wigs; *Thomas*, Mr. Funnikin; *Old Foozle*, Mr. Silas Dunderdum; *Charlotte*, Miss Julia Montague; *Susan*, Miss Watkins."

The name in the above cast that caught the eye of the traveller was the name of Mr. Silas Dunderdum. Mr. Silas Dunderdum! Who was he? The stout gentleman was called Dunderdum—in fact, to make the coincidence stranger, he received the baptismal name of Silas at the font. And were there more Silas Dunderdums? He had flattered himself that, in that particular, he stood alone in the universe—that he was the only living man bearing two such remarkable appellations. His title to isolation in the matter was in dispute; another man was in the field upon whose banner, it would appear, was inscribed the name of Silas Dunderdum! It was passing strange. Had the man existed so long and never been discovered?—a public character, too! Surely ingenuity was at fault—surely proper inquiry had not been set afoot to discover the various ramifications of the Dunderdum family. Why, for aught the old fellow knew, there might be Dunderdums amongst the tribes of the Iroquois; they might be as thickly strewn in Kamtschatka, or on the mountains of the Himalaya, as roses in June, or buxom wenches at a country fair. True, it was the first time he had encountered the name under such questionable circumstances; but, allow the matter the utmost latitude—supposing he were not a native of these isles—supposing, indeed, he were an American, why were there Dunderdums on the other side of the Atlantic? Once admit the case to be genuine, and it was difficult to say where they were not to be found.

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Hitherto our friend had hugged himself with the belief that his family was the only one that could pride themselves upon Dunderdum origin, and of course his feelings were rudely shocked to find that there was at least another of the name—and he an actor—a personator of such characters as *Old Foozle*. The poor gentleman's *amour propre*, we say, was wounded beyond conception, as he sat incredulously gazing at the great round letters, staring him in the face, "OLD FOOZLE, MR. SILAS DUNDERDUM."

At length he rose from his chair, and treading the sacrilegious bill under his feet, he exclaimed,

"I'll not believe it—it's a lie—an imposture—an attempt to hoax the public."

He had scarcely thus given vent to his indignation, when in popped the waiter.

"Coach just on the point of starting, sir."

"I don't think I'll go—I—I——"

"Not well, sir? A little more brandy-and-water before you start—put you all right, sir."

"Yes, yes, bring me some more brandy-and-water—I am excited—annoyed."

The brandy-and-water was brought, and after the old gentleman had taken a hearty draught of the same, his feelings began gradually to subside. By the time that he had paid his bill, and donned his great coat, shawls, &c., the coach was ready to start. The waiter assisted him to his place in the inside, closed the door after him, and, in a few seconds, the vehicle was whirling along the hard pavement of St. Auburns.

It is not to be denied that Mr. Silas Dunderdum's feelings had been much excited. His honour had been wounded in its tenderest part. He had seen a name which he had hitherto regarded as venerable paraded in a theatrical announcement, and he had for the first time in his life witnessed the patronymic of *Foozle* associated with his own. It would have been a matter of surprise if Mr. Dunderdum had not felt indignant. He had clung to the paternal name with enthusiastic fondness—it was his all—an inheritance that, for generations, had been bequeathed from father to son untarnished. Little wonder, then, that he should adhere to the name of Dunderdum with such tenacity, or that he should feel insulted when he discovered it to be borne by a mime—a creature of paint and patches—a thing of tinsel and spangles. It was some time before he altogether recovered from the indignation that naturally took possession of him; but when he did, his mind lapsed into a pleasant reverie, and he began to ponder over the mission that had called him from home, and induced him to leave a pleasant country residence at a season of the year not the best adapted for travelling, and at a period in life when most of people like as little locomotion as possible.

A few words here touching Mr. Dunderdum and his mission may not be unacceptable. First of all, he was a wealthy bachelor, retired from business, and not without a lot of those appendages (which seem to be a *sine quâ non* in such cases), a host of needy relations. He lived in a secluded village in one of the pleasantest spots in England; his domestic establishment, besides himself, consisted of a cook, a housekeeper, and a large Newfoundland dog. I now come to the object of Mr. Dunderdum's

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journey. Amongst other relatives, he had a sister married to a poor physician, who had had a family by no means in keeping with the meagreness of their resources. Charlotte, the eldest girl, had been offered marriage by two gentlemen. The one was a plodding and thriving merchant, and several years her senior; but the other, a year or two older than herself, had nothing but his profession to depend upon. A little time before our story opens, he had been called to the bar, and was emphatically, and would be so probably for some years, a briefless barrister. The parents of the young lady were anxious that she should marry the wealthy suitor, but the young lady demurred at the choice, and seemed bent upon delivering herself up to the embraces of the man of law. Thus matters stood, when it was deemed advisable to summon Mr. Silas Dunderdum to the scene, who should be empowered to decide between the contending parties, and whose decision should be held to be final. A few miles from Bramford lived the relatives of Mr. Dunderdum, and it was thither that he was travelling.

It was scarcely nine o'clock when Mr. Dunderdum reached the place of his destination for the night, intending to start in good time on the following morning for the residence of his sister. The snow-flakes were falling profusely as he alighted from the coach—an act that he had no sooner accomplished, than a man came up to him, and putting his arm through his, dragged him on to the pavement.

"Mr. Dunderdum's luggage," shouted the stranger, *at the top of his* voice—"carpet-bag, portmanteau, and hat-box."

"What does all this mean?" thought Mr. Dunderdum. "Who can this man be?"

"Carpet-bag, portmanteau, and hat-box for Mr. Dunderdum," again shouted the man.

"Fore-boot!" shouted the guard.

"Hand out Mr. Dunderdum's luggage, coachman, if you please," said the strange man; "carpet-bag, portman——" And he was going on in this way, when he was interrupted by Mr. Dunderdum himself.

"In what way are you interested in my affairs?" asked that gentleman.

The stranger did not deign the querist an answer, but addressing himself to a cabman that was standing some little distance off, he shouted,

"Cab for Mr. Dunderdum."

In a few seconds a vehicle drove up to where they stood.

"There, sir—no time to lose—capital house."

"I do not understand you," Mr. Dunderdum said.

"Nothing like a good name for drawing," answered the man; "jump in, sir, if you please—scarcely a moment to lose."

"This is all gibberish to me," said Mr. Dunderdum.

"Step in, sir, if you please," said the man. And so saying, he took Mr. Dunderdum gently by the shoulder, and partially forced him into the vehicle. He closed the door hastily after him, and said,

"The luggage is all right, sir. We shall be there in a few minutes."

"There!" repeated Mr. Dunderdum to himself; and finding himself incapable of answering the question, he took off his hat, and thrusting his head out of the window, and which was very soon covered with snow, he shouted, in as loud a tone of voice as he could command,

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"Where—where?"

The vehicle, however, was in motion, and the noise of its wheels effectually prevented Mr. Dunderdum's voice from being heard. To say that Mr. Dunderdum was simply perplexed, would be to give but a very inadequate idea of the state of his mind. He had been travelling for the last few hours in a snow-storm of considerable severity, and at a time when he had finished his journey, as he expected, for the day, he was driven off in a direction he knew not whither, and taken charge of by a man of whom he knew nothing, and who, as far as he could remember, he had never seen in his life before. Language of an unmeaning and incomprehensible character had been addressed to him, and a degree of intrusiveness had been manifested in his affairs which was as unlooked-for as it was disagreeable. Was he not capable of managing his own business? Who was the man that thus dared to force, unsolicited, his assistance upon a stranger, and to take so prominent a part in the management of his affairs? And how came he possessed of information relative to his name—the nature and number of the packages that constituted his luggage? Could the man have been empowered by his friends to be in readiness, when the coach arrived, to receive him, and to aid him in reaching, with as much celerity as possible, the end of his journey? The latter hypothesis, however, seemed improbable, for in that case he would surely have mentioned the name of his friends, or brought a few lines from them to signify that he had been sent to meet him with this praiseworthy object. The whole affair was a mystery, and, in its present stage, altogether incapable of solution. The only word that had been used to denote the place of his destination was the adverb "there," but was it not somewhat indefinite? It opened out so wide a field for speculation, that it was hard to say where the ingenious and inquiring mind might stop in its contemplation. There! A sermon might be preached upon it, it might form the topic of a lecture of a couple of hours' duration, an essay, a poem, a play, a romance might take it for the subject of its argument, and leave the mind in utter ignorance as to the manner in which it might be treated. There! It might mean at the antipodes, or it might mean over the way; but let us not overlook the fact that the sense in which it had been applied was not quite so indefinite after all, for a few words had been added which tended greatly to qualify the term, and to disentangle it, in some measure, from the obscurity in which it was enwrapped—"There in a few minutes." Clearly the spot indicated was at no great distance; but such a multiplicity of places lay around, all of which might be reached within a few minutes, that the mind was again lost in a wide sea of doubt and difficulty. A gaol, a chapel, a church, a bridge, an hospital—all these and a thousand other objects were in the immediate vicinity. Hence it was impossible to come to any conclusion as to the nature of the place to which they were directing their course. One other consideration suggests itself. The word had been employed in a manner that would appear to indicate some well-known and established place, and which it was unnecessary, by any circumlocution, further to indicate. There! The spot was fixed in the traveller's mind, he had been thinking of it for the seven or eight hours preceding, his whole thoughts were concentrated upon it, it was the alpha and omega of his day's reflections; what use was there, there-

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fore, to designate a spot that was constantly before the mind's eye by any other term than "there?" Such, no doubt, was the view taken by the mysterious man, or he would probably have rendered himself more intelligible. A question, however, for the first time arose in the sapient mind of Mr. Dunderdum—a question which brought instantly self-reproach to his already wounded and lacerated bosom. Why had he not asked the man for his credentials—why had he not insisted upon a full explanation before entrusting himself to his charge and guidance? The thought had occurred too late: he must abide by the consequences of his folly and remissness. For aught he knew, he might be in the hands of robbers and murderers; this abduction might have been plotted with the view of possessing themselves of property which he was supposed to carry with him. A thousand other horrible ideas occurred to the mind of poor Mr. Dunderdum as the vehicle rolled silently through a variety of narrow but ill-paved streets. He could endure this suspense and uncertainty no longer, and again thrusting his head out of the window, he addressed himself to the men upon the box of the cab.

"Are we there yet?"

He received no answer to his inquiry, but although they were driving up a somewhat dark and narrow street, he fancied he descried, at the extremity of it, a dense crowd of persons standing in the open air. He had scarcely drawn in his head when a prolonged and vociferous cheering burst from the vast concourse of people whom he had but a few seconds before caught a glimpse of. Curious to know the cause of so much excitement, he again thrust out his head, but, to his infinite astonishment and consternation, the progress of the cab was considerably impeded by some hundreds of people who clustered around it on all sides, and with hats and caps elevated in the air, gave such repeated and prolonged cheers as almost deafened Mr. Dunderdum.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the bewildered Dunderdum, "where can I be—what can all this mean?"

Again his head was thrust out of the window, and he once more made an appeal to his mysterious friend and the cabman.

"Good people, tell me, for Heaven's sake, what you mean to do with me. What is the meaning of all this hubbub?"

Compare the report of the popgun to the roar of the cannon—the ripple of the summer lake to the lash of the foaming billow, when the ocean has been worked up to its highest pitch of fury—such was the sound of Mr. Dunderdum's feeble organ to the mighty clamour of the multitude that gathered around him. The shouting of the crowd continued as the cab slowly made its way along the street, and it became very apparent that Mr. Dunderdum was in some way or other the cause of the excitement of the heterogeneous multitude who greeted him with so hearty and so enthusiastic a welcome. The mystery became more impenetrable than ever. Mr. Dunderdum was a quiet country gentleman, who seldom left home, and who had seen literally nothing of town and city life—how then could he be the occasion of as much clamour and uproar as ever assailed a member of parliament upon the hustings, or a popular demagogue when he is haranguing a body of men whose views and feelings are identical with his own? Mr. Dunderdum's uneasiness became greater and greater, and he was just meditating a fresh appeal to

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the men on the box, when the cab stopped altogether, which gave rise to the hope of a speedy deliverance from his uncomfortable situation. In this idea he was fortified by the cabman alighting from the vehicle and approaching the window next to which he sat.

"Beg pardon—beg pardon, sir," said the man, touching his hat, "but the people insist upon taking the horses out of the cab."

"Eh—what?" said Mr. Dunderdum, perfectly confounded.

"The mob, sir—the mob wish to take the horses out of the cab."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Dunderdum, "if they will only take me out too."

"Very well, sir—thought I would ask you, sir, before I allowed 'em to drag you *there*."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Mr. Dunderdum—"*there* again."

But the man had disappeared. To what had he given his consent? To be dragged thither by a clamorous and unfeeling mob, whose coarseness and violence had already disgusted and alarmed him. But whither were they to drag him? Why drag him at all? Was he not capable of walking?—were the horses not capable of conveying him thither? Mr. Dunderdum's mind became a chaos of conflicting ideas—his reason appeared to be succumbing beneath the increasing and perplexing difficulties that rose up on every side of him. He pressed his hand to his temple, and endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts. In this he partially succeeded, and as he sat trembling in his seat, he expected every moment to see the door of the cab open, and one of the ringleaders of the mob proceed to dislodge him from his place, preparatory to his being dragged through the streets by the ferocious multitude. What was he to do? Escape was impossible, for if he attempted to get out, he would in all probability be seized upon, and, perhaps, be more roughly used than if he were quietly remaining where he was, and passively submitting to the treatment of the mob. But again the thought flashed across his mind, whither was he to be dragged? To a gallows or a horsepond? Had he perpetrated some enormous crime, and was the public vengeance thus about to be wreaked upon him? Happily Mr. Dunderdum's expectations were not realised—the cab-door did not open, and the mob did not offer to intrude themselves upon him. He became a little more assured, and ventured once more to put his head out of the window, which was the signal for a fresh round of vociferous cheering, which poor Mr. Dunderdum, in his ignorance of the world, could not determine whether it was indicative of approval or disapproval. One thing, however, he had ascertained, and which greatly tended to the soothing of his mind, and that was, that a long string of men had yoked themselves to the cab, and were dragging it along themselves, and the mystery was, therefore, cleared up as regarded the words of the cabman.

After a few minutes had elapsed the cab again stopped, and, to the intense joy of Mr. Dunderdum, evidently with the view of enabling him to alight. He looked out again, but he could see nothing but dark-looking buildings, and an immense concourse of people lining both sides of the way. The cab had no sooner stopped than a large police force instantly hastened to the spot, and began to form themselves into a line opposite to where Mr. Dunderdum was to alight. A passage was thus

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formed, so as to enable him to pass on without in any way being inconvenienced by any undue pressure from an unruly and turbulent mob. I have already explained Mr. Dunderdum's unpleasant and peculiar situation during the last twenty minutes or so, and it will be needless to say it was in no degree ameliorated by the preparations which were made for his reception. He had no sooner alighted upon the pavement than a loud cheer burst from the assembled multitude. The line formed by the police was, however, unfortunately forced by the crowd; and for a few minutes the astonished and bewildered Mr. Dunderdum stood, or rather staggered in the midst of that dense mass of human beings, which swayed from one side to another according to the particular momentum given to it. The confusion, however, which for a while began to prevail was speedily allayed by the activity and energy of the police, who, drawing their staffs from their pockets, soon compelled the people to fall back.

"Stand back, there!—stand back!" shouted a stout, powerful man, elevating his staff in the air, and which he was evidently prepared to bring in collision with the first fellow's head who dared to disobey his injunction.

"Make way there for Mr. Dunderdum!" shouted another.

The aid thus afforded would have been lost upon Mr. Dunderdum but for the opportune arrival of the mysterious man who had first inveigled him into the cab, and had thus become the originator of all his calamities. He came opportunely to hand to support the otherwise drooping form of Mr. Dunderdum, who was forthwith conducted, between the two lines of policemen, into the interior of a building, which he had no sooner entered than the door was at once closed, so as to keep out the curious and intrusive crowd, who would have been glad to force an ingress. Once within the building, a seat was brought to Mr. Dunderdum, upon which he rested himself for a few minutes. He asked for a little brandy-and-water, which was brought to him, and having partaken of it, he speedily recovered from the alarming condition into which he had been thrown by the incidents just narrated. His position, however, was really no better than before, and he had no conception whatever of the singular scenes that still awaited him. With the aid of his companion, he was led up a flight of steps, upon gaining the top of which, he stood upon an extensive and timbered floor, intersected in innumerable places by lofty partitions, upon which was described in rude colours a great variety of natural and other scenery. From the tops to the bottoms of some of these partitions ran several rows of gas-jets, which threw a powerful light over the portion of the building referred to. Mr. Dunderdum was about to inquire as to the nature of the place to which he had been conducted, when all attempts to make himself heard were put a stop to by deafening and repeated shouts of—

"Dunderdum! Dunderdum! Dunderdum!"

Whence these shouts proceeded he could not determine, although they seemed to come from that portion of the building that was in front of him. He was relieved of his outer garments, and hurried by his eccentric guide up two or three flights of dark steps till he arrived in a room all lined round with mirrors, that enabled a person to see himself from head to foot. In the room there stood a large press, containing a variety of garments of motley colours and shape—some yellow, some blue; some adorned with spangles, others with bright and peculiarly-shaped

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buttons. A washhand-stand stood in each corner of the room, and a few chairs and forms were ranged around. Upon the walls of the room were suspended the portraits of several eminent actors and actresses.

Mr. Dunderdum was met in the room by a little bustling man with a grey head, and a red, jovial-looking face, whose hands were covered with rings, and who wore a golden eye-glass dangling at his waistcoat.

"Ah, Dunderdum, my dear boy, I am glad to see you," said the little man; and he seized hold of Mr. Dunderdum's hand and shook it as though he intended to wrench it off his wrist. "You are very late, though—the people are getting impatient."

"What people, eh?—what people?" stammered forth Mr. Dunderdum.

"Ah, you'll see, my dear fellow, just now; but I'll not disturb you—you had better make haste and dress. I have been obliged to send on a substitute in the first scenes, and apologise for your absence."

"Dress, sir—dress. Zounds! sir, do you think I leave home without being dressed?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Very good;" and the little man laughed heartily. "Ah, capital—dress at home to be in readiness—capital—the very dress for *Old Foozle*."

The penetrating reader before this will have perceived the peculiar situation of Mr. Dunderdum. His dress and appearance admirably became the character of *Foozle*. He wore a brown coat with broad tails, and large lappets overhanging the pockets; it was rounded away in front, and decorated with a pretty large profusion of brass buttons. His waistcoat was of a glowing yellow, and of great length. He wore an ample shirt-frill, and his nether man was clad in a pair of corded breeches. His stockings were grey, and his shoes fastened with buckles. When we have said that he wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and carried a stick, the reader will have a pretty good idea of his appearance.

Mr. Dunderdum was bewildered with the last remarks made by the manager, for that was the office the little man filled in the establishment. He had some indistinct notion of hearing or reading something about *Old Foozle*, but when, where, and under what particular circumstances, he could not at the moment call to his remembrance.

"I will go down with you," said the manager; and having offered his arm to Mr. Dunderdum, they descended the stairs.

Mr. Dunderdum made some remonstrance, which was speedily overruled by the urbanity and assuring tone of the manager. They had no sooner reached the stage than they were met by the call-boy, who intimated that *Old Foozle* was required forthwith.

"All right—all right," said the manager. "We are coming. Now make haste, if you please, Mr. Dunderdum—it's your scene."

"My scene, sir—my scene! What do you mean?"

"Come, come, Mr. Dunderdum, we must leave off joking for the present." And so saying, the little manager dragged Mr. Dunderdum to the wing where he was to make his entrance.

"What's all this—what's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Dunderdum, gazing with amazement at the scenes and brilliant lights which now presented themselves.

The little dramatic piece in which poor Mr. Dunderdum was so mys-

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teriously and so unexpectedly called upon to take a part, was in one act, and entitled "THE RIVAL SUITORS." The characters have already been given. The plot was exceedingly simple. *Charlotte* (a young lady of great personal attractions, and heiress of her uncle, a wealthy old miser) had the misfortune to have two aspirants for her hand, one of whom, a middle-aged attorney, sought her in marriage, in the hope of succeeding to the property of her uncle at his death, whilst the other, a young medical student, loved her for herself alone. The uncle (*Old Foozle*) was inclined to favour the pretensions of the attorney (*Puddlethrift*) more than those of the medical man (*Charles Mowbray*), because the former was a man of substance and already in possession of a lucrative practice, whereas the other had still to cut his way to fame and fortune. A *ruse*, however, is had recourse to by the advice of a suggestive maid-servant (*Susan*), whereby the old uncle is made to believe that the whole of his fortune, which is invested in a large iron company in Yorkshire, is lost by the suspension of the firm. The attorney falls a victim to the same delusion, and the result is, that he abandons the field to his rival, who at once steps forward to claim the long-wished-for prize, which the uncle, under the circumstances, readily bestows upon the ardent lover. The piece had already been in progress some half an hour when Mr. Dunderdum was so curiously called in to assist in administering amusement to a good-natured and crowded audience. The first scene in which he was called upon to take a part was that in which the announcement is made to him of the stoppage of the Liddersdale Iron Company.

"The stage is standing, Mr. Dunderdum," said the manager, authoritatively; "have the kindness to go on at once." And so saying, he pushed Mr. Dunderdum forward, and the impetus given to his person sent him bounding on to the stage in a fashion rather at variance with the habits of elderly gentlemen. The famous Mr. Dunderdum, however, being a great favourite, his appearance was hailed with screams of laughter, and loud and continued applause.

The honest gentleman whose peculiar fortunes it has fallen to our lot to chronicle, was overcome with fear and consternation. Fancy a savage suddenly introduced into the presence and palace of a king, or a country bumpkin unexpectedly admitted within the pale of the glittering and exclusive throng of Almack's, and some idea may be formed of the extraordinary effect produced upon Mr. Dunderdum by his first *coup d'œil*. He gazed with wonder and awe at the boxes, the pit, the gallery; he looked up at the magnificent chandelier suspended from the ceiling; he turned his head and inspected the genteel mock drawing-room into which he had been so unceremoniously thrust; he glanced at the long row of foot-lights glittering beneath him; at the musicians ranged below, who thought there was a little oddity and wildness in his performance which they had not before observed. He stood there amazed—paralysed—but riveted, as it were, to the spot, believing that some mischievous devil had woven around him some potent spell, under whose influence he had for some time been suffering, and from whose power he almost began to despair of ever being set free. There was something strange and unnatural about his journey from the first—the countenance which he had seen at the inn at St. Auburns, and which vanished so mysteriously—the strange man who took him in charge as he alighted from the coach

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—his abduction—the crowded street, and the hubbub that seemed to greet his arrival—his interview with the theatrical manager—the strange position in which he at present stood,—all these things darted through his mind, and his brain was in a whirl with the difficulties that crowded upon him. Who, what, where was he ? He had left his home Mr. Silas Dunderdum, well known for miles around for his honesty and respectability, and now, as it were, by the stroke of the enchanter's wand, he was metamorphosed into——eh ? Fill up the hiatus if you can, for it was beyond Mr. Dunderdum's power to do so. Happily for him, an easy-chair was placed near to him, into which he sank perfectly overcome by the novelty and peculiarity of his situation. He was presently aroused from his torpor by the entrance of *Charlotte.*

"Dear, dear uncle, what dreadful news to be sure. We're all ruined. The Liddersdale Iron Company have stopped their payments."

Mr. Dunderdum had himself a large stake in an iron company in Wales, and in his bewilderment believed that it was the stoppage of that company that was referred to.

Mr. Silas Dunderdum *in propriâ personâ.*

"What—what do I hear? The stoppage of the Glamorganshire Iron Company. Impossible!—I won't believe it."

The young lady was naturally astonished at the irrelevancy of Mr. Dunderdum's replies and style of acting, and had to proceed without her cues as best she might. The scene, however, was got through, and the audience, who had been kept in a good humour during the previous part of the evening, did not perceive the real posture of affairs, and the confusion into which the unhappy Mr. Dunderdum had been thrown. Whenever he opened his mouth, it was the signal for a hearty burst of laughter, so that whatever he said was altogether unintelligible to the auditory. Before the scene closes, the lawyer is made aware of the pretended misfortunes that had befallen *Mr. Foozle.* Another scene ensues, in which the lovers have an interview, and in that following, the unfortunate Dunderdum is again dragged on. He recovers, however, in some degree from his bewilderment, and mixes in the mimic scene as if it were real, and identifying it in fact with that for which he left home to take a part, believes, at length, that the young lady who is personating *Charlotte* is absolutely his niece, and Mr. Lovell the actual lover. He joins their hands at the end—bestows a benediction—and, drawing out his pocket-book, delivers into the hands of Miss Montague a Bank of England note for 1000*l.*—the dowry he intended to bestow upon his niece.

At the close of the performance, Mr. Dunderdum was conducted to a cab, exhausted and in a state of mind which left him totally helpless and altogether at the mercy of others. In this unenviable situation he was driven to the principal hotel of the place, and forthwith conveyed to his bedchamber.

For some hours, Mr. Dunderdum was in a state of forgetfulness, but his dreams were by no means agreeable. The glaring lights, the grotesque costumes, the picturesque scenery, shifted before his eyes the whole of the night, and the dinning noise of music and clamorous voices assailed his ears with the same distinctness that it had done but a few hours previously.

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About eight o'clock in the morning a loud knocking at the door aroused him from his unrefreshing slumbers. With the instinct of fear still upon him, and from which he had not quite recovered, he sprang out of bed, exclaiming,

"Charlotte—niece—sister, where am I?"

He looked around him, and was somewhat assured to find himself in a comfortable and well-appointed bedroom, and he tried to recollect how he had been brought hither, but his memory, in that particular, was blank and unavailing. His adventures of the previous evening flashed rapidly through his mind, but whether the people with whom he had so curiously been brought in collision were his friends and relations, or mere strangers, he could not determine. He naturally hoped that he was at the end of his journey, and that the room which he occupied was in the house of the friends whom he had set out to visit.

The knocking at his door was again repeated, and somebody called—

"Mr. Dunderdum—Mr. Dunderdum!"

"I'm here," he answered. "Who wants me?"

"A gentleman below wishes to speak with you—he's very impatient to see you."

"I will dress and be down as soon as possible," he replied.

He had no sooner made the response, than a dark thought instantly occurred to him. For what purpose was he wanted? Was there to be a renewal of his misfortunes of the previous evening?

In less than half an hour he was prepared for the interview about which he had so many misgivings, and opening his chamber door, he descended the stairs: arrived at the bottom, he was met by a prim little waiter in black, who said, "This way, sir—this way," and forthwith ushered him into an elegantly furnished room, where—heaven and earth!—he discovered the man whose countenance he had seen reflected in the mirror at the hotel at St. Auburns—the counterpart, indeed, of himself.

"Mr. Dunderdum, I believe," said he, rising.

"My name is Dunderdum."

"And mine is Dunderdum," said the other, firmly.

Mr. Dunderdum looked at him mildly, and bowed.

"I repeat, sir," he went on, "my name is Dunderdum, and when I have said that, you may infer the rest."

"What inference am I to draw from thence?"

"Outraged honour—blasted reputation—public imposition—treachery—villany!" And the other Mr. Dunderdum strode about the apartment with clenched hands and glaring eyes, as though he meant instant annihilation to the accused.

"I do not understand you."

"Then, sir, I shall make myself understood forthwith, and I will very soon send a gentleman to wait upon you." And so saying, he rushed from the room in the most approved theatrical fashion.

As Mr. Dunderdum was seated at breakfast, a little man, in a shabby suit of black, was shown into his presence, and who informed him that he was empowered by his eminent friend, Mr. Dunderdum, to demand an instant apology from him for the audacious manner in which he had dared to impose upon the public, to the great detriment of Mr. Dunderdum's professional reputation.

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The old gentleman quietly informed his visitor that he did not understand the nature of the charge made against him; whereupon it was explained to him that he had wantonly deluded the public, and injured the reputation of Mr. Dunderdum, the celebrated actor, by attempting to personate the part of *Mr. Foozle* in the farce of "The Rival Suitors," at the Prince's Theatre, on the previous evening, the real Mr. Dunderdum having been prevented, by some mischance on his journey, from reaching Haverstock in time to undertake the part. A new light appeared to be dawning upon the bewildered intellects of Mr. Dunderdum. He politely asked his visitor to join him at breakfast, but he declined the invitation, having already breakfasted before leaving his lodging. Mr. Dunderdum having hastily finished his breakfast, he requested his visitor to be seated for a few minutes, and he immediately proceeded to the landlord of the hotel (for he had already ascertained that he was not in a private house), to inquire if he could unravel the mystery in which he had been so unfortunately involved.

The only information that he could obtain from the landlord was, that Mr. Dunderdum, the eminent actor, had, by some mistake at St. Auburns, been put into the wrong coach, and conveyed to Bramford instead of Haverstock, and that he believed that the mistake had arisen from the circumstance of the two coaches leaving the hotel for these places at the same time.

"I see—I see it all!" exclaimed Mr. Dunderdum. "I am at Haverstock."

The landlord nodded acquiescence.

"It was I that should have gone to Bramford—we have exchanged places, as it were, and the remarkable resemblance in our personal appearance, and perfect coincidence in name, has led to the whole of the misfortunes in which I have been involved. I am obliged to you for the information." And he hastened to join the messenger of the infuriated actor.

"It is all a mistake," said Mr. Dunderdum, as he entered the room. "Accompany me to my illustrious namesake, and I will explain the whole affair to his satisfaction."

The little shabbily-attired man readily consented, and together they proceeded to the apartment occupied by the actor, which was in the same hotel. The explanation was happily deemed sufficient, and the wrath of the illustrious actor fortunately appeased, and who, before the interview terminated, smilingly condescended to shake hands with the innocent but unhappy detractor of his professional reputation.

I have already mentioned the object of Mr. Dunderdum's journey. Of course, when he arrived at the house of his sister, which he did without encountering any further misfortunes in the way, the first thing was to relate the extraordinary adventures he had met with at St. Auburns and at Haverstock, the recital of which, I need not say, was listened to with a great deal of curiosity and attention. The next step was to assure himself of the safety of the promised dowry; but lo! when he searched his pockets for that purpose, the 1000*l.* note was gone! The disappointment of all, except the real lovers, was immense; and when I have stated that the plodding business man, in consequence of the discrepancy of age, difference of taste, &c., consented to waive all further claim to the hand of the young lady, the ground of their satisfaction may very easily be surmised.

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A few days after the arrival of Mr. Dunderdum, it was arranged that the marriage should take place, and on that eventful morning came to hand the following epistle—no disagreeable accompaniment, we should conceive, to the wedding breakfast:

"The Prince's Theatre,
"Haverstock, December —, 18—.

"SIR,—After considerable difficulty, I have succeeded in discovering your address, and I hasten to restore the 1000*l.* note which, no doubt either in a state of bewilderment or in a fit of absence, you placed in my hands on the evening that, by a remarkable combination of circumstances, you were mistaken for the celebrated performer Mr. Silas Dunderdum.

"I trust the enclosure will reach you in safety, and have the honour to be,

"Yours, very faithfully,
"JULIA MONTAGUE.

"To Silas Dunderdum, Esq."

The joy and surprise which the receipt of the above occasioned, may be imagined. The fair actress was not forgotten by Mr. Dunderdum, who sent her a present of no slight value.

Matters being thus so far satisfactorily arranged, there remains little further to be said, except, perhaps, that Mr. Dunderdum ultimately regained his quiet country residence in safety, and that he never took another *part* in play or farce, or encountered again in any of his travels that celebrated performer and *counterpart* of himself—Mr. Silas Dunderdum.

FROM DELHI TO CAWNPORE.

IN introducing to our readers' notice a French account of the Indian massacres, recently published by Dr. Maynard, and bearing in mind that the too famous Jessy of Lucknow was but the emanation of a French brain, we feel it but due to ourselves to preface our notice of the work by quoting the author's own introduction as a voucher for our *bona fides:*

Accident brought it about that I recently resided in an hotel, where I met with a poor English lady, Mrs. Hornstreet, a victim to the mutiny of Bengal. She was one of that procession of widows and orphans brought by the Calcutta steamer every fortnight to Suez. She had landed at Southampton and come to France to find a refuge with her husband's family, who had for a long period resided in Touraine. On her passage through Paris she was taken ill, and I was called in to her. We physicians are, as a general rule, somewhat curious. I inquired of the lady as to the cause of her illness, and she told me in consequence all her sufferings in India, for the cause of her illness was misery, exhaustion, and grief—incurable maladies. I shuddered with horror at the narrative of her long martyrdom. The lady had been rich, and lived happily with her husband, daughter, and son. These are all dead; fortune and happiness are lost: the son, a boy of two years of age, was crucified to a wall in his

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mother's presence; the daughter, a maiden of eighteen, is mouldering in the well of Cawnpore, after being exposed to the most fearful brutalities from the Sepoys. The father was the least unhappy, for he died first, by a bullet through his heart. His widow buried him with her own hands, lest his body should become the prey of the vulture. I asked Mrs. Hornstreet's permission to publish this lamentable narrative of her sufferings. Many prejudices had to be removed, many doubts settled; at last I succeeded in gaining her consent, and so I now give the story just as I received it from her lips.

Nothing can be more explicit than this; and, as Dr. Maynard's is no unknown name in modern French literature, we consider ourselves justified in regarding the dreadful narrative to which we would call attention as strictly true.

In May, 1857, few persons could be regarded as more blessed with worldly comforts than Mrs. Hornstreet. Heaven had but recently granted her a son, to take the place of her daughter, who was engaged to Lieutenant Hood, of the Engineers, and her husband was making the necessary preparations for the sale of the indigo factory, and their return to England with an ample fortune. The correspondence this entailed with the agents kept the family *au courant* as to the various suspicious movements in the Presidency. They heard of the *émeute* at Barrackpore, and of the mutiny of the 19th N.I. In the same way they were told of repeated incendiary fires in the vicinity of Calcutta, and of the distribution of the chupatties. Still they entertained but slight apprehension; their knowledge of the natives led them to believe that these reports were purposely exaggerated to depreciate the value of the factory, and Lieutenant Hood, a daily visitor, confirmed their views by the utter contempt he revealed for the Sepoys. It seemed, in fact, as if they rushed blindly on their fate, else they would have noticed the warnings they received of insubordination and hatred of the Christians.

One evening in March, we were walking on the banks of the Jumna, a river that runs beneath the walls of Delhi. Ellen was leaning on the arm of her betrothed; my little Will was running before us, or coming back to pluck at my dress. At a place where the path narrowed a fakir had laid himself with his face to the ground, and stopped the road. Will came back to me in alarm, and the lieutenant, as soon as he saw the man, bade him get out of the way. The fakir did not stir. "Lift up the dog and throw him into the water," said the lieutenant, with a wave of his hand to the four men who constantly followed him. The soldiers hurried up, but I did not give them time to execute the order, for it suddenly occurred to me that the poor fellow had laid himself here to beg. "Give him this rupee," I whispered to Will. Will dauntlessly approached the beggar, stooped down, and placed the money between his face and the ground. At this moment the fakir rose, and moved on his knees to the edge of the path, and as Ellen and the lieutenant passed him he cried, in a piercing voice, his hands being laid flat on the ground, "The roads will soon be free." My husband and the clergyman, who walked before me, received the following salutation: "The believers in the true faith will triumph to-morrow." When I came up to him with Will, who was now frightened, and tried to hide himself in the folds of my dress, he altered his tone and position, raised his hands heavenwards, leaned back, and whispered the following words, which turned my blood icy cold: "Poor child! thou canst not ransom thyself with thy alms." At dinner I repeated the beggar's words, and did not conceal the fact that they had startled me. But every one laughed so heartily at my timidity, and the lieutenant cited so many instances of the impudence and folly of these pretended seers, that I at last joined in the laugh, and soon forgot the circumstance.

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The preparations were now made for Ellen's wedding, which, alas! was fated never to be solemnised. On the morning of the 10th of May, or the day prior to the wedding, while the party were seated at breakfast, a sergeant rushed in without preface or apology and requested speech with Lieutenant Hood. After a short conference the young man took a hurried leave and started for cantonments. The news the messenger had brought was of the massacre of Meerut, and the march of the rebels on Delhi. The scene of confusion this produced in the lately so merry party was indescribable, until Mr. Grant, the clergyman, bade all present join in a prayer, and then called the gentlemen apart to consult about what should be done. Fortunately the Hindoo servants remained staunch, although all the ryots had disappeared, and some preparations were hurriedly made to arm and equip them in the event of the rebels attacking the factory. Not long and they saw Brigadier Graves's small force defiling past the avenue. This gave them fresh courage, for they naturally assumed that the rebels would be disbanded by the mere sight of English troops. Not long and they saw the same soldiers returning in full retreat on Meerut, for the 38th, 54th, and 74th Native Regiments had betrayed them. This led to the ruin of the bungalow, for the artillery made a stand on a mound near the house, and the Sepoys tried to outflank them by marching through the grounds. At the moment when the affrighted party were expecting an immediate assault from the Sepoys, a Hindoo rushed up with a letter from Mr. Hood, begging the family to retire into Delhi before the bridge of boats was rendered unserviceable. This request must be obeyed. The family hurriedly collected some money and jewels, while the servants brought out the only three horses left (for the rest had been taken by the visitors and the European servants), and the family set out on their mournful march. Of three hundred natives to whom they had given bread and labour, only Will's nurse, a Malabar woman, accompanied them, and the steward, a worthy Mussulman. The latter had got out the elephant and laden it with all sorts of stores in the absence of the mahout. When the party reached the bridge they turned round to survey once more the scene of past happiness; but dense clouds of smoke were ascending from the bungalow, and they fervently thanked Heaven for having saved them from such imminent danger, little foreseeing that the time would come when they would have gladly welcomed such a death. At the bridge, Mrs. Hornstreet was assailed by fresh apprehensions, for the temper of the natives appeared fearfully changed, and any accident might endanger their lives. They consequently dismounted and walked along behind the elephant as it majestically cleft its way through the crowd in the direction of a Mr. Craig's house, where they expected to find shelter. On reaching it they found that the family had already left, the gentlemen for the Flag Tower, the ladies for the palace of the Begum Sumroo. After some reflection they determined on proceeding to the Arsenal, as the most likely place for the English to congregate. On the road they had fearful evidence of the brutality of the Sepoys. They marched past in companies, each regiment distinct, and led by a European officer; but, fearful mockery, they only bore the heads of their officers along with their shakos still on to show the various grades. With great difficulty the party succeeded in creeping along under the half-ruined walls of the

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royal palace until they came to the street leading to the Jumna Mosque, beyond which they found it impossible to proceed, owing to the tremendous firing. Gradually, too, the crowd around them grew denser, and they were exposed to great peril, until they took shelter in the court-yard of a large house which had already been plundered. Here they were obliged to bid adieu to the faithful steward, for the elephant could not pass through the doorway.

The house belonged to a rich English family, whose name I have forgotten. Savage-looking men, or rather half-naked demons, rushed through the rooms, destroyed mirrors and furniture, tore up the flooring, destroyed the walls, and sent a shower of fragments down into the yard, where they were carefully collected to form a pyre like that of the Suttees. While this was going on, others, furious men with their cultries in their hands, were ransacking every corner of the house. They were evidently searching for a victim they had trapped, for every moment they uttered shouts of joy or anger, according to the result of their search. Without being ourselves seen, we could observe all this from the spot where we had assembled near a cellar window in the yard, beneath the stem of a mighty catalpa. Ellen, the Malabar woman, and myself were cowering on the ground, while my husband stood upright with a revolver in his hand. Suddenly the cellar near which we stood was illuminated; piercing shrieks of women and children came up to us; the noise of a desperate struggle lasted for several minutes. Then all grew dark and quiet again. Soon after, a tall man, with torn clothes and bleeding face, was dragged into the yard by a band of ruffians, who led him to the bonfire. It was then set on fire, and the smoke poured forth in volumes. I imagined they were about to murder the Englishman and cast him into the flames; but I did not yet know the barbarity of our gentle Sepoys. They left the unhappy man perfect liberty of movement, but pointed their knives at his breast, and formed a dense circle round the pyre. The tortured man did not deign to beg the charity of a thrust or a bullet through his heart; he seemed determined to die the death of a hero. He turned his back to the fire, crossed his hands over his chest, and seemed to be praying. At length, the circle that surrounded him closed in, and the murderers stabbed at him so savagely that he fell back into the flames. A long and loud shout of joy accompanied his terrible fall.

The court-yard was gradually deserted, and the terrified family decided on seeking a shelter in the house, for they hoped that the steward might still come back to their assistance. But Mrs. Hornstreet was determined to visit the cellar where the terrible scene had taken place, and after leaving her boy and the nurse up-stairs, she went down to the vault. What she found there we cannot describe: suffice it to say that they found two women and a child still living in that awful scene of massacre. Suddenly they were interrupted in their charitable task by the arrival of the faithful steward, who offered to lead them to the house of a Mussulman friend of his, where they would be in greater safety, if they could succeed in entering his house unnoticed. The two still bleeding women were lifted on to the howdah by the husband, while Mrs. Hornstreet hastened up-stairs to fetch her son. What was her horror to find that the Malabar woman had disappeared with him without saying a word. In vain did the distracted mother search through the whole house; but the safety of all was imperilled by any further delay, and the mournful procession set out, Ellen by this time being quite insane, and the mother almost in the same condition. On reaching the house, Mohammed held a hurried conference with his friend, which resulted in the party being

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admitted, and they felt themselves in safety at last. The party spent a restless night, as may be imagined, to which extra discomfort was added by the ungracious conduct of the two women who had been saved, and eventually turned out to be an English cook and a housemaid.

The next day at noon, after they had been fearfully terrified by the explosion of the magazine, Mohammed entered the room in great alarm. Instead of giving them the provisions they had been expecting, he tore up the bamboo framing of the divan and bade them conceal themselves if they wished to save their lives. They were hardly hidden, ere a band of infuriated Sepoys rushed in, crying "Death to the Feringhees!" They had a narrow escape, for some of the men passed their swords through the seats, and one of them entered the ground between Mrs. Hornstreet's arm and leg. At length the Sepoys quitted the room, and the party could breathe in safety. The same night came a gentle tapping at the door, and, on opening it, two Hindoo women came in, bearing a bundle of clothes; they were sent by Mohammed, and the little party had no hesitation in following them. On the road a fearful incident occurred:

An unforeseen obstacle arrested us at the foot of the immense deodara-tree, which overshadowed the entire road. A regiment of Sepoys was drawn up in rank and file before the Boschum-ud-Dowlah mosque. We should have been lost if the sun had been already risen: our disguise would have been useless, for our cotton garments only hung down to our knees, so that our European shoes would have betrayed us. While standing against the stem of the tree, I suddenly noticed blood appear on my right sleeve, and *the stain grow gradually* larger. Did this blood come from my own arm? But no, I was *not* even wounded. I carefully observed the spots, and soon discovered that it was raining blood! I looked up, and saw at first only the dark foliage of the deodara; but on looking more closely I detected several bodies slowly swaying in the breeze. A corpse was hanging from every bough, and though I changed my place repeatedly the shower of blood would not cease.

The Hindoo woman led our party into a cellar filled with bundles of reeds and bamboos. When these were removed a small passage was visible, into which she thrust them all, and carefully concealed the opening again. Here they found a number of other ladies, whom a generous Parsee had saved at the risk of his own life, and concealed in the crypts of his garden, which was planted over the ruins of one of the Indian palaces. There were no gentlemen here, for the darogah had but recently searched through the crypts and assassinated two or three wounded civilians he found. The women he had spared out of policy, as he expected to make good ransom by them, or give them up to the Sepoys whenever in danger himself. The Hornstreet family remained in this hiding-place until the 18th, but then they were forced to come to a decision, and the father determined on returning to the bungalow. To this the mother gladly consented, for she hoped that she might find her Willy again there. On quitting the cellar, under the escort of the Hindoo woman, they were joined by four men clothed in white, and great was their joy at recognising in one of them William Hood, who had also escaped death by a miracle. They managed to cross the bridge in safety, as William had heavily bribed the havildar on duty before he began his perilous search after his friends in Delhi. He had entered the city every night, accompanied by three faithful men, having bribed the havildar of his regiment, who had charge of the Calcutta gate, to give him free

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ingress and egress, and at last he had gone to the bungalow to try and gain information. There he met Mohammed, who told him where his friends were to be found. How great was Mrs. Hornstreet's joy when he told her that her Willy was there in safety. In her selfishness she hardly regretted to hear that the faithful Mohammed had been hanged in front of the house as a friend of the detested Christians.

So soon as the child had been recovered, the party set out at once for the river, where a boat was held in readiness for them, and they hastened down the river towards Agra. The voyage lasted six days, and on the last night they landed on the left bank of the river, hoping to be in safety on the ensuing morning. But they were bitterly undeceived when they learned from some passing boatmen that the English were shut up in the citadel, and there was no possibility of reaching it in safety. After a long consultation, they decided on going down the river to Cawnpore, where they knew that General Wheeler was still holding out. But an unexpected difficulty occurred: the boatman, who had been only hired to go to Agra, refused to proceed, and they were at length obliged to buy his boat. Two boatmen offered their services from a near lying boat, and were accepted. Unfortunately they were Thugs, and the consequence was that on the second evening the boat sprang a leak, and sank to the bottom at the only spot where it was difficult to reach land. However, they succeeded, and after lighting a fire they lay down to rest. Mrs. Hornstreet was restless, and fancied she saw forms flitting about them during the night, and at length, in her terror, she called to her husband. He and Mr. Hood sprang up and searched all around, but no one was visible. However, on proceeding to wake the boatmen it was found they had disappeared, having artfully dressed up bundles of reeds to represent sleeping figures.

A long argument now ensued as to their further progress: Mr. Hood suggested that they should follow the Great Trunk Road, and try to reach Allahabad. Mr. Hornstreet, on the contrary, proposed that they should attempt to reach Gwalior. The matter was referred to Mrs. Hornstreet for decision, and she agreed with Mr. Hood. Thus, their fate was settled:

With daybreak we set out, after recommending ourselves to the Divine mercy. After two long hours' march along the river bank, partly through sand, partly through the tall vegetation of a marshy soil, pursued by clouds of mosquitoes, terrified by the hissing of the snakes, without the shade of the chattiewallahs and the lofty trees, burned by the tropical sun, whose beams filled the air with suffocating heat, we at length reached a dense wood, at the extremity of which the path forked. The right arm lost itself in the depths of the forest, the left skirted the wood, as far as the eye could extend. We sank down from fatigue. Peter and William groaned beneath the weight of our scanty baggage and provisions; I carried Will in turn with Ellen, while he asked incessantly for water, as he pointed to the sparkling waves of the Jumna. I feared a mortal attack of fever for him, if I allowed him to drink a drop of this poisoned water, and was in despair because I could not quench his thirst. How wistfully I regarded the nuts on the top of the waving cocoa-trees, which I was unable to reach and quench his thirst! Not a banana or orange-tree was visible on this road of misery! not a spring or rivulet! here pestiferous marshes, further on burning sand, and even the path we followed seemed not made by man, but by wild beasts. I believe Willy would have died in my arms if we had been forced to continue our journey the whole day.

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After a long rest, the party set out once more, following the course of the river, and after an hour's march sighted a large town, which they conjectured to be Ettawah. But here, too, were evidences that the revolt was temporarily triumphant through the whole of Bengal: they suddenly came on a scene of death, and had difficulty in forcing their way through the countless flock of birds of prey that were tearing the dead English with their savage talons. At length, horror-stricken, the party came near a fortified village, and were happy enough to find it occupied by Captain Martin, an old friend of Hood's, at the head of fifteen cavalry and ten infantry, composed of the English officers of some of the revolted regiments. He had escaped from the butchery of Furruckabad, and hoped to reach Benares in safety, but his humanity proved his ruin. He had stopped to save many English women and children from certain death, and had been forced to wait in this village to give them a rest. The same night that our party joined them, the Sepoys attacked the village. After an heroic defence, in which every man of the little garrison fell, Mr. Hornstreet and William hurriedly collected their party, and hied to the forest once more, for the tigers would be even more merciful than the Sepoys. They had reached the verge of the forest in safety, though quickly pursued: the Sepoy trumpet of recal was heard in the village. The villains, balked of their prey, halted in their pursuit, but savagely fired a parting salvo, and Mr. Hornstreet and Lieutenant Hood fell mortally wounded.

How the night passed away the widow never knew; *she was restored* to consciousness in the morning by the bitter exclamations of her poor orphan boy, who asked for food and drink. Thus woke the consciousness that she had a duty to perform to the living as well as to the dead; and she was cheered to find that Ellen's mind had not given way again before the accumulated horrors of that dreadful night. But the two women could not leave the scene of the tragedy until they had paid the last poor honours to the dead, and they set to work with unwearied zeal to dig a grave in the sand, which would at least preserve their poor bodies from desecration. They were forced to hasten on their work by a terrible incident:

> While we were toiling with feverish haste, we heard a strange noise behind us; it sounded as if William had risen and fallen back again. Aroused at the same moment by hope and fear, we turned round. William lay motionless on the same spot where Ellen had laid him to rest; no change had taken place in his position, but we saw a philosopher, one of those huge insatiate birds, fly lazily across the fields, after making a rude attack with the extremity of its wings upon William's poor body. "Dig away, my mother!" cried Ellen, as she went on with her task with redoubled energy.

At length, after three hours of incessant toil, the grave seemed to be deep enough to cover both bodies: Mrs. Hornstreet cut off a lock of her dead husband's hair, and placed on his little finger the wedding-ring she had worn so happily—as a pledge of a perpetual widowhood; while Ellen took off William's hand a heavy ring he wore, as a sign of her perpetual betrothal. When this terrible task was completed, Mrs. Hornstreet consulted with her daughter as to their chances of escape, and they decided eventually on making their way to Cawnpore. They set out on their

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journey, carrying the boy in turn, but, unfortunately, they had not gone far ere they stumbled on a public bungalow, filled with rebels. A subahdar came up and addressed them, ere they could turn to fly, and their speech betrayed them. To add to their misfortune, Willy, who had never before seen Hindoos behave with such audacity, took offence at the officer tapping him on the cheek, and cried in English his displeasure. The Sepoys started up and rushed with inflamed glances on Ellen, who suddenly turned and fled. One of the ruffians had all but seized her by her flowing ringlets, as she made her escape into a tent where several Hindoo women were seated. But the chief begum coldly repulsed her, and on joining her mother again, the whole band fell upon them. For a while, the sight of the belt Mrs. Hornstreet wore round her waist filled with money excited another passion; but so soon as the spoil was divided, the party were dragged off to a burning pyre. Nearer and nearer they drew to the flames, and the mother formed the fearful determination of throttling her boy to save him from greater suffering, but her hand refused the office. She closed her eyes and prepared for death: she could feel the flames assailing her extremities—when suddenly she felt herself dragged away. On recovering her senses she saw her daughter striving to conceal herself behind her brother, as she cowered on the ground, while over her stood an herculean figure employed in strange gesticulations. It was the fakir to whom Willy had once given alms on the banks of the Jumna!

When the caravan started again, the party were left with the fakir standing by their side. He addressed the Sepoys in a solemn and impressive manner, which produced an immediate effect upon them, for they came up and laid before the English women palm-leaves on which they spread rice: others gave ghee and fruit; some of the more pious even took off their cloaks and threw them over the ladies' shoulders. So soon as all had passed, the fakir conducted them into the bungalow, and after spreading them beds of leaves, he left them with the recommendation to remain there until some prospect of safety offered itself. For twelve long days the little party kept concealed, while large bands of Sepoys were passing. At length, to their joy, they saw a procession of soldiers come up, escorting a band of Catholic Sisters of Mercy. But they were sadly disappointed at finding that the new arrivals were fugitives like themselves. However, their company was a relief after the terrible solitude they had lately gone through. But Mrs. Hornstreet appeared a plaything of misfortune, and destined to injure every one she came into contact with; for that self-same night a band of Sepoys detected their presence in the bungalow. The nuns were allowed to march out in safety, followed by Mrs. Hornstreet under the garb of a novice, and then the fearful butchery commenced, and a night of anguish for the mother, who feared each moment lest her children should be detected in their hiding-place.

At last the Sepoys quitted the scene of butchery, and Mrs. Hornstreet, true to her feminine instinct, began searching for any still living victims. The Sepoys had, however, made sure of their prey, and only three women had escaped by an accident. They then set out again on their journey, and spent the night together; the next morning the sisters started for Allahabad, while Mrs. Hornstreet and her children made their way to Cawnpore.

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Mrs. Hornstreet found things in a sad condition at Cawnpore: the general had been wounded in a sally, and the want of provisions had compelled a capitulation. Nana had promised on oath to let the garrison and inhabitants retire unmolested, and the evacuation was to commence the next morning at eleven. When the time arrived, the garrison marched down to the Ganges through a double rank of Sepoys, and a countless swarm of men covered the steep banks of the river. We all know what occurred after the embarkation. Mrs. Hornstreet, when her boat sank, managed to secure a floating piece of timber, and, with her daughter, reached the shore again.

The prisoners—in number one hundred and fifteen women and children—were treated with considerable kindness during their captivity: male and female servants were at their orders, and a native surgeon regularly attended the wounded. In spite of the strictest surveillance, and the severe orders against it, some ladies, widows of officers and high civilians, contrived to keep up a dangerous communication with the outer world. Their confidants came at an appointed hour in the adjoining street, threw letters wrapped round stones over the wall, and received answers in the same manner. They told them that Regnauld, Neill, and Havelock were hurrying up to Cawnpore by forced marches, and the hour of liberation and vengeance was at hand.

On the 19th of July shouts of joy were heard among the prisoners. A letter, just thrown over the wall, announced that Nana Sahib's army had been routed at Kullempore by Havelock, and that the Nana was preparing to evacuate the town. Suddenly the joy was damped by a havildar entering the assembly-room at the head of some soldiers, and summoning by name four ladies, who had been the principal negotiators with the spies, to appear immediately before the Nana. These ladies, far from feeling alarm, imagined that the Nana was about to send them as negotiators to General Havelock. They were soon undeceived: a council of war was convoked to try them, for their correspondence had been arrested, and the defeat of Kullempore was ascribed to them. The other ladies waited anxiously for the result, for the crowd grew gradually denser and more threatening; at last a wampuri scaled the outer wall, seized the first woman within his reach, and thrust his sabre into her breast. Thus began the second massacre of Cawnpore.

When Mrs. Hornstreet returned to consciousness, she found herself preserved by a miracle, but both her children were killed—Will being impaled on a bayonet, Ellen buried in the well of terrible memory. Henceforth her life resembles that of all those wretched women who quitted India to return to England. General Havelock sent her under convoy to Allahabad, thence she proceeded over Benares to Calcutta, where she took passage on board the *Colombo*, one of the Suez steamers. She is now living in the Touraine, with her husband's family. As, however, he was not in the Company's service, she does not yet know whether the Court of Directors will award her any compensation or pension for her terrible losses.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY's resources appear to be inexhaustible. A consummate caterer for the taste of the public, he every season produces a fresh attraction. What a long list might be given of celebrated *prime donne*, for whose introduction London opera-goers are indebted to his energy, liberality, and judgment! At one time his triumph is Alboni, at another Jenny Lind, then it is Henrietta Sontag, then Johanna Wagner, then Piccolomini, and now the charming novelty is Titiens. Nor have Mr. Lumley's efforts been confined to the task of securing the "most sweet voices" of the ladies: witness the reputations which have been gained by such singers as Belletti, Belart, and Giuglini—the last the most accomplished tenor that has been heard since the days of Rubini. As for the *ballet*, it is only necessary to mention it to recal a host of delightful associations; indeed, there is, and can be, but one *ballet* in London, for every *première danseuse* in Europe finds a home at "Her Majesty's Theatre," and is only in her true element when there.

In days of yore very little sufficed for the opening night of the season. It was enough for the *impresario's* purpose to present any opera, however hackneyed, any set of vocalists, however slight their claims, upon public consideration. People got so little good music then, that they were willing to accept it by instalments, at the will and pleasure of the only person who had the power to provide it. But at the present time the case is widely different. An educated public, more or less familiar with the best works of the greatest composers, requires as much from a "Direction" as it is able to give, and cannot wait till half the season is gone by before he fulfils the promises of his *programme*. With a full understanding of this modern exaction, Mr. Lumley inaugurated the season of 1858 by producing an opera new to his subscribers and bringing out a new *prima donna:* the opera was "The Huguenots"—the *prima donna*, Mademoiselle Titiens.

Of the merits of Meyerbeer's well-known work it is unnecessary for us to speak: that which concerns us more, for the moment, being the success of the *débutante*. It was, in truth, a success of the most legitimate kind, dependent upon no display of capricious talent, but based entirely upon her unmistakable excellence as a tragedian and a vocalist. To the first of these qualities the part of *Valentine* offered full scope, and enough to the second to show that, with music more congenial, the voice of Mademoiselle Titiens was equal to any demand upon it. Her next part was that of *Leonora* in the "Trovatore"—and here her tragic powers were again most advantageously developed; but it was not till she appeared as *Donna Anna*, in Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, that the public were aware of the height to which her genius was capable of reaching: it was a perfect union of passion and melody—and the operatic stage, as it is now constituted, can show nothing like it. *Donna Anna* is hitherto the crowning achievement of Mademoiselle Titiens, who by this performance has placed herself in the very front of the first rank of lyrical tragedians.

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Reference to "Don Giovanni" brings us naturally to speak of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, as fresh, as pretty, and as charming as on the night when first she took the town by storm. Her *Zerlina* is full of *piquante* originality and touching tenderness: as the village coquette, the rustic archness of her comedy is unapproachable, and sweet as her manner is the attractive voice with which she lures her lover to her arms again. To announce her reappearance in "La Traviata" and "La Figlia del Reggimento," is only another way of saying that Mademoiselle Piccolomini has alternately moved her audience to tears and laughter. One thing, however, is still as noticeable as ever: this gifted creature never repeats herself; there is no mannerism in anything she does; custom cannot stale her infinite variety. But even Mademoiselle Piccolomini's fame is not destined to rest—if all reports be true—upon what she has already so perfectly accomplished. Verdi's opera of "Luisa Miller," in which she appears as the heroine, is to afford her, they say, a wreath of laurel as bright as that which she wore in "La Traviata."

We have only once heard Madame Alboni since the present season began, and that was in "The Barber of Seville;" but we did so with "content so absolute" that an indelible remembrance of *Rosina* has been the consequence. If the poet who wrote of "Music's Duel" had lived in our time, all the world would have said that Madame Alboni was his contending nightingale. Here are passages which better than any words of ours describe the unequalled qualities of her voice:

> She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
> Of streaming sweetness.

Then follow "quick volumes of wild notes," as she warbles "the pliant series of her slippery song," until we almost surfeit of

> the sugar'd nest
> Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
> Bathing in streams of liquid melody,

as much, apparently, to her own enjoyment as ours. Vocalisation so free from effort, so spontaneous, so natural, and withal so skilful, is a gift with which Madame Alboni is alone endowed.

In each of the operas to which we have adverted, the greatest completeness prevails: the *prime donne* are severally supported in the most effective manner by the talents of the male singers whom we have enumerated, adding to them the names of Signori Vialetti, Mercuriali, and Rossi; the orchestra, in excellent order, is admirably conducted by Signor Bonetti; and the *mise en scène*, where, as in "The Huguenots," novelty appears, is not only unimpeachable but of the most attractive nature. In the ballet of "Fleur des Champs," Mademoiselle Pocchini is a field-flower fit for any conservatory.

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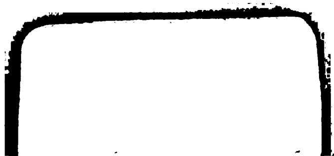

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